CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)

ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)

Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [x] Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [x] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [ ] Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- [ ] Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough/ Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Continuous pagination/ Pagination continue
- [ ] Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index

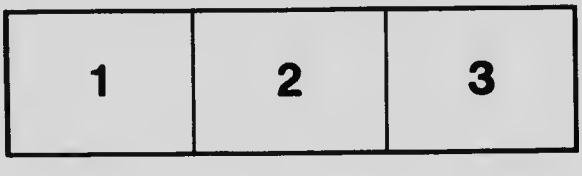
Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

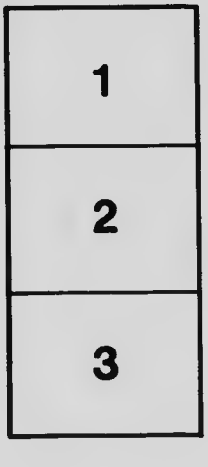
- [ ] Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison
- [ ] Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison
- [ ] Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

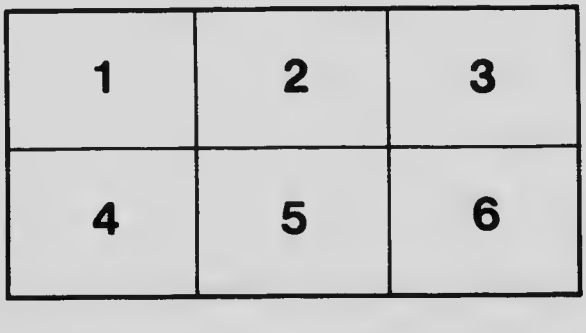
- [ ] Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							







WHO GIVETH US THE VICTORY

ARTHUR MEE

WHO GIVETH US
THE VICTORY

WHO GIVETH US THE VICTORY

Be still, and know that I am God

BY
ARTHUR MEE

WILLIAM BRIGGS
TORONTO

TO ALL WHO BELIEVE

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Contents of this Book

1

GOD INTERVENING

The Impregnable Rock of Faith

2

GOD AND HIS KINGDOMS

The Boundless Realms of Life and Matter and Mind

3

MAN AND THE UNIVERSE

The Great Alliance of the Mighty Forces of Evolution

4

THE COMBAT OF GOOD AND EVIL

The Triumphs of Man in the Incredible Past

5

THE PEACE OF GREAT BRITAIN

Was it Worth the Keeping?

6

THE END OF IT ALL

The Vision Splendid Looms before the Troubled Human Race

I

God Intervening

The Impregnable Rock of Faith

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

CHAPTER I

THE ALLIES AND THE FAITH OF MAN

THE victorious Allies of Europe, when they bring home their flags waving high, will have saved the world from something worse than death, but they will have saved it, also, from something more appalling than they knew. They will have saved mankind from the loss of its faith in God.

The faith in the Creator and Sustainer of the world could hardly survive the victory of the forces of devilry in Europe. The German Government, when it sent its army to march on Belgium, was making war on God. It did not believe in God. It lied to the world and mocked at its Creator.

Let it be never forgotten that the mastery of the German was to be not over empire only, but over the mind of the world. Deeper than we knew was the depth of the bottomless pit, for the mind of the conquered world was to be emptied not only of its faith in liberty, in justice, in fraternity, but of its faith in God.

The young men are away from our cities, but they were in their boyhood when there swept across these islands a German wave which was to overwhelm our faith and accomplish our destruction. It is twenty years since the floodgates of Materialism were opened in Germany, letting loose their foul waters to carry the seed of despair and doubt and disbelief wherever the children of God might be. For faith in God, belief in justice, the hope eternal in the heart of man, were the mighty barrier in the German path.

A world that believed in God would never bend before the brute.

The wave of German Materialism—which was to make the way easier for German Militarism by sapping dry the fountain of our being—is spent, but with the war for the empire of Europe goes on the war for the enslavement of mind. There is no room for God in the German Kaiserarch, and two foul things have come afresh across the Rhine. One is the lie that Might is Right; the other is the lie of Professor Haeckel that the war has ended the illusion of the existence of God.

It is Professor Haeckel who helped to sow the seed of the war: it is the Gospel of Materialism according to Haeckel that was supposed to have superseded the Gospel according to St. John. Well, by their fruits ye shall know them. The fruits of the German Gospel are in Belgium and Serbia and Poland. They lie strewn along the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. They will be seen in millions of babies yet to be born in Germany beyond the pale, with the shadow of the brand of Cain upon their brow.

It is not the Gospel of St. John that has gone to its destruction in this war. It is not Professor Haeckel who has triumphed in this fight against high Heaven. It is his god of steel that has been set up above all others in Berlin, but there is another God, and Germany will remember the Creator in the days of her doom.

There lies upon us all the solemn task of saving the faith of the world. We know in Whom we have believed. Above and behind and beyond mankind is God; beneath us are the Everlasting Arms. But time, on our journey through this world, has brought us to strange ways, and we pause to ask ourselves strange questions—whether the road will really lead us all the way, whether the light beyond is really there at all, or whether there has been through all these years a great illusion beckoning us?

One power in Europe can solve the doubts and save

the faith of men. It is the business of the Church to shift itself from sinking sands and set its house upon a rock. We must win our liberty, but more than all we must keep our faith. Men everywhere are asking solemn questions. They are asking for a God who will fit the facts. It is for the Church to face the facts, to open the gate of the Temple that the river of knowledge may flow in.

God and His armies can stand the facts. Let the Church welcome them, and the pews will not be big enough to hold the multitude. Our men have faced the enemy of liberty and beaten him; are we to cringe, when they come home, before the enemy of Truth? Are we to teach these men what is not true, or fear to teach what is? Is religion, based on the Rock of Ages, woven into the warp and weft of the world, integral and eternal in the heart of nature, to be clothed in narrow creeds, in age-long ignorance, in terror and timidity and superstition? Are men to be afraid of God lest, like a German, He throw them into an everlasting fire?

The Creator of the World, the beneficent Ruler of Mankind, the Eternal Father of His Children, is not the invention of some ancient priest, that we should be afraid lest He crumble. The Everlasting God can stand four-square to all the winds that blow. The Church that is afraid God will collapse, and faith break down, and the pulpit fall to pieces if science is true, is an idol of Baal and will perish. He who laid the foundations of the earth when the morning stars sang together has no need of it. The God of Moses, the God of the beginning and the end, is not smothered in a scientific text-book. Science has no contradiction of God; it has no conflict with Truth. Science is the name we give to man's explanations of God's universe, and the deeper we peer into science, the more inevitable and illimitable is God.

The faith of this book is in a God who has not broken down before the Kaiser, but rules the destinies of Europe.

CHAPTER II

WHY GOD ALLOWS THE WAR

For those who will hear it, the Voice of God is speaking now in Europe; for those who have eyes to see, the day for which men have waited long is upon us. Once more, in the long unrolling of the ages, God is intervening.

It is no figure of speech to say that the Creator of the World intervenes in the affairs of men. The story of the endless years goes on, and evolution has not stopped. The Hand that wrought the glory that we know, that fashioned the heavens and the seas, that filled the universe with wonder and the earth with life and love, has not lost its ancient power. He who breathed life into man did not leave him in the first steps of his journey through the universe.

We speak of the freedom of man, and man is free; but man has a partner in his tremendous business of managing the earth, and his partner is the Everlasting Ruler of Mankind. Man, the visible manifestation of God on the earth, may mutiny and hinder evolution, but he can no more stop it than a child can stop the waters of Niagara. He can but serve or stay the end to which Creation moves.

We are to consider the belief that the government of the earth is ordered and controlled by its Creator, and that no stemming of the tide of human evolution, no catastrophe that seems to check the onward march of man, can balance in the scale the proof of God that lies on every hand. No sudden awaking of evil until it overruns the earth, no widespread claws of Caliban that creep and wither smiling lands, can blind us to the glory of the living God.

If men should ask why God allows the war, the answer is ready on the lips of Faith, but as well may a man ask why his neighbour allows his child to lie on the grass and die; as well may he ask why the town he lives in allows disease and poverty and sin; or why his country, filled with beauty and knowledge and power, allows ugliness and ignorance and all manner of evil to stalk abroad and prey on little children. If men shall ask why God allows the war, let us ask them why a man should falsely blame his neighbour for his sins, and why, if he should not blame his neighbour falsely, he should blame the Creator of the World for the sins of men.

The answer to this question lightly asked is that God does not allow the war. God allows a free race of men to inhabit the earth and do their will. He allows them to do good and evil too. He allows them to be master of the wolf and the hyena, or to copy them. Man, no doubt, is worthy of his freedom, but he must pay the bitter price if in sloth or in an evil hour he lets slip the reins of power.

God, the Author of Nature, will not act unnaturally when man in his folly goes astray. As fire brings heat, so carelessness brings peril, so sin brings death: the law of nature is unfailing.

Freedom for man is the way of God—freedom, if he will, to go astray. Two kinds of world God could have made—man free, with all his proneness to error, all his tragic groping through darkness to light; or a man who would go the right way as a machine goes, without sin, but without virtue. There was no other way; man must be free or he must be captive. God made man free, with all the elements of weakness and all the elements of greatness in him, and not unworthy, therefore, to be in partnership with God Himself.

Through countless ages man has won for himself the mastery of nearly every living thing; he has established himself, let us say, on the throne of the visible universe.

But not alone has man achieved his mighty conquest. Slowly there have opened before him vistas beyond his dreams; slowly there has grown within him a sense of power too great for words. God, intervening every hour since the foundations of the earth were laid, has penetrated the mind of man.

God, some great imagination has said, sleeps in the plant, dreams in the animal, wakes in man. Everywhere, eternally, the Everlasting Ruler of Mankind impels us forward, stirs new energies within us, fashions new powers, consecrates us afresh as the instruments of His great purposes. Who has not felt at times the something within him nobler than the self he knew? Man has magnified his senses, has multiplied his powers until to-day one man alone can do the work that in other days a thousand could not do; but he has done more than that, for man, since the days when he lived in trees and caves, has clothed him with the attributes of God Himself. We think of that poor poacher, stable-boy, theatre-boy, call him what you will, who sat down in a strange city to earn his living and wrote the noblest intellectual things the human mind has yet conceived; and we know there was something in Shakespeare that was beyond himself.

What is that power within ourselves that ourselves have not the power to know? The better sense of a man that comes up when it is needed, the thing that stays us in an evil hour, the conscience that makes cowards of us all—what is it but the mind of God in us, God intervening?

2

God and His Kingdoms

The Boundless Realms of Life and Matter and Mind

That for the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

MILTON

CHAPTER III

THE PREPARATION OF THE EARTH

THERE is a power that shapes our ends. The master thought of Shakespeare is the master fact of science. From the beginning of the world to the saving of liberty at Gheluvelt we see the Hand of God.

The human mind is an hour or two old as time is measured in the universe, and there are things it does not understand in the story of a thousand million years of evolution. But the longer we live, the more certain we are that the universe was planned and built for us. We come out of mystery into mystery, through a few years of consciousness, but certain it is that the power that controls the boundless heavens and the rolling seas controls our lives. The science that forbids you to believe that your watch came by chance to your pocket forbids you to believe that the earth became by chance the home of life, and that a speck of matter grew by chance into you who read this book. The greatest thinkers of life in our time were Darwin and Herbert Spencer, and we may claim them both, with Shakespeare and St. Paul, as Interventionists. Herbert Spencer, living by sight and not by faith, believed in an active unknown power behind the universe, operating not only millions of years ago, but now and always, transcending human conception. Darwin revolted from the thought that life was all blind chance: he looked out upon the world and saw endless beautiful and wonderful forms still being evolved from life breathed into the earth by the Creator. Professor Tyndall saw in evolution the development of a mighty plan laid down in the beginning, and the mind that is

balanced in reason, looking back on the things we know, sees in it all the directing and controlling Hand of God.

The thought we cannot escape from is that God built a house, prepared it for man, and brought man into it.

The wonder before which the mind of a man must reel unless he believes in God is that a thing as complex as a watch was made unthinkable ages since, all working in perfect order, but with a missing part, and that at last the missing part has sprung by chance from nowhere, fitting perfectly. But the marvel of man is infinitely greater than that, and the miracle of the watch would be simple to understand compared with the coming of man into the house prepared for him. There is not one chance in a myriad millions that it could have happened without a controlling mind.

For man depends for every breath of life on an intricate balance of forces, and a subtle regulation of processes, that the wisest mind can hardly understand. Let some little thing go wrong in the balance of this world, and man is blotted out. And yet man comes into the world and finds that all is ready; the whole machinery of his life is running at the height of its efficiency on lines laid down millions of years before he came. Here are two things separated by æons of time. They come together and fit as a key fits in a lock. Life found waiting for it the exact conditions that were needed to develop man.

We cannot call the witnesses in a little book like this. They are written in the chemistry of life; they are graven on the rocks; they stretch through boundless space and sway the very heavens. All Nature is the witness that the world was made for man. The astonishing properties of matter, the processes of natural law, the evolution of the sun and its mighty company of worlds, are vitally related to our lives. A human being is probably connected in some mysterious way with everything that exists. As the forces of the universe act on a seed, so they act on

the living cell that becomes a human being? We cannot guess the powers men may develop. There was a time when a man had no voice, no mind, and his soul is only now awakening. In the life of man and the world about him events occur that no laws can explain. We touch the border-line at times, and invent strange words for our experience; but the only thing we can say is that a man lives in two worlds, one that we understand and one that surpasses understanding. The heart of life is in that world surpassing understanding. There is no break in the vital chain that binds a man to the boundless universal powers. They were made for him and he for them, and there will come from this alliance a type of man beyond our dreams.

We may take one fact or two from the evidence that he who runs may read. Of the few substances out of which all the universe is made—so few that a man could carry them all in his pocket—the most vital is water. Without it we could not live. It is the most ancient, the most familiar, and the most vital thing with which Life has to deal. What has a drop of water to tell us of the making and shaping and controlling of the world?

Inside a drop of water lie properties and powers on which the whole balance of Nature depends. It was not necessary, when water was made, that it should have these powers; the need for them was not to come for ages yet. But there they were and there they are. When the earth cooled down and the surface was solid rock, there was water, the best solvent that could be devised, to break down rock and form a fruitful soil. When the sun poured down its heat, there was water, with its marvellous power of equalising temperature. When life began upon the earth, there was water, moving in its everlasting cycle to keep earth sweet and clean. When man appeared, there was water, the only substance on the earth that can meet the countless complex needs of the human frame.

Of all the available substances on earth, water alone has such a high specific heat—that is, such a power of resistance to heat—and to this remarkable quality of water the world owes its daily life. It is this unique power of water that helps to maintain the equable temperature of lakes and streams and oceans, that moderates our summers and winters, that creates ocean currents, circulates the winds, and aids the distribution of vapour which brings us rain. No other liquid that could take the place of water has the high specific heat which gives water its remarkable place in life. No other substance that could take the place of water has the unique property of water when it freezes. Most things contract when they freeze; water expands; and but for this unique event our rivers and lakes and oceans would freeze into masses of solid ice and never melt. There could be no life as we know it if freezing water acted like most other freezing things. It is water that maintains the equable temperature of the human body. If the specific heat of water were like that of almost any other liquid the temperature of the body, which must be maintained within a few degrees, would vary from a hundred to a hundred and fifty degrees, the complex system of chemical structures within the body would be irrevocably upset, and we should perish. As a maintainer of temperature, as a dissolver of solid material in the earth and man, water is a matchless thing, and nothing else in Nature would be so economical or efficient.

We have looked at one or two of the extraordinary properties of the most familiar thing we know. We might look also at the marvellous power of water in its relation to the three elements which compose the vital framework of the chemical structure of the world. They are carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. The power of water in its relation to these elements is another of its unique possessions, and the wonder of it is only equalled, if at all, by the unique power of these three elements themselves in build-

ing up the structure of the living world. The world owes its fitness for life to five factors more than anything else—to the presence of volumes of water and carbonic acid outside the crust of the earth, and their unique properties, to carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and their unique properties. Upon these five factors, upon their relation to each other and to the world, the temple of Life is based.

Professor Henderson of Harvard has shown us that, in the preparation of the great arena of the world, these things made up an extraordinary set of conditions essential and favourable to life, and promoted, by their independent and united action, the three fundamental characteristics of life—its complexity, its regulation, and its adaptability. It is impossible to consider the astonishing relation of these things one to another, the peculiar properties they alone possess, the great alliances they form to make an environment for Life, without realising that there was purpose in the building of the house of man not less than in the evolution of his body and his mind. The great cosmic processes that formed the heavens and the earth were guided to a destined end; the endowment of a few elements with natural sympathies and unique properties carried on the great creative plan; the marvellous chemistry of matter achieved its purposes according to laws laid down; and man came into the world to find his house already furnished, his environment exactly what it should be, the necessities of his existence finding their unfailing response in the conditions established through countless ages past.

The fitness of the environment, as Professor Henderson says, was real and unique. Man's home was ready for his coming.

CHAPTER IV

THE CONTROLLER OF THE WORLD

So, through unthinkable æons of time the Architect of the universe prepared a home for man.

We must fit our minds to the thought that God was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be. The great natural processes and moral development of the world are no less witnesses of His intervention because we call them Evolution. If some dramatic event occurred to-morrow by which there fell from the skies some weapon which destroyed the German armies, we should think it an act of divine intervention, but it would not be more so than the slow upbuilding of that love of justice which will destroy the German armies in God's good time.

If the rule of force is doomed to fail, it is doomed because justice is inherent in the human race. Who put it there? Without this love of justice, without religion, the world we know could not have been. There would have been no civilising generations of peace, none of those great periods of history in which man has sought and found the way the brute has missed. Without this sense of justice, without religion, we could not have freed the slaves, we could not have founded human liberty, we could not rule India. And this love of justice in the human heart, this faith in something nobler than we know, is the working of the Mind of God in man, the intervention in human affairs of the Creator and Ruler of the world.

We must not think God is not intervening because He does not intervene as we think best. If man had been at the beginning of the world he would have thought the ways of God beyond all understanding. He would have thought volcanoes stupid things, and deserts an appalling waste. But the more a man knows about this world the less he thinks like that. Volcanoes and deserts are vital to us all, spreading the atmospheric dust without which

there would be no rain. The reptile which was once the king of earth would have seemed a useless and horrible thing then, but the reptile kept the rivers sweet through age after age, and long before man came, with his laws of health and sanitary systems, the earth was cleaned by vermin. For millions of years light and warmth were pouring down upon the earth, but this power was not wasted. Nature, which knew that man was coming, saved it for him.

All through these years God was intervening, and when at last man came, a puny thing against a mastodon, he brought a new thing with him that was stronger than brute force. In the struggle for the mastery of the earth it was David, and not Goliath, who conquered. If man was born to struggle, his struggle against Nature fitted him to master Nature. The power that had made the earth for man and furnished it for him has not deserted him from then till now. There are a thousand witnesses.

Think of the microbe, so small that the highest powers of science cannot reach it with a microscope. It has such constructive power that in an hour or two it will give rise to a million more, and it has such destructive power that it may annihilate a town. Such creatures could destroy the world; they could have made the earth unfit for man if they had not been checked. Who held this power in leash through all these years? Who holds it in leash still? Think of the electricity with which the earth is highly charged; it is said to be charged with electrons to a potential of a billion volts, with thousands of millions of free electrons in every square inch of its surface. Who restrains and controls this appalling force, of which all that we hear outside our own electric wires is a thunder-storm now and then? Think of the marvellous and intricate balance of the forces of life, the interdependence of matter and life and all created things, with their varied needs and inclinations all balanced in the scale. Who controls and overrules it all? The equality of the sexes, a thing beyond all human power—who maintains it?

It is the intervention in human life of powers outside the human race. It is not incredible; it is the plainest fact of life. The powers outside us are endless. Again and again in history the works of man have been stopped by some invisible force. Things no man has seen have brought great schemes of man to nought. The powers by which man conquers, the powers by which he may be overcome, are beyond our understanding. Is it easier to believe that they come from nothing, out of nowhere, than that they come from God? God has chosen these ways to control and direct the world. He has chosen the simple to confound the wise. We look for fire and thunder, but God is in the still small voice.

God will not fling His thunderbolts about, or let loose His floods upon the earth, or send His storms and lightnings with messages to man; but He will use the weapons He has made to suit His purposes. He will work through the mind and soul of man that He has planted in the earth. The kingdom of heaven is within us. It works for ever through the world, building up and broadening out until it covers the earth, leavening here and leavening there until the whole is leavened.

CHAPTER V

THE WONDER IN WHICH HE HAS SET US

Let us try to realise something of the wonder in the midst of which He has set us.

It is beyond the power of the human mind to understand the glory of the universe. The plain truth of it, the simple statement of its vastness and power, is beyond the wildest reach of our imagining. We look up at the stars by night, and the stillness of the skies seems a wonderful thing; but it is more wonderful than we know, for the stars whirl about with unthinkable speed, dazzling space with their light for thousands of millions of miles.

Nothing that we know moves anything like so fast; no light that we have ever seen is anything like so bright. One small star among this host is a laggard, creeping through space at eight thousand miles an hour, and attending him on his round is a tiny globe a million times smaller, lit up with the light of the laggard star.

The laggard is the sun, and the little globe is the earth.

The earth sweeps round the sun in a circle 180 million miles across. If the earth were big enough to fill this circle, instead of being so small that it is almost lost in it, it would need over a million earths like that to match Orion, a fragment of the Milky Way. The group of stars we call Orion is hundreds of millions of times as big as the earth; they are so far back in space from us that we see the stars as dots of light. Try to let the mind run back to them, and we are lost in the depths of a universe that no man knows. The space the solar system occupies —the area within the path of Neptune—is said to be a thousand million times greater than the volume of the sun and all the planets. One of the smallest of the stars, a sort of atom in the universe, smaller than any star we see by night, is our sun. But it is all the world to us, because it is so near. It is hardly a hundred million miles away; and to this nearness of the sun we owe our habitation on this earth, the produce of our fields and gardens, the power that moves our guns and lights our homes, and the beating of the heart of every living thing.

Let your mind run back only to the sun—like a run up a street as distance goes in the universe—and how many stars would you find there, keeping the sun company? Draw a circle about the sun three hundred million million miles round, and in it there would be four other stars. If a man were living in London and his nearest neighbour were in Tasmania he would probably yearn for company; but compared with the loneliness of our universe a world peopled at that rate would seem crowded like pebbles on

the beach. The solar system in which our earth revolves is sixteen thousand million miles across; and yet this system, with all the worlds that come into our view as the year goes round, is a lonely thing, immensely isolated in space, cut off from other groups of worlds more utterly than any two people could possibly be if they were left alone upon the earth.

And all this moving wonder moves to order. It is in complete control. No machine that man has made moves so perfectly, so silently, as this company of worlds. A man in 1682 saw a comet pass. He knew it would come back in 1759. The man was dead then, but the comet came back. We do not know where the British Empire will be in the year 2004, but we know where Venus will be in that year, and the day on which she will cross the sun. We know that the sun and the earth are flying to a point in Hercules; we know they fly about 200,000 miles a day, and will reach their destination in their destined time. It is said that the sun and the earth might collide; but our astronomers, the silent watchers of the universe, tell us that the earth and sun have travelled thousands of miles an hour for millions of years without an accident, and we are not afraid.

We begin to see that these worlds are not blown hither and thither as feathers in the wind. They go the way marked out for them; they are subject to the laws by which a violet grows; they obey the Mind that dominates your life and mine.

Is it conceivable, men ask us, that a universe so stupendous as this should be needed for man? We do not know; we are not concerned with that. We can only say that it is Nature's way. Why is such a maze of machinery needed for making a pin or a pair of boots? We must leave these questions, in the faith of Shakespeare that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Let us come down from

the skies and look about us. Let us see the things the world is made of, and talk of things we know.

The world is made up of about eighty materials, eighty kinds of matter in different forms. We call them gases, liquids, and solids, but we can heat a solid into a liquid, and a liquid into a gas. We can make iron run like water, and make water so hard that a sword will not cut it in two. We can freeze the very air itself, or make it liquid and harness it to our work. It would fill a book to say what we can do with these eighty things that are the alphabet of matter.

It is a long time since men believed that everything on earth was made of air, earth, fire, and water; but it is not long since men believed that an atom of matter was one of God's foundation-stones, the thing we could not get beyond. But now we see the very atoms breaking up, and beyond them is a world of wonder rivalling the stars themselves. Up in the telescope, down in the microscope, the mind of a man staggers and reels as he looks.

For what the mind of man discovers far beyond the atom is something like a little solar system. Think of the solar system revolving in the broad immensity of space, and think of it revolving in a speck of dust, and there may dawn on you a faint conception of the truth about matter. Inside a thing so small that the microscope will not pick it up at all unless we roll a million million of them into one, is the space in which the everlasting systems of matter revolve.

None of it is still. Every atom in this flying world is flying to and fro. There is not a thing on earth that is not for ever moving itself. Pick out a letter *o* on this page and look at it, and drop in the middle of it a little bubble of hydrogen. The number of atoms flying about in that bubble is 80,000 billions, and each one passes 6000 million neighbours in a second—in a twinkling of an eye. If atoms were people and had eyes, one atom in this bubble

would see all the population of the world go by *200 times a minute*. It is said that no living germ can contain less than a hundred millions of these atoms. A small speck of protoplasm has as many atoms as the Milky Way has stars. The corpuscle in the blood has thousands of millions, and the smallest number that can be weighed in the most sensitive scale is millions of millions.

Such is the atom; but an atom is a giant compared to the electrons that fly about in it like pin-heads in a great cathedral. We had better leave these alone if we would keep our sense of words, for it has been reckoned that if a small bulb were pierced with a tiny hole, and these things rushed in at a hundred millions a second, there has not been time enough since the world was a nebula for this bulb to be filled at that rate: yet so incredible is their actual speed that actually the bulb would fill itself several times over while you read a few of these pages.

So this matter that looks so still is in ceaseless agitation; all matter, if we could see it, is like a thick swarm of bees. It needs little imagination to see that power lies in these moving things, but the extent of the power lying there is beyond the dreams of man. All the steam power ever created, all the physical power of all the horses ever born, would not equal the motive power that lies in this book if men could get it out. Sir J. J. Thomson has declared that there is power in an atom to break a continent in two, and that a fraction of the energy in matter, if set free, would send the earth back to the nebula. An atom, in breaking up, shoots out electrons at a speed a bullet could only equal with a million barrels of gunpowder behind it, and it has been said that an electron moves as much faster than a cannon-ball as a cannon-ball is faster than a snail.

It is this marvellous power within the invisible atoms of matter that makes up all the wonder of this world. It

is these throbbing specks of about eighty kinds of matter, throbbing in response to laws laid down for suns and storms and oceans, and children playing in the fields, that give us light and colour and sound. It is the ceaseless whirl of matter beyond human sight that drives our ships and works our guns and blows up trenches, and there is enough power in a few grains of matter to lift the British Navy over the Alps or to drop Krupps' Murder House at Essen into the crater of Vesuvius.

CHAPTER VI

THE VEHICLE OF THE POWER OF GOD

It is easy to have a great contempt for matter. We find its barriers in man's way whenever he would dig a Panama Canal or bore a Channel Tunnel. But matter is the vehicle of mind and the instrument of power, and it is possible to look at it and think of it until it seems to us the greatest miracle of all.

We see the river gliding through the hills, the glacier pushing through the mountain slopes, the sunset on the Nile, and the hills ground flat like a sea of sand; and we think of the countless ages through which matter has been fashioned as we see it now. We see the swaying of a tree in the wind, the full moon shining over the troubled North Sea, the daffodils nodding their heads in the sun; and we think of the poetry and beauty that throb through matter everywhere. We see the whirring wheels of industry, the rushing past of motor cars, the mechanical heart of a ship at sea; and we marvel at the slaves that man has made from matter. But if our eyes could see it as it is, and if our hands could use it as it is, matter would tempt man once again to bow down before it. In the days when man knew nothing of matter he feared it and worshipped it; in the days when man knows the truth about matter he will want to worship it again.

