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Hopes, Fears and Visions of the War



An Address Delivered by
Lieut. Colonel R. B. Hamilton
At Ottawa, Ont., Aylmer, Que. and Other Places

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FEARS and VISIONS

... OF ...

THE WAR

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED

BY

Lieut. Col. R. B. HAMILTON

Late Commanding Officer, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada

AT

OTTAWA, ONT., AYLMER, QUE., AND
OTHER PLACES

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ment of Recruiting.

“To fight,
In a just cause, and for our country's glory,
Is the best office of the best of men;
And to decline it when these motives urge,
Is infamy beneath a coward's baseness.”

—*Havard.*



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

Hopes, Fears and Visions of the War

Judging solely from the actions of the diplomatists of Europe, when the question is asked, which country brought about the present war, which one is responsible for the beginning of a conflagration that threatens to extend over the whole world, there can be but one answer—the official papers issued by the several governments interested in the gigantic struggle, which have been extensively distributed and their contents discussed ad nauseam in every land, compels any unbiassed reader to arrive at but one conclusion. I shall not therefore waste time in repeating what has so frequently been brought before your notice but will submit for your consideration a few statements bearing on the subject from a layman's point of view, which appear to me to be indisputable facts.

Causes of the War.

There was one country and one alone, as subsequent events have shown, that was absolutely prepared for this conflict; there was one and one alone which had for years been engaged in the task of establishing a cunningly devised system of espionage all over the globe and whose officials were in many cases better acquainted with the defences, vantage points and weak spots in foreign lands than were the native authorities themselves. There was one country and one alone whose officers, both naval and military, whenever they met around the festive boards invariably filled high their glasses and drank with intense enthusiasm to the toast of "the day"; there was one and one alone which openly expressed its contempt for other nations and other peoples and boastingly looked forward to the time when their assumed higher civilization and their home-bred Kultur would become paramount throughout the universe. That country was Germany. No other nation desired war, no other was prepared for war and consequently practically a whole world has fastened the crime of bringing about the most awful catastrophe of the ages upon the Teuton alone.

But the questions obviously arise, why did Germany want war and how could she hope to win in the contest; and these questions are much broader in their scope than the mere query as to what

was the immediate cause of the outbreak. To answer them we must search back into history and we find that the Prussian doctrines of over a century ago and the German educational system perfected since the Franco-Prussian war have brought into being that hydro-headed monster, militarism and Kultur, which was certain to cause a world-wide war sooner or later.

To demonstrate the high ideals of honor and virtue which obtained with the early Hohenzollerns,—the present Kaiser's forebears—we have but to submit a few extracts from a pamphlet that has recently come to light. Often has it been said: "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book," and Frederick the Great has obliged us to a considerable extent by being the author of a series of letters addressed to his nephew who was also heir to his crown. These letters in quaintness of expression and in candor of thought are certainly gems in their way, and a perusal of them shows clearly that the present dictator of the German Empire has come honestly by many of his popular beliefs.

King Frederick says in part:

"War is a business in which the slightest scruple spoils the whole matter. Where can an honest man be found willing to carry on a war if he had not the right to make regulations justifying pillage, incendiarism and carnage?"

"Do not be ashamed of making interested alliances from which only yourself can derive the whole advantage. Do not make the foolish mistake of not breaking them when you believe that your interest requires it.

"I have had ambassadors who have served me devotedly, and who, in order to discover a mystery, would have searched the pockets of a King. It may not be improper for you to have political locksmiths and physicians—locksmiths to pick locks and open doors; physicians to dispose of troublesome people who might be in the way."

These highly elevating and humane doctrines as well as many others of a like nature, were propounded by the great Frederick nigh a century and a half ago and yet after the lapse of so many years we find his successor of to-day holding almost identically the same views. He has simply added to their practicability by adopting that charming exotic entitled German Kultur which means that instead of the monarch alone being justified in carrying into effect all the rascalities enumerated above the nation as a whole assumes the responsibility. The consequence is that all Germany from the crowned head down to the lowly peasant has become obsessed with the idea that not only the Kaiser, but the whole people have reached a loftier plane of civilization than has been attained by any other nation, and thus an intense egotism has been engendered among them that readily leads them to believe that they are indeed the chosen people of God.

That the present Kaiser inherited the warlike views and grasping and overbearing tendencies of his great predecessor was

clearly shown at the very beginning of his reign, for on the day of his coronation in an address to his army he spoke as follows:

"I would direct your gaze to my grandfather, who stands before the eyes of all of you, the glorious war-lord, worthy of all honour—a spectacle more beautiful than any other. So we are bound together, I and the army, so we are born for one another, and so shall we hold together, whether, as God wills, we are to have peace or storm."

And on a later occasion when addressing the German troops sent to China, during the Boxer rebellion, he gave them the following instructions:

"When you encounter the enemy you will defeat him; no quarter shall be given; no prisoners shall be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Just as the Huns, one thousand years ago, under the leadership of Attila, gained a reputation in virtue, of which they still live in historical tradition, so may the name of Germany become known in such a manner in China, that no Chinaman will ever again dare to look askance at a German."

The letters of King Frederick plainly show the principles then guiding the greatest of the Hohenzollerns. The fruition of his ideas had, however, little chance of accomplishment during the stormy Napoleonic period which so soon succeeded his demise, nor for many years afterwards; but during all that time the Prussian dream of empire was being quietly nursed, and about the middle of last century found vent through their King William, who afterwards became the first emperor of Germany, and his great aides Bismarck and Von Moltke. These men carefully watched their opportunities and brought about in close succession the Danish and Austrian wars, the result of which clearly established Prussia's position as the leading German state. Then through the dishonorable intrigue of Bismarck, France was led into the trap so adroitly set for her and declared war against Prussia. The result of this fatal step on her part was the loss of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and the culmination of Prussia's great dream, the establishment of the German empire. To add to the bitterness of defeat France was compelled to pay her conquerors one billion dollars as a war indemnity, and was still further humiliated by being forced to witness the crowning of the German emperor at Versailles, the beautiful and historic home of her own kings and emperors for many past centuries.

The present kaiser ascended the throne about twenty-seven years ago. Through the efforts of his grandfather, Emperor William I, and his great Chancellor Bismarck, the status of the German empire as one of the first class powers had been fully established and she had already reached high commercial position. Clever, ambitious, an indefatigable worker, restless, but cunning to a degree, William II. conceived the idea of building up a still greater empire, one that would be world-wide in extent and

political importance and which would eventually control all trade and commerce and even dictate a system of culture and education to other nations. His vanity was overweening and he openly proclaimed himself the Viceregent of God and therefore a superior person to all his contemporaries. To strengthen his position he determined to bring his subjects up as nearly as possible to his own self-conceived high level. That he is satisfied in his own mind that his efforts have been successful is shown very clearly by the following speech which he delivered to his army while it was on its way to the front at the beginning of this war:

“Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, the German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His sword, His weapon, and His viceregent. Woe to the disobedient, and death to cowards and unbelievers.”

A nation, especially one comprising so many intelligent and highly educated people, that will listen patiently to high sounding twaddle such as this must have attained a peculiar state of mind, and that state of mind was undoubtedly brought about by the introduction of what has already been referred to as German Kultur. Time will not permit us to give anything like a thorough description of that insidious and far-reaching method that has gradually permeated the whole body politic of a great people and made them willing slaves of a brutal and overpowering force. The system adopted though is in reality the culmination of the jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means, and its votaries make no secret of the claim that might is right. Kultur in a few words means the organized efficiency of a nation as a whole and is not an attribute of individuals. Germany has, largely through its influence, been brought to a high pinnacle of power in civil and military organization, while in general education, in commercial ascendancy and in scientific research she has during the past few years come forward in leaps and bounds. But her education has been outside of humanitarianism; her commercial advancement has been made with the object not only of surpassing others in the race but of absolutely crushing all competitors, while her scientific achievements have been devoid of soul, in other words based on rank materialism.

“Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad”; and this much vaunted Kultur has brought about a madness in Germany that has rendered her both blind and deaf to all the teachings of history. Such madness carries with it an ignorant cynicism and selfish vanity, a cruel spirit and tyrannical mind, and has largely been the cause of the downfall of all the great empires of the past. Through its agency fell Atlantis, that fabled home of the first superman, Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome. These kingdoms lasted for lengthened periods, but the downfall of the German empire is assured after a short though brilliant existence

because the world as a whole has advanced in knowledge and will not tolerate the ascendancy of a modern barbarism.

From the inception of this war right up to the present time nothing has been more pronounced than the hatred of Germany towards England. This feeling has been very forcibly expressed by the poet Ernest Lissaner in a screed, part of which runs as follows :

“France and Russia they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot;
When at war we fight them with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming peace will seal.
But thee we hate with a lasting hate,
We can never forego our hate;
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head, hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer, hate of the Crown,
Hate of seventy millions choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one;
We have one foe and one alone,—
England.”

It is difficult to decide whether this effusion can be described as more absurdly intense or intensely absurd; it certainly possesses attributes that will allow it to qualify in either class. But when we learn that as a recognition of its merits the writer was awarded an iron cross by the man who poses as the great war lord of Europe we can realize how closely at times the sublime borders on the ridiculous.

We are naturally led to enquire what inspires this almost devilish hatred by Germany, and the answer is not difficult to arrive at. It is simply because she recognizes in England the absolute antithesis of her own line of thought. These two countries hold entirely different ideals—Germany believes in the complete supremacy of the state over the individual. Personal liberty as we understand it is an unknown quantity; with her might is right, and officialism is looked upon as almost representing the Deity. She longs to acquire new territory with the object of governing it with an iron hand; and, claiming her civilization to be of a superior order to anything else of the kind, she has determined to force it upon all the nations of the earth. England on the other hand, whatever may have been her sins in the past, and they have been many and grievous, has always been in the forefront in the battles for human liberty in the world. Her people have always held within them the latent germ of freedom and all classes have bitterly opposed the attempts made to subordinate personal liberty to the interest of the official class. From time immemorial England has held almost as a fetish that the rights of the individual were sacred and must not be made subservient to any other power in the state. In short, therefore, Germany represents offi-

cial authority in its most intense form; England, individual liberty in its widest sense. England, throughout her long history, has almost invariably been on the side of justice, and opposed to tyranny, and has at one time or another experienced the opposition of every despotic power. Spain in her hey-day of power sent a great Armada to crush the impudent little island that dare question her autoeratic dictums. Fortunately for the world the Armada, owing to the bravery and skill of the English sailor of that day, was completely destroyed and Spain found that this result was but the beginning of her own downfall. Napoleon when in the zenith of his glory organized what at that time was an immense expeditionary force for the purpose of invading England. He gazed disconsolately across the narrow channel that separated him from white-cliffed Albion, the land that held the only enemy that he feared might defeat his schemes and break his power. Finally deciding that discretion was the better part of valor he cancelled the proposed expedition. Germany has had plans of invasion prepared for years and still dreams of and schemes for their accomplishment, but the Kaiser's success is destined to be no greater than that of the previous despots who have so ignominiously failed in their efforts. England for centuries has stood as a bulwark of liberty, and the waves of tyranny have broken against her in vain. To-day she stands as the greatest exponent of real democracy in the world, and her actions both before the outbreak and during the war have been of such a nature as to raise her higher than ever in the esteem of the nations. Little marvel therefore that Germany hates England as she fully recognizes that Britain is her real antagonist in this great conflict. "France and Russia they matter not." Why? Because a war with them means only the exchange of a province or two depending entirely upon which wins, while war with Britain means, if Germany is defeated, the shattering of her ideals and the downfall of her arrogant empire. No wonder her hatred becomes more embittered when she begins to realize that her own defeat is as inevitable as that the sun will rise on the morrow.

Shortly after ascending the throne the Kaiser becoming convinced that England was in reality the stumbling block to the accomplishment of his dream of world-wide empire, resolved to destroy if possible Britain's power and prestige, and, to carry out his schemes, he began to build up the mightiest war machine that the brain of man had ever conceived. This instrument strengthened in the minds of his subjects the already accepted doctrine of militarism which with German Kultur formed the twin brothers by the aid of which he hoped to humble all other nations and to make his country absolutely supreme and his army an invincible host.

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee."

But their beauty was that of the sleek man-eating tiger cub; their glee like unto the ferocious joy of the carnivorous wild beast which, scenting his prey from afar, exultingly gloats over the anticipated feast of blood. In the meantime German character, never too attractive, was being re-moulded on lines at once cruel and treacherous, unloving and unloved; German ambitions were being cultivated looking more than ever towards selfish ends; the German superman, that creature of efficiency without soul, was ushered into existence; and ample material was being provided for the enactment of the greatest tragedy of the ages upon the world's stage of today. These twin instruments of the Kaiser while filling their own home with glee have for years threatened the peace of Europe and at last have brought about what seems almost to be a convulsion of nature, and caused suffering and death, ruin and devastation on a scale greater than ever known in the history of mankind.

The war machine so carefully nurtured, was finally pronounced good by the Kaiser and declared fit for the preparatory task of further humbling France and rendering her powerless for all time, and of clipping the wings of Russia so that she would cease to be a menace to German ambitions. The Kaiser had carefully watched the trend of events in Europe, and, from the reports of his numerous emissaries in all foreign countries, he no doubt had good reason to think that the day had arrived which found Britain threatened with civil war at home on account of the Irish Home Rule question, with rebellion in India, and unrest and dissatisfaction throughout her colonies. This he felt would render her unable to join in the impending conflict on the continent which he was preparing to precipitate. With Britain a non-participant he counted that quick and decisive action on the part of his army would make it an easy matter to crush both France and Russia. The day was apparently dawning that was to witness the beginning of a preliminary struggle from which Germany would surely emerge victorious. Then shortly would be ushered in a still greater day when Britain, no doubt weakened and demoralized by her internal troubles, would fall an easy prey to the Kaiser's conquering legions. Then, oh joy! victory, revenge and world-wide power and dominion. A great scheme, carefully planned, and so certain of accomplishment. But as the old saw goes, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee"; and the Kaiser found to his cost that he had guessed wrong. Instead of civil war in Britain, as soon as the first note of danger was sounded men dropped their party squabbles. All classes and all creeds, English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh were united as one in their desire to see their common country keep inviolate the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. From all over the British dominions beyond the seas also the same desire to curb the arrogant assumption of the braggart nation

that did not scruple to bring about a world-wide war in order to endeavor to carry out her own selfish ends was soon apparent. Too late the Kaiser and his criminally foolish advisers recognized the mistake they had made; the die had been cast, and they found themselves caught in a maelstrom of their own making which is rapidly whirling them to their doom. By this time they must begin to realize that "the day" has indeed arrived which has ushered in not the glory and power for which they so madly strove but the beginning of the downfall of their own empire.

