

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for the Day
 That lit the awful flame.
 'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain,
 Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain,
 That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
 And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day, there's a price to pay,
 For the sleepers under the sod,
 And He you have mocked for many a day,
 Listen, and hear what He has to say,
 "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay,"
 What can you say to God?

The following extract from an article in an English contemporary throws light on the Prussian character and the attitude of Germany towards other nations:—

"To-day Prussia stands to the modern world in almost precisely the same position as the barbarians stood towards Rome. She is still pagan at heart; the work of the Teutonic knights evangelised only the surface of her people, who still remain, as any student of Comparative Religion can testify, the greatest repository of heathen traditions.

The 'Kultur' and ideals of her rulers and people remain to this day those of Genseric and his hordes; and 'the good old God of Prussia,' to whom the Kaiser makes frequent reference, is neither more nor less than Odin under another name. Their triumph would draw over the world a moral and intellectual night as dark as that which followed on the sinking of the sun of Rome, and all the forces of progress are vitally concerned in preventing that triumph."

Q. Why may we expect a failure in the crops next year?

A. Because in all probability there will be no Germ(—)nation.