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. . . The literature of the peace movement is developing with astonishing rapidity. The semi-monthly *Correspondance* of the Berne Peace Bureau, in its issue of April 10, gave a list of twenty-two booklets and pamphlets received.

. . . Speaking of the burning of the beautiful State House of Wisconsin and the Baltimore holocaust, both so deeply regretted, *Unity* says: "And still these unmeaning and unmeant fires are trivial and benignant compared with the horrible devastations that are deliberately planned, officially justified and publicly applauded under the name of 'War.'"

. . . The official report of the Rouen Peace Congress, held in September last, has now been published. Copies of it, in French, may be had at the office of the American Peace Society for forty cents each.

The Women Who Wait.

BY MARY L. CUMMINS.

Think of the women who wait,
Through days that eat out the heart with their sorrow,
Through nights which are but a dread of the morrow;
E'en sleep brief freedom from fear may not borrow:
God pity the women who wait!

Think of the women who wait;
Wait for the dread words, "Killed," "Missing," or "Wounded";
Wait — with fierce hope, which they know is unfounded;
Wait — till the death knell of joy has been sounded:
Oh, pray for the women who wait!

Think of the women who wait,
Far from the horror and clamor of battle,
Far from the noise of the cannon's fierce rattle,
Dreaming of dear ones, who, herded like cattle,
Dream, too, of loved women who wait.

Think of the women who wait:
Dear Lord, at whose holy and wonderful birth
Angels sang forth in their gladness and mirth
"Goodwill unto men," and sweet "Peace on the earth,"
Remember the women who wait.

Oh, faint-hearted women who wait,
Rise up in the spirit and might of your Lord,
Shake off this dread curse, this heart-piercing sword:
"An end to all war," be our motto and word,—
Release for the women who wait!

Only Time for Love.

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

Along her spiral path the Earth
Is whirled from dawn to dawn;
From birth to death and death to birth
The thread of life runs on.
To gain the goal we hold in view,
The far, eternal gate,
There is so very much to do,
We have no time for hate.

The capitals of Yesterday, —
Go, view them where they stand
In broken heaps of ruins gray,
Half buried in the sand.
Go, ask the kings and conquerors,
That legends call the great,
The lesson of their fruitless wars:
There is no time for hate.

Ascend the valley of the Nile, —
Her seasons yet are fair;
But read in Thebes' demolished pile
What Time has written there.
Her lofty palaces are low,
Her halls are desolate:
Kneel down before her tombs and know
There is no time for hate.

The stars each night are still as bright
As over Egypt then:
How long have reddened on their sight
The battlefields of men!
How long they've seen, in blood and fire,
Arise each crumbling state!
Hear, hymned by heaven's starry choir:
There is no time for hate.

O'er all the peopled realms of space
Attraction holds the throne;
In all the Universe is place
For Love and Love alone.
Love rules the atom, world and sun;
To her all gravitate,
Until Infinity is one:
There is no time for hate.

If Civilization Advances, Wars Will Cease.

BY ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D. D.

It is somewhat strange and utterly sad that at this late day nations should resort to war for the settlement of their differences and the reconciling of their desires. It is time that the prophecy of the first Christmas was fulfilled. War is ancient and has not changed in principle. The effort is to kill; Cain resorted to this in his anger against his brother. That was not war, because there was no resistance; but the underlying thought was war-like. Cain would get the better of his brother by slaying him. Warfare has changed, so that men can be killed at a greater distance, but otherwise the method is little altered. The savage tribes in Africa and on some of the Pacific islands adhere to the old and cruder methods — with clubs, spears, and the like. When they are as civilized as the nations they will have rifles and cannon, armored ships and torpedo boats. The necessary temper they already possess.

It is a reproach to what is termed our advance that the extreme savage methods are readily resorted to. It is a reproach upon human nature, upon reason and conscience and every worthy quality. We recognize the crime in war when we punish boys and the roughest men for fighting, but we offset our instruction when on

a larger scale we justify them. Shall boys obey their teachers, or their rulers?

There is some sign of the ascent of reason and right in the occasional resort to arbitration. There has been enough success in this method to warrant its general use. It is dignified, manly, humane, and secures results. A cause determined by war is not settled, but subdued, and it will come up if the opportunity comes.