You may search through the secret archives of all the Chancelleries of Europe to find reasons or excuses for the outbreak of this present world-wide struggle, but, important as many of these may seem to be they are all but accessories to the true causes of the war. These may briefly be summed up and traced back to the teachings of such men as Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Nietzsche, Bernhardt and others of that school of thought which for so many years have been feeding the minds of the people on the husks of a brutal materialism; to the rapid increase of Germany's trade and commerce and consequent sudden accumulation of wealth; to the desire engendered thereby to obtain an extension of territory; to the complete military preparedness that made her consider herself invincible; and to the lust for world-wide power and dominion, lurking in the brain of an unscrupulous ruler drunk with arrogance and vanity.

"You have wronged for the day,
You have longed for the day
That lit the awful flame;
What matters to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men among the grain,
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

Germany's Mighty War Machine.

For many years the world had heard rumors of the tremendous military machine which Germany was reported to be constructing at an enormous cost. Few men of any country would credit the stories of its marvellous efficiency nor think for one moment that any civilized nation in this age was deliberately training all its citizens in the art of war with the object of using them for the purpose of dominating the Continent of Europe when an opportune time came to strike. Events have unfortunately shown that the world overrated Germany's humanity and underrated her military preparations. At the very inception of the conflict this military machine, the wonderful creation of a quarter of a century's growth, proved its tremendous efficacy, for war had scarcely been declared ere it advanced in all its pomp and pride, and it certainly presented a magnificent appearance as it

swung along the roads towards the Belgian frontier. Regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, division after division, army corps after army corps; horse, foot and artillery; engineers, sappers and miners, and all the accessories of a complete army. Every man's uniform was trim and neat, every horse properly caparisoned; every gun and rifle in perfect condition; every strap properly fitted; every buckle burnished; and the hosts marched proudly on to the triumphal music of their bands. The very ground seemed to tremble under the tread of these myriads of armed men. No wonder onlookers stood and gazed with awe at the grandeur of it all,—the world had never seen such a sight before; let us hope it may never be called upon to witness its like again. This wonderful German war machine, so carefully nurtured by its creators, so long held in leash, had at last found its mission and was launched like a thunder bolt against brave and faithful little Belgium with the intention of striking through her a staggering blow at France. Who could conceive of any check being administered to this avalanche of highly trained fighting men, the very flower of Germany's army? It seemed a moral certainty that they would be thundering at the gates of Paris within a fortnight. But this host was doomed to meet with many bitter disappointments, and to learn that nations fighting for freedom are invincible against tremendous odds. The results have been that the bones of scores of thousands of these proud invaders are now bleaching on the fields of Belgium and northern France, while Paris is still a far-away cry; that Germany has had nearly all her colonial possessions wrenched from her, and her supposedly invincible army is now doggedly fighting in the trenches in the hope of staving off as long as possible a disastrous defeat.

A Martyred Kingdom and a Hero King.

Unfortunately the Germans were able almost from the beginning of the war to occupy a large portion of Belgium; and immediately began a series of crimes against the peaceable people of that country that has never been equalled in modern warfare. Murder, rapine, outrage and destruction followed in the wake of the ruthless Huns. It seemed as if the pent-up barbarism of centuries was being given rein once more, and that the unexpected setbacks given by a brave and liberty-loving people had raised the ire of the Germans to such a pitch that their brutal passions were given full scope. Neither age nor sex were spared, and the genuine instances of terrible crimes committed has placed upon the whole German race a stigma that will not wash out for centuries to come though all the perfumes of Araby were used in the effort. Can we picture to ourselves a country with a population greater than that of all Canada crowded into an area no

larger than that of the eleven easternmost counties in the province of Ontario? Fancy, for one moment an army of a million men fully equipped for war invading such a country. On all sides are seen highly cultivated fields, while factories and business houses of every description are dotted over the length and breadth of the land, and the people, industrious to a degree, are happy and prosperous. Their cities and towns, among the most attractive in the world, contain priceless treasures of art and learning, many of which could not be replaced. This beautiful land lies in apparent peaceful security, never dreaming of the approach of war's alarms, her hand against no one, none others against her, when suddenly, like a bolt from the blue her great neighbor dashes his armed hosts of war against her in overwhelming numbers, and the happy and contented people of yesterday are driven from their homes and become a mob of outcasts. The roads and highways are crowded with old and decrepit men and women, young girls and children of all ages, driven forward by troops of brutal soldiery. Many are shot or bayoneted for attempting to escape, many faint by the wayside and are left there to die. The sufferings of all these poor creatures are intensified by the shrieks of agony and the wails of anguish which are heard on all sides, as they realize only too clearly that many of their kith and kin are being subjected to a worse fate than even their own. The fortunate ones reach some railway centre, are bundled like cattle into dirty cars and carried off to the borders of Holland or to the coast where they may get a ship for England; expatriated from their own country; indiscriminately separated, husbands from wives, parents from children, friends from friends, and all for what?

To depict truthfully the misery which is now being and has been endured by Belgium one no doubt would have to visit the country, but authenticated reports show that her government is being carried on in another land and that many of her people are wandering in foreign countries, the highest and lowest, looking for work and bread. We know that many of her cities, towns and villages have been destroyed, and that her people who were left behind huddle near the ruins of their shattered homes and live in an abyss of want and woe. Their crops are frequently taken from their fields and sent to Germany while stark hunger and frequently actual starvation stares millions of the people in the face. Yet through it all, it is recorded that few beg and none ask for money, while the sad patience displayed by all classes alike is heartrending.

The martyrdom of Belgium will go down in history as one of the most atrocious crimes ever committed by one country against another. Two instances drawn from widely different sources will bring vividly before your minds the terrible condition of that unfortunate land which a few short months ago contained tens of

thousands of the happy homes of a prosperous and contented people. An American correspondent relates one incident which occurred shortly after the first onrush of the Huns had expended its force. He had obtained a permit to cross over from Holland and follow in the wake of the German army, and, consequently, had to show his passport whenever any detachment of soldiers was met with. On one of these occasions, when passing through a partially destroyed and entirely deserted village, a large dog came out from a nearby shed and scanned curiously the men in uniform, and apparently not satisfied with the stranger at the gate he started back for his old quarters. Before reaching them, however, he turned again and seeming to realize the forlornness of the situation he squatted on his haunches and raising his head to the sky uttered a series of dismal howls. As the correspondent drove along the road the dog retained his position, still howling his protests, and, no doubt, as he looked around at the scenes of desolation he in his own dumb way, wondered why.

The other incident is given in a letter written by a Scotch soldier to a friend in London, which runs as follows:

"I saw the Queen of the Belgians to-day. I had gone up to the ruined cathedral with one of my officers for the afternoon service. While we were there the Queen arrived.

"She came unexpectedly. She was dressed with what I can only describe as religious simplicity—a severely plain costume and a tourist cap. Her companions were a Belgian officer and her physician.

"Her Majesty fascinated me. She was as one who is weighed down with grief; her eyes were the eyes of one who has cried long, and could cry no more. She stood looking at the burnt and battered walls of the sacred building, awe-inspired, broken, crushed. She acknowledged our salute with a melancholy smile."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"; and this beautiful and brave-hearted Queen with her melancholy smile—the same as the poor howling dog—wonders why, wonders why. Together they form an appalling background for a picture of "Woe Unutterable."

