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(Dominicans), that "the rigours of the one might be softened by the gentleness of the other." Under this more subtle policy the cause of the Church flourished. Space forbids us to follow the struggle further. We can only note the chief events. In 1249 Raymond died, the last of the Counts of Toulouse. At his death all his possessions, according to the terms of the Council of Paris, fell to the Count of Poitiers. By that time the preaching of the Dominicans and the poverty of the Franciscans had undermined the stronghold of heresy, and persecutions became much more frequent and bloody. The nobility separated themselves from the people, and attached themselves more closely to the side of the Church. The Albigensian teachers fled to Lombardy, and the people, deserted by their leaders, secular and spiritual, succumbed to superior force, intellectual and brute. It can be proved by the Doat Collection that by the end of the thirteenth century "heresy" was confined to the lower classes, and in less than half a century later was practically extinct.

The above is an attempt to set forth the doctrines of the Albigensian "heresy," with a brief history of its rise and suppression. It was inevitable that opinions upon this extraordinary struggle have been and will continue to be most diverse. To us it appears that it must not be judged from the surface. Beneath may be detected the birth-throes of that Protestantism which witnesses *for* (pro) that "simplicity that is in Christ," and *against* that hierarchical dogmatism which would suppress all individual inquiry, all religious liberty. Here, indeed, are ignorance, superstition, mixed motives. But, "Watchman! what of the night? The morning cometh and also the night." A night of three centuries followed that brief morning light. But that brief morning light men did not forget, for it was the harbinger of "that light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

H. J. WARNER.



ART. V.—IN TIME OF WAR.

OUR Lord showed His profound knowledge of human nature, and the course of future events, by refusing to allow His hearers to indulge in any dreams of universal and perpetual peace to be realized in the present system of things. True, He was to be the Prince of Peace, and His Gospel was to be a message of peace to all who received it; but He knew well enough that it would be many long centuries before the Divine

message would spread all over the earth. And He knew also that even where it was heard and recognised there would be large numbers who would not really submit themselves to its power; and so there would be the old passions, the old selfishness, the old unreasoning animosities, the old appeals to the law of the stronger, even amongst peoples who were nominally Christian. There would be wars close at hand; there would be rumours of wars rumbling round the world far off in distant countries.

We have lately been engaged in doing what we could to promote the sacred cause of peace by arbitration and disarmament. The discussions were most interesting and prolonged; and important steps seemed to be gained. Our representative was very justly rewarded with the highest honours of the State for the successful part he played in the memorable conference. Who could have foreseen that within a few short months our own country would receive a declaration of war, and be compelled to take the sword in defence of her distant subjects? Into the cause of the struggle it is not my purpose to enter. I only wish to lay stress on the fact, which is in entire accordance with our Lord's presage, that we, hating war as a nation, and as appreciative as any people under the sun of the blessings of peace, have found ourselves all unwillingly engaged in a struggle at the very ends of the earth with a bold, a long-prepared, and very determined people. We need not be in the least surprised that such an evil thing should happen to us: "*Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars: see that ye be not troubled, for all these things must come to pass.*"

The fact that it is an unwonted experience for the present generation of the British race suggests important reflections. For the first time since the Crimean struggle, now nearly half a century ago, we are at war with a population which, however partially civilized, is Christian in name, and the rural part of them probably Christian in practice. The slaughter on both sides is horrible to us, but in this case it seems fairly unavoidable. We can agree fully with Channing's celebrated description of war; and yet with the best intention in the world we may be powerless to prevent it. "I look on war," he says, "with a horror which no words can express. . . . The thought of man, God's immortal child, butchered by his brother; the thought of sea and land stained with human blood by human hands—of women and children buried under the ruins of besieged cities—of the resources of empires and the mighty powers of Nature all turned by man's malignity into engines of torture and destruction: this thought gives to earth the semblance of hell. . . . I cannot now, as I once did, talk

lightly, thoughtlessly of fighting this or that nation. That nation is no longer an abstraction to me. It is no longer a vague mass. It spreads out before me into individuals, in a thousand interesting forms and relations. It consists of husbands and wives, parents and children, who love one another as I love my own home. It consists of affectionate women and sweet children. It consists of Christians united with me to the common Saviour, and in whose spirit I reverence the likeness of His Divine virtue." With Channing's estimate of war our bravest and best generals agree: the glory of battle is darkened with blood, and tears, and ruin. And yet, as our Lord foresaw, it is sometimes inevitable. When two peoples cannot agree, and both think the matter in dispute of vital importance—too vital to be submitted to the arbitrament of any tribunal, which perhaps in the particular matter could hardly be expected to be impartial—then it is probable that war will ensue; that is to say, they will fight until one is proved to be so much stronger than the other that the other has to submit and follow the will of the vanquisher. And it is not an absolute necessity that both the struggling peoples in such a case must be considered selfish and headstrong: it may be quite possible that one of them is guarding and upholding the interests of those to whose protection she is in honour indisputably bound.

