

nation of some seventy million souls. For very rightly we attribute the evil influence of the German to an idea and a tradition, and not to the inherent wickedness of the race. The Germans are, of all the peoples of Europe, the most nearly allied to ourselves in race and blood; in all the simple and homely things our very language is the same. Every time that we speak of house and love, father and mother, son and daughter, God and man, work and bread, we attest to common origins in the deepest and realest things that affect us. Our religious history is allied; our political ties have in the past been many. Our Royal Family is largely of German origin. No, if we say that German wickedness is inherent in the race, and not in doctrine, we condemn ourselves. If we are to see straight in this matter at all, we must, in judging Germans, remember what they *were* and what they have *become*. That is not easy.

The public memory is notoriously a short-lived one. If twenty years ago the average Briton had been asked what people in Europe were most like himself, in moral outlook, in their attitude to the things which really matter—family life, social morality, the relations of the sexes, and the respective importance which we ascribe to the various moral qualities—he would have said that that nation was Germany. The notion that we were more naturally allied in our character to the French would have appeared twenty years ago, to ninety-nine Britons out of a hundred, almost offensive. Until yesterday, for nearly three hundred years, among educated men in Europe, German idealism had been recognized as the outstanding moral force in Europe. From the days of the Reformation until military