

alry, unselfishness, far-reaching and far-seeing benevolence for all men were the dominant notes of the war aims and the war cries which invited the flower of our manhood to go forth to fight in order to make the Millennium possible. The war is over. The day has come for the fulfilment of the high promises and the solemn pledges. The statesmen who promised and pledged their souls are seated together intent on the building of which they foretold so magniloquently. What are our hopes? What is the strength and the depth of our faith in them? Do we not shake our heads doubtfully, more than fearful as we remember how on another occasion far back in the dim twilight of the years other men set themselves to build in commemoration of their preservation from universal destruction and how because they left God out of their councils they built but Babel as a monument of their own confusion.

Grave men warned the world four years ago and more that the war was a scourge sent upon us for our sins. Preachers called on the people to do penance in sack-cloth and ashes; soldiers were no less earnest in pointing out the need of a general conversion of heart; the Pope from his lonely watch-tower by the Tiber reiterated the warning in vibrant messages; and men and women of good-will humbled themselves under the powerful Hand of God and accepted his chastisements unto greater purity and sweetness of soul. In this supernatural light Christian sorrow became a purification and a revelation, and separation from husband, lover, brother, or son served to draw the mourners closer to God. In prayer and tribulation a goodly company of the elect of the world awaited the time when, God's wrath appeased, the scourge should be removed, and if none others profited in the only way that matters the Christian faithful drew untold good out of the immeasurable evil of the World War. But they were a little band apart. The war was not their war: they had nothing to say to the making of it, and unless by their prayers nothing to do with the ending of it. Heedless of them the profiteers and the jugglers and the gamblers in human blood plotted and schemed and lied and blundered. For four years hate took the place of charity on earth—an organised, fostered hate into the production of which the Government put millions of money to be spent on the manufacture of lies and on the suppression of the truth. Scraps of paper were torn up. Secret treaties were framed, so shameful that the men who made them lied brazenly to hide them. Murders and crimes openly committed gave the lie frankly to the hypocritical professions of the political leaders. Politicians and their friends became wealthy through jobbery and waxed fat on the hunger of the poor. Immorality stalked abroad in the streets, adding a graver danger than death on the battle-field to the perils of our soldiers. Justice, honor, truth were violated by the Governments. Even men who traded with the enemy were—for a consideration—given places in our councils. Insincerity, chicanery, jobbery became the notes of public life and slowly and surely among the lower classes the determination grew to make an end of the hated Plutocracy to which we owe this war and other wars. The plutocrats still hold the reins. They sit round the table in Paris with fear in their hearts while far away upon the Russian frontier grows apace the threatening noise that foretells the coming of an angry and deluded people. And even with that warning thunder in the atmosphere they are still intent on profiteering. The farce is over now; there is little talk—except from the clear-eyed President of the United States who talks of honor and justice and truth to men who do not understand what the terms mean—of unselfish aims, of mutual sacrifice, of restoration of plunder, of atonement for past murders and robberies and rapines. Mr. Massey is given a pencil and a sheet of paper to amuse him and told to hide himself in some obscure office where he tries to catalogue German crimes which he might well compare with those of his Orange friends in Ireland.

Mr. Hughes arouses the languid interest of some French journalists who perhaps pity the little man's eager anxiety to find out what the speakers are saying in a language he knows not. The Japanese sit there silent and mysterious, like cool gamblers watching the sordid game. Italy, France, England too, squabble and fight for what they can grab out of the spoils; for the mask is off and the secret is out. There, then, be the builders of the Temple of Peace! God is forgotten. His Law is not before them. The Golden Calf is in their midst. One lonely voice alone is heard pleading for the old, old ideals of Truth, Justice, and Charity—a voice, indeed, crying in the wilderness. Is it wonderful that we are reminded forcibly of that solemn passage of the Psalms: *Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum in vanum laboraverunt qui aedificant eam*? Is it wonderful that we are unable to hope against hope that the men who have forgotten God will build aught else but a new Tower of Babel?

NOTES

George Wyndham's Essays

We have no patience with those politicians or patriots who condemn straightway the man whose views are not as theirs. It particularly hurt us recently to read the words in which a sincere Sinn Fein writer ridiculed George Wyndham's no less sincere efforts to right the wrongs of Ireland. It is a great fault in any man not to be able to put himself in the place of his opponent, or at least not to try to see things as they appear to him. George Wyndham, with his education, his associations, his traditions could not well view Irish affairs from the standpoint of Sinn Fein, even if Sinn Fein were in his day the power it has since become. We believe George Wyndham's efforts were mistaken; but we cannot believe they were not sincere; and for sincerity surely there is always room for admiration. His Irish experiences broke his heart; not through Ireland's fault, but through the fault of the British politician who had not the courage to defend the man whose shoes he was not worthy to loose. Bal-four lives to this day, a spineless, dilettante, aimless creature, half-politician, half-sophist, thorough in nothing and ineffectual as the wind that sweeps over his beloved Golf Links; Wyndham whose career he helped to wreck is dead; but can there be any question as to which was the better man? With the blood of Lord Edward and Pamela in his veins, with a heart beating bravely and hotly for lost causes, George Wyndham threw himself into Irish politics, and as many another good man failed, he failed sadly, but the fact that he did fail in no wise lessens our admiration and respect for him. Failure in this world is often nobler than success. For this romantic figure, this knightly scion of the old Geraldines, we have a very tender reverence; and it was with much delight we recently came upon the volume of his essays which will perpetuate his memory and keep it green when his politics are long forgotten.

Shakespeare's Poems

In this goodly volume of essays there is fine reading on romantic literature—for the romantic always held him in literature as in life. We will pass over all the rest now to dwell a moment on his illuminating and enchanting study of the *Poems of Shakespeare*. People of liberal education are familiar as a matter of course with the *Plays* of the great English poet, but only the inner circle know the *Sonnets* and appreciate their wonderful loveliness. George Wyndham's essay will help to lead all who read it to investigate for themselves Shakespeare's claims to be accounted not only our greatest dramatist but also our greatest lyric and elegiac poet. "In most of his Sonnets," says George Wyndham, "Shakespeare's hand does not falter. The wonder of them lies in the art of his poetry, not in the accidents of his life; and, within that art, not