### SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN"

The hard, dry impersonal accounts of the great struggle from day to day leaves us with a curiously detached sense of alcofness, and the war itself seems less real and actual to us than the great historic battles of the I had to go like the rest, though I was so weak I twice fell down. past. The stories which follow are full of warm human interest; every one of them points its own moral while bringing us into close, even poignant sympathy, with our brothers at the front.

A DYING CONFESSOR SOLDIER-PRIEST. A Daily Chronicle special corre-pondent in Paris, Mr. T. Naylor, tells the following affecting story of the devotion of a soldier-priest in

Saturday's issue: —
In the hall of a great railway terminus in Paris a number of wounded were laid out on the straw wounded were laid out on the straw waiting to be taken to a hospital. Eight of them were very badly hurt, and some of them were evidently not long for this world. One of them seemed to be very uneasy. A nurse went up to him and offered to rearrange his bandages. His reply was, "I want a confessor badly."
"Is there a priest here?" asked the Just then another wounded lying mortally lucked the nurse by the sleeve. Madame," he said, "I am a priest; I can give him absolution. Carry me to him." The nurse hesitated. The soldier was suffering from the effects of a horrible shell wound, and the least movement gave him execuciating pain. But again the feeble voice quietly said, "You are of the faith, and you know the price of the faith, and you know the price of a soul. What is one more hour of life compared with that?" And the soldier raised himself by a supreme effort to go to the side of his com-rade. But the effort was in vain. He had to be carried. The confession did not take long, and the strength of the soldier-priest was ebbing rapidly away. When the time came to give the absolution he made a sign to the nurse. "Help me to give the sign," he said. The nurse held up his arm while this was being done. Death followed quickly for the soldier-priest and his penitent. They died hand in hand, while the nurse and the ambulance men fell on their knees on each side

IN ACTION WITH THE FIELD ARTILLERY.

Some help to the realization of what war means may be gathered from a letter like the following from a young subaltern in the Field Artillery, written to his mother from a Paris hospital, which has appeared in the Brighton District Catholic

Magazine for November:—
I think I am the luckiest divil imaginable. I have no pain at all, and wounds, though numerous (four). are not in the least serious. On the whole, it is something of an achievement to be blown up into the sky by a a leg, or even my senses. Yes, we had a pretty awful time since the battle of the Aisne commenced on Sunday, the 13th (September). We were in action all Sunday, and on Monday were posted right up into the firing line in a hail of bullets. Gradually the German infantry fell back, but our real hell began about 11 a. m. They started dropping sixinch high explosive shells into us. You could hear them coming, and they did make a mess when they hit anything. The fourth dropped plump into one of my guns and blew plump into one of my guns with their blood and pieces of their hesitated, and sought for some other with their blood and pieces of their limbs. Some of them were not quite dead, but horribly wounded, and kept on talking and begging for water, or to be shot. It was horrible. For three hours this went on; we had to stay to support our infantry.

At 5 p.m. we fired our last shot.

Several attempts were made to send up ammunition, but each time the Germans accused the cure of preparteams were blown to pulp. Just be-fore five o'clock a shell burst about five yards behind me, and blew me he was court martialled. He underne was court martialed. He underunder the wagon. I crawled out,
and found my sleeve ripped up and
my arm spouting blood; also I had a
rent in the left shoulder, and my
right boot was cut open. Harvey
tied me up, and I crawled half a mile
tied me up, and I crawled half a mile
executioners, he intoned the Libera, back to the village, and got dressed in a temporary hospital. It was an awful hole: the floor covered with wounded lying on straw, and everywhere blood. Next morning, thanks to a Captain Potter, R. A. M. C., who have we have a self-invariable morning. knew my name as a Limerick man, I got away under heavy fire.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE IN THE VOSGES The following is from the letter of

vosges village to her husband at the Front, and is given in the Daily News by its special correspondent, Mr. H. Cozens-Hardy:—
Of course, you say why haven't you written oftener? The Germans have been been three works. have been here three weeks, and when I tell you the torture we have when I tell you the torture we have undergone you will need all your courage to listen, and you will understand my silence. How shall I begin? My baby was born in the midet of a terrific bombardment. I midet of a terrific bombardment. I need to the light, may gain strength. was alone except for my poor mother and dad. Next day they bundled all of us into the church, left us without food, and posted armed sentries in

