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THE MENACE OF BOLSHEVISM

What is Bolshevism? With hardly an exception even well-informed people regard it as something outlandish, grotesque, a form of insanity which has taken hold of ignorant Russians; something which may possibly spread amongst the starving peoples of the defeated, disorganized and demoralized Central European countries, and amongst the yet unorganized peoples who have just achieved independence or who, unprepared, have had national existence thrust upon them; but to the warnings that Bolshevism really menaces the world, threatens to engulf all civilization and subvert existing social order there are few if any who give serious consideration.

And yet such warnings come from those best qualified and most competent to judge of conditions and probable eventualities.

That Philip Gibbs attained eminence amongst war correspondents in the greatest of wars was due to that capacity for human sympathy and understanding which enabled him to interpret the virtue, the nobility and the idealism of the human heart amidst all the loathsome realities of war. In common with all great writers he has a genius for understanding human nature. He is now in the United States and it is disquieting, despite the President's confident assertion, to read that he finds serious, even violent opposition to the idea of the League of Nations. "I confess," he writes, "I am distressed by the violent conflict of thought at present existing among the American people and threatening to wreck the hopes of those other peoples who have been scorched and tortured by the fires of that infernal strife in Europe." In an analysis of these passionate opinions he finds nothing gross, nothing materialistic; much less does he attribute the opposition to politics. "The soul of America, as I have seen it, is not at this moment touched by selfishness." But it is his fear of the consequences in Europe of the failure of the League of Nations idea that we wish to call attention to. He bears testimony to the fact that soldiers, French as well as English, felt deeply that "the whole structure and philosophy of Europe has been damnably guilty." We give his solemn message at considerable length in his own convincing terms; it has the ring of sincerity, and the impassioned conviction of truth.

"Over and over again in the early days French officers and men said to me with a thrill of passion in their voices: 'If I thought this thing would ever happen again I would strangle my child in its cradle, to save it from such torture.' This was said to me not once, nor dozens, nor scores of times, by bloody and bandaged men, but hundreds of times. It was the common, general, passionate thought. And hundreds of times on the British front, in trenches and in dugouts and in officers' messes, our own men spoke to me in a similar line of thought. Deeper than their hatred of the enemy who had brought this thing upon them was their hatred of statesmen and politicians and men of wealth and learning who had failed to foresee the horrors ahead, who had gone on in the foolish old way. "That conviction has not been killed by victory. It is in the hearts of the dead—and I write of what I know. It is in the hearts of multitudes of women who gave their first-born and sometimes their second and third and fourth—to the devouring monster of war. It is hot in the brains of millions of workmen who watch the politicians of the world with increasing hatred and distrust, because of their failure to avert the frightful catastrophe, and their tinkering now with problems which must be handled largely with an unshrinking courage in order to make the world clean of the foul outrage against civilized ideals on those corpse-strewn fields in France. Not only clean in that way, but clean also of old social evils which come largely from the crushing burden of militarism, so that, this being lifted, men and women of the people, the Nobodies, who are Everybody, may enjoy more beauty of life, get more of the fruits of labor, and build their homes decently, without fear of seeing them in ruins, and free of even the spectre of the wolf at the door. "Let us be frank and put it straight and square like that, because that is the naked and terrible truth working in the minds of millions. If the League of Nations fails, as it may, because it is the most daring effort

to lift the organization of human society to a higher plane of hope, and that is not easy of achievement, there is only one alternative. For a time I thought there were two alternatives, the first of which was a new combination of alliances, leading certainly to another race for armaments and another grouping of powers until the time came for the next inevitable war, far more terrible in its sweep of slaughter than the one now passed. But I am certain now that there is only one alternative. What will happen if the League is not established with the impulse of the world's democracy behind it is as clear as sunlight to discerning minds who are in touch with popular passion born out of the sufferings of the War. What will happen is the wild revolt of many peoples against their established forms of government in the mad hope that by anarchy they may gain freedom for their souls and bodies and of their unborn children to enjoy the fruits of labor in larger measure than now, and in safety against the devastating terrors of modern warfare.

