

FOUR

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum
United States & Europe—\$2.00
Advertiser and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.
Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B.A.
Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.
Associate Editors: Rev. D. A. Casey,
H. F. Macdonald.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted,
etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accom-
pany the order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops
Palacio and Shearley, late Apostolic Delegates to
Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston,
Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London,
Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y.,
and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive
subscriptions and copies for the Catholic Record:
General agents: Messrs. P. J. Newman, E. J. Broder-
ick, M. J. Haggerty, and Miss Sara Hanley, Resi-
dent Agents: D. J. Murray, Montreal; George B.
Hewitson, Regina; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax;
Miss B. Saunders, Sydney; Miss J. Hastings,
Winnipeg; Miss Johnson, Ottawa and J. A. Han-
nan, Quebec.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted
except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion
50 cents.

Subscribers changing residence will please give
old as well as new address.

In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased
from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 549 Main Street, John J.
Dwyer and The O'Neill Co. Pharmacy, 109 Brunswick
Street.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from
Mr. S. O'Grady, Newsdealer, 108 St. Viateur street,
west, and J. Milloy, 541 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1915

THE WAR SCOURGE AND THE
GOSPEL REMEDY

While prayers for peace must continue to form part of the life of every Christian, till the war-scourge pass from Europe, there are two other factors of a peace programme which should engage everyone's attention. The first of these steps is for every man to become a definite advocate of peace. Not of a dishonorable peace, nor of a peace that would violate truth and honor. There is a peace that is worse than any war. There are principles which a nation must defend on pain of dishonor. But for that empire to which we belong, stronger to-day from a naval and military standpoint than ever before in her history, there is no danger of such a peace. Were war the only means of maintaining liberty and honor, the British Empire would not shrink from a contest of years. But is war the only means of securing liberty and honor? Was the sermon on the mount preached in vain?

Have all the long centuries of civilization left us all on a level with the brute? Is all the progress of the ages represented by shell-strewn fields and trenches piled with the dead? Has the crucifixion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, with its torturous agony endured for all mankind, left us with no better feeling than a lust of vengeance and of national aggrandizement at any cost? Did the martyrs give their lives for Christianity that we, unworthy races of a degenerate day, might flout its principles and mock their memories by our modern return to the pagans' god of war?

What is our reply? If Christ had never come, if the sacrifice of Calvary had never taken place, we might reply in the role of pagans, with a cynical jest. That modern culture should eliminate in an almost worldwide carnival of bloodshed and vandalism, to a pagan pessimist might have seemed history's crowning jest. But to the Christian, it is a tragedy. Was it for this that God created us, and that Christ died for us, that the spectacle of Europe, red with carnage, dark with dismantled homes and agonized hearts, might find us eager to extend the horrors of the struggle?

In the light of the gospel, what shall we reply? What other remedy can suit this crisis but the gospel of peace and good will? The passion of national hate is no new thing. The sermon on the mount and Satan have never ceased their struggle for the human heart.

Time after time in her long history, the Catholic Church, in some quarter of the globe, has seen the eclipse of Christian principles by the powers of darkness. It was God's trial of her faith. From the Cross of Calvary the new gospel of peace and good will was brought to a world that had practised the most shameful cruelties. Peace and good will were the message of the martyrs as they died with a prayer for their murderers. Constantine I. proud emperor of Rome, yielded to the crucified, and Rome became a Christian power. What was it sent proud warriors to the monasteries seeking for admission to the life of a simple monk, in the early years of the middle ages? Simply the gospel of Christ, with its strange new light on the meaning of peace and good will.

Peace and good will to all mankind—that must be the watchword of statesmen at that great conclave which must gather before long for the return of the world to Christ. Briton and Frenchman, Austrian, German and Russian, will meet in that happy day, as fellow-servants of Christ,

eager to acknowledge His authority and to obey His laws. The "Song of Hate," will be forgotten. The gospel of peace and good will will rule all hearts. Is that too much to hope for? There is no good thing impossible to the gospel of Christ. But that gospel must be spread by each of us. It is the one gospel worth living for.