it suffered agonies an hour. The elder child was not killed outright. It exclaimed: "Mother, take us out of the church; it isn't safe; and of the church; it isn't safe; and mayn't I have something to eat?" I hadn't even a crust to give her. Her last words were: "Mother, dear, I think I am dying." That was not all. I had to take the dying baby from mother's dead arms. The day after more Prussians entered the church. Thirty of us were dead, so we were ordered into the fields, and I had to go like the rest, though I Finally, I reached Moncel, where I and dad found friends. . . Your children are dead. Mind you keep alive to avenge the hideous wrong, for if you don't I'll seize a gun and ecount for a brace myself.

THE PIETY OF THE FRENCH SOLDIERS Testimonies accumulate to show the attitude of the French soldiers towards religion. In an article in Journal de Genèva, M. Rocheblave, a

French Protestant, says :—
The psychological historian who shall undertake the task of analysing the deep causes of the unexpected strength of the resistance offered by France to the invader of 1914 will find himself compelled to note, amongst other new factors of the first importance, a strong revival of religious feeling. And one of the elements of this reawakening is the presence in such large numbers, and the example so often heroic, of the priest with the Colours. And this is without reckoning the deaths of priests as priests, shot in the fulfil-ment of their sacred duties, and falling as martyrs in their blood stained

Describing the courage and infecti-ous example of the priest soldiers, M. Rocheblave tells how one, an officer, seeing that his company was wavering, sprang forward and cried: "I am a priest. I have no fear of death! Forward, all!" And he fell, riddled with bullets, but he had carried the position. Again, the writer recalls how many a time after a battle among the wounded and the dying one less wounded will creep to the side of a comrade and whisper in his ear: "I am a priest; I will give ab solution," and the hand raised in blessing is often sadly mutilated.

THE WITNESS OF THE PRIESTS

What is thus set forth above is but a general statement which is corrob rated by almost every letter that arrives from the priests who as chap ains or under the Colours are at the Front. Thus a priest of the diocese of Saint-Flour tells of the generous acceptance of suffering, fatigue, and privations of all sorts shown by the men, and states that the priest sol-diers, ambulance men, and stretcherpearers have an abundance of relig ious consolations in the way in which officers and soldiers avail themselves of every opportunity to hear Mass: religious sense." All agree in noticing this religious movement. Another priest assures his correspondent that they "generally meet with excellent dispositions among the wounded, and of one of those mothers, a sorrowful never with any refusal;" whilst a third states that "all these brave dignified quietness and resignation. oldiers die resigned to the will of God and fortified with the sacraments of the Church. They are happy to see us at their side." By the middle of September no fewer than 82 priests and 127 religious had been proposed by their chiefs for the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

THE CURE OF LA VOIVRE A recent issue of La Croix gives the following particulars of the shooting of the Abbe Lahache, cure of la Voivre, near Saint Die, by the Ger-

fused, and the Germans, taken aback ing information for the French troops,

LYNCH.—At Bancroft, Ont., on Sunknew my name as a Limerick man, I was put into a motor lorry, and we day, November 15, 1914, Mr. M. J. Lynch, aged sixty-nine years. May his soul rest in peace!

WILSON-In this city, on Thursday November 26th, 1914, Jane Wilson a Lorraine peasant woman in a widow of the late Alexander Wilson.

Vosges village to her husband at the May her soul rest in peace!

GUIRY.-At St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterborough, on Saturday, November 14, 1914, Mrs. David Guiry, aged seventy years, a life long resident of Ennismore and mother of Mrs. John F. O'Sullivan, this city. May her soul rest in peace!

posed to the light, may gain strength, beauty, and flavor.—Abbe Roux.

What a happiness, it some day on our Divine Spouse in this \* \* \* Coming from Holy Communion, I Believe me, yours very gratefully in the belfry. A shell burst into the should find my miserable heart gone building and killed mother, VinéeBlène, and tiny Fernande. A piece
out of my breast and in its place
Blène, and tiny Fernande. A piece
established the precious Heart of my
of shell hit the baby on its side, and
God.—St. Francis de Sales.

