THE FRIENDSHIP INDISPENSABLE

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THE FRIENDSHIP INDISPENSABLE

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CHAPTER I

THE NEED OF INTERPRETATION

Do two English-speaking nations need to be interpreted to one another? They do, even if they exist side by side on the same continent. Much greater is the need if a mighty ocean rolls between them. There are times when distance does not lend enchantment to the view. When one nation looks at another nation through the mists of three thousand miles of sea, it sometimes sees specters, and other things uncanny. British ignorance of the United States has been recently commented on by Sir Auckland Geddes and other British public men, and the ignorance of Britain which prevails in the United States is also colossal and much to be lamented. Britain does not understand America, nor does America understand Britain. I use America as a synonym of the United States. When citizens of the United States call themselves Americans, it is not because they assume that they are the only people on the American continent. They call themselves Americans to differentiate themselves from the Canadians on the north and the Mexicans on the south. We seem to be driven to this form of

speech in order to escape the uncouth expression "United Statesians." That would be intolerable, and so, not prompted by bumptiousness but driven by necessity, much of the world has come to speak of the United States in ordinary conversation as "America," and of the citizens of that country as "Americans." In that popular sense I use the word "America" in these articles. First of all let us deal with British ignorance of America.

Britons on the whole are ignorant of America because most of them have never seen America. Britons do a lot of sight-seeing in their own little island. Many of them go now and then to the continent, but only a few ever cross the Atlantic, and of these few only a fraction visit the United States. It is one of the surprises to an American traveling in England to find intelligent people there who have been several times in Canada but never in the United States. The greatest of the world's republics did not excite their curiosity sufficiently to induce them to cross the border.

The fact is that the average Englishman is not greatly interested in our country. This is true of all classes. Educated Englishmen do not follow our political and social and religious movements with the same interest with which educated Americans follow theirs. An Englishman of culture is far more likely to be ignorant of current events in America than a cultivated American of current events in Great Britain. I once asked an Englishman to account for this. He admitted that it is a fact, and his explanation was that England is an old country, and America is comparatively a new country, and that it is natural for the new countries to look to the old. The children follow with keener curiosity the conduct of the mother than the mother

follows the actions of the children. Many Englishmen in high circles do not think there is anything worth seeing in the United States. Now no one can understand a country he has never seen. Every traveler knows that nothing can take the place of the eye in making the acquaintance of a people. Books do not carry one far. The imagination is one of the most unreliable of all our faculties. The most diligent student is always amazed on arriving on a foreign shore to find everything so different from what he had anticipated. Much of the ignorance on both sides of the Atlantic is due to the fact that the masses of both countries have never left their own shores.

A second cause of misunderstanding is the daily press. The daily press does not intentionally misrepresent one country to another. An occasional journalist, devoid of conscience and driven on by the fury of a jingoistic heart, may deliberately caricature and render odious by misrepresentation one nation to another, but the mischief done by the daily press is not the product of malice but the inevitable outcome of the conditions and limitations within which the press must do its work. The American press gives scant space to British news for the reason that America is a vast world in itself, and supplies more good copy every day than can possibly be used. The British press gives even less space to American news, and there is a reason. London is the metropolis of the world and the center of it, and enough important things occur in that one city every twenty-four hours to keep the printing presses working overtime. There are other great British cities and these cannot be overlooked. And beyond England there are British colonies and dependencies every one of which has

a claim on the attention of a Briton who wishes to play an intelligent part in the life of his generation. In the British press American news is sometimes only Canadian news. It is not uncommon to find United States news condensed into a paragraph. A man comes to grade the importance of nations by the amount of space they fill in his daily paper. How can the masses of people come to know a nation which is habitually shoved into an obscure corner of their public prints? This is said not in way of condemnation, but for purposes of explanation.

The bulk of American news appearing in British papers may be divided into two classes. First is the financial news, the quotations of the stock market, the operations in Wall Street. American news is often the story of big deals. The almighty dollar and America are constantly linked together in British papers. No wonder that it is current opinion that Americans care only for money and that this country is the Paradise of promoters and explorers, a land of speculators and frenzied financiers. The dollar mark is thrust every day into the British eye. Of course space is left for a recital of the unsavory and the horrible. It is a newspaper tradition that only what is exceptional is really news. The press cannot afford to print the ordinary, the habitual, the normal. It is frightful accidents, and appalling misfortunes, and atrocious crimes, and freakiness raised to a lofty pitch which the cable loves. But these are not the things which reveal the character of a people. Character comes out in the ordinary routine of the common days, in the habitual conduct of the plain people. The newspaper must be made interesting, and to be interesting it must deal with the spectacular and the abnormal. Thus the

America which a Briton sees is a caricature. No such America really exists. The papers repeat facts, but isolated facts cannot tell the truth. Life is made up of the ordinary. Character is revealed by the habitual. A nation's soul is expressed not in the antics of eccentric individuals, but in the commonplace ongoings of the prosaic days. The daily press is constantly leading the world astray by its inability to report all the facts.

False impressions are created in other ways. The tourist frequently misrepresents his country in foreign lands. Americans sweep over the British isles every summer like a tidal wave. It is a good thing for Americans to visit Britain—good for Americans and good for Britons too—but it is unfortunate that not a few American tourists fail to represent their country worthily. Multitudes of our best people never go abroad. Some of our least worthy people go every summer. It is natural that rich people should travel, but only rich Americans travel with from ten to fourteen trunks apiece. The newly rich always occupy a prominent place in the tourist procession and it is a matter of regret that the newly rich do not always possess good manners. Every well behaved American who has traveled abroad has frequently blushed for shame because of the conduct of some of his ill behaved fellow travelers. Travel has a tendency to bring out what is worst in a person. People often do when abroad what they will not do at home. Persons genteel and gracious among friends sometimes become overbearing and boorish among strangers. Even sensible people often become crotchety, and unbearable when subjected for a long time to the irritations and vexations of travel. The misconduct of American tourists is a topic of conversation in many lands.

All over Britain one hears stories of the oddities or grumblings or boastings of some American who has passed that way. The boisterous laughter, the reckless squandering of money, the rushing into places where entrance is forbidden, the destruction of property in a wild scramble for souvenirs—these are sins not confined exclusively to Americans, but Americans are often guilty of them, and as Americans travel in battalions, their approach is often anticipated with dread. There are Britons who because of unfortunate experiences have come to think of America as a nation of braggarts and vandals and boors. When one thinks of what Britain has suffered within the present generation from this annual invasion of American tourists, one wonders that international relations are as good as they are. There are American travelers—let us rejoice to say —who by their speech and conduct lift America to higher levels in British esteem, but it is a question whether American prestige has not on the whole suffered because of the rudeness and ostentation and bumptiousness of a certain class of Americans who every summer rush from city to city "doing England."

Another reason why Britons do not understand us is because we are so big, and so mixed. Indeed it is hard to understand ourselves. What American does not stand bewildered in the presence of developments in his own nation's life! England is a little country, Scotland is yet smaller and Wales is smaller still. You can put all three of them and Ireland too inside of any one of several of our commonwealths. When Miss Maude Royden visited us last spring, she attended a conference, some of whose delegates had traveled two days and a half to be present, and yet the place of meeting was cen-

tral. The British woman went home wondering if any country has a right to be so big. It is because of our enormous size that we cannot do many things which are easily done in Britain. Our population is conglomerate. The British people are homogeneous. London is solidly English, only four per cent of her population is foreign born. Compare London with New York. When you are in London you know where you are. Who can tell when in New York where he is? It is this mixture of races and nations under our flag which complicates all our problems and makes it well-nigh impossible for a Briton to understand us. Newspapers have a way of talking which creates endless confusion. They say, "America thinks"—"America is indignant." "America has changed her mind." "The American heart has cooled." "America is no longer our friend," all of which is newspaper lingo, with no meaning whatever. America is too complex to be characterized in a sentence. Feeling and thought in a hundred million people are too diverse to be defined by a reporter. America is a huge mass of human beings drawn from the four quarters of the globe, scattered over more than three million square miles of territory, and a foreign journalist who tells his readers what America thinks or feels is likely to shed darkness rather than light. A little group in America may by its gesticulations and loud bawling give the outside world the impression that what it says is the sentiment of the whole American nation. Frenzied Irishmen, for instance, in mass meetings in a few Eastern cities have hissed Britain with such venom and heated vociferousness that many Britons have come to feel that the American Irishman is the accredited spokesman of the American republic. It is assumed in many circles that when he speaks the

real soul of America finds expression. Britons are often misled.

These are a few of the reasons why interpretation is indispensable. We Americans misunderstand Britain because we too are ignorant. We also need the assistance of an interpreter. Men of good will have a work to do. They alone can remove the misunderstandings and mischievous impressions and foster the feelings which will create a friendship which cannot be broken.

CHAPTER II

BRITAIN FOUR YEARS AFTER THE WAR

Outwardly she seems unscratched. I was in London in 1912, and the London of 1922 seemed no different. It was the same big, old town. The buses had not changed, nor the crowds, nor Fleet Street, nor Trafalgar Square, nor the Thames. I was disappointed. I had expected changes. I supposed I should see an increased number of maimed and crippled men in the streets. They were not there. Britain had two million men wounded in the war, and many of them were permanently wounded, but one does not see them in the city streets. I saw no more one-armed and one-legged men in London than I had seen there ten years before.

London is not scarred by the war. The bomb dropping aëroplanes did their utmost, but it was not much. The destruction of physical property was slight. There is an inconspicuous plate here and there marking the spot where a bomb fell, but a visitor would not see these plates if they were not pointed out to him. Germany's damage to London was a mere pin scratch, and a pin scratch becomes invisible in less than four years. Nor are there any scars on physical England anywhere. There are no ruins in any part of the island to which a tourist is conducted, no devastated fields, no blasted forests. The landscape which one sees from the railway train smiles as of old. England is still as beautiful as the Garden of Eden.

Nor could I see any change in the people, either in their looks or their conduct. Seven hundred thousand Britons died in the war, but a visitor does not detect their absence. London is still the largest city on the planet, and Glasgow and Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Manchester are still expanding. I paid particular attention to the dress and the faces of the people, everywhere they seemed well dressed and well nourished. There was no sign of poverty anywhere, except in those quarters where poverty is perennial. Even in Jarrow, where thousands of men out of work filled the streets, the children looked robust and happy, and no suffering met the eye. In no part of the country did there seem to be scarcity of money. Railroad rates were high, but everybody seemed to be traveling. Crowded trains were common. The trains out of London at the end of the week were jammed. Outwardly England is prosperous and happy. The playgrounds were all filled with players. The theaters were packed to the doors. The music halls were overflowing. The Derby never drew larger crowds. Ascot was never more thronged or more magnificent. The shop windows of the cities were full of everything which the heart can crave or money can buy, and buyers were abundant.

I was in London in the "Season," and what a season it was! The papers agreed that for the first time since the war, life had mounted to its pre-war volume and sparkle. English society was extraordinarily brilliant in the "Season" of 1922. I had read in American papers of the poverty in Britain, but there was no evidence of it which came under my eye. I was at Ascot on the last day of the races when royalty was there, and a great company of the lords and ladies of the land, and the display of

fashion was indescribably gorgeous and dazzling. No one was able to compute the total cost of the hats and garments and jewels worn that day. On the day preceding the day of my visit to Ascot it had rained and some of the papers estimated that $500,000 worth of dresses and hats had been ruined. There were enough others unspoiled to make the day of my visit outflash any day I had ever seen. When one gazed on that vast exhibition of costly raiment, that phenomenal display of millinery glory, it was difficult to believe that the bloodiest and costliest of all wars had ended less than four years before. I was in Oxford on the last day of the boat races there. The Isis was covered with boats filled with the beauty and strength of England. It seemed as though all the prettiest girls of the British Empire had assembled that day in Oxford, and that the handsomest young men of Britain were there to greet them. On the faces of that joyous crowd, war did not cast a shadow. Many men had perished in the awful struggle, but multitudes are still alive, strong and eager to carry forward the old Oxford traditions. Many women had been crushed by the weight of sorrow rolled upon them by the war, but Britain has today thousands of lovely girls, strong in body and radiant in spirit, who will become the mothers of men as fine and strong as those who perished in the war.

It is amazing how quickly the ravages of war are covered up. Nature does not like a scar. With inimitable artistry she conceals it. On even the worst shell-swept battlefields of France, I saw poppies blooming. Along the trenches, grew rows of colored blossoms, and at the bottom of many a shell hole I saw a flower. Nature tries to forget the insane things which her children do. She blots out

as rapidly as possible the products of their folly. In a few short years physical Europe will show scarcely a trace of the havoc and devastation wrought by the most furious of all the human tempests which have ever swept across the earth.

