

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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NEUTRAL

Some time ago the official organ of the Vatican proclaimed the absolute neutrality of the Holy See in regard to the war. We mind us in this connection what Pius VII. said to Napoleon. He sought the aid of the Pope against his enemies. He was a self-styled Charlemagne. He posed as protector of the Church. To further his ends he wrote specious, insulting and threatening letters to Pius. To Cardinal Fesch, his minister at Rome, he declared that the Papal advisers were imbeciles, madmen, egotists. To his demand that the Pope should consider the antagonists of another as his own enemies Pius replied: "That he was the universal pastor, the father of all, the servant of peace and that the very mention of such a demand inspired him with horror. It was his part to be Aaron the prophet of God—not Ishmael whose hand was against every man and every man's hand against him."

THE TEMPORAL POWER

The following words of Pius VII. are of interest. Mild and irresolute by nature he did not quarrel before Napoleon who sought to divest him of Temporal Power.

"Your Majesty," he said, "establishes in principle that you are the Emperor of Rome. We answer with apostolic frankness that the Sovereign Pontiff . . . does not recognize and has never recognized in his states a power greater than his own. You are immensely great; but you were chosen Emperor of the French and not of Rome. There is no Emperor of Rome, there can be none unless the Sovereign Pontiff be deprived of the absolute domain and of the empire that he alone exercises at Rome."

Rome has been, will be a battleground. It will be coveted so long as the world is not truly Christian. To secure possession of it princes will dishonor themselves. But the Popes—prisoners in or out of Rome, beset by compromisers, ambitious clerics, time-serving diplomatists and victorious Emperors—will never cede their rights as sovereigns. Before the last Pope dies the map of Europe will have changed more than once. The Papal claims will, however, stand unchanged until they have been satisfied conscientiously. Justly founded on right the Church must support them in the interest of order, law, equity. Not only every state but each individual owes her an incalculable debt for the patience, courage, tenacity with which she has defended right against might. And let us add that on every page of history we read clearly written with pens dipped in heart's blood, in salt tears, the lesson that Christ came to teach: "without Christianity no general liberty; and without the Pope no true Christianity—in other words no operating, powerful, converting, regenerating, conquering, improving, Christianity." In his History Lord Macaulay says: "The spiritual supremacy assumed by the Roman Pontiff has effected more good than harm; and the Roman Church by uniting all men in a bond of brotherhood, and teaching all men their responsibility before God, deserves to be spoken of with respect by philosophers and philanthropists."

THE HORRORS OF WAR

Now under the stress of cannon trouble, while the din and spectacle of warlike preparations are ever about us, many a household has yielded up its bravest and strongest at its country's call. No longer can an impenetrable veil be hung between the horrors of the siege and the battlefield and those who share the losses and pains at home. The camera may be banned, the press correspondent banished, the press despatches censored, but trembling hearts at a distance conjecture that the silence covers more pitiable fact than speech or report can convey.

The price of modern conflict is vaster far than armies or navies knew in their hardest campaigns. Even the story of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow is outdone by the figures and details that have leaked out from Liege and the frontier ports of the south-east during the early

weeks of the war. The scenes which doctors and nurses and priests have had to face no imagination can grasp in their entirety. We have pictures of half-frozen men crouching in muddy trenches, drenched by chilling rain, of wounded left to die on the battlefield, of great guns whose missiles reduce half a regiment of strong men to human pulp, of sacked cities, of weeping women and children, but the awful reality we can realize but faintly. Our worst accidents pale by the side of the losses and horrors witnessed by those who have to gather the wounded and bury the dead. No consolation will heal the smart of bereavement or restore lost limbs and shattered health to those who bear the brunt of conflict. For us who live in security, watched over by vigilant powers and as yet feeling but slightly the shocks of evil fate, plain duties remain. We have to avoid panic, to study quietness though trouble befall, to live by the day in trust that out of all the darkness and confusion good will come. It may be that a more passiveness has the promise of more direct usefulness in this emergency than any amount of fussy activity. Youth is strong in healthy instincts; and at a time when sensation is rife it rushes forward with eager offers of help, not measuring the need by clear standards of comparison. Even those of riper years and much practical acquaintance with every day exigencies are liable to emotional excess in crises which demand caution and cool judgment above all else. One thing stands out clearly amid the storm and stress of popular sympathy—casual and spasmodic efforts to soften the poverty and sorrow at home and to smooth the lot of our soldiers and sailors abroad only partially benefit and may actually hinder the well-considered schemes which those specially charged with full national powers are so well able to control. We are all conscripts in the war against misery now and our one desire should be to sink all personal and selfish promptings, being willing to do the lowest service in the ranks of the helpless, and content with the reward of the consciousness that we have done what we could.

