

**The St. John Standard**  
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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1918.  
"We are fighting for a worthy purpose, and we shall not lay down our arms until that purpose has been fully achieved."—M. M. The King.  
TO THE PEOPLE OF THE EMPIRE—Every fighting unit we can send to the front means one step nearer peace.

**THE VICTORY LOAN.**  
If the present state of public opinion is any criterion, the Victory Loan which will be offered to the people of Canada on Monday, will be the last necessary issue of the kind. All signs point to the termination of the war before the end of another year, through the crushing defeat of the Central Powers, followed by unconditional surrender. Yet the feeling that the end is in sight should not be permitted to influence in the slightest degree the determination of our people to continue their utmost efforts towards victory. There is a lot of fight still left in Germany. That country is playing an exceedingly clever game, endeavoring by a mass of words and vain promises to beguile the issue, to sow dissension among the Allies with respect to the aims to be achieved, and to solidify its crumbling organization by the impression that Germany is fighting for its existence against a hard-hearted world. The only national leader whom it was supposed would be induced to enter into a discussion, was Wilson, after narrowly escaping the trap set for him, has managed to throw on the Allied governments as a whole the burden of taking up Germany's peace proposals where he has left off. What the outcome may be cannot be foreseen, but sufficient has already been done to create a widespread sentiment that the end is not distant, and such a feeling may lead—as Germany devoutly hopes it will lead—to a slackening of effort on the part of our people.

Herein lies the danger. Let us not be led astray by such self-evident camouflage, but continue our undivided efforts in all things which can in any way assist in bringing about a victorious finish. One of these lines of endeavor, and possibly the most important of all, is financing war activities. Canada is spending at home in the production of war material and supplies, more money than had previously found distribution among our people, and in this war a greater measure of prosperity has obtained than had perhaps ever been experienced. In lending money to the government we are merely supplying funds which almost immediately return to our own pockets. The forthcoming loan, apart from its patriotic demand, compels attention through its real investment value. At a time when money is high, it offers a most generous return on the safest security in the world. It is a duty to support the Victory Loan. It is a duty to oneself to seek a first class investment. Let all join in, and make this bond issue the greatest success on record. The money is needed. Our people have it.

**ROOSEVELT'S PROTEST.**  
Former President Roosevelt does not agree with the peace principles of President Wilson, although the press and leading statesmen of the Allied nations appear to do so. But Mr. Roosevelt was ever impetuous and seldom takes the trouble to endorse any person's views but his own. He destroyed the Washington career of William Howard Taft, a man of his own creation, politically, but his attacks on President Wilson are endorsed by nobody except Boss Lodge, of Massachusetts, and the other old-time Bourbon Republicans.

Whether Roosevelt's programme will aid the Allied cause is a question. It may induce the Berlin Junkers to suppose that the United States is far from united, but they will be grievously deluded if they labor under the hallucination that the people are not back of their president.

This is a poor time for discredited Republican politicians to sow seeds of discord. Certain Democrats who endeavored to do so were decisively defeated in the primary elections this fall.

An incident illustrating Mr. Roosevelt's consistency while president of the United States, is still remembered in that country. During his incumbency he made war on the trusts with a mighty beating of toms, but when his personal interests became affected during the Roosevelt panic of 1907 he withdrew some of his objections and permitted the United States Steel Corporation to absorb the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co., a competitor. In other words he surrendered to that powerful financier, the late J. Pierpont Morgan, the organizer of the Steel Trust.

**NOTHING DISHONORABLE.**  
In the heat of the discussion concerning Provincial campaign funds which is being worked somewhat overtime for obvious purposes, there

**EFFECT OF THE WAR ON RELIGION**

Paris, Oct. 25.—"If someone should start a prayer meeting in a front-line trench during a bombardment, you couldn't keep the men away," declared an American National Army officer, who at home is a Sunday school superintendent. We were at lunch and with us was a clergyman, editor of a religious weekly, who is here to "investigate" the effect of the war on the religious sensibilities of young soldiers. From the officer, who not only was interested in church work but had also commanded a company of drafted men in a front-line sector during the previous three months, the editor got plenty of first-hand material.