For, although it is quite impossible to exaggerate the hideousness and hatefulness of war, yet infinitely more far-reaching and disastrous would be the consequences of national disgrace and failure to fulfil engagements—failure to protect those who, putting their entire confidence in us, go forth from this overcrowded country to fulfil God's command of being fruitful and multiplying, and replenishing the earth and cultivating the waste places. Such a country would indeed lose the confidence of its people, its credit with its compeers, the wholesome respect of its competitors. There are things even worse than war. I am not saying anything about the rights or causes of the present struggle. Parliament is the place for the discussion of questions of high policy. I am merely placing before you suggestions of general principles. It is the reviewer's office and prerogative to draw moral and religious lessons from events of national life. For the reviewer, it is enough that the vast and overwhelming majority of the country has made up its mind that, however disagreeable and even odious the necessity might be, the struggle that has been forced upon us was unavoidable. The practical question is, What should be our temper and conduct while this unwonted condition of things continues, before the struggle is brought to an end?

And first, I think we may lay down, with protests strong enough for all other peoples to hear and believe, what I have already stated, that the British race is not one that comes under the Psalmist's ban against those who delight in war. It is true that from the circumstances of the extraordinarily scattered empire which we have inherited we are hardly ever free from some little frontier campaign; but though we revel in bravery, gallantry, daring, and skill, we know too well the real horrid actualities of war, and we abhor both it and them. We are essentially a peace-loving people. And with our throne established with a firmness beyond anything that was ever known in the history of the world, there is no possibility of our rulers seeking to divert the minds of the people from domestic misfortunes by foreign enterprises. She who, after all, wields the sceptre would have none of it. Every war in which we have been engaged in the present century has been forced upon us. By nature we are profoundly lovers of peace: we have absolutely no instincts for conquest. But when we see a duty we have a habit of sticking to it, whatever the cost may be.

And, secondly, I think we have a right to express our conviction that we have no desire to make our empire greater than it is. The present burden is quite as much as we can bear. Here, again, whatever our neighbours may affect to think, it is a case of necessity, not of choice. Empire has been forced upon us. Sometimes we have almost seemed to wish to repudiate it. But its claims have come back with redoubled insistence. When we think of the way in which the Empire of India, the Dominion of Canada, the Protectorate of Egypt, the vast colonies of Australia, Africa, and New Zealand, without any far-sighted or deep-laid scheme have been added to our resources and responsibilities, it would be irreverent and ungrateful not to acknowledge the guiding hand of a Power greater than our own.

When, then, a country is compelled, however reluctantly, to take up the sword, a force, supposed by the authorities to be sufficient, is sent out to represent us in the field, and vicariously to take our part in the danger of the fight. It is on them that we have to fix our attention. Each individual soldier who sails in our transports takes his life in his hand, and is ready to sacrifice it. Each man who leaves our shores is perfectly well aware that a very large proportion of those who start forth will never return. Each man believes, of course, that it will not be he who will fall; but he is quite prepared for cannon-ball and bullet, bayonet and sabre. It is our duty they are performing; it is on behalf of us, who do not go out, that they are ready to die. Therefore, I say that those who

stay behind owe the strongest possible sympathy to those who have left home and country for a serious struggle against a very determined enemy. That enemy may seem small in comparison to the ultimate resources of the empire; but it is large and formidable in comparison to the forces which at that enormous distance from our base we are able as yet to put into the field. It is large enough to cause the loss of scores of splendid lives which might have been saved had we been nearer at hand.