EXAGGERATION

Few people are able to resist the temptation of relating a trifling or prosaic happening with some little additional touch so as to place it in a more striking or romantic light. Again, how seldom is it that any two individuals see anything in exactly the same light or from the same point of view. Even if at the exact time of its occurrence they did so, an hour after their versions would probably vary in many essential points. That this bearing of false witness so to speak proceeds from any deliberate love of lying or intention to mislead is not, in the majority of cases, at all probable. Rather is it the result of incorrect observation from which hasty conclusions are formed, or from that love of exaggeration and over-coloring which is so marked a trait of the untrained mind.

A HOPELESS MISSION

It is reported that German Freemasons are going to neutral countries to prove that the Kaiser is a man of peace and was forced by his scheming enemies into war. These gentlemen may be gifted with persuasive eloquence, but they will find it difficult to show that Germany has not for forty years been putting into practice at home and abroad the doctrine of force as the source of all personal and national greatness and that the Kaiser has been the insistent preacher of this doctrine. "To maintain," writes Dr. Elliot, "that the power which has adopted in practice this morality and in accordance with its precepts promised Austria its support against Serbia and invaded Belgium and France in hot haste is not the responsible author of the European war is to throw away memory, reason and common sense in judging the human agencies in current events."

The Free Masons, however, can point out that Germanic hordes observe in their work of pillage and murder the rule—women and children first.

BISHOP OF SALFORD AND THE WAR

In his monthly "Message" to The Catholic Federationist the Bishop of Salford writes:

I have read reports in the newspapers of sermons delivered not only in non-Catholic, but also in Catholic pulpits—that have given me (and others) the impression of a glorification of war in itself, as something almost commendable for its own sake. Probably the preacher hardly meant that, but it is unfortunate that the impression should be conveyed. We cannot get away from the fact that war, in the teaching of the Church and her theologians, is an evil, a gigantic evil, against which we are bidden to pray as against the sources of earthquake, famine and pestilence. But it is a greater evil than these latter because it has its origin in the abuse of man's free-will and the letting loose of his worst passions. Who doubts that the present awful cataclysm in Europe has been caused by the demon of pride in those who originated it, and that (like the devil in Our Lord's parable) he has brought with him other devils as bad as or worse than himself—the devils of lust, wrath, cruelty, treachery, falsehood, and the rest? Let us not talk of the "glory" or "joy" of war!

But what we have to console us—what, that is, who have been drawn into an honorable struggle for justice, right, truth and even civilization itself, is this: That God, who in His unsearchable wisdom sometimes permits evils, is also He "who commanded light to shine out of darkness" (2 Cor. iv. 6) and who repeatedly draws good even out of men's wickedness and its fearful consequences. So is it in this present war. We already see how He is turning the evils of it into good in many ways. In this way war becomes, indeed, a divine scourge—even the terrible Attila of the fifth century was styled "The Scourge of God"—but it is often a scourge which God uses "for the healing of the nations" (Apo. xxii. 2).

