

And lastly, how will democracy use the victory that it has won? For in the end that is what we come to—the overwhelming victory of democracy, the triumph of the proletariat in this world's war. The war is being fought not by great generals, but by the millions of workers, whether with musket or hammer, in the trenches or in the workshop; that is what the world must remember. The days of brilliant strategy are past, the mailclad chivalry of Europe is gone and the day of pick and shovel, hand-grenade and machine gun have come.

And what does this portent mean? It means that democracy is fighting its own war and that, if the Allies win, the people win. The world is in great tribulation, in travail of body and travail of soul, and the deliverance is not yet. How that deliverance will come, and what form it will take, rests with the hitherto but half articulate masses of the people; this prospect must be faced with such feelings as temperament and circumstance give to each observer.

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