

Just now is the cry, Peace, Peace, when there is no Peace ; there can be no Peace. The German may "bless himself in his heart, saying, I shall have peace though I walk in the imagination of my heart," but "there is no Peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked."

And yet there is mighty good in these modern Huns; their sense of order and willing obedience to authority, their burning patriotism, their unwearied diligence and minute accuracy all make for good, and we may hope that a great people will rise when they awake from the dream of superhumanity, when they acknowledge that other peoples have their virtues, when their eyes are opened to the hollow sham of their fetich, the Kaiser, with his megalomaniac patronizing of the Almighty, when they will shudder at the blasphemy of the "good old German God," when the awful horror of their deeds of infamy in Belgium is realized, when they have repented in sackcloth and ashes and have learned that it is not military prowess but righteousness which exalteth a nation.

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But we Germans are not afraid that high standards will bring us to defeat. We are all, I repeat, moralists, believers in moral right, and perhaps, therefore, too careless of manners, too disdainful of courtesies."

And he adds in a burst of generosity :

" 'I have no hates in me,' he said to me once ; 'the worst of me is I cannot hate. I cannot hate even Grey. I know you are right, I'm sure he is a man of high character and intense patriotism. It is a pity he goes in blinkers and cannot see us Germans as we are.'"

The real trouble, of course, is that Grey knows "us Germans" quite too well.