To begin with, this war is undoubtedly for the spiritual healing of France. All observers, from the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris to our own newspaper writers downwards, are agreed on the marvellous revival of the religious sentiment brought about in the French nation and most especially in their army. Cardinal Amette has said that the War is as good as a spiritual retreat. Face to face with death, soldiers and officers are irresistibly brought back to the elementary truths of God and His Divine Law, to the religious teaching of their early childhood, and so they have been seen in their hundreds, even in open streets and railway stations, as well as on the battlefield, falling on their knees to make confession and receive absolution. However careless their lives, however far they have been led astray by the influence of freethinkers and atheists, thousands and thousands are being reconciled to their Church in these solemn moments. Nay, even the iniquitous laws (as we think them) which force priests to serve in the ranks and employ their consecrated hands to slay their fellow-men, have had the result of adding many thousand unofficial chaplains, who are to be seen absolving and consoling their dying comrades in the very thick of battle. And this wholesale conversion has reacted on the entire nation so that we may say the return of France to the Church is on a wholesale scale.

Nor can it be denied that even in our own country there has been a very widespread revival of religious sentiment and practice among both non-Catholics and Catholics, as any of our town clergy will tell us. Consider, again, the wonderful drawing together of all parties and classes. In France, in Belgium, throughout the whole British Empire, this closing up of the ranks, this union of contending factions and interests, has been a universal phenomenon, quite unprecedented in history. "There are no longer any parties" among us is the universal cry. Even the bitterest racial differences have been, at least for the time, forgotten in the solemn realization of the sacredness of a cause which is felt, as in the Crusades of old, to transcend all lower interests, however dear and important. This must bring a special blessing with it. Concomitantly there is the universal heroism evoked by the cry of the individual fatherland, which is being responded to with almost reckless enthusiasm on the part of the best and soundest and noblest of the race, all fired with an unexampled loyalty and spirit of self-sacrifice for the cause, that none of the terrors of this frightful carnage of war can quench—a loyalty and self-sacrifice which no less on the part of parents and wives and lovers, who view

with unflinching courage, even though with bitter grief, the departure of their dearest and best to face all dangers and death itself in its worst forms.

Lastly, the marvellous outpouring of charity, not merely lavish, generosity in contributing money and treasure for the relief of suffering and distress, but the universal, unstinting sacrifice of time and hard work on the part of the women of every social class, whether in the plying of needles and machines, or in the care of the wounded—the emulation of both Dorcas and the Good Samaritan. Again, do not such things bring a blessing? A yet further form of this wholesale charity is in the housing and caring for the many thousands of unfortunate Belgian refugees, recalling the historic generosity of England between 1792 and 1802, on behalf of the French refugees, during the great Revolution, which forms one of the brightest pages in all our history.

I could add very much more, did space permit. But I have said enough to console us, in the midst of all the horrors of these latter days, with the firm conviction that God is ever now and here drawing good out of evil, and causing light to shine out of the thickest darkness.

PIUS X.

AND AN IMPORTANT CATHOLIC CHARITY

A work of charity that was very near to the heart of the late Holy Father is the Crusade of Rescue, which is one of the leading Catholic organizations of England, and which is unfortunately seriously jeopardized by the War.

The work of the Crusade of Rescue is the care of nearly one thousand Catholic boys and girls whose faith is in real peril, either through risk of their being taken into non-Catholic homes or by danger of their being entered in workhouses as non-Catholics and so losing their faith.

How vitally important this society was considered by Pius X. is clear from the following letter written by him to the Administrator, Father Bann, some time ago when a mission was being sent out to raise funds for the work throughout the whole English-speaking world.

To our beloved son, Emanuel Bann, Administrator of the "Crusade of Rescue," London.

Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction:

From your letter we have learned with the greatest pleasure that the Society of "The Crusade of Rescue," whose object is to gather together abandoned children, to support and educate them and to render them good Christians and an honour to their country, has from year to year made such great progress that, of the deserted children throughout England, there is now not one professing the Catholic Faith whom it does not regard as having a claim upon its care. But at the same time, with sorrow and anxiety we have learned that the Society is so insufficiently supplied with what is necessary for the maintenance and training of the children, as to be in the greatest difficulty, wishing indeed to keep to its noble purpose, but not adequately provided with means for so vast an enterprise.

As it can hardly be hoped that the Catholics of England who have contributed and are still contributing largely to this work, will be able to resolve to have recourse to the English Colonies and to America, which are so closely connected with England, and we do not doubt that your brethren there will generously and munificently respond to your appeal. They are by no means ignorant of the good which your Society is doing for religion, for civilization and for humanity; for which reason we are confident that, with their well-known liberality and beneficence, they will not fail to give you the help that you look for.

