

and scheming Jew syndicates? So monstrous a proposition only needs to be stated to carry with it its own refutation. And what shall we say of that other calumny upon the race, that that tremendous manifestation of patriotic fervour throughout a widely-scattered Empire, which has startled the world, has been, forsooth, called forth by the mere vulgar instinct of national self-aggrandizement, and the blatant spirit of the Jingo? Is it not a philosophical truth that great effects only from great causes spring? No doubt that in the passionate unanimity, the spontaneous ardour, the determined energy of the efforts we are making, there is, among other impelling forces, pride of race. But it is a pride very different from the empty vanity of the swashbuckler. This is an excellent and wholesome pride of race, at the root of which is a profound and innate conviction of the beneficent character of British rule, and of the glorious, sacred mission of the Anglo-Saxon power to extend the blessings of liberty, and to strengthen the foundations of human justice between man and man throughout the habitable globe. This to many may sound like common clap-trap—mere rhetorical fustian; but nevertheless the existence, deep down in the hearts of our people, of this strong faith in our destiny, unconscious though it may be for the most part, is a stupendous fact pregnant with mighty issues in the coming history of humanity. Hence to guard with our lives the Empire in whose safety and strength lies the fulfilment of these great ideals becomes a sacred duty and a glorious privilege. Because we believe that as a race we have immense responsibilities placed upon us, we must be strong to enable us to fulfil them, and to keep strong we must manfully repell any and every attack of our enemies designed to weaken our power and uphold the right—if need be against a world in arms.

But we have digressed somewhat from the question of the moral influence of War in general, and of a just war in particular. When we say that there is, at the present day, amongst a certain large section of society, an exaggerated reverence for life for its own

sake, let us not be misunderstood. A callous indifference regarding the preservation of life, which ends in condoning as venial offences, homicide and murder committed from motives of private revenge and animosity, is the surest sign of a retrograde civilization, and no proof whatever of the existence of that national valour which in the public cause scorns hardship, wounds, and death. To lightly risk one's life or take that of another in a trivial private quarrel is the deed of a fool or an angry beast; but to give one's life in battle, a willing sacrifice for one's country or race, should not be regarded as though it were the climax of human misfortune. The loyalty to duty, the perfect love of honour that casted out fear, the enthusiastic self-devotion to comrades in the hour of extreme peril, the enduring faith in the principles of truth and justice, which counts the world well lost for the privilege of dying for the right—this is the life that exalteth a nation, the life of the soul and spirit. When that is killed by the death of all impulses except those which spring from love of self, and from a craven desire to cling to life and its material pleasures as being the utmost imaginable good, then is a man dead indeed, though his bodily life may still cumber the earth. For many a turbulent and restless spirit there is moral redemption in the chance to risk the bodily life and all its selfish instincts and gross desires for a noble end. Ah, loving mothers bereaved of your children, do not let your hearts be desolate because they tell you your sons have died the death of heroes! Think how, in the moment that they bravely fell, their gallant young souls leapt at one bound from all the sordid temptations of the material world to stand for ever safe upon the shining rock of honour reserved for duty nobly done. They have gone from your arms a precious gift to the nation; and though vanished from your earthly gaze, they live for ever, not alone in your yearning mother-hearts, but also in the grateful hearts of a whole people, shined in the loving admiration of the great and good. In such cases "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"