

and herself waged it "Holly" in the Middle Ages, first to vindicate her right to visit the Holy Places and then in the attempt to recover the sacred land from the Saracens.

But in spite of high incentive, the pain and suffering—moral, mental, and physical—which war com-



THINGS ARE GETTING BRIGHTER..

German Michael: "Hunger has turned me into a shadow."

Kaiser: "Good! So much the better! You will not be caught so easily by your enemies."

—From Boudilnik, Petrograd.

pels (however time and circumstance may lessen its poignancy) touches in transit innumerable lives and stretches in the present instance so incalculably far, that in view of it many have felt the shock of an assault upon the very stronghold of their faith in God. The waters of Marah have broken all bounds and changed the face of the landscape; sweeping barriers away, obliterating landmarks, lengthening out and widening amongst the nations until scarcely a window but views, at least from an angle, that red and shining flood. We cannot escape it; we can neither shut our ears to the turmoil of that surging torrent nor blind our eyes to the actual mangled wreckage which it casts up at the threshold of our own homes.

The most sincere disciple of a Gospel of Negation which denies the existence of pain must surely yield some of its dear beliefs in view of the evidence of his normal senses in the present crisis. Even the least imaginative must realize that physical nerves and muscles are not lacerated, that limbs are not torn off bodily, nor flesh stabbed nor bone splintered without commensurate suffering. In the streets to-day the sight of men who have lost one limb or more, blind men, men paralyzed through shock, who are disfigured for life, is frequent. With whatever dumb courage our brothers face this ravage of their "lovely youth," each individual one has had to brace himself, not only physically, but mentally, to adjust the powers of his other members, to adjust his whole view of life, to the new conditions. To put the matter baldly, life for him never can be "the same" again. Realization such as this, inevitable though it be and part of a process which simply cannot be understood if it is looked at from its material significance alone, is achieved only at tremendous cost. It comes within the experience, not of "the chosen," but the average, man—not of the experienced thinker only, but of the raw boy. Living sacrifices, if ever living sacrifices were, though too few look upon them in that light.

But war causes indirect as well as direct suffering, too. Days of outward mourning in face of world-wide loss are more limited than they once were, since the moral of a nation demands that its signs of external bereavement should be as few as possible. But to the sensitive the atmosphere of streets and byways is charged to-day with something different from that which saturated it two years ago. He who looks straight into the eyes of Death or pain and turns them away again, only to meet pain or Death, has come insistently upon real and tre-

mendous things. Even unconscious pose sloughs from him, for a time at least, with that experience. He has been caught up into the blinding light of truth. And direct contact with truth leaves traces upon all but shallow persons, whether it come in the form of spoken word or actual experience. Truth carries conviction as nothing else in the world does.

But because no man may go with another in the wet way of pain without having his own feet stained, nor share the burden unless his own shoulder bends to the load and his back muscles give to the strain, it follows that something "goes out" from him mystically in the process—that once more, as so often happens in life, the surface view of love or friendship covers loss and gain in a far deeper sense. Love is spiritually as well as physically the great creative force. It empties itself in giving, and new capacity of giving flows afresh in its veins. All love has in it exquisite capacity for pain; all pain has in it exquisite capacity of love. "L'amour a fait la douleur et la douleur a fait l'amour." "Behind sorrow there is always a soul," says a writer who plumbed an abyss of sin as well as sorrow. "The essential difference between one man and another lies in this—that the one feels more than the other," taught Ruskin. To say that "the little cup that is made to hold so much can hold so much and no more, though all the purple vats of Burgundy be filled with wine to the brim, and the treaders stand knee-deep in the gathered grapes of the stony vineyards of Spain," is to amplify that philosophy. Pain to-day is continually being poured into goblets, some of which overflow after the first few drops. But if they can hold and contain it, the liquid flame within them glows like the heart of an opal.

Pain is, and Suffering; imminent, tangible, widespread. To watch the beloved in agony is to tread the way of his human passion as surely as the Mother of God did when she saw her Son die upon the Cross. We cannot evade pain; it must be met. It brings in its train, in most cases, the strange composure which comes with nearly every vast experience. There is calm in the supreme moment of love fulfilled; there is silence, as a rule, in the room where the dead lies, wrapped in the mantle of kings; there is a mystical hush at the culminating moment of the Mass. Feeling, once it is great enough, compels the senses to a kind of involuntary quiescence by sheer force of its strength. In face of it the will sets itself, rigid, with two alternatives before it. There is the Pagan view, there is the Christian view, to choose as the foundation upon which a man may rear his fortress of defence against Pain's attack.