If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. I ask you to put yourselves in the place of those who are representing you in this matter. As you cannot be there yourself, be present in spirit with those who have gone. That is not a difficult thing to do. We have all of us seen those pathetic partings at the railway-stations: the men of the Reserve coming up from their homes and families with wonderful promptitude at their country's call, bidding what may be a last farewell to mother, wife, and little child with a brave and encouraging alacrity truly touching to behold; the regimental soldiers, married or unmarried, with much the same feelings. Think of yourself arriving for the first time at the front, within reach of the enemy's guns, possibly to meet death the very next day. Imagine how that first night your thoughts would fly back on lightning wings to the humble cottage light in the village street or by the common, and the father with his pipe by the fire, and the mother or wife busy with her wholesome household duties, but all with thoughts intent on him who is away and may never return. Fancy yourself, a young country lad, ordered into action for the first time, almost stunned by the roar of cannon and the whiz of bullets. It is not for yourself perhaps you fear, for no death is so good as that on the battle-field; but as you see friends and mates falling to right and left, I think there would be a quaver in your heart and a lump in your throat. Try and realize that you are ordered to storm heights that seem impossible; that you are climbing from boulder to boulder amidst a storm of well-directed fire, with little shelter, and many losses every instant—then I think you will understand what heroic courage means. Picture yourself in the humiliation of being taken prisoner—for that, too, must sometimes happen—by enemies whom perhaps you had despised, and under circumstances of the greatest discomfort, precluded from taking any further part in the whole campaign, and you will better understand what bitter experiences are covered under the expression, "fortunes of war." Fancy yourself wounded, carried off in exquisite pain to the rough field-hospital, having perhaps to suffer amputation and be maimed for life, lingering on possibly

for weeks in a state of weakness, with no further chance of distinction, until you can be shipped home, and you will be able to sympathize better with the items of those long lists of wounded which we receive day by day, which look so dry and official, but which mean so real a tragedy to many a humble household. Lastly, think of yourself amongst the killed; young lives cut short; high-spirited young boys straight from Sandhurst; those who went out with high hope, buoyed up by the prayers of loving hearts; lives, it may be, with splendid openings before them, or lives of deep obscurity; yet all human in their ties and associations, their loves and affections, their joys and sorrows—and you will understand something of what our soldier lads have to go through when called upon to perform the serious part of their bargain. I am sure I have no further need to ask your sympathy, your prayers for a speedily happy issue, your determination that their chances in the deadly struggle shall not be overweighted, but shall have reasonable and possible prospect of success.

It is hardly necessary that I should urge you to put yourself in the place of the many mourners who have already to lament the ignorance and obstinacy of the Government of the Transvaal. The Queen herself has already summed up the feelings of the whole country when she wrote her touching message that her heart bled for our heavy losses. The funds for them have risen rapidly and high. They are daily continuing to accumulate. Think of them—the young wife, with all her prospects of happiness darkened and closed for ever; the widowed mother, fondly proud of her boy who contributed everything he could spare to her support; the cheerful happy families who thought son or brother was sure to return, and gave him a gay send-off, and now will never see his bright face on earth any more. It is not only money they need; it is sympathy, help, and in many cases careful counsel for the future. There will be many more dear and precious lives lost before peace is restored and justice and equality established. If we pray that God may help the widow, the fatherless, and the bereaved, we must make sacrifices ourselves. And one of our poets has reminded us that it is not only those who have to mourn the dead; there are thousands of wives who will find it hard to struggle on in the absence of the breadwinner; thousands of children of our brave substitutes who must be kept from poverty and destitution.

For we owe unbounded gratitude to all these courageous fellow-subjects, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, general and private, who are maintaining the reputation of the country. They have nothing to do with the quarrel or its

cause. They are called to go and do their best. The heroism and chivalry of living and dead call for our unstinted admiration.

There is another lesson which at such a time we ought to take to heart. However gallant our army may be, it is very small; and it has duties to perform all over the world. Death is now entering many a joyous family, and the light of the eyes is being extinguished. We do not know which home of all the 70,000 involved will next be called upon to suffer. While the struggle lasts—and God grant that it may be short!—does it not befit us to maintain a certain gravity of demeanour and soberness of conduct, suitable to those who are at one with our brave brothers at the front with their lives in their hands? While the struggle lasts—and God grant that it may be short and swift!—should there not be some systematic self-denial, for the benefit of all sufferers, such as would bring home to the heart of each the lamentable nature of the necessity which places us in such a position, the daily tragedy of the situation, the constant practical sympathy which we ought to feel for all concerned? To so mighty an empire as ours the combatant opposed may seem insignificant; but if all the difficulties of concentration be considered, they are strong enough to cause widespread misery, and even temporary disaster. Should not our individual attitude be serious, to correspond with the sadness of the circumstances?

