

It was not his to judge between the political contentions of the nations, unless called upon to act as arbiter between them. Yet his voice spoke loudly for justice and for charity. It condemned all acts of outrage and oppression and fearlessly pleaded for humanity and civilization. From his pen there flowed those wonderful documents of wisdom and of charity which the generations to come will read with admiration as the basis of a new world-order of peace, justice and a universal brotherhood of men beneath the Fatherhood of God.

If the envy of some and the hatred of others, like darksome specters of the night, have sought to obscure the radiant brightness of that white-robed figure, a beacon of hope in the midst of the darkness encompassing the earth, their malice was but as the passing clouds that for a time might dim to some eyes, but never could hide the ardent splendor of that star which God has placed to cast His light upon the paths of men. Who indeed has known so much in this great War to relieve the suffering, to free the prisoners, to lighten the lot of the unfortunate, to prevent the barbarities and outrages of war, to pour oil upon the raging waters and to calm the passions of men, as the Prisoner of the Vatican, the saintly and venerable Pontiff of the Church of Christ—Rev. Joseph Husle in Our Sunday Visitor.

CARLYLE AND THE 19TH CENTURY

Katherine Bregy, in the March Catholic World

This then is what Carlyle really was: a teacher, and for a world now yearning for a peace which is to usher in a new era, his teaching should have a special interest, for, as far back as 1850, he declared it to be his conviction that "there must be a new world, if there is to be any world at all." At a time when Macaulay still reveled in the hearty approval of things as they were, Carlyle sounded the first note of protest destined to carry conviction to a complacent England. Macaulay had compared seventeenth century England with England as he knew it in his own day and expressed entire satisfaction with the latter. Carlyle saw deeper: For him the boasted nineteenth century with all its material advantages was not worthy to sit at the feet of any age animated by religious faith as were the Middle Ages of Gregory VII, Abbot Samson, Dante and Shakespeare. If there had been any Dark Age it was the eighteenth century of which he said: "All this haggard epoch, with its ghastly doctrines, and death's head philosophies" teaching by example or otherwise, will one day become what to our Moslem friends their goddess ages are, "the period of ignorance."

In order to appreciate this attitude in such a way as to be able to set a correct valuation on what was sound or unsound, of positive or negative worth in Carlyle's teaching, one should recall what was the spirit of the times in which he first began to think and write; for however similar to our own, it is in many respects much further removed from us than we are apt to believe. The Reformation, it must be clearly noted, had brought in its wake a peculiar kind of intellectual atrophy which settled over Europe and was the result of the absolutism of its rulers, and of that princely tutelage in religious matters for which both rulers and people had Luther chiefly to thank. Then came Nemesis! "The ancient Christian republic of the Middle Ages had passed away. For four centuries everything—the common religion, family bonds, monarchical solidarity and the most solemn oaths of alliance and friendship, had been sacrificed to a selfish and ferocious policy of self-aggrandizement. Right had ceased to exist; might ruled everything; successful blows had broken every bond between the 'Christian' princes. . . . And further, since kings had used the vilest instruments and tolerated the most merciless proceedings in carrying out their plans, Europe, morally speaking, was powerless to withstand the Revolution. She could not intervene on the score of principle, for Europe had no principle save one—reasons of state." Once the French Revolution, in its horribly misguided and semi-intelligent return to medievalism, had swept these rulers aside, the mind of Europe awoke to an unwonted sense of freedom; but having lost their sense of continuity with the past, men despised their full medieval inheritance, and allowed the experience and wisdom of earlier ages to count for little or nothing in modern attempts at change, revolution and improvement. These attempts, time and a better acquaintance with the Middle Ages show more clearly to have been gradually resulting in mere reconstruction.