It is not for nothing that every atom moves; it is not for nothing that all things that we see are in a state of flux. Put a piece of lead and gold together and leave them while you travel round the world. In two or three years you will come back to them and find that the gold has been travelling, too: it has travelled into the lead. Go into the garden and walk among the roses, and actual fragments of the roses you smell will leave their trees and become a part of you. So matter is ever changing its forms. Every atom of your body, every atom of your house, has been part of something else. The body of imperial Caesar dies and turns to clay. Grains of matter flung into earth flourish and grow, and in time become a canvas for Michael Angelo. Myriads of creatures die in the sea and build up the material of which the Pyramids are made. What is Niagara but the rushing of the waters that have helped perhaps to swell the mighty seas, perhaps to form the shining dew on a field of buttercups, perhaps to moisten the lips of dying men? What is a forest but the conversion of gases into solids and the building up of invisible matter into a myriad delicate and complicated structures? What is a cottage garden but a gathering-up of atoms from throughout the universe, some from the ends of the earth, some from the sun, some from the rivers and the sea, all woven by unseen hands into hollyhocks and roses?

It is a poor mind that can look on these things and not see in them something greater than our dreams. If there is meaning and purpose in the relations between the lives of men, in the delicate balance of forces which preserve the means of life for all, there is meaning and purpose in the sympathy that throbs through vast masses of matter, in the relations between atoms which have changed the face of Nature from iron and fire and barren rock into gardens and orchards and plains and the cattle upon a thousand hills. There is meaning and purpose in the transformation of matter that gives the world its fields

of corn; in the revolutions of matter that bring light to us from the sun; in the vibration of matter that carries your voice to a friend or warns a child of danger; in the boundless ocean of matter that is likely before long to carry light and sound and power and mind wherever men would have them go.

The days of kings' jesters are over, and we need not call these things an accident. Somewhere in the depths of the universe are forces that are for ever renewing their youth. Herbert Spencer believed that, and we need not fear to follow him. What can be impossible to the Creator and Controller of these boundless worlds? And what can be impossible, if only he be worthy, to man, this lord of the earth, the conscious instrument of the Mind of God? Atoms of matter form molecules, these molecules select or choose or attract their partners, and their partnerships have made the world what it is. We, too, select or choose or attract our partners. We can choose for ourselves the good or evil side, and so we check or forward the evolution of the world. He who liberates these forces from the depths of matter, who harnesses these atoms in their eternal revolution, will change the world for every man alive. There will be an end of slavery for ever, an end of needless toil, and the poor will be level with the rich.

Who holds this mighty power in leash, waiting to be released? The reins of power are in the Hand that rules the world. They wait for that great day when man is lord of earth indeed, his mind in tune with the Mind of God.

CHAPTER VII

THE BEATING HEART OF MATTER

We have looked at the wonder of the boundless realms of space. Let us look deep in the heart of things about us.

We have looked into the telescope; let us peer into the microscope. We shall find the witness of the Living God not less in the innermost than in the outermost.

Many things have vanished from the eyes of men since Paul wrote to the Romans, but the truth of what he wrote remains. The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal. When the real history of this world is written the history books of our own time will seem dull things. A great book it will be, that will put the peoples in the place of kings and tell the story of the things that matter. Bliss will it be in that great day to be alive. And of all the discoveries of which this book will tell perhaps the greatest will be the discovery of science that Paul was right. The greatest discovery ever made in this visible world is the discovery of a world invisible.

Nothing the mind of man has ever grasped can be compared with the knowledge that the world we see is but a fleeting show, and that behind this Great Illusion lies the Great Reality. The visible world crumbles away. A mountain of iron is no more everlasting than the dewdrop on the petal of a rose; one disappears more slowly, that is all. But in the mountain and the dewdrop and the rose is something that Paul never dreamed of: there is in them power enough to send the earth back to the nebula, to shatter our planet to fragments and send it spinning in specks of dust to make a glorious sunset for whatever worlds there be within the circle of the sun. But there is more than power in these things; there is in the mountain and the dewdrop and the rose the witness of the Mind of God.

If we were on another world, poised far away in space with power to see this earth go by, it would seem to us like a stone. We could not know how every inch of its white surface throbs with life, its gardens full of roses, its cities full of people. And the child, when it looks at a

stone, can hardly be expected to believe that the thing lying still on the ground, the pebble it holds in its fingers, is really a hundred million things, all flying about faster than birds or aeroplanes or wireless messages, and more powerful than them all. Yet that is true, and it is true of every speck of matter making up this world.

When we look at the dome of St. Paul's, or at Raphael's Madonna, or at the Tower of Giotto rising from the streets of Florence, we know that an artist has been working there, and that behind these things is the mind of a man. And when we look at a violet opening its leaves to the sun, or stand on some great mountain peak and see the Alps roll on and on, or stand on a hill when the long day closes and see the heavens on fire, we know that an artist has been working there, and that behind these things is the Mind of God. Nothing in this book came here of itself; nothing in the room you sit in, nothing in the world you live in. A thing is not impossible because we do not understand it; we could not live a day or move an inch without the help of things we do not understand. The mind of man, which has climbed up from a speck in the ocean until it can almost see a vision of the throne of God, is not ashamed to say that there are things it does not understand. There are one or two things it does understand, but the ocean of mystery that no man can fathom lies about us.

And so we have come, in these days of ours, to the gates of this unseen world that we do not understand. But this we know of it—that in it there is working still the Mind of its Creator. If men shall tell us this is not so, ask them at what point Creation stopped. It has gone onward and forward from the beginning until now, and it has gone onward always from the lowest to the highest. There has been no backward step. It is not possible to believe that there is no mind behind it all; no scientist dare write and say so. Herbert Spencer saw behind it a great Power beyond our understanding, without limit

and without end; Darwin saw behind it a Creator breathing life into the world. No greater minds than these have ever thought about the origin of things; none have penetrated deeper into the problems of existence; and behind them all they saw the Hand that weaves the living loom of Time.

We see it, too. We have only to walk in a garden to feel the beating heart of Nature everywhere. The sensitiveness of matter—what a wonderful thing it is! We can shut our ears and eyes and hearts to it, as we can shut them to an enemy, but it is deep and real and true if we come to Nature as a friend. We touch the leaves of what we call the Sensitive Plant and they shrink in response as if something had hurt them; but all Nature is sensitive like that. A poet has asked if a flower feels the glory of the sun, if the corn bends joyfully before the wind, if a tree feels a pang as it falls, and science cannot deny the poet's fancy. We are bound to feel that something very much like this is true, and that nothing we know is utterly dead beyond all sense.

Every plant in a garden is sensitive, every plant responds in some way to our touch. It was Professor Darwin, great bearer of an immortal name, who told the British Association in 1908 that not only sensitiveness, but consciousness, ranges throughout the whole of the plant and animal kingdoms, and those of us who cannot give our lives to mysteries like these will hardly dare to challenge a man who does. Sir Joseph Thomson, one of the master minds of our race, has shown in his Cambridge laboratory that it is possible to vary the environment of an atom so that heredity seems to count in the atom as in a living being. Even Professor Haeckel gives matter a sort of mind. 'The magnet that attracts iron filings, the powder that explodes, the steam that drives the locomotive, are,' he says, 'living inorganics. They act by living force as much as does the sensitive mimosa when it contracts its leaves at touch, or man when he thinks.' We can wound

a piece of growing wood until it dies, we can poison metal, we can make a piece of iron tired; and every laboratory knows the sort of crystals that will not form in a fluid unless a perfect crystal be put among them.

One of the wisest men in India has given his life to the study of sense in metals and plants, and he has no doubt that sensitiveness runs through the entire range of metals, plants, and animals. He is Dr. J. C. Bose, and his experiments in the laboratories of Calcutta University show that even a metal seems to have its moods. It has its ups and downs, it can be exalted or depressed, it can be affected by heat and cold and weariness, excited by stimulants, or killed by poison. Nowhere has Dr. Bose detected any breach of continuity in this responsiveness of matter, and he has come to the conclusion that these things are determined by 'the working of laws that know no change, acting equally and uniformly throughout the organic and the inorganic world.' If Professor Darwin finds consciousness throughout the plant and animal kingdoms, if Professor Bose finds sensitiveness throughout all Nature's kingdoms, it is not for us, who cannot rival their researches, to question their conclusions. We must believe that the heart of matter throbs with some mysterious and majestic influence whose origin is near the fount of life.

What does it mean? We do not know, but certainly it means that matter is not dead. There are those who tell us matter does not exist at all, but that it is a sort of tremendous concentration of electric energy, which takes all sorts of forms—light as gas, thin as air, transparent as water, solid as stone—according to laws that never fail. However that may be, we know that matter is for ever moving, that different kinds of matter are merely rearrangements of the same kind of materials, and that all the wonder of this visible world is made by grouping together in different ways such a small number of things that a child could hold something of each in its hand. A few of these

things make up your brain, and your brain will not allow you to imagine that thousands of millions of tons of matter like this have tumbled together to make the world what it is, without a Mind to conceive it, a Power to guide it, and a Hand to control it ceaselessly from hour to hour and age to age.

We take a few specks of these different kinds of matter, lying where they may throughout the earth, and in the marvellous processes of the mind behind it all one becomes the wild thyme on a bank that Shakespeare knew; one grows to send the dread roar of a lion through the jungle at midnight; one lies in the warmth of a nest hid in the golden corn until at last it rises to sing the lark's song of another day; one wins such power down in the earth that it throws itself out and lifts up a ton of oak and spreads out arms and branches to be the glory of an English wood; and one becomes a little child, who may bring such power from Heaven with him as shall hold up some dread disease, and stem the tide of death, and bid it wait.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SILENT WITNESSES

It is not an accident that one speck of matter fills a garden with beauty and another with music; the Hand of the Controller of the World is in these things.

Inside a little seed is a power that no man knows. The great forces of the universe are on its side. Sun and wind and rain, night and day, spring and summer and autumn and winter, the law of gravitation and the revolution of the earth, the silent transformers of matter and the conscious toil of human hands, are in partnership with this tiny thing, and as a man with a chisel and a stone produces a thing of beauty, so the mysterious

relations between the forces of the universe and a seed produce a joy and power for ever.

No man can fathom the hidden powers that lie behind a garden. In forming the petals and the stamens and the leaves the millions of specks that build up a flower must move in a certain path. Who is it, what is it, that guides each molecule along the one path out of thousands that it might pursue? Who is it, what is it, that takes these millions of molecules, with countless roads before them, and leads them by the right road until first the sepal, then the petal, then the stamens, then the carpel, and at last the whole flower is made? We have seen the mobilisation of a human army, with all the fears and hopes and perils that go in its train, but the mobilisation of the molecular army of a tulip is vaster in numbers than that, and it never fails.

We need go no farther than any country lane for the silent witness of these things; we see on every hand the evidence of the mind outside Creation. But what of the mind within Creation? Plain for all to see, as we look at any country scene, is the design of the Hand of God; but invisible in it all, working in the stem and the root and the flower, in the root of an oak, the egg of a bird, and the burrow of a mole, mind is working too.

It was Darwin who compared the tip of a root with the brain; and if by intelligence we mean action with a purpose there is no man who will deny that intelligence runs through the whole plant kingdom.

See how the intelligence of a plant will work. A blade of grass will turn towards light too faint for the eye to see, and everybody knows how plants go out in search of the things they like. They arrange their surfaces to the best advantage for drinking in the light; the Fittonia plant has a cell-like lens which focuses light so that the plant can turn to any angle. A root will turn away from certain substances; the root of a

cabbage or a pea will grow towards phosphates and turn away from poison. Mosses and ferns will show preference for one food rather than another; put the sperm cells of moss and fern into water with a little cane sugar and malic acid, and the moss cells will collect the sugar and the fern cells will collect the acid. The sundew plant will do the same. Let an insect settle on it, and the tentacles of the sundew pounce on the insect and pin it down; if there are two insects the tentacles will distribute themselves and pin both down. Give it a grain of sand or sugar, or a bit of wood, and the sundew will make no attempt to consume it, but give it something it likes and the plant will eat it.

You think yourself clever at some things, but have you ever thought how clever a root is? Plant a potato too deep, and what will it do? It will correct your mistake for you: it will throw up a new shoot to the proper level and send you a potato from that. Plant a bean upside down, and it will turn over. Perhaps you have not wondered why a root bores its way as a spiral into the ground, but it knows the best way to its food supply: a spiral root comes in touch with much more soil than a root going straight down. As the leaves go in search of light, so the root goes in search of water; the root of a poplar tree has been known to travel in search of water through thirty feet of soil, under a wall, and through the brickwork of a well. So, as every gardener knows, a plant adjusts itself to the circumstances of its life; if it is rich it lives a life of ease; if it is poor it struggles hard for a livelihood. Let a baby be born in Poplar, and the chances are that its life will be very much harder and many years shorter than if it were born in Mayfair; and it is simple truth that we can change the life and health and appearance of a plant by changing its environment. It is true, also, that plants are able to distinguish between light of different qualities and directions and intensities.

Every garden, every growing root and bursting bud, is witness to the Designer and Creator and Sustainer of this world.

CHAPTER IX

THE WITNESS BEFORE MAN

We have looked at the inanimate world and found responsiveness there. We have looked at the plants that cover the earth and found intelligence there. Let us look at the animal kingdom and see what we can find before we come to man himself.

In the simplest living creature we know we find a sort of mind. The amoeba has a power for which we must invent a name if we cannot call it mind. It has the power of selecting its food, taking this and rejecting that, moving towards some things and away from others, and it makes perpetual exchanges with the world outside it, taking in and giving out and building up.

Take a microbe. Let us take two that seem exactly the same under a microscope, though they produce different diseases. Each makes its own set of poisons and attacks special sets of cells. We know exactly what either of these microbes will do if we put it in the human body, yet surely there are a thousand other things that it might do. The diphtheria microbe produces a poison which runs into the blood. You would think this stream of poison would upset all sorts of those mysterious cells that make up the human body, but the marvellous thing is that the particular poison made by this particular microbe affects only particular cells. This evil stream rushes through the body, but it is absorbed, out of all the possible kinds of cells, by only two—those which affect the breathing and the beating of the heart. It is as if the thing produced by the microbe fitted these special cells as a key fits a lock, and the result is, as it were, to jam the key in the lock so that everything stops.

But come to the animals that we know, our more or less familiar neighbours in the world. Again and again, as we think of the animal kingdom, it is hard to resist the feeling that animals have learned the mottoes of our copy-books. They act every day as if they had taken thought for the morrow. They take the line of least resistance. They look before they leap. They know that unity is strength. They save for a rainy day. They seem to understand quite well that a stitch in time saves nine. It is certain that they understand that for everything there is a time and for everything a place.

Think of a spider and its web. The web is as well thought out as the dome of St. Paul's. The spider builds as if it had studied stress and strain like an engineer. It makes one kind of road for itself and another for its victims; it meets the danger of storms by making new runners.

Go to the ant. How many among the millions who trample them to death know the wonderful things these creatures do? They will capture the green-flies that devour our roses, make them prisoners, build galleries in trees to keep them in, milk them, protect their eggs to ensure a continued supply, and when new flies are born the ants will carry them to the plants that green-flies live on, and take them back to prison.

Long before man had built his first bridge the beaver had built his dam; long before man had thought it all out the beaver had arched his dam against the stream and made little sluices. One of the fundamental rules of engineering was working in the world ages before Archimedes. The beaver builds a lodge at his dam, and a storehouse for winter. For countless ages he has solved the problem that so long baffled Russia; frozen in by ice, he seeks and finds a free water gate through which he can receive supplies.

The bees, perhaps the first sanitarians in the world, have established a civilisation as wonderful as ours. They toil and build and store; they obey the laws and punish those

who break them; they live and move and have their being impelled by patriotism beyond the dreams of men.

We think of this wonderful behaviour of animals and call it instinct; but what is instinct but a sort of immutable mind, fixed by natural law? A man is lost, he works his way home by the stars, and we call it mind at work; a crab is lost on the Yorkshire coast, it crawls back eighty-five miles to its home in Lincolnshire, and we call it instinct. We must not deceive ourselves by the words we make.

A crocodile taken out of its egg will find its way instantly towards a stream; a frog put in a bag and taken from water will go straight back to water on being set free.

An eel, unable to develop in the sea, leaves the tidal river and goes overland to inland waters; and when the time comes it crosses the fields again and returns to the sea to lay its eggs.

A limpet has no eyes, but every limpet knows its spot on a rock. It comes down at low tide and goes about and feeds, and it finds its way back infallibly to its chosen dwelling-place.

The fundulus comes out of the sea into little pools, but it keeps watch on the pools lest they become too shallow, and leaps back unerringly on the side that will take it to the sea.

The nightingale, born on a Kent hilltop, flies to Africa; it goes to the right place at the right time, moved by some innermost understanding. It is not driven by hunger, for if it stayed till hunger came it would arrive too late. Cage a nightingale, and it will beat its wings against the bars when the time comes to go.

A pigeon will bring a general his despatches; one has been known to come from Rome back to its loft at Derby. It took a month, flew a thousand miles, and crossed a range of mountains and twenty miles of sea.

A horse will take a lost man home on a dark night; a

horse has taken its dead driver home through London. A cat, taken a hundred miles in a box, will find its way back to the old fireside. A St. Bernard will find a traveller buried in the snow, dig him out and rouse him, and fetch help.

In the deepest sea we find some form of life; in the lowest life we find some form of mind. We all know wise animals that seem to act with an intelligence we do not find in some men.

There was a chimpanzee at the Zoo who made a tool, and used it to try to make a way out of his cage. There was an orang-outang at the Zoo who broke a piece of wire, used it as a saw, and made a hole through which he did escape. He picked up a waiter, put him on a table, and ran.

There was in Pelorus Sound for twenty years a dolphin, protected by the Government, that piloted ships through the dangerous strait approaching New Zealand. As the ship approached, Pelorus Jack would dart from his hiding and swim ahead, going steadily until he reached French Pass, when he disappeared. He never went beyond, but up to that point no human pilot was ever more reliable than he.

There are cormorants that catch fish for us, cheetahs that catch deer, captive elephants that catch and tame wild elephants. They will do these things for their employers as unfailingly as workmen.

There was a frog that answered to its name when called by Professor Romanes. There were fishes that would answer a bell rung by Sir Joseph Banks. There was a tortoise in Gilbert White's village which would hobble every morning to meet the old lady who fed it. A crocodile has been known to have an affection for a cat. A snake has been known to pine on being separated from its owner, and to spring with delight when he returned.

Even the worm is not without intelligence. He selects his food and plugs the mouth of his burrow. He pulls in leaves and arranges them in a certain order to close up the entrance. He will hide his door with stones, and if you move

them he will drag them back. He will often leave the burrow if he hears a noise, and a peewit has been known to tap the ground to bring him out.

Everywhere the wisdom of life is manifest in the animal kingdom, and the student of Evolution finds himself confronted with facts such as those concerning buffaloes in Matabeleland. They used to feed by day, now they come out by night. They have changed their habits since plague destroyed nearly the whole of their race, and it is thought not impossible that these dumb creatures may have discovered that the insect which carries the plague germ does not fly by night. There would be nothing incredible in that. Animals act consistently as if they knew.

Could anything be more wonderful than the preciseness of the knowledge of the tiny fairy fly, sometimes so small that five can walk abreast through a pin-hole? The mother finds a particular insect, and lays her egg in its body *exactly when and exactly where the egg of the larger insect is forming.* The larger egg is formed with the fairy fly's egg inside it, and the fairy fly's egg produces a grub, which lives by eating the larger egg, and then emerges with four wings.

But the examples are beyond all counting. We find them in thousands among horses and dogs. Who has not heard of the bear that will stir the water to bring a bun towards him, or the crow that will drop a mussel on a stone from a height of ninety feet, and seems to choose its favourite stones for breaking victims on? Who put into the head of the eagle the idea of driving out one deer from a herd and frightening it towards a precipice? Who will deny the power of a sort of thinking-out to the crow that fetched a companion to help to battle with a dog for its dinner-bone?

And what shall we say of the harvest ant, which has the marvellous power of collecting seeds, putting them

down in his warm, moist nest where they should naturally start to grow, and of checking their growth till it suits him that growth should begin? When, at last, the seeds begin to grow, the harvest ant lets the process proceed until the sugar is formed, and then carries off the sugar to dry in the sun.

We see it everywhere, this deliberate preparation for the morrow. The butcher-bird impales his prey on thorns, and leaves it till he wants it. Squirrels and jays and woodpeckers, like rats and mice and men, lay up stores for the future. Even the rattlesnakes gather into companies for warmth in the long winter sleep, and separate when the need for food comes. They know there is warmth and comfort in company, but that too many rattlesnakes together will impoverish food supplies when they awake. They mobilise at the right time for the right purpose, on the principle which drives many groups in the animal world to defend their own herds against animals that hunt in packs.

If we could speak of affection in the animal kingdom we should hardly expect to find it in wasps and crocodiles; yet allied to their intelligence is something touched with the glow of emotion. The crocodile buries its eggs in the hot sand, comes out and taps the ground, and, when the young cry out, scrapes the sand away and introduces them to the world. The solitary wasp, living for the future of the race, stores up before it dies food for the unborn that it will never see.

We find it everywhere, the patriotism of the lower race. The chapter of natural history which tells of the gallantry of the stickleback and the devotion of the whale in defence of their young is one of the most beautiful that can be written, and it can be multiplied a thousand times. Men waited ages for news of life in the Antarctic regions, and when it came at last it was the old, old story of a mother's devotion to her children. Nothing in the

realm of Nature is more touching than the wonder of the emperor penguins and their eggs. They stand for weeks during the long Antarctic night with the egg between their feet, keeping it warm, and the parents share the patient task between them, faithful witnesses to that mysterious power which reaches everywhere, deep into the innermost, wide unto the outermost.

CHAPTER X

THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND

THROUGHOUT the range of all Life's kingdoms we have seen consciousness, sensitiveness, mind, or what you will: let us seek this solemn thing in Life's most holy temple.

We need not use the space of a little book like this by glancing for more than a moment at the wonder of the human frame. To you who read this page the miracle of your mind is a familiar thing. The fact that you can think and know and understand, can anticipate to-morrow and remember yesterday, is commonplace enough, but it is the supreme and solemn wonder of the universe that you can do these things. We must let that go, however; the reader of this book can take himself for granted. But we may give a minute or two to the marvellous mechanism Mind has built for itself inside the human frame.

For this machine on which your life depends is in every sense a separate living thing. It has an existence of its own apart from you; it does a million things a day that you know nothing of; but the truth is more mysterious even than that, for a human body is not one but many living systems. It is like a continent with many nations on it, each nation with many towns, each town with many roads, and crammed into these nations and towns and roads are myriads of separate lives and movements, all working in harmony to a perfect end.

The instrument of Mind is the human brain, and the nerve cells of the brain, sometimes only a three-thousandth of an inch across, may have within them thousands of particles of living matter, linked up with a network of living threads which seem to throb through it like the electric current of a telegraph system. Along these threads runs every sensation experienced in the outside world, arriving at last in the brain, the seat of power in every living creature, where feelings and thoughts and sensations are gathered and assembled and controlled, as if in an office a man had charge of a million departments and dealt instantly and infallibly with them all.

The building up of this mental instrument goes on like the building up of any other instrument, but with this difference, that some unseen power controls it. Mind is not to be defeated. We may take the cells of an embryo in its early stages of development and disarrange them, but the structure will develop in a normal way. We upset the normal mechanism, we may think we have put a spoke in the wheel, but Life goes on with its work as if nothing had happened.

Could anything be more wonderful than the way in which the resources of the body come to our aid in time of need? The body makes special blood cells just when they are wanted—then and at no other time. That is to say, it creates an army to defend itself against attacks; it gives a man new physical strength in a sudden crisis. But equally true is it that the body gives a man new moral strength in time of need. When a great fear seizes a man the body brings him strength. One of the most remarkable physiological discoveries of our time is the fact that, as Dr. Charles W. Eliot has put it, 'certain bodily changes which accompany emotions of hunger, fear, pain, rage, may be recorded as responses adapted to preserve the individual.' The stirring up of these emotions calls into action, says Dr. Eliot, the muscular and nervous forces that a man needs for offence and defence.

We all know that a frightened man can run faster because he is frightened; we all know that man can develop amazing cunning in some desperate situation, we all know that men behave with superhuman courage in the face of sudden catastrophe and peril.

It is part of the mysterious working of the human body, of which we are all unconscious. When a man goes over the top in France he has a partner of whom he little wots, for his body comes to his aid in that dread hour, and the emotion aroused in him by the sense of danger sets to work powers in his body that create new supplies of sugar, the store of which is suddenly increased, giving him new vitality. All unknown to him a new power has come into his life.

From now till the end of our lives we could sit and read of the wonder of our bodies and not exhaust it. We will leave it here with this thought, that if, in the place of this mysterious power within our frame, we had a conscious partner all through life, knowing us thoroughly, intimate with all our moods, understanding all our needs, able to control us and direct us, we should not be better for it; he could do no more.

CHAPTER XI

MIND FINDS ITS THRONE

And now there emerges from all this mystery of the universal Mind the greatest truth of all for you and me. It is in man that Mind has reached its highest expression.

Let us see how Life built a temple for Mind, how the power that was to transform the world found its throne in man. Three mighty chapters of the uplifting of mankind we have to understand. The lowly creature living in trees and caves was to throw off the yoke it had borne

from its creation, was to pull itself erect, to change its fore-feet into hands, and to win the power of speech. There was to come upon the earth a creature which could stand, and sling a stone, and speak. It was all in the book of Nature then unfolding; we can read it in the everlasting witness of the human frame.

From the creeping life of the ocean bed to the beautiful life of a little child we see Mind making its way. By laws that never fail, by ways that no man knows, impelled by a power beyond our understanding, Mind climbs ever upward. We find it first behind the mighty masses of the earth itself, the boundless heavens, the sweeping winds and storms, and the rolling seas. We find it then in that marvellous kingdom of plants which live their silent lives of service on the spot where they were born, yet yield their offspring for generations untold to grow and spread and cover the earth.

And then into the animal world it comes; now it is climbing to its great seat of power. We see it in the fishes that first come ashore with the tides; in the reptiles that creep about the swamps and marshes and inhabit the rivers; in dragons that fly and in the birds that sing the first songs heard on earth; and at last we see Mind groping its way through the terrible forerunners of the animal kingdom. In those monstrous creatures, lords of the early days, tramping the earth with a weight of several tons, terrible and hideous but some of them majestic to look upon, it is said that a sensation would sometimes take two seconds to reach from the tip of the tail to the brain, so great a barrier was matter still in the path of the Mind that was destined to conquer the world. But Mind has never turned back; it has never been beaten; and to-day it is master of all the universe we know.

We need go no farther than the Bible for the witness to the place of Mind in God's Creation. 'In the begin-

ning was the Word,' says the opening of the Gospel of St. John; but the original Greek for 'word' means reason and speech, or *mind and the expression of mind,* so that it served to suggest Mind expressing God in the world. So we may read the opening words of St. John: 'In the beginning was mind, and the mind was with God, and the mind was God. The same was in the beginning with God; all things were made by it, and without it was not anything made that was made.' We may talk of Mind, says the the Poet Laureate, as the mediator between God and man.

How Mind has conquered, the marvellous mechanism it has built up for itself throughout the animal kingdom, is a long tale to tell, but one fact will help us to understand it.

Mind, in those early days, took two seconds to travel through the physical frame of the lord of the earth; to-day the lord of the earth can send a sensation round the planet in less time than that.

Mind has come into its own. It dominates the living world. It moves and moulds and changes matter to its will. It is the instrument chosen by God Himself for the carrying on and building up of Human Evolution.

3

Man and the Universe

The Great Alliance of the Mighty Forces of Evolution

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

COWPER

CHAPTER XII

THE DRAMATIC RISE OF MAN

MAN, says Dr. Arthur Keith, perhaps the greatest authority now living, is probably six million years old: that is to say, the gulf of time that stretched from the birth of man to the Crucifixion was three thousand times as long as the time from the Crucifixion till now. But the little that we know of the history of man in these six million years is crowded into one six-hundredth part; we know very little about the life of man l ɔnd ten thousand years ago. The written history of r ɹkind is like the story of a traveller round the world who has forgotten everything that happened except on the return journey from Dover to London. It is like a summer's day in the unwritten annals of Time, with Moses on Mount Sinai in the morning, Paul at Athens in the afternoon, and Shakespeare writing Hamlet in the evening. ɹ eternal Time the diary of the human race is one day old.

Yet man has done incalculable things within this narrow space of human history; he did incalculable things before his history began. It was not for nothing that Mind set its holy temple within his physical frame: the power that was to work through man to make the world what it is first set man in authority above all other creatures. So far man had been four-footed with the beasts; he had lived in trees and caves to protect himself against the lion and the bear; but the greatest transformation ever known was now to come, for the lowly tenant of trees and caves set himself on his feet. This creature, made to creep and crawl and climb, forced himself erect and walked: he stood upright like a man.