Such, I think, should be the temper of a great people at war. It should be free from all liability to any charge of love of combat. It should not be possible to accuse it of lust of aggrandizement and conquest. It should be full of sympathy for its fighters, its mourners, its separated wives, its broken homes. It should be serious, grave, and resourceful, in fellow-feeling for the risks and sufferings of so many of its bravest and best.

There is yet one more lesson with which we will conclude. Just as the men at the front, who are bearing our burden, are inspired by the gravity of the crisis to be something quite higher than their ordinary selves, quite different from their outward appearance in barrack or mess-room, are stimulated in fact to the highest forms of self-sacrifice, chivalry, and heroism, so ought we, thoughtful and cultured Christian people at home, to be daily elevated by the highest and noblest thoughts of the destiny of man. To the young lads at the front it comes through the critical situation so totally different, so infinitely grander, than anything they have experienced before. To us it should come from the perpetual conviction of Christian principle. Admirably has this transfiguration been touched by the eloquent Primate of Ireland:

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
 Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
 Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside
 The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need
 Have won a fiery and unequal fray—
*No infantry has ever done such deed
 Since Albuera's day!*

Those who live on amidst our homes to dwell
 Have grasped the higher lessons that endure ;
*The gallant ranksman learns to practise well
 His heroism obscure.*

His heart beats high as one for whom is made
 A mighty music solemnly, what time
 The oratorio of the cannonade
 Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet *his* the dangerous posts that few can mark :
 The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,
 The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,
 The mere recorded name—

These are the things our commonweal to guard,
 The patient strength that is too proud to press,
 The duty done for duty, not reward,
 The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state, who never turned,
 Taking their path of duty higher and higher,
 What do we deem that they, too, may have learned
 In that baptismal fire ?

Not that the only end beneath the sun
 Is to make every sea a trading lake,
 And all our splendid English history one
 Voluminous mistake.

Those who marched up the bluffs last stormy week,
 Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's crown,
 The wind of battle breathing on their cheek,
 Suddenly laid them down,

Like sleepers—not like those whose race is run,
 Fast, fast asleep amid the cannons' roar,
 Them no reveillée and no morning gun
 Shall ever waken more.

And the boy-beauty passed from off the face
 Of those who lived, and into it instead
 Came proud forgetfulness of dance and race,
 Sweet commune with the dead.

And thoughts beyond their thoughts the Spirit lent,
 And manly tears made mist upon their eyes,
 And to them came a great presentiment
 Of high self-sacrifice.

That is what I want to see amongst ourselves : the nobility engendered by the crisis abroad, produced at home by the recognition of the eternal principles of truth.

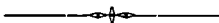
The nation needs to look into its faults: drunkenness, inordinate passion for speculation, sordid love of wealth, recognised looseness of living, profuse immorality.

The Church has cause to repent in dust and ashes for the presence of factious divisions, of malignant party spirit, of reckless disregard of truth, of unjust worldliness, of unreality and mere professionalism, the professed insincerity of many of her sons, the avowed unbelief of others, the lack of wisdom, gentleness, and charity.

And each of us is called at such a time to look into the faults of our own hearts, our selfishness, pride, sensuality, and want of faith.

So should a great and united people, not overmuch troubled by difficulties of policy, misadventures in execution, or misrepresentations of jealous neighbours, give itself sincerely the task of putting its house in order, striving to heal all moral disease and decay, and, above all, of individually determining to do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly with our God.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

“Glory to God . . . peace on earth, goodwill to men.”—ST. LUKE ii.

I.

MUSIC and dazzling light o'er Bethlehem's plains,
Ten thousand angels singing holy strains!
Hark—'tis Heaven's echo to Earth's grandest story—
“To God be glory!”

O holy hosts, ye know no sin, no grave,
Yet triumph that a Saviour comes to save;
Hark—Heaven declares our wants and woes shall cease—
“On earth be peace!”

Ye sing Heaven's loftiest hymns, yet tell of love
To all mankind, free, costly, from above!
Hark—God but waits man's empty heart to fill—
“To men, goodwill!”

O heavenly message, how all hearts must thrill
Hearing such words—Peace, Glory, and Goodwill!