

EPILOGUE

of it a new spirit throbs in France behind all her superficialities, the weakness of her Protestantism, and the defects of her good. Within her a multitude, the salt of the nation, face the light of a larger day of liberty and truth shining, though dimly yet, through rending clouds. Her humiliation has resulted in a new and virile France: for her history begins again.

The aim of the peace to come after this war should be to give each race a perfectly free hand, a fair chance with no handicap, in the friendly rivalry of progress. Let all the German elements unite in a republic of "The United States of Germany," the states to be autonomous as in America. Let the Slavs be similarly combined in any sort of a compact they may choose for mutual co-operation and development. Let Alsace and Lorraine, and the smaller states of mingled blood, choose by free vote to which larger group they will adhere. Then open the gateways everywhere for freedom of commerce and industry, and let each race do its best to outdo the others and lead the world, if they can, in its culture and its productivity, material, intellectual, artistic, spiritual. Let there be a fraternity of European states, with a friendly council to hear disputes, a common court of justice to adjust difficulties, a common force to serve as international police, and a common treaty of peace and mutual consideration, to make war forever unnecessary.

Eucken is reported to have said, at the outbreak of the war, that the culture of the Slav differed so much from that of the Teuton that war was inevitable. In the name of common sense and of common humanity, why? One of the grandest things about the evolution of the human race is the production of infinite varieties—variations of soul—making variations of culture as numerous and as