The second item of our peace programme is a personal life of Christianity. Our Lord and His apostles and martyrs overcame the world, spirit because they were "not of this world." They lived supernatural lives. They abandoned all that could hinder them in their lives of communion with God. The early Christians communicated daily. In their life of probation on earth, they were eager for every grace that could bring them nearer to God. And then, after the medieval saints were gone, came a later age of coldness and faithlessness. Rationalism arose and for the Cross of Christ was accepted the godship of the state. And throughout the world were spread the fruits of the rejection of God. Modern commercialism arose, with its ruthless gospel of "the survival of the fittest," and the ethics of business and politics alike were divorced from the spirit of Christianity. Even many well meaning men were content with a creed of "enlightened self-interest." Divorces multiplied, and thousands ceased to worship God. When God had been banished from the schools, was it likely men would worship him even on Sunday? Christianity was treated as an exploded myth, out of tune with modern progress. Atheism grew fashionable, and governments of formerly Christian nations ranged themselves on the side of opponents to Christianity. The cult of pleasure and luxury increased. Everywhere there were signs of a vast revolt against Christ. The present European war was the logical outcome of this great anti-Christian movement. The one hope for humanity to-day lies in a vast return to Christianity.

EUROPE'S SORROWS AND THE
VOICE OF GOD

On the war-stained fields of Europe, amid the pandemonium of unloosed barbarism, at moments there is a voice of blessing that is heard by thousands, and that voice is the voice of God. It is one of the few bright aspects of this war that has brought back to God thousands who might never else have remembered Him at all. They had been the victim of environment. In the careless life of great cities, they had drifted into popular ruts of atheism or indifference. They had lived for the present moment, inwardly conscious perhaps that in childhood's days they had had hopes of a heavenly hereafter, but content, as men, with the world and its passing pictures, as if they would last forever.

And then the war came, and at the call of duty there were clear strong answers, hurried farewells to home and kinsfolk, and partings that seemed like death. In the joyous comradeship of the crowded troopship, there was little room for sentiment, but the sense of separation and loss kept recurring at times. On the ocean, in the silent watches of the night, there is a power that impels meditation. There is a majesty in the ocean that draws men's minds to God. The strange scenes and faces of an unfamiliar land, the bustle of military life, the war note in the air, may divert the soldier's attention for a while, but in the trenches, on nights when cannon are off duty, the still small voice returns. It is the soldier's quiet hour. Sentries are on guard, but from the enemy's lines there is no sound. In that trench where the soldier lies, he had different neighbors yesterday. They were fine husky chaps, with hearty laughs, who looked good for half a century of life. To-night they are dead. They were killed in a gallant charge. To-morrow there will be more deaths, and new neighbors in the trenches. War is a business of death.

Yet in the soldier's reflections, there are bright notes that spring from heroic sacrifice. Better the battlefield and death than Belgium abandoned and a cause betrayed. After all, what matters the manner of one's death if one's soul be right with God? So in the silence of the night, in the quiet of the trenches, the soldier sees life from a new viewpoint, and who can wonder if his thoughts centre upon God? Who else can comfort the heart when friends and kin are far?

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S IDEAS
ON THE WAR

"Better for every nation to die now by German torpedo and shrapnel than to live under German domination."

So writes Elizabeth Towne, of Holyoke, Mass., U. S. A., in the Nauticus Magazine, and her words will find an echo in the heart of the whole English speaking race. "The Prussian leaders," writes Mrs. Towne, "who are engineering this war against civilization have committed the super-crime of the ages. To Prussian super-Krupps human life is nothing, civilization is nothing, conquest is all."

In the above words is the kernel of the whole European situation. What could be further apart than British liberty and Prussian militarism. A tree is judged by its fruits. The sinking of the Lusitania evokes no sorrow or indignation on the part of the German Government. And yet in face of this latest premeditated wholesale murder, the Germans, writes Mrs. Towne, who gloated and cheered in ghastly glees, are still wondering why American sympathies are against them.

"Germany is crazy," writes Mrs. Towne, "and the world must bind her until she comes to her senses so that she will respect the freedom and rights of others."

The Prussian endeavor to prejudice the people of the United States against Great Britain is thus referred to by this American writer: Oh, the diabolical super-crime of it all is the insidious poisoning of a whole splendid nation by the "Deutschland domination microbes."

It is a clear issue—British liberty or Prussian slavery? This clear-sighted American woman, bred in the air of liberty, sees plainly that freedom cannot live under Prussian rule. The outrages of the present war are eloquent of the character of the Prussian war-lords. By their actions, says this American observer, the whole world is convinced of what intuition had told Americans in the first place was the truth: that it was better to die outright by a bullet in battle or on the sea by a torpedo than to live under Prussian rule.