"Oh the pity of it!" It proves to the hilt the sad and bitter truth that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

But the action of Belgium from the beginning of the controversy that led up to this frightful war has been beyond reproach. Fully cognizant of the sufferings to which she was rendering herself liable, she chose the path of honour and duty, and kept the faith, and this action on her part, the bravery and self-sacrifice displayed by her people, and the heroism of her noble King, have added a page of splendor to the history of a nation descended from a tribe that two thousand years ago was described by Julius Caesar as the bravest among the Gauls.

Scottish history, which abounds in stories of heroism and devotion, records an instance where King James I., while sojourning in his palace at Perth was surrounded by a band of traitors who desired to encompass his death. A number of them entered the palace and rushed towards the King's room, from the door of which the bolt, through treachery, had been taken. Catherine Douglas, one of the ladies in waiting with the Queen, closed the door, and without hesitation thrust her bare arm through the staples in lieu of the bolt which had been stolen. That delicate arm, before it was crushed and broken, had held the murderous crowd in check long enough to allow the King to escape from the room, and his life was saved for the time being. The action of Belgium to-day closely resembles on a larger scale that of Catherine Douglas five hundred years ago. She also, without hesitation, stepped nobly into the breach, and by her heroic stand saved the day for France and probably for the world. She held the Huns long enough in check to allow the small British expeditionary force to get ready to take up its share of the burden, and also to give General Joffre ample time to mobilize the French army and get it in fighting form.

King Albert could have saved himself and his country a world of suffering had he, like the Kaiser, chosen to pay no attention to a scrap of paper. Had he done so, however, his name would have gone down in ignominy to future ages instead of as one of the noblest characters this century has produced. He stood at the parting of the ways, and unhesitatingly chose the thorny path of honor and duty. By so doing he has won the love and admiration of all liberty-loving nations which with one accord re-echo the ringing words of Sir Walter Scott:

“Sound, sound the clarion, fill the life,
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.”

Retribution.

But what of the despoiler of his country, the man who for over a quarter of a century has simply been playing a part, and who evidently adopted in their entirety the axioms handed down to him by Frederick the Great? One of these was, “If someone is disrespectful towards you, reserve your vengeance for a time when you can obtain full satisfaction.”

The Kaiser considered all Europe disrespectful towards himself because it did not acclaim him the greatest ruler in the world, but, instead, frequently greeted his silly vaporings with jibes and sneers. This was gall and wormwood to one of his vain nature, and occasionally his petulance asserted itself and he would make

what might be termed a break. His cable to Paul Kruger after the Jameson raid, the Agidar incident, and his appearance in shining armor were the most notable of these events. But generally he managed to hold control of himself and for many years had the audacity to proclaim himself a man of peace. Over the bier of his uncle, King Edward VII., he clasped the hand of the present King of England and practically pledged eternal friendship. At a banquet held in Brussels in the autumn of 1910, he was a guest of King Albert and his consort, and proposed their health in a speech eulogizing their many virtues and expressing the utmost love and respect for them and their kingdom. Hypocrite and deceiver, he had in his possession at that very time carefully prepared plans for the invasion of the country in which he was then an official and highly honored guest.

Oblivious to all sense of honor, recreant to every trust, he has since shown himself ready to break every law of God and man in his insane efforts to carry out his own selfish designs. It is not for us to say what his punishment will be, the irrevocable law of Karma will attend to that; but cannot we picture to ourselves what his last hours may well conjure up before his gaze? In succession will pass before him the countless victims of his mad ambition; the innocent babies drowned from the Lusitania or destroyed by his Zeppelin bombs, holding out their little arms beseechingly and crying, "But why did you kill us?"; the tortured soldiers so foully murdered by the fumes from his asphyxiating gas, writhing in intense agony in their dying struggles; the outraged and mutilated women and children of Belgium and France; the burning cities with their ruined cathedrals; the smouldering towns and villages with their peaceful inhabitants fleeing in terror from his savage soldiery; the millions of untimely graves scattered throughout the land; the torrents of blood forever flowing. With these terrible scenes before his glazing eyes, his ears will be greeted by the sighs of numberless widows and fatherless children thrown upon the mercy of a cold world; the groans of millions of wounded and dying; the curses of innumerable cripples and those otherwise incapacitated; the bitter reproaches of the mothers whose last days have been robbed of all happiness. With these sights before his eyes and these sounds ringing in his ears he will pass away pilloried by the execrations of a world.

"So let him stand for ages yet unborn
Fixed statue on a pinnacle of scorn."

Is Peace Possible Under Present Conditions?

We occasionally hear from certain unknown quarters that efforts should be made by the neutral nations to stop the awful carnage now being enacted, and bring about a cessation of hostilities. But if ever those words spoken by Patrick Henry, amid the

throes of the American Revolution: "Men may cry peace, but there is no peace save in humiliation and dishonor," were true, then they are doubly so to-day.

The whisperings of peace at this moment are like the frightened cries of the sea mew which, caught in the midst of a terrific tempest, vainly flaps its wings in its feeble efforts to reach a place of safety.

Why talk of peace now while nearly the whole of Belgium is held in the iron grip of a cruel and relentless enemy, and many of her people are actually forced to act as swineherds for their brutal taskmasters; while part of the soil of France is still polluted by the trenches of a tenacious foe; while the German fleet lies intact in its hiding place, wherever that harbor of refuge may be; while the murderous submarine is daily exacting its toll of death and destruction, and while the German people, fooled to the limit by their leaders, consider themselves not only unbeaten but absolutely sure to win complete victory in the end? Under these circumstances to consider terms of peace now would be suicidal on the part of the Allies, to patch up a treaty would be criminal folly. Peace now would mean that the Kaiser, like a ravenous tiger that has tasted blood and been rendered more savage than ever by being robbed of his quarry, would skulk back to his lair and await a more opportune moment to again pounce upon his prey. The whole world would remain an armed camp, and capital, so much needed for legitimate and peaceful purposes, would continue to be squandered upon armies and navies.

But I do not think there is any fear of such a calamity occurring, for Asquith has spoken, and he seldom speaks in vain. "Toby, M.P.," a writer in *Punch*, has said: "Asquith's personality is worth to the Empire an army in the field, a squadron of Queen Elizabeths at sea." A wonderful tribute and no doubt well deserved. At the close of a remarkable speech in the British House of Commons a short time ago, the Premier said:

"The time to talk of peace is when the great purposes for which we and our allies embarked on this long and stormy voyage are within sight of accomplishment. We shall never sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, till Belgium receive in full measure all and more than she has sacrificed, until France is adequately assured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

These are certainly great purposes, worthy of the Empire from which they emanate, worthy of the glorious cause of world-wide liberty for which the Allies are striving. These are high and holy purposes, the accomplishment of which will mean a tremendous stride forward in the upbuilding of humanity. Seldom indeed is the opportunity given to citizens of any country to offer their services in such a noble cause.

Patriotism and its Obligations.

Patriotism like truth is many-sided, but its foundations must always rest on unselfishness, a sense of fair play and honesty of purpose. Men may hold directly opposite views on great questions affecting the welfare of their country and yet both be patriots. The royalist and so-called rebel have fiercely contended on the field of battle and each of them may have been a patriot. The United Empire Loyalist and the follower of George Washington may both have been patriots. Although the Southern States rose in rebellion no one now doubts but that there were many really intense patriots in the Southern ranks. So on, all down the line. Patriotism does not consist of noisy clamor or openly expressed hatred of any other country, but rather of a willingness to suffer and if necessary die for your own, to be ready at all times to subordinate your personal interests to the public welfare and cultivate the good will of other nations so as to win their esteem for your own.

