

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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PARADE OF SENTIMENT

There can be no doubt that again and again in the past a parade of sentiment has been an almost universal fashion. It must have been so in the polite classes in the days of chivalry, when men rode forth, on knightly errands bent, to redress human wrongs, and wore as a pledge of honour some memento given by a fair lady. The spirit of chivalry cannot have been chiefly a literary after-glow cast by the fancy of poets on a dying age. The ideas of loyalty to king and country, to friends and sacred causes, of valour and courtesy, of instant defence of weakness and innocence were so widespread as to become deeply ingrained in the natures of men of the Christian West, and remain to this day as the basis of character of the typical gentleman, though we do not still stage the knightly part, as was the habit when chivalry was a fashion. We might bring into the record of overdone sentiment the dour repression instituted by a lustreless and apprehensive Puritanism, a godless source of much hypocrisy, and the roystering shallowness of the licentious Stuart Court party, who seemed best for a generation on confounding gaiety of spirit with dissoluteness; but we will pass by these opposing fashions and come to the period when to be "a man of sentiment" was to be "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." This sentimental fad found its culminating literary expression in "The Man of Feeling," by Henry Mackenzie, published in 1771, a work suggested by the vogue of Sterne in England and Rousseau in France. So plainly do the characters in this once popular story revel in wearing their hearts on their sleeves that they burst into tears, men equally with women, between forty and fifty times, and the last page closes with convulsive sobs.

The sentiment laid on so heavily by Mackenzie, and with more artistic elaboration by Richardson, passed into high-flown romance in Mrs. Radcliffe's stories, satirised later by the delicate pen of Jane Austen, as the men of sentiment had been satirised by Sheridan on the stage. This writing during the second half of the eighteenth century was partly a true reflex of the social manners of the period, and partly stimulated the excesses it described.

The most curious feature of this riot of demonstrative emotion was its divorce from genuine feeling, for there never was a time when manners were a more formal pretence. Lawrence Sterne, the founder of the sentimental school, could weep over a dead donkey with an affected grief, and all the while be a virulent knave. Coming nearer our own day we may note how echoes from the eighteenth-century sentiment reappeared in the writings of the great favourites, Alfred Tennyson and Charles Dickens. When Tennyson lingered with long sustained wailing beside the bed of the May Queen, and Dickens dripped slow tears over the physical frailties of Little Nell and Paul Dombey, and somewhat later, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe set a dying child before the reading public of the world, in the Eva of Uncle Tom's Cabin, each of these writers was appealing to a highly developed vein of sentimentality that for the moment had mastered the public and also the authors themselves. The impression made on the modern reader by these fading, fragile children, who once were wept over copiously, is utterly irreconcilable with that which was made on the first readers of the tragedy. It is not that children are loved or mourned one whit the less, or that the pathos of a shortened life is less sadly felt, but the staging and elaboration of such sorrow is felt to be out of place and taste.

THE EBB AND FLOW

Just as we can see an ebb and flow of public sentiment if we glance along the centuries, so by looking around we can observe its existence in varying degrees today in divers places and among different

types of people. The idea of making a great show at funerals, for example, which has come to be regarded very widely as a rather gross form of vulgarity, is still cherished in some country districts as a demanded sign of respectability. Many habits existing in remote country places, such as ready and free hospitality, are survivals from widespread sentiments of other ages that have been alternately growing and waning.

There can be no question that before the War the tendency among people who made any claim to taste and culture was strongly against lavish expression of feeling and in favor of self-control to the point of reticence. Anything like "gush" was regarded as a lapse in the direction of vulgarity. Indeed it was rather the fashion to be cold, and casual, and off hand in manner and to assume that genuine feeling could safely discard outward show. A continuance of this feeling that things which matter most cannot properly be talked about openly and freely is observable in all the finest of the fighting men who come home from the War. They talk of their own doings with a modest reluctance. Ostentatious display or desecrating on personal experience is the worst of bad form. "Hot air" is the soldiers' abomination. It is the failure and the fraud who "gasses." The most essential things go without saying. Behind this reserve, whether it is exercised in relation to war's sensations or men's profoundest individual beliefs and feelings, we must all feel there is far more character than any fluency could express; but will the present repression of sentiment continue, or shall we in the future see the national emotion of these grave times surge up into a new wave of sentiment palpable and vocal?

