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pledging its might, pledging the lives
of its children, pledging its very ex-
istence to protect a little nation that
seeks for its defence. (Cheers.)

God made man in His own image,
high of purpose, in the region of the
spirit. German civilization would re-
create him in the image of a Diesel
machine—precise, accurate, powerful,
with no room for the soul to operate.
That is the higher civilization. What
is their demand? Have you read the
Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a
copy, I advise you to buy it, they will
soon be out of print—and you won't
have any more of the same sort
again. (Laughter and cheers.) They
are full of the clatter and bluster of
German militarists—the mailed fist,
the shining armour. Poor old mailed
fist—its knuckles are getting a little
bruised. Poor shining armour—the
shine is being knocked out of it.
(Laughter.) But there is the same
swagger and boastfulness running
through the whole of the speeches.
You saw that remarkable speech
which appeared in the British Weekly
this week. It is a very remarkable
product, as an illustration of the
spirit we have got to fight. It is his
speech to his soldiers on the way to
the front.

Remember that the German peo-
ple are the chosen of God. On me, on
me as German Emperor, the Spirit
of God has descended. I am His
weapon, His sword, and His Vice-
gerent. Woe to the disobedient.
Death to cowards and unbelievers.

There has been nothing like it
since the days of Mahomet. Lunacy
(laughter) is always distressing, but
sometimes it is dangerous, and when
you get it manifested in the head of
the State and it has become the policy
of a great empire it is about time it
should be ruthlessly put away.
(Cheers.) I do not believe he meant
all these speeches, it was simply the
martial straddle which he had ac-
quired. But there were men around
him who meant every word of it. This
was their religion:—Treaties: they
tangle the feet of Germany in her ad-
vance; cut them with the sword.
Little nations: they hinder the ad-
vance of Germany; trample them in
the mire under the German heel. The
Russian Slav: he challenges the
supremacy of Germany in Europe;
hurl your legions at him and mas-
sacre him. Britain: she is a constant
menace to the predominance of Ger-
many in the world; wrest the trident
out of her hand.

A Diet of Blood and Iron.

MORE than that, the new phil-
osophy of Germany is to destroy
Christianity — sickly senti-
mentalism about sacrifice for
others, poor pap for German mouths.
We will have the new diet, we will
force it on the world. It will be made
in Germany—(laughter)—a diet of
blood and iron. What remains?
Treaties have gone: the honor of na-
tions gone; liberty gone. What is
left? Germany—Germany is left—
Deutschland uber Alles. That is all
that is left. That is what we are
fighting, that claim to predominance
or a civilization, a material one, a
hard one, a civilization which, if once
it rules and sways the world, liberty
goes, democracy vanishes, and unless
Britain comes to the rescue and her
sons it will be a dark day for hu-
manity. (Loud cheers.)

We are not fighting the German
people. The German people are just
as much under the heel of this Prus-
sian military caste, and more so,
thank God, than any other nation in
Europe. It will be a day of rejoicing
for the German peasant and artisan
and trader when the military caste is
broken. (Cheers.) You know his
pretensions. He gives himself the
airs of a demi-god walking the pave-
ment—civilians and their wives
swept into the gutter; they have no
right to stand in the way of the great
Prussian Junker. Men, women, na-
tions—they have all got to go. He
thinks all he has got to say is, "We
are in a hurry." (Laughter.) That
is the answer he gave to Belgium.
"Rapidly of action is Germany's
greatest asset," which means, "I am
in a hurry. Clear out of my way."
You know the type of motorist, the

terror of the roads, with a 60-h.p. car.
He thinks the roads are made for him,
and anybody who impedes the action
of his car by a single mile is knocked
down. The Prussian Junker is the
road hog of Europe. (Loud cheers.)
Small nationalities in his way hurled
to the roadside, bleeding and broken;
women and children crushed under
the wheels of his cruel car; Britain
ordered out of his road. All I can say
is this. If the old British spirit is
alive in British hearts that bully will
be torn from his seat. (Prolonged
cheers.) Were he to win it would be
the greatest catastrophe that befel
democracy since the days of the Holy
Alliance and its ascendancy.

"Through Terror to Triumph."

THEY think we cannot beat them.
It will not be easy. It will be a
long job. It will be a terrible
war. But in the end we shall march
through terror to triumph. (Cheers.)
We shall need all our qualities, every
quality that Britain and its people
possess—prudence in council, daring
in action, tenacity in purpose, courage
in defeat, moderation in victory
(cheers)—in all things faith, and we
shall win. (Cheers.) It has pleased
them to believe and to preach the
belief that we are a decadent, de-
generate nation. They proclaim it to
the world, through their professors
(laughter), that we are an unheroic
nation skulking behind our mahogany
counters, whilst we are egging on
more gallant races to their destruc-
tion. This is a description given to
us in Germany—"a timorous, craven
nation, trusting to its Fleet." I think
they are beginning to find their mis-
take out already, and there are half
a million young men of Britain who
have already registered the vow to
their King that they will cross the
seas and hurl that insult to British
courage against its perpetrators in
the battlefields of France and of Ger-
many too. And we want half a mil-
lion more, and we shall get them.
(Cheers.)

But Wales must continue doing her
duty. I should like to see a Welsh
Army in the field. (Cheers.) I should
like to see the race who faced the
Normans for hundreds of years in a
struggle for freedom, the race that
helped to win Crecy, the race that
fought for a generation under Glen-
dower, against the greatest captain in
Europe—I should like to see that race
go and give a taste of its quality in
this great struggle in Europe. And
they are going to do it. I envy you
young people your opportunity. They
have put up the age limit for the
Army. But I have marched, I am
sorry to say, a good many years even
beyond that. But still, our turn will
come. It is a great opportunity. It
only comes once in many centuries
to the children of men. For most
generations sacrifice comes in drab
weariness of spirit to men. It has
come to-day to you—it has come to-
day to us all in the form of the glory
and thrill of a great movement for
liberty that compels millions through-
out Europe to the same noble end.
It is a great war for the emancipation
of Europe from the thrall of a
military caste which has thrown its
shadows upon two generations of men
and which has now plunged the world
into a welter of bloodshed and terror.

Promise of the Future.

SOME have already given their lives.
There are some who have given
more than their lives, they have
given the lives of those who are dear
to them. I honor their courage, and
may God be their comfort and their
strength. Those who have fallen have
died consecrated deaths. They have
taken their part in the making of a
new Europe—a new world. I can see
signs of it coming through the glare
of the battlefield. The people of all
lands will gain more by this struggle
than they comprehend at the present
moment. They will be rid of the
greatest menace to their freedom.

That is not all. There is another
blessing, infinitely greater and more
enduring, which is emerging already
out of this great contest—a new
patriotism, richer, nobler, more exal-
ted than the old. I see a new recog-
nition amongst all classes high and



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