"The alternative to a League of Nations, democratic in its foundations, and powerful by the understanding and faith of peoples—machinery from above will be of no avail—is bolshevism. For Bolshevism is the revolt of the mob against the established classes who have resisted a new philosophy of life, which seeks to replace the fetish-worship of old cruelties by wider brotherhood. It is the madness of mobs, driven to insanity by despair and fear. I have heard the mutterings of that menace in Europe, not only in Germany, where the dragon has raised its head, but also in England, where it is beginning to stir."

That is the passionate conviction of a man who interpreted the hearts and souls of the fighting millions to the millions of their kin at home, and whose own understanding heart and soul rather than his facile pen was the medium of his genius. He then appeals to America to use her supreme opportunity at this supreme crisis in human history. He sadly notes that many repudiate President Wilson's right to speak for America, and he concludes:

"If that is so, and Mr. Wilson fails and falls, America may lose the great chance in the history of mankind and, in any case, if, with President Wilson or without him, the League of Nations fails, then the world will, in my belief, crash into the gulfs of widespread anarchy."

Another man whose knowledge of European conditions, peoples and languages is almost unique in Ireland, Emile Joseph Dillon. Born in Ireland he was educated at different Continental universities, and was at the outbreak of the War Professor of Oriental Languages at the Catholic University of Louvain. He held degrees and professorships also in St. Petersburg and Karkov. He was a press correspondent in Armenia in Spain during the war with America, in Crete during the occupation by the Powers, (when he discovered Venezuela and induced him to enter the larger field of Greek politics), at Rennes during the Dreyfus court-martial etc., etc. He has published works in English, Russian and French; and is probably the greatest of living linguists. His silence during the later years of the War suggests that the Government availed itself of his unique qualifications on various confidential missions. It is known that he spent six months in Spain.

Since the armistice his name is again becoming familiar. In The Toronto Globe of recent date, writing from Paris, where he is acting as correspondent for various papers, Dr. Dillon, after deploring the delays of the Conference, thus concludes:

"Meanwhile unemployment, misery and anarchy are stalking over central Europe, threatening to overthrow every vestige of law and order from the Rhine to the Pacific Ocean. "Last night I received tidings from Germany announcing an impending politico-social upheaval of unprecedented magnitude before Easter unless effective material help be given and distributed before that time. "The narrative of the suffering of the German population, although superlatively painful, may be passed over in silence, because self-interest is adequate for intervention. "Not only will the Teutons become disorganized and insolvent, but all of Europe will be swept by a destructive Anarchist wave."

English papers are outspoken in the same sense. A. G. Gardiner in the Daily News insists on the Powers honoring the scrap of paper on which the fourteen points are written and which is the basis of the armistice. "There is yet time for sanity to prevail, time to realize that nothing matters except the restoration of good-will in the world, that the only way to save civilization is to destroy militarism and organize the world for peace. But there must be no temporizing now; there must be plain speech with our friends, as well as stern justice for our enemies."

The Daily Chronicle likewise raises a warning voice against the danger to Europe of throwing Germany into the arms of the red revolution:

"The fault of the associated Governments throughout is that they have acted, and refrained from action, as if they were blind to the fact that there has been a real, common interest between the associated powers and the forces working for German democracy. It may not have been blindness; it may have merely been incapacity to act; but in either case its consequences are disastrous. "Our Governments ought to consider, at once, even now, if they cannot do something to strengthen the hands of the German constitutionalists. The moment is very critical. Herr Noske, their most resolute leader, has gone to Berlin for a last effort, and Weimar has dissolved itself, possibly never to meet again. If it makes ultimate shipwreck, the task of building the League of Nations and of rebuilding Europe in civilization will be rendered incalculably more difficult and less hopeful."