And the words of this free American woman admirably typify the spirit of the whole British race towards the German menace. This is the spirit that fires the hearts of all the millions of brave men and women from Land's End to John O'Groats; the spirit that animates Ireland and her dauntless sons, and Scotland from the Lowlands to the Highlands. It is the spirit of liberty and modern progress, as opposed to barbaric despotism and the customs of bygone centuries. It is the spirit of liberty that animates Canada, and that is sending her brave-hearted sons in thousands from Atlantic to Pacific to the support of the British empire. It is the spirit that animates Australia and New Zealand and that will carry their sons to victory in Gallipoli before many moons. It is the lasting bond of sympathy between the British people and all freedom-loving people of the United States whatever be the country of their origin. It is the spirit of liberty for which Britons will contend against all tyrants and enemies of progress. And it is the spirit against which the Prussian war-lords must vainly struggle with waning powers till their inevitable doom.

THE DUTY TO PRODUCE A
CHRISTIAN STATE

Among the duties that devolve upon Christians in every age is the production of a Christian state. The blessings of a Christian state are evident, for in it, as Leo XIII. once wrote, men's mutual rights and duties are set forth clearly, while the power of Christianity is at work to secure their observance. The godless state, on the other hand, possesses endless possibilities for wrong-doing and affords no security whatever for justice or human liberty. Wherever there is no adequate religious check upon the human mind, principles of truth and justice will become extinct. The godless state cannot reach the conscience. As a result, the world-spirit dominates. The pursuit of wealth and pleasure at all costs becomes the bane of society. The poor and helpless suffer, for in mundanized society there is needed the sense of obligation to God, in order that the richer classes may fulfil their duties of justice and charity.

The Christian state to-day is even rarer than the spirit of Christianity. Not that Christianity's power to transform men's lives has waned. There are countless saintly

souls in the Church to-day. They belong to the hidden life of the Church which the world hardly sees or knows of. But a wholly Christian government, that openly confesses Christianity and frames its policy upon Christian principles, is hard to find. Nor is it surprising. The last question to be heard at election times is whether the candidate is a religious man. We are told, maybe, that he is a good business man or a red-blooded sportsman, or something of the kind. But as to how often he attends the sacraments, and whether he believes in honesty and fair dealing, few actually trouble. Yet a more important question is hardly to be found in relation to human welfare. There can be no safe criterion of a man's capacity for parliament except his religious character. For mere business smartness, without religion, the best place is usually a prison.

The Christian state is the result of many components. One of the chief of these is definite religion in the school. Apart from religion, there can be no real education. The memorizing of material facts may make the mind acute, but the soul will be starved if it receive no religious knowledge. The worst evil of a school without religion lies in the fact that it accustoms a child to the idea that religion is of small importance in practical life. By the time such a boy becomes a man, he will have imbibed the steady conviction that whatever religion may be worth on Sunday it need have no place in the business world. With these ideas, he enters business, with the frequent result of dishonesty and unscrupulousness. He lives for self. If he enters parliament, he carries with him the tradition of dishonesty. He looks upon public life as a mere means of making money at the public expense. Such a man is a danger to the public and to himself. The public suffer by his misdeeds, while he himself is in grave danger of losing his soul.

It is from the godless school that the godless state springs. No tyrant can be worse than a godless state. It will persecute the Church in the name of enlightenment, and will crucify Christ again in the name of progress and intelligence. It will enslave mankind under the pretext of culture. It will deny men the right to a Christian education, in the name of liberty and patriotism. It will assail the sacrament of marriage and turn a holy ordinance of Christ into a mere civil contract that may be loosed by a civil court. Like Satan, its founder, the godless state poses as an angel of light, and its victims are countless human souls. There can be no true liberty without Christianity. The godless or indifferentist state is the parent of war and mental slavery. In the name of Christ, in the name of that liberty which the Catholic Church has fought for through long ages, let our watchword be a Christian State.

