

appealed to the highest (I use the word deliberately) instincts of the English people. The epitaph dictated on his death-bed by Henry Lawrence, 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul', sums up the whole of the moral and religious genius of our race. Duty is to us what the glory is to others. When we ask for the meaning of the term, we find that it is obedience to a command for no other reason than that it proceeds from a recognized authority. This virtue is possessed by the Germans in the very highest degree, and it is, and has been since the beginning of their history, the chief secret of their success. German obedience, however, differs from English obedience in recognizing another seat of authority. The German obeys his superior officer, whose right to command is ultimately derived from the Emperor. This is a noble quality; but the command proceeds from without, and its operation is not in the direction of freedom. English obedience, on the contrary, is paid to the conscience, the internal ruler, which may be found in every man's breast. The man who obeys that voice is his own master, and enjoys the highest form of freedom. Wordsworth apostrophizes duty as 'Stern daughter of the voice of God', and that is the English view as to the source of those authoritative commands. No nation can dispense with the recognition of both forms of authority, the human as well as the divine; and we, perhaps, at any rate in civil life, have far too little of the former. With the general problem, however, we need not trouble ourselves. All that concerns us is, that the predominant source of authority is, in Germany, the Emperor; to the Englishman, his God. With no race has the voice of conscience been more respected than with the Romans, and none have left