THE REAL THING

Notwithstanding the supposed hardening effects of war and the need for all of us to steel our nerves and hearts to bear whatever may be our lot, we are confident that in the most natures of men and women were never before so tender as they are now. We live in the presence of the most stupendously romantic self-sacrifice. Men have risen to unbelievable heights of heroism. We must think of our common human nature with reverence. Man's whole conception of himself is uplifted by his conquest of the fear of death. And these exalted thoughts companion in our minds with the constant sense of bereavement, both personal for those whom we have lost and general for the dreadful aggregate of sorrow. Here and now is supreme cause for sentiment to grow and flourish as never before, but deeper, purer, more real. But it would be a desecration if such sentiment were ever to assume any fashionable form, for fashion is always an affectation. The central truth as regards sentiment and its expression in speech or visible action seems to be that, while all gush and show and elaboration are out of place wherever deep feeling is concerned, we may easily become too impervious in appearance to some of the finest and noblest of human impulses, too much afraid of being our natural affectionate selves, too rigid and mechanical in our dealings with those with whom our dearest hopes are so entwined, and we may reach the sham state of mind in which men fear to show those whom they love that they indeed are loved. Life is immeasurably warmer and more comforting when love and friendship and admiration are bold enough to show themselves openly. By all means let us strive to prevent all approach to a carnival of ostentatious sentiment following this spirit stirring War, but do not let us neglect to garner the harvest of affection which the dangers and sacrifices of the time have brought to fruition. In this intimate sense, without parade, let us, as between parents and children, relatives and friends, and loyal comrades made one by common endeavors, be glad to show the reality of our inmost love.

To lay up treasure in heaven is the object of life. To get ready to be fit companions for the angels is the most essential of duties.

THE GRAY MAN OF CHRIST

THE GREATEST OF SOLDIERS FIRST OF ALL A CHRISTIAN

Los Angeles Times

As the tide in the great War turns more and more from doubt and anxiety to the certainty of victory, there looms with startling vividness in the world's imagination the figure of one man whose genius has exceeded that of any other soldier of whom time has made record.

This man is General Ferdinand Foch—the Gray Man of Christ.

This has been Christ's war—Christ on one side, and all that stood opposed to Christ on the other side. And the generalissimo, in supreme command of all the armies that fought on the side of Christ, is Christ's man.

This may seem a strange statement for a secular newspaper to make. But, it is the business of a newspaper to get at facts. If the facts are of a general nature, it is still the business of the newspaper to get at them and to record them.

And the fact is that owing to the genius of Ferdinand Foch, the Hun stands at this hour with his back against the wall—a wall that is soon to crash and crumble upon his head and annihilate him forever from the face of the earth.

HE IS CHRIST'S MAN.

And the additional fact is that the deeper we question as to who Foch is, the clearer is the answer that in every act of his life and in every thought of his brain he is Christ's man.

If you were to ask him: "Are you Christ's man?" he would answer, "Yes."

It seems to be beyond all shadow of doubt that when the hour came in which all that Christ stood for was to either stand or fall, Christ raised up a man to lead the hosts that battled for Him.

When that hour came in which truth and right, charity, brotherly love, justice and liberty were either to triumph or to be blotted out of the world, Christ came again upon the road to Damascus.

Whoever does not realize this and see it clearly as a fact, he does but blunder stupidly.

There will be a crowding company of critics when the War is ended, and they will all be filled with the ego of their own conclusions. They will attempt to explain the genius of Foch with maps and diagrams.

But, while they are doing so, if you will look for Foch in some quiet church, it is there that he will be found humbly giving God the glory and absolutely declining to attribute it to himself.

Can that kind of a man win a war? Can a man who is a practical soldier be also a practical Christian? And is Foch that kind of a man? Let us see.

If you were to know a man who came home every night with a bag filled with gold nuggets, you would naturally be curious to know where he went to get them.

In the same way, when you see soldiers winning battles you are curious to know from what source comes his genius.

