

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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WE WONDER

Macaulay, speaking of Frederick the beloved of the Germans, says: "In order that Frederick might rob a neighbour whom he has sworn to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America." We wonder what he would say if he lived to-day? The "scrap of paper" incident, the brutalities which are regarded as mere trifles by the bland German Professor would impel him to pen another vitriolic phrase. The Kaiser has appealed often and vehemently to God on the grounds, we suppose, that religion is absolutely necessary in the State. Does he, however, believe with Frederick that the real religion of a prince lies in his own interest and in his own glory; and that it would not be wise in a king to have any religion himself? One thing certain is that the religion which looks complacently upon violated treaties is a very poor substitute for that preached by Jesus of Nazareth.

WHY THEY AVAIL NOT

We have often wondered why some editors "see red" when they discuss political questions. For their leaders they reserve exuberant eulogy, but their opponents are placed in journalistic stocks and ridiculed to the extent of the vocabulary of abuse. This method may please the ward-healer who thinks by proxy, but to the discerning it cannot but be incompatible not only with decent journalism, but with even the pranks that are associated with the irresponsible young. They who seek to mould public opinion must exhibit justness of mind and courtesy of expression. The subject for discussion should be weighed upon the scales of reason; viewed in the light of the country's interest; and submitted to the readers without any attempt to cloud it by irrelevance or personalities. Earnestness of advocacy can be had without the violation of the canons of social amenities. And any editor can wage war for his cause valiantly and effectively without availing himself of the methods of the assassin. We hold no brief for the public man who uses his office not as a trust, but to fill his pockets; who surrenders his honor to political expediency and is a mere pawn in the game; but the high spirited public man should not, because he does not see eye to eye with some editors, be a target for meaningless abuse.

A PERIL

The humorists wax merry over the married woman who prefers pug-dogs to children. But the thoughtful regard it as a portent that cannot be ignored by all who regard weakness and decadence as menaces to national stability. France and England and other nations, awake now to the abuse of matrimony, are trying to counteract the growing practice. The eugenists, however, armed with statistics, advocate the restriction of families. They tell us with bewildering variety of nauseous detail, that the more children born into a family the less chance each has of a living. The fewer the children the stronger they are to come to grips with life and to win. They talk as if they had created a new world, and were empowered to draw up rules for its guidance. But the Christian family was not made for the State, but for the glory of God. Its character is heaven-made and its function is to contribute by its children to the glory of God. Hence, any wilful interference with the course of nature must be reprobated. The Church condemns anything which does away with the primary end for which matrimony was instituted. She looks with horror upon the books and advertisements which strive to make the evil as easily accessible as possible, and she warns the world that that way is degeneracy and death. Statistics also might be adduced to show that luxury and selfishness and disinclination to duty are oftentimes but whips that scourge the individual as well as the limited offspring. With Christian principles as

the foundation of the family life, one can but have pity for the men and women who urge small families and hold out a few printed words for the regulation of human passion.

A GREAT CHURCHMAN

The venerable Cardinal of Baltimore has his name not writ in water on the annals of history. We are well within the bounds of propriety when we say that no American Churchman has rendered such services to the faith, and has exercised such compelling influence over thousands not of his creed as Cardinal Gibbons. Gentle always with the strength of a virile manhood, knowing when to speak and when to be silent, clear visioned as to the needs of the age, and clad as with a garment, with the kindness that disarms suspicion and wins hearts, he goes his way a sower of infinite seed. He may be remembered by his books; but his enduring monument is, in our opinion, his success in convincing his fellow-citizen that the Church encourages the legitimate aspirations of the age and blesses anything that can be redounded to the good of the world.

LETTING IN THE LIGHT

Lay action is a destroyer of prejudice. The influences of an environment and education hostile to the Church lose their strength when confronted with the intelligent Catholic. "If we do our duty," says Archbishop Ireland, "truth will make progress among our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, and once made Catholics, they will by their zeal and activity rank among the most loyal, and most devoted of the children of the Church."