It is only the ill-informed who see no grave danger threatening. At a banquet given on Tuesday of last week by the Inter-allied Press Club in honor of the American Peace Commissioners, Secretary of State Lansing made a speech considered of such importance that it was cable to the American papers. The burden of his message is contained in this excerpt:

"And now that the great conflict is ended and the mighty war engine of Prussia is crushed, we have new problems to solve, new dangers to overcome. East of the Rhine there are famine and idleness, want and misery. Political chaos and outlaws have supplanted the highly organized government of Imperial Germany. Social order is breaking down under the difficulties of defeat and the hopelessness of the future. Like the anarchy which for years made an inferno of Russia, the fires of terrorism are ablaze in the states once great. Over the map of this once great Empire the flames are sweeping westward. It is no time to allow sentiments of vengeance and hatred to stand in the way of checking this conflagration, which will soon be at the German borders and threatening other lands. We must change the conditions on which social unrest feeds, and strive to restore Germany to a normal, though it be a weakened, social order. "Two words tell the story—food and peace. To make Germany capable of resetting anarchy and the hideous despotism of the Red Terror, Germany must be allowed to purchase food, and to earn that food in industrial conditions must be restored by a treaty of peace. It is not out of pity for the German people that this must be done and done without delay but because we, the victors in this war, will be the chief sufferers if it is not done. "You may demand reparation as much as you please, but unless the German people are furnished materials for their industries and commercial opportunities to sell the products of labor in the foreign market, and unless the laborers have food, Germany can never pay, even in part, for the evil she has done. Furthermore, if the present state of chaos continues and political power continues to grow weaker there will be no responsible German Government with which to make peace; there will be no government strong enough to carry out the conditions of the treaty of peace. "I say to you, men of France and men of America, and to you, men of the allied powers, that there is no time to be lost if we are to save the world from the despotism of anarchy, even as we have saved it from the despotism of autocracy."

And not the least interesting recognition of one of the essential conditions making for the spirit of Bolshevism comes from one of our own public men, one who has devoted himself to the serious study of our industrial system with the complex labor problems involved in it. In the course of a thoughtful address characterized throughout by enlightened constructive criticism the Hon. Mackenzie King bears this witness to the deep-rooted causes of the present world unrest:

"The shock of war stirring the world's soul to its very depths, has brought before our eyes the shattered image of an industrial civilization which is full of injustice. It has left us to decide whether the new order shall be little more than a return to the old, with all its worship of material wealth and material power, and its relative indifference to human worth and human well-being, or whether it will be an order worthy of the sacrifices of the heroic dead. "Let us be assured of this: the unrest in the world of industry today is no ephemeral or transitory affair, no mere aftermath of the hideous convulsion which has shaken existing civilization to its very foundation. It is the voice of grief-stricken humanity crying for justice in the relations of industry."

Everywhere there is not only seething unrest but a growing suspicion and distrust of government, of their desire or ability to satisfy the hopes so ardently unkindled, and to fulfil the promises so freely made during the progress of the great struggle. The horrors

of Bolshevik rule in Russia may serve as a deterrent on extremist policies elsewhere; but there seems to be growing a sort of fatalistic pessimism which regards as inevitable the destruction of existing social order that a better state of things may be rebuilt from the ruins of civilized society.

The mones of Bolshevism recalls the clear vision of Leo XIII. who in his great pastorals fearlessly pointed out that only the application of Christian principles could save Christian civilization, and that the logical outcome of the false principles which he condemned could only end in the subversion of social order. His great encyclicals have a special message for the world today.

SILLY STORIES

A subscriber who belongs to a Women's Institute, "a Government association for all denominations," sends us the Canadian Home Journal which is the Institute magazine. We must confess our lack of information with regard to the organization and the governmental connection therewith. But if there is any Government aid or responsibility for the publication Catholics have a right to protest against such silly and insulting stories as "The Perpetual Adoration," even though labeled fiction.