Patriotism imposes many obligations upon our citizens and at times these are very onerous. But to-day it offers to our young men a privilege seldom presented of distinguishing themselves by offering their services not only in the cause of their country but in the interest of humanity at large.

Over eight centuries ago Peter the Hermit raised a cry throughout Europe that brought the King from his palace, the noble from his hall, the merchant from his counting house, the yeoman from his plough, all classes united in a crusade that meant suffering and death for millions, and for what? To rescue the tomb of our Saviour, around which so many memories clung, from the possession of the infidel. To-day the fiery cross has once more been sent forth and all classes are again called upon to join in a crusade not to rescue an empty shell, as sacred as that may appear in the eyes of devotees, but to save the very germ of liberty itself from destruction. In those old days, there was no hanging back,—all rushed to the standard and cried: "Here am I, take me." To-day when the call to arms is of such vast import it must never be said that Canada, the land of promise, that boasts so loudly of its loyalty, has any shirkers.

To every young man in Canada who is eligible for active service, this is a solemn hour. Your King and country loudly call and it is for you to decide whether that call shall be answered by enlistment or otherwise. We cannot all be soldiers and many find that their real duty can be better performed by remaining at home. Do not be stampeded into volunteering by what others may say or do, but in the privacy of your own chamber think the matter out. It is between you and your conscience to decide what your proper course should be. But remember you cannot remain inactive but must perform some duty that is of value to your coun-

try. Are you doing that now? If you are not, then there is but one course open for you and that is to offer your services without further delay and cry, "Here am I, take me."

There are tens of thousands of young men walking the streets of our cities, towns and villages to-day, frequenting billiard parlors, attending ball games and shouting themselves hoarse, or patronizing the race track and risking their last dollar, who should be wearing the khaki, as there is nothing at all to keep them from offering their services in defence of their country. Many of them say: "Wait till our country is really in danger, wait till our services are actually required; then we will join the colors." Be not deceived; your country is in deadly peril at the present hour and requires the help of every one of her sons as her honour and liberty are both at stake.

Thousands of our men of means are hoarding their wealth for what they term a rainy day. The rainy day is now at hand, the storm has burst and any further rift in the clouds may bring a deluge that will sweep away your hoards or render it impossible to use them as you please.

Come forward now, you young men and give your services; come forward now you men of wealth and give the financial assistance which is so much required. Not for the purpose of purchasing batteries or equipping regiments; which business, while absolutely necessary, is, I think, the duty of the Government to carry out; but to provide funds for extra Red Cross work, relieve the sufferings of the starving millions of Belgium, Poland and Serbia, and other like objects for which private subscriptions only can be utilized.

You boast of your loyalty, and never lose a chance of flaunting the flag of your country; you attend patriotic meetings and march with bands and banners in patriotic processions, and repel any insinuations that you are not loyal citizens. But examine carefully your present conduct and see whether you are fulfilling all the obligations of patriotism, or whether that noble sentiment is only used as a veneer. Your King and country loudly call. Listen to the call of duty and come forward while there is yet time.

Again, I urge upon the young men the advisability of offering their services now. It is true many may never reach the firing line but the moral effect of a large army being organized in Canada will be very great. It is related of an Eastern potentate who visited England some years ago that on his return to India he was asked if what he saw there made him think that Britain was a great nation. He replied: "It was not what I saw, but what I did not see that impressed me with her might and power." So when Germany's great defensive force, practically surrounded as it is, eventually yields to the tremendous pressure exerted by

the Allies and is broken like an egg shell, its shattered armies will be driven back to the borders of their own country. Then will the psychological moment have arrived when, dreading the terrible reprisals their infamous actions in Belgium and France have rendered probable, and fearing that another mighty host across the seas is ready to join the conquering armies that have already overmastered them, they will realize that all hope is gone, and that unconditional surrender is the only course that will save their fatherland from destruction. Should you not be part of this host that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India are ready to send? You can then have the proud satisfaction of knowing that although deprived of the opportunity of winning the coveted V.C. you have done your full duty by your country in offering your services in her hour of trial. How different will be the feeling of the shirker who would not go.

How many citizens of this country have yet begun to realize that, within one hundred miles of the Capital of the British Empire, a tremendous cannonading, the greatest in the world's history, is now proceeding? The guns of menace and the guns of defence are thundering their salvos of death and destruction night and day. Which will win? Aye, there's the question, the answer to which is of such vital moment to the world. If the latter should be victorious, then all will be well, and Canada can rest secure for many years to come. But should the guns of menace prevail then the British Empire, with all its glorious traditions, becomes a thing of the past and all the nations will practically come under the domination of heartless Germanism. Canada will then, on account of her geographical position and illimitable resources, naturally become the Mecca for Germany's surplus population and will no doubt be soon occupied by her victorious troops. We will thus be relegated from our high position as the brightest gem in the British Crown to that of being the most important of the German colonies. If the Kaiser's war machine can win out in the present struggle against all Europe then Germany will pay little attention to the Monroe Doctrine, as the United States could certainly not enforce its provisions. Canada's meagre and mixed population would soon be swallowed up by millions of immigrants from Germany, and other millions of Germans and their descendants from the United States; and our beloved country would become a second Germany with all its attendant horrors,—the adoption of conscription and its demoralizing associations; of militarism which brutalizes the mind; of Kultur which kills the soul. Are we willing to lie supinely on our backs and take any chances of accepting such a fate or rather will not the ancient spirit that has come down to us through generations of free men who recognized to the full that

“The love of liberty with life is given
And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven,”

induce us to shake off the lethargy that seems to have taken possession of us, and use all the efforts within our power to try to avert such a possible calamity?

Do not think for a moment that I take a gloomy view of the situation. On the contrary I am most optimistic as to the position of affairs at the present time, and firmly believe that victory is assured for the cause of the Allies. But the enormous resources that it is apparent the Germans still possess, and the tremendous efforts they are now making to strengthen their positions on all their several fronts, lead to the conclusion that there will still be a lot of desperate fighting before the end is in sight. Under these circumstances the uncertainty of the fortunes of war is to be taken into consideration and some unexpected thing might happen that would change the whole aspect of affairs. For this possible emergency we must prepare ourselves, but to do so we should first fully recognize that the task we are facing is a most difficult one:

“No easy hopes and lies
Will bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will and soul.”

We must realize the absolute truth of these lines and be ready to make the sacrifices they call for now, not after some dreadful catastrophe may have happened.

You may travel through Canada from end to end and, were it not for an occasional view of a soldier in uniform, it would never occur to you that our country was at war. Even after the fact that so many of our sons have laid down their lives on the field of honour, and the gallantry of our troops has been acclaimed throughout the world, we still do not realize that we are really engaged in a life and death struggle with a powerful and unscrupulous foe. While we have done a lot of talking, and our expeditionary force has brought imperishable glory to Canada and the Empire, we yet fail to recognize that, as a nation, we have not done anything like our full duty. And worse still, a feeling of apathy seems to have taken possession of our people that threatens to stifle our sense of public duty and prevent us realizing to the full the danger we are in.

What I referred to a short time ago as the German menace to Canada, is no fanciful picture. If Germany wins, it will, in all probability become in a short time a hideous reality, and the beautiful land we have so long called home will have passed to the sway of an alien power.