ARE WE GUILTY?

Mr. Desmond says truly: Cardinal Manning once remarked: "We do not mean to be negligent, but we are too prone to believe that all good things will take care of themselves without any effort on our part to make them better." The public morality of our community is something in which we are more or less concerned. It is not enough that we go apart and try to save our own souls. We are, to some extent, "our brother's keeper." If there are good movements afoot, it is a sin of omission on our part that we do not lend a hand. Let us examine our conscience along this line: "What am I doing in aid of good causes?" "Do I, by act or word, help these movements which are making for a purer moral atmosphere in my neighborhood?" Too many good people are dreadfully neuter. They let the saloon-keeper run ward politics. They let the corporations run the city. They let panders to obscenity furnish the amusement of the poor. And in many other ways they omit to oppose that which is an evil, or to help that which is good. They have their presence, their voice, their vote, their exertion, their influence; yet they do nothing.

TESTING MEN'S FAITH

The following extract from a recent pastoral of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, shows the results of the war upon the men of England: "New men are clearly showing forth that, deep down in their conscience, there was all the while the knowledge that our life here is but one stage in our being, that life on earth is not coterminal with our whole existence, and that there are things greater, nobler and more important than the years, few or many, that we may pass upon this earth. Young men who seemed careless, frivolous, selfish, self-indulgent—sinful, too, perhaps—have in thousands risen to a new consciousness of the real sense and consciousness of their lives. By their action they have proclaimed their belief that there is another more valuable life beyond the grave, and that duty, love of country, and the love of God, upon which both are based, hold in themselves a higher value than the prolongation by a few more years of their lives upon this earth. Without the compulsion of any legal enactment—and therein surely lies a higher claim to merit—they have taken their lives into their hands, and offered them willingly, to be taken or left as the providence of God may decree, in the service of their country."—St. Paul Bulletin.

POLAND LITERALLY A DESERT

A POPULATION HOMELESS, FOOD-LESS, HOPELESS

London, May 9.—Robert Crozier Long, author and special correspondent, has written for the Associated Press, upon his return to Stockholm after an extended tour of the war-devastated districts of Poland, the following account of what he saw: "Finis Poloniae," Koeciulski's epitaph on his country, has been realized. A tour of Central and South Poland and the Polish parts of Galicia convinces me of that. I visited all the chief towns and many villages, or ruins of villages, in 10,000 square miles of country lying between the Austro-German lines and the Vistula in a semi-circle from the Bzura to the Nida. I visited also the basin of the Dunajec and Wisloka, the theatre of the sanguinary May Day battle. The country is a desert, the home of nomads. I got my first glimpse of it on the Bzura, west of Warsaw, where, during a four months' artillery duel, every habitation has disappeared.

CHIMNEYS ALL THAT ARE LEFT

"I reached this battle front first after dusk, and from an observation tower saw against the red background, formed half by the sun's afterglow and half by a blazing forest, the remnants of a dozen villages. These remnants were gaunt, erect pillars. This is typical of burnt-out Poland. A street of frame cottages, often straw thatched, catches fire from the first shell, and only ugly rows of brick chimneys are left. At night these long, double rows of chimneys present a gaunt effect.

"Everywhere except east of the road from Warsaw to Sandomir, blackened brick chimneys represent Polish homes.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF POPULATION

"Poland's population is suffering as no European has suffered since the Thirty Years' War. Every second man is a refugee. Warsaw has 60,000 refugees, a third of them Jews. In Radom I found 15,000 refugees; in Kielce, 20,000.

"A Warsaw rabbi assured me that 100,000 Jews from the towns of Lodz, Piotrkow and Lowicz were without homes. Many refugees still tramp the road begging desperately from people themselves beggars. Many thousands are huddled in the tottering fragments of cottages, while 10,000 are shivering in the abandoned trenches and terraced Russian dugouts at Skaryszow.