Human nature is equally industrious in covering over the wounds which war has made. The human heart is so buoyant that no tragedy can quench the fire which burns in it. The human spirit is so tough-fibered that no tribulation can break it. No matter how appalling the catastrophe, laughter never dies out of the mouth, and the heart never permanently loses its song. In spite of the great war there is still a "Merry England."

I loved to watch the English children play. It is through the children that God assists the world to get rid of its torturing memories, and by their smiles and laughter he wipes the tears from the world's eyes. All children under three are just as happy today as though the war had never been. No child of five knows the fear and agony of war. Here then is a fountain of life undarkened by the shadows of bereavement. Upon the heart of a little child no shadow ever falls. The children of Britain up to eight years of age have never carried the burden which their parents carried, and because their hearts are fresh they will be strong to do effective work in the building of the world which is to be. Their hearts have not been bruised or broken by the hurricane which shook the world, and it is their sunny minds and leaping spirits which will be potent in shaping the policy of the coming years.

But there is an interior life of a nation, and the interior life of Britain has been variously altered. Four years can wipe the tears from the eyes, but four years cannot wipe the tears from the heart.

Britain's heart is full of tears. There are no audible sobs, but in silence Britain is weeping. Underneath all the gaiety and mirth which float on the surface, there is an immeasurable grief in the soul of the British people. The tourist can pass swiftly from city to city visiting art galleries, and enjoying cathedrals, and remain unconscious of what the people are thinking and feeling. Outside the hedge the sun is shining—inside the hedge the shadows are deep and long. It was my privilege to have access to many British homes. In every home I found myself in the presence of a grave. It was a son or a brother, or a father, or a neighbor's boy, a nephew or a grandson or a daughter's husband. Always was there a vacant chair, in that home, or in some other home connected with it. If I did not hear the story of death, it was a tragic tale of ruined health, a shattered constitution, the upsetting of life's plans, the fading of dreams, the blasting of glowing hopes. Britain four years after the war is still bleeding.

I noted quite early a difference in the English papers. They give more space now to crime than they did ten years ago. I presume this is because there is more crime to report. More prominence is given to divorce trials than before the war, and the reason is that the war increased the number of married couples who wish no longer to live together. Britain like our own country is suffering from a crime wave and a divorce wave. War is the arch demoralizer of society. War is the deadliest enemy of mankind. War always upsets, mars, destroys. War brings down the ethical standards. War demoralizes the moral values. War pulls down and tramples all the virtues. Britain was stabbed by the war and she is bleeding.

Britain has a colossal national debt. Her taxa-

tion is appalling. Her debt aggregates over forty billion dollars. The average Britain pays one-third of his income in taxes. On a little Ford car he pays ninety dollars a year. When an automobile in Britain goes up even a slight hill it always goes on second speed because its horse power is low. The horse power is kept low in order to escape a tax bill too heavy to pay. London surprises the American visitor by the number of horses to be seen in her streets. There are many motor buses, but the private automobiles are comparatively few. When one hears what a Briton is charged a gallon for gasoline and what he pays in taxes on his car, one wonders that a Briton is willing to own an automobile at all. New York is a city of automobiles—so also is Paris. London is a city of horses. Britain in order to pay her debt is willing to subject herself to a taxation which no other people would endure.

Outwardly Britain looks prosperous and money seems abundant, but when one gets under the surface he finds embarrassments, and economies, and oftentimes privations, which are painful and in some cases heart breaking. Thousands of Britons cannot live as they lived before the war. They say nothing. They suffer in silence. Many Britons are out of work. In some cities the number reached into the tens of thousands. One day I observed near my hotel a great crowd of men extending almost a block. I supposed it was a temporary congestion, and paid no attention to them. At the end of an hour I passed that way, again, they were still there. At the end of three hours they were there still. My curiosity was aroused, and on investigation I found that these men were all looking for a job. It had been made public that morning that a humble workman in a hotel had the day before

given up his position, and the announcement of this fact was sufficient to draw together this immense host of applicants eager to fill his place. One was chosen, ninety-nine went home disappointed.

The problem of unemployment is only one of a dozen or more puzzling questions with which the British people have to grapple. The Irish problem is not yet settled, nor is the Egyptian problem, nor is the Indian problem, nor is the Palestine problem, nor is the problem of dealing with the Turk. World politics so frenzied and tangled that the wisest man cannot tell what a day may bring forth. I was impressed by the humility of the men I had the privilege of meeting. None of them claimed either special knowledge or wisdom. They all were ready to say, "I do not know," or "It is hard to say," or, "Nobody can tell." To most inquiries in regard to what the outcome was likely to be, the answer was: "I don't know." We are all walking like men in a mist. The fog which has settled down upon the common people has wrapped itself around the heads of the high and the great. The world has become so complicated, and the threads of its life have become so tangled, that its problems run beyond the powers of the human mind. There are thunder clouds all around the horizon, and who dare predict what is going to happen? All nations are like ships tossed on an angry sea, and the war has engulfed the whole world in a dense fog. Some nations are in terror, suffering from shell shock. Others are bewildered and semi-paralyzed. Still others are at the point of delirium. The war was a world shattering catastrophe. It was a cosmic tragedy. The convulsion reached down to the roots of our civilization. Humanity is desperately sick. It has a high fever, a rapid pulse, and is on the verge of ner-

vous collapse. It will not recover in a generation. For a hundred years mankind will limp because of the great war. But of all the peoples of the old world who had a prominent part in this bloody drama, the British have best kept their head. The British temper has most successfully stood the test. The British character has won new luster in the world-darkness.

CHAPTER III

THINGS BEAUTIFUL IN BRITAIN

I do not write of her physical charms. I am not thinking now of her lawns and her trees, her birds and her flowers, her art galleries and her cathedrals. These have been written about thousands of times. The world is filled with pictures of them. I confine myself to some spiritual lovelinesses of Britain.

The apostle Paul has urged us to meditate upon the things which are lovely and of good report. If there be any virtue or any praise we are to think about them, if there be any form of strength, or any form of beauty, we are to let our mind rest upon them. It is a misfortune that we often think of the worst happening in foreign lands. If there be any weakness or anything deserving of condemnation the cable sends it on. All the worst things of America are known and talked about in Britain. The British people know all about our divorces, our murders, our lynchings and our rascalities. It is a sad story which British papers receive from America to lay before their readers. What a pity the cable cannot be trained to carry in both directions news of things which are lovely and of good report!

A visitor in England cannot fail to be impressed by the courtesy of public officials. When I showed my passport to the officer on board the steamer before landing, I told him I was going to preach three months in Britain. His affable reply was:

"Report at once to the Chief of Police when you reach London." It was said in a tone so gentle and friendly that I felt sure it was a proper thing for me to do. The London policeman is a model of politeness. He has been praised many times, and I want to praise him again. He is pestered half to death all day long by American tourists who are always wanting him to tell them which bus to take, or in what direction to go, or how far off a certain place is, and he never loses his patience, and while not omniscient his knowledge is immense. I was surprised to learn the London policeman does not carry a revolver. There are twenty-five thousand policemen in Greater London, and not one of them is armed. When Sir Henry Wilson was murdered on the steps of his home, the murderers were at once confronted by policemen. The murderers held pistols and the policemen had none, but those unarmed policemen compelled the murderers to retreat down the street. The murderers fired at them again and again. Three policemen were wounded before the murderers were disarmed. It is a thrilling fact that the greatest city on the earth is held in order by a body of men who carry nothing in their hands.

The English have a beautiful fondness for things which are old. Yesterday is held in reverence. The past is considered sacred, and is carried forward into the new generation. It is fascinating to an American to read the names of the streets displayed on the London buses. They are so quaint and so funny. Many of them sound as though they might have been invented by Charles Dickens. Others go back to the age of Elizabeth, while still others seem to run back to the beginning of the world.

The British are always celebrating birthdays of great men and women. Every member of the Royal Family has a birthday every year, and not one of these can be neglected. The illustrious dead are not allowed to slip out of the mind. One morning I awoke to find the city celebrating Queen Victoria's birthday. I do not think they celebrate the birthday of George III. Britain has a long line of departed generals and admirals, statesmen and poets, and these must all be remembered every year. The nation stands face to face continuously with its mighty dead. Blessed are the people who reverence the great and the good of the generations that are gone. Britain is immovable because of her tight grip on the past.

An American in London is impressed by the gentleness of the people, especially when they are massed together in crowds. A London crowd is the gentlest of all crowds. I saw several immense ones, but I never heard any loud talking or explosive laughter, and I never saw any shoving or pushing. There were no rowdies or boors, just a mass of people quiet and well bred.

The British believe in work and they also believe in play. They do a lot of work. They do their work easily and without fuss. They open their stores at nine and close them early. The men demand opportunity to play, and so also do the women. Playgrounds are everywhere, and they are always full. The children play and the youth play, and the men play even up to old age. In our country tennis is considered too swift a game for men over forty, but in England men in the seventies still play tennis. Earl Balfour is seventy-four, but at a garden party last June he delighted a large company by playing a set of tennis with Mr. Bonar Law.

All classes and ages play. No matter how busy a man is he still plays. Mr. Lloyd George has borne heavier burdens during the last eight years than any other man on the planet. His physical stamina is amazing. Every one who sees him is struck by his freshness and buoyancy. He never is too busy to play. In the greatest crisis he takes time to play golf.

Britons also take time to drink tea about four o'clock. They do this every day. They do it all over England. It is a national institution. An American soon comes to believe in it and to like it. It breaks the monotony of the working day. It throws around life an air of leisureliness. It reminds one that we are here not simply to work but to live. It gives friends an opportunity of meeting. Social life is quickened and nourished. Human hearts are brought closer together. Over the teacups political and church questions can be amicably discussed. Viewpoints can be compared and minds can be clarified. Britons do not gulp down their tea in a hurry. They sip it leisurely. They drink two cups and sometimes more. They tarry after the last drop has disappeared. There is no more hard work that day. One wonders what effect on the British character would be wrought by the elimination of the afternoon teapot. I found on the continent one day an Englishman who was in the worst of humors. On investigation I discovered he was out of sorts because he was being deprived of his afternoon tea. One reason why England is so rich in expert conversationists is no doubt the opportunity given for social intercourse over the teacups.

The devotion of Britons to their royal family must be put down in the list of things lovely.

George V is popular with his people. He is not brilliant but he is sensible. He is not a genius, but he is a reliable high-minded man. The Queen shares her husband's popularity. The papers fondly record day by day her every movement, and never fail to tell what kind of a dress she had on, and what style of a hat she wore. Princess Mary is a great favorite. When her wedding presents were displayed they attracted vast crowds of men and women of all classes. Waitresses and shop girls and domestic servants and scrub women were found daily in the line. They felt that Princess Mary belonged to them, and they took a genuine pride in her marriage and in her presents. London is in some ways only a big village, and has not thrown off entirely rural ways. When a girl in a small town marries, all the neighbors take an intense interest in her husband, in her trousseau, and in her presents. For several weeks she is the uppermost topic in conversation. They are fond of her because she is one of themselves. So it was in the big town of London when Princess Mary was married. The neighbors through six weeks kept coming in to see the beautiful things she had received.

But the most popular member of the royal family is the Prince of Wales. His popularity almost reaches the point of adoration. The enthusiasm is universal. Undoubtedly he is today the most popular young man in the world. When Mr. Lloyd George said the other day in his speech at the Guild Hall in London that "while there may be differences between parties and differences in parties, upon one thing there is no division and no difference of opinion, and that is our admiration, our attachment, and our affection for the Prince of Wales," his words were received with a storm of applause.

Everybody in England seems not only to admire him, but to be fond of him. I found the people in Scotland as enthusiastic as the people in England. "He always does the right thing, he always speaks the right word," so exclaimed a jubilant Scotchman to me one Sunday in St. Giles' Cathedral. Eulogy higher than this it would be impossible to pronounce. That seems to be the deliberate judgment of the British people on the Prince of Wales. They have watched over him since he was a baby. They have followed him through all the stages of his education. When he went last spring to the Far East they followed him with their thoughts, and when he returned the whole nation gave a great glad shout of welcome. The London papers in long editorials dwelt upon his tour as though it were one of the great events of modern history, and poured praises upon him such as have been bestowed upon few mortals. The Prince brought home with him a large collection of birds and monkeys and snakes presented to him by various rulers in India and Ceylon, and for these specimens a special place was made in the Zoölogical Garden in Regent's Park. A rush was made at once to see them, and for weeks great crowds gazed with delight on these possessions of the Prince. His tour to the Far East was noteworthy because it was a part of his preparation to perform some day the duties of the ruler of the British Empire. Britons follow him with loving solicitude because he belongs to them and will some day be their king. Kingship after the British fashion has many admirable features, and serves various desirable ends. The King is not a despot. His authority is narrowly limited. Britain is a genuine democracy. The People rule. They rule through the House of Com-

mons, and the head of the government is the Prime Minister. The Government can be overthrown any day by vote of the House of Commons. An appeal must then be made to the voters who must decide whether the present policies shall be continued. All this takes place entirely independently of the King. The King sits in a realm above partisan politics. He is the symbol of national unity. He is the head of the British people. He is the personification of the dignity and might of the empire. To him the hearts of the people turn. In him they find unity and strength. At the end of every play in every theater the orchestra plays a line of "God save our gracious King." Before smoking is allowed at any public banquet or dinner, the guests drink the health of the King. Often the whole company rises and sings. There is nothing which Britons sing with such gusto and glow as this:

God save our gracious King
Long live our noble King
God save our King.
Send him victorious
Happy and glorious
Long to reign over us
God save the King.