Where, then, does Foch go for the strength and magical power to bring home the marvelous victories he has won and is still winning over Persia the unholy alliance she has made and to crush the world and drive freedom from the earth?

We have the answer close at home. A California boy, serving as a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces in France, has recently written a letter to his parents in San Bernardino in which he gives as well as anyone else could give, the answer to the question we ask.

This American boy—Evans by name—tells of meeting General Foch at close range in France.

Evans had gone into an old church to have a look at it, and as he stood there with bare head satisfying his respectful curiosity, a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform, also entered the church.

Only one orderly accompanied the quiet gray man. No glittering staff of officers, no entourage of gold-laced aides were with him; nobody but just the orderly.

Evans paid small attention at first, to the gray man, but was curious to see him kneel in the church, praying. The minutes passed until fully three-quarters of an hour had gone by before the gray man arose from his knees.

Then Evans followed him down the street and was surprised to see soldiers salute this man in great excitement, and women and children stopping in their tracks with awestruck faces as he passed.

It was Foch. And now, Evans of San Bernardino counts the experience as the greatest in his life.

During that three-quarters of an hour that the generalissimo of all the allied armies was on his knees in humble supplication in that quiet church, 10,000 guns were roaring at his word on a hundred hills that rocked with death.

generale and field marshals, artillery, cavalry, engineers, tanks, fought and wrought across the map of Europe absolutely as he commanded them to do, and in no other manner, as he went into that little church to pray.

Nor was it an unusual thing for General Foch to do. There is no day that he does not do the same thing if there be a church that he can reach. He never fails to spend an hour on his knees every morning that he awakes from sleep; and every night it is the same.

Moreover, it is not a new thing with him. He has done it his whole life long.

If young Evans could have followed the general on to headquarters, where reports were waiting him and news of victory upon victory was piled high before him, he would doubtless have seen a great gladness on the general's face, but he would have seen no look of surprise there.

Men who do that which Foch does have no doubts. When Premier Clemenceau and Tiger de Foch, stood on the battle front with anxious heart, one look at the face of Foch stilled all his fears. He returned to Paris with the vision of sure victory.

The great agnostic statesman doubted, but the Gray Man of Christ did not doubt.

The facts, then, in the case are that when the freedom of the world hung in the balance the world turned to Foch and the one great genius who could save it against the Hun; and that Foch, who is perhaps the greatest soldier the world has produced, is first of all a Christian.

What is the use of listening to materialists in the face of these facts? Where did the man go who brought home his sack of gold nuggets every night? Where does Foch go who brings home a victory every day?

If he goes to the chemists, to the war council, to the map makers, and to them alone, well and good. That's what the Kaiser and von Hindenburg and Ludendorff do, and so the materialists would give us their answer.

But that is not what Foch does. He goes to God. He goes to Christ, who turned back Paul on the road to Damascus; to the Nazarene, who raised Lazarus from the tomb; to the Wanderer who went up the dark path to Calvary and hung there upon the tree between two thieves that the sins of the world might be washed away.

Think of this type of man, quiet and humble as the humblest peasant in the stricken fields of Flanders, with the hopes and the destinies of a whole world in his hands!

It is not our tradition that such a commander, compared to whom Alexander and Constantine and Napoleon and Caesar stand as corporals in Lilliput, should be inaccessible in his lordly grandeur from the eyes of common men?

And yet, young Evans of San Bernardino, just an every-day American boy from under the shadow of old San Geronimo, spent nearly an hour with Foch in an old French church, and not even one bayonet was there to keep them apart.

They represented the two great democracies of the world, but there in that old church they represented, jointly, a far greater thing—the democracy of Christ.

The War is not yet ended, but Foch has already won it.

The Kaiser prates much of God, but we know that his "Gott" is not the God who gave us Christ as His only begotten Son. You shall search the utterances of the Kaiser in vain to find one single reference to his Christ, or one appeal that he has made to the Son of God.

The Kaiser, and that Prussia which he has builded up, have thrust Christ out. Alas! He is to the Hun as He was to them that slew Him.

Of Him was the prophecy that He would come to be the Prince of Peace. For such a Prince the Hun could have no longing and no love, because it was axiomatic that through Christ there would come an end of war.

