
FIFTY-FIRST WEEK.

PEACE AND WAR.

There is a false Peace—the Peace of a dead dog, the Peace of an anæsthetic which enables us to sleep through our own mutilation. Maybe such a Peace had fallen upon us: Maybe we were closing our eyes as a stagnant pond overgrown with rank weeds closes its eyes to the clear light of heaven. Against such a Peace it was that Germany railed. But Germany in her fight against Peace failed to detect “the Peace of God which passeth understanding.”

And as for War: There is a War which is of the devil, ghastly blood-lust, the War for Power and Place. There is War which kills the righteous and blots out Truth—and there is War which is of God, and fights against the powers of Darkness, which liberates the oppressed and defends the fatherless and widow.

In themselves Peace and War are neither Good nor Evil, but the purposes they set out to accomplish determine their nature.