CHAPTER IV

BRITAIN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD US

An American living in Britain for several months and mingling freely with the better classes, comes to feel that the British people on the whole are kindly disposed toward us. Their feelings are friendly. They are our friends not only today, but they want to be our friends tomorrow and the day after. It is not possible to speak for every individual of an entire nation. There are individuals in every country who do not reflect the common sentiment. There are groups in every land whose spirit is not that of the people as a whole. Just as there are groups of persons in America who are always suspicious of Britain and readily express their dislike, so also in Britain there are groups who have no fondness for America and who regard us sometimes with scorn and sometimes with mingled pity and horror. But the British are a remarkably homogeneous people. There is a public opinion there which is calculable beyond public opinion in the United States. It is easier to say what is the British attitude to any question or country, than to say what is the attitude of the United States. Britain is a small country and her population is not drawn as ours is from a dozen different nations. It is the conviction of all the Britons with whom I talked that the British people is our steadfast friend, and that judgment was confirmed in my own mind by my varied experiences and observations.

But many Britons have their doubts as to the friendliness of America toward them. They feel that we are indifferent, if not positively hostile. They can marshal quite a mass of evidence to support this feeling, and the surmise that we do not like them gives them not a little concern. They are perplexed by many phenomena which they find it hard to interpret. We are always doing something or saying something which increases their bewilderment. The course of our present government is something of an enigma. Our aloofness is hard for them to excuse. They feel that we by our action have made the European situation more baffling and dangerous. They have not entirely forgotten the service we rendered in the war, but I could not help feeling that the edge of their gratitude has been considerably dulled. There are individuals in whose hearts the sense of appreciation is still keen, but the average Briton is not dwelling so much now on what we did to win the war as on the amount of money we made out of the war. He hotly resents the assertion of sundry American papers that Britain has added immensely to her land possessions by the war. He claims that Britain wanted to gain no territory whatever by the war, that Britain had already more land than she wanted, and that whatever lands have come to her as the result of the war, are only additional burdens. The new colonies in Africa are worthless, and Palestine brings only embarrassing responsibilities and possible dangers. The new land was thrust on her, and a Briton feels that any jibe of the sort comes with bad grace from the country which refused to take any mandate whatever, washing her hands of all responsibility, and leaving a helpless people like the Armenians to the mercy of a government which has

the instincts of the wolf. But if an American thinks of the new acres now under the Union Jack a Briton is apt to think of the new gold now in American pockets. Our newspaper talk about our twenty-two thousand war millionaires has been repeated all over Britain. There is not a family in which it has not been the subject of prolonged conversation. The fact that we have four times as much gold as Britain has, and more than all the nations on the continent of Europe combined, is not conducive to quietness of mind in Britain. The whole world is today deeply conscious of the fact that America is the only Christian nation which made money out of the war. I was told so in every country in which I traveled. I found it in the most unexpected quarters. I heard it from the lips of men whom I never suspected of giving thought to international finance. On the Gorner Grat I found an Alpine guide who reminded me that America had made a fine thing out of the war. His business was to guide men to the top of the Matterhorn. While engaged in this hazardous occupation he seemed to have leisure to meditate on the wealth which America had amassed in the war. The flood of American tourists which deluged Europe this last summer only deepened in the mind of millions the conviction that America by the war had put money into her purse. Did not these Americans fill all the cabins de luxe on every expensive steamer, did they not seize all the highest priced rooms in all the most expensive hotels, did they not crowd into the uppermost seats at the most extravagant of all the feasts, did they not buy up all the diamonds in sight, and where did this money come from if not from the war? We have flashed our gold in the eyes of the world, and it has not added to our popularity. A London preacher after

spending two months in the United States went home to tell his people this:

> "Perhaps the very first impression that comes to one on arriving in America is the impression of her wealth. I used to plead with the American people to see to it that they do not lose the love of other peoples. They do not deserve to lose the good will of other races, and yet it is a fact that to a great extent America's prosperity rests upon the war. Men do not hesitate to say —they say it frequently in conversation—that those years of the world's war were years when money was easy to make in America. A smitten world turned to her for stores and munitions of war: let it be said for her that when she came into the arena there was no stint concerning money, but it must be remembered that her material gain, so far as coin is material gain, was due very largely to the world's distress. It is no wonder then if the great Republic of the West lies for the time being under the shadow of the resentment of many people."

This is all the more significant because it comes from a man of unusual fairness of judgment and friendliness of heart. It reveals what lies deep in the British mind. Britain thinks often of the gold we accumulated in the war. That is one reason she is sensitive over her indebtedness to us, and resents our pushing her in regard to payments. She borrowed from us in order that she might loan to others who had no other friend to whom to turn. She has a debt of over forty billion dollars. Her taxation is heavier than that in any other land. She expects to pay her debts. She has no desire to

squirm out of them. I never talked with a Briton who was not emphatic and firm on that point. It is not the fashion of Britain to shirk financial obligations. But Britain wants time. She will pay, but it is not easy for her to pay just now. The burden upon her people is already as heavy as men ought to be called on to bear. Some day she will pay the last cent, but our Government seems inclined to throw obstacles in the way. We are making it difficult for her to pay. She cannot easily pay in gold, and there are only two other ways in which she can pay. She can pay in services or in goods. She can carry our exports and imports in her ships. But by our shipping bill we are going to deprive her of this opportunity. She can pay us in goods, but by our tariff bill we are making it difficult if not impossible for her to sell us her goods. To Britons it looks as if we had no mercy. We are out for money, and money we are going to get no matter who is crowded to the wall. This ruthless policy relentlessly pursued does not strike the average Briton as the policy of a friend.

Moreover, our attitude toward the League of Nations is an embarrassment and a disappointment. President Wilson went to Paris representing the American people. Under pressure from him, France waived her claim to a clear cut Rhine frontier, conditionally upon America and Britain guaranteeing France by pact against future German aggression. So the peace treaty was drafted. Then the United States repudiated her accredited agent. She refused to live up to the agreement arrived at in Paris. To a Briton this looked like a breach of faith. Nothing like that can happen in British foreign policy. The nation abides by the acts of her

representatives. When we refused to sign the treaty or to enter the League of Nations Britain was left in the lurch. She could not alone guarantee France against German aggression. She was obliged to withdraw. This left France in the lurch. Without guarantees she had to fall back upon her own army. It had to be kept large. This exposed her to the charge of militarism. It also imposed on her an enormous budget. This was the beginning of the estrangement between Britain and France. They have been pushed farther and farther apart. If Britons knew our constitution better than they do, and if they understood that the Senate has a constitutional right to coöperate with the President in the shaping of our foreign policy, they would probably look upon us with a more lenient eye. But on the surface, it looks as if a President of the United States was only a puppet at a world council in a critical day, and that our country jauntily tossed into the wastebasket an agreement which had been solemnly made in our name. And so while we did heroic service in war, we have been a mischief-maker in peace. Europe—so Britons think—is more embroiled today than it would have been had Mr. Wilson never crossed the Atlantic.

Our persistent aloofness is also a cause of painful wonder. We are rich and strong, but we do not lend a hand. We are the mightiest of the mighty, but we refuse to get under the world's burden. We send only observers, onlookers, spectators. We do not send men to engage in hard work. We want civilization to be preserved, but we leave to other nations the task of preserving it. We want cruelty suppressed and humanity advanced, but we refuse to get under the load. We want the problems of the

world settled equitably, but we decline to take a place at the council table of the nations. To a Briton our conduct is selfish and indefensible.

But in spite of all these provocations the temper of Britain is remarkably sweet. Many of her leaders have been in our country. They know the vastness of it, and also the diversity of our population. They understand that we cannot do at once what we are certain to do later. They are patient. They are willing to wait. They have confidence in the judgment and ideals of our best people. They feel sure that at heart we are sound. They therefore refrain from hasty words. They refuse to pass bitter judgment. They know from their own experience that in a democracy noble causes often lag, and that bright ideals are sometimes for a season obscured.

It is not to be wondered at that Britain is somewhat puzzled. Many Americans are puzzled themselves. They cannot understand why our government does not state clearly what sort of international body this nation would be willing to enter. It is evident that the present League of Nations has features which render it obnoxious to many of our wisest men. It is well nigh certain that we shall never enter the League in its present form, nor does the world expect us to do so. It is our privilege to stay out of any organization whose nature would in our judgment retard us in our development, or handicap us in rendering our highest service to mankind. But since we cannot go into the League as constituted at present, it is for us to say what modifications should be made, or on what conditions we should be able to come in. To pursue a policy of isolation, to sit in a box seat as a spectator, to content ourselves with looking on while other nations

are bearing the burden in the heat of the day is to multitudes the whole world over not a praiseworthy attitude for the greatest of the world's republics, not a rôle which a mighty Christian nation should be content to play. But Britain believes in us. She expects to see us at last by her side.

CHAPTER V

THE CITY TEMPLE

The three London churches best known to Americans are probably St. Paul's Cathedral, the Metropolitan Temple, and the City Temple. The first is Anglican, the second Baptist, and the third is Congregational. The first became popular to our generation through the preaching of Canon Liddon, the second through the preaching of Charles H. Spurgeon, and the third through the preaching of Joseph Parker. The City Temple is an old church, having been organized in 1640 by Rev. Thomas Goodwin who became its first pastor. Goodwin was one of the outstanding theologians and preachers of his day, a writer of many books, a chaplain of Oliver Cromwell and one of his chief advisers. It was Goodwin who ministered to the Lord Protector upon his deathbed. But the man who made the City Temple best known to Americans was Dr. Joseph Parker, who, after a pastorate of thirty-three years, died in 1902. Joseph Parker was a genius, and like many another genius, he had his oddities and limitations. Although the pastor of a Congregational church and working under a policy which places supreme authority in the members of the church, he did not like church meetings. They bored him and he had no use for them. He considered deacons a needless infliction on a church and he would have none of them. One of my surprises was to find

a Congregational church without a deacon. He did not deem a church treasurer essential to the progress of the kingdom of God, and so at the close of each Sunday all the money obtained in the collection was handed over to him, and in return he gave a receipt. Indeed he was not greatly interested in the church as an organized body at all. To him the church is simply the Christian people, the men and women in whom the spiritual work of Christ is going forward. He despised all priestly or sacerdotal claims. He brushed aside all written creeds. He would subscribe to none himself, nor would he ask others to subscribe. He made no effort to build up a large membership. He was indifferent to the number of church accessions. Stories are afloat—some of them perhaps apocryphal—of how persons had to struggle to get into the church at all, in some cases being obliged to wait for more than a year before they could gain admittance. And so when the fame of the City Temple was filling the earth, and men far away were thinking of it as one of the largest churches in the world, it was in fact one of the smallest of churches, being surpassed in size by many churches in country towns. Under Dr. Parker the City Temple was practically a preaching station. Men and women from the ends of the earth gathered in the City Temple every Lord's Day to hear an incomparable interpreter of the Scriptures unfold the ideas of the Prophets and Apostles and Jesus Christ. Americans in large numbers were always found in his congregation. Many Americans felt their visit to London incomplete if they did not hear Parker. Many of us liked him because he liked Beecher. One section of his church—the upper pews in the back gallery—he called the Rocky Mountains. Although he has been dead twenty

years he is still a power in the church. Everything connected with him is held sacred. The big pulpit Bible he used through his pastorate is preserved in a glass case on a marble table under the pulpit. The eye hole in the door of his vestry through which he used to look on Sunday before the service to see how large his congregation was going to be is pointed out to the visitor with awe. Even the bathtub in which it was his custom to take a cold bath immediately before going into the pulpit is preserved, and shown to elect strangers with reverent affection. Dr. Parker preached not only twice on Sunday but he gave a Bible lecture every Thursday noon throughout his entire pastorate. This Thursday noon lectureship became one of the outstanding institutions of London. It is claimed that no other man in the entire history of the Christian church ever carried forward through so long a term of years a course of Bible expositions. Parker's People's Bible is known around the world.

