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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1916

THE WAR AND THE MORAL CRISIS

Georges Michelet, Professor of
Philosophy in the Catholic Institute
of Toulouse, has an intensely inter-
esting article in the current Con-
structive Quarterly.

In his own words this is the prob-
lem of which he treats:

"Of the many agonizing problems
—military, political, social and eco-
nomic—raised by the present war, is
there one of a more tragic reality, a
more disturbing gravity for souls,
than the moral problem? For mil-
lions of human beings the plan of
life has been suddenly and totally
changed. And in place of duties
which they have been accustomed to
face in the regularity of a peaceful
existence and with the consolation
of domestic intimacy, there have
surged up new obligations, imperious
and formidable."

"And these new obligations pre-
sent themselves with an implacable
distinctness. The time has passed
when moral theories clashed in
empty space, far above souls, in
abstract systems ignored by the
crowd; when philosophers in their
comfortable libraries oblivious of
the actual condition of the moral
life constructed doctrines for unreal
beings. Here, duty, suffering, death,
are realities every hour. Here, for
each one of the combatants the prob-
lem presents itself as a personal
problem with an immediate applica-
tion; the question is, his suffering,
his distress, perhaps his imminent
death, and the moral reasons that
compel his acceptance of these.
Each one of these duties is thus
localized, actualized, particularized,
and in the concrete form in which it
is presented it takes for each the
character of a sensation and of some-
thing lived."

The meaning of life becomes the
great, pressing, insistent question in
the presence of death—not death
in the peace of old age, in the
evening of life, nor death as
glorified by writers of gallant,
military courage—but in repug-
nant shape, feet in the mud, bodies
shivering in the fog of the nights,
souls failing at the remembrance of
loved ones; death, ever present,
bodies mangled, flesh bleeding, death
in crowds or in grievous solitary
agony.

"Thus the present war sets the
moral problem in all its keenness.
It makes real the decisive experience,
the crucial experience (in Bacon's
sense), and—if one may say so in
a matter so sorrowful—a favorable
opportunity to judge the efficacy of
moral systems for souls."

That system must "illumine
present obligations with the light of
the things which are eternal; then
only is death linked with life, and
life with the universe. . . . And
the human being is able to under-
stand how his suffering and his
death, without losing anything of
their individuality or of their worth,
are but a phase in the progress of
the universe."

We need not emphasize how
Christianity ennobles our conception
of life and death. Our author con-
trasts Evolution with this concep-
tion.

"Evolution makes a large place for
sacrifice so that its doctrine is
wholly filled with it. Life presents,
not a feast, but a sombre tragedy.
Humanity cannot advance toward
the better except by marching across
dead bodies, and its route is every-
where staked out by millions of
innocent victims. Conflict without
mercy expresses the history of the
world while it awaits the peace of
the future city. Certainly this
doctrine will not be reproached for
not recognizing the seriousness of
life. It makes war the lasting
foundation of all life and the normal
law of all civilization. The triumph
of the species alone counts, and this
triumph is not paid for too dearly by
the sobs and martyrdom of millions
of poor beings."

"But where is the light?" for the
understanding in this explanation of
universal life? Why this necessity

of conflict? Who then decrees and
commands this universal slaughter?
Hate and conflict cannot be
the rule and leaven of all
civilization. Before all else, that
is the work of love, the
inspiration of the ideal, the impulse
toward known and desired perfec-
tion. War represents only an acci-
dent, however grievous in the life of
peoples; as it were, a convulsion of
the organism. . . .

"And this explanation which
causes intelligences to revolt leaves
hearts without power for the accom-
plishment of their duties."

Evolution not merely as a biologi-
cal theory, but as a philosophy
of life, is not by any means
confined to Germany. Like a
great many other things which we
now denounce it was widely accepted
as a substitute for religion in the neo-
pagan intellectual circles of English-
speaking countries. Indeed it was
often propounded as such from Chris-
tian pulpits, and religion was ex-
plained in the light of its assump-
tions.

For evolutionists, it is utterly
illogical to scoff at Bernhardt's dictum
that war is a biological necessity or
to ridicule Nietzsche's super-man.

The Rev. Henry Herbert Williams,
Lecturer in Philosophy, Hertford
College, Oxford, thus writes of
Nietzsche's ethics in the Encyclo-
paedia Britannica:

"Perhaps the one European thinker
who has carried evolutionary prin-
ciples in Ethics to their logical con-
clusion is Friedrich Nietzsche. . . .
It has been a true instinct which has
led popular opinion as testified to by
current literature to find in Nietz-
sche the most orthodox exponent of
Darwinian ideas in their application
to ethics."

