

uted largely to distress over the war. Previous to his fatal seizure he issued the following exhortation:

At this moment, when nearly the whole of Europe is being dragged into the vortex of a most terrible war, with its present dangers and miseries, and the consequences to follow, the thought of which must strike every one with grief and horror, we whose care is the life and welfare of so many citizens and peoples cannot but be deeply moved and our heart wrung with the bitterest sorrow.

And in the midst of this universal confusion and peril, we feel and know that both fatherly love and apostolic ministry demand of us that we should with all earnestness turn the thoughts of Christendom thither "whence cometh help"—to Christ, the Prince of Peace and the most powerful mediator between God and man.

We charge, therefore, the Catholics of the whole world to approach the throne of Grace and Mercy, each and all of them, and more especially, the clergy, whose duty furthermore it will be to make in every parish, as their bishops shall direct, public supplication, so that the merciful God may, as it were, be wearied with the prayers of His children and speedily remove the evil causes of war, giving to them who rule to think the thoughts of peace and not of affliction.

From the palace of the vatican, the second day of August, 1914.

PIUS X., Pontifex Maximus.

No definite date has yet been set for the election of a successor by the College of Cardinals. It is reported that the Conclave will gather on August 31.



Father Wernz, head of the Jesuit Order, died on the same day as the Pope.



Mexican Affairs.

General Carranza entered the City of Mexico on August 20. According to reports he was most enthusiastically received by the people. Perfect order has prevailed in the city since installation of the Constitutionalist regime. On August 24, General Villa, stationed at Chihuahua, issued the following statement concerning his relations with Carranza:

I have no personal feeling in this matter against Carranza. This country should not again be under military government—the armies by our constitution are secondary to the constituted government, and it is now time that we should be governed by its people.

I desire the moral help of the American people in this political fight I am now waging. I consider myself the moral champion to procure by all honorable means for my down-trodden countrymen justice, at the same time showing them their obligations toward law and order.

I desire that my country, in view of its past sufferings by military dictators, should on this auspicious

occasion inaugurate her government under civil authorities.

[See current volume, page 805.]



Bouck White Demands a Fair Hearing.

On getting word of the circulation of a petition for his pardon, Bouck White sent on August 16, from his cell on Blackwells Island the following letter to Governor Glynn of New York:

Word has reached me that petitions are being made for my pardon. A New York weekly paper urges it editorially, on the grounds of humanity; intimating that I have suffered enough, and that imprisonment has now wrought in me the hoped-for repentance and amendment. I am indeed desirous of freedom. Life in an iron cell is not to my liking. Nevertheless, honesty requires me to inform you that I am not repentant. The deed for which I am jailed broke no law either of God or man. As a financial supporter through many years now of the Baptist Church that has put me behind the bars (the exemption of churches from taxation makes every resident of the city a contributor to their upkeep), I was within my legal rights in carrying to that church a greeting at the time in their service set apart for "Notices." And as to moral right, sir, I could not look my God in the face had I, as one of the citizen-rulers of this country, permitted 150 of my fellow workmen to be shot down at Ludlow, Colo., without making an effort to bring the thing home to the consciences of the absentee landlords that did the shooting and to the church that solaces those absentee landlords with spiritual consolation.

Repentant! I am, sir, the most unrepentant prisoner a New York City jail ever sloughed into a cell. Let another Ludlow massacre happen, I would repeat my deed tomorrow. So far from life in prison having wrought in me a penitential work, it has tightened and reinforced in me a remonstrant mood.

I am glad of friends that so fervently covet my release as to petition you for a pardon. Nevertheless, honor forbids me, by keeping silent, possibly to lure you into granting their request, in ignorance of my mind and will toward the deed I committed. In a political offense—and mine is such—a pardon implies that the offender has turned from his former way and will be favorable henceforth to the state. But I have not turned from my former way; nor am I favorable to the state as at present constituted. I am holding—with a certitude which augments daily—that our present ordering of human affairs is uncivilized and uncivilizing. When I am released from prison I expect to resume the leadership of the Church of the Social Revolution, of which I am pastor; whose purpose is to agitate and educate for the overthrow of present-day society and its rebuilding into fellowship.

I cannot ask favor of a foe. Nevertheless there is something that you ought to do in this affair; something necessitated by the rules of the game that this civilization you uphold professes to play. It is, that you use your influence with the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of this State to get my case on the calendar before my sentence expires. I desire a trial. I have not had one as yet. The only hearing that I have had has been in a police court—