

monstrous folly and leave it chastened and purified for period a of enlightenment, of growth, of development such as can be faintly but dreamed of. Even now, while the battles are yet raging, while the passions of men are at the highest heat, a sacred calm seems to be settling over the world.

All the petty voices of spite and envy and discontent are hushed, as if listening for the great voice that is soon to speak forth summoning the children of men to renewed and higher endeavors. This is to be your day, young people. This is your heritage. Never has life been so significant, never so full of stimulus, never so rich in opportunity. Indeed, I had rather be a citizen of America during the next ten years than a man of any other nationality at any other time in the history of the world.

In dwelling upon the great war, it is needful to proceed with great caution. So far as we are able to judge, the frightful conflict is yet to reach its climacteric. The war may last for months; it may last for years. Even as onlookers we are too much in the thick of it all to give its issues the calm consideration that they require. It is not my province even to attempt a portrayal of the crimson scenes of carnage, the wild delirium of battle, the onset of charging hosts, the awful thunder of bursting shells, the frenzy of the counter attack, the thrust of countless bayonets, the deeds of heroism, the agony of the wounded, the groans and curses, the stillness of death. Day after day we read of these things, but we cannot envisage them. The piercing horror of it all is lost to us. Nor is it for me to speak of the tragedy—no less real—of those who are left at home—of the families—the tens of thousands of families—in Belgium, in Russia, in France and England and Germany, in which the father, the brother, the husband, the boy, will never be seen again. Ah, the deep pathos of the maids who will never be wives, the wives who will never be mothers, the mothers from whose arms is wrung all that life holds most dear! Not for them the wild joy of battle—only a dull despair that knows no respite.

Nor is it my province to analyze the causes of the Great War, to say that it is merely a colossal game played by kings and potentates, who, mistaking the mad motive of aggrandizement for glory and honor, have plunged their peoples into this maelstrom of death in order to gain that which at best can be but a mockery; to say that it is due to the long gathering hate that ferments in racial antipathies; or in the unseeing instinctive movement of great human masses seeking greater economic freedom, giving their lives blindly, that their children and children's children may earn their bread under conditions less hard, less hopeless; or to hold, with Nietzsche, that war is simply an inevitable factor in the great scheme of evolution whereby the temper of nations is tested, the