Yes, Nietzsche's frank glorification
of brute strength and the "demoraliza-
tion" of all ordinary Christian moral-
ity are but the logical and necessary
outcome of evolutionary philosophy.

Georges Michelet in the article
which we are considering shows how
utterly futile is such a substitute for
religion for the millions of individual
souls whom the war brings face to
face with the problems of life and
death. And it is safe to predict that
one of the effects of the war will be
to relegate the philosophy of evolu-
tion to the limbo of theories which
afford no real explanation of life's
problems.

PRIVATE ROMEO HOULE

In the New York Times is a de-
scription of fighting at the front by
which that journal thus character-
izes:

"This thrilling and graphic account
of trench fighting as the soldier in
the ranks sees it is one of the most
dramatic personal records that have
come to us from the battle line in
France. The agony of body and
mind that men undergo, the cold, the
wet, the tormenting rats, the contact
with death and mutilation in all
forms, the hand-to-hand fighting, the
whole drama of ruthless war, are
here depicted in such vivid language
that one might almost believe the
writer to have been a master hand."

Yet the author is Romeo Houle a
New Bedford barber.

Graphic it is and thrilling. The
writer is one of the sixteen survivors
of five hundred French Canadians
who went with the first Canadian
contingent; he fought all through
the War until recently he obtained
his discharge because he was an
American citizen and under age when
he enlisted.

Briefly he tells of the horrors of
the poison gas:

"Gas? What do you know of it,
you people who never heard earth
and heaven rock with the frantic
tumult of the ceaseless bombard-
ment? A crawling yellow cloud that
pours in upon you, that gets you by
the throat and shakes you as a huge
mastiff might shake a kitten, and
leaves you burning in every nerve
and vein of your body with pain un-
thinkable; your eyes starting from
their sockets; your face turned
yellow-green."

"As I sat something got me by the
throat and began to strangle out my
life."

"I hurled myself in semi-madness
into a huge crater near by, made by
a bursting shell. There was a little
muddy water at the bottom, and I
fell in it, face down."

"The water relieved me a little, and
I wet my handkerchief in it and
covered my face. The green, stink-
ing air was thus shut out, and I
began to breathe easier. I crawled
out, and half blindly sought my
unconscious chum, dragging him
back ten yards into the crater where
the water was. I laid him face down-
ward there, and he, too, revived a
little and there we lay, waiting for
death."

Nor gas nor shell nor any of the
thousand and one hazards of war
seriously harmed Houle. He began
to think he bore a charmed life.
He tells of men so terribly wounded,
enduring such agonies, and scream-

ing so terribly for somebody to kill
them "that our boys have done what
they asked."

The heart-breaking experience of
the trenches is illustrated by such
incidents as this:

"Machine guns all day sweep the
trench edges. If you raise your hand,
your fingers will be cut off as by a
knife. And once I saw a poor wretch,
weary almost to death of the trench,
raise his right arm at full length. He
was sent home, maimed and in
agony, as he had wished. And who
can say that his act was cowardly?"

He tells of the man-eating rats
that infest the trenches; but the
description is a bit too horrible to
reproduce.

There is a touch of the real soldier
in this:

"Do you wonder that I am still
proud that I fought there—proud of
the French Canadians? What sol-
diers ever fought more valiantly? Who
ever gave their lives in a noble cause
more gladly? Who ever met certain
death more steadfastly and unafraid?
Whatever I think of war—and before
I am done, I shall tell—whatever I
think of war, I say that braver sol-
diers never lived or died than the
gallant French Canadians. But oh! I
am sorry to think how their hand-
some lines have been thinned—
thinned more than most people
know."

There is rebuke for the stay-at-
home hatred for the Germans—the
Huns—but there is also something
pathetically disappointing in what
follows:

"I do not know why we fought.
No Archduke's little life was worth
the titanic butchery of the world
war. The beginning was petty and
small. And I, looking back at hor-
ror, horror, horror, cannot forget the
extraordinary friendships we made
with the men in the enemy's
trenches. We were both only human
beings, after all, Fritz and I. We
had no wish to kill each other.
We had much rather sit at
the same table, with our wives
and children around us, and talk of
gardens, of fair pictures, and of great
books. But for our officers and the
nations which they represented peace
would have been declared right there
in the trenches—and that by the
soldiers themselves."

