

victim for sin. In order to produce this vivid impression the death of Christ was therefore relatively necessary. Secondly, the death of Christ was necessary consequently to God's decrees. God chose to impress us with the sense of His divine justice, and the claims of justice against sin, by putting forth the demand that sin should be counter-balanced by satisfaction. Unaided man was incapable of rendering any satisfaction which would have even the semblance of being adequate. Therefore a human nature was elevated by the hypostatic union into a divine person, whose every act was of infinite value, and whose suffering for sin would therefore be an infinite satisfaction. In both ways the death of Christ was a great dramatic object-lesson to mankind on the enormity of sin. Relatively to this dramatic object-lesson, and in consequence of God decreeing to give us such a lesson, the death of Christ therefore became a necessity—and this in two ways: First, a necessity as the means of carrying out God's designs and decrees; and secondly, a necessity to us, as the only means offered to us by God for our salvation.'

PARIS IN WAR TIME

Some months ago (writes our Christchurch correspondent) I had the pleasure of being permitted to take copious notes from letters sent by Mrs. Arthur Mead, the well-known Dominion vocalist, to her relatives in this city. The narrative then related to 'Lourdes, and the great Eucharistic Congress,' and I have now placed at my disposal for the benefit of *Tablet* readers some particularly timely, and deeply interesting notes treating of the French capital in war time.

Writing from Rue de Faubourg St. Honore, Paris, under date February 25, Mrs. Mead says:—Paris does not appeal to me as did that peaceful holy valley of Lourdes, but in the light of present-day happenings it largely shares the attention directed by the wide world toward the Allies. I left London on a dull grey November morning to commence the second stage of my two years' study in Europe. When I left 'Mount Loretto' (Mrs. Mead's home on Cashmere Hills, Christchurch) on January 8, 1914, I felt that two years were to be endless. It seemed so long to look forward to—two years from home. However, as all other things pass, so have almost eleven months of my two years. I was not beginning my second stage under the most favorable circumstances. To begin with, all my relations and friends thought it madness to go so near hostilities as Paris was then; the Government had not returned from Bordeaux, consequently all who could, even Parisians themselves, remained in London. I had nearly nine months under dear old Sir Charles Santley, and was anxious to begin my work in Paris, so against everyone's wishes I decided on crossing the Channel and chancing the German mines and submarines. On embarking on the boat at Folkestone I had some qualms of conscience at taking, what everyone assured me, was so great a risk. Being a misty day we were soon out of sight of land, but not out of sight of some of our gallant fleet. Every now and then one or two of them could be seen in the distance. The journey from Folkestone to Dieppe generally takes four hours, but, although having left the former at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, at 4, as dusk was falling, there was no sight of land, and we ran into a heavy thick snowstorm. Just on 5 o'clock we saw the old and familiar landing of Dieppe, with its well-worn steps, come into view. The landing wharf and steps had a thick coating of white, and in the dim light of a few lamps (full lights not being allowed anywhere) the scene of the disembarkation of the weary, anxious passengers was most picturesque. Everyone was very relieved that the crossing was safely accomplished. The journey to Paris, owing to snow and many restrictions on account of war, was necessarily a slow one, and it was 10 by the clock before we saw the lights of St. Lazare Station. Having been in Paris before, and having seen it by night with its gay crowd and brightly lit cafes, one could not but notice how dull and sombre the city had become. A taxi ride of

a few minutes soon brought me to my destination, where I was glad to rest after an anxious if not exciting day's travel. That was three and a-half months ago, and now I will try to give you my impressions of those fourteen weeks of Paris in war time.

When here many years ago, and then again in May last year, the place and people gave me an impression that no thought of 'The morrow' ever troubled them. Their one idea seemed to be the drinking of the 'cup of gladness'; everything was a pleasure to them, and one seldom saw a downcast expression. They were here to enjoy life, and this they did—both rich and poor. We all know that France has had many saints and has sent its zealous, pious missionaries all over the world, including our own little islands. The magnificent cathedrals and churches all over this beautiful country are evidence of the faith that few other countries can boast of. Yet this France so favored by God, almost one might say the 'spoilt child of God,' was every day becoming less fervent, until many had the mark of the atheist. Seven months ago this cruel relentless war broke out, and what has it done for France? To-day it is a look of sorrow and mourning one sees everywhere, but also a look of hope that not only this sad time will pass away, but that France will be reborn and its old faith and fervor will return. You cannot go very far in Paris without coming to some beautiful masterpiece raised in God's honor. It is my delight to visit as many of these as often as I can. When one goes into such cathedrals as Notre Dame, and such churches as La Madeleine, Le Sacre Coeur, St. Augustine, Sainte Trinite, St. Phillippe, St. Roch, St. Germaine, and numerous others with their beautiful old carvings and groups of statuary and magnificent windows, one has to thank God for the great gifts he has given to these French architects, sculptors, painters, etc. The majority of families have lost some relation in the awful struggle that is going on, and one cannot go into any church in Paris to-day at any hour without finding very many in adoration before the tabernacle. On different days during the week, each church has Exposition. Here at St. Phillippe it is Thursday, from the last Mass until 6 o'clock Benediction. This means that the Blessed Sacrament is exposed every day in some church, and one sees fervent souls praying for the one thing, that all France is praying for, a successful issue of this war. One thing you hear on all sides, and that is that peace must not be declared until France and Belgium have been restored. It is very dreadful to think that many tabernacles have been desecrated and the Sacred Host thrown away. The marvel is that Almighty God does not strike those men dead. Every day, here in Paris, one hears of fresh atrocities committed on our priests, nuns, or Catholic people. Since coming to Paris I have heard a great deal of the German character, as so many resided here, and now to me their actions in this war are more comprehensible. I have not heard anything to their advantage I can assure you. It is very sad to see the poor Belgian refugees here, many who were comfortably off and living happily, now having to accept charity for the many institutions opened for their relief. We see a great many of the French and Belgian chorus men and girls, and some of the orchestra, playing and singing in the courtyard. The people in the different flats round throw down whatever they can afford, as these poor theatricals are feeling the war very keenly, as so many of the theatres are closed. Sometimes we have some really good performers. It is very hard on their voices performing so much in the open air, but, poor people, they must live. The poor here are so different from the same class in London. It does not matter how poor they are, they are always clean and tidy; they do not wear hats but their hair is always done up nicely, and they wear nice clean aprons, even if they are made of patches. They do not seem to lose their self respect, and in the fourteen weeks I have been here I have not seen one person intoxicated. I notice they take a great deal of water with their wine, and really the poor seem to nearly live on bread; you see them eating quantities of dry bread. There certainly must be a lot of nourishment in their