"In Radom Province I found 80 unfed families cowering underground. Some were half-naked, as they had spread their soaked clothing to dry on a barbed-wire entanglement. They held me off more, pretentiously underground dwellings improvised at Glowno, near Lodz. There the sheltered terraced dugouts had been repaired and enlarged, stocked with tables and utensils, and even equipped with stoves.

"I met many refugees without food and money and mostly ill-clad. Near Ostrowice was a dreary procession of men in thick sheepskin coats without other clothing, women in men's trousers and children in dresses improvised from shawls. They lost their homes in an Austrian night attack, in which four villages were burned. They had saved only a dozen rambunctious carts, filled with kitchen utensils, pillows, brilliant but malodorous rags, and scores of shrapnel cases used as tumblers. Children rushed after a Cossack patrol, begging bread. The Cossacks tossing to the ground what they had, galloped away to escape the children's cries. I think few starve to death. One is touched with the universal charity, but many are emaciated, shivering and forlorn.

"At Kielce is told the story of two heads of families who took their own lives. These men, with their wives and children, made a three weeks' journey from Piotrkow, now in Austrian hands. They travelled through the gap in the Austrian lines, but the wife of one was shot by a sentry, while the wife of the other died of exhaustion and one child was trampled in a panic-stricken flight of refugees. The commandant at Kielce assured me that the week before my arrival seven persons who had starved to death were picked up outside the town.

FUTURE WILL BE EVEN WORSE

"Such is Poland's present. The future will be even worse. The country, ravaged and irreclaimable, begins to resemble the primeval Sarmatian waste. Roads, forests and even fields have vanished. Many roads are still as von Hindenburg left them in his November retreat. They are chess boards with quadrangular cavities neck deep in rain water. Some still bear the Germans' ironical placard, 'No bathing here.' 'The roads which have been repaired cannot bring food to civilians, for all are crowded by parallel transport columns. The fields were destroyed by transport and artillery trains which finding the roads too narrow, spread right and left, obliterated farms.

"Water grain was not sown and there is no seed for grain for Spring. Everywhere are labyrinthine tangles

of trenches faced by broad mazes of barbed wire. These peasants, knowing that the war will return, fear to remove. Arable land is a sandy desert, for trench diggers dug beneath the fertile surface and scattered the subsoil of sand.

DAYS WE CELEBRATE

In many sections of the United States one day in the year is celebrated as "Mothers' Day." But every day is the mothers' day, if we only knew it. Immense libraries contain manifold accounts of what men have done to make the world better. Of what the mothers have done little has been written, because men have done the writing. What the mothers have done never can be told. The star that has guided man through all the dark centuries of advance in civilization is the love-light that has ever shone steadily in the world's mothers' eyes. The mother is enthroned at the very centre of human life, and she extends her subtle, beneficent influence to the utmost advance of human progress. The mother love, impressed deep in the plastic mind and heart of childhood—there is the moving and directing force in the world. It is the earthly reservoir of all the best impulses that have been, even from the beginning, and that ever will be, even to the end. It sweetened the breeze that scented Eden's grove, and ever since its blessing has been borne into every nook and corner of the habitated world. The mother love! Who can measure its sustaining power? The mother devotion! Who can tell where that ends and divinity begins?

There is no passion in which poor human nature so nearly reaches the divine as that of the mother's love for her child. It is the supreme passion of earth, the fundamental force that has populated it and civilised it. It is a steady light beaming from heaven to make the world habitable and heaven conceivable.—Montreal Evening News.

THE POPE THE ONLY MEDIATOR SAYS PROTESTANT WRITER

In his "Contributions to the History of the Origin of the Great War," M. B. Valtier, a Protestant writer in Holland, says:

"There is only one Power standing without and above the parties (to the struggle of nations) and entitled by its moral position to interfere. When it thinks the opportunity has come, this Power will undoubtedly do so. This Power is His Holiness the Pope. All those who love peace for itself, be they Protestants, like the author or Catholics, and who feel impelled to plead for peace with some man, must go to Rome and not direct their appeal to governments, not one of which can be considered a disinterested party to the questions at issue.

