

gations in the discharge of a binding trust and a shameless subservience to naked force that we threw away the scabbard. We do not repent our decision." So said Asquith, and so says every man who names the name of Britain.

There is not time to enquire into the events that preceded the 4th of August, into the merits of the quarrel of Austria with Servia, and of Germany with Russia and France. The enquiry is important. It would have been a lot more important, though, if Germany had kept her hands off Belgium. When the pro-German looks at that mangled country and tells us what was her offense and why she should be ravished by a giant, when he answers that, we will listen to the rest of his argument. He'll never get to it, but if he does it will not sound much better.

How Nations Talk.

Here is Austria and Austria's ultimatum, with Germany standing by; over there is Servia and Servia's reply. You have read the documents. You have measured the combatants. And when you see strength and insolence on one side and weakness and humiliation on the other, it is not usually hard to locate right and wrong. Germany said, "Leave the giant and the dwarf alone to fight this out. The giant is my partner."

"Not while I live," said Russia. "Servia must do right; she must atone her wrong, if wrong there be, but she must not be crushed."

Britain took no side. She promised no support. She exhausted every resource to secure conciliation. What, then, is the charge against her? That she should have stood in shining armor beside Germany and threatened Russia with war if she dared protect her little Slav neighbor?

"And because you didn't," says Germany, "we hold you guilty of all this bloodshed—even the butchery of Belgium!" Imagine the apostles of culture solemnly pressing such humbug on the world.

"Oh," they tell us, "we were all the

time exercising mediatory influences with Austria." Were they? Were they? Why, then, don't they publish the messages? Not a line that passed from Berlin to Vienna appears in the German White Book.

While the war lasts let us keep these facts alive and lighted in our minds. Surely if we are men, we need no other incentive. Don't forget the facts of the White Book, and Canadians will do their duty. Certainly Winnipeg will. I haven't the presumption to preach duty here. The best manhood of this city has gone in thousands to the front, and those behind are doing well their part. What a time this is to live through! It seems the focus of both eternities. For the balance of our lives the best measure of our worth will be how we behaved in the war.

To Ourselves Be True.

We are in the vortex. We are in right, and we are sure to win unless half of us dream we are out. We rely upon ourselves. All soldiers must. We pay our tribute of respect, of gratitude, of confidence to our brave allies, to the historic valor of France, to the resistless zeal of Russia, to the long tried fidelity of Japan and to the deathless glory of Belgian arms. Those allies in Europe have borne the brunt, but our share is growing bigger, and we will keep it growing.

We Britishers rely on the sailors and soldiers of Britain, on the great men who command her forces both on land and sea, and in the halls of state—efficiency at every post. We rely on that unity that has amazed our foes, on the spirit of sacrifice abroad now as never before, that proves the mettle of our people. We rely on the British fleet, the bulwark of our strength. We pin our faith to British pluck.

The foe that faces us is the biggest that ever confronted a nation, or a combination of nations, and we must win or go down. There can be no compromise. A compromise would be a sin against ourselves and our children, against civilization itself. The call is for men and money, but chiefly men. That call is in