For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall even be for burning, for fuel of fire.

When, some day soon—pray to God it may be soon—the trumpets shall sound the clear, sweet call of peace across the broken world, the victors shall kneel at the feet of Christ, and at the head of all the weary yet rejoicing host shall kneel Christ's gray general, Ferdinand Foch.

AN OPEN FORUM

With its October issue, The Nineteenth Century and After completes its first five hundred numbers, and the occasion is of special interest to Catholics because of the open policy consistently followed by its distinguished founder Sir James Knowles, and maintained with equal consistency since his death. In the concluding article of the current number Mr. Frederick Harrison recalls some memories of the great Review's history. The first number contained a poem by Tennyson, essays by Gladstone, Huxley, and Arnold, and a paper on the Vatican Council by Cardinal Manning. Catholic writers have ever since found the Nineteenth

Century an open forum. Both Dr. W. G. Ward and his son contributed, as did Mgr. Capel, Father Clarke, S. J., Mgr. Moyes, and Mr. Smead Cox. Cardinal Vaughan was given every facility for making public the Catholic side in at least three controversies, now dead, which at the time were capable of much mischief. Canon Barry first contributed in 1877, and Mr. W. S. Lilly in 1882, and both these veteran apologetes have written for the review regularly since. We are glad to know that Nineteenth Century's wide platform is maintained, and that a very strong article upon a subject of burning Catholic interest by one of our foremost writers may shortly be expected in its pages.—The Universe.

ONE D. S. O. AND TEN M. C.'S

MILITARY HONORS WON BY CATHOLIC CANADIAN CHAPLAINS

From a London Correspondent

Canadian Catholics will be proud to learn that their priests in the Canadian Corps are getting their fair share of decorations for gallantry and valour in the field.

The list on October 22nd stood as follows:

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER
Lieut.-Colonel (Rev.) F. L. French of Renfrew, Ont.

MILITARY CROSS WITH BAR
Major (Rev.) Ambrose Madden, O. M. I., of the Vancouver Oblate Province.

MILITARY CROSS

Lieut.-Colonel (Rev.) W. T. Workman, O. F. M., of the Montreal Franciscan Friary.
Major (Rev.) J. A. Fortier, O. M. I., Quebec, Que.

Major (Rev.) M. N. Tompkins, of Antigonish Diocese.

Major (Rev.) T. McCarthy, of London Diocese.

Major (Rev.) R. C. McGillivray, of Antigonish Diocese.

Capt. (Rev.) E. A. MacDonald, O. S. B., of Vancouver Island.

Major (Rev.) W. L. Murray, of Pembroke Diocese.

Major (Rev.) J. F. Nicholson, of Kingston Diocese.

The following addition may now be made to the list sent you on October 22nd, 1918.

MILITARY CROSS

Capt. (Rev.) E. J. MacDonald, of Alexandria Diocese.

All these priests won their honors at the front with the Canadian Corps or Cavalry, and all are still with the Canadian Corps except Father Workman whose position as A. D. C. S. keeps him in London, and Father Tompkins who is just recovering from a recent wound. In addition Capt. (Rev.) A. Beausoleil of Calgary diocese now of the Canadian Chaplain Service, won the Croix de Guerre, when an auxiliary chaplain in the French Army, and Major (Rev.) P. H. M. Casgrain of Quebec diocese, who is attached as officiating clergyman, won the C. M. G. while serving as a Staff Major at the War Office in Russian matters. To this list should also be added the name of Captain (Rev.) H. E. Letang of Pembroke diocese, who was "mentioned in despatches" for his gallant work at the front.

