

Great moral causes were at stake in the Great War; but they are inextricably mixed with cool, national self-interest and racial hatreds, which are also dictated by self-interest, though not always by the interests of the human race. One who sees the struggle of Europe as a spectator, with no hatred in his heart except of war itself, finds prejudice and efficiency, folly and merciless logic, running in company. He would return to the simplest principles, human principles, to avoid confusion in his own mind. Not of Europe, he studies Europe; he wonders at Europe.

On a map of the world twice the size of a foolscap page, the little finger's end will cover the area of the struggle. Europe is a very small section of the earth's surface, indeed. Yet at the thought of a great European war, all the other peoples drew their breath aghast. When the catastrophe came, all were affected in their most intimate relations, in their income, and in their intellectual life. Rare was the mortal who did not find himself taking sides in what would have seemed to an astronomer on Mars as a local terrestrial upheaval.

From Europe have gone forth the waves of vigour and enterprise which have had the greatest influence on the rest of the world, in much the same way that they went forth from Rome over the then known world. The war in this respect was like the great Roman civil war. The dominating power of our civilisation was at war with itself. Draw a circle around England, Scandinavia, the Germanic countries, and France, and you have the hub from which the spokes radiate to the immense wheel-rim. It is a region which cannot feed its mouths from its own soil, though