"The influence of the Holy Father knows no national boundaries and is strong in England also. His great spiritual prestige must be conceded by all countries. Hence the appointment of a Dutch ambassador to the Vatican would be not only the fulfillment of a long neglected, great and ideal duty towards the Catholic fellow-citizens, but also, under existing circumstances, an act of peace and wisdom, not to say a meeting of an urgent demand of the times."—B. C. Western Catholic.

EFFICIENT

In discussing "Benevolent Foundations and Efficient Philanthropy," John D. Rockefeller speaks rather approvingly of the work done in charitable and educational lines by the Catholic Church. Says he:

"Just heretofore it occurs to me to testify to the fact that the Roman Catholic Church, as I have observed in my experience, has advanced a long way in this direction. I have been surprised to learn how far a given sum of money has gone in the hands of priests and nuns, and how really effective is their use of it. I fully appreciate the splendid services done by other workers in the field, but I have seen the organization of the Roman Church secure better results with a given sum of money than other church organizations are accustomed to secure from the same expenditure. I speak of this merely to point the value of the principle of organization, in which I believe so heartily. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the centuries of experience which the Church of Rome has gone through to perfect a great power of organization.

John D. R. probably led to these reflections by the observance of facts that are patent to all. A cursory examination of the reports issued by any charitable institution conducted under Catholic auspices would reveal an economy in management that might appear unattainable to boards of control of State-managed institutions. Almost any State in the Union can furnish examples of the greater efficiency and economic superiority of the privately-controlled establishment over the one that is a public charge.

In the matter of education, it is well known that Catholic schools can

be maintained at less than one third the expense required for the public schools. Eight dollars a piece per year is a fair estimate for the parochial pupil against something over thirty for the child in the State-supported school.

Mr. Rockefeller has arrived at a proper conclusion when he says the Roman Church secures better results with a given sum of money than other church organizations, and he might have added, than any other organization on earth. Whether or not it is because of her centuries of experience, is an indifferent matter. It is gratifying to learn from such a source as the organizer of great foundations, that the Church is efficient, and efficiency is the great thing in these days of the almost universal worship of accomplished fact.—Providence Visitor.

COURAGE FOR OTHERS

Stories of heroism will come to us in numbers from this latest tragedy of the war, the sinking of the Lusitania. No one will be tempted to underestimate the acts of bravery, coolness and humanity that emerge for the honor of the race from the confessed reports of such events, but it is worth while to consider also the stay-at-home courage of those who have to bear in imagination all the possibilities conjured up by the news of the dreadful day.

On the Transylvania, which sailed Friday afternoon after word of the Lusitania's loss had been received, were a number of nurses from the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal, going over to nurse the wounded Canadian soldiers. Four of these nurses called up their parents on the long distance telephone and told them of the disaster, asking if they should still sail. All were told to put their trust in Providence and do their duty. It is this sort of incident even more than the courage of persons confronted by actual danger that testifies to a martial spirit among peace-loving citizens. It is a forerunner of what would happen in ordinary homes if mothers and fathers, too old to fight, were called upon to send their children to the aid of the nation. Whatever the outcome of the present serious situation, it is a satisfaction to reflect that here in our own country as in Canada the moral temper is not likely to fail to respond to any real need.—N. Y. Times.

NEWMAN'S PREACHING

James Anthony Froude, the great historian and apologist of Henry VIII, could hardly be said to be a devout Catholic, but he was a keen observer and a most charming writer. He was an undergraduate at Oxford during the residence there of John Henry Newman as professor, and the recollections he has left us of the great Cardinal are interesting in the extreme. We have heard Newman extolled by a Professor of Theology in a Protestant theological seminary as the finest rhetorician in the English language, and by another as a preacher whose discourses were of marvellous inspirational power to the missionaries of the Cross. Froude, in his reminiscences of the future Cardinal, as given in his "Short Studies of Great Subjects," dwells rather upon the intellectual power and deep moral fervor of Newman's sermons, as witness the following passage:

"Personal admiration, of course, inclined us to look to him as a guide in matters of religion. No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from the select preachers before the University. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us,—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of a rock.