No one seems to be asking the question; but with what right does the Czar of Russia or the Emperor of Japan send thousands of the men whom it is their duty to protect to be slaughtered in a dispute they do not understand? Human life is sacred, too sacred to be sacrificed to settle a boundary line or determine a question of etiquette, certainly when there is a better and surer way of doing it. It may be well to remember that kings and cabinets will answer for their use of authority at a tribunal which outranks even the "Powers." Yet there is hope. If civilization does advance, as we expect, wars will cease and peace and goodwill enter upon their reign.

Cambridge, Mass.

The Hell of War.

The *Central News* of England has published a letter from a wounded Russian officer lying in the hospital at Port Arthur, from which, as republished in the *Herald of Peace*, we take the following portions, which prove again that war ought always to be spelled with four letters rather than three:

"Yesterday I was in the famous battery on Electric Hill, which is a fly in the eyes of the Japanese. . . . Our poor battery was covered with *débris* and fragments of shells which burst around us with a deafening noise. . . . We suffered from aching teeth on account of irritation of the nerves of the ear, caused by the series of concussions. . . .

"The day was bright and warm, and the sea was calm. Some specks appear on the horizon. They grow larger as they approach. We count fifteen of them. The points are already lines. Nearer and nearer they come, changing as they progress from gray to dun color.

"They stop when they are five miles away. There is a white cloud. Boom! We are curious to see where the shell will fall. Our battery is on the edge of the cliff three hundred feet above the sea. Beneath us is the Admiral's battleship 'Beresvet.' Crash! A large column of water rises, and the wind separates the particles into spray, which the sun tints with all the colors of the rainbow. The deck of the ship is covered with water, and the seamen commence to swarm on deck.

"A second cloud of steam, and a terrible noise over our heads. Crash! This time it is behind us, and there is an explosion.

"Another cloud. We pass a terrible minute. I feel like a man who has no weight. I ask myself, 'Have they fired accurately?' It is straight at our battery. The first shot fell too short, the second was too far. The gunners who tried to find the range have split the difference, and the next shell must fall in our midst. Imagine our position.

"Our ten coast batteries and our twelve ships answer

the Japanese fire. The sea is quite white from the falling shells, and it is impossible to hear the words of command. I cry out until my voice becomes hoarse, but cannot make myself heard above the din. There are more than one hundred and fifty enormous cannons belching forth smoke, shell and death.

"There is a wild choking sound from the machine-guns. Amid the smoke, steam and dust I hear a groan. It is that of a soldier, whose nose has been torn away by the fragment of a shell. He is surrounded by stretcher bearers. Some one lays his hands on my shoulders, and I turn and see at my side a soldier pale and his lips trembling. He wishes to speak, but his tongue refuses to obey. He points with his finger, and I understand what has occurred.

"There beneath the cliff I have a little battery of rapid-firing guns, very small and elegant. There are twelve thousand bullets speeding on their errand in sixty seconds. They are destined to defend our shores against the landing of an enemy. The orgie is at its height. The shells are bursting around us like fireworks at a feast. A whistle, a hiss and a sharp ringing noise as they rush through the air, then smoke and a smell of burning, while the sand dances from the earth.

"I turn from the battery and see a terrible picture. In the midst of the men a shell bursts. One soldier is disemboweled, another is wounded in the head, a third is shrieking in the height of his delirium. One steel cannon is broken to pieces as though it were straw.

"An awful picture, with blood—blood everywhere. I order the killed to be taken away, and go to the battery. There it is hell.

"The Japanese fleet steams away. The smoke clears off, and the sun reappears in the heavens, gilding with its rays a sad scene of havoc and destruction.

"General Stoessel, who commands the troops, congratulates us on our baptism of fire, and I receive my Order of St. George. And now I am lying in hospital.

"Oh, if you had seen our unhappy battleships, the 'Retvisan,' the 'Tsarevitch' and the 'Pallada,' when they were pierced and shattered by torpedoes, and dragged into port. The women, the seamen and the officers wept, as well as the soldiers."

Verestschagin and His War Pictures.

In 1842 there was born in the province of Novgorod, in Russia, a man to whom the world and its deep pulsating life was real. He was a seer in the literal meaning of the word, and because of that became a teacher whose instruction the world may well take to heart. Now that he has just gone down in mankind's latest throes of hatred, and can reveal to us his visions no more, it is well to consider again his life and work.

His father had intended that he should enter the navy and win honor and promotion in that profession. But Nature had forestalled the father by putting into the boy's hand a pencil. The boy, active and keen, alive to the life of his own school world, with the prodigality of genius, gave a share of his attention to his naval studies sufficient to win honors and raise his father's hopes; but he reserved his best endeavor for a neighboring art school and won higher honors there. At seventeen years