

cessful because their leaders commanded myriads of soldiers of a warlike temperament and had inexhaustible sources from which to recruit their armies.

We have been confronted with no such movement in recent days for the reason that China, secure in herself, has lapsed into the ways of peace. She has put aside the spear and taken up the pruning hook—is content to spin and fish, to dig and delve. We have not disturbed the dormant mammoth. There has been no modern diplomacy so daring as to provoke, to the last energies of despair, the power which marched under the Tartar's ruthless lead. There have been other invasions, world-changing, and effacing the growths of ages—the taking of Constantinople, the rise of the Ottoman power, the Empire of Charlemagne, the Napoleonic episode—but no such desolating, continent-sweeping conquest as when the warriors of the race which now govern China menaced the capital of Russia and seized the capital of Hindostan.

This lamentable contest between China and Japan is the first serious conflict that China has known in modern times. There have been opium, Tonquin and other small, despicable wars forced upon China for mercenary purposes—to acquire territory, exact indemnities or crystallize a majority in the House of Commons. China has dealt with them as the respectable house-keeper in the Scottish lowlands dealt with Rob Roy and the freebooters. He made his best terms with the thieves and bade them return to their thievery and leave him the remainder in peace.

The situation changes. China and Japan are of the same race. We know that there is no animosity so unrelenting as that between kinsmen. China might bow to the guns of Europe, and return to her drifting, silent, peace loving life. It will be different as regards Japan. This must be in its most deplorable sense an internecine war. However or whenever it may end, the outcome can only be the disintegration of China by Russia, aided perhaps by France, or a vendetta between China and Japan to last for centuries, with consequences not to be contemplated without sorrow by those who love Japan for her beauty, her art and the charm of her sincere, gentle, exquisite ways.

Apart from this consideration, however, which affects the combatants alone, there is a thought inspired by a remembrance of what the Tartars did in other days under the lead of Genghis Khan. For centuries China, so far as the outer world is concerned, has lain at peace—repellant to what we call our civilization—wanting in enterprise, her people following the paths of their fathers, silent, indifferent, perhaps contemptuous of mankind. The more than four hundred millions who compose the Empire—compact, integral, bound together by laws, customs, literature and faith, their ceremonies ordained a thousand years before Christ—have not for centuries troubled Christendom.

A territory as large as that of the United States, with every variety of