"Do you conclude that it is fear which makes the men take refuge in supplication for divine aid?" asked the editor.

"No," shouldn't call it fear," answered the infantry officer. "But here we sit at a small table. Suppose a shell landed on top of us. I am killed outright and my friend here is badly mutilated. That would not describe the details. Even supposing you escape unhurt wouldn't you be apt to take a more serious view of things, and to think a little further ahead than you ever did before?"

"The clergyman and I shuddered at the thought of my fellow officers," continued the speaker, "was one of the most profane men I ever knew. And by 'profanity' I don't mean the current use of swear words, which is common in the Army. I mean the man was profane in his mental make-up."

"I appreciate that swear words can be used with religious earnestness, but this man swore, but without reverence. Then one day we were crouching in a trench while being viciously shelled. As protection we had little dugouts or cavities in the side of the trench where we huddled together. With my platoon I held one of the holes while my fellow officers held another. The shell landed right in the trench, about half way between us. By a miracle none of us were killed, but some were badly wounded. I helped get some of them bandaged up, and then not hearing from the other officer, I concluded he had been badly hurt, or perhaps killed. So I leaped out into the trench and yelled, 'Are you all right?' 'No answer. 'Are you hurt?' I called again. No answer. Then I sent my runner to investigate. And on his hands and knees he crawled into the ditch. In a few minutes he was back.

**Found Him Praying.**  
"What did you find?" I asked.  
"I found the officer praying, sir."  
"What? Praying?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"What he exactly what you said and what he said to you?"  
"Beg your pardon, sir," I said, "but the lieutenant wants to know if you are all right."  
"Not at all. He was so upset and so overcome—a piece of shell had struck the roof of a tree just above his head—that he was trying to find relief in prayer, but as he didn't know how to do it he was annoyed by my runner's interrupting him, and the sight of the man brought back at once his natural self. He said, 'I understand perfectly how he felt. A heavy shell hit, with explosions all about you every few seconds, is so tremendous an experience that I do not think you can imagine what it is like.' 'Is there any permanent effect?' queried the Bostonian.  
"It varies with different temperaments. Some react only temporarily. When the shelling is over they forget the strain. The thoughts of others take a more serious turn, and they are left with a general feeling of the war will have any general effect in turning men's minds towards religious things?" asked the editor.  
"That I cannot say," was the answer, "but I will say that the boys in the front lines are susceptible to religious influences and that they want to have more Army chaplains. The clergyman in the Y. M. C. A. do not have the same standing, nor the same opportunity, as the chaplains. I heard the men have against the Y. M. C. A. workers. With a chaplain it is different. He goes wherever the regiment goes. He is always accessible. He is asked as an officer, he has military authority while at the same time the men feel perfectly safe to approach him confidentially with their troubles. He also believes that censoring the mail ought to be the privilege and the duty of the chaplains. This work gives one a better chance to know the men than anything else. It makes one a true confessor."

**Religion in the Camp.**  
"In our company we never had any religious services as a company. Its Catholic members were always punctual in attending mass, either at services held by the regimental chaplain, at the French village church. You will find few Catholics neglecting mass when under shell fire, or when about to go up into the line. From a military point of view, the Catholic chaplain works very well. At the hours of mass we always know where to find the majority of the boys, whether Catholics or not. (Those who are not Catholics go with the others, because they have nowhere else to go, and it is surprising how many, both officers and men, become converts to the Catholic faith.) On one occasion a very serious situation was met because the men could be reached quickly through the chaplain. He read the emergency order at mass, the men responded and the danger was averted.

"For the Protestant boys we never had an opportunity to hold a service. I am an Episcopalian, and only once have I had a chance to take communion since coming to France, and that was because I happened to be in a British officer's school, where everybody attended the Sunday morning service, officers and men. The barracks couldn't hold all.

