

The Dean of Nova Scotia:—

Three things decide the righteousness of this war:—

(a) England's honour. It would have been an eternal disgrace not to keep her word to Belgium. Germany's excuse to the contrary is simply, "might makes right." Had Belgium been Germany's equal, Belgium's neutrality would have been respected. We could not connive by our silence at an act of international burglary.

(b) As France's ally, England was bound to assist in preserving her from practical extinction as a nation. (c) This war goes deeper than the national aspect; it is a clash of civilizations and ideals: a conflict between the will to power, inspired by Nietzsche and incarnate in German militarism; and the will to service, inspired by Christianity. It is not a war against the German people, but against a dominant phase of Prussian life, for whose downfall Germany herself will in the last analysis be grateful. All that a thousand years of English struggle has won for the world is at stake: each man's personal freedom; self-government; popular rights; the sacredness of personality itself. No war has had a more righteous basis.

Our greatest need is also threefold:—

(1) An act of racial Repentance. The conflicts of to-day are God's purgation of the nations. His purgation of us from our selfish abuse of His blessings, from materialistic living, from the riot of prosperity and the worship of wealth and comfort. Return to God, to His Church and Sacraments, to His Word and worship, to the devout life and the simple life—that is His clarion call.

(2) An act of racial Faith; the steadfast belief that Providence will crown the right with victory, and that out of the mist of blood and tears shall rise the new humanity.

(3) An act of racial Prayer; in battle to keep us humane; in victory merciful and modest; in defeat to keep us steady; in uncertainty, patient and persevering.

Our present duty is summed up in one word—Sacrifice.

(a) Of our men, our fathers, husbands, sons to go to the front. The Christian scheme proclaims everywhere that the physical life is subordinate to the spiritual. Better that a million men should die than that one great principle of justice, truth, or honour should be blotted out.

(b) Of money; to back up the Empire in this unique struggle.

And to reach the hand of sympathy and relief to the suffering wives and children at home and on the field.

J. P. D. Llwyd.

Rev. Dyson Hague:—

Many foolish things have been written, and many foolish words have been said since the war started. Forgetting apparently that Christ said: "Love your enemies," some have uttered words of malevolent ferocity about the Kaiser and his people, that almost make one's blood run cold. Others, losing wild tongues, that have not God in awe, have prated of licking the Germans, in the tone of a schoolboy, and with such boasts as the Gentiles use, seem to base our hope of success on Russian might, and Kitchener's power. Others with a groan have seen in this war the collapse of Christianity, and talked preposterously of the Devil and his angels having possession of Europe. Those who have builded salvation almost upon the Carnegie pacifisms, and their gospel of 20th century peace, have seen with bewilderment their hopes vanish like a castle in the air. In fact, they all seem to have forgotten that while the principles and teachings of Christ are making war more and more abhorrent to Christian men, that our Lord and Master very clearly told us that this dispensation would be characterized by wars and rumours of wars (Matt. 24: 6); that in the days immediately preceding His coming, there would be extraordinary international uprisings upon the earth, distress of nations with perplexity (Luke 21: 25-27); and that one of the signs of the age before His unexpected appearing as the Thief in the night, would be a preaching and talking of Peace (since the start of Christianity no such phenomenon has been known as this so recent and so widespread peace campaign, as St. Paul said 1 Thes. 5: 3. The Day of the Lord will come suddenly at the very time when they are saying Peace); and that for Christian men in these days there is one supreme duty and that is the command of the Master: when ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars, see that ye be not troubled: when these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads for your Redemption draweth nigh.

Dyson Hague.

(To be continued).

GERMANY AND MILITARISM

A remarkable pen-picture of how every part of German life is imbued with the spirit of militarism.

MY first view of the Kaiser was a year ago at the barracks church in Berlin one Sunday morning in February. Soldiers crowded the church and lustily sang their stirring hymns. The boy choir, led by an old soldier, was almost as martial in dress and bearing as the audience itself. Carvings of swords and helmets adorned organ loft and pillars. They reminded me of St. Paul's helmet of salvation and sword of the Spirit, and I thought how often through the years Germans have sung, "A mighty fortress is our God." For centuries the battle-spirit has been bred in this great people.

After the service the Kaiser, accompanied by the young Princess Viktoria Luise, left the church through a private door before which a royal limousine stood in waiting. He handed the smiling princess into the car, a guard closed the door, and together the father and daughter sped up the street between lines of people who silently but devotedly raised their hats or waved their salutes. Then the soldiers filed out of the church, formed in a column from curb to curb, and marched toward the Kaiser's palace.

It is no wonder that Germans are patriotic; for the things which most easily stimulate patriotic emotion are ever in their sight and thought. Even a loyal American warms to their sentiment for Fatherland, Kaiser and Army. Richard Le Gallienne's lines express the poignant feeling which swept over me that day:—

"how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife . . .
even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching feet.
For yonder, yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!
The tears fill my astonished eyes
And my full heart is like to break."

