

## Editorial

### The Beginning of the End

**E**ARLIER than the most optimistic had predicted has the collapse come. The forces of brutality, deceit and tyranny have been compelled to yield to the forces of justice, humanity and open-dealing. God reigns on Earth as in Heaven. The world is safe for democracy.

Looking backward, there is much to regret; but still more to be thankful for. Looking forward there is much to cause apprehension, but still more to fill all hearts with buoyant hope.

The great menace of militarism will no longer threaten a world. The small states will be secure in their independence, and self-government will become the right of all peoples. No longer will the Balkan States be the scene of bitter racial feuds, and no longer will the Turk offend European civilization with his hated presence. Poor old Russia freed from the leadership of the Bolsheviks will in time become a brotherhood of happy nations. Poland will stand fast in the liberty for which it has yearned these many centuries. No longer will the uncivilized tribes in the Dark Continent be in bondage to the brutal savages of mid-Europe. The Mittel-Europe scheme, the Mittel-Afrika scheme, are now and forever impossible. Thanks to the heroism of our men-in-arms, thanks to the Great Fleet, which night and day guards the trade routes of the world, thanks to the wise leadership of our generals and the political sagacity of our statesmen, thanks, above all, to the God of Battle, who is still the Prince of Peace, the world will never again stand in the same danger, and men and women will be free in their quest of truth, happiness, and wisdom.

### Unity

**T**HROUGH four years of suffering the world has learned the necessity and value of co-operation. It was co-operation of the German peoples which enabled them to challenge the world. It was co-operation among the Allies that enabled them successfully to meet the challenge. If the full fruits of victory are to be enjoyed still further unification is imperative. That is the one outstanding lesson of the Great War.

Unity among the Allies arose from necessity rather than by design. It came about just as it was needed. At first there was a measure of military unity, but this was not equal to the task of meeting an enemy who had interior lines and facilities for moving his troops. And so there sprang into existence the inter-Allied War Council. Still later the strategic direction of the forces on the West Front were entrusted to a single leader—the incomparable Foch.

In the naval field the submarine menace led to co-operative action. Since America entered the war, her navy has acted with that of Britain under practically a single command. And this is marvellous, for navies are proverbially independent and self-sufficient.

Then in the economic field there has been co-operation, but it came by slow degrees. First there was the Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement—a department of the British Government acting for the Allies. Then in succession there appeared the inter-Allied Chartering Executive, the inter-Allied Wheat Executive, the inter-Allied Commission on Finance and Supply, the inter-Allied Maritime Transport Council, the Central Munitions Council, the inter-Allied Food Board, and many subsidiary committees of various kinds.

Thus the Allies learned to pool their resources—of men, money, transportation, defensive power, and natural productions. Better still, they learned how to take concerted political action. They have all consistently held to the motto framed for them by President Wilson: "The world must be made safe for democracy."

### Spiritual Unity

**Y**ET it is necessary for unity to be more thorough than this. As was said by a writer in the Round Table:

"The deepest lesson of the war is not the need for an Allied General Staff; or for an International food and shipping strategy; or even for a League of Nations; or for a 'Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World.' It is the need for moral and spiritual unity; for a new world within to match the new world without. At bottom what this war betokens is the breakdown of a civilization. It is the collapse of an order of society. It is the end of an epoch of human history—the epoch that opened with the discovery at the end of the eighteenth century of the means for vastly increasing the material wealth of mankind, and closed abruptly at the beginning of the twentieth because the government and peoples of the world had used these discoveries predominantly and with increasing concentration, to forward designs dictated by individual or national selfishness. Prussia led the way down the decline; and to her the judgment of mankind, which future

ages will confirm, has already apportioned the blame. But Prussia did not sin alone. She merely applied and perfected with devilish knowledge and relentless and inhuman persistence, the faith and practice of contemporary European society. Machpolitik is no monopoly of the German General Staff. It is known and practised also nearer home in many an office and workshop; and 'business is business' has proved no less adequate a cloak than 'war is war' for the domination of the strong and the oppression and impoverishment of the helpless. The future historian, looking backward from 1914 will find omens of the coming storm no less in the writings of men like Cobden, with their easy gospel of alliance between God and mammon, than in the brutal frankness of Bismarck and the polished cynicism of Buelow, and it will rank as one of the strangest and most tragic ironies of history that the characteristic philosophy of the 19th century, an age reputed to be at once so rational and so virtuous, should have drawn the modern world inexorably down the easy slope of self-interest into the depths of evil and unreason, experience of which alone so it seems can avail to teach men the fundamental laws of life. The only true and enduring foundation for the new order and for the League of Nations which already in men's minds has become its symbol is the conscious adoption by both governments and peoples of standards of conduct and methods of dealing which, discarding the shibboleths of the counting house, look not to profit and aggrandisement but to mutual service and self-sacrifice. With clean hands and a pure heart the peoples must enter the Temple of Peace or the League of Nations will remain as the Germans still regard it an idle or hypocritical phrase, and the lesson not of the 19th century, but of nineteen centuries will have been learned in vain."

