

too, often wearing the widow's weeds of sorrow, shows us on her open page the death of society's cherished and tested customs which are superseded by experiment walking in the illusive grove of false progress. Let us then admit there is in Opposition the spirit of wisdom which calls upon even Safety again and again to try, like the elephant, the bridges of progress, the sage design of a Providence deeper than the human mind in isolation or conjunction can fathom.

Let us now pass from pacificism and humanitarianism which do so much credit to the human heart, to militarism the opposite school, where the scholars addicted to different ideals—I shall not say higher—aim at efficiency in action and strategy; aim at fitness, physical and mental—if not moral; aim at the keen eye, the bright mind; aim at the best in mere animal life; aim at the deep chest, the strong heart, the large muscle; aim at indomitable power, both of the man and the animal. One who feels that he is civilized, who feels that he has drunk of the wines and the airs of peace has a feeling of depression—of reversion, of collapse at all this. He feels that for a providential reason, not clear to him, that conservatives forces have called a halt in idealism and progress, perhaps in the interests of solidity, and that for a century or so the progressives will have an opportunity of contemplating the ground they have covered and conquered; an opportunity to make safe, to solidify, to strengthen the trenches they have taken; trenches that will serve as a point of departure, when militarism, sickening at its sordidness, will again, the disgusted cumulative mind permitting, allow progress to advance in the sciences and the arts of civilization. Yet militarism, professional and improvised, has the stage and will have it for centuries perhaps. There is a law in over-doing things that disgusts and causes the pendulum to swing to the other extreme—in logic they call it proving too much and proving nothing. This might be the medicament to meet the virus of militarism that, like a disease, seems able and apt just now to seize onto the vitals of society like a cancer, setting up an individual entity of its own; to suck into its arteries all the energy and life intended for the body, social and politic. Militarism is tribalism. Militarism is physical fitness and force. Militarism is the superman. Militarism is un-Galilean, unideal and uncivilized. Yet one cannot deny that militarism is science, is art, is industry. One cannot deny that immense and profound scholarship is consumed in this most arduous of all trades and professions. When one contemplates the commissariat of a million troops; the transport and convoy; the supply and distribution of munitions; the command, tactics and strategy, he is absolutely amazed and confounded at the