"When I returned to my company I suggested to the captain that as we had no Protestant chaplain, we, as officers, ought to hold services for our men, one officer reading the Scriptures, another leading in prayer, a third preaching the sermon, etc., and I convinced him that it would be a good

**Little Benny's Note Book.**

By LEE PAPE.  
We was eating supper last night, everybody only being supposed to have one lump of sugar on account of the war and everything, and I put a lump in my tea and stirred it up and tasted it, and it didn't taste as if there was hardly any in it, me thinking, O, that ain't any good. And I stirred it some more and tasted it again, and all I could taste was tea, and I said to ma, Ma, why is it some lumps of sugar is smaller than others?  
That too deep for me to answer, but the lump you took was absolutely the biggest in the bowl, because I saw you dig for it, sed ma.  
No mam, I didn't dig for it, it just happened to be near the bottom, I sed, and pop sed, Ah, that explains everything. And he kept on telling me about Bulgaria, and ma kept on looking as if she was listening more than she was understanding, and I sed, Well, why is it some big lumps are packed so loose, ma?  
Ma not saying anything, and I sed, You mite think they had a lot of sugar in them by looking at them, but there's so much space between the different grains they ain't got hardly any.  
Which ma didn't say anything, and I sed, Why, is that, ma?  
For goodness sakes, Benny, don't you hear your father telling me about Bulgaria? sed ma, and I sed, Yes mam, but if you taste this tea you'll see what I mean.  
I've bin seeing what you mean for the last 5 minutes, for mervey sakes take another lump and be done with it, sed ma.  
Which I did, making the tea taste much better, only still another lump wouldn't do spoiled it.

thing for the morale and discipline of the men.

"I suppose we ought to pull off something like that," he said, but as we never went so far as to tell the men about our plan it was never realized. If they had heard it we would have had to carry it through. I am sure the men would have been eager for it. But there was always something else to do."

All these remarks were absorbed with great interest by the Boston clergyman-editor and the readers of his paper may be sure at some time or other to see them enlarged upon. And after hearing them myself I was better able to understand and appreciate some of the intimate expressions of religious sentiment found in the recently published "War Letters of Edmund Genet" (Scribners)—letters written to his mother by a young American volunteer in the French Foreign Legion. I had also noticed that several other members of the Legion always liked to go to church when they came to Paris on leave, though in no sense did they make any display of their religious convictions.

The officer's observations about the influence of Catholic chaplains among the fighting men coincided perfectly with what I had previously heard from Protestant boys, who had learned to respect, admire, and love Catholic chaplains, working among the soldiers under fire. It is well known that several such chaplains have been decorated for bravery and heroic exploits. Such things appeal to the fighting men. But even those who have not been decorated have won, by self-sacrifice and devotion, everlasting distinction in the minds of the men in the trenches. I recently heard of a chaplain chosen to conduct the religious service on the boat. He did more. He also went below decks among the soldiers and refereed a boxing match. The news of this reached his brethren of the cloth in the first-class cabin, and some of them were horrified.

There are also Protestant ministers who are chaplains, and more are being appointed. I recently heard of a certain regiment, originally Catholic in majority, which has been so changed in its make-up by the influx of the casual, costly drafted men from other parts of the country, that a Protestant chaplain has had to be appointed. It should also be said that the Catholic chaplains worked so hard during the July fighting that he had to be sent to a hospital to recuperate.

I recently had a talk with a clergyman, a Lutheran from Bay Ridge, who is the chaplain of an artillery regiment in the Army and he was most enthusiastic about his work. He is what may be called a "Man's Man," a two-fisted, broad-shouldered, fit-looking specimen, who would be sure to give good account of himself in athletics, as well as in exegesis. As a chaplain his influence will have a better chance to reach the fighting men than if he were in the Y. M. C. A.

But though it helps a chaplain in getting into the line he is able to referee a boxing game, he does not necessarily have to be an athlete. What he has to have, however, is what the American doughboys would call "guts." I saw as the first American troops were to go into the line the first time. He was busier than any other officer, talking to the men privately. There was no outward display of emotion, a casual observer would have said that the men acted as though they were about to try another training stunt, but the chaplain knew better.

"The men are very quiet," he said, "they are under a great deal of

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