

ing that we could do. The monstrous thing advanced, but even while we shuddered we could not make ourselves feel that it was real. It had the vagueness and the horrid pressure of a bad dream.

If it seemed dreamlike to us, so near at hand, how could the people in America, three thousand miles away, feel its reality or grasp its meaning? They could not do it then, and many of them have not done it yet.

But we who were on the other side of the sea were suddenly and rudely awakened to know that the bad dream was all too real. On July 28 Austria declared war on Servia. On the 29th Russia ordered a partial mobilization of troops on the Austrian frontier. On the 30th the Austrian troops entered Servia and bombarded Belgrade. On the 31st Austria and Russia ordered a general mobilization.

Then Germany, already coiled, struck.

On August 1 Germany declared war on Russia. On the 2d Germany invaded Luxembourg and France. On the 3d Germany declared war on France. On

the 4th Germany invaded Belgium, in violation of her solemn treaty. On the 6th Great Britain, having given warning to the Kaiser that she meant to keep her promise to protect the neutrality of Belgium, formally accepted a state of war with Germany, the invader.

So the storm-signs, foreshadowed in fair weather, were fulfilled in tempest, more vast and cruel than the world had ever known.

The Barabbas of war was preferred to the Christ of righteous judgment.

The hope of an enduring peace through justice receded and grew dim. We knew that it could not be rekindled until the ruthless military power of Germany, that had denied and rejected it, was defeated and brought to repentance.

Thus those who loved true peace—peace with equal security for small and great nations, peace with law protecting the liberties of the people, peace with power to defend itself against assault—were forced to fight for it or give it up forever.

SYLVANORA,
July 19, 1917.

[Dr. van Dyke's second article, "The Were-Wolf is Out," in the October number.]

TO THE BELOVED OF ONE DEAD

By Arthur Davison Ficke

THE sunlight shall not easily seem fair
To you again,
Knowing the hand that once amid your hair
Did stray so maddeningly
Now listlessly
Is beaten into mire by summer rain.

The spirit has its sanctities in death—
But the bright clay
Knows naught of recompense. And the swift breath
That in some darkened place
Once swept your face—
What shall sublime that memory away?

He died amid the thunders of great war;
His glory cries
Even now across the lands; perhaps his star
Shall shine forever. . . .
But for you, never
His wild white body and his thirsting eyes.

MY DEAR LITTLE MACKIE

APRIL 27, 1917

dad has ever written you, isn't it?

*This is the first letter your
I made these pictures
for you, so
you could see
some of the
things I have
been doing
over here where
the War is*

No 1 is your dad in



*No 2 is how
we come march-
ing out of the
communication
trenches at
night. Papa
is always lead-
ing the single
file - coming
out.*

*No 3 is dad
in bed in one
of the lovely
billetts of
France. Look
at all the nice
things to eat
that he's left
untouched: a dixey of tea, beans,
jam and corned beef! Yes, poor
daddy has a nawfull belly ache,
and all sorts of things the matter
with him.*



THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATED LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY A SOLDIER-ARTIST WHO WORKED HIS PASSAGE

The following letter was written just before the artist was wounded and sent back to the base hospital:

"... Just a bit of a note to tell you where I am. I have been 'up the Line' for the past few days; and its rather nice, too. There's a thundering big battle raging not far from here, and last night and three nights ago, we were within less than a mile of it, on a working party.

"I am sure that when the World was Created, the spectacle was nothing compared to what I saw, and heard, these two nights.