The valiant and utterly disappoint-
ing barber-soldier thus concludes:

"I am only Romeo Houle, a barber.
But I have lived—God, I have
lived! All the slaughter of heroes by
the Meuse and on the Belgian
border and in Northern France has
passed before my eyes. And I,
Romeo Houle, am forced to write this:

"Man is given life to enjoy it, not to
destroy it. We cannot make our-
selves better or the world we live in
more worth while by killing each
other like beasts gone mad."
"I thank God that the nightmare is
over. Only in my dreams do the can-
non roar over the line at Ypres. And
such dreams are quite terrible
and real enough. I hope never to
fight again."

The soldier who like Houle joins
the army in a spirit of adventure
and fights because he must is infi-
nitely inferior to the soldier who
enlists and fights because he feels
that thus he is fulfilling his highest
duty.

Graphic and thrilling as Romeo
Houle's narrative is, it is not the
story of a patriotic soldier whose
work is inspired by duty and sacri-
fice, but the tale of a sordid adven-
turer whose hardships, which in
another would arouse admiration
for his heroism, excite something
akin to contempt.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY

God alone is self-sufficient and all
His creatures are dependent upon
Him and more or less dependent upon
one another. This thought should
inspire them with sentiments of
humility, of fraternal charity, and
with a spirit of open-mindedness.
No individual, parish, or nation can
stand by itself. It requires help
from others in more ways than it
wots of, and therefore should give
help to others and be willing to learn
from others. Individualism or pro-
vincialism is the bane of organized
society, whether that society be
social, civil, or religious. Yet how
common it is in our day! We have
all met the man who thinks that the
Church should pay him homage,
because he has amassed some wealth
or because he has attained to some
prominence in his profession. He is
callously ungrateful to God Who
endowed him with the natural
faculties that helped him to attain
to his position, and unmindful
perhaps of those who befriended him
in his earlier years. He pretends to
be a member of the Church militant,
a soldier of Christ, and yet he takes
no interest in the Church's wel-
fare. Those days every loyal
citizen eagerly scans the daily
bulletin that tells of the success or
failure of the allied armies at the
front; but this citizen of the Church

is not in the least interested in how
it is faring with the army of God,
along the far-flung battle line. The
loyal subject of the Empire sends
his sons to fight for freedom, or, if
he has no eligible sons, pays for
those that can go. If he cannot
fight he will pay. Our self-sufficient
Catholic, on the contrary, is unwill-
ing to give a son or a daughter to the
service of the Church; nor will he
help to pay for the education of the
sons and daughters of others, who
do enlist, nor for the maintenance of
those devoted and self-sacrificing
soldiers of the Cross, who are holding
the advanced trenches in the enemy's
territory. The needs of our colleges
and seminaries, of our home and
foreign missions do not appeal to
him. All the epithets, that are
hurled by recruiting sergeants at the
heads of shirkers, are well deserved
by the Catholic who is quite proud
of himself, and yet will neither fight
nor pay for the extension of God's
kingdom on earth.

Another characteristic of the self-
sufficient man is the absolute assur-
ance and volubility with which he
states his opinion on all subjects,
that may arise, be they national,
political or religious. He disdains
reading what others have written on
the subject, or listening to what
others have to say on the matter.

He seems to feel that his standing in
the community demands that he
should by a process of intuition
settle offhand all questions in dis-
pute. He will tell you that he would
not waste time reading Catholic
papers; yet the best informed Cath-
olics, lay and clerical, find much to
instruct and edify them in a Catholic
journal paper. We have heard such
a one, whose daughter was engaged
to be married to a prospective con-
vert, express the fear that the
Church would not measure up
intellectually to the young man's ex-
pectations. Shades of Newman and
Brownson, Manning and Benson,
what inferior brains you must have
possessed when this intellectually
bankrupt institution satisfied your
mental aspirations!

