

millions of Germans, bred and trained in the ideas of Prussianism, with all sorts of opportunities, as demonstrated by their past history, and in the mutability of European alliances, for some military renaissance in the not very distant future. Moreover, behind that material fact will remain a still more obstinate, a much more important one—namely, that this evil doctrine will still exist to animate, not merely those hundred millions of men of German speech and tradition, but also two hundred millions of Slavs, with their territories touching the confines of Asia, influencing the conduct of some hundreds of millions in that continent. If this idea has seduced the great German nation from what we know it once was morally and intellectually to what we now believe it to be, what assurance have we that it may not exercise the same fatal seduction over those Slav millions whose minds are still malleable and unformed, with less deeply-rooted intellectual and literary traditions behind them, open to those influences which seem to have so fatal a fascination for primitive peoples? Is there no warning at all in the fact that Nietzsche was not a German, but a Slav; that his great pupil in the philosophy of history, to whom more than to any other man we ascribe the fatal turn in our generation of German policy, Treitschke, was also a Slav?

Very many will genuinely feel that this is not the time for any consideration save that of the triumph of our arms. The belief in the vital need for that I share as intensely as any could. But is there the faintest, the most fractional, danger of our forgetting that for a moment? Is not the desire for victory, the determination to achieve it, the one thing which always most readily animates any people, and in all history always has done so? But is there the same doggedness, the

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