Science has no doubt that man came down from the trees, set himself erect, adapted his body to situations and environments for which Nature had not made it, and, walking the earth on two feet, made himself its overlord by the power of his hands.

It was the first of the three great steps in the dramatic rise of Man.

Now he was king indeed. Alone upon the earth he could pick up a stone and throw it, and the throwing of a stone was the beginning of civilisation. Man is what he is through the warfare of peace; his powers have grown by using them. He had come into the world built on the plan of all creatures of his kind, but with something wonderful and strange within him; the choice of his brain as the throne of Mind on the earth had raised him on high. Nature made him one thing; he made himself another. He has set himself up, though his feet were not made for walking.

One thing that happened now must be ranked among the most dramatic factors in the rise of man. Man could stand erect and throw a stone and use a tool, and when he arrived at this great stage Life had his weapons waiting. Roughed out for him in the ocean bed, he found them ready to his hand as the sea moved into its new basins; he took them, and split them, and rubbed them, and shaped them, and the man of the Stone Age was here, with axe-heads and arrow-heads and hammers, with saws and borers and sharp blades and all that variety of tools with which he laid down the beginning of the world in which a man was king.

There is not much poetry in a flint as it lies on your garden path, but down in the sea these flints were hardened from dissolving bodies of tiny creatures, the sea changed places with the earth and left them on dry land, and there *man found them when he stood erect,* the very things he needed then, the tools with which he was to win supremacy

over his ancient foes, the actual foundation-stones of human progress. Man took these flints, split them and shaped them, and made them tools and weapons. They were his hammers and axes and knives, his borers and piercers and swords, his instruments of progress, his weapons of defence, his capital. He could throw a stone, and could use a tool.

It was the second of the three great steps in the dramatic rise of Man.

So the worker arrived in the Stone Age workshop, standing at the dawn of Industry. But he stood there greater than he knew, for with him he brought a weapon mightier than the flints he had fashioned into tools. We do not know for certain, but it is likely that when Man set himself erect he gave himself not only the power of using tools, but the power of speech as well. Now, at any rate, and by whatever means, Man stood erect, he learned to use a tool, *and he could speak.*

Science has no more amazing tale to tell than the tale of how a fish leapt out of the sea and became a man, and in all that wondrous story is nothing to compare with the building up of human speech. The mechanism of the voice can be traced back to a fish of countless ages past as clearly as we trace the 'Mauretania' back to a primitive raft—and just as clearly do we trace through it all the working of a mighty Mind, the purpose ever moving on, the power invincible that sees the end in the beginning and does not fail. The air-bladder of the fish has become the lungs of a man, the gills of the fish have grown into the larynx, the arches of the gills have become the chain of bones within the ear; and so, by ways beyond our understanding, Life has crept upward, and the organs of a lowly creature swimming in the ocean depths have been transformed into the music of children and the song of the lark at Heaven's gate. There is something fitting in the simile, for Life and Mind have risen indeed from the depths to the heights as if by music.

Now the man who stood erect, the man with his hands, had found his tongue.

He had taken the third great step on his way to the throne of the earth.

What unthinkable spaces of time elapsed from step to step, by what amazing processes these transformations came about, we cannot tell, but without these three new powers in man the world we know could not have been. It is the man who can walk erect about the world, using his hands to move things and make things and his tongue to make his wants and wishes known, who has raised the world above the moral level of the forest and the jungle, and made it a habitable and happy place for human beings.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT ALLIANCE

We may doubt if, in all the ages in which man has been in partnership with Nature, he has done anything that can be compared with these early triumphs of his mind over his physical frame. They stand out as the supreme accomplishments of the Mind that dominates the universe, and in thinking of them it is impossible not to be impressed with what was probably the first stupendous achievement of the human race—the creation of Language.

Of all the things that Mind has done since it found its temple in a human skull, what can compare with its direction of man in building up words? Simple things they look, but let a horse try to learn them. A baby picks them up in a year or two, but give a race of ants and bees a million years to speak one syllable and these wise little creatures are dumb. We have only to imagine that to realise the wonder of this achievement of the man who stood erect. All things came to him in time, and all things came in order, but remember this whatever you

forget—that this mysterious power behind the world was *working with and through mankind, and not outside it.*

Man was not as a machine, with power transmitted to it by cranks and levers and wheels and belts; he was of the Great Alliance, he was partner with the power he could not understand. One great witness we have of this whom none can contradict, for we know that, while Nature gave man a voice to speak, man gave himself a language. Man, that is to say, gave himself the mighty lever without which his advance could not have been. No man ever yet was born with the knowledge essential to him; no man ever yet was born with the alphabet in his mind. Language is man's gift to Nature, as the voice is Nature's gift to man. Without language civilisation could not have been; even with the power of speech and without a language man would have been as a parrot or a gibbering ape.

Now let us see at what point we have arrived. We have come to this—that man, to sustain his place in the universe, must needs have the thing he himself invented, and Nature could not have given it him without his aid. Nature gave him his physical frame; he forced himself erect. Nature gave him his tools; he taught himself to use them. Nature gave him speech; he gave himself a language. He is in partnership with Nature. He has reached the point to which Nature unaided could not have brought him.

Surely and clearly, Nature is a servant in some Master's hands. Some Hand there is behind it and beyond it all, directing and controlling. The power that guides and moves and orders and sustains all Life and Mind and Matter has not failed in man. It has used him as its instrument of progress, it has invested him not in vain with powers beyond his finite understanding. The power that rides on the rhythm of the winds, that rests on the rolling wave, that inhabits the stars and holds the planets in their spheres, is not too far from you and me to use us as

its temple too. The earth and the heavens and all the forces in them are His. The law of gravitation, the laws of light and heat and sound, the laws that hold in place a thousand million spheres, are instruments of His eternal power; but greater and beyond them all is the instrument these others serve—the Universal Mind that grows in a little child to be a Moses or a Socrates, a David or a Paul, Shakespeare or you.

CHAPTER XIV

HIS INSTRUMENTS ARE WE

His instruments are we. It is a solemn and moving thought, and solemn above all in this, that in us the Creator and Controller of the universe has built up the only free instruments of His power throughout the earth.

The universe was ages old before Earth came. Earth was ages old before Life came into it. Life was ages old before the unfolding of Mind. Mind itself was ages old before it found its throne in Man.

Through æon after æon the foundations of the Universe were laid. Through æon after æon the boundless structure rose, until, after ages that no man could number, the wondrous thing became alive, became no more a thing in entire subjection to an outer will, but a thing of power within itself. The nebula of earth became a solid mass; the surface of the solid mass broke up and clothed itself, with the aid of wind and sun and rain, in regions of forest and mountain and ocean and plain. The life that crept across these surfaces, up from the ocean bed, crept into vehicles wonderful and strange, until at last it found its home in man.

We may liken these stupendous things, evolving slowly through æons of time, to events familiar to us all,

happening before our eyes. The streets of London when most of us were born were filled with horses. There were horses everywhere. Without the help of a horse you could hardly ride through the streets of London. To-day a child can count the horses as they pass. The tramp of their hoofs is dying away. The vehicles are there, the drivers and the passengers. The endless procession of life and freight moves on and grows from year to year. But the horse that pulled the vehicle in other days has gone; the vehicle goes without it. It can do without the horse; it can move faster without the horse; it can go farther without the horse. It has no need for an outer power, for it has found a power within itself.

And the earth, since that great day when it was wrenched out from the sun, has found a power within itself. This stupendous mass of stuff that seemed so dead is now alive. This great round ball that seemed so small now thrills and throbs. These elements that seemed so simple are now complex. We may liken it all again to a familiar thing. We may think of William Caxton and his simple types. Who that has ever waited for a printer's proof of something he has written can think without a thrill of the day when Caxton down in Westminster waited for his first proof and saw the first words ever printed in these islands? Not many lifetimes back is that, and we have our morning papers printed on machines on which no man can look without a thrill to think that this amazing thing has come from Caxton's types.

More and more, as we think of it, the likeness grows. We substitute the power without by a power within. We do not push or pull our vehicles: we make them run themselves. We fill our factories with machinery which moves at the touch of a switch. We can leave a great workshop with hundreds of machines, working from morning till night, from night till morning, producing finished things, with no human being attending them

except to bring supplies and remove the things that are made. We have put into a machine the power of a man.

There comes into the mind as we think of it all, a vision of what has happened with the earth itself. Set in space, fashioned and balanced amid a million worlds by the hand of its Creator, its simple things have grown complex, its power has magnified itself, its living seed has grown and multiplied and inhabited a myriad forms, until now we liken the earth to all that mighty mechanism man has built upon it, a world of energy and purpose, moving of itself, but directed and controlled by a power it cannot contradict.

There will now be dawning in our minds, with this conception of the earth and its unfolding, the thought with which Professor Tyndall startled scientists long ago—that all this wonder was potential in the nebula; and that all these æons of development, from the fashioning and shaping of the earth down to the printing of this book, is as natural and as ordered as the arrival of a train at York five hours after the fire was lit in the engine at St. Pancras. In laying down the foundations of the earth the mind of the Creator must have seen the long unfolding of its history.

But then no human being was here to share in all this vast development. Earth was coming into being, earth with all her powers; but in the first great chapter of Creation the Mind of God was alone upon the earth. No worker made in the image of God had yet appeared in the workshop of the world. But what is now to be seen is this. After ages of building-up came Life; after ages of development Life built up Mind; after ages of expansion Mind built up its throne in the brain of Man, and the Creator of the world had a partner in the world. *Evolution had become conscious.*

Mind had become alive, and knew what it was doing. It could please itself. It could make plans and execute

them, it could mark out its path and move to the end. For the first time since the earth came out of the nebula, Evolution had a conscious agent in the [illegible]

His instruments are we. God has chosen His children to carry on His work.

CHAPTER XV

EVOLUTION CONSCIOUS

THE master-power of Mind spread slowly everywhere It found itself an instrument of infinite growth; it found itself penetrating every crevice and corner of matter. Man slowly woke to his new powers; a hundred thousand years, perhaps a million years or more, and man seemed still asleep. It may be but ten or twenty thousand years or so since man began building up empires, making laws and statues and pictures, and we may say that with this period of his dominion the second chapter of the earth begins. It is but an hour, as time goes in the universe, since man became a conscious partner in the evolution of the world. What has man done in this short hour? How has he quitted himself since he left the creatures of the field and entered into partnership with God?

He has quitted himself worthily. If God had not made him so, man would have made himself immortal.

Could anything be more sublime than the trust that God has put in man? All other powers must do His will. The sun must go its destined course, the river must run to the sea, the winds must sweep through boundless space, the seed in the ground must follow its imperious law. For all these the path is laid. They trod it in the beginning, they must pursue it to the end. All other creatures in their natural habitat maintain their numbers; man alone increases. To us alone is given the choice between good or evil. We are the chosen instruments of Evolution, but we can hinder it if we will. We can lay our stone in the kingdom of heaven or can stand in the way

of God. Man with his marvellous power is free to use it as he will, for good or ill. It is the way God chose. There was no other way if man was to be free.

It is impossible to look back through human history and not be solemnly impressed with the power that God has given to man. If, again and again in his dark story, man has chosen the evil way, he has made great amends. He has harnessed himself in wonderful ways to the chariots of God. He has set himself erect and conquered almost everything. He has invented language and society, and has overcome the limits of geography and climate, refusing to be driven back by hunger or heat or cold. He has beaten all these things by invention and transportation and chemistry and his indomitable will. He has founded agriculture and irrigation, and opened up enormous areas of the earth to life. He has used his senses to increase their power as a seed increases in the ground. He has enhanced the value and lengthened the span of life by establishing sanitation and conquering disease. Walking, riding, and talking; sanitation, irrigation, invention, communication, cultivation, transportation, education—what steps are these in the ladder of progress! What heights of power they have brought man to since the days when he pictured the world on the back of a mighty tortoise! Man has laid well the foundations of Human Evolution.

Yet they are only foundations. The Mind that runs through all things has greater purposes for man than this. His material conquests are steps to a greater end, and man must build the mighty ladder by which he will ascend. For it is not the brain of man alone, but the higher mind, the soul, that one day will transform the world. The soul of man lights up the human way. We see a mighty figure rise in some great hour of history, and we say the hour has brought the man. Well, put it so. But the man has not suddenly been produced. A Joan of Arc, an Oliver Cromwell, a Lord Shaftesbury, are

not made while a nation waits. Life does not work dramatically, with sudden triumphs and quick catastrophes. It builds up slowly, it moves continuously; in the moral as in the physical realm it is ever repairing and rebuilding. Slowly life built up the house of man, his body and his brain; slowly there has dawned and grown in him the power of mind; slowly has deepened and strengthened within him the stirring of what we call the soul.

Two great mobilisations of forces proceed from hour to hour, from age to age: there is the mobilisation of natural forces and the mobilisation of the moral powers of man. The harvests of the earth—what are they but the assembling of myriads of atoms working unceasingly to bring nourishment to the human race? Slowly and silently, sun and wind and rain, and the powers within the soil itself, move on in their eternal purpose of sustaining the living world. And the higher powers of man—what are they but the assembling of myriads of stirrings within him, and impulses from he knows not where? From moment to moment Life has built up all the wonder that we know. From moment to moment she feeds her children and leads them to their destinies. So it has been with Mind. From thought to thought, from impulse to impulse, the mind of man has marched for ever upward. It is said that the solar system has been a thousand million years on its way from the nebula, and what are the few thousand years that man has lived on one of its smallest stars? It is a long, long way back to the beginning, and farther still the end may be: who knows? But the end will come in God's good time. For every soul on earth the promise is written in these everlasting words of Robert Browning:

> I see my way as birds their trackless way.
> I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
> I ask not; but unless God sends His hail,
> Or blinding fire balls, or sleet, or stifling snow,
> In some good time—His good time—I shall arrive.
> He guides me and the bird. In His good time!

To Him who sits in the heavens time is nothing. God could perfect the world in a day, but He does not. He intervenes in quite another way, slowly, inexorably destroying the evil thing. The Mind that guides us to our destined end has no wizard's wand to conjure with. It does not order the human race to march to victory as a general orders his battalions. It speaks to us not as a wizard with a wand, but as a teacher to his pupils. It intervenes not suddenly to stop a specific act, but to sow the seed that will intervene for all time after. God did not suddenly intervene to stop an evil king who betrayed his people, but the Mind of God had entered the mind of a man named Oliver Cromwell, and the betrayal of England by kings was at an end. God did not suddenly intervene when a king whose name disgraces our English Bibles tortured a man with his own hands, but the Mind of God was penetrating the minds of men so that such kings became impossible in this land.

For ever thus God intervenes, guides, controls, inspires, suggests. More things are wrought by God's intervening than this world dreams of. You bend on your knees to-night and put from you all thoughts unworthy of the sons of God, and even as you kneel there comes new strength into your life. You who knelt down anxiously, perhaps oppressed with care, rise with a glow from heaven about you, and go to sleep a better man. God has intervened.

Just as surely as the Mind of God is working in the silent harvest fields that never fail mankind, so it is working for ever in the realm where millenniums are made. We look back to the great ages of history, and we see a Moses leading his people, with a wisdom that leaders of nations have still to see and learn. We see the noble Socrates, dying for love of truth and smiling on his enemies. We see a Roman Emperor tied to the chariots of war, yet cherishing the ways of peace. We see the saintly scholar hasting with his last dictation lest his

breath should leave his body before he has finished his translation of St. John. We see Alfred looking forward to the days when knowledge should spread through England like a fire. We see the Stainless Maid of France bringing to her people the light that was not kindled on this earth. We see the men of liberty building up the Home of Freedom in this land of ours. We see the glow of something not of this world in a host of great and simple lives that have made the soul of England, with all her sins and weaknesses, strong and clean and true.

CHAPTER XVI

MAN CANNOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH

WHAT are these mighty figures of the centuries but the lamps of God? What is this we call genius, if not, as Carlyle called it, the clearer presence in a man of God Most High? Knowledge is power, and a thousand times the world has seen that a thought is more powerful than an earthquake; but what is it that is greater than knowledge, immortal as life, and stronger than death itself? It is the eternal Truth of God, the power of righteousness, the sense of duty in a man that will keep him at his post though he perish. It is these things that, through all the storms of all the ages, have lifted man above the creatures he has conquered. It is these things that have beaten kings and armies and all the bullies that were ever born.

Nothing in the universe is more certain than the compelling power of righteousness. In ages past it has survived the crash of nations and the tyranny of kings; in our own day we see the strongest military nation on the earth crumbling in ruins for want of it. So closely woven in the life of the world is the power of truth and justice now, that three-quarters of the human race is leagued together, for the first time since the world

was made, against an Emperor who betrayed mankind. The moral impulse of man, the natural sense of justice planted in the race, is too strong for the German Empire, and the downfall of Prussia is the visible consequence of the penetration of the mind of man by the Mind of God.

By this eternal power our lives are built up. Habit grows to character, character to destiny; our to-morrows are shaped by our yesterdays. We have to make a great decision instantly, says George Eliot, and we decide, but the countless choices we have made in the past, in little things and great, all come to our help now. All through Evolution yesterday is determining to-day, to-day is shaping to-morrow; and the law runs through our lives. Our past is always intervening in our present.

And so, as grains of sand will build up mountains, the habit of truth and justice grows up in the world until nothing can defeat it in the end. It is eternal; there is no pause in it, and it cannot perish. It lives and grows and gathers new strength, and the day must come when it will overwhelm and conquer all meaner things. Already the higher mind of man has spread throughout the earth, and civilised nations bow before it. Whatever our national sins, we are one in this—that we wish to be counted on the side of the angels. His material conquests firmly established, man is seeking conquests in a nobler realm. He is stamping the soul, the Higher Mind of man, upon the world for ever. *It is a triumph without parallel that man has made it impossible for the best that is in him to perish from the earth. The human mind has made itself immortal.*

We talk of immortality as if it were in doubt, but science has no doubt that Life and Mind are both immortal. Life is immortal, surely; it goes on from age to age unbroken. The simplest creature we can find alive is never known to die, but breaks itself up into two, and two into four, and four into eight, and so through an end-

less living chain. Our bodies pass away, but only the form of life-cells disappears: Life clearly does not die. And Mind is immortal, too; the child is father of the man, the man is father of the child, and human influence never dies away. By endless generations Life keeps up its everlasting chain.

Is it not the greatest contribution ever made to Evolution that man has magnified his mind and given it immortality? We have only to think a little while to realise what it means. Let us take one of those powers through which man has achieved this end. It is printing. By the invention of printing man has made his mind immortal, *whatever may happen to the body he inhabits or the life by which he moves.* If Shakespeare had utterly perished when he passed from this visible world, his mind could not have perished with him. It lives to-day as when he walked in Stratford. Had Shakespeare been with us himself he could have had no greater power than he has still. When the first man who read Shakespeare read those last words of King Lear to Cordelia, they must have stirred in him the same emotions that they stir in you and me. When Shakespeare wrote:

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will,

he was giving the very thought that is in our minds just now to millions of people then unborn, and he will be giving this same thought to millions of people in a thousand years to come.

Consider the full measure of this power that man has added to his mind. In the days before the Scientific Age ideas passed on from century to century in writing or in speech; but we see the limits of such preservations in the vague and scanty legends, the few proverbs and commonplaces, of the rare literature of the early world that have come down to us. It is all very different now: nothing that is worthy to be saved can disappear again,

for man has enshrined it in his Higher Mind; and he has made this mind, the instrument of God, universal and immortal.

The days when knowledge was gathered slowly and with peril, spread from place to place by a faithful few often at the risk of life, have passed for ever, and nothing can be lost or locked up now. The soul of man, expressing itself in forms that know no local limitations, is covering the earth. It is becoming independent of time and space as well. The vehicles it has created for itself are not less truly instruments of Evolution than the sun or the wind or the processes of chemistry.

If we take three of these instruments only—pictures, music, and books—we see at once a vision of the processes by which Evolution works through conscious means. Who can listen to the mighty dramatisation of sound that we call Handel's 'Messiah' and not feel something of the power and grandeur of natural forces? Who can look on the materialisation of a vision that we call Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' and not feel something of the mind that conceived it, and the spirit of the solemn scene it represents? Who can read the immortalisation of piercing anguish in Mrs. Browning's 'Cry of the Children,' and not feel back in another age, listening to the beating hearts and sobs of little ones whose graves have been green these sixty years? The old, old story that thrills you as you sit remembering by the fire, the book that stirs your mind and opens up another world of thought for you, the picture on the wall that grips your heart as in a vice, are instruments of the soul of man working in you across the earth and through the years. They carry the mind to far-off places and to other days; a sound you heard in Egypt comes, and you are on the Nile again, back in your happy years before the cloud came into your life. They bring back memories of friends that we shall never see again on earth; they move us to gladness and tears.

And so, through ages yet to come, the songs, the books, the pictures that we know will stir the hearts of men and women; they will carry into the centuries the mind of the age that gave them birth. It will not die, and its influence will not fail. He who fashioned the earth, who gave birth and form to matter, who created Life, with all its countless powers and kingdoms, and set Mind in lordship over it, has not failed in that mighty work of Evolution by which the human mind has broken down the barriers of time and space, and clothed itself with immortality.

CHAPTER XVII

THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS

We have run in a few minutes through millions of years and glanced at many things. We have looked at the processes of Evolution that have brought the earth out of the nebula to the solid mass on which we live. We have followed Life from its dim beginnings until it was crowned with Mind. We have seen Mind enthroned and made immortal. We have seen it grow into the conscious instrument of Life, and Man, guiding this instrument and directing it, helping Evolution on, partner with God in the uplifting of the world.

But the true powers of man are greater yet than we have seen. We have seen how he has magnified his senses and made his mind immortal, but one invention of mankind has lifted human power almost beyond all grasping. We have seen what one man can do, how stupendous his influence can be; but the invention of society and the building up of civilisation has multiplied the power of individuals a millionfold.

We help or hinder, all of us. We help, one by one, by obeying the silent arbiter of all our lives, the conscience

that sits enthroned within us all. But we help together and multiply our power beyond all counting by joining that brotherhood in a nation which seeks to turn the little streams of right and truth and honour into a mighty river, rushing to the ocean of universal faith and peace.

A nation is the natural growth of human power. We magnify our power by science; we multiply it by society. As the telescope extends our vision, as the telephone extends our voice, as the lever extends the power of our hands, so the nation extends our power for doing good or evil in the world. Who can put a limit to the power of millions of people, each individual availing himself to the utmost of the instruments of science, made up into a nation availing itself to the utmost of the instruments of government? As by science we magnify our senses, so by government we magnify our whole life-power. As with a machine one man can do the work of a hundred or a thousand, so with the machinery of government one man in a nation may do the work of millions while he lives. We say that certain centuries in history stand for great ideas, but remove from a century two or three men out of the millions then alive, and the whole character of the century has gone.

We begin to see, perhaps, how the mind behind the world works through all mankind. On every hand in our lives we help or hinder human happiness; night and morning we know whether we are builders-up or pullers-down. And on every hand, in the wide field of the world, we see how nations help or hinder; every generation knows whether it is carrying on the enduring work of human peace or whether it clogs the wheels of Evolution and sets up a barrier in the human path. Progress, evolution, the upward march of history, is the transformation of the will of God into the general life of man; but opposed to the will of God is the will of man, and how slowly the transformation comes! The Mind of God

penetrates slowly the mind of nations. A nation is the average of its people urged on by the few, and often the weight is too great for them to drag along.

Two Englands there are, the heavenly England that leads the world in liberty and humanity and good government, the England of Alfred and Drake and Cromwell and Gladstone; and the appalling England at our doors, with a hundred thousand taprooms thriving on misery and ruin and disease, with landlords growing rich on slums, with children creeping hungrily to school—the England that would make a worthy ally of Dahomey. It is for the nobler England that our armies fight and die; the baser England is not fit to die for. It is the England of our vision that we live for; but about us everywhere is that other England, established in conceit and selfishness, strengthened and stimulated by the bitter mockery of our social system, tolerated and sustained by the cynical indifference of the masses of the people.

Everywhere it is so with nations. There are the few who care and the many who have not the vision. The few give up their lives to great ideals; the multitude moves slowly and will not listen. So it is that man's invention of society has so far failed; it has been founded in selfishness and not in patriotism. Organised man is behind himself. As men in crowds do things they would not do alone, sinking to the average level of the crowd, so it is with nations. Things that no man in a country will defend go on from year to year till time entrenches them, and familiarity breeds indifference in the national mind. The few who care, the shining lamps that point the way, can move so far and no farther, so fast and no faster. A great social power opposes them. In it are all the elements of private interest and mistrust, greed and fear and suspicion and jealousy, prejudice, ignorance, doubt, and the things that have stood in the way of the wise from the beginning of the world.

The few would build the millennium. They have within their reach the ideal for which the multitude is groping, but the great social power of the average man is in the way. He will not believe that sunshine and air will make him well when he is ill, but he will take some quackman's pill. He will not believe that we can stop consumption when we like, but he will go on pitying those who have it.

Nothing in the history of the world is more remarkable than the way in which the average man has kept back knowledge. The great foundations and conveniences of our modern life all came in spite of him. They fought for their existence as if they had been curses for the world instead of blessings. More lives have perished from prejudice and ignorance than from plague and war combined. For generations bigotry kept back brains from our English universities. It was not until the other day, as history goes, that a man who went to chapel on Sunday was allowed to cross the threshold of our temples of knowledge. The man whose thoughts were wider than the pulpit of his church was gagged and treated like a criminal. The man who peered deep into Nature and found her secret of conquering pain was persecuted by the Church as an enemy of God. We cared more for ecclesiasticism than for healing, more for killing witches than for saving babies, more for fitting every brain into the same little box than for that boundless expansion and freedom of thought from which a nation's greatness grows. What might this nation not have done if men had put into nobler things the zeal they put into smaller things, if the nation had interested itself in good men half as much as it interested itself in bad men?

It is the selfishness of individuals, the indifference of society, that stands in the way of the uplifting of the race. If selfishness be overcome, the power within the grasp of man is past all measuring. It can open the

gates of the millennium. It can sweep ignorance and disease and poverty from the planet, and make this earth a realm of bliss. It will be done; it is to that goal we are marching on. It will be done when those great allies, science and society, set out upon that partnership to which all things are tending. It will be done when Governments and men seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness in the faith that all other things will be added unto them.

4

The Combat of Good and Evil

The Triumphs of Man in the Incredible Past

If righteousness should perish it would not be worth while for men to live on the earth

KANT

CHAPTER XVIII

CALVARY

GREATER even than knowledge is faith; greater than the mind itself is the soul of man that will bring the nations righteousness and peace. For He who set the worlds in space, who fashioned the earth and gave it life, who led us out of midnight into the noonday sun, has sent into the world the Spirit of God Himself to be our guide. The power that nothing known on earth can stand against, the power that never yet has known defeat since Christ refused to die on Calvary—what is it?

It is the power above all other powers, the power of the Creator at work in the soul of man. It is the power that stirs within us when we face disaster calmly for the sake of those we love. It is the power that moves a mother to the sacrifice that saves her child. It is the power by which men leap from trenches to die in a pitiless fire for the land of their fathers and the land of their children. It is the power behind the love of truth when truth means bitterness and death, behind the sacrifice of time and wealth and ease for the sake of the friendless and the poor. It is the power that moves us when we dream of a world that shall be nobler yet. The love of beautiful things that we call Aesthetics, the love of pure minds and healthy lives that we call Eugenics, the sympathy that we call Unselfishness, the generous beating of the human heart that emancipates a mother and protects a child—what are they but the power of God Himself, and therefore the power that nothing else can break? Peace will beat war in the end; it has beaten it all along, and is winning

the last fight fast; it will beat it because nothing on the earth can stand against this power of the Spirit of God enshrined in man.

Think of the life of the Stainless Maid of France through all these centuries. Think of the dauntless Greek who bore his cross before Christ died on Calvary. Think of that Cross that stands far back in Time, dividing the ages of the world in two, so that there are countless multitudes of men and women who test the actions of their lives to-day by the thought that Calvary stirs in them, the thought of the life of a Man who was nearest God, in whose life on earth, weighed down with sorrow and acquainted with grief, the Spirit of God Himself was made manifest to men.

How great a host of the noblest men and women on this earth would die for Him who died on Calvary! How great a host of lives the thought of Him sustains in trouble and pain from day to day! How deep a faith, how real a loyalty, how more than brotherly a love, beat and live in the lives of rich and poor, strong and weak, young and old, men of all races and colours and tongues, as they think of a Sinless Life so long ago! How often have you wondered what might have happened to the world if Christ had repented, if His courage had failed Him at the foot of the Cross! There is not in human history a parallel for this influence of the Sinless Life that shines like the sun above the shadow of the Roman Empire.

