

sary to exhibit our engines for blowing up the Rigi and removing the Lake of Geneva to the Palmen Garten at Frankfort."

Leaving the Switzer in raptures, he will turn to the philosophic Dane and say, "My own old, humble, and grateful friend! I will protect you. I protected a bit of you just before 1870; and I'll protect a lot more unless you jolly well do as I tell you. Just look at this gun!" Without waiting for the delighted thanks of Denmark, he will turn to the United States and offer not to lay waste the whole of that country; or to Italy, and explain when and why he will not hang the Pope.

Fountains of Flattery.

It is true, then, that the Prussian style is apt to be awkward, even when the Prussian policy is pacific. I know nothing more characteristic than a phrase which occurred in an excellent German article, an article urging the Germans to abstain from their outrages on ecclesiastic art.

It said especially that a certain mediæval building should be specially sacred because studies were made in it by some German whose name I cannot spell. I know nothing against or about the gentleman, but I think that by the time I had brought myself to act in entire contempt of the House of God and the history of Joan of Arc, the memory of the German gentleman would sit lightly on me. There is this awkwardness in their most well-meaning efforts. They seem incapable even of apologizing without bragging. But though conciliatory attitudes are a great strain on them and are never kept up for long, that should not make us forget what it is due to Belgium to remember—that the first attitude towards Belgium was, in form, conciliatory, and was kept up just long enough to have allowed Belgium to avoid her heroic trial had she chosen.

Fountains of German flattery were doubtless ready to flow for her if she had chosen to facilitate the German plan—however passively and negatively. In a sense she could still have saved her face; but she preferred to save Europe.

She had faith in our policy almost before we had one. She answered for our truth and virtue before we answered ourselves. For one awful hour she found herself alone in Europe; and yet she answered for Europe. And she answered right. In that enormous circle of silence the first shot from Liege was the answer of Christendom. That little country, with its pattern of bright fields as tidy as a chess-board, with its medley of mediæval cities as carved and quaint as the chess-men, found somewhere in itself, and by itself, the voice that is the voice of two thousand years—

Through me no friend shall meet his doom;

Here, while I live, no foe finds room.

It may well be that in the future men may feel little Belgium as a working model of Europe—as Europe is the working model of the world.

Answer of Christendom.

This Europe of Europe, this real casket of culture, this essence of Roman Empire, this small nation of which the very cities have been nations, this kingdom within kingdom and republic within republic of accumulated politics and history, has been suddenly turned into a desert—a desert where dwell demoniacs.

Of some who have done this work it is seriously not too much to say that they are possessed of devils. They have worked miracles of sacrilege and murder. They have set wandering in the wilderness the whole populations of cities so prosperous and countrysides so settled that the fiend's miracle would have been less if he had set forests and cornfields walking.

No mountain tribe was ever torn up by the Turks and sent adrift to die as this storied and civilized State has been wantonly torn up by its near neighbours. The sufferings of such a race in such a ruin cannot be pictured in terms of any Christian hell: they can be traced in the infernal arabesques of Chinese and Tartar history. There is not a single pang in it that is not too high a price to pay to the Prussians. There is not a pang that Belgium is not paying for our sake: and by her stripes we are healed.