

until she began to be defeated. But the case for the epithet goes far beyond the coincidence of its coming from the German Emperor. The German Emperor, like the yellow journalists (whom he greatly resembled), was teaching better history than he knew. Attila did not lead a nation of Mongols or Tartars; what he led was a large loose alliance of Barbarians and especially of Teutons. That is, he provided an outlandish leadership for the Germans, just as the Prussian princes provided an outlandish leadership for the Germans. Neither the Huns nor the Hohenzollerns led a nation, but only a sort of federation for a foray. That sort of a league, having neither the honor nor the memory of a nation, is always irresponsible and illimitably destructive. The deeper we went into history, the truer we should find this comparison to be. But meanwhile the comparison was commonly used by people who had hardly ever heard of the Huns until they compared them to the Germans. They said it much as, twenty years before, they used to call any longhaired violinist or other eccentric figure in the street by the all-embracing name of "Krujer." The English used the word Hun as they now use the word Bolshev; that is, very much as two great English men of letters used the words Jumbly and Jabberwock; with a native and romantic relish for the remote and the unknown. For the English have a vein of fantasy of which the weakness is frivolity, and the balance of merit a certain charity. Nobody who understands it will regret the humour of the English Tommy, who used to say to his prisoner "Come along, 'Un; don't be down 'earted." We feel he had a right to drop his hatred with his other h's.

But when we have fully understood the best of the English spirit, there is something else that we must understand, or be dragged to destruction by the worst. Nations nearer the centre of the war for civilisation cannot have either our ignorance of history or our innocence of hatred. They cannot regard these things fantastically like a fairy-land; they cannot regard a Jew as a Jabberwock, or a Prussian as a Pobble, or a Bolshevik as a Boojum. To expect them to feel this humorous charity is to make the mistake of the child in Stevenson's rhymes, who thought the little Japs and Eskimos must find it strange to live permanently abroad. When a Frenchman talks of Huns he thinks of Huns; the real Huns of history who were defeated by his own fathers on his own plains. The huge camp of the fallen tyrant of the Dark Ages still stands like a mountain looking towards Paris over the flats of Champagne. He does not amuse himself by suggesting that the old and new barbaric invasions are similar things; he knows they are the same thing. He knows the barbarian danger is permanent; that it did not cease with the Huns, and therefore will not cease with the Hohenzollerns. In the same way the Pole does not regard the Prussians as we did at the worst time of the war; as a strange and sinister visitation from remote places; rather like the monsters from Mars who bestrode the Earth in the glorious nightmare of Mr. Wells. The Pole regards Prussians as we regard wasps or vipers, or any sort of venomous vermin, whose habits are perfectly well known, and have to be dealt with accordingly. It is no use offering any views and aspects of Prussia to Poles; it is as if a learned man came all the way from China to explain to us that fleas never bite. If we received him courteously, it would be the most that the Oriental could expect. If the Poles listen to us with patience, and even politeness, it will be as much as we can expect.

Whatever else we do we must confront the Congress with a comprehension of this other side of the moral balance. We must understand that there is truly a sobriety and dignity in their vindictiveness, which there cannot be in our forgiveness. They may not pardon suddenly as we do; but then they did not hate suddenly as we did. They did not begin abruptly, in 1914, to abuse Nietzsche and philosophers they had never heard of. They had seen Nietzsche in action before he was ever in philosophy. Their case against Germany was not war propaganda; it was war. It was a war that never ended; and, in the case of Poland, a revolution that never ended. It was a war day and night, in the street and in the home. We have no experience outside our nightmares from which we can form any notion of it. It may or may not be a part of our

national virtues that our views on foreign policy should change with the stunts and stampedes of the *Daily Mail*. It may be an element of freedom to have an element of frivolity. We may be all the more genuine in our love of fair play, because the very term implies that life is play and not work. But if we have any instincts of sanity, we shall recognise this joke as a family joke; a local and ancestral levity.

We must expect something more serious than fair play when we enter the silent hall of justice. And we must force ourselves to face the fact, however incredible, that the North Germans really are what we ourselves called them incessantly at the top of our voices for five years.

Sister Theresa of the Infant Jesus

The "Little Flower" Decreed Venerable

We extract from the *Advocate* (Melbourne) the following special translation of the recent notable Allocution by the Holy Father Pope Benedict XV., in declaring Sister Theresa of the Infant Jesus ("The Little Flower") Venerable:—

On Sunday, August 14, in the presence of the Supreme Pontiff, there took place in the Vatican Palace the reading of the decree upon the "virtues exercised to an heroic degree" by the Venerable Servant of God, Sister Theresa of the Infant Jesus, professed Carmelite nun of the Monastery of Lisieux. At 11 the Holy Father entered the Consistorial Hall, where the Bishop of Bayeux and Lisieux read in French a brief address. The Holy Father replied with a magnificent discourse in Italian. Space does not allow of our publishing it in full, but hereunder are given the principal parts. It should be noted that the "Little Flower" is now styled the "Venerable Servant of God."

France, the Mother of Saints

Not yet died away is the echo of the words by which, in proclaiming the heroism of the virtues of the Venerable Fournet, We declared in this very hall, little more than a month ago, that France was apparently aspiring to a new name—to the enviable title of "Mother of Saints." And, lo! to-day We can indicate the perfume of yet another flower unfolded on French soil; for it has just now been Our duty to declare also heroic the virtues of Sister Theresa of the Infant Jesus. . . . We are pleased at the honor that it reflects upon Catholic France, and at the satisfaction it gives the diocese which We admire as the garden that produced and brought to its full development so lovely a flower.

Theresa's Characteristic Virtue: Spiritual Childhood

But to these reasons for joyfulness suggested to Us by the benevolence We cherish towards the nation of Clovis and of St. Louis, there must be added a further motive suggested by the special character of the virtue that moulded the whole life of Sister Theresa of the Infant Jesus. Because one cannot have any knowledge of the life of Little Theresa without uniting in the wonderful chorus that proclaims her life to be moulded by the gifts of a Spiritual Childhood. Now, this is the "secret of sanctity." We have, therefore, reason to hope that the example of this new French heroine will increase the number of perfect Christians, not only amongst her own nationality, but also amongst all the children of the Catholic Church.

In What Does "Spiritual Childhood" Consist?

To this end one must have a just idea of the spiritual childhood. But is not to-day's decree, which points to a pious pupil of Carmel arrived at the heroism of perfection—thanks to practice of the virtues that form the Spiritual Childhood—is it not calculated to illuminate the world as to what the Spiritual Childhood really means?

Drawing a comparison from the things of sense, the Holy Father went on to say that, in the spiritual life, we should have, in regard to the will of God, that complete, loving, and happy abandon which the infant shows in the arms of its mother.

It is not out of place, he continued, to consider the qualities of this Spiritual Childhood, both as to what it