

then it will turn its powers of conflict against any forces which may still impede its upward way.

The article under consideration praises the splendid qualities which illuminate the battlefield. These are fervently to be admired, all the more gladly because we believe that men are greater than the greatest emergency. The shipwreck, the flaming city, the derailed locomotive, the plague, the icefield are eloquent of man's "loyalty to duty and his enthusiastic self-devotion to comrades in the hour of extreme peril." They are eloquent, too, of that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. The brilliant heroisms of the battlefield are, as a rule, the cause of increased animosity between belligerents, each side disparaging, and even falsifying the actions of their opponents, and rending wider yet the breach between their respective partisans outside the fray.

Of the fray itself no pen can adequately write. Men who have mingled in it describe it in one terse and terrible phrase: *War is hell!* A veteran tells a typical story of his first engagement. He was very young, and, as he stood in position, he thought of his English village, and of his widowed, delicate mother, until tears streamed from his eyes. He glanced around and saw his officer, also very young, sitting motionless on horseback, his face absolutely white, and great tears rolling from his eyes too. Presently the order to attack was sounded, and very soon there was a smell of human blood in the hot, evil air. That smell transmogrified everyone. The men became demons, maddened in sheer lust of more blood, howling the most frightful imprecations, conscious of nothing but the desire to kill—other men—other sons of far-away mothers. Shall we dare to speak of morality here?

The need and value of patriotism cannot be over-rated. Each people has necessarily its own characteristics, and the greater the people the greater its power of contribution to the welfare of the race. The English-speaking people, British, Colonial, American,

are incomparably the greatest whom the world has known; therefore their opportunities are the greatest. Were they federated—as they might have been but for the most wicked war of the last century—they could practically control the globe: they could influence the other peoples of civilisation for the general good, and police the savage races in beneficent subjection. There was unspeakable disappointment to many true lovers of mankind when America flung from her the splendour of her destiny that she might scramble in the arena of national aggrandisement. Cuba's cause could have been otherwise championed; but the financiers of Wall-street dictated the course to be pursued.

And there are many to regret that our own beautiful young colonies have rushed impetuously, generously, nobly into the maelstrom of old-world madness. They believe that the very worst difficulties can be pacifically arranged, *if taken in time*. They consider that real statemanship is capable of amalgamating the most stubborn incompatibilities, and of reconciling the most opposed interests. They see that the ravaging of the war-god is insatiable, that it slays or mutilates the physically finest man, blights the woman with lifelong anguish, and lays grievous burdens upon the toilers of every land. They are patriotic, as Robert Burns was patriotic. He, more than any other man, fused the Scottish people into the most patriotic nationality under the sun; and he endeared himself to the wide human heart by proclaiming universal kinship. And so with that mighty soul, Walt Whitman. He loved his "Americans" with passionate rapture, and he is for all time the laureate of the world's comradeship.

Gerald L. Peacocke writes scathingly of the horrors of peace. The vilenesses and villainies he loathes are indeed horrors, but they are not horrors of peace. This globe has not yet been blessed by peace; war has been its ruler, absolute, never-deposed. The competitiveness of everyday life is war, manifesting itself by flaring ever, and again into mutual slaughter. Thus, when Ruskin