All great movements have had their origin in humble beginnings, and at this meeting to-night, as obscure as it may appear to be, can there not be lighted a torch that will spread the flame of real patriotism throughout the land? Can there not go forth

the clarion cry that should shortly re-echo from every house top, "Canada, awake and buckle on your armor"? Let us try to realize that we are in the throes of a desperate struggle that endangers the independence of our country, the integrity of the British Empire and the very existence of liberty in the world. Let us out of our brawn and strength offer the services of hundreds of thousands of our young men for service on the field of battle, and out of our wealth contribute liberally to the cause we profess to have so much at heart.

Lessons to be Learned.

The lessons that should be impressed upon us by this war are numerous and varied in their character. From our Allies and our enemies there are many things we might copy with great benefit to ourselves while their mistakes should be used as object lessons. But above all we should carefully examine our own actions and find wherein we have erred and endeavor to rectify these errors in the future. Primarily we should certainly recognize that the nation that strives after world-wide dominion is a menace to civilization and a curse to humanity—I care not what language it may speak, what religion it may profess, or what flag it unfurls to the breeze it can never succeed in its designs; but instead it is certain to carry death and destruction in its wake and engender distrust, jealousy and hatred where there should be confidence and respect.

Secondly, we must realize that the silken thread of sentiment that binds the nations of the British Empire together to-day is far stronger and more lasting than the bonds of steel that Rome tried to use and that Germany is now endeavoring to forge.

German Achievements.

German achievements along the lines of social organization and co-operation have been remarkable. They have settled many problems in social life that even England and the United States have failed to cope with successfully. They have taken steps to conserve human energy with a thoroughness unequalled by any other nation. But all the same German Kultur, efficiency, technical knowledge, call it what you will, while it has largely improved the material condition of the country, has entirely destroyed the individuality of the people. It has practically made them slaves of the state and brought into being what they are pleased to call the superman. Now superman when built upon entirely material lines becomes a monster of evil instead of a benefit to society, a veritable "Frankenstein" which threatens to destroy its creator, and it is this conception that has made the

German national character of to-day so hateful and dangerous to the world at large. On the contrary, in the superman built on spiritual lines, the material powers being used only to assist in bringing our higher ideals into being, we have our really great men, those who willingly devote their talents and if necessary sacrifice their lives in the service of humanity.

Efficiency as a servant is invaluable but Germany has conclusively proved that as a master it is demoralizing in the extreme. It should be regarded as a means towards an end, not the end itself. Do not hesitate to adopt it with this qualification. Acquire technical knowledge on every subject possible and learn from our present enemies the secrets they have wrenched from nature by close scientific research, marvellous patience and untiring industry. Use drill and discipline for wise purposes, practice their celebrated goose step to strengthen certain muscles of the body and limbs—experience has shown that it is an admirable exercise for that purpose—but not as an advertisement of pride and supremacy. Above all never lose sight of the fact that all these things must remain absolutely subservient to our higher selves, otherwise we, like the German, will become but part of the machine.

Part of the Machine.

A late Mayor of Toledo, Ohio, now deceased, who was widely known as "Golden Rule Jones," because he was among the first of American manufacturers to divide part of the profits of his business among his employees, tells the following story from real life: A friend of his who was a very high type of young man in Toledo, fell heir to a competency which necessitated his removal to New York where he became a member of the Stock Exchange. Fortune favored him and he shortly became very wealthy. A few years later Mr. Jones met him and thus retails the conversation that followed: "Well," I said to him, "I understand you are now a rich man." "Yes," he replied, "everything I touch seems to turn to gold." I asked him if he was really happier under present conditions than he was when he lived in Toledo in moderate circumstances. "Not by any means," was his answer. "I often long for the return of those dear old days." I then asked him if he felt he was really a better member of society than formerly and was able to do more good in the world. "Certainly not," he said; "my present position is at times intolerable, and my outlook on life is not nearly so bright or pleasant as it used to be." I then said to him, "Why don't you get out of it?" He turned a troubled look on me and replied: "Jones, how the hell is a fellow to get out of it when he's part of the machine?"

This story conveys a moral that is well worth our serious consideration. No doubt many a capitalist to-day, whose appar-

ently easy lot we may envy, is but part of the machine, and is frequently forced to do things which his conscience, or what is left of it, revolts at. The man who becomes a slave to club law and social customs which he knows are demoralizing and hurtful to him, is part of the machine. The woman who is a close follower of fashion's decrees and chooses her friends only from among those who suit the set in which she moves, ignoring those in more humble position whom she knows would make more worthy companions, is part of the machine. The German people have voluntarily become part of a vast machine built on ambitious, cruel and selfish lines and are to-day paying the penalty in woe and suffering. Custom is a hard taskmaster and makes us all to a greater or less extent part of the machine and causes us to lose our individuality and frequently our own self-respect. Do not think that the machine has any regard for you. It, like the proverbial corporation has no soul, and uses you only as a component part necessary for the time being to keep it in motion. As soon as you have survived your usefulness you will be cast aside like old boots. It matters not whether you are part of the financial, the social or the political machine, no matter how valuable the services you have rendered in the past may have been, as soon as you cease to be able to give further assistance out you go. Why should we not learn our lesson now and break away from the thralldom of the machine?

German Ideals.

The character of a people is known by their capacity to distinguish between good and bad. If they fail to clearly recognize the line of demarcation, they may be set down as a nation of moral perverts, devoid of spirituality. Let us see how Germany measures up to this standard.

Shortly after the sinking of the Lusitania there was issued at Berlin an official post card containing a portrait of Admiral Von Tirpitz and a cut of the Lusitania showing where she had evidently been struck by the torpedo. At the foot of the card was printed the name of the boat and the statement that she was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine. Think of it, this diabolical, cold-blooded, wholesale murder was thus actually commemorated as a naval victory of which the great German empire was proud.

Ninety-three of the leading professors of Germany, men representing all their great universities and every line of study, signed a document which was printed and spread broadcast throughout the United States and elsewhere. This document stated among other things that:

1. It is not true that Germany is guilty of causing the war. It was forced on her; she did her utmost to prevent it.

2. It is not true that we trespassed on neutral Belgium.
3. It is not true that our troops treated Louvain brutally.

Comment is unnecessary; but remember these statements were made by some of the most highly educated men in Germany. Many of the leading Germans in the United States, including such men as Ambassador Bernstorff, Dr. Dernberg, Professor Münsterberg, and others of the very highest standing politically, socially and educationally, have openly justified not only the sinking of the Lusitania but all the other crimes committed by Germany in Belgium and France, that to ordinary men of other nationalities were revolting in the extreme.

The Germans have little sense of humor and lack almost entirely what we know as the sporting instinct. They take themselves too seriously and become easy victims to the ruling classes who thus had little difficulty in inculcating into them the doctrines of Kultur and militarism, these damnable instruments that have brought an otherwise great nation to its ruin.

Kultur and militarism! the crimes that have been committed under the direction of thy teachings stand among the blackest in the annals of history; and the denizens of hell itself must feel a pang of jealousy when they behold the work of humanity at its worst.

The German ideals, strange as they appear to the ordinary human mind, are more clearly understood when we read Nietzsche's summing up of them where he says:

"We have discussed too much of character, too little of power; too much of self-sacrifice, too little of self-assertion; too much of right and too little of might. Conscience not only interferes with success but prevents the evolution of a superior type of man, that superman who is not constricted by duty nor limited by law, living his life beyond good and evil."