Caesar is a name, the Roman Empire is a shadow, and the greatest power in the world is the power of a single life lived in a distant colony of Rome, the highest manifestation on the earth of the everlasting will of God. Empires pass and mountains crumble, but the mind of man, and the Spirit of God Himself who fashioned it, live through the eternal years. You would have laughed, had you been in Rome in the great days of Caesar, and

been told that the power that would survive all others in the Roman Empire, that would live with the Forum in ruins and imperial Caesar turned to clay, was the power of a Prisoner being tried for His life in a conquered province. It bore no sword and gathered no army; it resisted no evil except with good; but this power has come down through the centuries a living thing, with such sway over the lives of myriads of mankind as no flag, no king, no Government, can command.

It is the working of this power of Calvary in human life that writes the greatest chapter yet in Evolution; it is the broadening of the mind, the deepening of the soul, in man. Man is taking upon himself control of things incalculable. The full dawn of the love of humanity, the gathering up and magnifying of man's mental powers, the irresistible feeling that he is something greater than he knows, are leading him to heights beyond conception. If the building up of the Kingdom is the translation of the will of God into the life of man, are we not seeing it with our eyes?

As the mind grows out and shapes the world about us, as a thought becomes a picture, or a piece of music, or the dome of St. Paul's, or the Panama Canal, so thought grows out in other ways and wins new powers over life and death. It is actually true that men stand up in the battlefields of France with little tubes instead of guns *and drive back death.* It is actually true that conscious beings can now affect as quickly as thinking the behaviour of matter ten thousand miles away. The wireless telephone, by which a man can speak around the world, has come from that. The dominating mind of man, dominated by a Mind above him, is changing the face of the world and the conditions of life for countless generations of people not yet born.

But let this solemn thought sink into our minds. Man is free to do good or evil. Evolution, in choosing

a conscious instrument, has chosen the way of freedom. The highest mind dawns slowly; the tiger and the ape are not yet dead in man. He is evolving them out of him, but they hang about him and break out as a tiger breaks out from its cage. So man may stop or check the progress of the world. Evolution has come to depend upon us; our lives are weaving themselves into the future of mankind. The acts of our lives are the seeds of a harvest that others will reap, but it is we who determine the harvest. Two men are living now, conscious instruments in the evolution of the world, and this is how they use their power.

One is a drunkard, whose life is perishing. He will die, and in years to come a little child will be born who will live to be an idiot, its life blighted and darkened by the drunkard in the grave.

The other is a great surgeon, who can take an imbecile child, lay it on a table for a painless hour, and set its life towards gentleness and sanity, making a lovable woman of one who must a few years since have grown to be an idiot.

These two were made of the same sort of stuff. Both were once little specks invisible to human eyes. Before them both lay possibilities of boundless glory or despair. They have become what they have become, and the difference between these two is within our power to control. Verily there is, as said Sir Thomas Browne, a piece of divinity in us, 'something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun.'

And now man, standing between these wide extremities of his powers, is killing his fellow-man. The most terrible day in the history of the world has come. The Higher Mind of man, built up through countless ages past, seems to have failed. Well, let us see.

CHAPTER XIX

THE POWERS OF EVIL

It is said that civilisation has failed, but the cause is not lost while the heroes hold the field. Man goes astray; he mutinies; the powers of evil overwhelm him; but his sun does not go out. What has happened in our time is that our enemy has sown his seed in the fields of our indifference, and the earth is red with the harvest.

It has seemed, in this generation, as if man were getting beyond his senses, as if the powers of his mind were being turned backwards and nations were slipping out of civilisation. The mark of the Beast was stamping itself upon the earth; the ugly power of force was capturing the human mind, and the curse we call militarism was hung about our necks. There was growing up through all the years of our lives a barrier to Evolution.

Man seemed, in truth, beyond himself at last; he had become God's Frankenstein. We saw him building up a great machine of destruction, like the brain of a man in the body of a wolf. We saw the nations of the earth marching slowly to the precipice, and civilisation trembling like an aspen leaf.

The enemy of Evolution was creeping on, and we saw in the generation before the Great War two things—the soul of man asserting itself in the growth of humanity and knowledge and freedom, and the power of force asserting itself against it. All the upward march of man was challenged now; the harvest of our great indifference was ready to be reaped.

But it was not for nothing that freedom made its home in these islands. When God wants a hard thing

done in the world, says Milton, He tells it to His Englishmen. It was not an accident that Englishmen loved the sea and freedom too. Because our men loved freedom and the sea they were to save the world. Freedom must hold the mastery of the seas; a tyrant race with sea power could banish liberty from the earth for ages yet. Here liberty has planted itself so deep, has grown so strong, that nothing can uproot her. From these islands have gone out to all the world the seeds of Liberty of Thought and Liberty of Government. The great British idea for the world has been for every man liberty to live his own life, freedom to think as he will, the right to know what there is to know, and the right to a healthy life. In return, he must bear his share of the burden of civilisation, the giving of these things to others; he must keep alive the soul of man, and England asks no more.

Surely we see, in this work of England for the world, the soul of man expressing itself in a nation, and the soul of a nation achieving mighty victories for the human race. All over the earth our British freedom has made its way, conquering disease, spreading knowledge, giving liberty to captives, bringing light out of darkness, overthrowing tyranny. It stands for Twelve Foundation Stones of a happy world.

1. *The government of the people for the people by the people, and the greatest good for the greatest number.*

2. *Liberty for all who are able to use it and will not abuse it, and for guiding all others along the road that leads to it.*

3. *Humanity in all things, the stopping of cruelty everywhere, kindness to animals, and the love of little children.*

4. *The gospel that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and that men shall not be slaves.*

5. *The open door in travel and trade; a fair field and equal rights for all mankind.*

6. *The honour of the spoken and the written word.*

7. *Opening as wide as can be the field of human knowledge.*

8. *Spreading as wide as can be the field of human happiness.*

9. *Letting the truth be free as life itself.*

10. *The toleration of every man's opinion, whether right or wrong.*

11. *The freedom of the seas.*

12. *The unselfish pursuit of the good of all mankind, which no nation ever longed for more.*

We stand for these things. The English-speaking race stands for them everywhere, and it was against this power that makes for righteousness, this mightiest fortress liberty and justice have ever known upon the earth, that an enemy came. We have seen the spirit of it through all these bitter years. We have seen a Ship of State with murder at the helm. We have seen a steel god defying the Creator of the world, flinging heart and mind and body and soul to the depths of the bottomless pit. We have seen a powerful nation dragging its crown through mire and blood, with Herod in its Zeppelins, Cain in its armies, Nero on its throne. All through our generation this evil thing has been creeping on, fostered in the minds of millions of men. It drew to itself such knowledge and power that the day came at last when civilisation was imperilled, and these islands of ours, with the lamp of liberty that shines around the world, were threatened.

CHAPTER XX

THE MIGHTY WEAPONS OF LIBERTY

But the mind of man which had overcome the world through countless ages was not to be beaten now. It

had its mighty weapons; it had built up the great moral power that we have seen, the yearning and striving for noble things in the soul of man. It was penetrating the nations more and more. The seeds of universal peace were sown among the peoples; the foundations of the Parliament of Man were laid already in a temple at The Hague. The dreams were coming true; the nations themselves began to see the vision.

But not yet was the evil thing destroyed, and the soul of man built up in its wisdom a great reserve power for mankind. For once the children of light were as wise as the children of this world. Man who had come thus far was not to perish in a tiger's claws, and the wisdom of the free race that had overspread the earth prepared itself for whatever evil thing should come. The shadow of the steel god came over the North Sea. We set against it the spirit of liberty, the power of righteousness, the love of humanity, and the greatest material concentration of knowledge and power ever available on earth for good or evil—the British Fleet. It was there in reserve for the human race whenever an enemy should come.

The armaments of the great free peoples were the insurance of mankind against the assassination of their liberties. For a generation the British people were building up the great defence of British liberty, a fleet against which tyrants should hurl themselves in vain. It was built up with years of toil and stress and sacrifice. No man can say how heavily these islands paid for this insurance of the freedom of the race. If it did not grind our men to powder, the burden of it seemed at times almost greater than the nation could bear. We sacrificed our education, our homes, the health of our poor and the comfort of our old people, to build up this power that was to guard us in the wild hour coming on.

The British Fleet is the great contribution of our race to the peace and freedom of the world. It has kept the

tyrant off the seas till now, and will sweep him off the seas for ever. It is a sacred national interest and a world-wide trust, worthy of the highest energies of our British race. It has given us the security with which we could carry our civilising mission to Africa and Asia, our wide extensions of human welfare in Australasia and America. It has sustained for other nations the Great Peace in which they have built up and consolidated their strength. Years of peace with all their boundless opportunities, years of plenty with all their boundless happiness, our Navy guaranteed the nations of the world. If it has been the friend of these islands, the British Fleet has been no less the friend of all mankind.

So, with the elements of Nature, with the powers of the human mind, with the eternal striving of the human soul, the British Fleet was of the Great Alliance of the forces of Evolution. We may say that God does not work in these ways through the soul of man, but the ways of God are beyond all understanding. We may not see the Hand of God behind volcanoes or earthquakes, or in vermin or reptiles or other ugly things, yet all these have their place in Nature, and the world we know could not have been without them. We may say that Nature does not work by great catastrophes, but what should we have called the destruction of the forests? It must have seemed mad to any spectator that these beautiful forests should be engulfed in the earth and apparently destroyed, but Nature knew her business. She was laying down coal for the Age of Power, the coal that guards our liberty now. And are our ways all so simple and easy to believe—our stopping of knowledge, burning of witches, torturing guiltless men, refusing to listen to the truth, standing by while innocence is murdered in our streets, allowing the sale of poison to grown-ups in a hundred thousand tap-rooms, and feeding babies with bad milk? Would a wise man from another world think us devils or madmen?

We must say to ourselves that we do not understand the ways of God. We are baffled by the thought of pain, but it is certain that if there were no pain life would not be worth the living, for our streets would be filled with sick people, the surface of the land would be covered with disease, and mankind would be helpless in the grip of plague. Out of pain grew medicine, the science of healing, sanitation and health systems all over the world, and but for pain these things would never . . Pain is Nature's warning, and without it disease could not be cured. We can only touch the edge of these deep waters here, but we can believe that, in the mysterious processes of Evolution, war, a surgical operation on humanity, may have its place not less than a surgical operation on a child. The father who loves his child may keep a gun to guard it from the wolf, and his chivalry is not defamed because it uses the weapon of force. The struggle moves from the lower plane to the higher, but force, until it is conquered, must be met by force. We cannot fight tigers with words; we cannot hand our children over to the mercy of the bully and the beast. Truth will beat a big gun in the end, and we who love liberty have done our best to beat back guns with truth and justice, but we are not to lay down our arms and be mown down for generations waiting for a perfect world.

It will come: it is as certain as the rising of the sun. Everything we see is passing away, and the only things that will endure are the things we cannot see. It is as certain as the laws of geometry that truth will beat the big gun. Meanwhile we must defend the earth, the house of God, as Jesus defended the Temple. We must guard the Temple of Truth by any means, at any hazard, because it is the truth we keep alive that will beat the big gun for ever by making it impossible to build it.

CHAPTER XXI

THE FAITH THAT IS SET ON A ROCK

On this side of the Cross there have been no darker days than these in which we live; the supreme limits of human experience stretch across the centuries from the Calvary of the Son of God to the Calvary of the human race. It may seem a daring thing, therefore, to say now that all is well; and yet it is not, for, if we hold with all our might to the faith that is in us, we must believe with Robert Browning that as long as God is in heaven all is right with the world. Such faith needs a great effort, but we will make it.

Let us think of this combat between good and evil, of this fall from the pure height of the Sinless Life to life as it really is. We will remember the way the human race has come, we will remind ourselves that in the purposes of God and in the destinies of man our lives, our age, our triumphs, and our failings are like the flicker of a candle in the wind.

A thousand years with God are as a day, and our little lives as shadows that pass in the sun. We pass through the world and leave our mark, and nations rise and fall and leave their mark; but we take a thousand years of history, and what is it? Twelve men's lives may take us back through it. Back to the Cross is not two thousand years, yet we know eight thousand years the other side of the Cross, and the world goes back and back beyond. And man—how old is he? He is still young in eternal time. He has known the mammoth and the mastodon. He has come up out of the pit. He has seen the land and the sea change places. He has seen Europe, that now runs red with blood, frozen white in solid ice.

He has lived in trees and caves, and ages before he raised his head against a tyrant he cringed before the lion and the bear. And, as surely as morning follows night, so surely there will come, out of the darkness of these days, such a light as never was in human time. The great days of the world are coming; we were never so near them as now. No hope is there that good men hold that will not be fulfilled; no dream that good men cherish that will not come true. There is no evil that will not pass away; there is no good seed that will not bear fruit.

It is possible to go about the world, even in these days when the Materialism made in Germany lies dead and buried and disgraced, and to find men who look forward to no future for the human race. This lovely world, fashioned through countless ages to be the home of man, is to them an accident that happened to a ball of rolling mud. The human race, evolved from some lowly life on the ocean-bed, through darkness and pain and fear and agonies unthinkable, until it has conquered the earth and bent even Nature to its will, is to perish in darkness again, and be no more than dust and ashes after all these ages of toiling and longing and achieving.

The breath of life is wasted on such as these. Is Shakespeare, who scaled the peaks of human thought and touched divinity with a pen, to be nothing but a blot of ink upon a barren earth? Is England, this land that has thrown to the four winds of heaven the seed of liberty, to fade with the beauty of her roses, to pass out from the world and leave no wrack behind? Is a little child, the touch of God that keeps heaven about us in this world, to grow in loveliness for a few short years, to rise to be a Joan of Arc, a Florence Nightingale, and then to perish like a thing of hate? Has good no greater power than evil? Are the powers of creation so feeble that they must fail when their instruments are noblest and truest and best? It is the philosophy of Materialism made in

Germany. The human mind, for a few short years, was asked to believe in that, but the mind that sees the sun rise every morning, that sees the dew on every buttercup, that listens to the lark and hears the stirring of each day's new life, is not to shrivel up and be as nothing in the presence of inanity like that.

One thing is true whatever may befall—*the future is more easy to believe in than the past.* The things that are known beyond doubt about this world are often beyond the power of men to understand. The scientific past is more difficult to believe in than anything faith in the future demands. It is easier to believe that the life of the world has a purpose than that it has come up through millions of years from a speck at the bottom of the sea. It is easier to believe in something than in nothing. It is easier to believe that mankind, which has come so far, will go farther yet, than to believe that men are marching through the centuries to a grave of dust and ashes.

The man who knows the history of the past is not likely to be surprised at anything that happens in the future. Nothing that the mind of a man has conceived is so incredible as the story of the past. To say that truth is stranger than fiction is only to bring a smile to the face of the man who knows. The stories that keep us awake at night are commonplace and dull beside the simple truth about this world, and as for England, this dear, dear land—dear for her reputation through the world—it is harder to believe what she has been than to believe that she will ride the seas a thousand years and break whatever powers there be that threaten human liberty.

There are those whose faith will stand the shock of these dark days. There are those who believe that beyond all this is something greater than we know. It is the business of this book to turn whatever pessimism its reader may have into the optimism that becomes a nation

with the invisible allies of the English-speaking race—the allies of faith, and justice, and freedom, and truth, and stainless purpose, and man's unconquerable mind.

And so, to hearten us for the future, we will look into the incredible past. We shall see that we are getting on. We are at the final break-up of Europe. Let us go quickly through the generations before the last breaking-up, when the Dynasts were shaping the world anew, with 'the poor pathetic peoples plodding on, through hoodwinkings to light.' Now it is the people's turn, and we shall see. Let us test the rock on which our faith is set, the faith that all is well.

CHAPTER XXII

SHAKESPEARE'S WORLD

We who love our Homeland, how many of us will believe the truth about it? Let us look at the past of our own land, and see if these days are better or worse than those. We can look at it only quickly, with glances here and there, and it will bring some comfort to us, perhaps, to realise how fast the world has been moving in our times. For a little while the progress of the world seems to have been stopped, but let us look at the world in which our greatest Englishman lived and moved and won immortal fame.

When Shakespeare stood at the playhouse door in London, holding the horses of the lords and ladies who threw him their coppers, he must have seen poor people passing by with little white rods in their hands. Without these rods the people dared not leave their homes, for they were the sign that plague had visited their houses within forty days. For three hundred years

plague raged in England, bursting out now and then in a frightful holocaust of death. For a time it would die down, but the England of those days lived in constant peril of this messenger of death, which cut off hundreds here and thousands there, and at last destroyed one-fifth of the people of London. There, his future all unknown, was the mightiest intellect that had dawned upon the world, yet what a world his was! The floors of houses were strewn with rushes, often undisturbed for ten or twenty years; the streets were spread with filth which only rooks and ravens and jackdaws ever thought of carrying away. Leper-houses were common. Here and there were gibbets on which those who brought plague to a town were hanged.

Nobody in Shakespeare's day seems to have had the courage or the knowledge to face this spectre of disease that grew before their eyes, stalked through the country unopposed, cutting down princes and people, yet ready to succumb at any time to the death blow no man struck. The plague was the child of a nation's ignorance and neglect. For two hundred years it raged before we find a single warning by a doctor, and in the year before Shakespeare was born, when an English army of five thousand men was fighting in France, a despairing appeal came home that doctors might be sent out to save the men who were dying of plague at the rate of a hundred a day. The answer of the Privy Council to this plague-stricken little host was that the allowance for the army did not provide for doctors, and that the soldiers had better arrange for them out of their pay.

But we must not be hard on these doctors who were not so wise as Shakespeare. Nobody was, and even Shakespeare believed in witches. So did Bacon, so did Milton, so did John Wesley and George Whitefield. The stories of wizards and goblins that our children read are nothing to the stories that kings believed in then.

The Parliament that made Cromwell Protector hanged or drowned or burned three thousand women for witchcraft, and the children of the Pilgrim Fathers, who left their homes for freedom's sake, put witches to death in New England across the sea.

The Great Plague and its seventy thousand deaths stands out a black page in our history, but the great murder of witches is a blacker page still. For every death in the Great Plague there was a death of a witch; seventy thousand poor women have been sent to meet their Maker by the witchcraft laws of England.

Everybody believed in them. The King of Shakespeare's England decreed that anyone who should take advice from any evil spirit should die. Cromwell's troops spent the night before the battle of Newbury in drowning a poor old woman. All over the country were these poor women, whose evil powers were supposed to be the cause of whatever went wrong. Old Moll White was blamed for everything; there was not a maid in her parish, it was said, who would take a pin from her though she offered a bag of gold with it. If a horse was lame, Moll White had done it; if the milk went wrong, Moll White was in the churn; if the hounds were going out, the master of the hunt would send his servant to see if Moll White had been out that morning. If they were not burned, these women were drowned. They were wrapped in a sheet and dragged through a pond; if they sank, they were innocent; if they floated, they were guilty.

The fear of the supernatural was over the land; it was over the Continent, too, where even animals were tried for their crimes; and it is said that the first German printers who took books to France were ordered to be burned alive, but happily escaped. A good old man who had been fifty years the vicar of a Suffolk village was tortured till he confessed that he had employed two imps

to sink a ship at sea, and Richard Baxter, who wrote 'The Saint's Everlasting Rest,' tells the story with approval.

So many strokes with the lash was the doctor's cure for a lunatic in those days, and the sure cure for certain diseases was the touch of the king. 'Hamlet' was in the world, and Shakespeare and Cromwell and Milton were all in their graves, when six people were crushed to death in trying to get their children near enough to the King of England for him to touch their little bodies and cure them. It is hard to believe it now, but in Shakespeare's day, when even King James would have abolished the King's Touch, the English Government told him that he must not abandon a prerogative of the Crown. Fifteen hundred years after the woman pressed through the streets of Jerusalem to touch the hem of Christ's garment, mothers were pressing through the streets of London that the King might touch the hem of their children's garment and bring them healing.

And in those days, too, when Shakespeare was writing that 'the quality of mercy is not strained,' the quality of mercy in English law was utterly unknown. A man can hardly trust himself to tell of the unspeakable things that were done before the eyes of men in those not very distant days. Even strong men must shake a little when they read some pages of our island story. We will pass over the three hundred of the noblest men and women in these islands who were burned alive in three years because they were faithful to God; none of us is likely to forget that was less than four hundred years ago. If you will look in your Bible you will probably find there a page which disgraces the men who put it there and the Church which keeps it there—a horrible dedication to a poltroon king, and it was this King of England who, with his own hands, tortured an old man for causing a storm at sea. The bones of his legs were broken into bits, the nails of both hands were torn from his fingers,

and needles were pushed into his body. There is an old book with a picture of a woman and her baby 'tied together in a bag and thrown into a river in Scotland, and four men hung at the same time for eating goose on a fast day.' The mere drawing of blood in a quarrel was punished by cutting off the right hand, and if a man exported one of his own sheep his left hand was cut off. A beggar was whipped the first time he was found, the second time his ears were cut off, the third time he was killed. Even under George the Third the common law of England punished people by slitting their nostrils and cutting off their ears, and for a long time men convicted of treason were dragged to the block at the horse's tail, or hanged so as not to destroy life, or mutilated in a horrible way that cannot be described. Lord Bacon advised the torturing of witnesses. In Scotland this was not abolished until after the union with England; and one of our allies in this war of freedom tortured witnesses in its courts until about forty years ago.

The moral condition of Shakespeare's century is said by an old chronicler to have been that of 'an addled egg cradling a living bird.' Everybody drank; the King's friends of both sexes rolled helplessly about his Court, and a foreign ambassador wrote home describing a royal supper at which there was such a rush to the table that the table was upset and everything was scattered on the floor. Sir Thomas More's family were regarded as eccentric because they drank water—an almost unheard-of thing.

Marriages at five years old were not rare, and marriages at ten were common. The Duke of Buckingham's daughter was a widow at nine, and we read of her romping in an orchard in her widow's veil. We can hardly look for morals where there were hardly any books, where nobody travelled. Even if a traveller dared to cross the Channel he found it swarming with pirates. The

Bible was a new book in those days, and the few copies available for the people were chained in churches. Shakespeare would hear of the bonfire of Bibles outside old St. Paul's, where the Bishop of London burned the first edition in the people's tongue; and the tradition would still be fresh of the strangling and burning of Tyndale, who was refused hospitality by the Bishop of London, and translated the Bible in the house of a merchant who happened to hear him preach in Fleet Street.

With these burning Bibles—a pleasant change from burning witches!—we may leave Shakespeare in that strange world of his. Remember that it is not so very long ago; four lifetimes stretch across the lives of the Queen of England who ordered to be burned alive three hundred Christian people in three years, the King of England who tortured a man for causing a storm at sea, the Parliament of England that burned three thousand witches, and the people of England who perished from leprosy and plague.

CHAPTER XXIII

JOHN WESLEY'S WORLD

LET us come a little nearer home, out of Shakespeare's world into John Wesley's, and let us take another side of life. We meet corruption everywhere. There had not yet been time to forget that Francis Bacon, meanest of great men, had sentenced to death Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of the British Empire, for abusing his trust, and that Bacon himself was, three years later, banished for corruption. Men still remembered the Speaker of the House of Commons who took a bribe from the City of London for securing the passing of a Bill, and they were not surprised, perhaps, to find a Prime Minister of Wesley's day imprisoned for bribery.

Walpole governed by corruption, says Macaulay, because it was impossible to govern without it, and it is less than fifty years since a British Government refused to dissolve because corruption made elections so expensive. Political corruption, said Lord John Russell, was a political necessity. Oxford offered to elect a candidate who would pay the debts of the town, and the Duke of Marlborough accepted the offer. Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son in Wesley's day that he had offered £2500 for a seat in Parliament, but could not get it, as the rich India merchants had bought up all the seats in the market. William Wilberforce, who freed the slaves, paid £8000 to get his seat in Parliament—an odd example, surely, of virtue bought with vice.

With Parliament so corrupt, honesty could hardly be expected in the country. In ninety years forty million acres of common land were stolen from the people. The prisons were let out to contractors, who ran them for profit Open sewers poisoned the air of London. There was no sort of light except in winter, and those who went out by night hired link-boys to bear torches in front of them. It was as probable as not that in walking through the streets of London a lady would receive a pail of water on her head from a window above. The debtors' prisons were full; one misfortune could doom a man to lifelong confinement. The insane were burned, manacled, or starved. People refusing to plead at the Old Bailey were put in low, dark chambers, where heavy weights of iron were laid on them until they were willing to plead, when they were given brandy and carried back into court. Sir E. Ray Lankester has drawn a grim picture of the terrible days of the Old Bailey. Many a sentence of death was delivered there in silence by an invisible figure, who flitted all unseen across the court, marking perhaps the prisoner in the dock or the barrister in his seat, or perhaps a spectator in all innocence, or perhaps the judge himself. Nobody knew this terrible figure then, but he

lived unseen, growing in numbers and power in the filth of the prison cells, and to-day we call him the author of typhus, the enemy that struck down Serbia.

The brutality of the eighteenth century is unbelievable. One house in four in London was a gin-shop, and a common amusement of young men about town was to bind a woman in a barrel and roll her down Ludgate Hill. Everybody swore—chaplains and ladies too. Erskine swore at the Bar, Thurlow swore on the bench, the German George swore on the throne. Prizefighting, cock-fighting, and the bull-ring were everywhere, and executions were popular spectacles. In 1797, at Paisley, a civic feast was given after an execution, the hangman being entertained by the municipality. The colonies were places to send criminals to; even Lord Beaconsfield, long afterwards, said they were millstones round our neck.

The conditions of the Empire in those days were unthinkable. A man sent to these settlements said to a magistrate in 1800: 'Let a man be what he will, when he comes here he is soon as bad as the rest. The heart of a man is taken from him, and there is given him instead the heart of a beast.' Those who dared to write against kings in those days had their books burned by the hangman, and were put in the pillory with their ears nailed; when they were set free the ears were often left behind. Milton's books were burned; Defoe was put in the pillory; a brave English writer was in prison two years for saying what he thought of a foul-minded German who happened to be a liar, a bigamist, and a Prince of Wales.

But it is the traffic in human beings that is the great blot on John Wesley's England. It is strange and terrible to reflect that while Wesley and Whitefield were riding through England, preaching to the people the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, British ships

were carrying millions of people from their homes in Africa, chaining them between low decks with no room to raise their heads, and landing them as slaves in the New World.

The spirit of the knight of Queen Elizabeth who chose a manacled negro for his crest lived on in England, and nobody seems to have thought it a hideous thing. Queen Anne had come to the throne when England drew up what we must describe as one of the most infamous documents in human annals, giving to England, as the prize of a successful war, the monopoly of the slave trade for thirty years. For a few shillings per head the ships of England carried slaves in thousands to the Spanish colonies in America, and in the eighteenth century more than three million African negroes were sold into slavery. So deliberate was the policy by which one race sold another race for gold until about a hundred years ago that Parliament threw the slave trade open to all, and refused to tax it even to maintain the ports which defended it. Great English families owned slaves, and thought it right; it was largely owing to the profits of the slave trade that Mr. Gladstone was born in a prosperous family.

John Wesley must have seen again and again, in shop windows, handcuffs and iron collars sold for slaves; chains of slavery were bought and sold as openly and freely as watch-chains are sold now. Between the birth of Shakespeare and the death of Wesley about six million slaves were shipped from Africa to America, and in the eighteenth century alone 250,000 were thrown into the sea, either alive or dead, from British ships. An English society for propagating the Gospel sent missionaries to West Africa and owned slaves in the West Indies, and so little did it occur to them that slaves were human beings that this Gospel Society never dreamed of giving them any sort of teaching. When Wilberforce was able to raise his

protest against this trade it took him twenty years to win for these poor slaves the rights of human beings, and there are men still living, watching this war against another slavery, who remember the day when England washed her hands of the most ghastly crime of which nations have been guilty.

One more peep let us take at John Wesley's world before we leave it. We have seen what it did with black men: how did it treat our own countrymen, the toilers of these islands?

