

terday they were either well disposed or indifferent; while, without the least compulsion, they express the most abject, servile feelings toward the Czar (to whom, to say the least, they were completely indifferent), assuring him of their unlimited love and readiness to sacrifice their lives in his interest. Wealthy people contribute insignificant portions of their immorally acquired riches for this cause of murder or the organization of help in connection with the work of murder; while the poor, from whom the government annually collects two milliards, deem it necessary to do likewise, giving their mites also. The government incites and encourages crowds of idlers, who walk about the street with the Czar's portrait, singing, shouting "Hurrah!" and who, under pretext of patriotism, are licensed in all kinds of excesses. All over Russia, from the palace to the remotest village, the pastors of churches, calling themselves Christians, appeal to that God who has enjoined love to one's enemies—to the God of Love himself—to help the work of the devil to further the slaughter of men. Stupified by prayers, sermons, exhortations, by processions, pictures and newspapers, the cannons flash, hundreds of thousands of men, uniformly dressed, carrying divers deadly weapons, leaving their parents, wives, children with hearts of agony, but with artificial sprightliness, go where they, risking their own lives, will commit the most dreadful act of killing men whom they do not know and who have done them no harm. . . . All this is not only regarded the manifestation of elevated feeling, but those who refrain from such manifestations, if they endeavor to disabuse men, are deemed traitors and betrayers, and are in danger of being abused."

"How can a modern, believing Christian, or even a skeptic voluntarily permeated by the Christian ideals of human brotherhood and love which have inspired the works of the philosophers, moralists and artists of our time—how can such take a gun, or stand by a cannon, and aim at a crowd of his fellow-men desiring to kill as many of them as possible?"

Tolstoy does not believe that such a per-

son can, without realizing the crime he is committing, and so, he says:

"All the unnatural, feverish, hot-headed insane excitement which has now seized the idle ranks of upper Russian society is merely the symptom of the recognition of the criminality of the work which is being done. All these insolent, mendacious speeches about devotion to and worship of the monarch, about readiness to sacrifice life (or one should say other people's lives, and not one's own); all these promises to defend with one's breast land which does not belong to one; all these senseless benedictions of each other with various banners and monstrous ikons; all these Te Deums; all these preparations of blankets and bandages; all these detachments of nurses; all these contributions to the fleet and to the Red Cross presented to the government, whose direct duty is (while it has the possibility of collecting from the people as much money as it requires), having declared war, to organize the necessary fleet and necessary means for attending the wounded; all these Slavonic, pompous, senseless and blasphemous prayers, the utterance of which in various towns is communicated in the papers as important news; all these processions, calls for the national hymn, cheers; all this dreadful, desperate, newspaper mendacity, which, being universal, does not fear exposure; all this stupefaction and brutalization which has now taken hold of Russian society, and which is being transmitted by degrees also to the masses—all this is only a symptom of the guilty consciousness of that dreadful act which is being accomplished."

If you ask a common soldier, an officer, a diplomat, a journalist, why he carries on war, or incites it, he will answer, says Tolstoy, with quibbles about fatherland and emperor and patriotism. The war, he will tell you, is necessary for the welfare and glory of Russia. Now, this is all wrong. Christians of today, says Tolstoy, are like a man who, having missed the right turning, the further he goes the more he becomes convinced that he is going the wrong way. Yet, the greater his doubts, the quicker and more desperately does he hurry on, consoling himself with