

My friends, this movement for international peace is one of slow growth; but the rapidity of the growth is directly dependent on the amount of intellectual and moral force which is exerted in its favor. The responsibility rests upon each one of us to advance that great idea which lies at the root of the Christian religion, the idea of love to one's brother. It is not a mere sentiment, as every one who has made use of it knows; it is a most powerful moral force. It is our duty to carry it beyond the family and the social relation, into the international sphere. What is meant when one says, "I love my brother as I love myself"? Simply that for that brother, whether he be a Filipino, an Indian, or a Negro, one desires the best that is possible for him; that one desires for him the opportunities which have made us strong, and which, if they be allowed the humblest member of humanity, can gradually lift him up and make him strong as well. Our duty is not only to create better methods than have been used in the past, but also to create new opportunities.

The greatest of idealists, two thousand years ago, gave us a great truth in the parable of the mustard seed, that in time would grow to be a great tree, spreading its branches in every direction. We must remember that the mission of Christ was not so much the setting forth of a new commandment or a new theory as it was the exhibition of new light and new power. All these years have passed, and that great force has not yet been fully employed. In the future it will be; it is our duty and opportunity to give it a wider field and a greater chance.

## Christian Endeavor's War Against War.

BY JOHN WILLIS BAER.

The very first attempt ever made, so far as I know, to popularize the cause of arbitration among young people was suggested to Christian Endeavorers two years ago by Prof. Amos R. Wells; and as one evidence of how well the young people adopted Mr. Wells's plans, let me remind you that America's "Grand Old Man," Senator George F. Hoar, presented to Congress the Christian Endeavor Peace Memorial, which had enrolled upon it thousands of names gathered from every state and territory in this country, from Canada, and even from foreign lands.

Enthusiastically, and as practically, did Christian Endeavor arouse among its own members and others public sentiment which had been slumbering, and which when fully awakened will become an irresistible force. The topic of International Arbitration was considered and discussed in local societies and in conventions large and small, pastors were encouraged to preach upon the subject, representatives and senators were interviewed in their homes during the recess of Congress, and their desks snowed under by petitions when on duty. The important paragraph of the Christian Endeavor Memorial was the following:

"We wish to express our abhorrence of war, and our solemn conviction that it is the duty of every civilized nation to do all in its power toward making war impossible. We wish to record our desire for the speedy establishment of an International Tribunal of Arbitration. We wish to show our interest in the international conference to discuss this matter proposed by the Emperor of Russia, and to urge that our country act promptly upon the proposals of that conference. And es-

pecially we desire by our signatures to appeal for the immediate consideration of the question of arbitration between this nation and Great Britain, that the Anglo-Saxon race may become united in the interests of peace and goodwill."

From the opening day of Christian Endeavor's War against War until the day Senator Hoar presented the unique memorial to Congress, the campaign had the sympathy of leaders of thought in all walks of life. To show you how some of these men encouraged us, let me quote from a few, and only a sentence from each. Ex-Senator Edmunds said, "The Star of Bethlehem, and not the flag of war, is the true guidon of the world." Gen. Clement A. Evans wrote, "The enemy of mankind is war; the friend of mankind is peace." Ex-President Cleveland's cheer was, "The members and friends of the societies of Christian Endeavor have never entered upon an undertaking so practical and so noble as the effort they are now making to secure an abandonment of war as a means for the settlement of international difficulties." Ex-President Harrison sent this: "It is by a spirit of love and forbearance mastering the civil institutions and governments of the world that we shall approach universal peace and adopt arbitration methods of settling disputes." Bishop H. C. Potter said to us, "War is a relic of barbarism; and there is really no more reason that it should survive among Christians than that you and I should settle our differences by pounding each other with clubs"; and Mr. Stead's terse words were, "The armed peace of Europe is the most concrete and unmistakable negation of Christianity now extant in the civilized world."

Christian Endeavor believed, when projecting its memorial, that David Dudley Field's plan for an international tribunal should be secured before the Czar's for disarmament would ever be realized. The international court at The Hague has been established by eighteen or more powers; the next step is to make these same powers *use it* now that they have created it.

I shall never forget the scene upon Belle Isle, near Detroit, at the time of the International Christian Endeavor Convention in July, 1899. A great open-air demonstration was being held in the interests of peace and international arbitration. There were speakers from England, Ireland, Canada, Australia and the United States. The great throng was swayed by the eloquence and fervor of the speakers, who warmed to the theme of the occasion. In the midst of this great gathering President Clark read a cable greeting from Hon. Frederick W. Holls direct from The Hague, which announced that the committee to whom the matter of arbitration was submitted by the Peace Conference had proposed the establishment of a permanent international court of arbitration. This was the first official news of the plan received in this country, and was soon caught up by the Associated Press in Detroit and passed upon live wires throughout the country.

Good as its past record is, we have only begun to appreciate what Christian Endeavor can do in the coming days. Ours is a world-wide movement, international, interdenominational and interracial. It has world-wide sympathies and affiliations. It has a work to do not only in America, its birthplace, but in the remotest parts of the world. Particularly it has bound together the English-speaking youth in our four continents, America,

Europe, Africa and Australia. Christian Endeavor holds its great conventions on both sides of the seas. Could you have heard the lusty British cheers at our great convention in London last summer, whenever any one suggested that war between America and England forever be banished from the thoughts of all statesmen and others, you would understand how closely Christian Endeavor has knit together the hearts of millions of young people.

Permit me to remind you by this brief and hasty review of what Christian Endeavor has already done, and with this briefer reference to what it may do, that there is an increasing force here. Take courage and seek to guide and conserve it. Believe me, Christian Endeavor has no sympathy with the cry, lacking the spirit of economy and Christianity, "Millions for destruction, not an unnecessary cent for salvation." I believe I voice the sentiment of Christian Endeavorers when I quote in closing the oft-cited stanza from our Longfellow:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts."

### The Absurdities of Militarism.

BY ERNEST H. CROSBY.

The speakers who have preceded me have taken a more or less serious view of the matter of militarism. I want to devote the time allotted to me to the consideration of some of its absurdities.

Picture to yourselves, if you can, a village in which each householder spends the greater part of his time in fortifying his home. He keeps a keen lookout at the window, and every time he sees his next-door neighbor come in with a new blunderbuss, he rushes off to invest in another catapult for himself. Twice a day he drills his children and makes them shoot at a mark in the back yard, and all night long they carefully patrol the garden fence. Every cent that can be scraped together is spent on powder and dynamite, and most of the inhabitants in consequence are forced to go about half-fed and in rags. There is only one flourishing man in the place, and that is the gunsmith. Meanwhile, strange to say, these people never dare to fight each other, but act to their neighbors with the most punctilious politeness, bowing almost to the ground as they pass in the street, and addressing each other as if they were the best of friends, although their pockets are bulging with small artillery. For over twenty long years there has not been a fight in the place, except one insignificant row in a corner of the village in which two small boys were the belligerents.

Would not this be a good subject for an opera by Gilbert and Sullivan? Even in Kentucky such a comic piece would bring down the house. It is impossible, we all should say, that men could be such fools. Yet this is precisely the condition of armed Europe to-day. To this pass has the wisdom of rulers and diplomats brought the great powers of Christendom! Is this really history or is it opera bouffe?

But let us return to our village for a moment. One of the starving householders at last suggests, very modestly and tentatively, that it might be a good plan to have a conference to consider how they may spare them-

selves the necessity of spending every penny of income on bludgeons and shillalahs. The meeting is convened under safe-conducts in a room bristling with bayonets and smelling of powder. Each of the parties comes in toying with the hair trigger of the revolver in his hip-pocket, and the sound of drilling, of drum and fife, is borne in on the summer air. Can these gentlemen, thus coming together, look each other in the eye with a straight face? Ordinary, everyday people like you and me could not. But statesmen and diplomats, courtiers and generals, find nothing unusual in it. It is a part of their business. But it seems to me that if they had not been blinded by the atmosphere of make-believe in which they live, they would have shaken down the whole structure of militarism in a hearty fit of laughter, which would have been heard all round the world. Think of it! Generals and admirals played a conspicuous part at the Peace Conference. Fancy sending butchers to a congress in the interests of vegetarianism!

I do not want to belittle the Peace Conference; I quite agree with much that has been said in this hall to-day, and I believe the Conference will have lasting and good results. But there is an element of burlesque about it that I cannot get out of my mind. The curious thing about it is that this element of burlesque runs through all the armies and navies of the world. Take the best disciplined army of all — the German army. It is impossible to look at the great war-lord of Germany in any of his many uniforms without a smile. He has succeeded in making himself the supremely ridiculous warrior of the world. But it is not a personal matter. Absurdity runs down through the whole German army. The twirl of the moustache of the humblest Prussian subaltern has its share in the great imperial joke. Let us turn to the army of France. What shall we say of militarism in France? What can we say that the humors of the Dreyfus trial have not already said for us? I do not know whether you are acquainted with the best account of that famous comedy. It was given prophetically, some years ago, by the author of *Alice in Wonderland*. I am going to ask you to bear with me while I read a few paragraphs:

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry. "This paper has just been picked up."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It's not directed at all," said the White Rabbit. "In fact, there's nothing written on the outside." He unfolded the paper as he spoke and added, "It isn't a letter after all; it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit; "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it and they can't prove I did; there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this; it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That *proves* his guilt," said the Queen.

Could any men, not reeking in the absurdities of militarism, have actually reproduced this delicious scene as the court-martial of Rennes did?