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a letter, writes it over and over, searching for the right thing to say.

"It is you and I," he says finally, "who must stop these wars, these massacres of boys."

"Massacres of boys! That indeed is the essence of modern war. The killing off of the young. . . Fools and knaves politicians, tricksters and those who trade on the suspicions and thoughtless, generous angers of men, make wars; the indolence and modesty of the mass of men permit them. . . What needs to be said is that war must be put an end to, and that nobody else but you and me and all of us can do it. We have to do that for the love of our sons and our race and all that is human. War is no longer human; the chemist and the metallurgist have changed all that. My boy was shot through the eye; his brain was blown to pieces by some man who never knew what he had done. Think what that means! . . . "It is plain to me, surely it is plain to you and all the world, that war is now a mere putting of the torch to explosives that flare out to universal ruin. There is nothing for one sane man to write to another about in these days but the salvation of mankind from war."

"I want to tell you quite plainly that I think that Germany, which is chief and central in this war, is most to blame for this war. . . I am persuaded that in the decade that ended with your overthrow of France in 1871, Germany turned her face towards evil, and that her refusal to treat France generously and to make friends with any other great power in the world, is the essential cause of this war. Germany triumphed—and she trampled on the loser. She set herself to prepare for further aggressions; long before this killing began she was making war upon land and sea, launching warships, building strategic railways, setting up a vast establishment of war material, straining all the world to keep pace with her threats. . . You did not want to unify the world. You wanted to set the foot of an intensely national Germany, a sentimental and illiberal Germany, a Germany that treasured the portraits of your ridiculous Kaiser and his litter of sons, a Germany wearing uniform and despising every kultur but her own upon the neck of a divided and humiliated mankind. It was an intolerable prospect. I had rather the whole world died."

And then he remembers that the mass of the German people were not responsible, wilfully, for the war. "Forgive me for writing 'you'," he adds, "You are as little responsible for that Germany as I am for—Sir Edward Grey. But this happened over you; you did not do your utmost to prevent it—even as England has happened, and I have let it happen over me."

He continues, then, about Britain, and France, and Belgium, and Serbia, and comes back to the British people. "We have been beginning that same great experiment that France and America and Switzerland, and China are making, the experiment of democracy. It is the newest form of human association, and we are still but half awake to its needs and necessary conditions. . . This age of the democratic republics that dawns is a new age. It has not yet lasted for a century. . . All new things are weak things; a rat can kill a man-child with ease; the greater the destiny, the weaker the immediate self-protection. And to me it seems that your complete and perfect imperialism, ruled by Germans for Germans, is in its scope and outlook a more antiquated and smaller and less noble thing than these sprawling, emergent giant democracies of the West that struggle so confusedly against it."

At the very last he comes back to the two lads, sacrificed to the war-Moloch that Germany, above all aspiring nations (and Mr. Britling does not excuse any one of them completely) pushed upon a throne. "Your boy, as no doubt you know, dreamt constantly of such a world peace as this that I foreshadow; he was more generous than his country. He could envisage war and hostility only as misunderstanding. He thought that a world that could explain itself clearly would surely be at peace. He was scheming always therefore for the perfection and propagation of Esperanto or Ido, or some such universal link. My youngster too was full of a kindred and yet larger dream, the dream of human science, which knows neither king nor country nor race."

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"These boys, these hopes, this war has killed."

With this I leave Mr. Britling's Story.

But I should like to call your attention to a phrase in the portion I have quoted. Mr. Britling speaks of "a sentimental and illiberal Germany". I have often wondered just how much, with us all, mere sentiment is permitted to ruin things,—just to what extent we permit it to cloud over and hold back the things that pure reason would dictate. "Pure reason" sounds hard and cold, but it is not hard and cold. It is *Truth*, and nothing but *Truth* can eventually stand; mere sentiment, rosy though it may seem, must sooner or later shrivel and blacken before it. So let us look well to our thinking and our motives.

Mr. Britling says we are too modest and too indolent to stop war. He is right, but he might have added another "too", "too anxious to make money for ourselves." If all the common-people (who have to do the greater part of the fighting) all the world over, were to determine there should be no war, there would be no war. But everywhere we are too indolent to bother trying to understand things, or too busy making money to leave any time for it. We leave the manipulation of world-events to a few people at the head of each nation—and presently we find ourselves at war.

Of course it must be admitted that it is hard nowadays to make a living that most people have to keep grubbing away twenty-four hours in the day just to keep going.—But is there not just a possibility that if all the people everywhere took more time to understand things, and to use their one weapon, the ballot, making a living might not be so hard?—Think about that.

It all comes down to this—that our whole educational system is at fault. Everywhere in the world the children are taught wrong, chiefly by atmosphere and suggestion, and so the world suffers. They see everywhere worship of money and the things that money can buy—from fine clothes to political eminence (how often is a really poor man member of Parliament?) They are taught nationalism with religious assiduity, often by teachers who feel themselves performing a sacred duty in so doing. They hear Chinamen called "Chinks", and Italians, "Dagos". Almost never do they hear it said that our only reason for being here is that we may help the world and push things upwards. Not once in a twenty years, perhaps, do they hear of the "little brothers of the world" in lands other than our own.—What wonder if they grow up chauvinistic, puffed up with their own importance, intolerant of other nations, selfish? One of the curses of the world is that everywhere there is nationalism instead of internationalism, and in this, Germany, in her intense nationalism, has been perhaps the greatest offender.

It seems to me that the times will

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