Strongly influenced, like so many others, by this new intellectual ferment, Carlyle, even better than Tennyson, came to see how Our little systems have their day, They have their day and cease to be. But as has been too little noted heretofore, the real merit and singularity of Carlyle's genius was the outgrowth of his discovery which others failed to see: the rock whereon "our little systems" were one and all making shipwreck. This was "Faith and Nature," or as he expresses it most clearly in *Past and Present*: "Nature and fact, not red-tape and semblance, are to this hour the basis

of man's life; and on those through never such strata of these, man and his life and all his interests do, sooner or later, infallibly come to rest—and to be supported or swallowed according as they agree with those." In order to grasp something of the significance of this statement we need only contrast the present moral state of mind of the peoples of the Allied nations with that which prevailed before the War: a contrast which may be strikingly emphasized by a passage from Madame de Staël, written at the beginning of the last century. "Indifference to the moral law," she says, "is the ordinary outcome of a thoroughly conventionalized civilization, and this indifference is a much more telling argument against the abiding presence of an inborn conscience within us, than the most degrading errors of savage races. Yet men, however skeptical, no sooner feel the weight of an oppressive hand, than they appeal to justice as if they had believed in it all their lives; let tyranny attempt to dominate over their more cherished affections and they appeal to sentiments of equity with an earnestness worthy of the strictest moralist. The moment our souls are inflamed by any passion, whether of hatred or love, the hallowed principles of eternal law recur inevitably to our minds."

Hence, for Carlyle at least, the definite conclusion was that Protestantism, or Christianity as he conceived it, had lost its footing upon solid fact and had suffered the fate of the giant Anteus whom Hercules, the fit symbol of modern materialism, succeeded in strutting by holding him off the ground. With all this however, Carlyle was more up to date with the truth than our more modern modernists in that he did perceive that within himself and others there exists a supreme law of right and wrong, and that God alone could account for its presence. And it was chiefly from this vantage ground that he arraigned the world and pointed out its errors. For him right and wrong did not differ in degree merely, as aesthetes of the type of Walter Pater and A. C. Benson would have us believe, but in kind, with an immeasurable distance. He saw that Europe could never have grown at all still less have grown to its present stature, unless truer theories of man's claim on man had once been believed and acted on, and if "all human dues and reciprocities have been fully changed into one great due of cash payment; and man's duty to man reduces itself to handing him certain metal coins, or covenanted money-wages, and then showing him out of doors," "progress" so loudly talked about could be nothing but progress downwards. In opposition to Machiavelli, Luther, Kant and our modern theorists on sociology and government, he insisted that a divinely sanctioned morality existed throughout the whole range of human action. His "Everlasting Yea" was: "Love not pleasure, love God," and with it he soared way beyond the Olympian hedonism of Goethe. He pierced in advance, as it were, through the fallacy in Matthew Arnold's gospel of culture when he put the question: "If (a man) have not the justice to put down his own selfishness at every turn, the courage to stand by the dangerous truth at every turn, how shall he know?" He pointed out one of the principal errors of the Benthamites, of Mill and of the Positivists with their "greatest happiness of the greatest number" when he proclaimed that "faith in mechanism, in the all importance of physical things, is in every age the common refuge of weakness and blind content; of all who believe, as many will ever do, that man's true good lies 'without him, not within.'" To his mind the only progress worth the name was "moral progress."

EVENING CHANT TO MARY

Strew before our Lady's picture  
Roses—flushing like the sky  
Where the lingering western clouds  
Watch the daylight die.  
Violets steeped in dreamy odors,  
Humble as the Mother mild,  
Blue as were her eyes when watching  
O'er her sleeping Child.  
Strew white lilies, pure and spotless,  
Bending down their stalks of green,  
Bending down in tender pity,  
Like our Holy Queen.  
Let the flowers spend their fragrance  
On our Lady's own dear shrine,  
While we claim her gracious helping  
Near her Son divine.  
Strew before our Lady's picture,  
Gentle flowers, fair and sweet;  
Hope, and Fear, and Joy, and Sorrow,  
Place, too, at her feet.  
Hark! the Angelus is ringing,  
Ringing through the fading light,  
In the heart of every blossom  
Leave a prayer tonight.  
All night long will Mary listen,  
While our pleadings fond and deep,  
On their scented breath are rising  
For us—while we sleep.  
Scarcely through the starry silence  
Shall one trembling petal stir,  
While they breathe their own sweet  
fragrance  
And our prayers—to her.  
Peace to every heart that loves her!  
All her children shall be blest;  
While she prays and watches for us,  
We will trust and rest.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

THE CROSS AT NEUVE CHAPELLE

The war on the Western front has been fought in a Catholic country, where crucifixes are erected at all the chief cross-roads to remind us that, in every moment of doubt as to the way of life, and on whichever road we finally decide to walk, whether rough or smooth, we shall need the Saviour and His redeeming love.