This same spirit manifests itself in
parishes. It is noticeable in their
attitude towards the clergy, and the
nursing and teaching Sisters. In
some congregations, that make no
pretensions, there is a praiseworthy
spirit of gratitude towards the reli-
gious workers in their midst. Noth-
ing is too good for the Sisters, who
teach their children or attend to their
sick; while in many wealthy par-
ishes that are quite proud of them-
selves, the very opposite attitude
prevails. They repay those who are
devoting their lives to their highest
interests, by ingratitude, criticism,
and nigardliness. They seem to say
by their actions "What are they
there for but to work for us? They
ought to be thankful that their lot is
cast in such a banner parish, and in
the midst of the social evil." Indi-
viduals that never contribute a sou to
the support of a Catholic hospital,
are indignant if they are asked to pay
for the care of their sick. "Isn't it,"
they say, "a charitable institution?"
They would be equally indignant if
they were classed as indigents,
yet they are indigents, poor
indeed in the spirit that should anim-
ate a Catholic. THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE GROWTH of the practice of
praying for the dead among devout
Protestants finds illustration con-
tinually in their religious periodi-
cals. An official and solemn service
of prayer for the soldiers killed in
the War which took place in St.
Giles, Edinburgh, a few months ago,
will be recalled by our readers. In
the Anglican church journals the
subject is repeatedly referred to,
and it has even had some measure of
appreciation among the Methodists.
That a truth so completely in har-
mony with Scripture and the best
instincts of humanity should thus
find its way back into hearts that
have through no fault of their own
been closed to it for generations is no
matter for surprise. The wonder is
that it should have been neglected
and ostensibly despised so long.
Faith in immortality and regard for
those who have gone alike plead for
recognition of a practice so essen-
tially and entirely Christian.

THESE REMARKS are suggested by a
correspondence addressed some time
ago to the editor of Church Life, a
"high" Anglican periodical published
in Toronto. Following upon the
discussion over Prayer Book Revision,
which took place in the last Synod,
an "Enquirer" asks why, if prayer
for the dead was practiced in the

early Church and "is still lawful," no
provision was made for such prayers in
the revised prayer book? "Why keep
back," he asks, "what would be a
great comfort to many of our people
at this time of warfare and distress
of nations?" To which frankly
human appeal the reply was made
that while "to pray for the departed
does not necessarily involve a question
of doctrine it is a Christian duty and
privilege, and it is almost impos-
sible to understand how any one losing
father or mother, husband or wife, or
child, can fail to express by definite
prayer petitions for them that they
may rest in peace."

THIS REPLY is in itself one of those
curious ebullitions of mixed senti-
ment and indefiniteness in belief
common to Anglican churchmen.
If the practice is apostolic and true
it is hard to see how it can exclude
question of doctrine. We forbear, how-
ever, enlarging upon that point and
content ourselves with the reflection
that in the babel of unbelief all
about us, and the relaxing hold upon
faith in so many quarters the recall-
ing of so time honored and whole-
some a practice, may well bring with
it some measure of reassurance and
consolation.

SUPPLEMENTING our remarks of
last week on the markets for wood-
pulp for paper making and for the
manufactured article in South
America, and the prospect which
there lies open to Canada when the
War shall have been brought to an
end, some additional particulars as
to the consumption of pulp in the
Argentine Republic and Brazil may
be of some interest to our readers.

ARGENTINA'S consumption of wood-
pulp has been steadily increasing
during recent years. From the
latest figures available the trade
would appear to be practically a
German and Scandinavian monopoly,
although Russia had before the
opening of hostilities begun to draw
upon her rivals. But out of 125,
800 tons imported in the four years
ending 1912, 95,000 tons came from
Germany, Sweden and Norway, with
Sweden in the first place. Strange
as it may seem, the United States
contributed only 1,600 tons, while
Canada's share is buried out of
sight in the total of 2,700 tons
credited to "other countries."

In the opinion of Canada's Acting
Trade Commissioner at Buenos
Aires, a large proportion of the
tonnage credited to Germany is not
of German origin, but is Scandi-
navian pulp exported through Ham-
burg and financed by Hamburg
houses, but this does not affect the
paltry North American showing in
comparison with either Sweden,
Norway or Germany. Norway in
particular has been making the most
of her opportunities arising from
the War, and has recently appointed
agents in Buenos Aires to further the
interest of her mills.

AS REGARDS Brazil, statistics come
to us in rather different form.
According to the Weekly Bulletin of
the Department of Trade and Com-
merce, at Ottawa, Brazil imported
only 400 tons of pulp, valued at
about \$17,000, in 1903, but there
was a steady increase until 1912,
when the trade began to show a
marked falling-off, due, no doubt,
to the disturbed state of shipping all
over the world, as well as to internal
economic conditions. In the year
1913 the imports of this commodity
had grown to over 6,000 tons, but by
1915 had dropped to 4,600. In Brazil,
however, paper making is a compar-
atively new industry, but, as these
figures show, a growing one, and
Canada would be well advised to look
sharply after her interests in this
thriving South American Republic.