Those, therefore, whom you have chosen to solicit for your Society the kind favor of those nations, will go forth accompanied by Our strongest commendation; and all who, in the colonies and in America, have hearts conformed to the Charity of Christ, we most earnestly exhort to come to the aid of your Society, and so to earn Our gratitude and to deserve well of their country.

To each member of the Society, and to all who will support its most excellent work, we in testimony of Our good will, and as a token of heavenly favors, most lovingly grant Our Apostolic Benediction.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 17th day of February, 1906, in the third of Our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. X.

In consequence of the outbreak of the war this charity, so vitally important to the Church in England and so dear to the heart of the late Holy Father, is now in sorry plight. The ordinary subscriptions of the Catholics in England have naturally been seriously reduced whilst the claims of creditors have become far more emphatic. Indeed one contractor

fused to supply any more bread until his bill was paid!

As soon as this state of affairs was made known the Catholics of England made a valiant effort to save the situation and to tide the society over the crisis, but if help was needed from other English speaking countries in 1906 it is naturally more than ever needed now that the Home Country is in a state of War. That all these Catholic children should be abandoned to the loss of their faith at such a time is an intolerable situation, yet the funds are so low that unless help is speedily forthcoming from outside, it will be impossible to avoid it. This would seem to be a splendid opportunity of proving the real Catholicity of Catholics throughout the world, prompting us to help each other during periods of temporary stress. Donations towards salvation of this important charity should be addressed to Father H. J. Collins, 48 Compton St. London, W. C., England.

THE LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER

An Irish and Catholic Lord Mayor of a great English city is at once a striking evidence of the passing of the old order and an exemplification of the working out of the new. The article which follows is only one of many evidences that Anglo-Irish relations (Ulster reactionaries and obscurantists notwithstanding) have definitely entered on a phase that leaves buried in the past the bad old days when we hated each other for the love of God.

At the close of the ordinary business of the City Council last week (reports the Manchester Guardian) members met in the Lord Mayor's parlour to present the Lord Mayor (Alderman McCabe) with a requisition that he should allow himself to be nominated for the office of Chief Magistrate for a second year.

Sir Walter Ross, Deputy Mayor (who presided), said the work the Lord Mayor had done during the past year spoke volumes for the work expected from him in the next twelve months. "The Lord Mayor," Sir Walter went on, "had done his work in a masterly way and in a gentlemanly way, he has given consideration to every member of the Council so far as he possibly could, and I am sure no one here present can say he has not done his duty faithfully and well. It is therefore very gratifying indeed to us to present him with this requisition, signed by every member of the Council save two, who are fighting at the front."

Councillor Lane-Scott, in handing the requisition to the Lord Mayor, said it gave him the greatest possible pleasure to make the presentation and to tell Alderman McCabe it was an absolutely unanimous requisition. He presented the requisition in full confidence that it was the strong wish of his colleagues that the Lord Mayor should hold office for another year.

Sir Charles Behrens supported the presentation.

MR. MCCABE'S REPLY

The Lord Mayor expressed his appreciation of this manifestation of confidence in him. He valued the appreciation of his colleagues more than anything else they could give him. His work during the last few months had been of a strenuous nature and he did not anticipate it would get any easier in the immediate future. He would, however, strive to do his best, and so merit his colleagues' approbation. In his view it was the duty of everyone to do what he could for the country at this time, for the people, and for the general well-being. If any man were idle to-day and not anxious to do something, he pitied him.