It treated them, as they were treated for four hundred years and more, subject to laws which made every labourer a slave. The men who listened to John Wesley in the villages of England were let out by the parish to their masters. A farmer would turn off his men, who would be driven to the workhouse and then go back to the farmer at pauper wages. No man dare save a penny; thrift was the sure way to beggary and despair. The man who had a little money saved was a danger to his master; he could ask for wages enough to keep his family alive. And so the thrifty man was turned away till he had spent his savings, when the master knew he would come back again, let out on hire from the workhouse at cheap rates. From Bannockburn to Waterloo this, or something like this, was the lot of the English working man.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PRICE OF NAPOLEON

We talk proudly of how Britain beat Napoleon long ago, and how she will beat the imitation Napoleon who stalks across the Belgian wilderness. But how many of us know how Britain really beat Napoleon? A proud story it is as we read it in the history books; as it will

read in the Book of Judgment there is nothing more terrible in the story of the human race.

Those who have read Thomas Hardy's great poem on 'The Dynasts' will remember the fear of the English mothers that the Corsican Conqueror lived on human flesh. It was not literally true, but it is morally true that Napoleon consumed the lives of countless little children in these islands.

We are not slow to realise the amazing effort of the people of those days, who poured out their money for freedom in a way that surprises us even now. But the time came when the burden was too grievous to be borne, and at last the employers complained that the high wages for men and women made it impossible to pay the heavy taxes.

Then it was that those who should have known better, those who held in their trust the future life of this land, encouraged the manufacturers to use the children. It seemed, an old writer said, as if there fell upon the manufacturers the terrible words—*Take the children.* They seemed to fall upon England like the voice of doom, and the masters listened to them. They took the children. They crammed the factories with machines so close that there was just room for the little bodies to slip in and out of the belts and wheels and spinning shafts. They took them at nine years old, they took them at six, they took them at four; and they kept them in the factories thirteen hours a day. They kept overseers to whip them if, after ten hours of work, their little bodies became drowsy or slow; they kept blacksmiths to rivet and chain them if they tried to run away. They made them clean the machinery while they ate their poor meal of porridge mixed with water; they made them walk as much as thirty miles a day about their work; they killed and maimed them in thousands; in some factories one child in four was crippled or injured, and few of the

younger children lived more than three or four years after entering the mills.

Down the mines, too, these little children went. How many of us have been into the bowels of the earth? Perhaps we should be afraid to go even now, when most mines are healthy and safe. But these little children stood fifteen hours without a rest in the cold, dark mine, opening and shutting trapdoors, or harnessed to heavy trucks, or standing in black slime from five in the morning till six at night, pumping water at the bottom of the shaft.

In these mines, often overrun with vermin, these children of England would spend the few years of their unhappy lives. They were cheaper than horses; if a horse should die another must be bought, but if children should die there were more than enough to take their places in the iron chains and leather bands with which they dragged through the darkness the coal which was making England great.

We are not reading pages from a novel, or from a history of China or some barbarian State: we are reading of the life of an ordinary child in the England that many still remember. When the invention of machinery changed the face of industry, bringing homework to an end and setting up the factory system in its place, slave-dealers, under a prettier name, went up and down this land and arranged with the guardians to let them have the workhouse children for the factories. The guardians were only too glad to get rid of them, and some bargained that with every twenty children the contractors should include one lunatic. When the contractor had collected the children, he would ship them in barges to the cotton towns, where they were kept in cellars till the millowners came and picked out the strongest. If a contractor went bankrupt, these children were put up for sale as his property.

What a blessing, we may be thinking as we read, that Liberalism came in time to stop all this! But Liberalism did not care. Mr. Gladstone did not care. John Bright did not care. Nobody cared, except one or two men whose consciences were touched at last.

It is one of the incredible things of history that our great men, your heroes and mine, seem to have been unmoved by things that make men shudder now. Michael Angelo was carving his statues, Raphael was painting his pictures, while Savonarola was burned alive. Shakespeare was writing 'The Merchant of Venice' while the King of England was inflicting torture not less cruel than Shylock's. Cromwell slaughtered innocent people without mercy. Milton wrote in burning words of the Piedmontese 'whose bones lay scattered in the Alpine mountains cold,' but he wrote no word for the poor women burned as witches at his door. And it is odd to think that Daniel Defoe, who has given the children of the world such happy hours with 'Robinson Crusoe,' boasted of the happy state of things in which even little girls of four or five could earn their own living. Southey, it is true, wrote, to his eternal honour, that the slave trade was mercy compared with the child trade in the factories, but the first interest of Parliament was aroused, not by shame or sympathy or sorrow, but by fear. The children were dying so fast that there was no room in the churchyards, and the manufacturers feared the people if the truth were known. An Act was therefore passed limiting the work of children to twelve hours a day. Parliament stopped the killing of children because there was no room to bury them.

It was a beginning, and the movement prompted by fear was fostered by jealousy, for the landowners were so jealous of the growing power of the manufacturers that they voted for Factory Bills gladly. But fear and jealousy never did great things in this world, and it

happened that these first laws dealt with apprentices only, so that the manufacturers were able to dismiss the apprentices and take the free children of their workpeople, so that the whole game began again. Mothers carried their babies with them to the mills at four o'clock in the morning, and things were worse than ever until, in 1819, another Act was passed forbidding the employment of children under nine. The manufacturers, who had used the power of machinery not to give workers more leisure but to grind children to powder, had friends everywhere, and the crusade for the children which now began to grow up aroused the bitterest scorn.

The manufacturers would be ruined, it was said. Manchester would become a tomb, said Daniel O'Connell; and, as one in eight of its people lived in dark cellars, he might have added that a tomb was a very fitting place for a slum. At the Parliamentary Committee a doctor who was asked if amusement or recreation was necessary for a child said that he did not see that it was necessary at all, and another doctor, when asked if a child could work twenty-three hours at a stretch, would give no answer except that 'perhaps it could not work twenty-four.'

One of the bitterest enemies of the children was John Bright, who declared that the Ten Hours Bill was one of the worst measures ever passed through Parliament, and proposed an amendment that the hours of labour should be from 5.30 in the morning till 8.30 at night. Happily for England, Lord Shaftesbury was more powerful than John Bright. Parliament rose to the mighty height of forbidding night-work for children and limiting their Saturday work to nine hours, and in 1842 little girls were saved from the slavery of the mine, and no males under ten years old were allowed to go down. In that year one-third of all the workers in our mines were children; for every two men who

went down, one child went with them. The battle is not yet won, for there are still, in times of peace, 40,000 little boys toiling in the coal-mines of England when they should be at school, and Parliament will not stop it.

But the days when Lord Shaftesbury could plead in Parliament for the child slaves in England, *and have an audience of two,* have gone for ever. He saved the children who were being slowly murdered in our mills and factories; he saved the children whose eyes were hardly ever allowed to see the sun. He saved the little chimney-sweeps who were forced up chimneys from three in the morning till ten at night, and allowed to sleep the other five hours on a sack of soot in a cellar. For centuries this infamous work had gone on, and thousands of boys must have died from cancer caused by the stopping up of the pores of the skin with soot. If they did not climb the chimneys fast enough their masters would burn straw behind them; and it was the Bill to stop this that took a hundred years to pass, and did not pass till 1840, when a member of the House of Lords spoke of it as 'a pitiful cant of sham philanthropy.'

The British Parliament which freed the negro slaves cared little or nothing for the child slaves of England, and the truth is that Lord Shaftesbury saved the childhood of this land from a slavery which the leaders of the nation for a hundred years were willing to impose upon them. They were ground into gold to burst the pockets of the manufacturers, and there is not in all the world a story of more woe than the story of the saving of England's children while most of England's great men looked on, or passed by, or were hostile.

CHAPTER XXV

THE DRAGONS OF ST. GEORGE'S LAND

WHEN we are apt to be impatient, let us think of this incredible past and be encouraged. How slow progress really is! We must remember the forces against us. Nothing is so invincible as ignorance, and it seems only as yesterday that knowledge was brought within reach of all. We do not realise how often, for every man who wants to help the world, there are two who want to leave it alone, and twenty-two who care nothing either way.

One thing in the history of the world speaks eloquently of the dragons that rise in the path of the human race. We have talked of the slave trade, but how many of us realise that this trade, dying and almost ended when Columbus found America, received a new lease of life from the discovery of the new world? Centuries passed away, millions of Africans were stolen from their homes and sold as cattle in America, and then there came the framing of the Constitution of the Great Republic. The Constitution was drawn up to forbid slavery, but the forbidding clauses were omitted to please the States that made great profits out of slaves.

The greatest discovery of territory in history kept slavery alive four hundred years, and the timidity of the founders of the greatest republic prepared the way for the greatest civil war ever fought. So the progress of the world is fraught with perils. A few heartless men grow rich by the traffic in human life; the framers of a Constitution are afraid, and leave behind them civil war; the life of half a continent is rent in twain; and still the problem of problems stares America in the face

like a spectre that will not go—the eternal reminder that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

Let us take a few more examples of the enemy that progress has to fight against. The slave trade in America had a value of £400,000,000 when William Lloyd Garrison cried out against it and was dragged through the streets of Boston; and the power of wealth has always stood like a lion in the reformer's path. But more powerful than wealth has been the prejudice against new things. Science has brought New York nearer to London than Edinburgh was in the coaching days, but how did the railway come to begin this work of opening up the world? The truth is that the man who made the railway possible was saved from a pauper's grave by a handful of workmen, and the world waited twenty-five years more for a man to carry on his work. The quickening up of the world was brought about in spite of all who should have helped it.

The world scoffed at the penny post; the Postmaster-General denounced it as the wildest scheme he had ever heard. The Post Office did its best to kill the telephone, as the Admiralty tried to kill the telegraph. Sir Walter Scott called the inventor of gas-lighting a madman, and a scientist said you might as well try to light London with a slice of the moon. Faraday, the greatest electrician of his age, pooh-poohed the idea of electric light, and classed it with the frauds of spiritualism and table-rapping. The President of the Royal Society ridiculed the idea of steamships because an engine needed a firm base, and of course, he said, you could not have a firm base at sea. Both Pitt and Napoleon refused a steam navy; it is one of the most remarkable facts in history that both England and France were offered steam-power before Trafalgar, and rejected it as a wild dream.

The men who wrote new pages in the book of knowledge, who brought us light out of darkness and gave new powers of happiness to mankind, were treated as if

they were criminals or madmen. Jenner, who destroyed the pestilence of smallpox, was bitterly opposed; Sir James Simpson, who discovered the use of chloroform and saved the race from incalculable pain, was denounced as an infidel. William Harvey, who revealed to men the most important truth about their bodies, was ruined by persecution; Galileo, who made the first telescope, was tried by the Inquisition; Sir Isaac Newton, for revealing the great fact of gravitation, was condemned as impious.

For a thousand years the human mind was chained, and how many years has thought been free to go whither it will? We do not forget that Milton died amid the scorn of his countrymen, and that the Parliament which burned his books came within seven votes of passing a law to compel every person in the land to swear not to advocate a change in the government of Church or State. Preachers were cast into prison with thieves, and the gaols were crammed with the best men in the land. It was an act of religious toleration which cost King James his crown, and less than forty years ago a bishop opposed the opening of the churchyards to the people on the plea that it would be an Act for the burial of the Church of England itself.

We do not realise the priceless value of freedom of thought, or how slowly it came. For 1700 years after the birth of Christ no member of His race was allowed to own land in England, and it took twenty-five years of agitation to allow a Jew to be a British citizen. The last lesson learned by Christian people was the greatest lesson of all. A Christian edict of the year 380 reads: 'We ordain that the name of Christian shall apply only to those who obey this present law. All others we judge to be mad and demented.' St. Augustine wrote that little children who had just begun to live and died unbaptised must be punished by the eternal torture of undying fire, and a great preacher of Milton's day urged

that children should be left to learn the Catechism and pray and weep by themselves. Martin Luther wrote a pamphlet rousing the German princes to crush the 'murdering, thieving hordes of peasants.' A man who met a rebel, he said, was to be both judge and executioner, remembering that in those times a prince could merit heaven better with bloodshed than another with prayer. 'Whoever can,' said Luther, 'should knock down, strangle, and stab such publicly or privately, and think nothing so venomous, pernicious, and devilish as an insurgent.' So terrible has been the narrowness of the human mind, so slow has been the dawning of these humane years in which we live!

But it is a wretched thing, you will say, to look back so far, to go in this way through the miseries of the distant past. Well, let us look at the world that many still remember. It was still a world of ignorance. Out of twenty-six barons who signed Magna Charta only three could write their names, and six hundred years after that half the men and women of the nation could not write. For a generation after Waterloo there hung over the gate of England, if we may put it so, a notice that no education was wanted here. Half the children were growing up without any learning at all, and knowledge was taxed in every way. So was health. There was a tax on windows, which kept the sun from the houses of the poor; there was a tax on insurance, which hindered thrift; there was a tax on advertising, which hindered business; there was a tax on tops, which hindered play. Worst of all was the fourpenny tax on newspapers from 1815: the nation which had beaten Napoleon could not endure cheap newspapers.

All through the first half of last century knowledge was taxed beyond the means of the poor and kept in narrow bounds. The Duke of Wellington opposed the admission of Free Churchmen to universities because he

said it would imperil every principle in the King's coronation oath; and even Lord Shaftesbury, who had saved the children of England from slavery, declared that the idea of national education was hostile to the Constitution and to religion itself. He who had saved the bodies of our children feared still to save their minds.

No wonder our prisons were crammed. Elizabeth Fry found men and women and children huddled together in Newgate like wild beasts, and the scenes of prison life frightened even strong men. The Governor of Newgate dared not go into the cells until Elizabeth Fry had done her work and made it possible for warders to mix with prisoners freely. For years innocent men lay in gaol under these conditions, women and children with them, because they could not afford to pay the warders for the little bit of extra food or the light from a tiny window they had had; and they stayed on, growing deeper and deeper into debt, until the life that remained to them was not worth the living. Edmund Burke said that he could get the House of Commons to agree to any Bill inflicting a death penalty, and there were in his day 223 capital offences—156 of them imposed by our German kings; and though Sir Samuel Romilly had worked fourteen years to humanise our laws he had managed to remove only two offences from this terrible death code.

And so, well on into the world which men still remember, came these pitiless laws. In 1834 there was a death sentence in this country for every day of the year and an extra one for every Sunday, and it took a whole generation of agitation to stop this barbarism in the heart of England. The dragons of St. George's land were not yet slain.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DAYS AFTER WATERLOO

We have seen how the children were sacrificed while England led Europe to freedom a hundred years ago. What of the men who broke Napoleon's power?

We talk of our Army and Navy with admiration now, but look back not many years. None of us would have taken into our homes the average soldier at Waterloo. Fourteen years after Waterloo the Duke of Wellington said of the man who enlisted in the British Army that he was generally the worst drunkard and probably the worst workman in his town, and less than fifty years ago the Minister for War told the House of Commons that it had come to be a question whether the British Army should collapse or not. We could not get men. We never could get enough men for our last war in Europe. Why? Let us see.

After the French wars were over, when huge sums of money were being voted to Wellington and the officers, it was proposed to reward the men too, and what do you think was to be their reward for Waterloo? It was proposed to reward them by limiting their flogging to a hundred lashes! The flogging of soldiers for all sorts of offences was so bad that the floggers would take it in shifts, and a doctor stood by to say how much a man could stand without dying. It is hard for us to believe it, but it is true that Lord Palmerston opposed this concession to the men who beat Napoleon. It was rejected, and the flogging went on; sometimes a man would get a thousand lashes as a single punishment. At last, when the Victorian Era was well on its way,

a soldier was flogged to death, and Parliament then reduced the flogging to fifty lashes. And when do you think this barbarism was stopped by the Mother of Parliaments? With a woman on the throne such things could hardly last long. Well, there are young men who remember the day when the British Government proposed to abolish this flogging of soldiers.

Through all the years till then the men of our Army were treated like dogs, or worse than the law would allow any man to treat his dog now. Yet when the end of this cruelty came Queen Victoria wrote to Mr. Gladstone earnestly begging him not to stop flogging, *as it would deprive the officers of the only power they had of keeping young troops in order*. It is to the everlasting honour of the British Government that it answered Queen Victoria by abolishing flogging, and the abolition was followed by a rush to the Colours. The Army had at last a character, and men were not ashamed to belong to it. A soldier was a man, and no longer a cringing creature under a lash.

Only nine years before, again in the teeth of Queen Victoria and the House of Lords, the Government had deprived rich men of the control of the Army by abolishing the purchase of commissions. 'The nation,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'must buy back its own army from its own officers.' The Kaiser's grandmother was not allowed to flog British soldiers or to sell commissions in the British Army, and to this, more than to any other single thing, we owe the Army which has changed the meaning of the word 'contemptible' in the Kaiser's dictionary.

That is how we treated our Army, and the story of the Navy is worse. As Columbus took men from Spanish prisons to find America, so we sent out men from prison to win Trafalgar. The Navy could never get enough men to beat Napoleon, even by offering £70 apiece, but

at last every county was ordered to supply its share, and they sent their beggars and vagabonds out to sea. It was this scum of the population that kept the clean manhood of England out of the Navy and gave rise to the press-gang. A man and his wife looking into a shop window were suddenly attacked by a gang of roughs. The man was struck on the head till he fainted; the woman was beaten so that she lay ill for three months. It was only the press-gang at work, three years after Trafalgar. *The Times* said one morning: 'The press in the river for the last few days has been very severe. Five or six hundred men have been laid hold of. A number of convicts in Newgate have been permitted to enter marching regiments.' Two out of three men ran away from the Navy in Nelson's wars. Most captains flogged the men continually with cat-o'-nine-tails, and his mates would generally make a man drunk before the flogging, as a doctor makes a man unconscious before an operation. It was easy enough, for every man in the Navy was allowed a gallon of beer or half a pint of rum a day.

A thousand other things we could bring into our story of the past, but we must leave it. We have seen how evil dies hard, how the human mind broadens slowly, how dark and cruel beyond compare was the past from which we came. We got rid at last of some of the millstones that were grinding our people; we fought for many struggling generations to make our land worth living in; we overcame the solemn majesty of George the Third though he threatened to go back to Germany if the Emancipation Bill were passed. It is a pity we did not let him go; such opportunities do not often come to nations with German kings about their necks. But our Prussians lived on, the evil that they did lived with them, and even y· their Prussianism is not dead in the United Kingdom. There are things about

us still that the mind of a man can hardly believe. The Peace of Great Britain—ah! what depths of misery and despair are hid by the veil of peace!

CHAPTER XXVII

THE THINGS WE WILL NOT BELIEVE

SLOWLY, terribly, the hand of Time unfolded the years of the Incredible Past. We can hardly believe it now; men would not believe it then. It has been the tragedy of the world since Calvary that men would not believe.

Men would not believe in railways. They thought Richard Trevithick mad, they called Stephenson a fool and a knave. The experts went into the witness-box against him and tried to keep back railways by terrifying visions of a poisoned and burnt-up countryside. Men would not believe in motor cars; there were steam cars on the road two generations since, but the public laughed at them, and Parliament put every obstacle in their way. Men would not believe in flying. The world would have been a different place to live in, and freedom would have been secure, if men had believed in the facts before their eyes. But men will not believe; our Governments will not believe; they teach the facts in our schools and rule against them in Whitehall; they talk about life like a schoolboy—except that schoolboys, God bless them, never shut their wise little minds to facts.

The annals of government, even in Britain, are full of things that can hardly be believed. Who will believe the plain facts about Chinese opium? For a century and more the Chinese tried to stop it and England stood in the way. Warren Hastings opposed the introduction of opium into India, but defended it as a means of revenue from China. One of the first appeals Queen Victoria

ever received from the East was a pitiful petition from the Chinese Emperor that this curse to China might be stopped. We would not stop it. Then, as America had destroyed our chests of tea, China destroyed our chests of opium. We had gone to war with America on tea—as we are alienating America and Canada on beer—and we went to war with China on opium. We forced this infamy upon her people by British guns, and it has taken us a hundred years, until almost the day before this war began, to be ashamed of this exploiting of the ruin of China.

And even now we are not ashamed of the licensed devilry of drink in Africa. We would not have the bodies of these people sold, but we sell their souls for gain. We have used Africa as a cesspool for gin, and so we use it still. Young men remember an African chief who came to England to tell the British Government that he feared Drink more than the assegais of the Matabele, but we have sent out this gin in thousands of tons; we send it out in shiploads even while our men are dying to save the little peoples, and we have seen the appalling spectacle of men at the head of our National Free Church Council willing to build up a national revenue out of the traffic that does things like this.

There are five hundred widows and a thousand orphans of mine-sweepers in one of our ports alone, and not far from this port is another port in which ships are being loaded with gin to poison the natives of Africa. More mine-sweepers will die in guarding the sea for these ships; and this gin, when it arrives in Africa, will be given to women and little children; mothers will pawn their children for twenty years to buy it; tradesmen will be allowed to pay it out as current coin; poor families will drink eighty cases of it at a funeral, and the processions with the dead will reel with it to the grave. In the years leading up to the war this traffic in the ruin of the African

people had increased some fortyfold, some fiftyfold, and some a hundred-and-thirty-fold, and it is all carried on in your name and mine. In your name and mine we sodden the helpless African with alcohol, and gentlemen in England now abed hold up their heads like honourable men with the pride of the wealth built up on this accursed thing.

Everywhere the powers behind Governments have been the enemies of progress. The vested interest in things as they are has been too much for the surging brain-power of the inventor and the pathetic zeal of the discoverer. They knocked in vain at the doors of Authority, and it is only because of their importunity that the door is opened at last. It is the same to-day as yesterday; it will be the same to-morrow as to-day unless the latent power of a resolute people drives our Governments on.

It is the business of a Government to rule according to the facts, to secure for a nation well-ordered progress built up on the progress of knowledge. But is anything more terrible than the impotence of Government after Government in some of their most vital functions? The British Parliament is eight hundred years old, but it stands indicted in the days of the Great War of crimes against body and mind which should make us careful when we speak of it as a leader of civilisation. Its cynical cruelty to child-life and its matchless endowment of ignorance make decent people blush with shame. At the moment when these words are written the callousness of the British Government is murdering a thousand children every week. A member of the Government who tried to stop it found the jealousies and hostilities of Government departments too great to overcome, and he dropped his Bill for stopping this massacre of child-life, which he said out-Heroded Herod, and he was given charge of the department where it was his business to allow

three-quarters of a million loaves a day to be turned into beer in a land that was crying for bread.

In the full crisis of our man-power we have seen the fourth Education Minister in four years struggling valiantly in vain to save school children from factories and mills. We do not believe in education. We never have believed in it. It is two generations since Lord Playfair warned us what would happen if we did not educate our people, but our Governments took no notice, and for thirty years, with their eyes wide open, suffered the quarrels of ecclesiastical sects to stint and starve the minds of little children as they suffered the interests of ecclesiastical and pagan landlords to stint and starve their bodies.

And as we have destroyed education in the name of religion, so we spread disease like a plague in the name of liberty. It took the South African War to open our eyes to the fact that the condition of our people was a disgrace to any Government pretending to be civilised and clean, and it was militarism, and not humanity, that moved us to make inquiries. The evidence before the Parliamentary Committee is enough to destroy the name and fame of every Government in the United Kingdom for fifty years; yet the impressive report of this Committee was lying in pigeon-holes covered with dust when Germany came on to destroy us.

As with the men, so with the children. Until after the South African War no doctor had ever been officially into a British school. It took a war in Africa to wake the Englishman up to the fact that his children were going hungry to school. Yet for half a generation after that was known a million children in our schools were too ill or too hungry to learn, and the children of London were better nourished during the Great War than ever before. The war was a good thing for our children; at last there was enough for them to eat.

Let us leave the days of peace and come into the war.

At last our eyes were opened, and men and Governments would surely now believe. But it was in the presence of a world on fire, with Europe reeling and Britain trembling in the balances, that the world was confronted with the spectacle, incredible beyond belief, of a nation ruled against the facts. We need not go into a hundred complex questions. We will take two simple things that interest vitally every man and woman and child—the question of Food and Drink.

We are an island nation. We were warned before the war began that submarines might neutralise our battleships and imperil our food. We were warned by naval experts and food experts too. Thirteen years before the war Sir Rider Haggard surveyed the English countryside, warned the Government of the possibilities of starvation in the event of war, questioned whether the Navy could protect us from it, and pointed out the danger of our failing home-grown food supplies. Admiral Scott followed with his warning of the submarines, but the war found our Government still refusing to believe, and both these warnings have come true.

We can hardly expect the future to believe the truth about the coming of famine to the gates of our land. We could have kept it back. The appalling responsibility for the crisis in our food rests upon our Government. Australia showed us the way. She offered a subsidy to growers of wheat and built up an enormous reserve. Lord Milner's Committee, alive to the danger, urged the Government to follow Australia's example and build up a reserve of wheat, but the Government scorned the report and adopted the suggestion of a minority of two, who thought that all was well and that nothing need be done. Instead of building up a food reserve, our Government went on wasting food. In spite of all protests, in defiance of the gravest warnings that ever reached a Government, they allowed the Drink Traffic to continue

destroying bread for whisky and beer, so that when famine came to our doors at last the total supply of good human food that had been destroyed for drink was no less than five million tons.

But it was not only food that drink destroyed; it clogged the wheels of war and slowed down victory. It imperilled the Army and Navy. It sent a thrill of shame and horror through the nation and the Empire. It held back our guns; it held up our ships; it was the handmaid of venereal disease. The evil was so great that the King banished drink entirely from his palaces and Lord Kitchener from his house. But the Government would not follow them; the House of Commons would not even close its bars. Parliament went on drinking during the hours when drinking had been prohibited for the unprivileged nation outside. The shipbuilders came down from the north to warn the Government that unless drink was stopped they could not build the ships, but they found the Government unwilling and unready and afraid, and drink went on. The sinking of ships went up and the building of ships went down, and in the spring of 1918, for want of ships, the cause of the Allies stood once more reeling in the shadow of defeat, as in the first days of the war. There is no darker chapter of chicanery and deceit and treachery to the highest interests of the State than the story of the craven dealings of the British Government with drink in the third and fourth years of the war. One fact alone need be quoted here. It is one of twenty facts on which the future will impeach the quailing of the Government before this traffic.

The Government which handed over to this traffic 2000 tons of food a day while the shadow of famine was creeping on, defended itself against all critics by asserting that drink was necessary for these men who are working hard in our munition works; and this same Government it was which issued, at this very time, a scientific survey

of our knowledge concerning alcohol, *proving that alcohol is unnecessary and injurious to these men.*

We were ruled continually against the facts. It is one of the greatest lessons of the war that the thing that ultimately sways our Government is rarely the absolute fact. We look round everywhere and see expediency and party interest and personal advantage operating against the welfare of the State. We have seen our Government bow down to drink and gambling while the nation was in direst peril. We have seen the war exploited for the politician and the profiteer. We have seen scandal on scandal in finance, and responsibility and truthfulness thrown to the winds. We have seen the facts again and again shamelessly denied in Parliament. We have seen the fountain of honour polluted by the giving and selling of titles. We have heard ministerial statements in the House of Commons that would have sounded more natural from the lips of Turkish statesmen. The war has opened our eyes indeed; was ever an educator such as this in all these thousand years? A hundred things we know to be true that we could never have believed, and never again can we count a thing impossible because it seems incredible.

5

The Peace of Great Britain

Was it Worth the Keeping?

Preserve us from the terror by night and the arrow that flieth by day; from the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE FIRES OF GOD

LOOKING out upon the world we think it mad, and mad it is, this pitiful destruction of Europe. But are we sure that, looking back in the Great Peace, the future will not think it worth the price?

How often in our own lives have we felt that it was good to pass through the fires? How often, when some wave of adversity has passed through the nation, have we confessed that there was need of it? The elements so mix in man that he is what he is, and for men and nations, too, life has its disciplines. Now all mankind is passing through the Valley, and it will rise from all this stress and anguish like a strong man strengthened.

It is hard to believe. It is hard to believe that man has found the laws of health through all the frightfulness and agony of disease; but this warfare of the ages, this sacrifice of a countless multitude of lives to poison and parasite and plague, has brought the world immeasurable relief from pain, and will bring to generations untold an incalculable sum of human happiness. There might have been other ways to health than through disease; there might have been other ways to knowledge than through error; but God's way is through crucifixion to redemption. And man is not so very much wiser. There are other ways to national power than through drink and slums. There are better ways of building houses than to build without light and ventilation; there are better

ways of using alcohol than to allow it to creep through the streets like a snake; and we who allow these things need not rave about microbes or rail about the ways of God.

Not once, nor twice, but many times, some desperate reinforcement has come to those who strive to save mankind. Plague, famine, and disaster have opened the eyes of a world that would not believe. It is as if, somewhere in the recesses of the universe, there is a watchful power that would not tolerate the bitter callousness of those countless numbers who pass by on the other side while pain and misery and helpless ignorance were calling for their aid.