As things are, it is probably true
that considerable quantities of Cana-
dian pulp have been entered for
Customs purposes as products of the
United States. But this serves the
purpose only of still further shrink-
ing the inconsiderable showing which
that country makes in the published
statistical tables.

IT MAY seem strange that so vast
a continent as South America with
its varied and inexhaustible natural
resources and its forests, unsur-
passed in the whole world, should
have to go abroad for so fundamental
a commodity as wood-pulp. This
apparent anomaly is, however,
accounted for by the fact that up to
the present time no tree has been
found in South America suitable for
the production of wood-pulp for
paper-making on a commercial scale.

This seems to be almost an exclusive
product of the northern zone, and
the supply must therefore continue
to come from without. But paper-
making is growing steadily and while
the several large mills in the
Argentine, Brazil and Uruguay have
not thus far attempted to manufac-
ture high-grade, coated or calendared
paper, but have confined themselves
to cheap white wrapping and low-
grade book-printing papers, they are
unlikely to rest there, but ere many
years have flown will probably enter
into competition with the best
makers of Europe or North America.

IN ANY case Canada is not to be
without new rivals in this interesting
and productive field. It has been
demonstrated in India that paper
pulp can be manufactured from
bamboo and that product being there
in unlimited quantities the discovery
ushers a new element into the mar-
ket. According to Dhruva Sumanas,
paper expert of the Banda State, the
suitability of bamboo-fibre for the
manufacture of paper is no longer a
question of experiment. Every one
who has handled the material, he
avers, has agreed that it is admirably
adapted for the purpose, and espe-
cially so for high-class printing and
illustration work requiring a close,
even texture and surface, and a
minimum of stretch and shrinkage
under the damping operation. Again
it makes into any kind of paper by
itself and does not require blending
with other fibres. The one serious
objection advanced against it hitherto
was the cost of bleaching, but with
the soda process this difficulty is
almost removed. The quantity of
bleach required now is from 5 to 10%,
only, as against from 9 to 40% under
the old process. So that bamboo
pulp is liable to be a vigorous com-
petitor of wood pulp in the near
future.

JAPAN too is, under new conditions,
likely to become one of the greater
paper producing countries of the
world. In Okayama prefecture,
where the mills are mostly situated,
manufacturing is in full swing night
and day. This is, according to the
Japan Weekly Chronicle, partly due
to the advanced prices which it now
brings, and partly to the fact that
Japanese paper makers have been
placed in an advantageous position
by the use of a cheap substitute
invented by a local expert, in the
place of caustic soda. Formerly
Okayama prefecture imported about
43,000 pounds of caustic soda a
month, but now there are no imports.
It is said that the substitute costs
one-third of the price of caustic soda.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

A prolonged and sanguinary battle
took place along the north front of Al-
bert yesterday between the British and
German armies, during which, accord-
ing to the report of General Haig,
the British pushed their advance with
the utmost gallantry and gained
several important successes. At the
northern end of the advance, where
in the fighting of a week ago the
Germans retook most of the ground
gained, the British yesterday carried
by assault a further portion of an
immensely strong earth-work known
as the Leine redoubt. It is situated
south of Thiepval upon a salient in
the German line, and the enemy have
exercised all their ingenuity in its
fortification during the last twenty
months. South of this position the
British troops forced their way across
500 yards of the German front line
trench into the village of Ovillers.
When the despatch was sent fierce
fighting was in progress for the
possession of the village.

Perhaps the greatest feature of the
struggle was the engagement to the
east of La Boisselle. Here on Thurs-
day night the British had attacked
and penetrated the first-line Ger-
man trenches. At dawn, when they
resumed their eastward advance,
they found a great force of the enemy
opposing them, for the Germans had
chosen early morning also for a
counter-attack on the La Boisselle
front. The battle here raged fur-
iously, the result being an advance
of the British line over a maze of
German trenches on a front of nearly
2,000 yards to a depth of 500
yards. South of La Boisselle posi-
tion lies the village of Fricourt, cap-
tured early in the advance. Between
Fricourt and La Boisselle the Ger-
mans were driven from two woods
and three lines of trenches.

The British gains yesterday must
have involved heavy casualties, for
every village, hill and wood on this
part of the German front is a well-
organized fortress. The result of the
day's operations, however, has
materially reduced the danger to the
French along the Somme. Another
such day's work will enable them to
go forward and capture Peronne
without apprehension of a flank
attack from the north.