### Unity Within the Nation

**T**HE words just quoted have reference primarily to world-conditions to international relationships. They have also a meaning when applied to conditions within the nations. For ourselves, as a people, there has to be learned and obeyed, the law of living together. That law is "Each for all and all for each." That law is not as yet in high favor universally. For though ninety and nine may feel the promptings to live the higher life, there is always to be found the one who is shot through with selfishness, and who insists on following the maxim of the jungle: "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." In every calling in every community are to be found those whose practice it is to fatten on their fellows. They extort all the traffic will bear, make profits beyond the dreams of avarice, and satisfy every selfish propensity at the cost of flesh and blood.

Now, there is no building up a nation in this way. All forces must be linked up in friendly co-operation. Racial, religious and commercial antagonisms cannot be permitted to endure. A ruling caste within the nation is just as hateful as that German Thing among the nations. The only law of life for world or for nations is the Golden Rule. "The Galilean has conquered."

### The Value of Courtesy

**T**HERE is one thing that parents should always teach their children — the grace of courtesy. Naturally enough, in a new country, where everything is so unconventional excessive courtesy is not held in high esteem. Yet every man even in a busy land dislikes rudeness and incivility. Three classes of people are particularly apt to be lacking in courtesy—the newly-rich man the public official and a member of a powerful class organization.

There is nothing which is a finer test of a man than the possession of wealth. He who has it, and who at the same time preserves his dignity, his friendliness and his simplicity, is the finest type of manhood, but he who because of his fortune gives himself airs and confounds self-assurance with wisdom, is despised above all others. Some of the finest characters in the West are men who are known to be very wealthy. In the same class, however, are some whose souls have shrivelled until only the wrinkled husk is left. The saddest of all sights is a body that does not contain a living soul.

The public official who is lacking in courtesy is well known. "It is not the highly placed officials, however, but the petty jacks-in-office who are the most bumpkins; their belief in their own importance appears to be in direct proportion to their specific levity."

The following story indicates not only the absurdity of official self-importance, but tells how discourtesy should be dealt with. A smart young clerk in a certain suburban city hall once tried to snub and make needless trouble for a quiet, shabby, elderly man who had requested an item of information at his

counter. To the young fellow's discomfiture, the old gentleman revolted so far as to free his mind somewhat as follows:

"My friend, let me ask if I am in your service, or you in mine? I'd always supposed my tax-money helped pay you and these other chaps here, to work for the city to the best of your ability. And as I'm a citizen of the city I'm one of your bosses, and I object to being treated as if I was no better than dirt; besides which, on your own account, you want to be a little mite civil, or some day you'll be hunting another job. It never struck you in just that light before, maybe, but it's so all the same."

The third class of people who are in danger of becoming discourteous are members of powerful organizations — such as unions, trusts, successful churches. A man feels quite as great as the whole organization with which he is connected. The lack of courtesy shewn by members of the military class in Germany sprang from this feeling that each officer in the army represents in himself the might of the whole army. Insignificant members of unions, junior members of successful business concerns often act as if they were lords of creation. It is just the same thing showing out in another way. It is detestable in every case, and so we urge parents to counteract every tendency to such action in their children. The finest thing in any man is that he is a gentleman. The finest thing in any woman is that she is in every sense a lady.

### The Law of Service

**W**ITH this thought in mind it is easy to commend an editorial utterance of the "Montreal Witness," which during its sixty-three years of publication has on all moral questions taken such a firm stand.

"But hitherto men have been chiefly interested in providing for themselves. Men must be born again into new conceptions of their chief end in life to make these rules real. But much will be gained when society is so organized as to demand it of them. The new law of the Church will be that which St. John called a new commandment in his day though it was that which the Church had had from the beginning: That ye love one another. What a change this would make at the very fountain head of all the world's betterment. It is coming. It is on every breeze. The venerable primate of the Church of England in Canada in addressing the recent Synod said the time had arrived for the Church to put off its aloofness and work heartily with other Christians, as they had learned in the trenches. The same note is echoing round the whole sky, and the spirit of it from one part under heaven to another part under heaven. When the Church gets together in loyalty to a common master, it will go forth conquering and to conquer."

### A Soldier's Prayer

**G**IVENCHY Village lies a wreck, Givenchy church is bare;  
No more the peasant maidens come to say their vespers there.  
The altar-rails are wrenched apart, with rubble littered o'er.  
The sacred sanctuary lamp lies smashed upon the floor,  
And mute upon the crucifix He looks upon it all,  
The great White Christ, the shrapnel-scarred upon the eastern wall.

He sees the churchyard delved by shells, the tombstones flung about,  
And dead men's skulls and white, white bones the shells have shoveled out;  
The trenches running line by line through meadow fields of green,  
The bayonets on the parapets, the wasting flesh between—  
Around Givenchy's ruined church, the levels poppy red  
And set apart for silent hosts, the legions of the dead.

And when at night on sentry go, with danger keeping tryst,  
I see upon the crucifix the blood-stained form of Christ,  
Defiled and maimed, the Merciful, on vigil all the time,  
Pitying His children's wrath, their passion and their crime.  
Mute, mute, He hangs upon His Cross, the symbol of His pain,  
And as men scourged Him long ago, they scourge Him once again—  
There in the lonely war-lit night to Christ the Lord I call:  
"Forgive the ones who work Thee harm. O Lord! forgive us all."