Dr. Parker was succeeded by another genius, Dr. Reginald J. Campbell, a man with the face of a medieval mystic, and a mind that kept wandering into new fields of theological speculation and expression. He soon became known as the teacher of a New Theology. The suspicion once born that the Pastor of the City Temple was not altogether orthodox, a large congregation was immediately assured. There is nothing which so helps a city minister to get a hearing as the rumor that he is a heretic. He at once secures an immense amount of free advertising, and there is enough curiosity in a city of several millions to drive multitudes long distances to hear a man who is alleged to have departed from the faith. Dr. Campbell did not possess the physical stamina of his robust prede-

cessor, and a few short years wore him out. Next came an American, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, the pastor of a church in Iowa, a man of whom most people in the East had never heard. Not physically strong enough to preach twice on Sunday, Dr. Newton took the morning service only, while the evening service was given to a woman, Miss Maude Royden. The combination was unique and attracted no little attention both in Britain and in America. The grip on the American mind which the City Temple had gained under Dr. Parker was not lessened during the pastorate of Dr. Campbell, and it was continued through the pastorate of the man of our own household, Dr. Newton. All through the war the American pastor of the Temple shone as the anointed interpreter of the two great English-speaking peoples to one another, and he maintained amid many difficulties the reputation of the City Temple as a throne of power. At the end of the war Dr. Newton came home and his place was filled by an Australian, Dr. F. W. Norwood. The City Temple seems destined to do always the unexpected and unconventional thing. It startled the world by reaching over into the State of Iowa and calling a Universalist pastor to stand in the pulpit of the great orthodox Parker, and it gave the world another jolt when it called to its pulpit an unknown Baptist from Australia. Dr. Norwood had lived to the middle forties in Australia as a plain, ordinary, fairly successful pastor, and when the war broke out he came with the Australian troops to the front. Almost at once he was found to possess exceptional ability for talking to men. The soldiers liked him. They could listen to him an hour and then want more. There were evidently powers in this man which had hitherto been undeveloped. There was

an eloquence in his tongue of which the world had not dreamed. Invited one Sunday while in London to preach at the City Temple, he made such a deep impression that not long afterward he was called to be its pastor. From the first day to the present he has been growing. He has now taken his place among the great preachers of London. The City Temple has today the congregations which Dr. Parker had at the noon of his power. Dr. Norwood has the physical strength of a Samson. In this he is much more like Dr. Parker than either of his two predecessors. His mind is keen and alert. His heart is tender and big. His sympathies are fervent and broad. He has a voice of unusual compass and sweetness. His personality is winsome. Upon this man every god has set his seal to give the world assurance of a pulpit prince.

It was in exchange with Dr. Norwood that I went to London. Never before had I preached under the British flag. Twice had I been in England, but on both occasions only as a visitor. This time I went as an ambassador of good will, the official representative of the Protestant churches of America. I preached morning and evening on seven Sundays in May and June. I preached the same sermons I had preached in my own church. I did not amend them or adapt them to the British mind. I found the London congregation much like my congregation in New York. I felt at home from the beginning. We understood each other. Having lived for years in the published works of Dr. Parker, I felt almost like a son of the City Temple. I found the worship rich and reverential. I found the music of a high order. The chorus choir of sixty voices is one of the best in London. The congregational singing is full, and deep and moving.

The attention of the congregation is eager and inspiring. The spirit of the people is cordial and enthusiastic. One would travel far to find a congregation surpassing in any way that of the City Temple. In one point the City Temple congregations differ widely from those in the average New York church. In the Temple the evening congregation is much larger than that of the morning. This is true of most of the London churches, and also of the churches in many other cities. The hour of the evening service is earlier than with us, being never later than seven. On the lovely afternoons of May and June the beauty of earth and sky seemed to reach its climax about seven o'clock, and even at half past eight it was still day, light and beautiful as ever. Between six and eight is an ideal time on a day in spring to take a walk in the park, or to read a book, or to chat with a group of friends, and on my first Sunday evening in London I felt on my way to church that I was sure to preach to empty pews. I could not imagine human beings turning their backs on the loveliness of God's out-of-doors. But, to my amazement, when I entered the pulpit I found myself face to face with two thousand people. Every pew was full. It was a miracle. This miracle was repeated every Sunday evening. I could not get used to it. Every week I was overwhelmed by surprise. I still think of it with wonder. Among the thrilling memories of my life there will always remain the memory of those wonderful Sunday evenings in the City Temple.

The church is admirably located. It is easily accessible from every direction. The bus system of London is perfect, so is the underground. For twenty miles in every direction from the front door of the City Temple there extends a vast English-

speaking population from which a preacher can draw a congregation. The foreign-born population of London is negligible. London is English from the circumference to the core. And London is Protestant. There are Catholics there of course, but it is a Protestant city. What an opportunity for a preacher! What an open door for a man who has a message! What a chance for a prophet—a man of vision and power!

CHAPTER VI

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN BRITAIN

It is like our own—mixed. It is good and bad, discouraging and also encouraging. It is one thing in one place, and a different thing in another place. It is always changing. It looks one thing to one man, and another thing to another man. It is not easy to describe any sort of life at the present time. Things are in a great jumble. Wherever I went my question was, "What is the outlook?" The answers were diverse. "Are things growing better or worse?" and the replies did not agree. Even two keen-eyed theologians in Edinburgh to whom I propounded the question gave me different answers. The fact is, every man looks out of his own eyes and reports only what he sees. Some men are appalled by the darkness, and others are encouraged by a few faint streaks of light. I have just been reading a sermon by a British Baptist Doctor of Divinity and he says, "I wonder if we were ever so short of principle or anything that could pass for principle since William IV died. The old paganisms are rising from their graves. The Witch of Endor is not very far away." A London Congregationalist Doctor of Divinity has just published a sermon on "The Crumbling Foundations of Morality." In London there is a preacher who sees the somber side of British life so continuously that he has become known as the "gloomy Dean." He is not the only gloomy religious leader in Britain.

But while there are many things to depress, I am sure that the consensus of feeling in Britain is that things are not as bad as they were. The tide has turned. The darkest hour has been passed. The Church is slowly recovering from the demoralization caused by the war. Signs of spiritual awakening are seen in various quarters. I did not find any of the leaders jubilant, but I found most of them courageous and expectant. There is an optimistic note in their preaching and an unquenchable song in their heart. They are well equipped for their work, and they possess the temper and mettle of heroes. Britain is still deeply and strongly Christian.

Like us they have serious problems with which to grapple. The number of men preparing for the ministry is too small. Too many of the churches are without pastors. Too many churches have small congregations. The number of conversions is depressingly small. The financial problem with them, as with us, is never far away. But Britons are not prone to whimper or surrender. They have patience and they know how to endure. The same tide of worldliness is flowing over Britain which is overflowing the whole world. There is a crime wave there as here. There are too many murders and too many divorces, and the papers are filled with stories of vice and wrongdoing. The good old English habit of going to church has disintegrated in many places. I was told often that Englishmen no longer feel it their duty to go to church. They only go when they want to go. They go when they feel it worth while to go. They go only when the preacher is able to give them something which is rewarding. I heard of half filled churches in various parts of the land.

It is in Britain as with us that some churches are prosperous, while others have fallen on evil days. There, as in the United States, much depends on the ability and devotion of the leader, and much also upon the environment. There are places where no one can do any mighty works because of the lack of responsive hearts. It was my lot to have personal contact only with large and flourishing churches, and therefore my estimate of current church life in Britain may be somewhat too rosy. There are no more popular churches in London than the City Temple and Westminster Chapel, there is no church in Bournemouth equal to Richmond Hill. There is no church in Birmingham greater than Carr's Lane, nor does Manchester possess two religious centers surpassing Union Chapel and Albert Hall. In Scotland also I had personal knowledge of only the best. St. Giles' Cathedral in Edinburgh, and the Cathedral in Glasgow, the Elgin Place Church in Glasgow, and Free St. George's in Edinburgh—where in all Scotland can churches be found outranking these? In those ten churches it was my privilege to preach, and as all of them were filled, and some of them were crowded, I carried home the conviction that the British are great churchgoers.

So far as I could observe, England seems to be singularly free just now from fanaticisms and delusions. I heard of no groups of people who were bent on making mischief by pushing those who differed from them out of the church. Premillenarianism, if it exists, is quiet. No body of zealots calling themselves Fundamentalists claim to have a monopoly of the faith once delivered to the saints. The doctrine of evolution seems to be taken for granted, and the assured results of the Higher Criti-

cism are well-nigh universally accepted. There is a Congregational preacher in London who has won notoriety by celebrating mass in his church, and dressing like a priest, but he makes no impression on the body of the faithful, and his erratic behavior is smiled at as a fad which may any day be cast aside.

All branches of the Church are increasingly alive to the social question, and British Non-conformist ministers venture farther into politics than is considered good form in this country. There is a larger use of out-of-door preaching there than here, and clergymen of the highest rank do not count it beneath their dignity to speak in a park. One Saturday afternoon I heard the Archbishop of York speak in the rain to a crowd in Hyde Park. The Congregationalists have probably more able preachers than any other Christian communion. There are no greater preachers in London than Dr. J. H. Jowett, Dr. Robert F. Horton, Dr. F. W. Norwood, Dr. J. Morgan Gibbon and Dr. Thomas Yates. English Congregationalism has pushed the work of organization a point beyond the point arrived at by the Congregationalists in this country. They have districted England into eleven provinces, and each province has over it a Moderator. These Moderators meet once a month in London to discuss the common needs and consider whatever measures may be necessary to meet them. I found the Quakers holding a place of greater influence and prominence in England than their brethren hold in this country.

The Anglican church is awake to the call of the new day. It is fortunate in the men who hold the highest places. The Archbishop of Canterbury is a man of wisdom and character, and has a catholicity

of spirit and an openness of mind which win all hearts. The Archbishop of York is not a whit behind the Archbishop of Canterbury in all those fine traits and high gifts which one likes to find in an archbishop, and is exerting an influence which is steadily expanding. The Bishop of London is one of the most affable of men, a man with a big brotherly heart, unwearied in good works, and dearly loved by Christians of the whole Church of God. Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's is the most influential preacher in the Anglican church, and is one of the outstanding figures of the metropolis. While I was in England he was contributing a series of articles to the leading London evening daily in which he discussed racily the more prominent topics of our day. Dr. Jowett has been doing the same sort of work in another London daily. English preachers are determined to get at the people. They will meet them in the church, they will seek them in the parks, they will go after them in the columns of a newspaper. They will make themselves all things to all men in the hope that they may save some.

The Anglican church has many problems, some of them peculiar to itself. It is a divided church, and only the high statesmanship of the Archbishop of Canterbury has been able to hold the two wings thus far together. There are Anglicans who disparage the Reformation and who would like to bring the Anglican church to the ways and beliefs of the Roman Catholic church except the supremacy of the Pope. There are other Anglicans who are one with Protestants, and to whom sacerdotalism is a perversion of the Christian religion. Both schools are alert and energetic, and there seems small likelihood of their ever being brought together. The Anglican church has now what is called a National

Assembly. The proceedings of the Assembly were extensively reported last spring in the London papers, and the deepest impression made upon an outsider was the bewildering variety of views and beliefs held today by communicants of the Anglican church. From the extreme radicals to the ultra conservatives there are all imaginable grades and shades of opinion in regard to every subject which came up for discussion. Some of the reports sounded like a report of the proceedings at the Tower of Babel.

But all this variety of conviction is an evidence of life. The Anglican church is very much alive. If it was once asleep it has now awakened. If it was once belated it is now forging ahead. A new spirit has fallen on it. It has taken a bold attitude to economic and social questions. It has taken a changed attitude to Non-conformists. This attitude was revealed in the Lambeth Proposals on church union. There was a fraternal and conciliatory spirit in those proposals which marked the dawn of a new day. The ancient wall of partition is crumbling. The old-time prejudices and bigotries are slowly melting. The interchange of pulpits is progressing. Now and then it creates irritation and evokes a strident protest, but having started it will go slowly forward. There is a better feeling in Non-conformist circles toward the Established church than I found in my former visits. I heard nothing but kind words from Free churchmen for their Anglican brethren. In many communities rectors of Anglican churches and pastors of Free churches are working together in social enterprises with the utmost cordiality. The Lambeth Proposals have not been accepted by any Free church body, nor are they likely to be. But they are being pondered. The discus-

sion is under way. There is a new spirit in the discussion, and what the outcome will be does not yet appear. Organic union will not come in our generation. When it comes, if ever, it will not come on the basis of the Nicene Creed, nor is it likely to come by way of the historic episcopate. But while organic union is yet far away, a more fraternal feeling is already here, and comity is here, and friendly discussion is here, and out of this closer fellowship is going to come a further increase of Christian feeling and new forms of coöperative effort and fresh victories for the Church of Christ. British Christians are going to work together through the next hundred years with higher mutual esteem and greater efficiency than at any time since the Reformation. Without organic union there will come a more intimate fellowship and a wider scope of concerted action. Without a consolidation of ecclesiastical machinery, there will come such a union of hearts that men will forget the peculiarities of their regiments in their zeal to storm the strongholds of the enemy, and to establish throughout the world the kingdom of love. Of two things I am equally certain: The Non-conformists of England have the spirit of Christ and are doing the work of the Apostles. The Anglicans also have the spirit of Christ, and they likewise by their sacrifices and labors are in the Apostolic Succession. At heart they are one.

