

one who will face smallpox or malignant fever. We are told that questions of national honor can not be arbitrated, and that if any nation were to fire a shot at a peaceful ship of another, war must ensue, although Britain did not suffer in the eyes of the world or in her own, because she submitted to international arbitration when her peaceful fishermen were shot down on the Dogger Bank; that a man does not go to law when someone assaults his wife, as though that justified him in stealing the other's fish—or as though the circumstance that some outrage might be so gross that law would be forgotten, furnished an argument against law in general.

All these objections will, in the long run fail, and the objectors will—must—suffer defeat. The brute, the tiger, must die, for what is war but a survival of the brute within?

Much better are the words of one now silent, whom that true son of peace, my friend Andrew Carnegie, calls "one of the purest, sweetest white souls that ever breathed."

T'was said: "When roll of drum and battle's roar  
 Shall cease upon the earth, O, then no more  
 The deed—the race—of heroes in the land."  
 But scarce that word was breathed when one small hand  
 Lifted victorious o'er giant wrong.  
 That had its victims crushed through ages long;  
 Some woman set her pale and quivering face  
 Firm as a rock against a man's disgrace;  
 A little child suffered in silence lest  
 His savage pain should wound a mother's breast;  
 Some quiet scholar flung his gauntlet down  
 And risked in Truth's great name, the synod's frown;  
 A civic hero, in the calm realm of laws,  
 Did that which suddenly drew a world's applause;  
 And one to the pest his lithe young body gave  
 That he a thousand thousand lives might save.

(Richard Watson Gilder.)