

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1914

1879

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914.
Dear Mr. Coffey,—When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper!

It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially.

J. M. FRASER.
Previously acknowledged... \$4,395 98
L. A. 5 00
M. M. M. 1 00
A friend, Ponoka, 1 00
In memory of Mrs. M. Kill-
leen, Halifax, 1 00
Mary Killen, Halifax, 1 00
In honor of Suffering Souls 1 00
Mr. P. V. T. Lane, Bright... 1 00

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY OCTOBER 24, 1914

A GOOD MOVEMENT

One of the most noteworthy Catholic enterprises of the day is the safeguarding of the faith of our Catholic students in the great secular universities by the establishing of clubs and by the opening of chapels on the college campus. For it is a fact that many of our Catholic young men and women are students at the great secular institutions of the country. We should prefer to see our boys and girls in Catholic colleges, but we must face the fact that they are not. The thing to be done is to extend spiritual help to them to counteract indifference or carelessness on their part in fulfilling their religious obligations. The Paulist Fathers have already sent their priests to work among the students, but there are many secular colleges in the country whose Catholic student body is deprived of the privilege of having a chapel on the college grounds. Some day, however, this difficulty may be obviated altogether by Catholics patronizing their own institutions. The prejudices against our own, harbored strangely enough by some members of the household of faith, are being dissipated by the knowledge that Catholic colleges are able to hold their own in catering to the needs of this generation. That they are inferior to secular institutions is but the flowering of bigotry or of jealousy, but this view is not entertained by those who direct the destinies of secular universities. For they regard many of our colleges as competitors whose claims to sound scholarship, to excellence in the teaching body, to the imparting of the essential elements of education, cannot be questioned. More loyalty on our part, more generosity and confidence in ourselves would place our colleges, which are maintained by the few, on the plane of material prosperity.

THE DEFINITE FACT

The only definite fact in life is death. From childhood onward we know that our days are numbered. Every hour we are reminded that we are only upon earth for a limited time, and still, with all the wisdom of the ages to reconcile us to the inescapable, we have not as yet found a human philosophy with which to calmly face the grave. Man cannot truly be said to have attained civilization until he can view with dignity the one episode inevitable to every career. We all came apprentices, not masters, to death. When the shadows lengthen and the noise of life is hushed only one friend has the right and the power to be with us. Happy those who have been loyal to Him: "In the midst of the shadow of death I will fear no evil for Thou art with me."

TRASH AND DRIVEL

We have never had so many books and never so many bad books. The existing standards of literature are distinctly below those of the two preceding centuries. We have so many periodicals of so many sorts—

the demand for fiction is so insistent—the manufacturer of books has become so commercialized and there are so many unfit in competition with self-respecting publishers, that writers who could not have marketed their output fifty years ago find ready acceptance of their drivel and trash. We could dispense with nine-tenths of our current writing. And yet these verbal monstrosities are lauded by the "critics" who are simply the hired men of the publisher. They have no standards of dignity or of worthiness; they are paid to write what they are told. They play upon the morbidly curious, upon the searchers after the unfit, and they can always find lessons in the unclean. Good literature is only possible through great patience, long reflection and exquisite handicraft. It necessitates constant elimination, research and thought. Had Fleet St. set as low a standard as some of our present day editors we should never have possessed the glorious heritage of the Addisonian period.

THE ART OF LIVING

Fortune making is not the chief end of man, nor is getting on the same as moving up. Happiness is not to be measured by its material adjuncts. Seeking for a "rise" or aspiring after a more salubrious environment may be a manifest duty owning a motor car or trying to live up to a conventional standard may be the ruin of domestic peace.

The true art of living includes a wise economy so as to allow of a margin over and above necessary outlay. When safety from common cares is thus secured faith in the moral order nerves the just man to face the unknown contingencies of life. The solid and everlasting treasures which such a one can attain are independent of class, employment or outward show. The beauty of earth and sea and sky; the light heart and the happy smile; the love of friends and the laughter of little children; all these, and far more than tongue can tell, help to fill the cup of happiness which must now and then overflow with gratitude. For does not a righteous past augur a peaceful future, seeing that experience begets hope and induces confidence in the imperishable realities.

A HARD SAYING

An eminent college professor lately declared on Commencement Day that "boys were always reasonable, teachers sometimes, parents never." It was a hard saying which was slightly modified by other remarks among which were these: "The more I see of the average parent the more I respect the average boy," and "It is a merciful interposition of Providence that no boy has, as a rule, more than one mother." The grain of suggestive truth in such statements must be found and taken to heart. Certain it is that, let outside influences be what they will, the home holds the key to the later fortune or misfortune which overtakes the life that issues therefrom. From the king in his palace to the laborer in his cottage the sights and sounds which frame the growing organism of the boy and girl are insensibly moulding the character. The blasphemous oath and the song of praise, each has its part in the building up of that inner world of experience which gradually determines the whole outlook of the man and the woman. What a serious charge are they silently bringing against their forbears whose conduct flouts the accepted axioms of truth and sobriety? Even the Turk counts it an unforgivable offence to cast dirt upon the graves of those who had the shaping of their childhood. But in these hurried days fathers and mothers are apt to plead overwork as an excuse for allowing their children to grow up like weeds, or leaving them to the mercies of strangers in their most impressionable years. It is a sad mistake—one which they are certain to look back upon with remorse and regret. No lesson is so pleasantly learned and so long remembered as the daily parable of exemplary living in a home which is brightened by happiness and joy and delight in the things that are good. Gold cannot

