

## EPILOGUE

agony over the awful fact that we had only the choice between two unspeakable crimes—into the one, a little less than the worst, we must plunge as the only alternative, we must fight or perish. And the agonizing cry, "It must be the last war!" Our only hope is in the rising of this spirit of the Christ, whereby we shall be able to overcome the "wiles of the devil," in Britain as well as elsewhere, that make for plunder, and rake the earth with the hell-power that compasses sea and land to feed our cesspools of gold, that ranges every clime and makes merchandise at home and abroad of opium and alcohol and lust and practically of slaves, and bodies and souls of men and women, to feed the eternal demand for gain and luxury and pleasure, and in the richest land and the greatest city in it there is almost the darkest poverty in the civilized world.

A few years ago a World's Council of Women met in Toronto. A motion in favor of "Peace and Arbitration" came up. It had to be very gingerly handled. Not only did Frau von —, from Germany, declare that the men of Germany were not prepared for that, but Madam —, from England, refused—"Do you think I would vote to have my husband's income stopped?" Her husband belonged to the international combination of war-exploiters, the syndicate of builders of Dreadnoughts and armament material for mutual slaughter—of other people!

In Britain, as in all English-speaking lands, the everlasting religious unrest, the crude outbursts of revivals and new sects, the tom-toms of the Salvation Army, and the ubiquitous street-corner mission, the rise of a prophetic man once or twice in a century, as well as the strenuous work and honest self-denunciation of the great