



Goodwin's Weekly

EDITORIALS

THE Easter bells will ring tomorrow but in subdued tones. A melancholy note will prevail and the plaintive strains will make a strange appeal to God-fearing people everywhere; And at best it will be only a brief interlude, for the dominant music of this Easter-

tide will be sounded by the mighty instruments of war itself, in full orchestration—the rumble of magnificent armies rushing into battle, the roar of the heavy artillery, the rattle of small arms, the ringing of steel against steel, the shouts of defiance as determined men face their doom, the shrieks of the death-stricken, and far away to the rear the wailing of heart-broken women and little children; this is the singular music that will sound around the world on Easter morn. And if, perchance, a hush should suddenly come over the earth on the morrow, so that we might hear the Easter music in its softest and sweetest strains, even then would it assuage the grief of a sorrow-stricken world?

All this on Easter morning! What a strange spectacle to behold on the day that we commemorate Christ's triumph over the tomb and contemplate His promise of peace on earth and good will to all mankind!

Is it a mockery in His sight that on this day of days all Christendom should be an armed camp and the great nations who profess to follow the Prince of Peace be locked together in mortal combat? Were one to seek the answer amidst the ruins of Europe—the war-torn homes and hamlets, the countless cemeteries of unknown dead and the crumbled cathedrals that once were reared in Holy name—it would seem but a travesty. But the kingdom of Christ transcends all earthly monuments and memorials; He is enthroned in the hearts of men; His reign will survive even though all else seem to perish.

It was on Easter morning that the Saviour, manifesting the Divine supremacy over all mortal pains and plans, first gave to the world the stimulus of an enduring hope. And so it is that the commemoration of the Resurrection should but serve to rekindle the fires of eternal faith in human hearts. That faith revived, it is given us to pierce the heavy battle clouds that now overhang a sorrowing world and see streakings of the glorious day of peace that is to come.

This is our dream of tomorrow, and it is towards the fulfillment of this dream that we direct our deeds of today. Surely our cause is just in the sight of Him in whose name we wage it. And because we believe it to be so we reconcile ourselves to the unprecedented calamity that has befallen the world and find courage to brave whatever sorrows and sacrifices the moment may exact. Who knows today whether he is fighting for himself or for the millions yet unborn? Who does not know that, however it may be, it is all a part of the Divine plan?

While yet He walked the earth, Christ declared to his disciples that it would be necessary for him to be delivered unto his enemies and be crucified before he could assume his transcendent majesty. And so, for the sins of man, the Saviour bore the cross and shed his blood that his work on earth might be finished and the eternal promise fulfilled. This thought, recurring to us with striking force on Easter morn, should sustain us as we stagger along under humanity's cross, sometimes uncertain where our immediate steps may lead, but stirred to move forward—

Till the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE manner in which Secretary Baker obtained the President's permission to go to France recalls Lincoln's somewhat easy methods—easy by comparison—in dealing with the members of his cabinet. For illustration:

A citizen of unquestioned loyalty went to the White House to persuade Lincoln to give him a pass through the lines permitting him to visit a relative who was serving somewhere along the outposts of the Army of the Potomac.

"I think that you had better see General Halleck," suggested the President, to which his petitioner replied that he had already seen that general.

"Then I suggest that you see Secretary Stanton," continued Lincoln, but he was told that his Secretary of War had likewise refused to issue the desired pass.

"If this is the case," said the patient President, "I am afraid that I can do nothing for you. You see, I have very little influence with this administration. However, I hope to have more influence with the next."

Secretary Baker is one of President Wilson's many admirers who is fond of likening him to the great-hearted Lincoln. Also, he is said to be a very keen analyst of human character. We wonder then, if he be honest with himself, whether he has not been able to detect a slight difference in the two presidents, particularly as to their respective relations with their official families. Which suggests another story that is told of Lincoln:

A citizen, desiring some service of the war department, applied to the White House for the favor. Lincoln hastily noted on a piece of paper that in his opinion the favor might safely be granted, and then requested the man to present the note to Secretary Stanton. Shortly afterward the bearer of the note again approached the President, who inquired if he had seen the Secretary. The man replied in the affirmative.

"What did Stanton say?" inquired Lincoln.

"He said that the President was a 'd—d fool,'" came the answer.

Lincoln's sad old eyes beamed with merriment for a moment. Then he said: "If Stanton said that it must be so. I have found him a pretty good judge of men, and he always says what he thinks."

It may be that Secretary Baker, who is fond of considering himself as adamant in the flesh as is a bronze statue of Stanton which decorates his office, is just as courageous as his distinguished predecessor when it comes to speaking his mind, but we doubt it. Fancy Mr. Baker calling anybody a "d—d fool," not to speak of the President. And yet Lincoln and his turbulent secretary of war, although there was no love lost between them, somehow or other managed to get along without serious friction, and they also managed to win the war without wasting any adoration on each other.

* * * *

FOOLISH ADVICE.

COMMENTING on the election of the new chairman of the Republican National Committee, Mr. Horace Lorimer of the Saturday Evening Post suggests to Mr. Hays that he immediately address the Democratic chairman in the following vein:

"We look out upon a world tossed and riven by such a storm as man has never before experienced. For three and a half years moldy ideas and rotten timbers have been going like an unstable, straw-thatched old cow shed in a hurricane. A prodigious reorganization is in progress. We know well enough that neither of the parties we represent has had a live principle to its name for twenty years. We have