

The example of Belgium should be a strong incentive to all of us who read her story, to be brave enough to choose as she chose—duty to ease—honor to gold—the treasures of the spirit rather than the phantasms of the earth, very real though they may seem to us.

The spirit of Belgium was the spirit of sacrifice—the Easter spirit, and her name will live even as the name of the Martyr of Easter lives, to be for all ages on the lips of men. Her flag is exalted, even in her agony; and as a nation Belgium is greater to-day, even in her subjection, than in the days of her freedom—more radiant, more upheld for the wonder and admiration of men—“a great, glowing queen of tragic circumstance.”

The spirit of Belgium is the spirit which can save the race from many of the troubles which now burden it—the spirit which was poured out on that first Easter, finding its expression in the supreme sacrifice which the God-man offered upon Calvary, that there might be preserved for humanity the unspeakable treasure of the vision of God.

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A soldier remarked the other day that the war was a punishment on the peoples for their wrongdoing, and that only God could bring it to an end. He may be right for all I know, anyway the fact that we are the champions of the law of nations in this war, does not make us the vicegerents of God; for while the