him; discourse the same in French unto him!" is followed by the mild acceptance of a modest ransom.

NOW this war is not to be settled by appeals to passion and to sentiment. We have got to reconstruct the world on such lines as may be best for all. We must use one quality only—common sense. We have got to be friends with Germany before we sheathe the sword against her. The campaign of hate on both sides is utter wickedness or complete insanity—you pay your money and you take your choice. We are not going to listen to the drunken journalist who sneered the other day at the Friends of Irish Freedom as "bartenders and servant girls." His animus was evident, for he attributed the ruin of his mind to the one, and that of his body to the other, class. But, on the other hand, we must shut our ears to the sentimental wails of the Irish irreconcilables about "Saxon tyrants." This historic injustice business is plain vendetta, and as out-of-date as furbelows, whatever they were.

WE must attend to the genuine needs of each nation, and heed not their cries of hysteria. Then, if there be indeed incompatible needs—(though, in the name of God who made earth so wide and fair, how can there be?)—if there be no way of reconciling England's need of a navy with Germany's need of a place in the sun, then we can go on and fight it out some more. But we shall never begin to talk peace till we begin to think peace; and we shall never begin to think peace till we have got ourselves into thinking, instead of feeling. And we shall never do that until we realize that the two things are different. A. C.

LOVE IS ONE.

I LOVE God only when I love thee most.
Censing the altar with the whispered shower
Of worship, I approach the holiest hour
When in the monstrance burns the blessed Host.
Landed on life's chryselephantine coast,
I make the godly gesture of pure power.
The silence shrouds me like a folded flower
When all life lapses in the Holy Ghost.

How could I love God if I loved not thee,
Or love thee if I were not lost in God?
Could there be three unless those Three were One?
There is no shore to the celestial sea;
There is no pylon to the last abode,
The temple of our truth, Hilarion!

THE ARGUMENT THAT TOOK THE WRONG TURNING

There was a sombre and a smoldering fire in the eyes of the quiet man in the corner of the ingle. The remarks of the prohibitionist who was holding forth from the big arm chair seemed to excite him, but one could hardly have said why. But when that respectable gentleman paused for breath, the fire leapt up. "May I add my humble testimony?" he said politely. "I feel more strongly than most men, I think, upon the subject. Were I to tell you my story, perhaps you would admit that I had a right to do so." The man from the Anti-Saloon League got out his note book with undisguised enthusiasm. "Can't we induce you to tell it?" he asked, scenting something sensational, "nothing so aids the cause as the recital of facts." "Well," said the quiet man, "I don't mind if I do. I was married to a young and beautiful woman. We passed six years of which one could not pick out a single month and say that it was not a honeymoon. She drank herself into a lunatic asylum." He stopped there, very suddenly; his words cut bitterly into the heart of every man in the room. They were too shocked for even the conventional murmur of sympathy. But the prohibitionist, with a smirk, asked for further details. "I shall be happy to gratify you, sir," replied the other, and there was a subcurrent of severity in his tone which made one or two of the more sophisticated men present prick up their ears. The quiet man lighted his cigar. "My wife's father," he said, "was vicar of one of the most important parishes in London. His wife liked a glass of champagne with her dinner. However, in her position, it would not do. She had to set a good example to the parish. At the same time she was not going to give up her champagne, so she sent for a doctor who prescribed her champagne, and in order more effectually to silence the voice of scandal, it was necessary to prescribe for the children as well. The eldest daughter, at the age of 16, was drinking about a quart a day, by the doctor's orders. She married. Two years later, her husband died. Six years after that I married her myself. Presently I discovered that whenever anything happened to depress her she sought consolation in alcohol. The Puritan idea, the necessity of pretending to be what you are not, had destroyed her sense of freedom. She did the drinking secretly. Ultimately the smash came. I had to be away for some months on business. In my absence the baby died. I came back to find her a hopeless dipsomaniac. I tried everything. Naturally it was useless. She lost all moral sense. I was compelled to divorce her because she refused to follow the doctor's last orders, to spend two years in a 'home.' I would not stand by and let her kill herself so long as I was morally responsible for her moral welfare. Three months after the divorce, she had to be put into a lunatic asylum."

"A most striking story," said the prohibitionist, "A most admirable story, a most useful story for our purpose." But the quiet man rose to his feet. "No," he said, "my tragedy is not a tragedy of alcohol, it is a tragedy of humbug. It is the rotten popular Anglo-Saxon cowardice about the use of alcohol which leads inevitably to its abuse. It is people like yourself that are responsible for all the drunkenness, for all the insanity, for all the crime that people resort to. In countries where there is no feeling against alcohol, where, in honesty and decent freedom a man can sit with his family and drink in the open, we find none of these troubles." The prohibition orator became exceedingly annoyed. "I did not expect this treatment," he said. "it is most unwarrantable. I have no doubt at all, sir, that the poor woman was driven to drink by your own brutal treatment." "Yes," said the other man, "I can be both brutal and violent on occasion." And he was.