THE PERIL OF SOCIALISM

1

When Canon Sheehan wrote his anti-Socialistic novel, "Miriam Lucas," he was laughed at as a dreamer and prophet of evil. The children of St. Patrick would never become Socialists. But almost before the self-satisfied reviewers had folded up their manuscripts a great industrial crisis was precipitated in Dublin, and, lo Sheehan was justified. Socialism, considered to be non-existent in Ireland, raised its venomous head, and in Catholic Ireland's Catholic capital the hustings resounded with denunciations of the Church and its ministers. Now Socialism in Ireland did not grow in a night. It was there smouldering beneath the surface. A thinker like Sheehan recognized its presence. It took the Great Strike to convince the too trusting people that he was right.

Like the Irish people, we here in Canada are happy in our self-confidence. Far removed from the great industrial centres, with their teeming millions thrown together haphazard, we find it hard to believe that the seeds of Socialism can find congenial soil in our midst. Let us hope that our awakening will not be as rude and unexpected as that of the people of Dublin. The truth is that the growing storm of anti-religious propaganda has carried its seed far and wide, and hence we find the false philosophy of the Socialists taking root in the most unlikely places. But we refuse to be convinced. The Socialists are able to maintain several publications to propagate their doctrines, and these publications enjoy an immense circulation. Those who

believe in revealed religion and in Christian Social reform essayed the publication of one anti-Socialist magazine, The Common Cause. Fall of hope, and promise as it was it died in its infancy. Could anything better illustrate our apathy to this the great danger of the day?

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that our people, strangers to modern industrial conditions, are immune from the peril of Socialism. Even so we must not forget that our young people will not always remain with us. The great big world calls to them, and some day they will go forth in quest of the Great Adventure. And in the world's busy places they will happen among many who are convinced Socialists. They may feel that this economic theory is wrong, but they are helpless in argument because they have never been trained to meet an adversary of this kind. The result is that they either lose the Faith or their Faith is pitifully weakened. Doubt and uncertainty is created in their mind, and they know not whither to turn. A course in Butler's Catechism, and a discourse on the four cardinal virtues will not suffice them when up against the bill of Socialism. Expertness at billiards and science on the baseball oval will prove but a poor refutation of the heresies of Bebel and Marks. COLUMBA.

NEWS FROM THE
WAR-ZONE

The sinking of the White Star liner Arabic on July 19, by a German submarine was the chief feature of the week's war news. Twenty-five passengers are reported missing, eight of whom are said to be American citizens. It is stated that the Arabic, which was westward bound and contained no war munitions, was sunk without warning.

AUSTRIANS ARE REPULSED

Italian successes against the Austrians are reported, and the advance of the Italians upon Carso continues. In reply to the steady encroachment of the Italians on their positions, the Austrians undertook a fresh offensive on a large scale.

For the first time their attack began in the day time, the Austrians having abandoned hope of successful surprise moves by night. They adopted the bold tactics of a frontal attack in large masses, resolved either to crush or to be crushed. The result was that during two days they persisted in their efforts and were thoroughly beaten, their ranks being rapidly thinned by the fire of the Italian batteries, which had been moved forward to hold many points of vantage.

The Austrian artillery was silent and the Italian machine guns moved forward. The Infantry followed, and the Austrians were driven out of the positions from which they started to attack. This is how the Italians have succeeded in holding more advanced positions at Marocchini and along the entire line between Monte San Michele and Monte Sei Busi.

ITALIANS MAKE CAPTURE

Another important success mentioned to-day is the capture of the strong Austrian positions at Driezzinen and a redoubt, or small frontier fort, on the northern slope of Monte Paterno, which is still in Austrian hands, and where, besides a number of killed and wounded, they lost 24 prisoners.

These actions form part of the general operations in the Upper Sexten and Soden valleys, where the Italians are making a general clearing of the Austrian troops, sometimes capturing considerable stores accumulated there by the Austrians with a view to invading the Italian territory south of the Dolomite region, a plan which signally failed.

RUSSIANS STILL RETREAT

The Russian retreat continues, and there is a rumor that the capture of Brest Litovsk is likely to occur in a few days. Oswietz holds out splendidly, but Oswietz can be masked and rendered harmless by a comparatively small German army, leaving the great mass of the German troops free to sweep on east of the Bug. If there is then evidence that the German armies of the north are being strengthened and are still vigorously aggressive, it may be regarded as probable that the Kaiser's vaulting ambition is directed toward no smaller thing than a triumphant entry into the Slav capital.