Two kinds of revolutions there are in a world like this. The revolution of thought, working through all its complex vehicles of language, is slow. The mind of man moves on by slow degrees. But the material revolution is quick: how swift a change came with steam and electricity and motor cars! A man may talk like Socrates for a thousand years and only the few will listen, but let wireless telegraphy come, let a man find an eye that can see his own heart beat, or let an engine come down from the clouds, and the world is all attention, and millions of people begin to think. The material revolution has done in a day what the mental revolution failed to do in a thousand years.

And may it not be that, in the mysterious process of Evolution, there comes into the life of nations something comparable with this? May it not be that the Great War will have its place in the true history of the world as the greatest educator ever known? It has opened the eyes of the world, it has taught mankind as in a flash what hundreds of years of teaching and preaching have failed to teach. Who does not see now what a few saw then, that for a generation past Europe has trod the road to ruin? Civilisation was rushing to the precipice, and nothing but this could save it. It is as if a child should

persist, in spite of warning and experience, in walking into the sea, to be driven back on the edge by a dragon leaping forth. For Europe the dragon leapt from its lair in time. Had it waited much longer, had Germany been so very little stronger, it would have been too late to save our liberties. And so the great blow fell in time.

It was not in the eternal scheme of things that evil should utterly overturn the world. Vice will not rule, however long it holds. The world has been ruled as if by lunatics, men suffocated in slums and forced into barracks as if this beautiful earth were not for them; but the end of all those things has come, and it has come in time to save the world from a fate more hideous than perishing on the battlefields of France—the fate of perishing in a peace more horrible than war.

The war has opened our eyes to things we would not see, has made us listen to things we would not hear; and what the Englishman sees and knows to-day, as he never would believe before the war, is this: that *the callousness of our social system has inflicted on our own people a cruelty as ruthless as the German cruelty in Belgium.* It cannot be denied. It has taken the Great War of Europe to open the eyes of the English people to the selfishness and incompetence and callousness that were ruining our land. It has taken the Great War to give the people of England food enough to eat and money enough to clothe themselves in comfort. It has taken the Great War to open the eyes of the nation to the fact that Parliament has been sheltering all these years a social Prussianism in our midst, with consequences as disastrous and casualties as pitiless as Prussianism of any other sort. We see human life cut down like chaff for human gain. We see our Parliament quail before the profiteer. We see the cultivated land of an island race destroyed for snobbery and sport. We see a parasite tax on industry. We see ignorance enthroned in golden halls and science gasping for its

life. We see hypocrisy triumphant, evil in high places, and a pulpit bound in chains.

We look back a year or two and see these things, and thank God that our eyes have been opened. There are things that are worse than war; there are wars that do worse things than open our eyes to truth. One lesson, if no other, we have learned: we have learned that the indifference of the average man inside a nation may be as pitiless as the cruelty of the foe without, and that its consequences may be worse, for social indifference is not like a war that comes and goes and knits a people in a deeper love—it is prolonged from year to year and generation unto generation. It is calculated and deliberate, like a cynical religion, and it breaks asunder the elements of strength without which nations perish.

The war has opened our eyes. Let us see the things we see.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE TRAGEDY OF PEACE

We think of peace as a beautiful thing to-day, but how many of us have ever known true peace? How often have you thought of the fearful price we paid through all these years to keep back this Great War?

Slowly for a generation Germany was building up, slowly for a generation we hoped for peace but half-prepared for war. But the price we paid for peace was not really less in its cruelty, in its outrage on civilisation, not less costly in money, than is the war itself. War, a plain man said, is hell with the lid off, and we may say of our long Peace, using words in their simple truth, that it was war with the lid on.

The Great Peace will come to these islands once more. We think of it by day and dream of it by night. We may imagine ourselves back for a moment on the morrow of the last Great Peace that dawned in the United Kingdom. Imagine yourself in England after Waterloo, with twenty years of war at an end and Napoleon doomed. A man with an imagination would be looking forward to the rise of a great and noble nation. He had seen the birth of a great Alliance. At Waterloo and Trafalgar the grave had been dug of the last despot of Europe, and there had been born that mighty partnership, so full of promise for mankind, between sweet English liberty and the mastery of the seas. A great vision a man would have had as he looked forward then. He would have seen the coming of ships and trains and the breaking down of the barriers between the peoples. He would have seen this mighty nation spreading freedom to the uttermost bounds of earth, and within her borders happiness and peace.

Well, we are at the end of the Hundred Years of peace, and what have we to say of it? Was peace so very beautiful, after all? It was the greatest Hundred Years since man began. It magnified the powers of man and built up wonder upon wonder; it brought us to the slowly-opening gates of a world that Shakespeare never dreamed of; but, looking back, can we say we used our Great Peace well?

We cut short the lives of fifteen million children; we brought them into the world to see the sun, and dropped them in their little graves. We allowed millions of lives, probably at least ten millions, to be destroyed by alcohol, with social miseries in its train with which war cannot compare. We allowed millions of people, probably at least ten millions, to perish of diseases that should never have won their hold in a civilised land. We allowed an immense army of little children to be

done to death in mills, factories, and mines; we allowed ignorance and prejudice and interest to have their way when all humanity cried out against them. We allowed private interests to grow up like a millstone round the neck of those who fought to give these islands a happier and healthier and wiser race.

We know now the end of that journey upon which the United Kingdom set out with such high hopes, such pride and power, after Waterloo. With the power within their grasp the people of this country had then in their hands the means of building up a kingdom twice as strong as this we know; and they threw their power away. *In its hundred years of peace the nation that destroyed Napoleon has destroyed within its own borders a nation equal to itself.*

Remember that war does not differ in any essential way from any other kind of evil. War between one nation and another is dramatic; we see the soldiers marching out, we hear the booming of the guns, we feel the creeping shadow that comes across the homes of rich and poor. But war inside a nation is not dramatic. It is hidden behind doors or in back streets, it works its way quietly like a plague, and it is a miserable business for the newspapers. If somebody in Parliament dares to mention it the Interests are up at once, and there is a shout across the floor of the British House of Commons that England must not touch these things.

And so the nation which rises up in a wrath divine against the foul thing called the German Empire was hardly moved by the silent war within her gates. How many of those who are praying now that the horrors of war abroad may end have raised a hand or uttered a prayer to end the horrors of peace at home? We are moved by the murder of Edith Cavell, but who of us shall plead not guilty to a hundred thousand cruel deaths in this country every year? It is the age of the news-

paper and the kinematograph, and only great and quick things move us, but it is less cruel to shoot a woman dead than to leave a child to languish through weeks and months and years of agony because we failed to do our duty. It is a pity, but it is true, that in times of peace we are too busy making money to stop to think that we pay for our money in other people's lives.

There is hardly a home in the land that has not been touched by the war, but how many homes are free from the sorrows of peace? It is easily within the truth to say that in the happiest year of peace there is a tragedy, if we could count them all, for every home in the United Kingdom, and the bitterness of these tragedies, the pain and cruelty in which they involve innocent people, are greater than the effects of war, even against so foul an enemy as Germany.

It would make this book too terrible to read to print the truth about the casualties of peace. It would be like the field of war without the glow of deathless courage, without the pride and consolation of a noble cause. It would be like Prussianism in its utter nakedness. If we could take a census of all the casualties within our gates in time of peace, of all the accidents and tragedies, of all the victims of infanticide, of all the lives that are wantonly destroyed or maimed by drink, consumption, or preventable disease, our census would contain the names of over 250,000 dead and immensely over 1,000,000 wounded every year. We are shocked by a casualty list of a million men in a year of war, but we have it in every year of peace, more horrible, more prolonged, and every bit as criminal and wanton as the work of war.

But incomparably beyond the horrors of war are the horrors of peace, if we look deep down into the social depths. We have to deal with mind and body and soul, and those who think that all is well when Germany is done with have things to learn that will break their heart

unless it is made of something near to solid rock. Let us take up our census of casualties again, and we must count the children at school who are either too hungry or too ill to learn, the children who run from school to mills and from mills to school, the little boys down mines, the children homeless or abandoned and picked up by charity, the hundreds of thousands for ever in our prisons and asylums, the millions afflicted with venereal disease, the multitude dying slowly of consumption, the millions sunk and submerged in hopeless pauperism, the fathers and mothers and children in every village and town whose lives are drowned in misery and rent asunder by the stuff sold in a hundred thousand drink-shops.

The mind can hardly grasp it all. The mind that all these years has been indifferent, the Church that all these years has shut its eyes, the Parliament that all these years has stood there like a mockery, can hardly understand and will refuse to believe; but the truth, if it were fully told, would be, at its very lowest computation, that *the mass of life submerged in the social and physical and moral wreckage of the British Isles, at any time in any year, is as great as the entire mass of British manhood now in khaki.* If we count the killed, the wounded, and the stricken in body, soul, and mind, the total can never be less than five millions. If we take the generation before the Great War, the casualties of peace would be not less than eight million dead and thirty million wounded, and all the time this standing army of pitiful humanity was there as well.

We have seen how the United Kingdom threw away the equivalent of itself in its hundred years of peace; we see that the destruction still goes on. If we ask if we were building up or pulling down the United Kingdom when the war began the answer is not easy. There are forces of barbarism in the midst of Britain that drag it down as if a millstone hung about its neck. Every stone

that is laid in the slow building-up of the British Millennium is hindered and weakened by enemies within our gates.

She stands at the head of the nations of Europe, and her flag flies proudly over a quarter of the world; but the flag of freedom must droop with shame sometimes when it comes home from overseas. It flies high on its way round the world, but from the Tower of Parliament it flies over things that would disgrace Dahomey. It flies, in time of peace, over a nation with one quarter of its people below the poverty line. It flies over a nation looking on calmly without passion while thousands of its little lives are thrown away. It flies over a nation where men grow rich and trades grow powerful by sowing disease and ruin among the people. It flies over a nation in which millions of poor gasp for sunshine and air and the means of life. It flies over a nation in which the casualties of peace are greater than the casualties of any war that it has ever known.

No war ever fought can equal a casualty list like that, and we call it peace, and pray that it may come again. Perhaps we are beginning to realise the terrible things a word can hide. We may make a wilderness and call it peace, but it is still a wilderness. We may stifle the sobs of little children, but their lives are running out. We may hide the misery of the poor in the brick boxes we call houses, but the people go on dying. We may let a man sell poison to the people in the sacred name of liberty, but his poison kills them still. War with the lid off or Peace with the lid on, it is the same; we do not heal the wounds of war by giving them nice names. We do not give a nation peace when we send its army home. 'Who loves not justice,' says Swinburne, 'cannot love peace, for peace is just.'

We must change our ideas of the meaning and value of things. We must be humbled before God and ashamed

before men of the things we pass by in the Peace of Great Britain. We need love no less our glorious countrymen who lie dead on every continent and down in every sea; we need honour no less those who live to fight for us again, the saviours of the world; but as we love and honour them let us be worthy of them. For every British casualty in war there are many in peace. For every killed or wounded man in war there are many men and women and children perishing from lack of knowledge or neglect, for want of food or air, for want of a helping hand from a civilisation that passes them by.

Those who never thought before are thinking now. Let us think on these things. Let us look about us in this land of the free, in the days when Peace smiled on her valleys and Plenty arrived at her gates.

CHAPTER XXX

HEROD OF ENGLAND

THERE is no wealth but life. There is no future for a nation but in its children.

Upon this generation has rested the burden of building up the power to save the liberty of the world. And what have we done with our children in these thirty-three years?

We shrink in horror, in this land where we love children, from the thought of being cruel to a child, but we murder children by the thousand, and the nation passes by, hardly heeding the few voices that cry out against this awful crime. Of those who read this book one-half will not believe it. 'You do not really mean it,' said a public man to whom I spoke of these things.

We believe a Zeppelin has been to England and killed a child, but though all our murdered children should rise

from the dead we would not believe the truth about the way they die. But the truth is, whether the nation believe it or not, that three million children have been killed in these thirty-three years by a British Social Zeppelin. It must be said, however terrible it may sound, that the great wealth of this country has been built up in part on National Infanticide.

The facts are not open to doubt for those who study them; they will cause no surprise to those who know what drink and slums and low wages and women's labour mean. The conditions of life for millions of people in the United Kingdom are not worth fighting for or living for; they are only fit to die in. Those who survive them will survive almost any hardship they can meet in life, but a little baby was not made for a slum, it cannot stand the shocks of alcohol, it will not grow on the food low wages can buy, it perishes for lack of knowledge.

Every year a million babies are born into the United Kingdom, and every year a hundred thousand of them die. Another fifty thousand, braving the perils of this first year, die before it is time to go to school. In the best of all possible worlds some of these must die, but half of them die of sin and ignorance and neglect, and we could save them. But the nation has not cared. It is only since the war began that a British Government has been persuaded to ask for proper notice to be given to the nation when a child is born.

Amid all the glory and power of these islands stands out one terrible truth: we have allowed to grow up a social condition that cuts down life as a knife cuts chaff. It is true that conditions are improving, but they improve too slowly and in spite of the apathy of the nation. It was still true of one of the greatest cities in England on the eve of the war that in one part of it little children died five times as fast as in another part. In one part

of this city there prevailed the best conditions that can be found in a great industrial town to-day, and out of a hundred babies born only six died in one year; but in the black part of this cathedral town, out of a hundred babies born thirty died in their first year. Consider for a moment what this means. It means that two sets of conditions prevailing side by side in an English town represent a slaughter of innocent life that no death-rate in war can match. If the conditions of the whole United Kingdom were as bad as this black part of Birmingham, the deaths of babies under one year old would be 330,000 in a year. If the conditions of the whole United Kingdom were as good as in the best part of Birmingham the deaths of little babies under one year old would be less than 70,000 in a year. We allow to exist in the midst of England, that is to say, a social condition which kills children five times as fast as they need die. The Black Birmingham rate of infanticide throughout the nation would kill a baby every two minutes. It would beat the German record at Scarborough and Malines. And it is the price we pay for vested interests.

We have seen the best and the worst as they stand side by side, and extremes are eloquent. But let us take a few more cases that are not extreme. It is not a question of crowded towns and country villages, but of good towns and bad towns, of real government and sham government, of public interests and private interests, of people who care and people who do not. If we take the ten worst infanticide towns and compare them with ten other towns much the same in population we find that two babies die in the infanticide towns for one in the others. What that means is that good government cuts the death-rate in two.

If you really believe in government you can save your children. If you leave it to the private interests you can bury them. You can have cradle government or coffin

government, as you please. There was once a sanitation scheme in China which threatened to save people in thousands, but the distribution of shares in a Coffin Trust stopped all this Western excitement and restored the Chinese calm. We have no Coffin Trust in this country yet, but men live in palaces on profits wrung from slums. If all our babies died at the rate of the ten black towns just mentioned, we should lose 60,000 more a year than we do; if they died at the rate of the ten healthier towns we should lose 30,000 less than we do. Clearly the conditions side by side in Birmingham are not unique. Our annual waste of life is a great deal over 50,000 children under five years old. British social conditions, that is to say, kill a child under school age every ten minutes. Or, if you will, *our British Social Zeppelin kills a thousand children every week on their way to school.*

They die, the doctors say, from natural causes—you cannot indict a whole nation for murder. But the natural causes are slums and low wages, mothers neglecting their homes to eke out a living at the mill, and a mockery of education that tells a girl how many wives a king betrayed but scorns to tell her how to be a wife. The natural causes are bad food, bad milk, badly paved streets, and badly ventilated houses; medical officers who fail in their duty, town councils who fail in their trust, and British Governments of the type of the only national Government ever formed in Britain, which, in our hour of peril, safeguarded the poor man's poison at the cost of his children's food. Our Governments do not care; even in the fourth year of the war they set aside food enough for 30,000 infants to keep alive racing and gambling, and the bread of all the little children in the land to bolster up our brewers.

Infant mortality among the poor is sometimes four times as high as among the middle classes and the rich. It has been proved that where fathers earn less than a

pound a week the children die half as fast again as in homes with more than a pound a week; it has been proved that children die three times as fast in slums as in good houses; it has been proved that in towns badly governed children die in terrible excess. So that we pay for our sins with the lives of our children, for the men with low wages give their labour plus their children's lives; the tenants of slums pay their rent plus their children's lives; the ratepayers in bad towns pay their rates plus their children's lives.

It is two thousand years since Herod. How long, O Lord, how long will it be before England is ashamed of him?

CHAPTER XXXI

THE PLAGUE OF POVERTY

WORDS are poor, cold things sometimes, and 'poverty' is like a stone. For those who know what it means the thought of a family below the poverty line is like the thought of people gasping for breath to keep alive; it is like the thought of people drowning. But the ocean of poverty is not merciful like the sea. It drowns more than the Atlantic, and it gives its victims notice, and drowns them slowly.

Not many years before the war there were found in Britain about twelve million hungry people. It was found that though eighteen million people earned on an average £2 a week, one million of them earned £16 a week, and seventeen millions earned about £1 a week. In one year not long before the war five men died leaving £25,000,000, and in that year the paupers in our workhouses would have made a procession from Canterbury Cathedral to Buckingham Palace, from Buckingham

Palace to the home of Shakespeare, and from Shakespeare's house to Scotland. In that year, compared with forty years before, the cost of our Poor Law had doubled.

In every day of peace about a million people in the United Kingdom are dependent on public charity. One-third of all the deaths from consumption take place in the workhouse; so ground down by poverty are they that they have not a place of their own to die in. Ten million children will be born in the United Kingdom in the next ten years, and unless the Great War makes the nation worthy of its power one quarter of them will be born to want, and hundreds of thousands of those who do not die will grow up, as Sir Leo Chiozza Money has said, unable to direct their own lives. Drink and poverty and disease will be worse for them than war. Our poor are better off in war than ever they were in peace.

So we mortgage the future and sow the seeds of all our social problems. We plough the fields and reap our dragon's teeth. We allow conditions to exist which rob the poor not only of the means of happiness, but of life itself. We have allowed to grow up a condition of things in which millions of our countrymen struggle from morning till night, not for the right to be happy, but for the right to be living at all. Perhaps it has not occurred to you that the very air the poor should breathe is not free. Perhaps you have not thought what a marvellous thing air is—one of the very greatest achievements of Nature, a structure so fine that no eye can see it, yet packed with active properties delicately balanced, with waves of many kinds that never clash, with clouds and dust and winds of vast importance to us all, with electricity held in leash, with the mysterious ether that runs through all things, and, most marvellous of all, with a temperature so perfectly adapted to life

that a very small change either up or down would soon destroy us all.

It is this astonishing thing that Nature has put everywhere about this earth as the vehicle of life. From it come the elements that renew all living things. For men or women, plants or animals, air is the first great need, and it pours from the bountiful hand of Nature pure and free for all. But how do we let it reach our poor? We foul the air and rob them of the vital need of life. In thousands of streets in these islands pure air does not exist. We have built houses like boxes in courts and alleys that are simply graves to die in. We have allowed them to stand, the shame of these islands, until they tumble down and kill the people in them, as they did in Dublin. One-third of the population of the Irish capital was overcrowded when the war broke out; 15,000 lived six and seven in a room, and the death-rate of Dublin was nearly twice as heavy as London's People living in one room die three times as fast as people with three rooms. In an experiment in Glasgow a one-room death-rate was 39 per thousand and a three-room death-rate 14. Three consumptives die in one-roomed houses for every one who dies in a three-roomed house.

And to those who do not die, what have these slums to give? They give disease and misery, weak brains, weak joints, weak muscles, and little, stunted bodies. The nation that does not care for citizens finds out these things too late when the call for soldiers comes. Boys brought up in one room lose height and weight. Forty years ago, in a thousand recruits for the Army, 285 were 5 ft. 7 in.; five years later the 285 had fallen to 209; in five years more it was 198; in another five years it was 184; and by that time the number of men two inches smaller had nearly doubled. In half a generation one-third of the recruits for the Army were growing

smaller. For the second half of the same generation about one-third of all the recruits were rejected, and in the first months of the Great War, when the liberties of Europe were at stake and the nation was crying for men, over a million men were rejected as unfit for our Army.

There is something to make us blush in the thought that men whose bodies had been weakened and stunted by their country should be willing to lay down their lives for her sake. The same terrible thought comes home to us in a despatch from South Africa, where a British General, impressed by the quenchless courage of men from Manchester, wrote home: 'It is the fault of someone that these brave and stubborn lads were not at least an inch or two taller or bigger round the chest, and altogether of a more robust and powerful build.' We think of the men from Mons and of all their country owes them, and we pay their children by robbing them of the breath of life. We give them Victoria Crosses and a name in the *London Gazette,* but will it ever occur to their grateful country to turn our guns on these foul slums where their children perish?

It is pitiful to think that thousands of these men have better homes in the trenches of Flanders than in the sunless alleys of our Motherland. Do thousands of children come into the world to gasp for life in a slum; to go to school hungry for a year or two; to pick up a little food, a little slang, and a little arithmetic; to grovel in the earth for forty years or to stand in steaming factories; to wear their bodies out like cattle on the land; to live in little rows of dirty houses, in little blocks of stuffy rooms, and then to die?

Are they really sent into the world, these people of Freedom's Own Island, to minister to our pleasures, to build up our fortunes as if they were moles or worms or dumb-driven sheep? Was it really impossible in

peace to distribute our wealth with humanity as war conditions make us do? In one year in this country as much money is left in one rich home as in fifty thousand homes of the poor. One-third of our income is in the pockets of one-thirtieth of our population; half of it is in the hands of one-ninth. Perhaps you have not thought what that means? It means, as Sir Leo Chiozza Money's terrible books have shown us, that five million people, fewer people than there are in London, control the lives of half of the United Kingdom.

And so the poverty of this rich land gnaws at an empire's heart. In twenty years five million working men who tried to save for sickness and old age gave up the struggle. They could fight Britain's foes and beat them, but Britain was too strong a foe for them. They gave up hope and sank in the sea that receives the tragic armies of despair.

How long shall these things be? There are more people living overcrowded in the British Isles than all the population of the boundless spaces of Australia. Land is cheaper than linoleum, yet there are not enough houses standing fit to live in. There are rivers rushing through this lovely land, there are wide empty spaces of valley and plain, yet pure water and air are rare as gold among masses of our poor. There were not enough boots in England to go round when the war began; there was not enough bread to feed our little ones.

Not one of us will defend these things, but in peace we stand and see the tragic procession of the poor go by. We turn our guns on German trenches and draw our dividends from slums. The hearts of men and women are deeply moved, but the nation does not care. We are stirred to pity by the sight of pain, and in the name of liberty we give a license to disease. We see two hundred people dying every day from a disease of poverty and dirt; we see them creeping to their graves

four hundred thousand strong, enlisting conscripts as they go; we spend £30,000,000 a year in prolonging their unhappy lives or patching up their feeble frames; and we know all the time that with our war bill for a week we could banish this consumption for ever from the land. We have spent £10,000,000 a year for fifty years on poverty-stricken people crammed up in our workhouses; in the two generations before the war we spent in bolstering up our paupers not less than £750,000,000. We spend £40,000,000 on five days' war against the German plague, and lose ten thousand men; but never yet was Britain so brave as to spend £40,000,000 on a five years' war which would sweep away the consumption plague and save 400,000 stricken souls.

Civilisation, which has largely made disease, can largely destroy it if it will. It is largely the hideous offspring of poverty and neglect. In forty years, says Sir E. Ray Lankester, epidemic disease could be abolished. Yet our children grow in thousands in foul slums, in hungry homes, in filthy streets. We build our hospitals, we set up great insurance schemes, and men make fortunes from the people and get titles from the King by selling quack remedies and spreading disease. For lack of knowledge the people perish, yet there is hardly a quack in existence who is not at liberty to deceive and entrap them.

O Liberty, sweet English Liberty, what crimes are not committed in thy name!

CHAPTER XXXII

THE PLAGUE OF IGNORANCE

As with poverty, as with slums, as with disease, so with the plague of ignorance. In the struggle for existence

the brain has taken the place of the sword. The revolutions of knowledge change the face of nations more than all the laws of parliaments or the conquests of armies and fleets.

After the battle of Jena, when Prussia once before lay in the depths of humiliation like a stricken thing, the King and his councillors resolved 'to supply the loss of territory by intellectual effort.' They built up modern Germany, the greatest example of the application of brain-power ever seen in the world; and they met the French army at Sedan. There, said the German Commander, the schoolmaster won, and France, beaten by the schoolmaster, set up fifty universities, with chairs of science in every one.

> When land is gone and money spent,
> Then learning is most excellent.

Well, learning is most excellent, if nations will but learn before the land is gone and the money spent. The wisdom of the East learns the lessons of the West, and Japan did not wait to pay the bitter price of ignorance. She educated herself for victory; she equipped herself with knowledge, not after defeat but to avert defeat, and she emerged from feudal mystery and isolation to teach Europe that marvellous lesson that Europe will never forget.

But how do we play at education in this land that claims to lead the world? It is many years since one of our statesmen said that our educational system was chaotic, ineffectual, utterly behind the age, making us the laughing-stock of every advanced nation; and that statesman is still a member of a British Government which knows too well the bitter tears we shed for having been a laughing-stock. It is many years since the President of the British Association called on the Government to duplicate the Navy Bill of 1888 and do for brain-power what that Bill did for sea-power. He found that Germany

had three universities for our two, and gave to one university alone more public money than we give to all ours put together. A great river of gold has passed through the Treasury since then, but how much of it has gone to education? The facts of 1888 are the facts of 1918. We have spent our gold on our defences and our coppers on the brains that make a country worth defending. We have toiled to build up ships and guns, and neglected the things without which ships and guns are rubbish-heaps. We have had, during the years on the eve of war, fifty thousand little traders in our streets, fifty thousand little boys down our mines, and hundreds of thousands of children dragged from school when their minds were opening out to understand what education means. We have allowed the twin curses of poverty and greed to thrive on the ignorance of those who are growing up to rule our land; we have allowed cheap labour, callous parents, and vested interests to trespass in our schools and steal away our children for half-time.

We take children from school at their most important schooling age. Hundreds of thousands of our children, in the year the Great War broke out, left school at twelve; tens of thousands spent half their time in schools and half in mills; and not less than 250,000 school children under fourteen were working for wages out of school hours. Some of them worked forty hours a week; a boy of ten worked eight hours a day six days a week before and after school. The Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education declares to the Government that such work, combined with schooling, cannot be supported by a child's body without gravely undermining its health; but the Government will not listen, and tolerates this infamy in hundreds of thousands of lives. The bravest Education Minister England has ever known has tried in vain to stop this infamy by which men thrive on an exploited childhood, and our War Government has been afraid to stop it without seven years' notice to the

profiteers. Body and mind alike, our Governments will sell them to the highest bidder, and we find the staggering fact that between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, out of nearly six million people, not one in sixty has a full-time course of education. It is madly true. Our Governments have been afraid of education, and even the new Education Act, with all its value, is years behind the demands of Labour. All through the generation before the war the political conception of education was on the level of the Half-Time Movement, by which the children were secured the minimum of knowledge. The dull boy must stay where he was, but let a boy be promising at school, with a brain that was likely to carry him far, and you might take him at thirteen, this wise little man, and put him out to work—put him to a dangerous trade. Until just before the war you could put him to a trade like tipping matches, where poison clung to his fingers and hands and penetrated his teeth, so that the jawbone gave him agonising pain until it dropped away dead or was removed by an operation. That is ended now, with other school abuses, thanks to a few meddling fanatics, but still we rob the poor of the means of happiness and the means of life, and of those very means of knowledge which alone could save them from the perils of their way. A laughing-stock it all may be to other nations, but to us, and to those who will follow us, it is a tragedy too deep for tears.

What should we think of an island race, with the possibility of the British Fleet and British Commerce in its grasp, which stood idly on the beach and watched the waves? Well, we stand on the shore of an ocean of knowledge that will bear us to the Promised Land, and we build no mighty fleet to sail this sea. A few rafts there are, a sailing vessel here, a steamship there, and perhaps a little battleship or two; but the great sea of new knowledge is uncharted and unsailed, and while the people perish the wealth of the nation wastes.

