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"THE GREATEST OF ALL"

OUR GUARANTEE

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What a message to the centuries! And from a simple British woman whose virgin life of many crowded years was devoted to the alleviation of human suffering. What the strenuousness of that life of service had been is indicated in what we know of her final interview with the British Chaplain who was permitted to see her. "I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end", she said. "Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty, but this time of rest"—(the interval between her arrest and what was to be her last day in the flesh) "has been a great mercy. I have no fear nor shirking; I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me. Legally I have done wrong, but I am happy to die for my country."

THERE WAS NO CAN'T IN THOSE DYING WORDS. She did not invite so much as one word, not to speak of the armed strength of her country in an act of vengeance. She knew nothing of hostile feeling in the hour of death. "I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone" were the matchless words. That being so, what right have we to defame her memory with our hatred and bitterness? If we honor her, why do we hesitate to follow her splendid example? It may be hard, but to the creature of shrinking flesh and blood and the fitful words of mere human frailty, duty somehow is always hard. Sterne knew Duty and

THE GREATEST DEED OF THE WAR is to be found in the immolation of one devoted English woman. Not only did she lay down her life for her friends, but her last words on earth expressed a whole-hearted forgiveness of her enemies. The incident of the murder of Edith Cavell by a puppet of Prussian militarism, has found its way with every hellish detail to the remotest hamlet and home in the British Empire. We try to get away from the nightmare of its atrocity, and to invite everything within reach of our influence to appropriate and for ever cherish its mighty lesson. That lesson is found in what were probably her last articulate utterance in the English tongue.

"PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH
—I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."



EDITH CAVELL

called her "Stern daughter of the voice of God."

"HATE" BELONGS TO AN OBSOLETE SHIBBOLETH so far as the British sailor man and his pal of the trenches is concerned.—We could fill space equal to a year's volume of this paper with authentic records of the conduct of our men to prove this. The young men who are flocking to the colors are not propelled by "hatred and bitterness". Thank God they are inspired by higher passions. They are inspired by love, the love of their country, the love of liberty. They are inspired by pity for the

weak, the oppressed, the downtrodden. Furthermore, these splendid fellows, who have come from France and Gallipoli tell us that they came to regard the Germans and the Turks as men like themselves. "The

Turks are clean fighters" one affirms who has killed a few of them. "The Germans are not all bad," another affirms, who had come to close quarters with the Teuton and had actually smoked his tobacco!

THERE IS A HUN IN EVERY HEART. Germany has not always held a monopoly of the spirit of frightfulness. There was a Hun in the hearts of the English who burned Joan of Arc alive in the market place of Rouen and gave a new Saint to France, just as that tool of the Prussian mailed fist has given another to England in the person of Edith Cavell. There

is a Hun in the hearts of those hysterics who would urge Britons to behave like Huns in order to terrify the Germans who behave like Huns. "They howl for reprisals and the reprisals they demand are the very horrors which have damned the Germans," writes a big-souled friend. "They ask us to sink as low as the Germans have sunk."

BUT LOVE ABIDES in the British heart. Even in Germany with all its parade of hatred, the children will dance around their Christmas tree, and the logs will blaze upon the hearth. And in every land, though love may be weeping in bitter anguish yet love abides, and will abide. For God is love, and so love is indestructible upon the earth. The soul of the world is love and not hatred, and love will yet come to its own.

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