

Commingled with the soil of Canada is the sacred dust of many martyrs. Whether it be of those who wore the soldier's coat or the missionary's cassock, it matters not. "Upon the blood outpour'd one glory shines." Henceforth that dust is sacred and that ground is holy.

"He saved others, Himself He could not save," is after all, the greatest line in all literature, sacred or profane.

Self-sacrifice is the very foundation of our religion and the very bulwark of our civilization. Cross or stake or gas may kill the body, but the soul triumphant goes marching on forevermore.

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Speaking before the Women's Canadian Club of Ottawa in November, 1914, your guest ventured to prophesy that the Great War then begun would release spiritual forces long held in abeyance in Canada.

Little did he apprehend the sublimity of sacrifice or the character and volume of high heroism about to be displayed by his countrymen over there—yes, by his countrywomen here at home.

The blackest page in Teutonic history is "The Second Battle of Ypres," 1915. It is the most glorious in that of Canada.

Hear Field Marshal French:—

"Canadians, I want you to know that when you held the line that day you saved the British Empire——." "Well," he added, "I will take that back, for we should finally have recovered what we lost, but for that day at least you saved the Empire's name and the Army."

This greatness of soul—this character of a people—this spirit of Canada—didn't come by chance.

Long and painfully through the ages has it been in the building. David showed it in the long ago, Leonidas displayed it in the Pass Dollard des Ormeaux behind his rotten palisades, Gny Drummond at Ypres, Edith Cavell before the firing squad, and a multitude of men, and women too, in bloodstained France and Flanders, and wherever else men fought and wrought for four years and more against the Hun and all his works.

The true test of manhood is Character, not Culture. Culture may thrive for a season and gloss over many a weak spot in the individual and the nation, but the end of that alone is Destruction.

From its much-advertised Super-Mannism and intolerable Pan-Germanism an Imperial State has fallen so low that there is "none so poor to do it reverence," and the Teuton must begin all over again at the foot of the hill to climb laboriously to the level of common decency among men and nations.