

THE SADNESS OF THE WORLD 193

bluster and braggadocio. She is endeavouring to persuade herself that she is not afraid of what she is doing, and that she is indifferent to the judgment of the world; like an Oriental running amok she tries to hearten herself by spitting in the face of civilisation and shouting that she cares nothing for the opinion of others. And the sorrow she is experiencing is correspondingly polluted and unclean, drenched with a black fear that no assumption of carelessness of consequences can mitigate.

The sadness of the civilised world is like the grief for the ending of a noble and useful life; the sadness of Germany is mingled with an unrelenting shame like that of a mother mourning over a murderer son strangled upon the gallows. The one has left a heritage of honour and a legacy of light; the other has bequeathed only disgrace and a sense of inconsolable horror.