IF CONSTANTINOPLE FALLS

A great and pressing danger may force Germany to forego the spectacular, and may prevent British submarines from winning fresh laurels in legitimate maritime warfare in the Baltic. Late advices indicate that a large Bulgarian army is concentrated on the Turkish frontier, that Serbia, under the pressure of Britain, France, and Russia, has agreed to give the Bulgars immediate possession of Serbian Macedonia, the bone of contention between the two small nations, and that Greece, also tempted by territorial gains elsewhere, is about to lend her strength to a new Balkan League which will complete the expulsion of the Turk from Europe.

Of what avail would it be to advance upon Petrograd if that involved leaving Constantinople to its fate? The Globe believes that the next great aggressive stroke of the Germanic armies will be made from the Danube toward Constantinople, and not, as the Russians fear, toward Petrograd. If Constantinople falls the Germanic cause falls with it. Not even the most arrogant Prussian Junker could delude himself into believing that the occupation of Petrograd would bring the allies to Berlin as suitors for peace. Constantinople not Petrograd, is the city around which the war in the east will centre after the operations west of the Bug come to a close.

BERLIN OWNS DEFEAT

Berlin acknowledges defeat in the action on Lingekopf, in the Vosges, but claims the recapture of trenches recently lost between Ablain and Angers. The French night report admits that as a result of three counter-attacks launched during Thursday evening and Friday morning "the Germans succeeded in regaining a footing" in the trenches taken from them on Wednesday. They suffered "appreciable losses." In an earlier bulletin it was stated that the German losses in the Vosges struggle of this week have been "very heavy." A great number of German dead were found in the 250 yards of trenches captured on the crest of Lingekopf. The line in the west may be almost a fixture, but the lives of many brave men are snuffed out daily in making it so.

SUNK BY THE HUNS

The long list of ships that have recently fallen victims to German submarines was greatly augmented yesterday. The Kaiser's pirates have set out to sink everything that comes within their reach, from peaceful fishing craft to westward bound liners that cannot possibly be carrying supplies for the Allies. There are signs that the great patience and forbearance of President Wilson nears an end, and that the United States will soon sever diplomatic relations with Germany as a protest against indiscriminate murder on the high seas.

BRITAIN MAKES ADVANCE

The footing obtained by the new British army of 50,000 men recently landed at Suvla Bay is being maintained and improved, according to a French official report from the Dardanelles. On the southern front, around Krithia and eastward, there have been only outpost affairs recently. The Russians continue to control absolutely the waters of the Black Sea, and a report from Sebastopol announces the sinking by a Russian submarine of a Turkish steamer laden with 7,000 tons of coal. Constantinople will regret that, for lack of coal has proven almost as great a handicap to the Turk as lack of ammunition. The few Turkish factories turning out war material are in desperate straits for fuel.—Toronto Globe, August 21.

BELGIUM'S SACRIFICE
RECEIVES A
TRIBUTE

DIED FOR EUROPE, DECLARES
G. K. CHESTERTON, IN STRIK-
ING PANEGYRIC

The following letter from the well-known English writer, speaks for itself:

To the Editor: Sir—I hope you will grant me space to say a few words about the Belgians still in Belgium. The admirable efforts of the National Committee for Relief in Belgium are going a long way to avert famine, but if the million and a-half destitute Belgians are to be kept alive, the National Committee must have yet further support. The only conceivable cause of doubt in the matter must lie in a mere weariness in well-doing, produced not by any intellectual difficulty but by such wholly unintellectual things as time and fatigue. I think, therefore, the best way of preventing any possible neglect of so great a matter is to repeat once more the great truths upon which rested the whole original claim, not so much on our sympathy as on our common humanity. The simplicity and enormity of the Belgian story can best be set forth, perhaps, in four truisms, all toweringly self-evident.

