

ject. For, if by nature men are equally powerful and free, true and ordered power in the hands of one can be established only by the election and consent of the others, just as law also is established by consent. It is clear, therefore, that the binding validity of all constitutions is based on tacit or express agreement and consent." (*Dialogus*, Goldhart, ii., 603). And this democratic teaching had the almost unanimous adhesion of the best canonists and theologians from 1515 to 1623.

Such, then, are the seed-thoughts and the embryo-outlines of democracy which we owe to Catholic civilisation and culture. The great Catholic Church, for over eight centuries, slowly trained Europe in the theory and practice of self-government, finally eventuating in commune, Cortes, Parliament, and States. The discussion concerning the structure of the Church formed, for nearly three centuries, the great polemic of the West, and thus inaugurated and habituated in men's minds those categories of political thought whose inheritors we are to-day. And all the while there flowed that stream of deep, patient thinkers who from Thomas Aquinas, Nicholas d'Oresme, Antony of Florence, down to Almain, Major, Bellarmine, and Suarez, upheld the ideal of popular rights and government by consent. From the annals of the Catholic past, from her most renowned canonists, legists, and schoolmen, were drawn these principles which shattered for ever the Reformation tenet of Divine right, crossed the wide Atlantic, founded the American Republic, and have powers and consequences not yet exhausted.

THE RELIGION OF MARSHAL FOCH

The following letter, over the signature of B.T.G., appeared in the correspondence columns of the *Dominion* of July 3:—

Sir.—Even the most expert "camoufleurs" of France would turn green with envy if they learned of Mr. Howard Elliott's attempt to transform Marshal Foch into a Presbyterian elder! Of all the jokes perpetrated by this egregious humorist, surely this is the greatest. I learn on good authority that, in hundreds of Scots' homes last night, the health of the great generalissimo was drunk with renewed enthusiasm, when the truth became known at last!

Surely Mr. Howard Elliott is the supreme dazzle-painter of his generation. By one stroke of that magic pen he robs the Catholic Church of one of her greatest sons, and, unblushingly, makes a present of him to the Kirk of Scotland.

It seems to me, however, that there are one or two flaws in the disguise, and, as many people are interested in this latest exhibition of this diverting wizard, I trust that you will find space for these lines.

(1) For several years past I have been reading such French papers as *La Croix* and *L'Echo de Paris*, which never tired of telling their readers that Foch is an exemplary Catholic: "*Catholique tres pratique*."

(2) All through the war, but especially since 1918, English and American Catholic papers vied with one another in claiming the great Allied leader as a son of the Catholic Church. A story, told by the chaplain of Marshal Foch, went the round of those papers to the effect that, on July 17, 1918, when all the plans for the great attack were finished, Foch retired to his private oratory and spent a long time there in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, in preparation for the momentous event of the next day.

(3) The *Times History of the War* (vol. 17, p. 207) informs us that when Clemenceau offered Foch the directorship of the Ecole de Guerre in 1907, the latter's sole difficulties were his religion and the fact that his brother was a Jesuit.

(4) Rene Puaux, in his biography of Foch, tells us that in 1867, when the father of Marshal Foch was removed to St. Etienne, he sent his son to the Jesuit College in that city; that, three years later, he sent him to the famous Jesuit College in Metz; that, upon the conclusion of the Franco-German war, the future marshal at once returned to his Jesuit masters, though Metz was then a German town. This statement is confirmed in the *Times* volume quoted above.

(5) Puaux, on page 41, makes this statement: "Foch is a Catholic," and he proceeds to inform us that Foch, rather than give up his religious convictions, preferred to leave the Staff College in 1900, when General Bounal, a man of anti-clerical views, was appointed its head.

(6) Puaux again mentions that at the height of the second German offensive in April last year, he saw Foch repair to the Catholic church in Cussel to seek light and guidance in prayer.

(7) In a recent article reproduced in the *Dominion* (June 25) from the *Daily Mail*, Mr. J. Ward Price said: "Foch is a devoted Catholic, and about his personality one has the intuition of a hidden, but burning, ardor, such as has marked many great men belonging to that faith."

Had it ever occurred to me that such a dazzle-painter would ever arise in our midst, I would have presented other testimonies, proving my case more fully than I have been able to do. It seems wise to make such provision for the future, to collect, for instance, all the evidence that goes to show that Mr. Lloyd George is a Welshman, or Sir Harry Lauder a Scotsman, for such simple facts, taken for granted by ordinary mortals, may yet be challenged by the irrepressible Mr. Elliott.

After camouflaging Marshal Foch as a Presbyterian elder, Mr. Elliott, with his characteristic logic, concludes thus: "So that, after all, it is a P.P.A. marshal who has been so signally successful at the Front." I have noticed that, of late, the meetings of the P.P.A. have often been held in Presbyterian halls. Are we to conclude, then, in our turn, that, not satisfied with his success in throwing the kilts over the uniform of a marshal of France, he is now essaying the further task of hiding beneath their variegated colors the crude yellow of his "Orange" association?

FENCES.

I have torn down all my fences:
The challenging air blows free;
I can look across the spaces
Where new life is hailing me;
My horizon is unrolling
Like the vistas of the sea.

I have torn down all my fences—
But I never can recall
The seclusion of my garden
With the world beyond the wall;
My old way of looking upward
Where the sky was all in all.

LOUISE AYER GARNETT, in *Current Opinion*.

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