It strikes us, however, as more silly than insulting. This is how in the imagination of the ambitious writer of fiction "Perpetual Adoration is made to the Blessed Sacrament." "A score or more of women veiled in white move continually before the altar, intoning interminable responses and chanting weird music . . . every hour and every day of the year!"

Would it be of any use to laugh at this young lady with the love-sick imagination and tell her that that is not at all the way "Perpetual Adoration is made?" Not a bit. She wouldn't spoil her imaginative genius by learning a little of the truth about the Sisters. Since she is leading up to the death of a nun from "faded womanhood" the tourist, Bertrand, of course, recognizes one amongst the nuns and melodramatically exclaims—or should we say hisses—to himself:

"I am not mistaken! It is—it is the voice of Hilda!"

How could he fail to recognize her? Her voice "was higher, purer, more divine by far than those of her sisters;" and she had a "stately gait" and a "figure tall as a queen."

An unmistakable and inescapable heroine!

Then just get this and cease to worry over the future of Canadian literature:

"Persistently Bertrand's mind dwelt on the oath he had sworn when his great sin parted him from her six years before. To cause the marble to feel—to make it weep! To force her through the hell of torment he had endured! To make this pure one fall from her little heaven! God, how worth while it seemed! Should he rush to the entrance door and crush her with a madman's kisses?"

Here the exclamation notes turn to interrogation points still showing, however, the fair and ambitious young fiction writer possessed of the imagination of a well-nourished womanhood.

Later: "Hilda reeled but went forward."

Later still: "She glided to him, her whole countenance glowing with an expression which could only be interpreted as an all-consuming human love."

Bertrand was "absolutely intoxicated," but alas "a taper gleamed," "she tread of a priest was heard," "Sister Dolores fled sobbing."

Bertrand is ill for a day with "an illness induced from exhaustion;" but he is on hand the next day and finds the worshippers in the church chattering about Sister Dolores' penance—"forty-eight hours before the altar without rest or food!"

Presently someone discovers her "rigidity"—she is dead. "It was her faded womanhood that killed her." (Slow, weird music; sobbing in the gallery; curtain.)

That is the story, a nasty thing enough; but does it not reflect much more discreditably on the writer and her admiring readers—if such there be—than on the nuns? Protestants generally are beginning to know the Sisters, those quiet, unobtrusive women who devote their lives to teaching the young, to the care of the orphan, the aged and the poor, to the sick and afflicted, to a life of contemplation and prayer. The best informed Protestants send by preference their daughters to the Sisters to be educated. The student teachers in the Normal schools

have had friendly human intercourse with the Sisters who were in training with them. And so sane and wholesome knowledge of these earnest, cheerful, Christian women is ever narrowing the circle of non-Catholics who can read such stories as the one in question with anything but pity for the morbid imagination of the writer and her willing readers.

Write to the editor? It doesn't seem to be worth while. Immediately following the Perpetual Adoration story is one entitled "Fate Champions Eleanor"; with the sub-title: "A Humorous Description of a High-School Sleight-of-hand by one of the Girls."

WHERE RELIGION IS NOT A BAR TO SUCCESS

That Philip Gibbs is a Catholic is well known; but he is not, as sometimes asserted, a convert. At least the Catholic Who's Who, which as a rule notes the fact and date of reception into the Church of converts, has no such reference in this case. It merely states that Philip Gibbs is one of the many Catholics holding by right of talent a conspicuous place in London journalism. If he was born within the household of the faith, it is a fact of some significance. In England it would appear that the Catholic religion is not at all, or at any rate very much less than in Canada, a bar to advancement along any line of endeavor. We have seen in recent years the Lord Mayor of London, and the Lord Mayor of Manchester, staunch Catholics, the latter re-elected unanimously for a third term during the War. And if it be objected that these are not directly popular elections the case of the late Sir Mark Sykes is in point. Though he raised and trained a battalion, at the request of Lord Kitchener, he remained at home on other duty instead of accompanying it to France. At the recent election in Hull this fact was thrown up against him by his opponent, a Nonconformist Army Chaplain, and the people gave Sir Mark Sykes, Catholic, more than 10,000 majority over his reverend opponent.

