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tactician, the art of the strategist, were not mingled with the obscene malice of the ape, and the destructive frenzy of the maniac. Kings and nobles made War like noblemen and Kings.

Yet that great Minister whose prodigious labours reared up stone by stone, the German Empire, was, unless biographers have lied, haunted and obsessed in his declining days by remorse of conscience and terrors of the soul. "But for me," he is reported to have said, "three great wars would not have been made, nor would 800,000 of my fellow-men have died by violence. Now, for all that I have to answer before Almighty God! . . ." Could the relentless exponent of the fierce gospel of Blood and Iron have foreseen the imminent, approaching disintegration of his colossal life-work, under the frenzied hands of the modern Attila,—might he have known what Dead Sea fruit of ashes and bitterness his fatal creed, grafted upon the oak of Germany, was doomed to bring forth,—he would have drunk ere death of the crimson lees of the Cup of Judgment;—he would have seen in the inhuman shape of his terrible pupil, the grotesque, distorted image of Himself.