

alive valour and masculine virtues generally, although those who know most about war know best the absurdity of the argument: there is more valour in one day of attendance upon the sick in an epidemic than in a month of active warfare. I undertake to find ten men to face bullet or bayonet for every one who will face smallpox or malignant fever.* We are told that questions of national honour cannot be arbitrated, and that if any nation were to fire a shot at a peaceful ship of another, war must ensue, although Britain did not suffer in the eyes of the world or in her own, because she submitted to international arbitration when her peaceful fishermen were shot down on the Dogger Bank; that a man does not go to law when someone assaults his wife, as though that justified him in stealing the other's fish—or as though the circumstance that some outrage might be so gross that law would be forgotten, furnished an argument against law in general.

All these objections will, in the long run, fail: and the objectors will—must—suffer defeat. The brute, the tiger, must die, for what is war but a survival of the brute within? Whether man was evolving up from the lower animal or devolving down from a state little if any lower than the angels when he first made his appearance as man, I shall not discuss in the presence of learned theologians and accomplished scientists—we in Ontario are having our little troubles over questions of this kind, and I do not propose to get into hot water in New York State if I can avoid it. One way or the other, he was but little removed from the brute. He had the weapons of the brute, the tooth and claw—and he had adopted improved weapons, the club wielded by brawny arm, and the missile stone projected by strong and deft

* . . . ὡς τρις ἂν παρ' ἀσπίδα
 στήναι θέλοι' ἂν μάλλον ἢ τεκεῖν ἅπαξ.
 —Eurip. *Medea* ll. 250, 251.