Such instances might be multiplied. It is worth while knowing and remembering the fact that Philip Gibbs, like so many other Catholics in different walks of life, made his way to the foremost of the front ranks in English journalism with what would have been in our own free country a serious handicap. His wife, however, is the daughter of a Protestant clergyman who has achieved distinction on her own account as a prolific author and as the translator of several works from the French, German and Italian.

SEEN FROM THE SHADOWS

By THE GLEANER

Nearly a score of years ago we placed in our scrap book a little prize poem, written by a girl just entering her teens. It was entitled "The Song of the Nixies." It was not so much the technical correctness and exquisite rhythm of the verses that attracted our attention as the buds of truly poetic thought that they contained. We prophesied at the time that, as our friend Dr. O'Hagan would put it, a new soprano would soon enter the academic groves of Canadian song. That prophecy has come true, for the name of Marjorie Pickthall is well known to the readers of our best Canadian magazines. Just a year before the thunders of war hushed the echoes of our peaceful life, a dainty little volume entitled "The Drift of Pinions" appeared from her pen, and revealed much of the fruit of early promise. It is not for purposes of review that we refer to it here, but rather to point out how a pure, honest, poetic soul, though deprived of the gift of the true faith, gropes after and sometimes unwittingly lays hold upon Catholic truth, and from the shadows in which it dwells catches glimpses of beauties

in the lighted corridors of faith that many who walk them do not discern.

Mark how the poetic instinct, or rather perhaps the promptings of a naturally religious and loving heart, seizes upon the consoling doctrine of Purgatory, the necessity of purifying the soul from sin, and its unwillingness to enter heaven with any stain upon it. The old sailor, Pieter Marinus, realizes that his end is approaching, that he shall soon have to meet his Judge. But his soul is so "grim'd and weather-worn, so warped and wrung with all iniquities, there's not a saint but would look twice at it." He does not wish the angels, "with lutes and harps and foreign instruments," to pipe his spirit up to heaven as soon as he dies.

"But let me lie," says he, "awhile in these thy seas. Let the soft Gulf Stream and the long South Drift, And the swift tides that rim the Labrador, Beat on my soul and wash it clean again. And when the waves have smoothed me of my sins, White as the sea-mew or the wind-sprung foam, Clean as the clear-cut images of stars That swing between the swells—then, then, O Lord, Lean out, lean out from heaven and call me thus, "Come up thou soul of Pieter Marinus" And I'll go home."

In "The Lamp of Poor Souls" the writer, like so many a mother or sister outside the fold who has lost loved ones during the War, turns to the comforting thought that we may extend to those who have passed through the portals of death, the charity of our prayers. The lamp was kept burning to remind the faithful to pray for abandoned souls that had no one to remember them. In the two verses which we quote, the reader will remark the vague conception of the middle state existing in the author's mind and the very inadequate realization of the joys of heaven.

"Shine little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim. Into what vast, dread dreams, what lonely lands, Into what griefs hath death delivered him. Far from our hands? Shine little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam. Sleep little soul, by God's own hands set free. Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream. And dreaming, look for me."

Few, if any, non-Catholics clearly comprehend the mystery of the Incarnation. In fact nearly all heresies have centered about it. This one verse from "A Child's Song for Christmas" will indicate that vagueness of belief. The writer, nevertheless, catches the great truth that the Incarnation brought heaven down to earth.

"Our hearts they hold all Christmas dear, And earth seems sweet and heaven seems near. O, heaven was in His sight, I know, That little Child of long ago."

"I know," that is "I feel," falls short of the absolute certitude of the Catholic "I believe;" and the expression "that little Child of long ago" has a wistfulness about it that is out of harmony with an event that marked the beginning of Christ's perpetual abiding with the children of men.