How often German hearts have pulsed high with that feeling! Throughout the length and breadth of the land they are awakened in the morning by soldiers marching out from barracks. Everywhere the sun of noon glints on brass and steel while a shrill fife pierces the hushed air as the guards are changed. All day, in almost every street car or railway carriage, a mustachioed officer is seen with resplendent uniform and long sword. At night every café has its table of short-sworded first-year soldiers; they rise when an officer enters and must often stand at salute for several minutes before he notices them. They may not resume their seats or leave the room until he deigns to do so.

Visit a village school in Northern Germany and you hear children recounting deeds of valiant warriors from the time of the Roman invasion down to the present, or lifting their little voices in martial airs; go home with the peaceful hospitable schoolmaster, and his good Frau shows you youthful pictures of him in the uniform he wore when he served his military term, together with those of the sons who are now in the army. Tramp over castle-crowned hills and through the forests; there you meet gay-capped students and careless soldiers singing some tuneful ballad of soldierly adventure. Stroll along the promenades of Southern Germany and watch how the music of military bands enlivens the listening crowds. We read to-day that they sing—yea, even boast—as they march to battle! What wonder?

"And yet 'tis all embannered lies—
A dream those drummers make."

Till good men love the thing they loathe."

Terrible is it when such blind love possesses a people or a ruler, when militarism becomes their patriotism and their religion. Is it not true of nations as of individuals that the deepest, fullest life grows out of an inclusive regard for the rights and welfare of others? Unfortunate the country whose patriotism either begets or is begotten of jealousy and hatred.

So I thought that February Sunday when the tread of marching feet died away and I turned down a quiet street to little St. George's Church, nestled in one corner of the Monbijou Palace garden, where English, Germans and Americans worship together. For a sense of the multitude of the nations overwhelmed us that day when we uttered the prayer, "for all Christian Kings, Princes and Governors, and all that are put in authority under them." Gusts of wind and rain beat suddenly against the stained glass windows of the church and shook the strong-rooted trees in the old palace garden. Their branches moaned

as if the burden of history were too great for them to bear.

Never did prophet of old speak more earnestly than the white-haired court preacher Dryander, when I heard him one Sunday in the Lutheran Cathedral near the Royal Palace in Berlin. It was a time of proud nationalism when people were commemorating the wars for freedom a hundred years before and were glorying in their present strength. Dryander, entreating them to rejoice not in haughtiness but in humility, repeated the words of Abraham Lincoln, who when asked whether he thought God would be on his side in the war answered, "It is more important to know whether we are on God's side."

Then Dryander looked down from the high pulpit and stretched his hands yearningly toward the listening assembly as he said: "You must know that the living God is among you, not the God of might alone, but Eternal Love. Open the eye of faith that you may see this living God, and wait humbly upon Him. For He and He alone will teach you to mount with wings as eagles, to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint."—The Congregationalist.

WINDOWS

A Column of Illustrations

LOVE'S GAUGE.

In an engine room it is impossible to look into the great boiler and see how much water it contains. But running up beside it is a tiny glass tube which serves as a gauge. As the water stands in the little tube, so it stands in the great boiler. When the tube is half full, the boiler is half full; when the tube is empty, the boiler is empty. Do you ask, "How do I know I love God. I believe I love Him, but I want to know." Look at the gauge. Your love for your brother is the measure of your love for God.

LIFE TRIUMPHANT.

A great naturalist makes this striking statement in a recent article:—"Every leaf and blossom, every bud and fruit and seed consists of matter that has lived before, and died, and been given over to decay, and rescued from it, and brought back into the sphere of vivid and vigorous energy." That, surely, has a spiritual application. God creates nothing to be wasted. All He makes will last. The writer concludes thus:—"I have said enough, I think, to show that, although in the natural world death is always the end of life, yet the triumph lies not with death, but with life." That is a fine thought, and one that has in it the true note of immortality. Life triumphant—that is the end of what seems to be death.

"NOTHING BUT A GRAVE."

A Chinaman who had watched carefully the work of William Chalmers Burns, the famous Christian missionary, said, after the latter's death, "His story must have been true. He got nothing for coming here—nothing but a grave." To the Chinese the mere fact that a man dies away from his fatherland and is buried in a foreign land has a particular pathos. The Chinese, when they die in Europe or the United States, very often have made arrangements for the transmission of their bodies to China, that they may rest in native soil. "He got nothing but a grave." The sentence reminds us of the Master, Who, when the people would not hear Him, but cried, "Crucify Him!" was buried in the tomb of another man.

THE PERIL OF DETERIORATION.

We do our utmost to protect great buildings from fire and tempest, and yet all the time those buildings are liable to another peril not less severe—the subtle decay of the very framework itself. The tissue of the wood silently and mysteriously deteriorates, and calamity as dire as a conflagration is precipitated. The whole of the magnificent roofing of the Church of St. Paul in Rome had to be taken out at enormous expense because of the dry rot. Scientific men, by microscopic and chemical methods, have investigated the causes of this premature decay, and after patient search they have discovered not only the fungi which destroys the wood tissue, but also the spore that acts as the seed of the fungus. Character is liable to a similar danger. Some evils do not come from the outside. Some of the worst possibilities of loss, weakness, and ruin emerge from within: the destroying agents work obscurely and stealthily, and are almost unsuspected until they have wrought fatal mischief. Purity keeps out dry rot.