First, of course, the mere badness of the story is almost too big to be held in the mind. There have been stories of a woman or a child actually robbed of reason for life by the mere ocular shock of some revolting cruelty done in their presence. There was really the danger of something of the kind paralyzing our protest against the largest and, by the help of God, the last of the crimes of the Prussian Kings. The onlookers might have been struck into a sort of gibbering imbecility and even amiability, by the full and indefensible finality of the foul stroke. We had no machines that could measure the stunning directness of the blow from hell. We could hardly realize an enormous public act which the actor did not wish to excuse, but only to execute. Yet such an act was the occupation of Belgium; almost the only act in history for which there was quite simply and literally nothing to be said. Bad history is the whole basis of Prussia; but even in bad history the Prussians could find no precedent and no palliation: and the more intelligent Prussians did

not try. A few were so feeble-minded as to say they had found dangerous documents in Brussels, as if what they had done could be excused by things they did not know when they did it. This almost piteous lapse in argument was, however, covered up by the cleverer Prussians as quickly as might be. They preferred to stand without a rag of reason on them than with such a rag as that. Before we come to the monstrous material suffering, there is in the existing situation an abstract insanity, which the brain of man must not bear. A nightmare must not abide to the end. The tiniest trace of Prussian victory which remains will make us think of something which is not to be thought of: of something like the victory of the beasts over mankind.

Second, it must be remembered that this murder has been done upon a people of such proximity and familiarity that there cannot be any mistake about the matter. There is some shadowy justification for the comparative indifference to the wrongs of very remote peoples: for it is not easy for us to guess how much slavery shocks a negro or cannibalism a cannibal. But the innkeepers and shopkeepers of Ostend felt exactly as the innkeepers and shopkeepers of Dover would feel. We have to imagine a pre-historic cruelty coming suddenly upon a modern life by a civilized and almost commonplace. Imagine tigers breaking out of the Zoological Gardens and eating all the people in Albany street; imagine Red Indians exhibited at Olympia literally scalping every passer-by from that place to Hammersmith Broadway; imagine Jack the Ripper crowned King of Whitechapel and conducting his executions in broad daylight outside the Tube station at Aldgate; imagine as much as you can of what is violent and contradictory in an over-turn of all modern life by a short of this fearful Belgian scene in that familiar Belgian scenery. It is idle to talk of exaggerations or misrepresentations about a case so close to us. Chinese tortures may not be quite so fantastic as travellers tell us; Siberia may not be so desolate as its fugitives say it is; but we could no more invent such a massacre in Belgium than we could a massacre in Balham. The things of shameless shame that have been done are something worse than the lies, worse than nightmares, worse than devils; they are facts.

Third, this people we have heard of daily have endured this unheard of thing; and endured it for us. There are countless cases for compassion among the bewildering and heartrending by-products of this war, but this is not a case for compassion. This is a case for that mere working minimum of a sense of honor that makes us repay a poor man who has advanced his last penny to post a letter we have forgotten to stamp. In this respect Belgium stands alone, and the claims even of other Allies may well stand aside until she is paid to the uttermost farthing. There has been self-sacrifice everywhere else; but it was self-sacrifice of individuals, each for his own country; the Serbian dying for Serbia, or the Italian for Italy. But the Belgian did not merely die for Belgium. Belgium died for Europe. Not only was the soldier sacrificed for the nation; the nation was sacrificed for mankind. It is a sacrifice which is, I think, quite unique even among Christians; and quite inconceivable among pagans. If we even privately utter a murmur, or even privately give a penny for binding the wounds of a solitary and exceptional martyr, we ourselves shall be something almost as solitary and exceptional. We shall perhaps be nearest to the state of that unspeakable sociologist who persuaded his wife to partake of a simultaneous suicide; and then himself cheerfully lived on.

Fourth: If there be anyone on this earth who does not find the final success of such crime more than the mind can bear; if there be anyone who does not feel it as the more graphic since it walks among the tramway lines and lamp posts of a life like our own; if there be anyone who does not feel that to be caught napping about Belgium is like being caught robbing one's mother on her deathbed; there still remains a sort of brutal compassion for bodily pain, which has been half admitted here and there even by the oppressors themselves. If we do not do a great deal more even than we have already done, it may yet be said of us that we left it to the very butchers of this nation to see that it did not bleed to death.

I therefore plead for further help for the Members of the National Committee who have taken this duty upon themselves. All subscriptions can be addressed to the Treasurer at Trafalgar Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, or to local committees where they have been formed.

Yours faithfully,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Overroads, Beaconsfield, Bucks,

5th August, 1915.

Christianity is always out of fashion, because it is always sane and all fashions are mild insanities. The Church always seems to be behind the times when it is really beyond the times.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Christ gave up His life on the cross of His own accord, for love of men. The shock of the crucifixion, the pain, the loss of blood did not kill Him. He lay down His life voluntarily. With a loud voice, not like a dying person exhausted, He gave up the ghost.