We can well understand that a nation accepting such teachings as are here unfolded can easily defend the hideous crimes committed in Belgium by its troops, the murder of the innocent passengers of the Lusitania and everything else that Satan might prompt their rulers to do. Were Germany's diplomacy equal to her war strength she might have become invincible but fortunately nature's law of compensation has stepped in and prevented such a calamity. The brutal mind that her tremendous military preparations engendered in the people, high and low, made it impossible to cultivate the finer instincts and breadth of view that the diplomat requires. Bismarck was not a diplomat but a cunning politician, keen, forceful and unscrupulous, a man of blood and iron. The wars he brought about with Denmark and Austria were anything but creditable to him, and reflected no glory on his country. To hasten a break with France, when he

knew she was unprepared for war, he actually changed the wording of a telegram sent by France to King William of Prussia, which practically amounted to forgery. In his Memoirs he refers to this episode as something to be proud of. Oh! that wonderful German mind; it seems to be actually void of any sense to distinguish between right and wrong.

Note the difference between the Bismarckian system of diplomacy and that adopted by Britain's Foreign Secretary. Sir Edward Grey is a man among men, one of the greatest that ever occupied his present important position. While at all times keenly alive to the welfare of his own country, he ever recognizes the just claims of others, and, consequently, he is admired and trusted by practically every nation in the world.

As Thou Sowest.

The interpretation given to the colors used in the German flag—black, red and white—after the Franco-Prussian war, was, "from night through blood to light." Prussia had struggled for centuries to reach a commanding position in the councils of Europe, and, after she had succeeded in defeating and humiliating France and cementing the union with the other German states she felt that at last she had attained her desires. But in her desperate efforts to affect her ends, she entirely overlooked the inexorable truth of those fateful words: "As thou sowest so also shalt thou reap." She did not realize the utter impossibility of sowing tares and reaping wheat; of planting thorns and gathering roses. Her path of empire was strewn with treachery and broken compacts, cruelty and falsehood, pillage and destruction, rapine and murder. She entered her kingdom 'tis true through blood, but frequently it was the blood of the innocent that had been spilt and it cried aloud from the ground for vengeance.

That Germany had not reached light has been clearly shown by her recent actions. To-day she has sown the wind and will reap the whirlwind of defeat and disaster. In bitter humiliation she will eat the leek of disappointed ambition and will see the idols she has worshipped so long and so fervently crumble to the dust.

Tolerance.

If there is one thing more than another that this war should bring before us it is the fact that intolerance has always been one of the greatest curses this world has suffered from. It invariably caused us to look with suspicion and distrust upon all who differ with us in race, creed or nationality, and has been one of the main factors in bringing about all the wars of the past. It frequently gets such a strong hold on our imaginations that we even

look askance at many who are fighting alongside of us in the main battle, but who do not see eye to eye with us on minor points. Nearly ninety years ago in the British House of Commons, while the repeal of the union was under discussion, Lord Lyndhurst referred to the Irish people as "aliens in race, aliens in country and aliens in religion." In replying to this aspersion, Shiel, one of the foremost orators of his time, gave a most vivid description of the battle of Waterloo in which he showed that the Irish soldier had taken such a prominent part, closing his speech in the following fervid words:

"The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited. The green corn of spring is now breaking over their commingled dust, the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?"

To-day not only the natives of the British Isles but representatives from all their colonies across the seas; the French and Russian; the Belgian, Serb and Italian; all races, nationalities, creeds and colors; the aristocrat and the plebian; the rich and the poor are striving shoulder to shoulder, enduring untold hardships and facing death for the great principle of human liberty. Their blood flows together in a hundred streams and drenches a thousand fields. Their numberless dead lay stark and cold together forming a democracy in death, and, let us hope, their union in the grave will hasten the advent of "the brotherhood of man."

After the terrible experiences of this war ordinary obligation, aside from common sense, should bring about a feeling of tolerance among the allied nations that will be of incalculable value to the world. Let us see that we do our share towards achieving this great result.

Race and nationality we are born to, religious and political beliefs are frequently engendered through environment and education; both are largely accidental in their nature. Why therefore should be hate or distrust each other on account of these differences? Nature with her master hand has made these distinctions and without them there would be little real progress in the world. There is no race or nationality but can learn something from each one of the others; no creed or belief that has not some inherent virtue not possessed by others; no station in life but what can be benefited by examining the condition of those holding different ranks. Variety is the spice of life and a dead monotony would eliminate much of the pleasure from the world.

Canada's Honor Upheld.

Canada has never been known as a warlike country, and for a hundred years, outside of a few minor disturbances, peace has reigned within her borders; therefore her people have not been trained to any great extent in the art of war. But despite these facts her hastily mobilized soldiers have after a few months' training held their own against the choicest troops of Germany in one of the fiercest battles ever fought in this or any other war. Treacherously assailed, and greatly handicapped as they were by the deadly gases used by their foes, they held their ground tenaciously and stopped the onrush of the enemy at a most opportune time as victory for the Huns then would probably have resulted in their army reaching Calais. Field Marshal Sir John French has several times given the highest praise to our troops for their conduct in this battle and has practically credited them with saving the day. If the honor of accomplishing this important result has fallen to their lot then we can feel that the fortune of war has favored us by placing our men in a position to be able to do such great service. But the main thing to be proud of is that they did their duty and never flinched when the hour of trial came. That this was the case I am assured by a letter written by Brig.-Gen. Mercer who was in command of the First Brigade at Langemark. General Mercer was adjutant of the Queen's Own Rifles when I had the honor of being its commanding officer. His is a cast of mind somewhat like that of Sir Edward Grey, quiet, reserved and observant, and therefore when he gives any praise you may feel assured that it is deserved. He says at the close of his letter:

"When the records of these battalions are published they will fill many pages of illustrious deeds, but I refrain from mentioning them now as the glory of the hour cannot outweigh the personal grief we all feel through the sudden taking off of the heroic dead of our brigade and comrades of the Canadian division."

Canada has shown that it is not warlike preparations that make for valor on the field, but a love of liberty that cannot be quenched that enables her sons at all times to uphold the honor of their country.

Toll for the Brave.

But while we in Canada feel a thrill of pride when we hear of the valiant deeds performed by our men at the front we naturally are saddened by the thought that so many of them have passed to the great beyond. In a foreign land, amid the ruined hamlets and devastated fields of France, Belgium and Germany will be scattered thousands of obscure graves the mounds of which will cover the remains of our countrymen who have fallen

in the cause of freedom. Brave men and true they died that we might live; they endured trials and hardships that we might enjoy peace and plenty; they did all that man can do, they laid down their lives in defence of their country. The hamlets wherein they lie shall be rebuilt, the devastated hills shall again become green with verdure, the hills shall once more become vine clad, but never again shall we hear the cheery voices or grasp the hands of those who have gone from our midst. But their memories shall ever remain green in the hearts of our people and their names be emblazoned high in our country's roll of honor. As we stand in thought over these graves of our fallen heroes we can but say:

“Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Noon of toil nor night of waking.”

Conscription.

I am unalterably opposed to conscription as a national system as I consider it wrong in principle and opposed to all ideas of liberty. We are not all fitted to be soldiers, while we might be of great value to our country in other lines. Why make so many misfits and sacrifice the careers of numerous young men by making them spend the formative period of their lives in barracks? Many of the brainiest among them have their bright prospect entirely destroyed by a strictly military existence of a few years. On the other hand many others look forward with pleasure to a life spent in uniform and are thoroughly satisfied with the work connected with it. Why not let each one choose his vocation in life?

It is also against our cherished principles of liberty that any men should be forced by the state into a position that is distasteful to them.