The Lord Mayor went on to speak of Council procedure. He had been grateful, he said, for the good order which had marked the Council meetings during his year of office. His desire was to see the business of the Council conducted in a manly, orderly way. The business of the Council was the smallest part of their work, but if they did that badly the public would judge their general work accordingly. He looked upon himself as a kind of umpire whose duty it was, not to discuss matters, but to see the game was properly played. He thought there should be as high a code of honor in the Council as there was on the cricket field, the football ground, or at a sparring match. The referee or umpire in games was implicitly obeyed, and so it should be in municipal affairs. Commenting on the requisition, the Manchester Guardian says editorially:—

"The Manchester City Council has its constituents warmly with it in the cordiality of its invitation to Alderman McCabe to be Lord Mayor again. Mr. McCabe has won everybody's regard by his earnest and kindly discharge of the mayoral duties. His fairness and his genial common sense have helped to smooth paths everywhere, and the gentility has been backing of good, hard business capacity that contributes to get things done. We do

not remember any municipal year in which the meetings of the Council have proceeded with more dignity and efficiency than the year which closes this week, and the credit is both the Council's and the Lord Mayor's. The coming year will probably be the hardest one that any Mayor of Manchester has had. Already the war has increased enormously the calls on the Lord Mayor's time and energy. For as far ahead as we can yet dare to look he will be not only the city's chief magistrate, but its chief volunteer leader in dealing with the most exacting public emergency since its incorporation. But he has the confidence and will have the support of us all, and no temperament is so sure to come well through a time of trial as Mr. McCabe's happy blend of wholehearted devotion and of whole humor."

IRELAND—THEN AND NOW

When the Irish leader visited Belfast on a recent occasion he stood in the line of succession to the United Irishmen of over a century ago. Here is the solemn declaration made in 1794 by the Belfast Protestants who formed the United Irishmen in that city:

"I pledge myself to my country, in the presence of Almighty God, to forward a brotherhood of affection and identity of interest, a communion of right, and a union of Irishmen of all religious persuasions."

Emphasizing the dangers that confront Ireland at the present time, in common with the rest of the Empire Mr. Redmond read the declaration of the United Irishmen, and asked why it could not be signed, "word for word, by every Ulsterman of every party."

"I appeal to all Ulstermen of all creeds and of all parties, I appeal in a special way to Irish Nationalists in Ulster, to make that ideal a reality. I appeal to the Nationalists of Ulster to make that ideal their dream and their ambition, and during this interval to regulate every thought and word and action of theirs so as to avoid exciting or exasperating the differences of the past, so as to make it more possible, aye, to make it certain, that that ideal may be brought into reality before the interval ends that divides us to-day from the election and assembly once again of a free Parliament on the soil of Ireland."

No higher ideal could be placed before Irishmen at the present critical stage of their political history. Mr. Redmond has voiced the spirit of the new Ireland—new, and yet old, for Irishmen at any period during the past century were prepared to forgive and forget if only their national ambition were fully satisfied.

How different the attitude of Sir Edward Carson and his generalissimo. But Carson's untimely appeal to sectarian fears are no longer published in the London Unionist Press. General Richardson, addressing a recruiting meeting in Ulster, made this mischievous allusion to past events of a highly controversial character:

"If any man finds himself wavering let him try and recollect the events of March last and what the army navy did for Ulster. They came to the help of Ulster in the day of trouble, and they will come again. It is now the volunteers' opportunity to show their gratitude and support them to the last man."

It is computed by Mr. John Dillon that at least forty thousand Nationalists have joined Kitchener's army, now training for service in France, as compared with twelve thousand Ulstermen. In linking the fortunes of Ireland with the Empire at the present critical juncture Mr. Redmond is mindful not only of the evils of Prussianism, but also of the progressive tendencies of the British Empire in the widening of individual and national freedom.—The Toronto Globe.

NOT ANTI CLERICAL, BUT INHUMAN

The worst spirit of French anticlericalism is exhibited in the attacks of the Socialist press upon the nuns who are nursing the wounded along the battle lines in Northern France. These devoted women are enduring all the sufferings and horrors of war for the sake of their country and of humanity. More than one has given her life in the work. Their crime is that they offer consolations of religion to men dying and in pain. The hostile newspapers call this an unfair advantage taken by the Church of the opportunity the war has given it.

Of course, religion is always at the height of its influence in times of woe. It is a natural advantage founded in human nature, and it is the very substance of faith and piety to press the advantage, thus awakening hope in the sufferer's breast instead of agony and despair—hope in the future, hope here and hereafter. The unimaginative type of mind that fails to see beauty and good in this when hardly any other beauty or good survives is a baleful and destructive influence.