In her charming little poem "Pere Lallemand" Miss Pickthall strikes a genuine Catholic note and gives exquisite expression to the truth that the Mass perpetuates the Incarnation, that Christ is born again in the hands of the priest at the altar which is another Bethlehem.

"I lift the Lord on high, Under the murmuring hemlock boughs, and see The small birds of the forest lingering by And making melody. These are mine acolytes and these my choir. And this mine altar in the cool green shade. Where the wild soft-eyed doves draw high Wandering, as in the byre Of Bethlehem the oxen heard thy cry And saw Thee, unafraid."

Yet wert Thou born to save them utterly. Then make me as I pray Just to their hates, kind to their sorrow, wise After their speech, and strong before their free Indomitable eyes."

As Christ wept over Jerusalem because it knew not the things that were for its peace, so the martyred disciple bemoans the callousness of the Huron braves who are deaf to his pleadings, and turn from his ministrations in nature's temple, a temple not made by hands and greater than that of Solomon.

"Pines shall thy pillars be, Fairer than those Sidonian cedars brought By Hiram out of Tyre, and each birch tree Shines like a holy thought. But come no worshippers; shall I confess, St. Francis like, the birds of the wilderness? O, with Thy love my lonely head uphold. A wandering shepherd I, who hath no sheep; A wandering soul, who hath no scrip, nor gold. Nor anywhere to sleep."

How many a priest grieves for the like indifference of careless Catholics who think so little of their Saviour's love for them that they will not go over to Bethlehem, and for the multitude for whom Christ died who only scoff at the Church that perpetuates the great Sacrifice in their midst?

NOTES AND COMMENTS

EVERY CANADIAN interested in his country's welfare should make himself familiar with the contents of "Back to Mufti," the periodical issued by the Reparation Committee, in collaboration with the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment. It deals with problems which concern all and which should be studied by all. The "Peace Message" from Lt-Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Army in France, hardly bears out the portrait drawn by the Ex-Minister of Militia in the House of Commons.

THROUGH THE Government Post Office and presumably at the public expense the Hon. N. W. Rowell has issued his Bowmanville address of December 17th in pamphlet form. Its title is "One Year of Union Government"; its substance is already pretty well known to everybody, since it was given every publicity in the daily papers at the time. It contains nothing that might not have been expected from such a source, and no item save one that is likely to remain in the public memory. That one refers to his cowardly slur on the French religious orders. The opportunity even at the eleventh hour of retracting that slander has not been taken advantage of. "The substance" clause remains as uttered, and the stigma on his own character as a public man therefore stands.

THAT in regard to the case of Miss Dorrier, whose promotion on the Toronto Public School staff was recently contested by almost a majority of the Board of Education because of her Catholic faith, the Board's idea either of toleration or of the constitutional status of Public schools is not approved in enlightened quarters is evidenced by the following excerpt from the "Rebel," a magazine published in the University:

"Toronto has had another spasm of intolerance. Fortunately on this occasion by the narrow margin of the chairman's vote a grave injustice was prevented. The debate was sharp, but the argument was feeble even in the case of some of those whose vote was cast in her favor. It was solemnly contended that the Public schools are sectarian schools. The fact that thousands of Catholic children attend the Public schools of Ontario and that hundreds of Catholic teachers teach in these schools counted for nothing with these ultra-Protestants. They were quite oblivious to the fact that the founders of our Ontario system of education would have regarded such a view as subversive of the dominant idea of their legislation. The Public schools of Ontario in their thought were to be wide enough for all."

THE RESIDENCE in Canada for an indefinite period of one of the greatest of European scholars may be counted as some compensation for all that our country has suffered by the war. Professor de Wulf, successor of Cardinal Mercier in the chair of philology at Louvain, and himself a philosopher of world-wide reputation, is sojourning at present in Toronto, where he has become for the time being a member of the faculty of St. Michael's College. At the present