M. Terese, O. SS. S."
Syon Abbey, Chudleigh, S. Devon,
August 31, 1914.

### AN INTERESTING LETTER

To the most widely beloved of Catholic poets the Corner is indebted for a close range view of war-time trouble—trouble which, in some instances, may proved to bear unfore seen blessings

'My very dear friend: "My very dear friend:
While we were at Cape May Point
I sent a poem to the little magazine
edited by the nuns of the Order of
St. Saviour (founded by St. Bridget
of Sweden) who are at Syon
Abbay, Chudleigh, South Devon,
England. They are the sole community that have retained the primitive rule of pre Reformation days; and the present lady is, strange say, an Irish woman! A cousin of say, an Irish woman! A cousin of mine in Canada is honorary agent for their little pamphlet, "The Poor Soul's Friend," in Canada, and through him I have been corresponding with Mother Terese, the lady abbess for some years past. It occurred to me that you might like to read her letter, which is especially interesting because of the war and distressing conditions in England. You are at liberty to quote any pas-sage that appeals to you if you are

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY Villa Maria, West Chester, Pa., September 19th, 1914.

The eloquently descriptive letter of the lady abbess is living literature; contemporary history visualized for

My dear Miss Donnelly :- May God reward you for your sympathy in this hour of trial, also for the kind thought that suggested your writing those appealing verses, "The writing those appealing verses, "The Mistress of the Sea," which strike home, Oh! so deeply, and make one's heart-strings vibrate and revibrate with renewed hope that "The Mistress of the Sea" will protect our seagirt isles and 'fling the waters of grace abroad, that the souls of all those whose bodies this present strike gives to the sea may be her salvage. R. I. P.

It is with a certain sense of relief, nay, gratitude, that one feels that the bodies of the sailors who have fallen in the fray will be saved by the sea from the desecration of being trampled under foot, as those of the

poor soldiers, by an oncoming army.
"The good God alone knows what
all the horrors of the twentieth century will be. Now, at the onset, they are appalling enough, and yet we are only at the beginning of the sufferings this vast conflict will entail. These last few weeks have made me realize as I have never done before what Our Mother's sufferings were as she stood at the Foot of the Cross.
"This has been brought so vividly

before me by the heroic fortitude of widowed mothers whose only sons seen grief engraved so deeply on any human face as upon the countenan expression made superhuman by its

ture of that other Mother comes to mind, the one who freely offered her Only Son for the saving of the human race. The passive suffering of the mothers and wives is not less heroic than the vital agonies of their ons and husbands who give their lives in defense of their country.

"The pity of it all is that there are thousands of wives and mothers in the ranks of both friends and so called foes and have given up, and bravely, too, their most cherished ones with but the faintest hope of ever receiv

The toll of death this war will that it will cause to run riot, are too terrible to contemplate, yet, thank God, the evil is more than countersalanced by the bringing forth (in the majority) of all that is best in poor human nature.

"Here we cannot measure things of time with the things of eternity, but we of the faith know that the etermal purpose will be wrought out des-pite all the folly of men, and that this terrible scourge of war has fallen upon Europe for the ultimate good of the sons of its people.

"Europe was fast forgetting God: in every place men have supposed that they could do without Him, and now civilization without God has let loose the forces of destruction upon

That God the multitudes are beginning to realize this sad mistake—let us hope not too late for the floodgates of God's mercy to be opened—and they are now pleading for mercy from that God, Who, in the time of peace, they tried to persuade themselves was non-existent. Without doubt the chastisement of this war will be the saving of innumerable souls who otherwise would have been

lost eternally.
"Our good Bishop has given us leave for daily Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament until the end of war, also for the daily recital of the Office of the Dead for all who lose their lives through the war. It is a great privilege, one for which we are truly grateful, as it is in a special way that Holy Mother Church in way that holy wother church in times like the present looks to the ranks of the consecrated spouses for the victim of expiation. They have been placed by the Church like Moses on the Mount of Prayer Pray for us that we fail not our Divine Scores in this \* \* \*

Jesus Christ. M. TERESE, O. SS.S."

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