The Pagan view of pain as compared with the Christian view is as limited as is the vision of a man who relies upon his naked eyesight when looking at a landscape compared with that of one who uses a telescope, and so has distant objects brought within his direct range. The Pagan, to contain his indomitable soul, erected a citadel, the thickness of whose walls deadened his cry of agony. But the Christian, accepting pain instead of combating or denying it, relies not at all upon the strength of any artificial fortress. He makes of pain mystical wings to lift him to unknown dimensions, to soar above the highest tower of the strongest prison built within the memory of man.

"I was not, I came to be; I was, I am not; that is all, and who shall say more will lie; I shall not be," says the Pagan. But the Christian: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. . . . And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but pure grain. . . . God giveth it a body. . . . It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."

Everything in the Christian attitude gives spiritual vitality.

WELLS WITH CADORNA

English Novelist's Impressions of the Great Italian Campaign

SO far, confesses the author of *The War of the Worlds*, I had had only a visit to Soissons on an exceptionally quiet day and the sound of a Zeppelin one night in Essex for all my experience of actual warfare. But my bed-room at the British mission in Udine roused perhaps extravagant expectations. There were holes in the plaster ceiling and wall, betraying splintered laths—holes that had been caused by a bomb that had burst and killed several people in the little square outside. Such excitements seem to be things of the past now in Udine. Udine keeps itself dark nowadays, and the Austrian sea-planes, which come raiding the Italian

coast country at night very much in the same aimless, casually malignant way in which the Zeppelins raid England, apparently because there is nothing else for them to do, find it easier to locate Venice.

My earlier rides in Venetia began always with the level roads of the plain, roads frequently edged by water courses, with plentiful willows beside the road, vines and fields of Indian corn and such-like lush crops. Always quite soon one came to some old Austrian boundary posts; almost everywhere the Italians are fighting upon what is technically enemy territory, but nowhere does it seem a whit less Italian than the plain of Lombardy. When at last I motored away from Udine to the northern mountain front I passed through Campo-Formio and saw the white-faced inn at which Napoleon dismembered the ancient republic of Venice and bartered away this essential part of Italy into foreign control. It just gravitates back now—as though there had been no Napoleon.

And upon the roads and beside them was the enormous equipment of a modern army advancing. Everywhere I saw new roads being made, railways pushed up, vast store dumps, hospitals; everywhere the villages swarmed with grey soldiers; everywhere our automobile was threading its way and taking astonishing risks among interminable processions of motor lorries, strings of ambulances or of mule carts, waggons with timber, waggons with wire, waggons with men's gear, waggons with casks, waggons discreetly veiled, columns of infantry, cavalry, batteries en route.

Every wagon that goes up full comes back empty, and many wounded were coming down and prisoners and troops returning to rest. Gorizia had been taken a week or so before my arrival; the Isonzo had been crossed and the Austrians driven back across the Carso for several miles; all the resources of Italy seemed to be crowding up to make good these gains and gather strength for the next thrust. The roads under all this traffic remained wonderful; gangs of men were everywhere repairing the first onset of wear, and Italy is the most fortunate land in the world for road metal; her mountains are solid road metal and in this Venetian plain you need but to scrape through a yard of soil to find gravel.

Through the dust I came to Aquileia, which is now but an old cathedral, built upon the remains of a very early basilica, standing in a space in a scattered village. But across this dusty space there was carried the head of the upstart Maximian who murdered Alexander Severus, and later Aquileia brought Attila near to despair. Our party alighted; we inspected a very old mosaic floor which has been uncovered since the Austrian retreat. The Austrian priests have gone, too, and their Italian successors are already tracing out a score of Roman traces that it



IN THE GARDEN OF MY POILU.

"What has your godmother written?"
"She has asked me whether I prefer my usual perfume, or whether I would rather have the delightful 'Coeur de Lys' or the irresistible 'Frisson de Verveine.'"

—Falke, in *Le Rire*, Paris.