

plague on both your houses !' ” That is a shirking of a clear responsibility that rests upon every intelligent human being. The neutrality which declines to distinguish black from white is simply a disease of the moral vision.

To myself—if I may end upon an egotistic note—this war has been a pain unspeakable. Though I have hitherto had less of direct personal anxiety than hundreds of thousands of my countrymen and countrywomen, I seem to have been living for two years in a nightmare. Though I have never been absolutely a pessimist as to the result, my optimism has been of a valetudinarian order, terribly liable to shocks and chills. I often wonder whether there was ever a time when I could waken in the morning without a sense of black oppression, and open a newspaper without a tremor. But though war is thus as torturing to my temperament as it is abhorrent to my intellect, I have never for a moment dreamt of wishing that my country had made another choice than that which she made in August, 1914—if, indeed, she can be said to have had any choice after Germany had crossed the Belgian frontier. And to you, my dear Master, I may say in conclusion that, with all my profound esteem for you, with all my