CATHOLIC SOLDIERS AND STREET DANGERS

The public attention which is being called to the state of our streets, and the temptations to which our soldiers on leave, or on route, are subjected, has brought the morality of the British soldier under discussion, and produced some remarkably strong protests on behalf of the Catholic soldier from chaplains who have served at the Front, the strength of these protests being plainly commensurate with the non-applicability of the charge to the men with whom they have come in contact. Father R. Barry Doyle, C. F., writes to us to express the utmost indignation at these charges brought against the Catholic soldier, and encloses protests of a similar kind printed in the Irish Times. We can well be thankful that such is the experience of our Catholic chaplains, and the high terms in which they speak of our Catholic soldiers, English and Irish, coupled, as we have said, with the energy of the protest, form valuable evidence that a religious training can form an efficient protection for our young men, even where the most devilish assaults are to be met with. No one can regret that the existence of this evil should be recognized and grappled with, and every Catholic will be grateful that evidence is forthcoming—the spontaneous evidence of our padre at the Front—to prove that the Catholic soldier has not become the victim of a thing the very mention of which besmirches the honour of our fighting force. We are more than ready to believe that our Catholic fighting men have learnt the way to fight and

resist, not only a visible, but an invisible enemy.—The Universe.

TOBACCO AND SPANISH INFLUENZA

The question as to whether or not the health authorities have the legal right to order the closing of a house of worship as a precaution against the spread of an epidemic such as the "flu," is likely to come up for final decision before the higher courts of the United States. The citizens of that country, as in Canada, are guaranteed the free exercise of their religion, and it is therefore a nice legal point as to the rights of the religionists in the case in question. The Rev. Joseph Casavant, a Maine parish priest, disputed the legal right of the health authorities to close his church. He persisted in keeping it open, was arrested and fined. The case now goes to appeal, with the probabilities, I would venture to say, of a final judgment in favor of the priest and against the health authorities. Public assemblies, speaking of such in the ordinary sense of the word, can be forbidden by reason of the fact that they are under police control. Theatres and other places of amusement are in the same category by reason of the fact that they operate under a license, but with the church it is a different matter. When one attempts to tamper with the eternal question of religious freedom he is on dangerous ground.—Saturday Night.

ALSATIAN PRIEST

LIKELY TO BE CANONIZED
Alsace and Lorraine have ever been rich in vocations to the priesthood and in Alsace was born Father Francis Paul Mary Libermann, a converted Jew, who founded the Missionary Society of the Holy Ghost and thereby gave to slave-ridden Africa one of its most devoted congregations of apostles. The West Coast, where these priests labor in great numbers, is called the White Man's Grave, and from 1843 until 1911 seven hundred and forty priests and brothers perished from fever, want and accident, or were killed by savages or devoured by wild beasts. The cause of Blessed Libermann's beatification is in progress.

INDEPENDENT BOHEMIA

IMPORTANT DECLARATION BY THE CZECH CLERGY
The Czech priests of all the dioceses of Bohemia met at Prague this month and adopted the following declaration:
"Conscious of having come from the people and remaining united to them by indissoluble ties of blood, of language, and common traditions, we shall be with them in the warfare and suffering, which they endure, until the day of victory. Faithful to the venerable traditions of the Slav apostles, SS. Cyril and Methodius, we declare that the manifesto of our writers and deputies and the national oath are the exact expression of the sentiments of the Catholic clergy and the most profound convictions of our souls.
"The creation of an independent Czechoslovak State will respond, we consider, to the demands of our political history. It is the will of God. A perfect entente is the indispensable condition of the realization of our desires. We declare, in consequence, that only the Czech union is qualified to negotiate in the name of the nation; and we disavow all separate negotiations on the subject of the destinies of our country."

METHODIST WANTS PRIEST

Fort Sheridan, Ill., like practically every other army camp in the country, has been the victim of the dread influenza for the past few weeks. Father Schuetz, S. J., the K. of C. chaplain, at the outbreak of the siege devoted himself untiringly to the care of those afflicted with the influenza. Night and day he served them regardless of personal risk. The disease claimed its toll at Ft. Sheridan as at other places. The service rendered to these dying men could not be overestimated.
Recently, for example, seven of the men succumbed after a brave fight. One only was a Catholic. To him Father Schuetz administered the last sacraments. Four others were baptized before their death. A prominent Indiana doctor, viewing the effects of the work of Father Schuetz and noticing how happily these boys died, summoned the chaplain and said: "Father, I have always been a Methodist, but my boy is dying and I wish that you could do something for him also." Father Schuetz did He baptized and anointed the lad.—St. Paul Bulletin.