It also necessarily brings about a division among the people of the country, as those who are opposed to conscription resent bitterly being forced to carry out its provisions.

Germany is a shining example of conscription and the present war is largely brought about by that very system. At all times in German cities and towns you see the horses champing at their bits and hear the jingling of the spurs and the rattling of the sabres. Militarism and war ideals are therefore ever before the people and they get used to anticipating a conflict with pleasure. The military class become proud and overbearing and the ordinary people become simply serfs. This is the inevitable result and we should shun the danger.

But although I consider conscription as a national system to be entirely wrong, the time might come when dire necessity

would force us to temporarily adopt it. I do not think, however, that that time has yet arrived in Canada.

In contradistinction to conscription, I do believe that a large militia force should be efficiently maintained and that all young men as far as possible should go through a few years of military training. It will bring them under a discipline that many of them require and give them a physical training that will be of advantage to them in after life. I also think we should have a small standing army that would act largely as a police force, ready to suppress any sudden outbreak of riots or repel any possible marauding invading force. But these factors should be used only as adjuncts in the building up of our nation and should not occupy any commanding position such as a conscription army naturally would do. Any attempt at the jingling of spurs or the rattling of sabres as in Germany should be promptly frowned down. Exercise, drill and discipline are indispensable for the upbuilding of our boys on mental, moral and physical lines, but not militarism. That horror will receive its death blow in Germany's defeat.

The Claims of Belgium.

Before closing these remarks I desire to again call your attention to the noble little country whose cause I am using my feeble efforts to plead. It is the cause of a country literally overrun by fire and sword, of a people whose sufferings wring the heart of humanity and whose wrongs cry to high heaven for redress. I ask for no charity for Belgium, that word is a misnomer in her case, as any assistance rendered her is but part payment of a debt that can never be repaid in full. Belgium was broken on the wheel and is now writhing in agony in the grasp of a cruel and relentless taskmaster largely for our sake. The last straw seems to have been piled on her back when her brutal conquerors forced her men and women to work in the munition factories and help turn out death-dealing instruments to be used against their own flesh and blood. The people were driven to comply with the German demand by one of the most damnable acts ever recorded. According to information received by the New York Times, notices were circulated calling for hands to work in these shops. Nobody applied for a job. Next came the issue of proclamations offering double pay to all accustomed to gun-making. Nobody appeared. The next step of the German authorities was to seize and shoot five men who were known to be skilled arm-workers. This had no effect in the desired direction. Three days elapsed, then ten more men were taken out and shot. No applicants for jobs in the arms factories appearing, the Germans waited three days again and then stood up twenty men and shot them. The slaughter was assuming such nearly

wholesale proportions that the next day the factories were opened and now every person in Belgium known to have worked in arms establishments before the war is employed in turning out guns, rifles and explosives with which to slay their own relatives and friends. Workmen in machine factories all over Belgium are also busy turning out all sorts of death-dealing material to be used against their country under threat that failure to work and at top speed will be followed by the appearance of a firing squad, arrest, and speedy death.

And yet Germany calls herself a highly civilized and Christian nation, and the dangerous madman who is her ruler arrogantly announces himself as the viceregent of God.

Mr. T. A. Browne, of Ottawa, in his poem entitled "The Belgian Mother," has very forcibly depicted the bitter sorrows that rack the souls of these martyred people; the first verse runs as follows:

"Hear me, O God, that reignest upon high,
From blood bespattered fields hear Thou my cry;
Hear Thou a Belgian mother's fierce appeal,
Whose torn bosom, 'neath the Prussian heel,
Crimson and breastless challenges thy sky,
Of Christ the merciful demanding why?
Wherefore the murder of my valiant sons?
Wherefore the ravage of my little ones?
Hear me, O Father; Jesus hear me pray;
Shall there be reckoning, shall Prussia pay?"

Yes, thou poor suffering mother; Prussia will be forced to render a terrible reckoning for the shameless actions of her cruel soldiery, but the greatest price she could possibly pay would not erase from thy memory the frightful scenes you have witnessed, nor return to your arms the loved ones who have been so ruthlessly slain.

In regard to the Belgian Relief Fund, some say that Canada has done well in that respect as the fund now amounts to slightly over \$2,000,000. A large sum under ordinary circumstances 'tis true, but when you consider that the savings in Canada on deposit amount to over a billion dollars and are increasing each month, and that in Belgium upwards of four million of her people are on the verge of starvation, you can recognize that \$2,000,000 is but a drop in the bucket. Our share of the world's obligation to Belgium amounts to far more than that. Let us at least strive to do our duty in this respect. "He gives twice who gives quickly"; and bear in mind this one last word,—Belgium is suffering largely for our sake. Common gratitude demands that as far as possible we should endeavor to alleviate her woes.

Visions.

Words can scarce be found to record the thoughts that rush and crowd upon our minds in connection with the frightful conflict that is now being waged upon the soil of Europe, while time will not permit of even a casual reference to many of them. Our hopes and fears alternate as we try to grasp the salient points presented or to realize the important lessons that undoubtedly are being conveyed whether we are in a fit condition to receive them or not. We dare to hope that the war will soon be brought to an end by decisive victories for the Allies, the absolute crushing of the Prussian demon of militarism, and the establishment of a durable peace satisfactory to all the nations. Our fears, though, lead us to dread the result that the demoniacal actions of our frenzied foe may have upon our own people and our allies. This may lead them to carry out bitter reprisals before the war ends and to exact from Germany concessions that will be regarded by her people as so humiliating that it will leave a feeling of deep resentment that will threaten at all times the future peace of the world. Again let us hope that better counsels may prevail and that successful efforts may be made by the diplomats who will arrange the terms of peace, a body of men that will no doubt contain many of the brightest intellects in the world, so as to prevent a festering sore being left in the centre of Europe. This war is being waged with the avowed object on the part of the Allies of bringing about a durable peace and at its conclusion, no matter how strong the provocation may have been on the part of Germany, no feelings of revenge must be allowed to defeat the object in view. Reparation to the fullest extent possible must be exacted by all means, but not revenge. Otherwise we will be but sowing dragon's teeth which will in due time spring up and overwhelm us by a holocaust even greater than that in which we are now enveloped. The cost of this war in blood and treasure will be frightful; almost beyond human computation. Shall we benefit to some extent by the lessons it should teach or shall we return like the sow to its wallow, and refuse to learn wisdom from the awful experiences through which we are passing? I have more confidence in my country and more faith in my countrymen than to imagine that any such calamity can occur. Instead, a glorious vision opens before me in which we become emblematic of the colors of the German flag and emerge from the black and tempestuous night by which we are now encompassed through blood and sweat and agony to the white light of a happy and prosperous day.

The war, while so terrible in its actual results, has fortunately a brighter side to show. The acts of heroism that are witnessed daily, the voluntary self-sacrifices that are so frequently made and the friendships that have already been brought about among

the peoples of the allied nations lead us to believe that behind the awful cloud that hangs like a black pall not only over the blood-stained fields of Europe but throughout the whole civilized world there is a silver lining that presages the incoming of an age of lasting peace. This encourages us to hope that the travail through which humanity is now passing will result in the downfall of the brutal doctrine that might is right, and the establishment of confidence, respect and eventually regard between all the nations of the earth. If this be the result then our present sufferings, great as they are, will not have been endured in vain.

“In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see my country's honour fade;
Oh! let me see our land retain her soul:
Her pride in freedom, and not freedom's shade.”

—Keats.

