

him, made his peace with God then and there. Again, in a "place" situated in the learned quarter of old Paris, two soldiers might be seen in close conversation. It ended by one of them kneeling on the ground before his comrade. Human respect no longer exists in these moments of supreme tension; only the great realities, life and death, heaven and hell, God and the soul whom He has created and redeemed, are of importance.

The religious revival of which these things are a development has been growing up for some years past, as those who see France *from within* are able to testify. The declaration of war called forth the latent forces of self-sacrifice and generosity of the nation, and these happy symptoms are all the more encouraging because are grafted on a revival of religious faith that has been slowly and surely gaining strength, chifly, let us add, in Paris and the large centres.

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A FRENCH officer writes from Berry-sur-Somme, on November 2:

"Truly France is turning to the outstretched arms of that mother whom she has so long despised and persecuted. The dreadful conflict in which we are now engaged has brought to life a faith which was 'not dead, but sleeping.' There are evidences of this on every side, and nowhere is it so marked as in the good understanding existing between the military and ecclesiastical authorities. Yesterday I witnessed a scene now quite common in many regions of the war zone, but to which France has been a stranger for many years. I assisted at a military Mass celebrated in the open air behind the château of the Comte de Villeneuve. An immense congregation of soldiers was present—many alas! assisting at their last Mass—and many officers were in the front ranks. In the bright autumnal sunlight stood the altar, decorated with flowers, the garden and castle in the background, forming an impressive scene. The chaplain, a tall, thin priest, in a patriotic address urged the men to be of good courage in their struggle for right and freedom. In addition to