

loyal and unquestioning support than in Canada. We may even claim that the factiousness and hysterical criticism which has marked a portion of the British press has been notably absent from ours. Criticism there will be, and within bounds it is useful. Factiousness and political contention there must not be. In times of grave national peril a factious press is the gravest danger of democracy. We have largely escaped it, and more and more we are becoming impressed with the seriousness of our task and the necessity for union and consolidation of effort.

The last call has gone forth in Britain for more men. The nation has been warned that its last resources must be staked if victory is to be achieved. Victory is still far away. The toll has been heavy, and it will be heavier. Few of us will altogether escape. But better the toll than failure, which will lose all. Let no one regret that husband, brother, or son is at the front. Rather let us emulate the Spartan and the Roman mothers in the days of their primitive virtues, and send forth our sons to the fight, if need be to death, in the noblest cause in which men have ever contended.

Whatever may be the history of Canada, and I pray that it may be a brilliant and noble one, there will be no brighter page written in that history than the page which tells of the free men of Canada taking their place on the soil of Europe, stained with the blood and tears of centuries, to give their lives for the sacred cause of freedom.