"I recollect a sermon from him—I think in the year 1839. I have never read it since; I may not remember the exact words, but the impression left is ineffaceable. It was on the trials of faith, of which he gave different illustrations. . . . Again, I am not sure whether it was on the same occasion, but it was in following the same line of thought, Newman described closely some of the incidents of Our Lord's Passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence; then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said: 'Now, I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God.' It was as if an electric shock had gone through the church, as if every person present

understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.

Newman was already coming to be recognized as a leader in the religious thought of England, and the undergraduates flocked in great crowds to hear him, impressed by his sincerity, his vigor and elegance of style. We learn in reading his "Apologia" that in later life he was accused of false reasoning, of sophistry, of dishonest argument, of unfair dealings with his religious antagonists, but he clears himself in masterly fashion of these charges, and shows that his conduct throughout had been most consistent. He entered the Catholic Church in 1845, and made that date a memorable one in the religious history of his country, as well as a most important one for the myriads of souls entering the Church, who would find intellectual and moral nourishment in his writings. Preachers and missionaries, converts and non-converts find his books to be a mine of inexhaustible wealth and inspiration.—The Missionary.

HISTORY'S WARNINGS

Of the dangers to our faith none is so subtle, so deadly as for us to feel so secure as to feel that we cannot lose it. Let us look back at the history of nations which Catholicism has looked at France, once proud to be called the eldest daughter of the Church; France, that received the faith from the very friends of Christ, Lazarus, Mary and Martha; a faith which strewed the land with churches and monasteries which are to this day the wonder of Christendom. How this land became atheistic and infidel, filled with corruption of every kind; her priests driven from her shores because she knew not the necessity of guarding the faith. Italy, chosen above all other nations to take the place of Jerusalem, the centre of unity, the land of faith, and so yet among the people generally—there the property of the Church has become the property of a Godless government and the Holy Father is a prisoner in his own land, insulted by his own wicked, perfidious children.

As with nations, so with individuals. No man is so secure in his faith that he may not lose it, unless he cherishes it, loves it, practices it. Faith is not a domestic plant of the earth, but a gift from heaven, and we must guard it from the rigors of the soil.

Faith is a supernatural gift of God bestowed without any merit on our part, and if we would preserve it in its strength we must overcome ourselves, keep it safe from the storms of passion, nourish it by holy purity. If we cherish it not, then it will die. Why did all the Fathers from St. Paul down to our own day never tire of preaching the necessity of watching over and guarding our faith. They knew that the one sin that made man despair of salvation was the loss of faith. Take away that and you take away the sense of repentance necessary for salvation. Therefore we say: Love the faith, practice it and make generous sacrifices for building and supporting the Church. May we be true to the faith as were our forefathers, rugged sons of toil, and may future generations as they pass through our cemeteries read our names and say, "Thank God, they lived in the faith; they died in the faith, and they handed down that faith to us."—Intermountain Catholic.

DEAN HOWELLS

William Dean Howells is a novelist, but even a novelist should not tamper with truth. For instance he has no right to say that the Jesuits teach that lying may be done in a good cause or for the purpose of enforcing a principle; and that evil may be done that good may come of it. Such is the statement or implication made by Mr. Howells in an article in the current North American Review.

The Rev. Father Tierney, S. J., editor of America, wrote to Mr. Howells, asking him for proof to support his statement, but received no answer. A second letter also failed to bring a reply—for the reason, no doubt, which Father Tierney attributes to the novelist, in the following comment. We quote from America, May 1:

Mr. Howells is still silent, a piteous spectacle of a man who, when caught in an attempt to put the stigma of infamy upon the brow of honorable folk, takes to cover and remains there. His darkness is his. May he enjoy it! The explanation of his conduct may be found in his own words: "A man, especially a dramatic author, ought not to be too honest."