CHAPTER VII

POLITICAL LIFE IN BRITAIN

An American living in England soon realizes that in crossing the ocean he has not left democracy behind. There is a democracy on both sides of the Atlantic. The United States is not the only country which enjoys a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. Americans are not the only human beings who love freedom, and who insist on having it. There is wide and genuine freedom under the Union Jack. A few Englishmen came to this country in the seventeenth century in search of liberty, but the majority of Englishmen stayed behind to fight for it on English soil. They won the fight. In the eighteenth century we Americans fought for liberty, and in doing this we had the sympathy and applause of the most English section of the English people. The love of liberty has always burned like a furnace deep in the English heart. The English-speaking peoples have fought their way to liberty in every part of the earth. It is a boon which cannot be denied them. Britain enjoys freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and the freedom of the press to a degree not surpassed by any other nation. Because Britain is called a monarchy, let us not suppose that Britain is not a democracy. Because she has a king, one is not to imagine that he is a despot or that the supreme political power does not lie in the hands of the people. The real

ruler of Britain is the House of Commons, and the House of Commons rules through the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister, more than any other British official corresponds to our President. The British King is not a monarch in the medieval sense. He is a presiding officer. He presides at the British town meeting. The people decide what shall be done and what shall not be done.

At some points British political life is not unlike our own. There is a note of pessimism running through it. There is a common wail over the lack of statesmen. The great men are all dead. There were giants yesterday—there are none today. The men on the political stage are all mediocre. I had often heard that the United States Senate is filled with pigmies but I was surprised to learn that that is the case with the British House of Lords. I had been told many times that our House of Representatives has in it only third-rate men, but I was amazed to hear that that is the caliber of the men now in the House of Commons.

Britons and Americans are alike also in their incapacity to be fair when once the political fever is on them. Britons boast of their love of fair play and they really try to be fair, but, like Americans, they do not always succeed. When they fall to mauling one another they lose their heads and their tongues say things which are foolish. When I listened to the stupid and absurd assertions and to the petty and malicious charges and when I read the wild rumors and crazy conjectures and twisted judgments which were printed, I felt quite at home. We do it in the same fashion in the United States. The microbe of partisanship is a queer bug. It works havoc with the normal operations of the brain and the heart. In political life, one can never expect

consistency nor can one be surprised at any combinations or outcomes. Political life is always a puzzle and an astonishment to a man in his own country: the political caldron of a foreign country is even more incomprehensible and baffling.

Political discussion is more general there and also more intense than it is with us. This is due to the fact that Britain is compact and homogeneous. London is the capital and it is also the metropolis. It is the seat of Parliament and the abode of power —from it streams of influence flow to all parts of the land. Everything done and said in Parliament is printed in full, and the record is laid before the whole British people within twenty-four hours. This gives all classes an opportunity of discussing promptly every statement made and every step taken by the Government and also by the Opposition. There is a public opinion in Britain in a sense in which public opinion can hardly be said to exist in this country. There is no city in the United States which is the center and crown of our Republic. The British political pot boils furiously because there is only one pot, and all the fagots can be brought together under that pot. We have several pots and they hang over different fires. We have a North and a South, an East and a West, but there is no North or South, East or West in England. Our public opinion is broken up into sectional opinions. In the United States we have vast alien groups of citizens, each group holding its own peculiar notions, and it is not possible for any one idea or feeling to sway all these groups at once. Months, and perhaps years, must elapse before any sort of leaven can leaven the whole lump. After the East has made up its mind we must wait to hear from the South, and after we have news from the South we

must wait for the West to arrive at its conclusions. One can never say, "America thinks and feels so and so," with the swiftness and certainty with which such a statement can be made of Britain. We have no center. Our metropolis is in one place, our capital is in another. There are a dozen sectional metropolises, each one the center of political opinion and propaganda. We have no mighty unifying force. Groups of men, no matter how brainy and powerful, are not able to work the miracles here which can be wrought by groups of men in London. When an American finds himself in the midst of a people all of whom speak the same language, and who are so close together they can exchange messages in the same day, and who have common social and religious traditions, he finds political discussions taking on a changed character, and he feels that the world is a big village in which everybody knows everything which is being thought and felt and said by everybody else.

Moreover, the British Parliament is closer to the people than is our American Congress. Britons can get at their Government speedily. It is a tedious ordeal to get at ours. Our Constitution was framed in the eighteenth century, when mankind was in the experimental stage politically, and men were cautiously feeling their way toward a scheme which would secure both liberty and order. We have been so busy about many things that up to the present we have had slight inclination to alter the machinery which our fathers devised. As a consequence we have a government which at sundry points is antiquated. It no longer functions adequately in its present-day environment. So afraid of the people were the founders of our Republic, that they devised a system of checks and balances which

works with such deadly efficiency that sometimes in an hour of crisis democracy cannot function at all. Our President can check the Senate, and the Senate can check the President, and the House can check them both. The President is elected for four years and cannot be gotten out of office before the end of that period, no matter what the people think of him or of his policies. The Senators are elected for six years, and they are fixtures in the Senate chamber till the last year is ended, no matter how they flout and trample on the will of the people. The members of the Cabinet are practically chosen by the President and to him alone are they responsible. It is not thus in Britain. The members of the British Cabinet are answerable to Parliament. They can be hauled before the House of Commons and subjected to questions whenever the House desires to question them. These questions and answers are spread daily before all the people. The British people are in more intimate and vital touch with their government than we are with ours. Again, Britain has what amounts to a referendum. No set of men are placed in power to hold office for a fixed term of years. They can be thrown out whenever the people desire other leaders. The Prime Minister has great power but he cannot retain his office after the people have lost confidence in his leadership. An adverse vote in the House of Commons is sufficient to upset any government, and compel it to go to the voters to find out whether or not it shall be longer sustained. It is this flexibility of the British governmental machinery which gives the British people their opportunity to make themselves felt at once in working out national policy. Government is immediately responsive to the people's touch. It is this consciousness of power in the

minds of the British voters and the knowledge that they may any day be called to exercise the power, that imparts to political discussion in Britain peculiar verve and passion, and makes political life there endlessly vivacious and exciting. Democracy has assumed different forms on both sides the Atlantic, because of diverse environments, and because of different streams of events. Each democracy can learn from the other. For an American there is no more rewarding reading, next to the record of what is said and done in Washington city, than the story of what is said and done in the British Parliament. We are kindred peoples engaged in a vast and difficult experiment—the experiment of making democracy a safe form of government for the world—and each needs the stimulus and correction which the other can supply.

An American is sure to take special interest in the leaders of Labor in Britain. They are on the whole different from ours. They are far deeper in politics. They are abler men. They are men of greater intellectual and moral force, and some of them have the high qualities of able statesmen. They are not men anyone can brush aside as negligible in political discussion and action. There are not a few Britons who feel that in the not-distant future Britain will have a Labor government. Some look forward to that day with gladness—and others with dread. The Labor leaders are on the whole radical—some of them exceedingly so. Whether when once in power they will be as radical in action as they are in theory, remains to be seen. They are all agreed that our present social system cannot continue, and that it behooves all men of sound mind to prepare for the order which is coming. While their methods of reconstruction are in many quarters criticized and

denounced, their noble temper is appreciated, and the service they are rendering by keeping the eyes of the nation on the sore spots of modern civilization is recognized by all.

One who knows the temper and attitude of the Labor leaders on the continent is surprised to find so many of the British Labor leaders members of the Christian Church and workers in it. Some of them are lay preachers. On the continent many of the leaders of labor are professed atheists and most of them are violently anti-church, whereas in England some of the most prominent Labor leaders are professed followers of Christ, and condemn society as it is now organized on the ground that it is not obedient to His commands or loyal to His ideals. On the continent the constant cry is for "Revolution," but in Britain the Labor slogan is: "Evolution under the guidance of the Spirit of Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER VIII

MR. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

Mr. Lloyd George is down and out. But some men cannot be kept down, nor will they stay out; and Mr. Lloyd George is that kind of man. He will be up and in again, if not tomorrow, then the day after. He is the most extraordinary Briton now alive. The British Empire has never had an abler prime minister, and it may wait centuries before it finds his equal. I never realized how he towered above all other men in British public life until I lived in Britain. Like a Colossus he did bestride the British world, and other men looked small when measured against his huge legs. By sheer force of mind and heart he had gotten the start of all the British leaders and was bearing the palm alone. And now lies he low and there are many who refuse to do him reverence.

But his overthrow came about by a combination of forces which can be easily discerned and measured. It was by his virtues as well as by his defects, by his successes as well as by his defeats, by his immeasurable services as well as by his blunders that he fell. The public will follow no leader long. Aristides, great in war and peace, was ostracized at last, and some of the men who voted against him had no other reason for their hostility than that they were weary of hearing Aristides called "the Just." The incense burned before Mr. Lloyd George made many Britons sick.

The wonder is not that he is out, but that he was in so long. His position was an impossible one. No man can indefinitely remain leader of a coalition cabinet. Liberals and Tories can be linked together for a season, but not forever. Under the pressure of war, extremists of different stripes can be welded into one, but when the pressure is reduced each group will go to its own place. Mr. Lloyd George was always displeasing some of the Tories. How could a man with his traditions and temperament fail to do that? He was always giving offense to some of the Liberals. How could the head of a cabinet in which there was powerful Tory sentiment which had to be reckoned with every day do anything else? They told me that in the Liberal Club his portrait had been removed from the wall and relegated to the cellar. His was an uncomfortable and precarious position from the first day to the last, and it is amazing that the two days were so far apart. He rode successfully the whirlwind of war, and achieved the far greater triumph of riding for four years the hurricane of the wildest peace which the world has ever known.

His position exposed him to continuous misunderstanding and criticism, and laid him open to serious and damning charges. To many he seemed a man devoid of principle. He was called an opportunist, a time-server, a trimmer. Those who hated him did not hesitate to call him a trickster and even a sharper. They forgot that a man at the head of a coalition cabinet must of necessity deal in compromises. There is no other path by which he can get on. It was his business to seek and find the middle course in which Tory and Liberal could walk and work together. To the idealist whose business it is to proclaim abstract ideals, the way of compro-

mise is always the way of the devil. But to the practical statesman who must find a path along which a nation is willing to walk, the ideal best is never possible. Politics, as Mr. John Morley long ago reminded us, is always the second best.

Stating principles is one thing, and making programs is another. The prophet must proclaim principles but the statesman must plan programs of action. He must deal with prejudice and ignorance and passion and perversity. He must be firm, and at times he must yield. He must insist, but he must also concede. He must allow certain principles to lie for a time in abeyance, in order that other principles may move forward to their coronation. He must sacrifice minor interests in order to get the major purpose through. In order to keep his countrymen together along a perilous road, he must allow the second best to triumph for the present in order that the first best may come off victorious in the end. Such a man is sure to be suspected, misjudged, maligned, and hated. History is not likely to agree with the traducers of Mr. Lloyd George. Coming generations will see more clearly than is possible to us that his heart was true, and that even when he seemed to have wandered from the path, his eyes were on the distant and shining goal.

If a man's greatness is to be measured by his power to attract and repel, then Mr. Lloyd George has an incontestable claim to greatness. To an American, there was nothing in England more unfailingly entertaining than the clashing judgments of Britons on their Prime Minister. Some considered him an archangel straight from the Court of Heaven, while others feared him as Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. Often I would pass in the same afternoon from a group in which the Prime Minis-

ter was crowned with laurel, to another group in which every man poured out upon his head the seven vials of his wrath. I soon found that if I wished to stir up an animated conversation in any part of the land, all that was necessary was to mention the name of Mr. Lloyd George.

