

would the existence of mankind upon this planet be thinkable? At all events, the increase of such life would have had to cease thousands of years before the present era, so that none of those who are now shocked by the idea of war would ever have been born. For if there had been no death since life first stirred, far back in the depths of terrestrial time, then long ago, unless soon the growth of that life had ceased, there would have been no more room for vegetation, or for animals, for fishes or for men. Nay, more—since all life, other than that of vegetation, thrives on other life, ceaseless starvation must have been the lot of all sentient things.

The dream of a planet, traversing space, deep laden with stirless and foodless masses of life, life sentient, life individual, piled in its myriad millions of units into mountains higher than Atlas—life doomed to endure through the æons because it cannot die—this dream exceeds in horror any vision which Dante ever imagined of in the innermost hell. The paradox, therefore, is true that in this globe of ours (as probably in all other worlds throughout space which life inhabits) death is the condition of the increase of life.

But of death war is the scythe. Throughout the periods of biological time war has been the road to food, and since man was developed, war has been the condition of human advance. Men may fear war as they fear death, and shudder as they hear war's footfall (never far removed) encompass the edifice of their house of national being. But as, despite its horrors, death is still essential to mankind, so also is war. Death and war, those grim twin brethren, ride the rush of this world's tide and put the bit in the mouth of man.

If, therefore, we could conceive that, far on in the ages, that which is mortal should become immortal, in a sense not spiritual but material, then, as we have just seen, this immortality will bring another kind of death—the death of physical increase. For in any limited sphere physical immortality and physical increase cannot co-exist. But if in like manner we dared to conceive the cessation of war, then we must also conceive the cessation either of sin or else of human progress. For now defeat in war is the punishment of national unrighteousness, but, then, that punishment would cease. Where there was corruption, that corruption would continue; where there was oppression, that oppression would abide. Though infamy brought weakness, weakness would not bring overthrow. Though