Possibly a weightier reason is the impossibility of getting such proof as our brother-editor asked Mr. Howells to produce. "Pastor Russell" might be able to furnish it from his factory of lies about the Catholic Church and her ministers—but then no one would believe it.—Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In the last ten years, 6406 Jews have been converted to Catholicity.

In Paris there are 2,205 Catholic charitable societies at work relieving the effects of the war.

It is expected that the new \$600,000 Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, will be completed and formally opened next fall.

Catholics of Cincinnati have just completed a \$4,000,000 hospital consisting of twenty-four buildings, and has sixty-five acres.

In the Cistercian monastery at Rein, Germany, there was recently found a beautiful crucifix, the handiwork of Michael Angelo.

The most costly book in the world is a Hebrew Bible in the possession of the Vatican. Its weight in gold, \$108,000, was refused for it.

In Germany, French priest-prisoners are allowed to say Mass daily and give retreats to their fellow prisoners.

Nearly all the parish priests, monks and nuns perished in Avezaun during the recent earthquake. The College with more than a hundred girl students collapsed.

To meet the needs of priest-soldiers in the French army, who are unable to say Mass, over 500 portable altars have been sent to them by Catholic societies.

The Rev. John Chapman, O. S. B., formerly Prior of Eadington Abbey, Birmingham, England, has been appointed a member of the Valgate Commission, and has now taken up his residence at St. Callista's, Rome.

The old Father Mathew Temperance Hall in Friary Lane, Cork, Ireland was reopened in the presence of a large number of the parishioners of St. Finbar's by the Most Rev. Dr. Cohan, assistant Bishop of Cork.

The Atlantic Transport steamship Maine, which left Philadelphia for London on Friday, April 23rd, had aboard a fireman who formerly belonged to the Church of England, but who was drawn into the true faith by observing the heroic work of the nuns in the city of Antwerp while that city was under siege.

Twenty-five years ago there were 500 priests laboring in the archdiocese of New York; to-day there are 1,050. Twenty-five years ago there were eighty-five Catholic schools; to-day there are 175. Twenty-five years ago there were 40,000 children attending the diocesan schools; to-day there are over 80,000.

A special correspondent in a leading European Catholic publication, says that so Catholic are the Bavarian soldiers that they frequently present on the march the appearance of a religious procession. In many instances at their head, their chaplains carry the Blessed Sacrament, and that even during fierce engagements in the trenches they recite the rosary. The piety of the Bavarian army is something extraordinary.

Cardinal Bourne, writing to the Rev. Dr. Burton who with Father Pollen, S. J., issued two volumes of the new series of "Lives of the English Martyrs," expresses his regret that the war had impeded the sale of the volume last published. He urges convents, colleges, and Catholics in general, to procure the work for their libraries, and says that unless adequate support is given to this volume, the publication of the succeeding volumes necessary to complete the history of these martyrs will be rendered uncertain, and thus the cause of the martyrs' beatification may be seriously delayed.

"Mr. J. W. E. Moores, who at a specially convened court of the Worshipful Company of Scriveners was admitted to its freedom, and after swearing allegiance and making the required declarations before the Master of Faculties in the House of Lords, was admitted as a Notary Public—is, we understand, the first Catholic to be so appointed since the Reformation," remarks the London Tablet, (March 6.) Mr. Moores passed the examination with honors, the first to do so for twenty-five years. He might have been appointed a Notary years ago if he had been willing to take the oath against the Catholic religion. This oath was abolished by King Edward VII.

In the town of Pinner, England, the corner-stone of a new Catholic church was recently put in place by Cardinal Bourne. Catholics are very few in Pinner, but the University of London notes that there seems to be a complete absence of religious bigotry in the town—if the action of certain leading residents may be considered an index to the general feeling. One well-known non-Catholic gentleman has given a pair of brass candlesticks for use in the church, and a non-Catholic clergyman has presented the rector, Father Canfield, with a set of altar rails for the furnishing of the new building. Several non-Catholic clergymen and leading residents of all persuasions assisted at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone.