

EPILOGUE

At the same time it would be the quintessence of folly for us to be obsessed with the idea that our hands are clean, our history blameless for this world-disgrace, this cataclysm of the universal forces of evil; we must not imagine Germany and Austria to be the only sinners. We must try to be just. The British Empire may serve the purpose of the Infinite Father: and then again it may not. It will all depend on how far the British peoples will come into line with the Galilean. We must look at the situation from the standpoint of "the other," if we are true to the Golden Rule—by which empires are all ultimately judged, as well as men.

Germany has learned to hate the aspirations of Britain as a world-menace, just as we have learned to hate the menace of Prussian militarism. We stand to-day as allies with our old enemy, France, the ogre of England for centuries, and with our old enemy, Russia, whom we battered out of friendship for Turkey, when, as Palmerston declared, "we put our stakes on the wrong horse." We gather our strength against our old friends of Berlin, where Bismarck and Beaconsfield drew the lamb out of the paws of the Bear, supported the Turk and made the late Balkan war a natural result. Have we not made our allies out of nations we could use for a long-way-off advantage for ourselves? Have we ever weighed the aims of "pan-slavism" on the one side of Germany, and the thirst for "glory" of the Latins on the other? And that combined with their being hemmed in from free access to the sea, the growth of population and the splendid advance of their industrialism and commerce, in spite of all hindrances? Have we ever thought that our "Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves" was not so pleasant in other ears as in our own? Have we