During the recent influenza epidemic in Philadelphia no less than twelve priests died, says the Brooklyn Tablet.

CATHOLIC NOTES

John P. Hopkins, former mayor of Chicago, and a staunch Catholic, died in that city recently. Archbishop Mundelein assisted at the obsequies. Mr. Hopkins was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1858, and since his residence in Chicago in 1880, had taken a very active part in both civic and religious affairs.

The law school of Fordham Jesuit University has decided to admit women to both afternoon and evening courses. The innovation is being made in order to give women desiring to take up a professional career the requisite facilities and opportunity.

Rev. Francis T. Moran, D. D., rector of St. Patrick's Church, Cleveland, has been appointed chairman of the Ohio State Labor Board by the United States Government.

For the first time in its existence of 132 years, no public services were held on Sunday in the Santa Barbara (Calif.) Mission, established by the Franciscan Fathers in 1786. Father Dominic explained that the spread of influenza made it necessary to close the doors of California's famous old landmark.

Dr. John Ashburton Cutler was baptized a Catholic. He had been brought up under strict Puritan surroundings in New England. For years he was an active worker in the Congregational Church. He taught Sunday school and was prominent in many other ways.

El Paso, Oct. 17.—Rev. Albert Braun, O. F. M., rector of St. Joseph Mission for the Apache Indians, at Mesalero, N. M., has been made chaplain, relinquishing his post there to assume the spiritual charge of Indians in the service. Hearing that Indian soldiers at the front had asked for a priest, he applied for a chaplaincy, received his commission and has been assigned to duty with the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

Rev. John C. York, rector of St. Bridget's Church, Ridgewood, has been appointed fraternal delegate to the Central Labor Union. He will represent the Catholics of the diocese of Long Island. He is the first priest that has been appointed to the position since the time of Monsignor White.

Rev. Edward A. Wallace, chaplain of the 320th Infantry and former Brooklyn priest, is not dead. Due to a blunder of the War Department, Father Wallace's "death" was not only noted, but "confronted" at last week's events indicated to his mother and sister that a serious mistake had been made. On Monday of this week the fact that Father Wallace was living and well was confirmed.—Brooklyn Tablet, Oct. 26.

Airplanes and tanks are being used by volunteer chaplains and field secretaries with the Knights of Columbus to serve the American soldiers in France. Two chaplains, Rev. John Moran, of Eugene, Ore., and Rev. John Sullivan, of Tuckahoe, N. Y., were the first priests to make their rounds by the air route. Father Sullivan uses airplanes several times a week, and thus is able to visit field hospitals within a radius of 200 miles of his camp.

At Lonigo, Italy, on the vast estates given over by Count Soranzo recently, Signor Cermetani, under secretary of state for military assistance and pensions, inaugurated the agricultural colony for the orphans of the peasants who fell in the War. All the civil, military and religious leaders and a large representation of soldiers were present.

Washington, Oct. 25.—Orders were issued to the Army Chaplains stating that all the American dead in France will be taken home after the War. The grave registration bureau has been working with this in view, but nothing definite was known regarding the future disposition of the dead, until instructions were received from Washington last week by the Chaplains.

Among the passengers on the ill-fated Irish mail steamer the *Leinster*, which was torpedoed by the Germans with every sign of wilful outrage just outside Kingstown Harbour, were several priests and nuns. Some of them have perished in this appalling disaster, and the bodies await identification, but among the victims whose murdered bodies have been recognized is Father W. J. Campbell, O. S. B., Rector of St. Mary's Church, Coventry, who was crossing from Ireland to England.

Another victim is Mr. Thomas Foley, brother-in-law of the famous Irish American singer John McCormack. The Foley family is a well known Dublin family, a distinguished member of which was the late Signor Foli, a famous basso, who Italianized his name for professional reasons. Mr. Thomas Foley was himself a very distinguished amateur singer. On the Sunday following the tragedy Requiem Masses were said in most of the Dublin churches for those who had lost their lives in this wanton outrage. Among the survivors is an Irish nun, Sister Mary Teresa Murphy, a native of Dublin, who was returning to her convent in Nottingham after attending the funeral of her brother in Dublin.