We have seen a cross so often when on the march, that it has become inextricably mixed up with the War. When we think of the great struggle, the vision of the cross rises before us; and when we see the cross, we think of the processions of wounded men who have been broken to save the world. Whenever we have forced a mangled soldier to rest, we have placed over him, as the comment on his death, a simple white cross which bears his name. We never paint any tribute on it. None is needed, for nothing else could speak so eloquently as a cross, a white cross.

White is the sacred color of the army of today, and the cross is the sacred form. In after years there will never be any doubt as to where the line of liberty ran that held back the flood and averted German tyranny. From the English Channel to Switzerland it is marked for all time by the crosses on the graves of the British and French soldiers. Whatever may be our views about the erection of crucifixes by the wayside and at the cross-roads, no one can deny that they have had an immense influence for good on our men during the War in France.

The cross has interpreted life to the soldier, and has provided him with the only acceptable philosophy of the War. It has taught boys just entering upon life's experience, how out-topping all history and standing out against the background of all human life, is a cross on which died the Son of God. It has made the hill of Calvary stand out above all other hills in history. Caesar, Napoleon—these may stand at the foot of the hill, as did the Roman soldiers, but they are made to look mean and insignificant as the cross rises above them, showing forth the figure of the Son of Man.

Against the sky-line of human history the cross stands clearly, and all else is in shadow. The wayside crosses at the front and the flashes of roaring guns may not have taught our soldiers much history, but they have taught them the central fact of history, and all else will have to accommodate itself to that, or be disbelieved. The cross of Christ is the centre of the picture for ever, more, and the grouping of all other figures must be about it.

To soldiers it can never again be made a detail in some other picture. Seen also in the light of their personal experience, it has taught them that, as a cross lies at the basis of the world's life, and shows bare at every crisis of national and international life, so at the root of all individual life is a cross. They have been taught to look for it at every parting of the ways. Sufferings to redeem others and make others happy will now be seen as the true aim of life, and not the grasping of personal pleasure or profit. They have stood where high explosive shells threw out the corn from the chaff—the true from the false. They have seen facts in a light that exposes the things stark and bare; and the saint talked by skeptical arm-chair philosophers will move them as little as the chattering of sparrows on the housetops.

For three long years our frontline trenches have run through what was once a village called Neuve Chapelle. There is nothing left of it now. But there is something there which is tremendously impressive. It is the crucifix. It stands above every thing, for the land is quite flat around it. The cross is immediately behind our firing trench, and within two or three hundred yards of the German front trench. The figure of Christ is looking across the waste of No Man's Land. Under His right arm and under His left are British soldiers holding the line. Two "dud" shells lie at the foot; one is even touching the wood; but though hundreds of shells have been swept by it, and millions of machine-gun bullets, it remains undamaged. Trenches form a labyrinth all around it. When our men awake and "stand to" at dawn, the first sight they see is the cross; and when at night they lie at the side of the trench, or turn into the dug-out, their last sight is the cross. It stands clear in the moonday sun; and in the moonlight it takes on a solemn grandeur.

I first saw it on a November afternoon when the sun was sinking under the heavy banks of cloud, and it bent my mind back to the scene as it must have been on the first Good Friday, when the sun died with its dying Lord, and darkness crept up the hill of Calvary and covered Him with its funeral pall to hide His dying agonies from the curious eyes of unbelieving men. I had had tea in a dugout, and it was dark when I left. Machine-guns were sweeping No-Man's Land to brush back enemies who might be creeping towards us through the long grass; and the air was filled with a million clear, cracking sounds. Star shells rose and fell, and their brilliant lights lit up the silent form on the cross.

For three years, night and day, Christ has been standing there in the midst of our soldiers, with arms outstretched in blessing. They have

looked up at Him through the clear starlight of a frosty night; and they have seen His pale face by the silver rays of the moon as she sailed her course through the heavens. In the gloom of a stormy night they have seen the dark outline, and caught a passing glimpse of Christ's elyby by the flare of the star-shells. What must have been the thoughts of the sentries in the late gazed at as all night long they have passed down the trenches to see that all was well; or if some private sleeping in the trench and being awakened by the cold, taking a few steps to restore blood circulation? Deep thoughts I imagine; much too deep for words of theirs or mine.

And when the battle of Neuve Chapelle was raging and the wounded whose blood was staining red the grass looked up at Him, what thoughts must have been theirs then? Did they not feel that He was their big Brother and remember that blood flowed from Him as from them; that pain had racked Him as it racked them; and that He thought of His Mother, and of Nazareth as they thought of their mother and the little cottage they were never to see again? When their throats became parched and their lips swollen with thirst, did they not remember how He, too, had cried for water; and, above all, did they not call to mind the fact that He might have saved Himself, as they might, if He had cared more for His own happiness than for the world's? As their spirits passed out through the wounds in their bodies, would they not ask Him to remember them as their now homeless souls knocked at the gate of His Kingdom? He had stood by them all through the long bloody battle while hurricanes of shells swept over and around Him.

I do not wonder that the men at the front flock to the Lord's Supper to commemorate His death. They will not go without it. If the sacrament is not provided, they ask for it. At home there was never such a demand for it as exists at the front. There is a mystic sympathy between the soldier and the cross, between the trench and his Saviour.

There is a new judgment of the nations now proceeding, and who shall predict what shall be? The Cross of Christ is the arbiter, and our attitude towards it decides our fate. I have seen the attitude of our soldiers towards the Cross at Neuve Chapelle and toward that for which it stands and I find more comfort in their reverence for Christ and Christianity than in all their guns and impediments of War.

The Cross of Christ towers above the wrecks of time, and those nations will survive which stand beneath its protecting arms in the trenches of righteousness, liberty and truth.—Thomas Tiplady, in April Atlantic Monthly

THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM

If we may judge by the utterances of men prominent in public life and by the articles frequently appearing in the magazines and newspapers of the country, much concern is now being entertained with regard to economic changes and conditions which will be effected by the advent of peace. "Portents of great changes," states one writer—and his words sum up the convictions of thinking men generally—"are seen in the sky of the economic and social world. Eminent men of all shades of political, economic and religious thought predict conditions essentially different from those obtaining before the conflict of nations."

In view of all that is being said and written upon the subject, it is not too much to say that in the minds of many the situation on the European battle front, critical though it be, offers occasion for little more anxiety than the situation which threatens to develop at home in the field of industry. Students of economic and social sciences are watching closely the new spirit, the new order of things which is manifesting itself among the workers. Labor's ascendancy they recognize and admit. Its growing power is forcing itself upon their notice. All are wondering what form this growth in power will assume. All who have society's welfare at heart are considering the methods best adapted for the direction of this power along safe and sane lines.

Next to performing our full duty by the country in this military crisis, we can do nothing more patriotic than to help pave the way for an early and orderly solution of the great industrial problems which vitally affect the well-being of the entire nation. We must put our industrial house in order if we do not wish to run the risk of having it wrecked by radicals who do not exercise discretion in the choice of means.

In the face of a threatening industrial reconstruction or revolution leaders of industry can do nothing better than turn to the uncyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII. on the condition of labor and apply to social and economic problems the principles therein set down. Men must realize at the outset that the cause of the widespread evils which now confront the situation which now confronts them is the selfishness that lies deep down in the human breast and that no sound reform is possible until man's heart is made to beat in response to the message of religion. Industrial and social reform is on the way. In the industrial world it

can be made by effecting a change in the human heart by consistently keeping Christian ideals before the human mind. Reform such as this is the only reform desirable. It begins at the source of all industrial and social troubles, and such reform the application of Christian philosophy can accomplish.

Men may introduce new principles into their political economy, they may broaden the scope of social science, they may write new legislation into the statute books, but it will be all to no avail unless based upon the teachings of Christianity. The first great step in successful reform must be the recognition of religion as the chief and controlling force. "Religion," says Leo, "teaches the rich man and the employer that their work-people are not their slaves, that they must respect in every man his dignity, and that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle and physical power. It teaches the laboring man and the workman to carry out honestly and well all equitable agreements freely made and never to employ violence in representing his cause or to engage in riot or disorder, and it reminds the rich again that to exercise pressure for the sake of gain upon the indigent and the destitute, and to make one's profit out of the need of another is condemned by all laws, human and divine."

Lessons such as these need to be learned today and what is more they need to be applied. Without them no problem that vitally concerns man can be solved satisfactorily. These lessons Pope Leo teaches with words that are clear and unmistakable in a document replete with sympathy for those that toil and suffer. Accompanying these are positive and practical methods which the immortal Pontiff recommends for the relief of the working classes.

