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[Handwritten note: Battle day League]
NATIONAL SYMBOLS.

Clock of History Put Back 500 Years.

In the course of an eloquent address at the "Rally" of the S.A. branch of the Australian Wattle Day League on Saturday last, Mr. Forbes, the great Roman historian, Livy, tells us in his preface that he found comfort in thinking of the history of Rome from the evils of his own time, from the thoughts of murder, rape, and civil war, and that he had put back 500 years. This has been put back 500 years, back into the horrors of mediævalism, when all the things that are so dear to us, the kindly trampled under foot by the insatiable nationalism of God's Reign in Germany, are being trampled under foot by the new nationalism, a brief space from the evils of the time, and turn our thoughts to the past, to the origin of nation symbols, to their use in abuse in bygone ages.

The Capital Letter T.

One of the oldest symbols of the world is that from ancient Egypt—the capital letter T, which stood for Eternity. In our nationalities we do not know such symbols. It would seem to have had its use rather in the cause of God and the community, species of trademark on coins and tokens, suggesting community of commercial interest, national or ecclesiastical, or imperial power. This is true at least of Athens with her olive sprig and her owls, and Rome, whose eagle and T were symbols of the power which looked upon the rest of the world as a province. But not until Roman times do we find a capital letter T on any of the coins. The eagle, fasces, and other emblems of the state, suggests military conquest and military domination. The earliest symbol is that of a man holding a staff or flag, a form of a man's body, a man pointed, and in this straw he has perhaps, an emblem of the husbandman. For the Romans, in their times of peace and war, there was a straw, perhaps, and in this straw they were reminded, to a remembrance of home, of the cornfield, and the fruit of the earth. It is curious how the eagle, waving the reaping of the harvest, was the symbol of the husbandman, who went to war on horseback, while his humble husbandman was killed by the enemy. The eagle was a banner that was borne in front of the cavalry, a plain piece of cloth tied to the head of the man. In the days of civilization the individual must have a concrete object upon which to focus his patriotism. He fights for his country for an abstraction. To die for liberty, equality, fraternity is a more difficult thing. In western civilization the advanced community can rise to that conception. I well remember reading a novel of the Nineteenth Century and after that time when Russia seemed to be on the eve of a national reform. Such a reform was the case of the aristocracy. This was seven years ago, and the writer said: "No, Russia will not yet be free. There is not the education to make her do so."

The Grand Duke, with advanced ideas, went to America to see what American liberty should be, and his advisers, the "junk" promises, indeed, you say that "Liberty is the name of your wife."

For you and your wife, the abstraction.
days of Caesars and the German emperors. Then, in the place of the Emperor's head was taken by the World's War, as by the beast's name; and, for the first time in history, it may be, men fought for an end so sublime. The pandemonium in the symbol, upon the battlefield, to witness all the horrors that stalk abroad when our backs become so beast and more.

"Attached to the End of a Stick.""—But, significantly enough, the modern, the scientific, the technological, the industrial, the mighty thing is it that gave us the Conquest of the Field (and then). One has only to look at the whole history of the ancient Teutonic war-where those ancient Teutonic war-where they disposed peace because it made the young human being into a thing of war, and in a sense an end in itself, because it was an end in itself. And so the end of the war, the flag that I looked up "in the war," was not just a piece of cloth attached to the end of a stick. It was a piece of cloth attached to the end of a flag-where all the complicated thing, and yet what was most interesting was that it was a piece of cloth meant for good and evil in the history of mankind. Not Blood but Liberty.

The mischiefs of it all is this—that when we give upon the flag we think—any war of an imperial, or any war of a world, of military and naval triumphs. For myself, when I gave upon our flag, its ends, its edges, its purple, its scarlet, its blue, its gold, its silver, its stars, its stripes, all which have come of conquest—result of the war. And I think, even at that moment, were still dimly described by the best part of the nation. And what do we mean by Freedom on firm foundations, of the near Liberty for the individual, so far as the war aimed at. These are the things for which our flag is a symbol, for the war which all the world at large must be prepared to make any sacrifice. And it is because the ends of war and peace are so different, every war must be justified in the mind in which it was taken. But let us make no mistake: War is still a vile and a horrid thing, and in our hearts at least, we ought all of us to feel that war is a thing to be shunned. I have thought that man has slain so long as we must be murdering another to make peace, and that the two are inseparable. As we made by it, and the war has brought about this disturbing of the peace of Europe and the hampering of human progress. And we do not perform any duty which we should not more than any other people. And yet, when we invasor the law by sentencirme some miserable wrath to the galloons. Still, as a Christian, I am not so much a Christian as a Christ. I am old and may be prolonged. The other day I heard of a certain clergyman in this city, who was asked how he could pray for peace. I had no desire to do so, I presumed that for him to pray for peace was a very naturally effeminate nonsense. His position, as far as I could make out, was that war was the peaceful state of life. There indeed he was right. We does make us realize how near to the brink of war we are. I am a professed Christian. But with the clergyman's conclusions in my touch with the realities of life, and will therefore compel us to war. I am not sure that we have despised. Does mean the war, with its threats of destruction, will drive, from other terror to God of vengeance? If so, it is a species of war, another kind. But, if this clergyman meant affirm, as he did, that war was the good, then I can only reply, if there is anything that men look forward to, I think it be finally Deity, it is the thought that benevolent the blue skies of a European that the crops are coming in the falls of telling of God's and. Moreover, clothed with greenery, this temperate filling the sky with the light of the morn, is a unity that is to be found with no man.
the unknown. For them there is no tinsel and glory, and for those that love them naught save misery and tears. Yet these things are not calculated to inspire us to worship the only God worth worshipping—the God of mercy and of love—Who, when the world wrings Him to the heart, can still say, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." So as I look at this golden symbol—the battle—I can only pray that it may ever reside between the roses of England, and that it may ever be redolent of Sweet Peace, of Brotherhood, of Liberty, even if these have had to be won again at the price of the groaning and travailing of all that is best in human nature.

At the close of the address, which was delivered with intense earnestness, the speaker was rewarded with cordial and long-sustained applause.