The Verdun struggle was renewed
yesterday morning in the neigh-
hood of the Thiaumont work. The
Germans launched several attacks,

and in one of them succeeded in
obtaining a footing in the advanced
French trenches. By a counter-
attack in the afternoon the French
regained the lost ground, and re-
established their line in the immedi-
ate neighborhood of Thiaumont.
All other attempts of the Germans to
advance were repulsed by machine-
gun fire, and cost them heavy
losses.

There is more activity on the Bel-
gian front than at any time since the
spring opened. What the Belgian
official report speaks of as a heavy
battle took place yesterday morning
in the vicinity of Nieuport, near the
seacoast. There was lively fighting
later along the Yser. The Belgian
guns are pounding away steadily at
the German trenches on this part of
the front. Farther south the Ger-
mans are again shelling the Canadian
positions around Ypres.

The enemy's lines in the east
begin to give way in many widely-
separated points, indicating that the
Austro-German army is spread out
so thinly that it can no longer hold
its ground against the determined
attacks of the Slavs.

The change from trench warfare to
field actions, in which cavalry plays
a part, is of the utmost importance.
Russia has in the Cossacks a num-
erous and hardy body of cavalry. The
Germans on both fronts have few
horsemen to face the Allied cavalry,
and once in the open may be hustled
along rapidly.

In the region north of the Pripiet
the struggle centres near Baranovi-
chi, and here the Russians have
been winning ground with the bayonet
after fierce fighting. Hindenburg is
heavily outnumbered on this part of
the front, and is likely to be forced
back ere long.—Globe, July 8.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

IRELAND DOMINATES EVEN THE
THUNDER OF GUNS

REDMOND THE UNDISPUTED LEADER
Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD
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London, July 8th.—The great
advance of the British and French
troops submerges for the moment
all other topics, and if it were not
that at one time the Home Rule
settlement seemed fraught with such
tremendous possibilities it would not
be mentioned to-day. However, with
the possibility of the disappearance
of the constitutional movement in
Ireland, and the break-up of the
ministry here, it is impossible to
silence the voice of Ireland even by
the thunder of guns.

The period since last week has
been full of uncertainty and more
than once it looked as if the Lloyd
George settlement would go down
before the irreconcilability of Eng-
lish and Irish extremists. It was
confidentially prophesied, especially
by Irish factionists, that the Tory
enemies of the settlement might best
be tranquil because the Ulster Con-
vention would kill it without giving
them the trouble.

Seven bishops and more than one
hundred priests, as well as outraged
patriotism in the counties of Tyrone
and Fermanagh, were regarded as
forces so overwhelming that Red-
mond's defeat seemed certain. These
calculations have left out of account
the splendid good sense of the Ulster
Nationalists, who unite Ulster rigidity
of principle with Ulster good sense,
and also forgot the immense influence
of Devlin's courage and eloquence.
The reaction in favor of the Irish
Party was soon proved by the meet-
ing of the directory of the League in
Dublin. It was the largest ever
held.

John Redmond received an enthu-
siastic reception and there was
an unbroken chorus in favor of the
settlement and out of nearly one
hundred men only two voted against
it. These two were Ulster National-
ists, who felt bound in consistency
to repeat the protest of last week's
convention. Since the decision of
the Convention, many old oppo-
nents frankly expressed their grati-
fication to Mr. Devlin at his victory,
as being the best thing for Ireland.
The other enemy front in London
has gradually come to its senses
under slashing attacks by Press Tory
as well as Liberal, questioning their
patriotism in trying to keep up the
quarrel between England and Ire-
land in the greatest moment of the
war, and today I feel more confident
than ever that the settlement is safe
from all enemies and will pass into
law.

I thought there could be nothing
new to me in Irish psychology, but I
was mistaken. I found, when I paid a
recent visit to that country. I was
lucky enough to spend an evening
with an excellent and broad-minded
priest who had been with the rebels
during some of the worst hours of
the rebellion and who has a very
dramatic gift of narration. There
were all kinds of scenes, some tragic,
some comic, after the Irish fashion
of commingling these things. It was
pathetic to realize the strange fables
that appealed to the minds of some
of the leaders of this rebellion.
Some of them were quite certain
that while they were locked up in
the Post Office, all Ireland was
rising around them; and that tens
of thousands of Irishmen had taken
the field in almost every part of the
country. There were equally wild
stories received with the utmost
confidence of what the Germans
were doing. Young Plunket, who
was shot, declared solemnly that as
the rebels had held territory for
three days they were entitled to be