

BRITISH STATESMEN AND THE WAR

Extracts from some Notable Speeches by Leading Men of Great Britain

"A Scrap of Paper."

It is the interest of Prussia today to break the treaty, and she has done it. She avows it with cynical contempt for every principle of justice. She says: "Treaties only bind you when it is your interest to keep them." "What is a treaty?" says the German Chancellor, "A scrap of paper." Have you any £5 notes about you? I am not calling for them. Have you any of those neat little Treasury £1 notes? If you have, burn them; they are only scraps of paper. What are they made of. Rags. What are they worth? The whole credit of the British Empire."—*Rt. Hon. Lloyd George, at Queen's Hall, Sept. 19.*

The Vision.

"May I tell you in a simple parable what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea. It is a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blasts. But it is very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hill above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hilltops, and by the great spectacle of their grandeur. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten, Honour, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again; but as long as men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of those great mountain peaks whose foundations are not shaken though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great War."—*Rt. Hon. Lloyd George, at Queen's Hall, Sept. 19.*

Our Solemn Vow.

"You have heard of "The Day" which the Germans looked forward to, for which in secret they prepared, for the success of which they sacrificed honor and truth; the day in which the armies of Europe should meet in a shock in which they thought they would be victorious. That day has come, and the issue may be long delayed. But ladies and gentlemen, there will come another day—though its dawn be far distant, though every step of the road that reaches to it be marked with pain and grief, though brave men's blood be shed like water and women's tears like mist—another day shall come when our gathered people, gathered from the four corners of the earth, from the glow-

ing plains of India, from the snows and pines of Canada, from the broad veldt of Africa, from the great territories of Australia and New Zealand, from the mist-bound shores of Newfoundland, from wherever our bugle echoes, wherever our proud flag flies, our people shall come and shall meet together in London, the centre and the citadel of the liberties of the world, to celebrate the victory of our right over might, of honour cherished, of faith undefiled, of humanity and courage over brutality and strength. As I have said to you just now, when that day comes, the people who are not poorer in some way for the struggle we have gone through, in the hazard and risk of dear ones who have fought, or whatever the sacrifices may be, though they may pretend to share in the rejoicing will stand as a race apart because they did not come to their country's need. But England has no need to stand as a suppliant to her sons. We have come here to register together our solemn vow that to the last ounce of treasure, to the last throb of pain, we will endure unto the end; and we will maintain—nay, more—we will hand on enriched to our children's children the great traditions of stainless honour and of fearless courage that we have inherited from the great men who went before us, and from our fathers whom we have succeeded."—*Sir Stanley Buckmaster, at Bradford, Sept. 16.*

"There Never Was a Juster War."

"He had come to join with the representatives of all parties, all creeds, and all classes, to tell the Prime-Minister, and through him the people of Great Britain, that Ireland was in full heartfelt sympathy with the objects of this war, and that she would bear her share of the burden and sufferings entailed by the War with alacrity and gallantry. Already he had declared in the House of Commons that in his judgement Ireland was bound in honour to take this course. The right to Autonomy (he would not use the word Home Rule) has been conceded by the Democracy of Great Britain, and therefore Ireland would feel bound in honour to take her place side by side with all the other autonomous portions of the King's Dominions. Further than that, there was this consideration. The heart of Ireland had been profoundly moved by the spectacle of the heroism and sufferings of Belgium. The other day in London he met the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines and he took the opportunity of promising him then that Ireland would bring her arms and her strength to avenge Louvain, and to uphold the integrity and independence of Belgium; yes, and Alsace-Lorraine and France. There never was—that he believed was the universal sentiment of Ireland—a juster war, or one in which higher and nobler principles and issues were at stake."—*Mr. John Redmond, at Dublin, Sept. 25.*