

of arrogance, and a haughty selfishness that trampled underfoot the sacred prerogatives of the soul. Its insolence had no bounds. It has been generally agreed that there is nothing quite so insolent and clumsy in the international contact as Prussian diplomacy. It has reversed the standards of character and conduct that were set by Jesus; it has written the Beatitudes to read: "Ye have heard how in olden times it was said, 'Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.' But I say unto you: Blessed are the valiant for they shall make the earth their throne. And ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' but I say unto you: Blessed are the great in soul and the free in spirit for they shall enter Valhalla. And ye have heard men say: 'Blessed are the peace-makers,' but I say unto you: Blessed are the war-makers for they shall be called, if not the children of Jahve, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahve." And hidden away in the heart of this whited sepulchre of modern culture is that which is most deadly of all—a passionate hatred, that never sleeps, that summons heart and hand and head to the work of revenge,—