

IT is well at Christmas time to look into our hearts and see just how we are supplied with peace and love and kindness—to honestly survey our stock of forgiveness, charity and neighborliness. It is a wholesome exercise—and seasonable, for there is something in the frosty air of Christmas, when the sleigh bells tinkle, and the candles are lighted, that helps us to forgive relatives, friends and enemies. It is a pleasant after-dinner feeling, which lasts all day, and is a sort of hang-over from our far away youth, when on Christmas Day the whole world glimmered and smiled.

Speaking of youth,—I am more and more impressed that in it lies the hope of the world. God knew what He was doing when he arranged it so that people die and others are born. There is surely an Infinite wisdom in this plan of renewing the world. Swinburne knew it, when, beaten and bruised by life's injustices, he cried out in thanksgiving, that "no life lives forever—that dead men rise up never—that even the weariest river leads somehow safe to sea!" There is an end to everything—the bell rings—the curtain falls!

We have all known middle-aged or old people who were disagreeable, sour, and full of grouch, but we never saw a child that was really bad, or wholly unlikable, though of course we must admit that children are sometimes very unwise in their choice of parents.

In this blessed Christmas season of 1920, we know that the earth is crushed with hatred, and we wonder if there will ever come peace and good will again. Bitter wounds are still unhealed, and hearts are hot with rage and a desire for revenge. Will we ever cease hating? Should we ever cease? Well—whether we should or not—we will. We won't be here. And hatred cannot be entailed nor even bequeathed. Youth is a non-conductor of hatred.

People may go out of life with a memory that is blotted, seared and blackened, with hearts that are filled with bitterness, but the next generation comes in smiling, without malice or prejudice.

Many a brave old warrior on his death-bed has called to him his eldest son, and charged him to hate the McGuffins, root and branch, father and son, the longest day he lives; to hate them when he rises in the morning and when he lies down at night; to hate them in seed-time and harvest, in winter and summer, in joy and in sorrow, and to devise ways and means of making their lives unpleasant, for the evils they have done. The eldest son promises, and the father turns contentedly on his pillow and breathes his last, feeling that he has done one good job anyway. He has attended to the McGuffins.

The son faithfully carries out his dear, dead, sainted father's wish. He throws the seed of sow-thistles into the McGuffin's wheat field, powdered glass into their silos, monkey wrenches into the threshing-machine, Paris green into the well. He cuts the fences, steals the gates and dogs their cattle; refreshing his memory ever and anon by recalling the promise that he made to his dear, dying father, and feels a thrill of satisfaction in the thought that he will be able to look the old man squarely in the eye when they meet at the foot of the Golden Throne, and proudly say "Father, I surely did hand it to the McGuffins."

But time passes. The eldest son has a son. He starts out to hate the McGuffins, but is met with quite a few difficulties. They are decent little chaps, the second generation of McGuffins, and in the games at school he cannot help but notice that they play fair. Fred McGuffin is the best pitcher in the school.

He does not find it so hard to carry on the feud with Bessie McGuffin, the freckle-faced, red-haired McGuffin girl, for she is snappy and pert with him, and naturally makes a face at him when their eyes meet across the aisle. So he is very careful not to let her catch him looking at her, and unsuccessfully pretends he does not see her at all. Sometimes he wonders what she finds to laugh at in the geography, which she is apparently studying with marked concentration, and his face grows hot and his heart full of hatred for all who bear the accursed name.

Coming home after an absence of four years, he comes suddenly upon the same Bessie, freckleless now and auburn haired, and slim and lily-tall, standing under the apple-tree in full blossom. It is Spring, and the young lambs are playing in the meadows; the young birds are



chirping in the nests. Bessie is not pert or snappy to him any more. Looking at her now, he knows that he must have been mistaken in ever thinking that she was. Bessie is smiling, and glad to see him, and he notices for the first time, that her eyes are not green, they are velvety brown like a pansy.

Suddenly it is all up with the feud. The dying wish of the old man passes away and is replaced by the living wish of the young man. Hatred is overcome by love. The feud is ended. Of course it is not all accomplished as easily as this. There are secret meetings, intercepted letters, family scenes and lots of unpleasantness, but little things like that are powerless to stay the current of true

person is at that moment, but what he may become, and perhaps by our influence. The old way was to associate sinner and sin, and hating both, destroy both. The new psychology distinguishes between the two.

No one can say that Judge Lindsay or Thomas Mott Osborne condone evil because they advocate that criminals should be treated like human beings. They know and teach that the penalty must be paid when wrong is done. They go further, and declare that the case cannot be settled by the State showing its abhorrence of the crime, but the man who committed the crime must be led to abhor it. That is the great thing—the final victory, to bring the sinner to the place



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love, and in later years the feud is a subject of laughter and mirth among the next generation.

We might as well accept facts. Hatred is not transferable, nor can it be entailed. Youth is a non-conductor of hatred—and again let us thank the Lord for all His wonderful dealings with the children of men.

But in our own day, may not hatred be a duty? Should we condone the evil deeds of our enemies? Most emphatically I say we should not. But we must distinguish between the deed and the doer. A deed is a final, a complete thing, unchangeable and ineradicable. What it was yesterday, it is to-day and will be to-morrow. The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on, and not all your tears nor all your prayers can blot out a single word of it. The deed is done and it must stand. But the person may change every day, every hour. Personality is dynamic, not static. Our attitude towards a deed must be fixed, as a deed is fixed. Our attitude towards a person must not be determined by what the

where he abhors his sin and turns from it. Then and not till then is the sin expiated.

There is one punishment and one only which I hope will come to the Kaiser, and I hope it will come to him while he is yet in the flesh. I hope he will see what he has done, and see it as any decent-minded person would see it. Stripped of his egotism, his vain-glory, his self-importance, his peculiar mental delusions, and possessed of a heart of flesh. I hope he will see the ruined villages; the desolate homes; the sad-faced widows; lonely orphans; the broken, legless, sightless men; the gassed men; the bitter, sad, discouraged men; the frightened children. I would like him to see that with a softened heart, with an awakened conscience, and seeing, feel the sorrow, the loneliness and despair, and know that the work was his. It seems to me that this must be his punishment, for the judgments of God are logical as well as sure.

Hate is fundamentally an expression of fear. We hate the person or group of persons of whom we are afraid. The

school-boy hates the master who canes him unjustly, hates him because he cannot punish him himself or bring judgment to bear upon him. Hatred has always in it the suggestion of powerlessness. We never hate a person weaker than ourselves. In the beginning of the war, Germany held Russia's disorganized hordes in contempt; was scornful also of France's decadent manhood and Belgium's feeble resistance. She felt she was master of all these. But England, strong, mighty and inexorable, she hated, because England was the one country of which she was afraid.

The biologists throw light on the subject of hate. Through a series of delicate operations carried on at Harvard, it has been discovered that anger, terror or great pain generates a poison in the human body, a poison which is sufficient to kill a small animal in a short time. Experiments were carried on with guinea-pigs, and death resulted in a few minutes. It was also discovered that action, vigorous and sustained, carries off this poison. If the action does not transpire, the poison remains to do its deadly work.

The Greeks were therefore scientifically correct when they described hatred as "black liver." This theory throws some light on the well-known truth that the stay-at-homes were more filled with hatred than the soldiers. Soldiers' letters and manuscripts are remarkably free from hatred. The "bitter enders" and "fire eaters" were usually middle-aged men and women, well past the zone of safety, and comfortably housed at home. The soldier works off his hatred in action.

There has been no better exposition of the attitude of the soldier towards the enemy, than that which appears in "A Student in Arms." The soldiers did not hate; they fought. The Red Cross, serving all, binding, healing all, knew no nationality or boundary. They could not hate—they served.

Any sort of barrier sets up hatred; if we knew people better, we would like them better.

"Lands intersected by a narrow firth
abhor each other;
Mountains, intersected, make enemies of men."

I have seen a neighborhood divided into factions because a creek ran through it. The people who lived across the creek were a "bad lot."

The war has let loose broad currents of ill-feeling, and yet it has done a great deal to bind the world closer together by making men better known to each other. The democracy of the trenches cannot fail to have its influence on the people at home.

Easy ways of transportation, telephones, telegraphs too, made the world a neighborhood. People who live in isolated places may indulge in hatred if they are so disposed, without being much harmed by it; but we dare not. We are too close now to every one else. You can be "bad friends" with your relations who live in Ontario, when you live in Alberta, and beyond a little unpleasantness of feeling there is no great harm done; but if your relatives are in Alberta—in the same city—and live in the same house, you had better try to arrive at some understanding. No country can be isolated now. Distance has been annihilated. So we cannot punish any nation by cutting them off from intercourse, and sending them into the corner or behind the hedge, for there are no corners—and no hedges.

We must face then the greatest problem of all ages—the problem of living together. The other great problems are pretty well solved—the world is all discovered—science and invention have gone a long way to harness all the forces of nature; more production is not nearly so important now as a better distribution of products; that is to say, it is the human element now which has to be guided.

Up to the present, many methods have been tried. The earliest and most generally accepted method of controlling wayward humanity has been the sword: "Be good, or you'll be dead," sounds like a terrible threat, but never has been so. When people reach a certain stage of passion or of misery, they do not mind the prospect of being dead, particularly when there is a chance of making someone else dead first. For two thousand years of which we are sure, this method has prevailed, and for many millions of years before that, and to-day we are faced with untold misery, discontent, unrest and trouble. I believe we can safely say, without danger of being considered a red-eyed radical, that (Contd. on page 15)