

CHARIOTS OF FIRE

including ourselves, would drag her back. She is by no means the only enemy of peace. Is Russia entirely without fault? Are we to pretend that our Allies in the Balkan States, present and prospective, have no need of repentance? Does not the mention of the Balkan States remind us that it is easier to begin a war by mutual agreement than to end it in mutual honour, and that on a larger scale we may see, and perhaps be dragged into, dissensions or actual conflict like that secondary Balkan war which scandalized the world? Do we forget our own history of conquest, sometimes by means ill to defend before standards of to-day? And have we not still among us those who are always urging Britain to extend this or that sphere of influence? Have we no regret for the challenge of our navy, and still more for the way in which certain of our statesmen have boasted of our Dreadnoughts and our guns? Let us once more remind ourselves that the fear of Russia on the one hand, and of the British Navy on the other, has been used by the militarists of Germany to persuade the more peaceful elements that they must be prepared to hack their way through. We hear that the general attitude of the better minds of Germany to the Zabern incident, for example, was something like this: 'We hate this kind of military insolence as much as you would, but the officers demand it and it is the price we pay them for our protection.' Violence is the child of fear, and war will persist as long as the power of one nation can be regarded as a threat to another. The victory of the Allies, when it is secured, will be a vain achievement if we stop there. What we want is a stupendous change—nothing less than a new Europe, a Europe in which men realize with Romain Rolland that civilization is their true Fatherland and that the nations are its hand-maids.¹ But shall only found that commonwealth

¹ 'J'entends défendre dans chaque peuple (ami ou ennemi) ce qu'il y a de grand et de bon: car c'est le trésor commun de l'humanité civilisée tout entière, qui est ma vraie patrie.' *Cambridge Magazine*, Dec. 5, 1914.