

who know anything of the recent events in Europe know that peace of a kind has been made many times during the past few years, but it was not the peace that endures. Such a peace was made in the Balkan crisis, but it was no more than a truce. Such a peace was made in the Morocco crisis, but it was no more than a bit of temporizing. Such a peace was made in the Tripoli crisis, but it merely put off the evil day unto the to-morrow. The peace that closed the Franco-Prussian war was not a lasting peace. It left France smarting under humiliation and her borders still menaced by the presence of a watchful foe. If France and Germany have not met on the battle-fields of Europe for forty years it was not because they were at peace. It was an armed neutrality. It was a breathing spell for a worse conflict. Writing in 1897 of "The Peace, 1871"—the peace that did not pacify—Elizabeth Waterhouse put it thus in her poem:—

"I have made peace, thank God." O Emperor King;
At this thy word the nations lift their eyes,
Looking for One they wot of to arise,
White robed, on happy wing.