We listen with scorn to the Prime Minister of one generation who warns us to care for our chemists, and listen in wonder to the merchant of the next generation who is pleading still for us to remember that a million spent on science will come back a hundred times. We keep down chemistry so that there are only 1500 trained chemists in the kingdom when war comes, though four firms alone in Germany had over a thousand. We waste coal, so that the Great War, with its incalculable pressure on our resources, found us throwing away two tons in every three that we used for motor power; we could produce all our motor power from one-third of the coal we were using, and could save enough coal every year to pay the interest on £500,000,000. We read the noble life of Michael Faraday, who gave us wealth beyond our dreams and founded the Scientific Age, and we begrudge his science a fraction of the prosperity it has brought us.

Who would know this world if nations would give back to science, for human happiness or research, sixpence a year for every hundred pounds that science has given to them? It lies within our national power to use or to abuse the most solemn opportunity that has come to civilisation in these ten thousand years, and perhaps we may have a tax for human happiness at last. We are promised a Peace Book as well as a War Book in the years to come. Let us have a Peace Conference in London as well as in Berlin. Let us have a Golden Year of England, and for the love of our people, with all our memories to strengthen us, with all our hopes to succour us, let us make these islands the worthy temple of the saviours of the world. Let us in this Golden Year, none of us for a party and all of us for the State, take six great steps to the Great Peace of Great Britain.

1. *Let us declare war on the poverty from which our people perish. Under the Minimum Wage Act it lies already within the power of the Government, by a stroke of the pen, to declare a minimum wage for any trade.*

2. Let us destroy the foul slums in which our people lose their joy of life, their strength of body, their peace of mind, and their eternal hope.

3. Let us appoint a Headquarters Staff to make war on disease and establish the conditions of a healthy people.

4. Let us make war on ignorance and put the means of knowledge, the chance of education, within the reach of all.

5. Let us organise the forces of the State to produce the greatest happiness for the greatest number, and utilise the natural and mental resources of the kingdom to build up our unparalleled powers.

6. Let us lay the foundations of patriotism and justice for all, abolishing injustices admitted by all, controlling the evils that sap the moral strength of youth, spreading equality of opportunity among the people.

So shall we build up, in the place of a dependent population, a happy British Brotherhood.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE PLAGUE OF DRINK

We license in this country a thing more terrible than a German submarine, destroying more lives, wrecking more homes, spreading more sorrow in every week of peace than any German submarine in any year of war.

The *Titanic* goes down by accident with its human freight, and the whole world throbs with grief; the *Lusitania* goes down by the act of an assassin, and the whole world is stricken with horror. But if a *Titanic* or a *Lusitania* were sunk each week in mid-Atlantic it would not

match, in tragic inhumanity, in terror and destruction and death, the blow struck by a cruel traffic at the heart of our Motherland.

We need not trouble much about the rights and wrongs of alcohol. It need not be denied that it has a power of giving pleasure. It need not be denied that it has the power of rendering useful service. In calling up quickly the vital resources of life when they may be slipping away, in producing heat to keep our houses warm or power to drive our engines, alcohol is precious to us all. But no man who loves his country will say that alcohol is worth the price we pay for it.

What is this price? Let us look at it as those who believe in the right of liberty for all, and in a nation's right to be supreme above all the private interests it contains.

Science has settled for ever the question whether alcohol is good or bad. It is good as petrol is, or chloroform; as a beverage it is bad. It slows the action of the brain, so that in an emergency a man may not be ready; it impairs the judgment, so that a man is not to be relied upon; it dims the vision, so that a man at a machine may miss his mark; it enfeebles the powers of endurance, so that a man may suffer grave risk from exposure; it gives a false sense of security by bringing the warm blood to the surface, so that a man is colder afterwards, and perhaps takes more to make him warm again; it weakens resistance to disease, so that the man who takes it is more likely to die than if he did not; it blunts the senses, so that men will imperil their families or their country and be unashamed; it consumes day by day the strength the body builds up for any crisis that may come. There is no doubt about these things, and they are enough. Against them alcohol gives pleasure to individuals and wealth inconceivable to a trade. What does it do, what has it done, for the land we love?

It causes one-tenth of all deaths and uses up one-tenth of the produce of the land; it draws one-tenth of our income from the pockets of our people.

It robs our people of security and the power of independence. Invested by the head of a family from the age of twenty-five, the money spent on Drink by the average British home would give an income of over a pound a week at fifty-five, but our working people have thrown away the independence this would give them, and have agitated for years to obtain a pittance of five shillings a week at seventy.

It robs our people of life and health. There are always 150,000 people ill through alcohol, and over a thousand funerals a week. A heavy drinker of twenty will live sixteen years; a teetotaler probably forty-four. Out of nearly 70,000 teetotalers an insurance company expected to die, one quarter did not die.

It destroys the moral character and mental capacity of hundreds of thousands of men and women, and develops in society tendencies to insanity and crime and degeneracy. It is like a river polluted, pouring into the future population a stream of imbeciles, epileptics, criminals, and all manner of social parasites.

It poisons the race at its source; it is the chief cause of National Infanticide. Of the same number of children born to drunken and sober mothers, thirty died in two years in sober homes and seventy in drunken homes. Of one hundred children born of drunken parents six in seven were abnormal. Nearly all overlying is due to drink; the official statistics of the Board of Control show that the deaths of infants from suffocation in bed fall precisely in the same ratio as the convictions of mothers for drunkenness.

It causes one-fifth of disease, one-tenth of all deaths, one-half of insanity, one-half of pauperism, and three-quarters of crime.

It breaks up homes, wrecks our social peace, imposes heavy burdens and inflicts bitter suffering on innocent and guilty alike. It saps the loyalty of masses of our people, reduces the efficiency of masses of our workers, and dries up the fountain of charity or diverts it from many good causes.

It weakens our defences and destroys our reserves. The British Navy is so imperilled by it that it withdraws beyond the reach of alcohol twenty-four hours before a gun test. In the Army it reduces efficiency in shooting by one-third or one-half; on the march to Ladysmith the men who dropped out of the relief column were, says Sir Frederick Treves, 'not the tall men or the short men, or the big men or the little men, but the drinkers, and they dropped out as if they had been labelled with a big letter on their backs.'

The shadow of the war will be over our lives as long as we live, but the effect of the German War on Britain in our generation is not more terrible but less terrible, not more costly but less costly, not more infamous but less infamous, than the effect of the Alcohol War. Alcohol has deprived the United Kingdom, in this generation of thirty-three years, of a British Army greater than Napoleon ever led. There could have been no tragedy of man-power in Britain if Drink had been stopped when the British Army was in its cradle. Drink has cost the United Kingdom in this generation at least two million dead, with a million more submerged all the time in poverty and insanity and disease. The cost of Drink in human pain can never be imagined, but two facts help us to realise its enormity. For every known case of cruelty to children there is at least another case unknown, and for every average crime committed there are at least two families distressed. Nothing could be more moderate than these assumptions, and if we judge Drink on this basis and take the official figures, there have been in this generation

ten million children ill-treated through Drink, a hundred thousand neglected or beaten to death or abandoned in the streets, and three million Drink crimes, plunging twenty-five million people into ruin, misery, disease, or death.

That is a glimpse of the cruelty of alcohol during our generation. It is as if every child now living in the United Kingdom were to be cruelly beaten, starved, or abandoned to-morrow; and as if one-half of the nation were to be suddenly plunged into social distress or moral disgrace through crime.

If we had invested, for such an hour as this, the money we have spent and lost on Drink in this generation it would have paid the whole cost of the war for Great Britain. Or it would have paid the whole cost of governing the country. The national and local expenditure of the United Kingdom for thirty-three years has been about 5000 million pounds. The expenditure on Drink has been about 5600 million pounds. It is calculated that the consequences of Drink—the loss through crime, disease, pauperism, accidents, death, inefficiency, with the waste of officials, doctors, nurses, and so on—double the direct expenditure, so that the Drink Bill for this generation may be set down as at least *ten thousand million pounds*. We are supposed to love our country, but we have drunk away the whole cost of governing the country, maintaining its Army and Navy, making its roads and lighting its streets, educating its children, pensioning its aged poor, and building its tramways and waterworks, its harbours and docks. We care less for all these things, if we test our care by what we spend, than we care for Drink. We believe in the British Empire, but our drink bills for ten years would double our empire investments; we have invested in the empire, that is to say, ten years of our drinking.

The sacrifice of British energy and life and wealth to Drink is an appalling tragedy of civilisation. To those

who do not know the truth it is incredible; to those who do know it is incredible that a Government can license a traffic such as this. We can hardly count the loss, reckoning lost life, lost labour, lost efficiency, lost produce, lost health, as less than a million and a half lives a year, and the waste of money in the year this book appears cannot be counted below £500,000,000.

It is as if we set apart for Drink one-tenth of all our national strength and all that it means to the world. Our fathers gave a tenth to God; we give a tenth to this thing for which the only name Shakespeare could find was Devil.

That is the price we pay for the Drink Traffic in the United Kingdom. The nation that tolerates it need never be ashamed to tolerate a German Peace.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE TRUMPET CALL

No man knows what history will say of the war, or of the generation in which the statesmen of Central Europe lived in palaces of devilry while the statesmen of the countries whose ruin they were plotting lived in a paradise of fools. But all men know one thing that history will say—it will say that the Great War was a trumpet call to those who would not listen. One quarter of the human race was under the direction, or control, or influence, of the United Kingdom, and the nation with this appalling burden to maintain was organised like a second- or third-rate State. Let us look at one or two facts to which, at last, this nation is compelled to listen. What has the war done for us all?

It has shown us that all these years we have had power to lift up our people to a level of happiness beyond their dreams, and that we threw this power away.

It has shown us that at any time we could have abolished poverty and hunger, and distributed wealth with something like justice.

It has shown us the pettiness of the things that divide us and the greatness of the things that unite us; it has settled controversies that embittered politics for years.

It has shown us that we could accomplish in a night things that we were afraid of for a generation—nationalisation of railways, conscription of excessive profits, the taxation of wealth, and the establishment of a living wage.

It has shown us the value of science in politics and industry, and the terrible danger of organised ignorance.

It has broken down class barriers, and raised democracy to its share of the highest power of government.

It has made us ashamed of the massacre of little children; it has made us realise the national benefit of educating them.

It has revealed the dangers at the heart of the State—the peril of private enterprises operating against the national interest; the powerful element of unpatriotism possessed with greed, selfishness, and indifference; and the unspeakable treachery of the liquor traffic.

It has thrilled us all with a new interest in these men who till our land and drive our trains and work our mills, so that we shall be ashamed to send the men who have offered us their lives back to foul slums which steal their lives away.

It has laid the foundations of a vast industrial organisation of the nation, upon which we can build up an illimitable extension of mechanical power.

It has taught a nation that haggled about Old Age Pensions and would not pay for education that it was in

its power to spend £5,000,000 a day for years on any enterprise it chose to begin.

It has taught a country that did not know the value of its precious soil that it can grow two ears of wheat where one grew before.

It has taught a nation that housed men like dogs that it can afford to house them like kings; it has taught a nation that paid labourers like slaves that it can afford to pay them like citizens of a mighty empire.

They are lessons a great country should not need to learn in this twentieth century of the world, but lessons which were needed and worth a bitter price. We shall close the war at least with the foundations of good government well and truly laid. We shall have kindled a patriotism in which a population indifferent for so long will be as zealous as the vested interests. Nothing less than that is patriotism, nothing less than that can make all this worth while.

We shall set out on our new journey through the better days with a better understanding one of another, and a deeper conception of right and wrong set up in the hearts of the people. We have seen what evil is, and how the natural human heart hates it in its naked ugliness. The lives of millions of men and women have been infused with an idealism they did not know before. It is harder for a man to break his word. It is easier to be just and kind and patient. We have had stirred within us the play of great emotions; we have felt the solemn uprisings that come from the depths of our being. We have thought less of self and more of others. We have learned to scorn what is petty and mean; we have found what a pitiful thing, in war or in peace, a shirker or a hoarder is.

We have lived through our country's greatest hours. We have seen millions of men snatched from a humdrum

life and stirred with the spirit of a Great Adventure which has led them to the very shadow of the Throne of God. In that shadow they have lived, waking in the morning conscious of things more precious than life, living hour by hour in the face of death, remembering their Creator in the days of their youth. To those abroad and to those at home the trumpet call has come: *are you worthy of this Motherland and these great ideals, of this chivalry that is willing to die in order that you may live?*

There will surely be a glow in life when we begin again. These men will bring home something they had not before, something invisible but real. It will change their lives. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are great and noble—they will surely think on these things; and the remembrance of these days will run through the land like a fire. Every village will be richer for something new and strange, for the old men will dream dreams and the young men will see visions.

And far beyond the bounds of our British Motherland we see the working of this stream of influence. Consider for a moment only, how it runs through the heart of the British Commonwealth everywhere.

It has shown that the idea of a free empire is sound; the first free empire in the world has stood the test.

It has welded the empire as the mightiest consolidated force on earth; not one part of it is there that has not helped to build up the whole with its blood.

It has set up the Dominions in their high places, colonies no more but equal nations with the Motherland, each to have its place in the mightiest Parliament ever known on earth.

It has made Australia a nation, with a roll of heroes and a great tradition, a high place in the world, and a destiny unparalleled before it.

It has seen Canada rise to a strength beyond its dreams, financially independent, a worthy neighbour of the Great Republic, free from the parasite of Drink from sea to sea, with thousands of miles of boundaries unguarded and unthreatened.

It has healed the wounds of the South African War and welded South Africa into a loyal State; it has brought new promise to Egypt, carried India great strides forward towards self-government, and revealed the depths of loyalty to freedom in chiefs and natives everywhere.

It has opened our eyes to the marvellous resources of the British Empire, cemented the brotherhood of its peoples, and stirred to the depths their affection for the flag.

So, through the whole wide world, the still waters flow deep. Peoples pass through the fires, and forge and anvil weld together great nations. Two new patriotisms have been growing up in Europe—national and continental. Europe has a new vision. Her great free nations have set out, with all the civilised world behind them, in search of liberty and everlasting peace.

But greater than this League of Free Europe is the Court of Humanity that the war has set up. The makers of the war have been tried at the bar of the Universal Peoples. The appeal has been to Christian, Hindu, Hebrew, Moslem, Buddhist, Liberal, Conservative, Socialist, Monarchist, Republican, and in this Court of Mankind the troublers of the world are being tried and found guilty. The last three absolute rulers in Europe, crowned remnants of despotism, stand arraigned against the peoples, and their day has come. They have found that the day of Napoleon is over, that despotism has but to appear on the battlefield with its hired and long-trained armies, and the manhood of the world will rise and will build up in that desperate hour such matchless armies as will sweep away all despots. The whole world now knows that the qualities that make men strong in war

can never die in peace; it is the deathless courage and dauntless heroism and unshakable endurance of free men, these matchless jewels of the English-speaking race, that will conquer militarism, and drive it from its last entrenchments, and shatter kaisers in the dust.

It is not the least of all the gains the war has brought to us that all the world now sees the strength that lies in liberty. The British Idea survives the fiercest fires in history. Spain ruled by force, Turkey by massacre, Russia through terror, Germany through lying and deceit, and the clouds have gathered round their setting suns; but the sun never sets on the Empire of the Flag, the first empire that Liberty has ever made. Materials, money, and men—the empire that is free to please itself pours them out unstintingly.

So there is dawning on men the wide world over a sense of the calculated devilry that has given to a handful of kings the power to take the instruments of science, the treasuries of knowledge, and the energies and bodies of millions of men as pawns in their games. We shall turn these things to nobler purposes. We shall unite for construction, and not for destruction. We shall seek alliances for lifting up the world and conquering disease. We shall endow research and build up parliaments of science. Free from military shackles, the evolution of the nations will be no longer in matter but in mind; no longer physical but mental. The lower struggle is ended. Man has emerged. The quest of truth will follow the conquest of the brute.

It is not for nothing, this bitter price we pay. It is not for nothing that the dawn of the vision is breaking on the minds of men. Four-fifths of the human race have set their faces, East with West, along the stern and bitter road. The last time Britain was at war in Europe Japan was in the Feudal Age: now she fights for liberty—with China and India too. No more is there neutrality in war;

whether they will or no all nations are flung in. A great lesson it is in the interdependence of peoples; whether you fight or look on, war will overwhelm you. There never was, in the moral government of the world, a possible neutrality between right and wrong. There could not be. We have only to look back a few years to see how injustice within a nation's borders reacts on the world without. A federal system for Austria's little nations, a reformed franchise in Prussia, a real parliament in Russia, a broader vision in the north of Ireland, and the world might not have come to this. It is something that mankind should realise at last that it is one great family.

But incomparably above all other gains is the spectacle of America coming in, abandoning her isolation, giving up peace and abundance to take her place in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. A solemn and impressive thing it is if we think of this drama only in France, but if we think of the whole world and of the time that lies ahead, nothing that has happened since Columbus found America has been fraught with greater meaning on this planet. There is no more the New World and the Old: it is the Whole World now, and America comes in to make it safe—*safe for democracy.*

A world at peace and safe for democracy: it is written across the Stars and Stripes; it will be blazoned on the banners of the States that rule the world. It is a great and noble and uplifting vision—to make the world safe for democracy, to give democracy something to do, to make it safe and free throughout the planet, so that nothing shall hinder its work. In the heart of democracy live the powers that will save mankind. Faith, knowledge, and justice, these three, will lift the world to heights unthinkable. It was knowledge that made democracy: it was science, working quietly in the lives of the people, that built up democratic power. We put science in a corner, as if it were a thing to patronise or tolerate as suited our

mood, and the politician tittered at the great opinion these scientific people had of themselves; yet all the time science was working as the central, vital, all but omnipotent power, shaping the lives of men and swaying the destinies of nations. By inventing printing and railways and telegraphs science made democracy possible.

It was the vision in the mind of a few that built up knowledge. It was knowledge that built up democracy. It is democracy that will build up liberty and peace. Pray that democracy, when its power shall come, may love the knowledge that made it, and give us once again the Vision.

6

The End of It All

Lo! I am With You Alway

Exultant adoration give
The Alone, through whom all living live,
The Alone, through whom all dying die,
Whose means the end shall justify.

THOMAS HARDY

CHAPTER XXXV

WHAT WILL MAN DO WITH IT?

AND now, what is the end of it all? This earth was once master of man. Man is becoming master of the earth. What will he do with it? The future of the earth enthralls the mind that thinks of it; but there is something more enthralling to us all—the future of ourselves.

We do not know. Of the future state of man we know no more than Shakespeare knew of these invisible powers that are harnessed all about us, and could have flashed a line from 'Hamlet' round the earth as fast as he could write it out. We know no more of the life to come than Aristotle knew of the functions of the human heart. We know no more than Sir Isaac Newton knew of light from electricity. The world we know was closed to them; the world to which we move is closed to us. They had no hint of this life beyond their ken in which we live; we have no hint of the life that is to come.

But we know what we know, we have seen what we have seen, and the mind that has come thus far, that has crept up from the dust and mounted to the skies, will not believe that it is doomed to perish in the dust again.

The mind that understands the past will shrink from no vision of the future that imagination can conceive. A few thousand years have opened up the entire field of human knowledge; a few hundred years have 'made

us masters where we were slaves.' What, then, is impossible in millions of years? Who knows that the age in which this book appears will not be like a moral Stone Age before the world is twenty lifetimes older?

The mysterious powers of man, the mighty processes of chemistry, the strange promptings of the soul, the throbbing in ethereal space—who shall set a limit to illimitable things like these? Man does not even know if he is alone in the universe. He has no reason to be surprised if to-morrow the mighty atom should suddenly release its power and banish poverty and weariness for human kind. He need not be surprised at anything that radium does, or at any new powers discovered in the ether. He will certainly ring up the other side of the world as readily as he rings up his neighbour, and only the dull folk will be surprised if a dozen things happen as startling as that in the next ten years.

A man in a laboratory may do more for his race in a day than all the parliaments of Europe in a generation. A man in a scientific workshop may give us means of investigation inconceivable to us now. Who, before the microscope was invented, could have dreamed of the wonder in the tip of a root? Who, before the telescope came to peer into infinity, could have guessed the unfathomable wonder of the heavens? Who could have dreamed, even when the microscope came at last, that this scientific toy would save more lives in one generation than all the laws ever put on Statute Books? Man can change the lives of animals and plants, raising new kinds of either. He can enormously modify or develop the two great branches of life and its kingdoms. Who knows that the future may not hold within itself the secret of some intellectual advance of man corresponding with his advance in other realms? How many years will it be before the European man of science ranks as much above a Kelvin as a Kelvin does above

a charlatan? We can produce wheat free from rust; why not men free from disease? One thing is certain; the discoveries of new powers and their applications will be immeasurably beyond all human experience, and the child born in the Great War will live on into a world beyond imagination now.

It is not the scientific but the unscientific mind, says Darwin, that sets limits to the possibilities of knowledge, and it is ignorance, and not wisdom, that talks of Evolution as if it had stopped. We are only at the beginning of Evolution Conscious, and already the new chapter is wonderful beyond comparison. We have found that matter is a colossal reservoir of energy. We have begun to tap it, and already we have captured electricity. We have found that Paul was speaking like a scientist, and not only like a preacher, when he said, 'The things that are seen are temporal, the things that are not seen are eternal'; and we have harnessed unseen things to carry a thought across the world as fast as we can think it, and to carry the human voice across the world faster than Nature can carry it without our aid.

They are not bad beginnings. We can imagine a man at the beginning of Time looking out on the heavens then and now, and being bewildered with it all; but truly we may imagine Burke and Pitt, or even Tennyson and Darwin, looking out upon the world to-day with a wonder too great for words. We have moved so fast that somebody has said that master phrases of science a generation old sound as if Greek lips had uttered them, and the world moves, indeed, at a rate almost unthinkable.

We have to approach the thought of the future of man on the earth with these things in our minds. The promise of what man yet will do is in the things that man has done, but beyond all possible comparison will be the wonder of the things to come. What is the stop-

ping of war compared with the things that man has done? It is child's play. The wildest visions of the dreamer are not wilder than the visions of Marconi would have been when he was born. The wildest vision of the sea without a battleship, or a State without a gun, is not wilder than the vision of the world we live in would have been to Aristotle and Shakespeare and Newton. We know there was a world they did not dream of, for we live in it; what right has any man to say that there is not another world, and others after that? There is a striking picture of this in the writings of F. W. H. Myers, which we may adapt. The only environment our first ancestors knew may have been hot water, until some great explorer, some microscopical Columbus, found the world of air. It was a world beyond all their imagining, but there was still another world, found by some Newton-like amoeba, who felt the warmth of the sun on some sensitive spot, and discovered light and heat.

Who are we, with new worlds opening round us year by year, to say that life has no more chambers to unlock? Life, for the first time in its æons of development, became conscious of itself and of the universe when man was born. What presumption is this, that man should come upon the scene after a thousand million years and imagine that Evolution has nothing greater to produce? The fact that man is looking on can make no difference to Evolution—except that while Evolution in the past has been like a play unseen, Evolution in the future has an audience, for man is there to see.

CHAPTER XXXVI

GOD'S PARTNER

EVOLUTION has an audience looking on, but it has more than an audience; it has a partner; and to that conscious partnership we must attribute the most stupendous fact in history, the speeding up of Human Evolution.

We have seen that Nature, working with the aid of man, has wrought great things that Nature never could have wrought alone. Nature unaided, for example, can carry the human voice through space at a few hundred yards a second; but Nature with the help of man can take the voice around the earth in the twinkling of an eye. For a thousand centuries the human race moved slowly; for a hundred centuries men have built up cities and filled them with beautiful things; but the great quickening up of the world is hardly one century old. It is as if the junior partner in the scheme of Evolution had served a long apprenticeship and suddenly awakened to his powers. Man has had a million years at least upon the earth, but in civilisation he is probably not more than ten or twenty centuries old. It is only a few hundred lifetimes; it is as a day in the eternal years; and man's effective partnership in Evolution is but an hour compared with his long past. He is only a step or two on in his great march to the conquest of the earth, but already he stands at the gates of a new dominion. He has found new powers over the forces that he knows, and is peeping on tiptoe through the keyhole of an unknown world.

He stands there wrapped in mystery and thought. Think of the power that lies in a cradle. No man knows what it may become. Dynamite is nothing compared with that. The specks of grey matter behind those blue

eyes may change your life and mine for ever. The mystery of a baby in its cradle is like the mystery of man and his destiny: the things that he may do are not to be dreamed of. Man has done what he has done, and he stands at the dawn. Where will he stand at noon?

It is nothing that a thing should seem incredible; it is the constant incredibility of the world that staggers thinking men. In the amoeba days who could have guessed that the dinosaur would come? In the dinosaur days who could have guessed that man would come? In the cave days of man who could have guessed that Shakespeare would come? And who, in Shakespeare's day, except perhaps some poor wild Roger Bacon, could have conceived the Wireless Age?

Only the dullard or the fool believes a thing impossible because he cannot understand it. The fool has said in his heart 'I will not believe what I cannot explain,' but no man has explained the fool. The priceless and boundless possession of a man is the faith he has, and every stronghold of science, every fortress of truth, every citadel of reason, is behind the faith that all is well.

What is the good of a world like this? the cynic asks, and the answer is that at least he is a cynic and not a gibbering ape, and there is hope that he may grow into a reasoning man. So the cave man, poor creature, battling with the elements, fighting the bear for his food, guarding his little ones from the wolf, may have asked his unknown God, What is the good of it all? So the poor witch may have asked, thrown into a pond to drown, or the poor woman burning alive in Smithfield because she believed in God and would not lie. So, if there had been a voice to ask, it might have asked when the reptile was king—What is the good of it all? We have to imagine that to see how mad the question is, and how complete the answer. The world is in no need of vindication, and it is not on its defence.

Has the movement of the world been good or bad? Only an idiot doubts. Has Human Evolution been long or slow? It has been almost like a lightning flash compared with Nature's Evolution. Side by side with the unknown millions of years of preparation for it, civilised mankind is but an hour or two old. Through how many millions of years animal instincts were weaving themselves into the life of man we do not know: we know that but a few thousand have gone to crush them out of him. We know that in a few thousand years the savage creature of the wilds has changed into a Milton and a Florence Nightingale. We know that in this same few thousand years the brother of the wolf has become the faithful guardian of the child.

Those who know all these things will not refuse to believe that in a few more years we may see such miracles again. Man who has tamed the wolf may change these Prussians into Europeans, and what then?

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE GREAT DAYS COMING

YES, what then? What of the great days coming? We were never so near them as now. The Vision Splendid looms before the troubled human race.

We talk of the armies of heroes who give their lives for England and the flag. There is always an army of heroes giving their lives for England. What are they doing, and what are their victories? Let us glance quickly at some of these mighty and transforming things that will come into the days of the Great Peace.

There will be, we are sure, the abolition of disease. There is practically no disease in Nature; civilisation has made it, and civilisation will unmake it. Fifty years

ago the cause of disease was as unknown to men as it was five thousand years ago; now we are conquering disease by conquering the cause. Plague, which in one year sent half the people of England to their graves, has disappeared; smallpox and leprosy have followed it; diphtheria can be cured wherever it is found in time; and a guarantee against typhoid is given to every soldier. It is true that 400,000 people are always suffering from consumption in these islands, and that 80,000 die in every year; but we can stop consumption when we like, and we can abolish all epidemic diseases in this country within fifty years.

We are lengthening life with every year that goes; a child born to-day has not only a greater chance of life, but a chance of a longer life than its father. Seventy years ago more people died of bad drains in this country than in any year of war in our history, and half the children born in England perished like flies on a summer's day.

Now, in ten years, the deaths of babies have been cut down by one-third; where three children died when my little girl was born only two die now. From to-night till this night next year about six hundred thousand people will die in these islands—as many people as there are in Rome. But if there had been no laws of health for fifty years half a million more would die, and a dead Birmingham would be added to a dead Rome. If every inhabitant of Birmingham had died last night, with not one man still living to dig a grave, that would be the sort of calamity that is saved every year in this country now, compared with less than fifty years ago. In fifty years the saviours of health in this country have saved as many lives as there are white people in all the British Empire beyond the seas.

And of course we are going to stop Drink; we shall stop drinking alcohol and make it drive our engines. Perhaps the greatest moral service science has rendered the world in these ten years has been to prove that the teetotalers have always been right. There is no doubt about it at

all, and only ignorance and interest defend this social use of a poison which strikes through the normal life of a people as the German army strikes through Belgium.

Poverty will go. Our children will be ashamed of it. Parliament is beginning to put on the Statute Book the old-fashioned gospel that the labourer is worthy of his hire. The minimum wage is coming. We are all agreed that the smallest wages must be high enough to keep human beings in comfort. The principle has passed beyond controversy, and only the details have to be arranged.