In one thing all Britons agree—they all admit that Mr. Lloyd George is a great speaker. Woe to the man whom he gets after with his tongue! He can use words which cut like sabers and which sting like adders. He is master of vivid and unforgettable phrases. His speeches abound in pictures. He never thunders, but now and then the lightning flashes. His most telling gestures are with his hands. There are few orators who use their hands so much as he does, and no one uses them more effectively. There are certain ideas which I shall never be able to think of again without seeing Mr. Lloyd George's hands. He speaks quietly and with deliberation. His words fall sometimes upon the heart like flakes of fire. He wins his audience by his candor and simplicity, his friendliness and common sense. Even the hearts of his enemies are sometimes softened by the touch of his magical words, and, forgetting their prejudices, men are swept away on the current of his persuasive speech.

I was impressed by his radiant vitality. He is a live man. I saw him for the first time the evening he returned from the Conference in Genoa. It had been a long-drawn, vexatious, unsuccessful conference. Mr. Lloyd George came out of that conference defeated. I expected to see disappointment in his eyes. I was sure there would be marks of fatigue upon his face. The man who met my gaze was a man with a fresh and buoyant look. He had the air of one who was just returning from a holi-

day. He looked as a man looks when he has beaten his opponent in a game of golf. When later on, I stood face to face in conversation with him, I was still more deeply impressed by the freshness of his countenance. He looked like a man who had never had a care or trouble. He shook hands with acquaintances and friends with the jovial air of a man of leisure. I asked myself: "How can Atlas carry the world on his shoulders, and have a face like that?" He looked as though he slept soundly every night, but how could a man sleep when he had on his mind the Irish tragedy, and the Russian chaos, and the French entanglement, and the Turkish peril, and the Palestine muddle, and the taxation nightmare, and the unemployment horror, and a score of other perplexities and burdens? One would think that the solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew! But this Welshman does not allow himself to be flustered by public business. While in the midst of all these ponderous cares of state, he had time to entertain friends and strangers at breakfast and now and then to attend an afternoon garden party, and occasionally to give an address in some church or at some civic function. Within a few days last summer, he gave a lecture on John Wesley, and delivered an oration on Mazzini, and addressed nearly four hundred clergymen at a luncheon on the Church and War. He has evidently tasted of the spring of perpetual youth. His face cannot be furrowed and his back cannot be bent. They told me in Bournemouth that when he plays golf on Saturday with Dr. J. D. Jones, he remains over to hear him preach on Sunday, and that he sings the hymns with the gusto and abandon of a boy. Here, then, is a wonderful man who can carry the greatest of the world's empires on his

back, with the tempest beating in his face and still sing!

He has a genius for getting things done. That was a gift sorely needed during the war, and so he was transposed from one position to another until he arrived at the post of Prime Minister. Whenever there was a job which was peculiarly hard he was called. He always responded and he never failed. The list of his achievements is a long one. At the head of the list will forever stand the settlement of the Irish problem. Many of Britain's greatest had worked on that, and in vain. This man tried it and succeeded. He is a miracle-worker, a wizard, this little lawyer from Wales.

His moral qualities are as fine as the faculties of his mind. He has self-control and patience and courage. He dared to fight even the great Lord Northcliffe, the Napoleon of modern journalists, the giant of the newspaper world. Politicians are always afraid of mighty journalists. Even statesmen walk with wary step in their presence. Here was a journalist of extraordinary stature and renown. He owned many papers. He raised up and cast down when he would. He gave orders to Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Lloyd George refused to obey him. He defied him. Northcliffe hurled at him all his thunderbolts but in vain, and Northcliffe, broken in body and mind, went down into his grave with the Prime Minister still on his throne. There is no more thrilling chapter in modern history than that which recounts the defeat of the journalist Goliath by this Welsh David.

In trying to account for the power of this man, we must not leave out his religion. Mr. Lloyd George is a religious man, a member of the Christian church. He believes in Jesus Christ. He has

never concealed his faith. He believes in the church. He attends its worship. He reads its history. He revels in the biographies of its leaders and saints. He is very sure of God. This gives him endurance and hope. He is an optimist. In the darkest days of the war, it was always light where he was. He is not discouraged by difficulties, nor depressed by obstacles, nor swerved by opposition, nor embittered by abuse. Resistance endows him with new powers. He is a stormy petrel whose element is the tempest.

He is an internationalist. He is a hater of war. He is a believer in the League of Nations. He believes in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. He is the friend of America. He may visit us some day. When he comes, he will receive the greatest ovation ever given to a statesman from beyond the seas.

CHAPTER IX

ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP

Mr. Walter H. Page, one of our greatest ambassadors to Great Britain, wrote many wise things, but none wiser than this: "I do know something about the British. I know enough to make very sure of the soundness of my conclusion that they are necessary to us, and we to them, else God would have permitted the world to be peopled in some other way." There are reasons why the United States should cultivate the friendship of all the nations of the earth, but there are special reasons why she should begin with Great Britain. There are reasons why America should be the ally of all nations in the great struggle for liberty and justice, but the nation with which it is easiest and most natural for her to unite is Britain. One can think of a union of the United States and Russia, the United States and Spain, the United States and Japan, but all these seem artificial combinations compared with the union of the United States and Britain. We belong together, as Page said. We are necessary to each other.

It is easier for us to work together than it is for us to work with any other foreign people, because, in the first place, we speak the same language. We can understand each other without the aid of an interpreter. It is not easy to think in a foreign tongue. A difference of language is always a barrier in inter-

national intercourse. It can be surmounted but not without effort. When we converse with Britain, we are mutually intelligible from the start.

We have the same traditions, legal and social and ecclesiastical. We are a conglomerate people. Many nations have made their contribution to our life. Within the last hundred years 3,319,000 Russians have entered our gates; 4,078,000 Austro-Hungarians; 4,218,000 Italians; and 5,500,000 Germans. All these have brought with them inherited characteristics and customs. Each racial stock has left its mark on our thought and feeling, and has variously modified our career. But all of these foreign countries put together have not exerted the influence on our national character which has been exerted by the 8,333,000 Britons who have found a home under our flag. In the first place, the British immigrants have for the most part been men and women of superior quality. The immigrants from Russia have been almost entirely from the peasant class, and the same is true of the immigrants from Italy. Germany has sent us not a few from her upper classes, but the bulk of the Germans have come from her peasant population. On the other hand, multitudes who have come from England and Scotland and Wales have been educated and resourceful men of high social standing, intellectually and morally equipped to become active forces in the shaping of community life. These British immigrants have come at strategic times in the course of our national development. Between 1620 and 1640, there came to New England 25,000 Englishmen who exerted a greater influence upon the civilization of the New World than any other 25,000 people who have ever crossed the Atlantic. These Englishmen laid educational foundations

which have exerted a molding power over the American mind and heart through nearly three hundred years. These men cut channels through which American feeling has flowed to the present hour. They created reservoirs of life from which refreshing streams have flowed all the way to the Pacific. It is because our colleges and universities were nearly all founded by men molded by British culture and dominated by British ideals that the soul of Britain has been stamped upon the American people as has been the soul of no other nation. We have learned to think at the feet of Britain. It is her poets who sing to us. What foreign poets can compare with Shakespeare and Milton, Byron and Burns, Tennyson and Browning, in inspirational power over American hearts? We are not ignorant of the statesmen of other lands, but certainly our American boys are more familiar with Cobden and Bright, Disraeli and Gladstone, Chamberlain and Lloyd George, than with the statesmen of any other European country. The treasure house of English literature is open to us because we have the key. No other foreign novelists have ever found so large a place in our hearts as that occupied by Scott and Dickens, Thackeray and Trollope, George Eliot and Rudyard Kipling. Nations fed on the same intellectual meat come at last to possess similar aspirations and entertain like ambitions. It is fitting that they should work together in noble causes.

But it does not follow that two nations will be friends because they speak the same language and read the same books. There are reasons why the maintenance of friendship between America and Britain is especially difficult. Language is a possible blessing, but it is also a source of embarrassment. We always know what the British are say-

ing about us, and it would be well sometimes if we did not know. They also know what we are saying, and this is not always conducive to an increase of friendly feeling. Not a sarcastic or cutting word spoken by either side escapes the other. Both nations have cultivated the freedom of speech to the point of license, and Britons and Americans are alike in being sometimes brutally frank. We speak oftener of Britons than of any other foreigners, and in our talk there is sure to be many a foolish word. Britons also sin with their tongue. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." The tongue is indeed a fire. It sets on fire the course of nature, which includes London and New York, and sometimes there is no doubt that "it is set on fire of hell."

We are in especial danger of clashing because we are so much alike. We are commercial above all other peoples, and we go to the ends of the earth in search of trade. Both of us are keen for concessions. We itch for special privileges. Both of us want the earth. It is natural that we should again and again step on one another's toes and fall into ugly humors. Commerce works for peace, and it also works for war. Because the Briton and American are adepts in exploitation, it is inevitable that there should be occasional clashes. In reaching for oil wells and gold mines, both nations forget sometimes their good manners.

Then again, we are not unlike in disposition. If the Briton is arrogant, the American is bumptious. Neither one likes to be talked down by the other, and yet that is what both are inclined to do. Arrogance passes easily into insolence, and insolence settles down into contempt and hatred. If we were more different in temperament we should be less likely to quarrel.

Moreover, both peoples have memories which are not pleasant. A Briton does not forget that America was once an English colony, and an American does not forget by what process that relationship was discontinued. It is foolish to remember unpleasant things so long, but people do it, and it is not easy to change human nature. One of the blackest curses of war is that it lives in the memory for generations. Americans do not forget the war of 1776, or the war of 1812, or the war of 1861, nor do Britons forget them either. It is because of these memories, which, like smouldering subterranean fires, burn on in the heart, that we need to cultivate with unflagging zeal the feelings of appreciation and good will. The past becomes a curse when we allow it to spoil the present and blight the future. Britons now alive are not responsible for what their fathers did in the eighteenth century; nor are we accountable for what our fathers did. We are responsible for the building of a happier and nobler world. Remembering wrongs eats up strength, and nourishing feelings of resentment is degrading. The heart is healthy only when it is sweet. Life is strong only when the spirit is friendly. Instead of brooding over George III., it is more profitable to brood over Edmund Burke, and instead of meditating on Lord North, it is more sensible to meditate on Charles James Fox. The most English section of the English people have always been our friends. They stood with us through the revolutionary war and through our civil war, and they will in every coming crisis be found standing by our side. There is a higher Britain, as there is a higher America; a coarser and more earthy Britain as there is a coarser and more earthy America. It is important that the better America

and the better Britain join hands in working for the betterment of the world. There are great tasks to be accomplished in the coming years. There are mighty perils to be met, vexing problems to be solved, giant enemies to be combated. No one nation alone is sufficient for the arduous work which lies just ahead. Kindred nations must get together. They must consolidate their strength. Britain and America should work together because of their enormous size. The biggest of the empires and the biggest of the republics belong together in the great conflict for mankind. For these two giants to hold aloof from each other would be a betrayal of humanity. They are the two richest of all nations. Gold has been given to them above all others. The gold must be spent in the service of the human race. To squander it in arraying themselves one against the other would be a crime, for which there could be no forgiveness. They are close together physically. The Atlantic is but a brook, and even India is not far away. In the Western World the two nations touch. We have a common boundary of 3898 miles. That is the most beautiful boundary line upon the planet. In all its vast length there is not a fort, not a gun. That line is a revelation and a prophecy. It reveals the disposition of the two nations. We trust each other. We are neighbors; we are friends. Friends we are going to remain forever.

When nations are friends they help one another. At the Washington conference, on the reduction of armaments, Britain in the person of Mr. Balfour came to our assistance. When Mr. Hughes, our Secretary of State, laid before the conference the radical and amazing proposals of the American Government, Mr. Balfour promptly arose and de-

clared the willingness of the British Empire to fall in with the American plan. His attitude rendered it impossible for the other nations to stay out. They all came in. Britain and America standing together set the pace for all the world. In that hour it was made clear again what is the power of these two mighty nations when on any point of world policy they are agreed. There is no reform too great to hope for if only the two English-speaking nations work together. There is no sore on the body of humanity which cannot be healed if only Britain and America combine their skill.

But nations cannot work effectively together unless they like each other. The hearts must be attuned, before the hands can do their perfect work. There must be a disarmament of the heart. Suspicions must be cast out. Ugly feelings must be overthrown. Hasty and irritating words must be discarded. Mutual confidence must be established in the hearts of the common people, and good will must be permanently enthroned. It is not to be expected that all Britons will think like all Americans, or that Americans will agree in all points with their British brethren. Uniformity of opinion is not essential to a genuine and rewarding friendship. Again and again we shall differ in opinion, and our policies on divers matters will be far apart, but this need not break or even mar our friendship. Our ideals are one, our purposes are one, our spirit is the same, and therefore war between us in "unthinkable," as Roosevelt long ago declared, and a growing friendship is natural and wholesome and to be expected. By the decree of the King of Heaven, we are comrades and friends, coworkers in the great enterprise of bringing the whole earth under the sovereignty of Love.