We would suggest that all those interested in industrial problems study the principles and policies set forth by the great Pope Leo. There is much matter for reflection therein for all. His utterances may furnish a key for the solution of the present economic situation to those who still retain clearness of vision sufficient to see that "a return to Christian principles and institutions is a necessary condition for the adjustment of the difficulties and disorders that now threaten the whole fabric of civil society."—Boston Pilot.

APOSTLES OF PEACE

THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFFS HAVE ENDED MANY NATIONAL QUARRELS

Rev. Doctor Kelly in Rome gives the following as a partial record of the work as peacemakers of the Sovereign Pontiffs:

Pope Saint Leo I. (440-461) saved Italy from Attila, King of the Huns; Saint Gregory I. (590-604) secured peace for the Romans from Agilulphus, King of the Lombards, and peace between the Oriental Emperor and the same monarch; Saint Gregory II. (715-731) again saved Rome from another Lombard King, Luitprand; Victor II. (1055-1057) restored harmony between the Emperor Henry III., Baldwin of Flanders, and Godfrey of Lorraine.

Innocent III. (1198-1216) made peace between King John of England and Philip Augustus of France; Honorius III. (1216-1227) between Louis VIII. of France and Henry II. of England; Innocent IV. (1243-1254) between the King and People of Portugal; Nicholas (1227-1280) between the Emperor Rudolph and Charles of Anjou; John XXII. (1316-1334) between Edward II. of England and Robert of Scotland; Benedict XII. (1334-1342) between Edward III. of England and Philip de Valois of France; Gregory XI. (1370-1378) between the Kings of Portugal and Castile.

Nicholas V. (1447-1458) frequently mediated between Germany, Hungary and Italy; Innocent VIII. (1481-1495) mediated in Muscovy, Austria and England; Alexander VI. (1492-1502) peacefully settled the great dispute between Spain and Portugal over the division of the New World; Urban VIII. (1623-1644) settled various disputes between heads of reigning houses in Italy; Gregory XIII. (1572-1585) mediated between the Czar of Muscovy and the King of Poland.

In our own time Leo XIII. was chosen as arbitrator between Spain and Germany in the dispute over the Carolines, and both he and Pius X. performed the same service for different Republics of South America. And Benedict XV. also—is he not Viceroy of the Prince of Peace?—and may he not go down in history as "Benedict the Peacemaker?"

THE PEACE OF THE LORD

IT WILL COME TO US PATIENTLY BEARING CROSSES

Our Saviour gives us a pattern which we are bound to follow, says Cardinal Newman. He was a far greater than John the Baptist, yet He came not with Saint John's outward austerity, condemning the display of strictness or gloominess, that we, His followers, might fast the more in private and be the more austere in our secret hearts. True it is, that such self-command, composure and inward faith are not learned in a day; but if they were,

why should this life be given to us? It is given us as a very preparation-time for obtaining them. Only look upon the world in this light; its sights of sorrows are to calm you and its pleasant sights to try you.

There is a bravery in thus going straightforward, shrinking from no duty, little or great, passing from high to low, from pleasure to pain and making your principles strong without their becoming formal.

Learn to be as the Angel who could descend among the miseries of Bethesda without losing his heavenly purity or his perfect happiness. Gain healing from troubled waters. Make up your mind to the prospect of sustaining a certain measure of pain and trouble in your passage through life; by the blessing of God this will prepare you for it,—it will make you thoughtful and resigned without interfering with your cheerfulness.

It will connect you in your own thoughts with the Saints of Scripture whose lot it was to be matters of patient endurance; and this association brings to the mind a peculiar consolation. View yourselves and all Christians as humbly following the steps of Jacob, whose days were few and evil; of David, who in his best estate was as a shadow that declined and was withered like grass; of Elijah, who despised soft raiment and sumptuous fare; of forlorn Daniel, who led an angel's life; and of a light-hearted and contented, because you are thus called to be a member of Christ's pilgrim Church.

Realize the paradox of making merry and rejoicing in the world because it is not yours. And if you are hard to be affected (as many men are) and think too little about the changes of life, going on in a dull way without hope or fear, feeling neither your need nor the excellence of religion, then again meditate on the mournful histories recorded in Scripture, in order that your hearts may be opened thereby and raised.—Sacred Heart Review.

To attack other men's faults is to do the devil's work; to do God's work is to attack our own.—Faber.

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