The slums are coming down. If we do not bring our guns from Flanders and turn them on our filthy homes, the Insurance Act, leading us on towards a Ministry of Health and a service of State doctors, has found a way to tax the slums which Governments will soon learn how to use, and the day is coming fast when a town will be as ashamed of its slums as of its murders.

In the new age coming science will give us power and power will give us leisure. Industrial slavery will go the way of physical slavery, and men will give their reasonable labour, and not their bodies and their souls, for bread. In olden days it took 400,000 men to do the work that one train will do. The shame is that this advance of science has been used, not to reduce the toil of the many, but to increase the wealth of a few. But the progress which is the release of the human race from toil, as Herbert Spencer says, is coming at last. We are beginning to use the power of the sun and the running river, and Niagara has power enough at the Falls to do the work of all America. If all the power of Niagara could be harnessed it would give every human being in America a power-slave of his own.

It is said that in the great days of Athens every freeman had five slaves who did his bidding, and it is reckoned that in this country now, if we take the power of coal alone, every British family has the equivalent of twenty slaves to do its bidding. On my desk as I write a speck of

matter is breaking up before my eyes, breaking up visibly on the point of a pin, giving off parts of itself day and night, day and night, day and night for year after year; power and heat and actual parts of itself this speck is giving off, and will be giving off for century after century until more than a thousand years have gone. Inherent in every atom is energy like this, lost and wasted now, so that the cleverest men in England cannot get hold of it. But men will get hold of it. It is the way of man, when he has found out such a thing as that, to find the key that unlocks the power. Already men are looking into the atom, measuring its mass, calculating its power, and counting its population of electrons; already a scientist has told us that if half a grain of radium were equally divided among all the people in the world he could detect and identify every speck; and men who have got thus far do not suddenly stop. A race that could use these powers, says Professor Soddy, 'would have little need to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow. It could transform a desert continent, thaw the frozen Poles, and make the whole world a smiling garden. Perhaps it could explore the outer realms of space, migrating to more favourable worlds.' A radiant world will radium give us when that day comes. That civilisation is a failure which gives its benefits only to a few, and in the new age that is coming men will have leisure and know how to use it.

We, too, have our great crusades. In fifty years to come our tragic Present will have taken its place in the incredible Past, and the story of our slums will read like the story of the children in the mills, the story of the Drink Trade will read like the story of the Slave Trade, the story of the War will read like another Fall of Man. The days are dark, but when was the outlook for the moral crusader brighter than now, with the hearts of all men yearning for the better days, and the power of men growing with each rising of the sun? The day is

coming when every baby will have its chance of life, every child its opportunity, every mother her rights, every man the reward of his labour, every human being a place in the economy and development of a nation's life. We are coming to the brotherhood of man, and we shall get beyond it, for we are learning more and more of the brotherhood of life. We are learning that the world is ours, but ours to use, and not abuse. We are learning that the universe is all about us, not merely outside us, or beyond us, but part of us as we are part of it. All life and all things are one, part of the plan by which, ascending from chaos and darkness, the work of God's hand shall be perfected through you and me. Everything influences something, and none of us can live alone.

We may be disappointed that the world has not reached perfection after a hundred centuries of history and nineteen centuries of Christianity; but this world will never reach perfection, for perfection changes with every age that comes and every age that goes. The vision of the fathers is the realisation of the children, but the children's visions only the children's children see. 'To travel hopefully,' says Robert Louis Stevenson, 'is a better thing than to arrive.' We must travel hopefully. We must not be discouraged because Life is a journey without an end; we must agree rather with the wise German who loved truth and said that if God were to offer him the truth in one hand and the search for truth in the other, he would take the search for truth.

The world of to-day is beyond all the dreams of yesterday; the world of to-morrow will be greater than we can think. Nothing seems impossible. It seems more possible to us that men should fly to the moon than it would have seemed to Shakespeare that men should fly to France. Twelve years ago two men were discussing the German scare. 'The Germans will come when they fly,' said one. Well, the Germans have been, and they did fly.

Be sure that great events are always in the making; never a day but some seed is sown that will bear unexpected fruit. This seed of great events, how wonderful it is! The old monk Mendel, growing peas in a monastery garden—who could have seen that he was forging a weapon to drive back insanity and build up a stronger race? A young doctor in India, examining gnats until he fell asleep—what daring prophet could have seen the Panama Canal in that? An old man bending for hours over a flower on his Kent hilltop—who that saw him could have dreamed of the glorious conception of the universe that Darwin was building up for mankind? Pasteur poring over his tubes and his microscope—who knew that the beginning of the end of disease was there?

We know the means; we do not see the end, but we have learned that in the history of knowledge mountains come from mole-hills. We can no more see the end of a discovery than the first man who made a fire could see the end of it. It is said that wireless telegraphy can be traced to a mathematical calculation by Lord Kelvin in 1853, and that one of the world's great industries can be traced to an idea in an article printed in 1865. Ninety years ago there was a pin's head of aluminium in the world, and scientists talked of it as a curiosity for a generation. But one man studied it, and now aluminium employs thousands of men, and there is hardly a motor car without it.

'What is the use of it?' somebody asked Michael Faraday. 'Madam,' said Faraday, 'what is the use of a new-born child?' Be sure there is some use for everything new, and there were never so many new things as now, when chemists are making, every day, substances that have never been in the world before. If the rubber plantation falls short, the chemist will make rubber; if sugar fails, the chemist makes it out

of coal and calls it saccharin, though the poet, nearer to the truth, calls it the honey of prehistoric bees. The chemist can take a rose, break up its scent into all its parts, reproduce each separate scent by chemistry, and put them together in a packet for you to buy at a shop—the sweetness of roses made for a penny!

There is no limit to the promise of the future. We do not produce Shakespeares and Miltons, but we do produce Pasteurs and Listers, and there have been among us in our time men whose names will endure when some of the stars we see in the sky have ceased to shine.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ALL'S WELL

WHY, then, if men have clothed themselves with such great powers, has the world come to this? Why have the men of this Age of Wonder fallen back in a night to the Age of Stone? It is because the eyes of men have been closed to the Vision, because the liberty of men has been a mockery, because the selfishness of men has enslaved the race in ignorance and toil. It is because knowledge is to the masses of the people a closed book; because the great power of man is to millions a dead and unused thing. It is because Democracy has been the prey of kings. With the world safe for Democracy the new world dawns. The powers which, working slowly, have swept away the horrors of the past will, working quickly, sweep away for ever the dragons that still beset our path.

Inside a speck of dust is power to break a continent in two, and no man can get it out. Most men are like that with the powers that lie to their hand. The electric dynamo is there, but they have not found the switch.

It is still true that millions of men are willing to be a pawn in the game of kings; it is still true that millions of men have been indifferent while the genius of mankind has been captured by the powers of evil. This mighty brain of man, which could make this world a paradise in twenty years from now, how low beyond all thinking it has fallen!

But remember this. The oldest of all human curses is war. It began in the days of the great cave bear, and it has lasted until now; it grew with what it fed upon, and when man no longer fought his neighbour war served the purposes of kings. It bred a spirit of hate among the people; it sowed the seeds of human jealousy; it fed the greed for power; it fastened itself to the thrones of Europe and supported itself in the people's will on the great illusion that war and conquest were the road to power.

And so the old, old curse of war came up into our time, with slavery and torture and disease and all the relics of the incredible past. Slavery has gone, torture has gone, most disease can be stopped when we are tired of it; and war—what of war? Only this—that it is killing itself faster than its worst enemy could have hoped to see it go. The price must be paid, but when did Satan and his hosts give way without a holocaust? When William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through Boston for denouncing slavery, the thing he had set himself to pull down was the mightiest vested interest on the earth.

And war—what sort of vested interest is that? For forty years it has drained the lives of men, has bought up their bodies, has consumed their brains, has turned to its own purposes all the resources that science and invention and ingenuity could command. The concentrated wonder of this Age of Wonder was packed into this foul thing, and there it stood, the Frankenstein Horror of the human race, the last refuge of barbarism left

in the world, casting its hideous shadow over the lives of men. It was not by Acts of Parliament that this thing could fall; it could not go as slavery went; you could not buy it out. We could stop the burning of witches; we could bring our little children up from the mines; we could put down flogging in the Army. But the greatest vested interest on the earth, with every crown in Christendom wrapped up in it, with gold poured into it unceasingly, was not to be put down like that. This last of all the monsters of the past must kill itself. This was the only way. We are witnessing the suicide of war.

If for a full generation we have seen the progress of the world perverted and turned to false ends, we shall yet see progress come into its own again, and a few years of war to end war is not a greater evil than another generation of preparation for war. We must not be cast down because the last fight with barbarism is the worst of all; let us rejoice that at last the end is coming, though we pay the bitter price. There is such a noise in Europe that the people cannot sleep, and no power exists on earth that can stop the people when awake.

Strange it is that the world has come to this, and that the age that has made the human voice immortal, that has magnified the voice of a man so that it reaches round the globe, has not a voice that can be heard to-day above the noise of Europe; but every man knows what the peoples of the world are saying, what the mothers of the world are thinking. They are saying that this shall be *Never again*. One half of the human race is leagued together to say that it shall never be; not since the world was made have so many people come together in any single cause. It cannot be that the peoples of Europe, once this slaughterhouse of kings comes rattling down, will set to work, while the grass is growing on their brothers' graves, and toil to set it up again.

It cannot be. The federation of the world has had a good beginning. Already two of the continents of the earth are under some sort of united control. Australia has a single Government whose sway extends over an area three-quarters the size of Europe, and North America is in the hands of the allied English-speaking race. The United States itself has treaties with Great Powers of Europe providing that war shall not break out on any question until after a waiting time of a year. With the war-drunken nation vanquished, the Nations of Peace will sit once more around a table and establish the Council of Europe, the Federation of the central nations of the earth, whose bidding, we may be sure, this Herod Hohenzollern will do, unless by then a little Belgian soldier has stripped his uniform in Brussels market-place and a Belgian jury has hanged him for his crimes.

The little nations will be safe and free. The dauntless Allies of liberty will cling to each other as long as memory stirs the human heart; the flag of the Free Empire will wave over Bethlehem and Calvary. Constantinople, the gate of East and West, will be, let us hope, the international city of the world, a little model for a Greater Europe. Russia, born again, will develop her matchless resources; the Old World, with India and China and Japan sharing the memories of these days, will draw nearer and nearer to the New. The doctrine of the beast that Might is Right will keep company with its brother, the divinity of kings. The word of a nation will be its bond, and more than ever men will scorn to break their word.

We shall be worse than Prussians if we do not do these things—if we do not, when the Great Peace comes, reconsecrate our lives, reconstitute our policies, rededicate our flag to the better days.

We have peeped into the past and into the future, and we can make up our minds now whether we prefer the

past, with all its darkness and horror, with all its hideous reality, or the present, with the darkness and the light beyond. We have seen enough to realise that there is a peace that is worse than war. Not one of us to-day could suffer in silence the life of those other days.

Few things could be worse than war, but at least we know it and acknowledge it, and it comes to an end; but this horrible Past was the normal life of peace, from year to year, from generation to generation. Is it not true, can it possibly be denied, that Europe as it is, *with all men shocked at it beyond endurance,* is better than Europe as it was, *with most men satisfied?* Is it not true that the war of these days, with all men wishing it would stop, is less horrible than the peace of those days, with most men willing that it should continue? Would you rather a man were shot by a gun, or that a woman were buried alive? Would you rather that children should be bereaved in a cause that fills a nation's heart with love for them, or that they were poisoned in coal-mines or worn to death in cotton-mills—and a nation willing that it should be so?

If we owe a debt to the past, we owe a duty to the future. All posterity sleeps in our bodies, and we owe it to posterity that it shall be well-born. We owe it to the future that it shall be born free in a safe world. The mind of the future, the heart of the future, the soul of the future, will be what we make them. We can make the men and women of to-morrow what we will; we can make them the builders of the Kingdom of God.

We have come out of a Past that was darker than night; we have come out of a peace that was worse than war.

We stand in the shadow that has come over the Present, and we fear, perhaps, what the end may be.

But we march to a Future nobler and nobler yet. Nothing good will be lost. The past is past with its

burning witches; the cry of its little ones is hushed; the children of its slaves are free. But the seed that bore fruit in due season is bearing fruit in due season still; the leaven of righteousness works on through all the ages. In darkness and sorrow we move through the Valley of the Shadow, but we know in whom we have believed, and we lift up our hearts and cry to the sun with Robert Browning:

> The year's at the spring,
> And day's at the morn,
> Morning's at seven,
> The hillside's dew-pearled;
> The lark's on the wing,
> The snail's on the thorn,
> God's in His heaven—
> All's right with the world.

CHAPTER XXXIX

IF A MAN DIE

If a man die, shall he live again? It is written in the skies, the promise of eternal life. It rises up from the earth in spring, it is the song of the birds in summer, it is in the falling leaves of autumn, it is hidden in the snows of winter. It is everywhere, always; from the beginning of the world, throughout all the realms we know, every hour of every day, life has been conquering death.

The world is growing old—I write among the hills where the age of man upon the earth has been traced back for ten thousand centuries—and every year that man has lived Life has been growing more wonderful, more beautiful, more powerful. She has climbed up from the depths of the sea, where, as far as we know, she found the first creatures in which she made her home. She has come up through kingdoms of strange wild things, through the marvellous growth of plants, until at last she has

found her throne in man. All through the ages Life has been winning her way, covering the earth and conquering all things.

These men who flung their bodies like a living wall in the German path, this multitude of the flower of men who gave themselves

> To serve as model for the mighty world
> And be the fair beginning of a time

have not passed from a battlefield to annihilation in a grave. These glorious hosts of chivalry, these saviours of the world who braved and welcomed death that we may live, are not to perish from the earth at the touch of a Kaiser. This world is not a bitter mockery; we are not to be told that Evolution stops when the Kaiser bids. All this flower of mankind, this harvest of love and faith and truth and honour and courage beyond all words, this crowning glory of the human life of ages, is not to perish like a candle flame, to be blotted out as if it had not been. There are greater destinies in life than that. That would mean that all that is noble and generous, all the power and glory God put into life, can be destroyed by order of the German Emperor. It would mean that a microbe can destroy the soul of a poet, that all the qualities and powers of men are at the mercy of a dagger or a gun. It would mean the defeat of Nature and of God.

Life does not build up her temples to bury them in the dust; she does not give birth to her children, bringing them out of the darkness of night, through agonies and perils and fears, into the noonday sun, raising them to heights of power undreamed of, simply that by a felon's blow they may be flung back to oblivion. There is nothing in the history of the world, there is nothing outside the history of insanity, that can teach us that. Life is not mad. Evolution was not planned in Bedlam. Life is

the power by which He works who set the worlds in space, and Evolution is His scheme of building up the Kingdom of Heaven upon the earth.

Our heroes are not in their graves. Somewhere in realms we do not know their power goes on. The something in them that we could not see or touch, but which we felt and knew was there; the something that we love them for; the something we saw in the light of their eyes, or heard in the softness of their voice, or felt in tl presence near us—these things are not in their graves. These things no guns can kill, no armies can conquer. They are the crowning things that Life has made, the things that make us different from flowers and streams and hills and stones and from everything else alive; and these things that we cherish in our mortal frames live though our mortal frames may perish. They are the instruments of God Himself, the powers He has set in men to carry on His mighty purposes, and for them there is no death.

Life and its children go on for ever. No man of science dare say that Life is not immortal. It changes its forms, that is all. Take up the most powerful microscope you can find and put under it the humblest creature you can see—put under it the tiny amoeba. Watch it grow before your eyes, and while you look one amoeba will grow into two, and two will divide and grow into four, and four will become eight and eight become sixteen, and so on and on and on these things grow to millions, but none is ever known to die. That is the way of Life. It grows and multiplies and fills the earth; it becomes richer and more abundant; but it never dies.

The mind that grasps the wonder of this world sees no room for terror and despair in the thing that men call death:

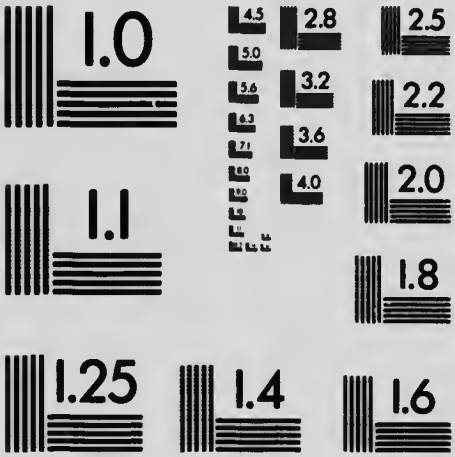
> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
> Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

We see in death a sleeping and a passing, a sleeping through the gates of a world we know and a passing into something we do not understand. The faith of a man who has seen a violet grow will not break down at the thought of something he cannot understand. We could not live an hour, the world could not exist a single day, without the things that no man knows. You need think no farther than yourself—your voice, your sight, your hearing, the something in you that gives you pause when you do wrong; the love you feel for another, the power that comes to you when you need it most—to realise how we depend in every moment that we live on things we do not know. These men in the trenches, when some great moment comes, when all the forces of evil are rising up before them and they are told to charge—what happens to them then? No man on earth can tell us why it is, but at that moment of their need there takes place in the bodies of these men a physical and chemical change, a rearrangement and adaptation of millions of tiny molecules within them, that creates new sugar in their blood and gives them unguessed strength. Out of the depths of their unconsciousness has come a conscious strength. Something there is in this machine of ours that is beyond all thinking—it is the temple of the purposes of God, the conscious instrument that God Himself has set up in the world to do His will.

And shall this perish? The mind will not contain the thought. Even matter does not perish; it goes on and on and on, merely changing its forms; now a mountain, now a rose, now the fair hair of a little child. And so Mind goes on and on, doing its everlasting work, enshrining itself in songs and pictures and books that will stir and thrill and give new thoughts to men as long as the world endures. The matter that is everything, and the mind that rules all matter, are both immortal, and it is a man who bears the noble name of Darwin, as we

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

have seen, who has told us that not only life but a sort of consciousness itself extends throughout the plant and animal kingdoms. We are beginning to know that these things are so; we know that every plant in a garden is sensitive to our touch, we know that certain atoms of matter are so sensitive to light and warmth and electricity that men can do wonders with them—can send a wireless telegram, for instance, or carry the voice across the earth, or make even the printed letters in this paper *actually talk to you.* All these things men can do by using the sensitiveness of matter.

And if this marvellous power inhabits matter that seems dead to us, and if the power goes on and on as we know it does, who shall dare tell us that the highest things upon this earth, the things that have made men masters of the world, have not this power as well? Who shall tell us that the atoms of matter, or the atoms of spirit, or the atoms of whatever it may be that remain to us when we fall asleep, have not in them this sensitiveness, this consciousness, this power that death itself can never conquer? If consciousness runs through all things, will it be missing only from the life-cells that make up you and me when we sleep at last? Matter persists; it never loses its characteristics. Shall Mind, then?

From immemorial time the mind of man has looked into the years wondering, wondering. In those far-back and primitive days when life seemed simple, something in man revolted from the thought that it could end in sleep. Pick up the books in a library and search the minds of those immortal men in every age that goes. Think of the long line of mighty men whose names can never die, the men who felt the mystery of the earth; and the thing that nothing could quench in them was their faith and trust in God. Think of that splendid Socrates, who told his judges that he could not die, and whose words ring through the ages, older than the Sermon on

the Mount, that to the good man no evil thing can happen, but that his soul, in passing from this world, arrayed in jewels of temperance, justice, courage, nobility, and truth, dwells for ever in bliss.

The quenchless faith of Socrates has swayed the human mind. We feel the divinity stirring within us, as Addison did:

> The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
> At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
> The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
> Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wrecks of matter, and the crash of worlds.

We feel everywhere about us the innerness of life. We believe, with Keats, that 'a man's life is a continual allegory, and very few eyes can see the mystery of it.' We understand what Thoreau felt when he wrote of the harvest of his daily life as something as intangible as the tints of morning or evening—'a little star-dust caught, a segment of the rainbow which I have clutched.'

We feel, as Shakespeare felt, that there is a glory not to be conceived until 'this muddy vesture of decay' is gone. We know that the glory and beauty of Nature are immortal, as Shelley knew:

> Music, when soft voices die,
> Vibrates in the memory—
> Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
> Live within the sense they quicken.
> Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
> Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
> And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
> Love itself shall slumber on.

We understand, as William Blake did, what it is

> To see the world in a grain of sand,
> And heaven in a wild flower;
> Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And eternity in an hour.

We share the calm confidence of Matthew Arnold in the destinies of those who struggle in this world:

Foiled by our fellow-men, depressed, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And—patience!—in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we upborne.

We cannot reach the limits of a boundless universe, but we say with Tennyson to all who doubt:

This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?

And with Tennyson, again, the human mind looks forward with a confidence serene in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

We shall come to our own and our own will come to us; we trust, with John Burroughs, in the everlasting justice of the universe:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

We see the Vision Splendid that both Wordsworth and Browning saw; our hearts are tuned with Browning's when he wrote:

In man's soul arise
August anticipations, symbols, types,
Of a dim splendour ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues.

Not all the noise and tumult of this world can utterly destroy the recollection of the time

> when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight
> To us did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.

These shadowy recollections of pure childhood

> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet the master light of all our seeing.

We carry them on with us towards life eternal; they

> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
> To perish never:
> Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
> Nor man, nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy!

For us this heart of Wordsworth does not cease to beat. For us it is true that

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home.

So we follow Wordsworth on until

> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither.

We hear with him the 'still, sad music of humanity'; we stand with him before Nature as in an exalted presence:

> a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:

A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. . . .

Our faith is set in the source of might and right:

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong:
And the most ancient heavens through Thee are fresh and strong.

No disaster to our human plans can shake our trust in the Creator of the World. In the darkest hour on earth we can stand and say, with Thomas Campbell's last man:

Go, Sun, whil Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the Night that hides thy face
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy,
To quench his Immortality
Or shake his trust in God!

Out of the dark shadow of this night, with the sad wailing of humanity borne on every wind and wave, we come to Him

whose eye all Nature owns,
Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones,

and we sing to the stately, solemn music of our greatest living poet:

Yea, Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail,
Who shakst the strong, who shield'st the frail,
Who hadst not shaped such souls as we
If tender mercy lacked in Thee!

Though times be when the mortal moan
Seems unascending to Thy throne,
Though seers do not as yet explain
Why suffering sobs to Thee in vain;

We hold that Thy unscanted scope
Affords a food for final Hope,
That mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh
Life's loom, to lull it by-and-by.

Therefore we quire to highest height
The Wellwiller, the kindly Might
That balances the Vast for weal,
That purges as by wounds to heal.

The systemed suns the skies to enscroll
Obey Thee in their rhythmic roll,
Ride radiantly at Thy command,
Are darkened by Thy Masterhand.

And these pale panting multitudes
Seen surging here, their moils, their moods,
All shall 'fulfil their joy' in Thee,
In Thee abide eternally.

Exultant adoration give
The Alone, through whom all living live,
The Alone, in whom all dying die,
Whose means the End shall justify!

It is written in the skies; it is fixed for ever in the human mind. A man may fall for freedom, but he 'falls to rise, is baffled to fight better, sleeps to wake.' There is no failure in the purposes of God. We may sleep, and the bodily temples we inhabit may pass through changes rich and strange; but we move on with all created things, from step to step, from height to height, from realms we know to realms beyond our dreams; until at last the morning breaks, the full day dawns, and the shadows flee away.

CHAPTER XL

LET THERE BE PEACE

FAR back in the midst of time stands a Cross, the saddest thing that human eyes have ever gazed upon, dividing the darkness from the light. At the foot of that Cross the nations of the earth have plied their faith and laid their sorrows; they have bowed in grief and lifted up their hearts in strength.

And now again the nations come to Calvary, for the Calvary of the human race has come. On and on, in multitudes that no man can number, the young men leave the cities and the plains. They hear the still, small voice that never yet has failed to touch the human heart, the rending cry of children suffering, the wailing of a world in woe, and they give up peace and abundance to enter the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

They go to meet that enemy that has forgotten God. High over the battlefields rises a broken cross. It glittered in the sun in the happy days of Arras, high above the cathedral roof now shattered in the dust. There it stands, the highest thing for miles around, as the mark of the grief of a world, the badge and sign of this race that has mocked at God, for the Germans have broken the Cross.

There, beneath the broken cross, sway the destinies and fortunes of mankind. We fling all England in the balances, our purest blood, our bravest men, the hopes and dreams of all our lives; the money we had saved and the money we were going to save, the things we were putting by for our children, the businesses we were building up for our sons—we give them all, for upon our race is laid the saving of the liberties of the world.

Upon our race! The lives, the souls, the hopes and dreams and liberties of all the human multitude, upon our race! Oh, hard condition! And yet upon our race it lies. It lies upon our flag to save mankind from all this misery, to save the honour of the broken Cross, for the solemn history of these times has brought a sight the world has never seen before. *Our flag flies over Bethlehem and Calvary:* the cradle and the tomb of Christ are in our keeping. It is a high and solemn trust; our flag flies from the moral axis of the world to the limit of the poles.

We fight with the invisible hosts of heaven. We fight

for things eternal against the clanging powers of steel. We fight to sustain the imperishable spirit of man upon the earth. If Europe had submitted to the Germans, said Professor Gilbert Murray, it would have saved millions of lives, tons of treasure, oceans of suffering, but it would have meant a greater evil to mankind than any such measurable losses, for it would have meant that the spirit of man was dead. We fight to keep the spirit of man alive.

Out of the depths of the universe comes the strength of those who fight for things like these. They pass through the fires, but the armour of faith will save them. Darkness and fear encompass them, but the stars in their courses will beckon them on. Storm and tempest will press and rage about them, but the Everlasting Arms will hold them up. One thing above all others it lies upon us to remember: we fight for the armies of the Living God against the powers of evil. We have those mighty allies that never yet have failed a noble cause, and have we not seen many times, in these dark days, their intervention in some hard-pressed hour? Have we not seen, at Gheluvelt and many a place, the things that cannot be explained unless we say that some invisible power has intervened?

All through history men have seen it—the invisible allies have not failed. In the great conflicts of Might against Right, Right has always won. Greece rose to her mighty height, but she wrung her power from slavery, and slavery sapped her foundations. Rome ruled the world without a rival, but she neglected her children, and died of luxury and disease. The greatest empire on earth set out to destroy Christianity, left in the hands of twelve simple men, with followers who hid like moles and criminals; but its enemies have disappeared, and the followers of Christianity who have lived since then are more in number than the stars. Spain swayed

Europe with terror, and her pitiless Armada was broken by invisible hosts. The cruel empire of the Turks in Europe was shattered by the love of liberty. The plague that held whole nations in its grip was swept away by feeble men with poor and clumsy tools. With all the teeth and claws against him, man beat the tiger and the bear. The reformers have always beaten kings. A boatful of exiles believing in God beat the German kings of England and founded the United States. Where is John Hampden, where is John Bunyan now—and where are the Stuarts? We threw down Napoleon, though it took us twenty years; William Lloyd Garrison threw down slavery, though it took him sixty years; and the revolt of man against slavery has beaten every empire that ever built up power with it. Nothing has ever beaten Liberty.

In the war between the visible and invisible powers the invisible always win. The history of humanity, it has been said, is a battle between ideas and interests, and the interests always win for a moment, but in the long run the ideas. The universe is moral, and every child justifies it, says Emerson; and we remember how Victor Hugo adds so beautifully, *Every child trusts it.* We shall overcome the powers of evil when we trust in the powers of good; we shall be strong to victory when, clean and true and purified, we lay our cause and purposes bound by gold chains around the Throne of God. Some trust in chariots, some trust in horses, but as for those who win immortal victories, their trust is in the Living God.

He who has brought us out of terrible darkness into noonday light, who sways the heavens and guides the world and loves a little child, will not leave us now. Storm and thunder, earthquake and volcano, they will precede the calm. It is Nature's way of balancing her forces, and the great calm will come to us again. We

live in clouds and shadows, and the burden is almost greater than we can bear, but through the mists of all these days,

> behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch upon His own.

Once before in the history of the world the extremes of Peace and Force have met, and it was 'not this Man, but Barabbas.' But the invisible forces were weaving on the loom of time, and the spirit that they rejected is the warp and weft of the foundations of the world. They can never be shattered nor broken, for they are one with the eternal powers.

We stand at the dawn of Man. The lowly creature of the caves has climbed to the throne of the world and crowned him with immortal powers. God said *Let there be Light:* Man can now say *Let there be Peace.*