CHAPTER X

FOES OF INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a delicate plant and is easily broken or blighted. It is a fragile creation, and to be preserved must be carefully safeguarded. Dr. Samuel Johnson reminded us long ago how important it is to keep one's friendships in repair. International friendships are especially complex and unstable, and one of their most deadly foes is neglect. Nations drift apart as individuals do through carelessness, and ignorance of the fundamental laws of life. It is only by conscious effort that two nations can be kept together in mutual sympathy and good will. If they ignore each other, they become in time victims of suspicion, and all the other unholy feelings which work mischief in the world. It is not enough that friendly feelings should exist in the heart, they must be expressed. Only the sentiments which find expression are likely to survive. Two nations which wish their lives to become intimately and helpfully intertwined must lose no opportunity to express publicly the sentiment of mutual good will. By public and official acts the national attitude should be made clear to the people. Diplomats are never more profitably employed than when they are expressing to one another the higher aspirations and purposes of their respective governments. It is a revelation of the tardy progress of mankind in rational living that every nation has a Secretary of

War and no nation has a Secretary of International Friendship. If nations had given themselves to preparation for peace with half the zeal with which they have given themselves to preparation for war, the world would have been saved innumerable tragedies, and the outlook for humanity would be today immeasurably brighter. Forming international friendships and maintaining them is a business which should be pursued with great diligence and enthusiasm through the generations. Great Britain and the United States have no more momentous task before them than the task of cultivating and expressing cordial relations to each other. It is on the basis of good feeling that all coöperative enterprises must be built. Without friendly feeling all efforts to construct programs of action must prove futile. Britain and America should cultivate the art of friendly speech. Taciturnity is an enemy to be feared.

And so also is ignorance. Ignorance is a moth which chews up the purple fabric of international friendship. Because nations live apart from one another they must of necessity lack that personal acquaintance on the part of the masses of the people which is so essential in keeping the mind clear of estranging illusions. It is a singular fact that we have a tendency to dislike the people whom we do not know. One of the worst perversities of the heart is its proneness to imagine dark things of people far away. In the ancient barbaric world a stranger was always counted an enemy. We have not entirely outgrown this feature of barbarism. Because we do not know foreigners, we become suspicious of them, and picture them planning evil things against us. Our suspicions deepen into fear, and fear if allowed to do its perfect work, builds

up a deep-seated feeling of dislike. In a crisis the dislike may flame up in a fiery hatred. Against ignorance then we must wage everlasting warfare. Knowledge is essential to a world which would be happy. When we come to know people in foreign lands we find them amazingly like ourselves. They are not hostile to us nor are they hatching infernal schemes against us. They want to be our friends. They hate war and love peace. They are our brothers. The habit of speaking disrespectfully of foreign nations is a habit which ought to be broken. Children in the home should be trained by their parents to speak in friendly words of every foreign nation. A sneer at foreigners should be instantly rebuked. Teachers in the schools have no more important duty than training their pupils to hold the right attitude to foreign peoples. Racial prejudice should be rooted out. National animosities should not be allowed to grow. What does the world gain by instructing the intellect in language, literature and science if the heart is allowed to remain a nest of ugly and bitter feelings? No youth is properly educated who does not look with friendly eyes on all the nations of the earth. We shall never have a warless world until our schools become nurseries of good will.

Another foe of international friendship is a degraded form of patriotism. Patriotism is a virtue, but like all virtues it can be counterfeited and perverted. It is a noble passion, but like all passions it can become diseased and pernicious. Patriotism is love of country, and so long as it is that, it is commendable and ennobling. But when patriotism becomes hatred of foreign nations, it is degrading. The man who measures his patriotism by his contempt for some other nation is both ignorant and

vicious. Men like him are a stumbling-block in the path of human progress. No country has reason to be proud of a man who cares for no country but his own. It is because of this degenerate form of patriotism that demagogues flourish and that jingoes are extolled by the ignorant as national heroes and saviors. In every national legislature the jingo is sure to be found, and wherever he exists, he works havoc with international friendship. A group of jingoes in two countries can, unless resisted, break all the ties of good will and postpone indefinitely the coming of the Golden Age. The men who prate most about their patriotism are sometimes among our most dangerous citizens. An astute Englishman, disgusted by the selfishness and dishonesty of the patriots of his day, once defined patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel. It is worse than that. It is one of the most plausible instruments yet devised for setting nations against one another. Beware of the patriot whose stock in trade is contempt for all nations but his own!

In the list of enemies of international friendship journalists of the baser sort must be given a high place. The daily press when in the hands of men without principle becomes a firebrand for starting international conflagrations. More than once within the last fifty years war has been precipitated by the frenzied utterances of an unscrupulous press. The freedom of the press is a blessing, but it has brought with it a long procession of curses. Men cannot safely be trusted with as much power as has been granted to the modern journalist. When his heart is noble he has vast opportunity for blessing the world, but when his conscience is undeveloped and his spirit is satanic, his power to work mischief

is appallingly immense. Our generation has been peculiarly plagued by a large number of journalists who have had regard neither for God nor man. When some future Dante writes the Divine Comedy of our day, he will reserve the lowest round in hell for the journalists who have betrayed their trust. No millionaire can so defile society and blight the hopes of mankind as can a millionaire with an evil heart who owns a newspaper. By the pens of a gang of anonymous liars and slanderers and rumor-mongers he can defile the wells of international good will and inject into the minds of millions a subtle poison which works constantly for the deadening of all the friendly feelings of the heart. By his pen he can fill the world with ill-natured gossip, and disquieting conjectures, and plausible rumors which are only lies. He can criticize with insolent speech the policy of foreign governments against which he holds a personal grudge, and can hold up to ridicule day after day the official servants of friendly peoples. Like a pagan god he can throw thunderbolts at the heads of Kings and Princes, of diplomats and legislators, increasing the fever of the world's heart and making all of the world's problems more difficult to solve. Every country is plagued today with this sort of pest, and no escape from his ravages has as yet been discovered. The world has many intricate and baffling problems, but not one of them is more difficult or more momentous than the problem of reforming the Press. How to convert it from a war-making engine into an agency working constantly for peace, is one of those colossal tasks to which future generations must bend their mind. Already there are high-minded servants of humanity not a few of whom are devoting them-

selves by their pen to the divine work of drawing nations closer together and laying the foundations of a warless world. Their number will increase.

Among the crowned mischief-makers of our generation Big Business holds a conspicuous position. It was Big Business which brought on the Boer War, and it was Big Business which caused Russia to fling herself upon Japan. It was Big Business which worked along with other forces to bring on the greatest of all the wars. Ours is an industrial age and to keep the mills and factories all running, the world must be ransacked day and night for raw materials. Oil and rubber, coal and timber, gold and silver and copper and iron, these are the treasures for which the hands of nations are itching, and to obtain them multitudes of men are putting forth all their strength. The world is manipulated today largely by its manufacturers and merchants, its bankers and financiers. Every nation has its promoters and exploiters, its investors and concession seekers. Markets and raw materials and cheap labor—are not these the good things the great powers are seeking evermore? To assist them in their quest, powerful groups of capitalists make use of the foreign office of their government, and thus become the dictators of national policy. It was commercial greed which piled up the colossal armament which precipitated the Great War. It is this same greed which is now at the bottom of the unrest in Europe, and which is prompting all nations to fight one another with tariffs and all sorts of trade restrictions. How can the world ever settle down in peace until this wild and insatiable greed for markets and raw products is reduced? Britain and America are rivals in the most attractive and dangerous of all fields—the field of making money.

Even well-meaning and high-minded men sometimes become overbearing and unscrupulous when they are running fast for great prizes. When we begin to count the forces which work against international friendship we must not omit greed.

The ignorant man, the insolent jingo, the unscrupulous journalist, the greedy commercial exploiter, these four are to be found in all countries, and because they exist, a fifth man becomes necessary—the military-naval expert. He is the fifth finger of the hand which is crushing the world. In order that his nation may have its place in the sun, this military specialist studies the science and art of war. He works out plans of attack and defense. He invents new instruments of destruction. He computes the adequate sizes of armies and navies. He makes out the navy and army budgets, grasping as much of the national income as possible. He does not love war, but he is always thinking about war. It is his profession. Because he is always thinking war, he is always talking it. He cannot help it. When he has opportunity, he writes about it. His one theme is "preparedness." That is something which no nation has ever yet possessed. It is an ideal which ever lures us on. When he retires at an early age on a generous pension, he gives all the remainder of his life to thinking and talking war. In this way he fans suspicion, and feeds fear, and makes it more difficult for nations to be friends.

CHAPTER XI

PROHIBITION AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Britons are keenly alive to the fortunes of Prohibition in the United States. Every reporter who asked me for an interview, had Prohibition at the top of his list of questions. The British papers give more attention to our Eighteenth Amendment than to any other feature of our American life. Many papers exploit daily the failure of Prohibition. They could not do it more zealously if they were paid for it. Sad stories of the havoc which Prohibition has wrought in the morals of the youth of America, especially the young women, are spread broadcast. The leading evening paper of London last June had a reporter in New York who made a practice of visiting the haunts of our fast set, sending home long accounts of what he saw and heard. The paper was considered decent, but it was engaged in an indecent piece of work. Similar stories of vulgarity and excess could be cabled every night from London, where Prohibition is unknown; but how can humanity be helped by the recital of what the coarsest and lowest are doing? The British press is on the whole anti-Prohibition. In the journalists of Britain the liquor hierarchy has its most devoted and influential defenders. British brewers and distillers are longing for the failure of Prohibition in this country, and they diligently parade every word spoken against it in our American papers. They

know that if Prohibition succeeds here, the liquor traffic in Britain is doomed. An increasing number of Britons every year awaken to the fact that Britain is sorely handicapped in her struggle for a place in the sun by her love of drink She is an industrial and commercial nation. She lives on her factories and commerce. If she falls behind in these, she is forever undone. To keep alive she must successfully compete with her most formidable rival—the United States. We have adopted the policy of Prohibition. That policy we are not likely to change. We are going to stop the enormous waste in energy and efficiency which the liquor traffic annually entailed. We are going to roll off the stupendous burden which we have carried for over a hundred years. We cannot do it at once, but we are going to do it. Our workers, freed from the poison of an enemy which befuddles the brain and curtails the strength of the arm, will through the next generations work with augmented vigor and effectiveness. Britain half drunk will be no match for America sober. Britain must become sober. She must overthrow her Liquor Dynasty. The public house must be abolished. It will be done, but not now. The British take their time to accomplish great undertakings, but in the end they conquer.

There is a rising sentiment in Britain against alcohol. I found it everywhere. The contrast between public opinion today and what it was twenty-five years ago amazed me. Total-abstainers have multiplied. At all the dinners and banquets, I was impressed by the numbers who did not drink wine. From thousands of homes liquor has been banished. Many organizations are energetically working to create a public sentiment which will in

this generation overthrow the Liquor Goliath. The foes of alcohol in high circles are numerous and outspoken. To move in the best society it is not necessary to drink. Britons are allowed to drink the health of the King in water.

But anti-alcohol sentiment is not so far advanced in Britain as it is in our country. There are various reasons. The liquor traffic in the United States gradually drifted into the hands of foreigners. Many of them were reckless and unsavory. In Britain the liquor traffic is in the hands of Britons, and some of them are representatives of ancient and noble families. This fact has a vast influence on popular feeling. Moreover, the public house in Britain has never become quite what the American saloon became. It is low, but not so low as our saloon was. In many places our saloon had become the rendezvous of thugs and harlots, a center of political propaganda, a vicious force in civic administration, and a scourge in community life. It had become not only a disgrace, but a peril. There was nothing to do but to abolish it.

The Church of England has never taken the aggressive and radical attitude to the drink evil which has been taken by thousands of our churches. The clergy of the Anglican church have in large numbers always had ale and wine on their tables. The people as a rule do not move faster than their leaders. Liquor dealers have never fallen under the disapprobation of the English church, and large gifts from them are freely and openly accepted.

Finally, there is an ingrained conservatism in the Briton which compels him to go slow in making changes. He clings tenaciously to customs which are old even though they be a handicap and burden, and he is loath to overturn institutions even though

they have been outgrown. All these constitute a bulwark of protection for the liquor traffic against which the forces of the new age will for a long time yet beat in vain. But the ultimate outcome is certain. Drink has been for centuries the besetting sin of the Anglo-Saxon race. The annual consumption of alcoholic drinks in Britain is appalling. It was Mr. Gladstone who once declared in the House of Commons that the ravages of drink equaled the combined ravages of famine, pestilence and war. During the Great War, Mr. Lloyd George stated in public that the most dangerous enemy of Britain was not Germany but drink. I was told more than once that Prohibition is sure to come in Scotland and that it will come sooner there than in England. The Scots are aroused, and when they once get their eyes on a foe, they fight with grim and deadly determination. Common sense will finally save both Scotland and England. A nation which has a debt of over forty billion dollars, and an annual budget of six billion dollars, and an annual interest account of two billion dollars, cannot afford to spend two billion dollars a year on alcoholic drink. The apologists for alcohol may fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but they cannot fool all of the people all of the time. Some day Britain and America will walk side by side in the procession of nations emancipated from the ancient curse of drink.

