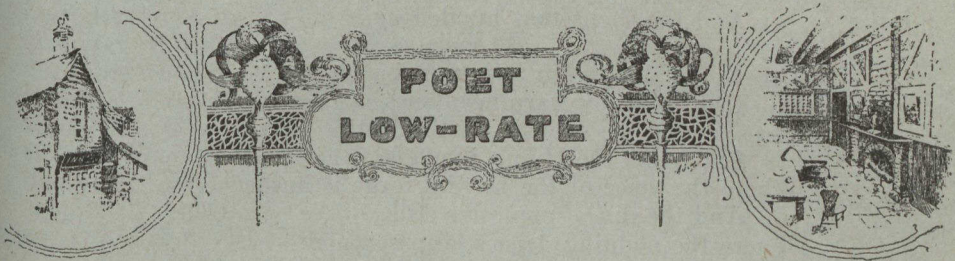


that kind of thing, that is the powers beyond. I come down to Rousseau and I find him laying out an ideal scheme of efficiency and work ability; and when that atheist gets through what does he say: Well, of course, you have to get the gods to pick out the man for you! When Carlyle is laying out an ideal scheme he starts it as the others do with the best men at the top and with a graded organization below. And how to get it? When some god assists, not otherwise. They all appeal in ideal schemes to something beyond humanity because they recognize the defects of human institutions. There is the raw material, and no ideal scheme or mathematical process will ever get beyond it. We have to face that. We must select our men and then more or less trust them.



“A PRAYER.”

Give me a house by the side of the road,
 Where the flowers are bathed in the sun,
 Far, far from the agonized screech of the shell
 And far from the boom of the gun;
 Where I may forget what a brute man's been,
 Where I may repay the debt
 I've incurred in this war that has riven the world,
 This war that I long to forget.

I have flown our battlefield steeped in blood,
 And a sea thick-strewn with dead,
 Where the grass in the field and the wave of the sea
 Should both have been green, not red;
 And the dead that floated and those that lay
 Piled deep on the scarlet sod,
 Both proved that we harked to the Devil's voice
 In place of the voice of God.

Give me a house by the side of the road,
 Where I may forget my share
 In the strife that has rent the world in twain
 And whitened each mother's hair;
 Where I may forget that I fired on him,
 And he, that he shot at me;
 Where I may woo peace and love again,
 And be as I used to be.

We had to go forth to slay the brute
 Who threatened our hearth and home,
 We could not allow this beast at large,
 To murder, and still to roam;