

of life. Any ecclesiastical law of tradition that prevents men of goodwill from holding communion and fellowship is, however venerable, destructive of the second at least of these two commandments.

My brethren, after the War, how heavy a task will be laid upon our shoulders! We are today engaged in a struggle which is largely destructive. We wrestle not only against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. That is destructive work but it is necessary and for it men are laying down their lives by the thousand. Let us give them the tribute of our love, and our admiration. Their memorial will live forever in our hearts and will be written in words that will inspire to self-sacrifice the lives of our children. I cannot refrain from quoting the words of an eloquent French Bishop recently uttered in the Cathedral of Meaux, twenty-eight miles north-east of Paris, words uttered from the very pulpit where the great Bossuet once preached. Let us read them as the Bishop uttered them, bereft indeed of much of their eloquence in the French tongue, and let us apply them as well, *mutatis mutandis*, to our Canadian heroes as to the brave Sons of France: "Here was saved France, her Capital and her army. Here lie sleeping their last sleep thousands of our brethren who have given their lives that we might live. Let us read the glorious story which they have written with their blood and let us sing together our song of thanksgiving. However feeble be our gratitude today, remember that it will be continued for long years to come. This corner of our land of France is a sacred reliquary whither countless pilgrims of our religion and our fatherland will come together. In this City of Meaux so gloriously rescued from ruin and invasion; on these banks of the Marne forever renowned; on these tablelands of Brie wet with the blood of heroes, our children and our children's children will come year by year at this very date to place their feet in the tracks marked by ourselves, to bend the knee before the ashes of our dead, to sing like us the story of the battle, the victory and the miracle of the Marne. The actual form of the song of triumph may perhaps change from age to age but the refrain will remain