While Britain lags behind us in Prohibition sentiment, in her international thinking she is far ahead of us. She has the international mind, the international heart, and the international conscience in a high stage of development. We are yet in the juvenile period of growth. At the third meeting of the

Assembly of the League of Nations held in Geneva in the month of September, 1922, Britain was represented by Earl Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil, and Professor Gilbert Murray, while the United States was not represented at all. Britain sent her best, we sent no one. A company of American tourists sat in the gallery looking on. A group of American newspaper reporters sat at the press tables reporting what the nations were doing. They could not tell the world of anything their own country was doing. Before the Assembly met for business, it listened to a sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Britain sent to Genoa her foremost ecclesiastical leader. Not long before, her Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, had declared in public that the hope of the world lies in the success of the League of Nations, and that if it fails civilization is doomed. I found the leading clergymen in the Anglican church ardent supporters of the League, and the leaders of the free churches were not a whit behind them in loyalty and zeal. At a great demonstration for the League on Saturday afternoon in Hyde Park, I heard representatives of all the churches voice their adherence to the League. Among the speakers were Lord Robert Cecil and the Archbishop of York. It was raining, but the rain did not dampen the earnestness of the speakers or the enthusiasm of the audience.

One of the unfading pictures of my life in Britain is the picture of the Archbishop of York extolling the League of Nations in a park to a crowd of Englishmen under umbrellas! Englishmen had said during the Great War, "This shall be the last war," and this accounts for their fiery zeal for the success of the League. Unless the nations of the world are leagued for peace, another world war is in-

evitable. This conviction lies deep in the British heart. Wherever I went, I found this flame of enthusiasm burning. All over England there are local unions of the League of Nations, organizations created for the purpose of educating the people in the purposes and possibilities of the League. When I went into the homes of prominent laymen, I often found the whole family enlisted in the work of advancing the League. To a Briton the League of Nations is a solid and glorious reality.

I felt I was in a new world. I had come from a land where it was commonly reported that the League was dead. The rumor had never reached England. I had often read in our papers that the League was a failure. These papers had forgotten to announce that fifty-one nations were members of it. In my country the preachers were for the most part dumb, not daring to mention the League either in sermon or prayer lest they should lay themselves open to the charge of meddling in politics. It seemed strange to be among Christians who steadfastly believed that the League is an instrument in the hands of Heaven for securing the establishment of the Kingdom of God, and that it is a plan to which all Christians are by their profession of faith implicitly committed. I had lived in a land where many intelligent and noble men were entirely indifferent to the League, and where others equally noble and intelligent found it impossible to discuss the League with their friends without losing their temper. The stone which our American builders had rejected I found British builders making the head of the corner. So contemptible and perilous had the League become in the eyes of my countrymen that many of them preferred to stay out of the League with Mexico and Turkey rather than

enter the League with Great Britain and France. Internationally we are a belated people.

There are reasons why Britain should be ahead of us. She has been in school for a long time. Her far-flung frontiers have compelled her to think in world terms. She has been obliged to carry on her mind India and Canada, South Africa and Australia, Egypt and Ceylon, and this has given the Briton range of sympathy and wide horizon. Moreover, she is nearer to Europe than we are. When Europe catches fire, her own edifice is immediately in danger. This compels the thoughtful Briton to give to Europe continuous attention. Europe is always in his eye and ear. We Americans are geographically remote. We lie behind the barriers of two mighty oceans. Our neighbors to the north and south are small, and we have leisure to concentrate our mind on our own internal affairs. We are a world in ourself. Our territory is vast, our resources are incalculable, our problems are many and urgent, our domestic difficulties vexing and baffling, and the average American has not yet come to feel that he is under obligations to concern himself seriously with the problems of people who live far away. He is always ready to send money contributions to any nation in distress, but beyond this his education has not carried him. His heart is sound but his experience has given him no training in international thinking. He is a citizen of America but not of the world.

It is the glory of Britain that in this great time she has given the full weight of her power and prestige to the only practical scheme thus far devised by the genius of man which offers possible deliverance from the tragedy of another world war. Without the support of Britain the scheme would in-

evitably have failed. The League of Nations is an experiment, difficult and fraught with peril. Only men of vision and heroic mettle can be expected to commit themselves to so hazardous and beautiful a hope. Britain in her statesmen and prophets has declared to all the world that she is willing to take the risk and to bear her full share of the burden.

CHAPTER XII

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH

"Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations." These, according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, are the last words of the Founder of the Christian religion. Christianity is a world religion. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." "God is the Father of all." "All men are brethren." "God has made of one all the nations of the earth." "There cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman; but Christ is all and in all." "The field is the world." The Christian church must carry the entire world in its eye and the whole human race on its heart.

The religion of Jesus Christ has to do not simply with individuals but with nations. His Church must deal with empires and republics. It is futile to train individuals to act toward one another like Christians, if nations are left to treat one another like barbarians. Individuals cannot successfully worship Christ while nations continue to burn incense to Mars. The Church cannot win respect for so-called Christian nations so long as those nations dress in armor. It cannot induce adherents of other religions in great numbers to believe in Jesus Christ as the Savior of the World so long as nations which profess to follow Him spend their time in the manufacture of poison gases for the

purpose of destroying other nations, and in drilling men in the art of dropping asphyxiating bombs on defenseless cities. We cannot induce young men to believe in the Golden Rule while they are being drilled in the art of jabbing sharpened steel into human abdomens. We cannot persuade men to give themselves to a God of love while the Government is industriously sharpening the instruments of hate. Why attempt to pray when the prayers are drowned by the thunder of target practice? Of what advantage is it to save souls when diplomats and statesmen and journalists are permitted to plunge the whole world into hell?

Here, then, is the supreme duty of the Church of God in our generation. It must enter boldly into the realm of international life and claim everything for Christ. The Church has a world message and a world responsibility. The law of love is binding on governments, and civil officials are all answerable to God. It is impossible to make permanent progress until governments become Christian in disposition and purpose. Statesmen and rulers must act on the principles of service and sacrifice or be thrown out of office by the Christian people. To make their government Christian is the first duty of Christian men. It is the mission of the Church to establish on this earth the Kingdom of God, which is righteousness and peace and joy. The world cannot be joyful without peace, and the world cannot have peace without justice. Just as long as governments treat other nations unfairly, we shall have a world torn periodically by war. There can be no abiding peace unless political leaders love justice. The Church cannot secure peace if statesmen pursue policies which are wrong. The Church cannot abolish war if governments persist in piling up

explosives. The mission of the Church is not to declaim against the horror of war but to overthrow governments which pursue policies which make war inevitable. The Church exists to create a friendly world. We cannot have a friendly world until governments get rid of their pagan traditions and dispositions. The Church must make disciples of the nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever Christ has commanded.

In the work of creating a more friendly world the Church must begin in the home. Children must be trained from the beginning to speak respectfully of foreign nations. All insulting epithets applied to foreigners must be taken from their tongue. Other peoples should not be spoken of scornfully at the dinner table by Christian parents. Children early get the temper and attitude of their elders. In every Christian home every nation, which is mentioned in conversation, should be spoken of in the language of appreciation and good will. The schools from the highest to the lowest should be nurseries of friendly feeling. A school is a mischievous institution if it biases the heart against foreign nations. Boys and girls who are contemptuous of people under other flags grow up to be men and women who justify war. The conversation of society should be kept gracious and sweet. It is in social intercourse that the seeds of war are often sown. The unguarded tongue can keep fires burning in the heart which may one day burst into a world conflagration. The Christian pulpit must build up in Christian people the international mind. It must so emphasize international obligations that men shall have an international conscience. If we are to make disciples of the nations, then we ought to think of them often, and consider ways of draw-

ing them closer to us. A Christian Church is not worthy of its name if it is not a fountain of friendly feeling. The Church exists to extend the sway of love over all the earth, and to this great work every congregation should make its contribution. The world's atmosphere should be made fragrant by the friendly sentiments expressed by Christian people. "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the sons of God." Every one of us can win that title.

The supreme mission of the Church in the twentieth century is to create a warless world. We must make war unthinkable. Three of our Presidents have publicly declared that war between Great Britain and the United States is unthinkable. That cannot be said too often. We should form the habit of saying it. All the people should be educated to say it. The English-speaking peoples will fight one another no more. Let that resolution be written in the book of life!

If war between the United States and Britain is unthinkable, then preparations for an American-British war must also be unthinkable. Why prepare for a war which the mind is not allowed to entertain? If it is a crime against humanity for these two nations to fight, it is also a crime for them to squander their money on the implements of slaughter. Nations are stewards of the gold that is given them. For every dollar of it they must render an account. How can Britain and America hope to escape the condemnation of Gehenna if with their great cities in their present deplorable condition, they squander their resources on preparations for a war which sensible men have declared to be unthinkable? A powerful group of militarists is everlastingly at work in both countries eager to

build up the military and naval establishments beyond all rational dimensions. By their incessant chatter about the "next war" they keep the old fears alive, and give all the old suspicions a sharper edge. It is the duty of the Church to watch these men—to expose them—to rebuke them. They are among the arch-mischief-makers of our time. The Church must keep its eye on all jingoes no matter where they are to be found, whether in the House or in the Senate, or in the newspaper office. Jingoism is a disease, a pernicious and degraded form of patriotism. Journalists who in their papers habitually jab at foreign nations, and by their idle gossip and poisoned rumors darken the mind and embitter the heart should be abhorred and feared. Politicians in high places who speak of sister nations in terms of insolence and insult should receive the hot condemnation of all who love mankind. No man is fit to hold political office in the United States who cannot speak respectfully of every foreign nation, and who does not breathe in all his public utterances the spirit of international good will. It is the work of the Church to create a public opinion so discriminating and powerful that any reckless reprobates who may own newspapers or hold office shall find themselves impotent to work harm.

The Christian Church is working constantly in the interest of international understanding and concord. Even when its leaders are recreant or dumb, it goes on drawing the nations closer together. It is impossible for Britain and America to drift permanently apart, for the reason that the Church of Christ is potent in both countries. British and American Christians are numbered by the scores of millions and these great masses of human life are always pulling the two nations together. In all

British and American churches, the Lord's Prayer is repeated—a prayer that breathes the spirit of fellowship and forgiveness. When we pray we are always together. And when we sing, we are still together. Britons sing the hymns of American poets and we sing the hymns of British poets. In the hymn books the two nations are indissolubly united. When we read the Bible, we are side by side. It is always reminding us that we have one Father and that we are all brethren. It is always pleading with us "to put away all bitterness and wrath, and anger and clamor and evil speaking and malice, and to be kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven us." When we celebrate the Lord's Supper, we are in the presence of One who is Master of us all. When we listen to the preacher, he is always asking us to look to Jesus. Every British preacher exhorts his hearers to follow Jesus. Every American preacher does the same. Here is an amazing thing. The proud Briton, rich in the possession of a long line of British sages and heroes and martyrs and saints, turns away from this great company of the immortal, and urges all Britons to keep their eyes upon Jesus. The American also proud of his country and its mighty men turns his back on them all, and begs his hearers to look only to Jesus. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes are glorious flags, but there is a flag above both of them, the banner of the cross. Under that banner millions of Britons and Americans are gathered. Americans and Britons are ardent patriots, but they know that patriotism is not enough. In their great hours they rise above all forms of nationalism, and sit down in the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy. Their

citizenship is in heaven. All Christians believe in the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is the spirit of love. Possessing this spirit, they are not surprised or frightened by superficial differences or temporary estrangements. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. There are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God who worketh all in all." Christians know that there is "one body and one spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all who is above all, and through all and in all." Confident that nations live and move and have their being in God, and that God is love, we are sure that the future is safe. If love is in us all and over us all, then love will ultimately conquer. Our friendship is a growing one, and nothing shall be able to separate us. We shall have in the future as in the past our differences of viewpoint, our clashes of opinion, our divergent judgments, our occasional outbursts of ugly temper, but all these are transient and only bubbles on the surface. Our hearts are intertwined. Our minds are interlaced. Our lives are merged and blended. Our ideals are the same. Our purposes and hopes are one. We are working for the sway of love. We trust all to love. We know that "Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails."