

type of civilization which we fight to uphold, may be vastly superior than that which Prussian war lords sought to impose upon us, yet we cannot say that it is perfect, or without some traces of those terrible social disorders, which, uncombated, can drag the strongest works of human policy into that vortex of national decline, from which there is no return.

We might do well to repeat the story of the Belgian church which had been severely bombarded, and almost reduced to a heap of ruins. On one of the pieces of wall left standing, there hung a crucifix. The hands of the figure had become un-nailed, and the arms were held forward almost appealingly, while the part representing the head of the Man of Sorrows was completely shot away; in this space was found written these words—“War will not cease until you have put back **THAT FACE** from the place where you have torn it.”

We cannot rid ourselves of Jesus Christ and His religion and still save the national soul; we cannot turn from His altar, to the golden altar of mammon, without paying dearly for our treason against His Divine Majesty; so let us pray that all peoples will look to the cross and to Him who hung upon it, in the interests of them all, that they may not have to say as did St. Augustine—

“Too late have I known thee, O ancient truth,
Too late have I loved Thee, O Thou supreme
beauty.”