Its true description is not anti clerical, but inhuman. The narrow bigotry which it propagates is far more terrible than that which it imputes to those who disagree with its teachings. Its ultimate triumph in national life would mean complete servitude of the soul.—New York Sun.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Pope Benedict's family gave a Pope to the Church five hundred and ten years ago, in the person of Innocent VII, who also had been a Bishop of Bologna.

Alderman McCabe was formally re-elected Lord Mayor of Manchester for a second year's term of service on Monday, Nov. 9. The election was unanimous.

One of the Irish officers killed lately in battle was Captain Aubrey Ulick O'Brien, who was the grandson of William Smith O'Brien and a first cousin of Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M. P. It turns out that Major Gerrard, who organized the first aeroplane raid on Düsseldorf, is a Dublin man. The Flying Corps has attracted the services of quite a remarkable number of Irish Army officers.

The German emperor, says a Berlin dispatch to Reuter's Telegram company, has approved the suggestion of the Archbishop of Cologne to treat all captured French priests as officers, though they be serving as privates.

The great Cathedral of France are Chartres, Amiens, Rheims, Notre Dame, Bourges and Beauvais. Lemberg is the capital and most important city in Eastern Galicia. Its splendid Gothic Cathedral dates from 1350.

The first woman reported to have lost her life while serving in the present war was Baroness Margra Von Falkenhause. She was killed by a bomb dropped from an aeroplane while acting as a nurse in a hospital at Soissons, France.

On November 9, in the chapel of the English College in Rome, Admiral Darcy Irvine, of the British Navy, was received into the Church, says a Catholic Press Association cable. He was baptized by Bishop McIntyre, rector of the college, and received the sacrament of confirmation from Cardinal Merry del Val.

Lieutenant Ambrose Teeling, youngest son of Captain Bartle Teeling, Private Chamberlain of His Holiness, was killed in action at the Battle of the Aisne on September 25. Lieutenant Teeling was born in 1891, educated privately abroad and at Ealing, England, under the Benedictines, and at Ampleforth. He was gazetted to the Norfolk Regiment in 1912.

General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, one of the few British commanders who came out of the South African War with enhanced reputation, writes from his retreat in County Clare (Sir Thomas is a Catholic Irishman) advocating compulsory service. While advocating conscription, he expresses entire admiration for the noble volunteers' army which has come forward in defence of the country since the war began.

King Ferdinand, the new ruler of Roumania, is a nephew of the late King Charles and a Prince of the non-reigning Catholic house of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. He was born in 1865, and created Prince of Roumania and heir apparent in 1889. He married in 1889, a Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a grand daughter of Queen Victoria, of England. They have four children. King Ferdinand's niece is the wife of King Manuel of Portugal; his aunt was the mother of the King of Belgium.

In the death of Charles Peguy, who fell in one of the battles on the Marne, France has lost one of her noblest sons. He was distinguished as a poet, publicist and democratic politician in the best sense of the word. Born in 1873, at Orleans, he early turned to poetry and achieved fame by his "Mysteres." He was formerly a Socialist, but became a devout Catholic. He founded a periodical, "Les Cahiers," which has acquired considerable celebrity.

Peculiar interest attaches to the death of the chief Rabbi of Lyons, who was killed on the battlefield. He was in the midst of the fighting tending wounded Jewish soldiers, when he was called to the side of a dying trooper who was a Catholic. This poor fellow begged the Rabbi, whom he probably imagined was a priest, to hold before his eyes the symbol of his faith and give him his blessing. While he was holding a crucifix before the soldier and whispering words of comfort to him the Rabbi fell dead, a victim of a shot from the enemy.

Another great sorrow has fallen the lot of the editor of the Tablet of London. His eldest son, Second Lieutenant Richard Snead-Cox, who was gazetted to the Third Battalion Royal Scots on the outbreak of the war, was killed in action on October 28. The deceased was educated at Downside and New College, Oxford. He was twenty-one years of age. His younger brother, Geoffrey Snead-Cox, age nineteen, second lieutenant, Welsh Fusiliers, was killed in action just eight days previously—on October 20.