buy it nor worldly position either destroy or increase it. It is the highest gift earth can offer. Perhaps our most pressing want to day is not more dreadsoughts nor bigger armies, nor even a wider diffusion of riches and comfort but a deeper home life of which neither Powers nor Parliaments but only inspired womanhood, conscious of a unique calling, carries the key. The need of the world to-day is not for professional women but for educated, intelligent and conscientious women as homemakers. This world would wag along very comfortably if there never were another woman lecturer or doctor, for all these places could be filled very creditably by men, but it takes a woman to make a home, and the home to-day is the one thing needful for the safeguarding of humanity.

STRAIGHT TALK

FROM AN IRISH NATIONALIST

Owing to the hostility towards the allies displayed by a certain section of Irish Americans the editor of the London Catholic Herald, an ex-M. P. (Nationalist) has addressed the following letter to the Irish World:

To the Editor Irish World, New York, U. S. A.

Some of our Irish American exchanges are much out of harmony with Irish opinion in Great Britain and Ireland on the question of the war.

The Irish cause has been well served in the past by the Irish in America. If there is any difference between them and the Irish in Great Britain and the Irish in Ireland on this war question it is to be regretted.

As an Irish Nationalist of forty years service I desire to make clear as far as I can the position of Irishmen like myself in Great Britain and at home on the tremendous issue which now confronts us.

First and foremost I would say that Mr. Redmond speaks for the whole of the Irish people, almost without exception, and if there are Irish-Americans for whom he does not speak then I would remind our brothers in America that it is the Irish people at home who have to settle the Irish question, and that they express regarding Mr. Redmond's attitude are desirable, nor are they likely to alter that attitude.

In America's war with Spain the sympathy of the Irish in Great Britain was with Spain, but we did not interfere with the freedom of Irishmen in America whose sympathies and activities were entirely with their adopted country.

The Irish in Great Britain and in Ireland have to live as a part of the British Empire, and they have a right to be heard on matters of policy that affect them, and that do not effect the Irish in America.

A WAR OF LIBERATION
Michael Davitt, speaking to the writer with regard to the Boer War, said that "he would be sorry to see Home Rule for Ireland achieved by Irish treachery to the cause of Liberty in South Africa." Irish opinion was entirely against the Boer War.

But this German war is a different thing. We look upon the German military system as conceived of hell, born of tyranny and injustice, and nurtured in bloodshed, and we say that if Great Britain has to fight for ten years rather than submit to this attempted German domination, the Irish people will support her, because they are fighting not only for the cause of liberty, but for their own welfare.

This is not a war of the aristocracy or of the Government of this country; it is a war of the British democracy, and that democracy has shown itself a friend to Ireland. It has swept aside privileged classes in order that Ireland may receive justice, and of the blood that may be spilt as a result of the German military policy of domination in Europe there is none that will be spilt more readily than that of the sons of Ireland who have now been allotted their share of the responsibilities as well as of the privileges of the British Empire.

Ireland has suffered wrong in the past; a past that has gone for ever. Can she refuse her sympathy to the Polish people, who are promised liberty as a result of this war, be- lieved as that promise may be? Can she then withhold her sympathy from Belgium, suffering to-day at the hands of the German Huns, who have trampled over her fair fields, destroyed her towns, and murdered her people? Can she refuse her sympathy to that great body of the people of France with whom Ireland is in accord in matters of thought and matters of faith and in aspirations for justice and progress?

Furthermore and finally, whatever the faults of the British Empire, and they have been numerous, many of the worst of them are being removed and process of removing others is going steadily forward. So it is unthinkable that Irishmen should hesi-

tate for a moment in making a choice between friendship for Great Britain or for Germany; between adhesion to British ideals or German ideals; between the triumph of Germany in this contest, or the triumph of the British Empire which Irishmen have done so much to build up, and in which they have such a stake.

In England there have been feuds in bygone days—contests for supremacy between Republican and Royalist, between Non-conformist and Anglican, between Catholic and Protestant, between Liberal and Tory, between worker and employer. Each of these might easily make a good case against the other. All recollections of the past are blotted out, and to-day the nation stands as one man, ready to defend its liberties and to vindicate the claims of justice and civilization against the most infamous attack that history records.

THE RIGHT TO FORMULATE IRELAND'S POLICY
Irish-Nationalists claim for Mr. Redmond at this juncture, as they have claimed for him in the past, the right to speak for the Irish people. They claim for him the right to formulate Ireland's policy. If there are Irishmen anywhere who are unable to accept this decision, then they must join with the enemies of Ireland, and the enemies of Great Britain.

We have every confidence that out of this struggle Ireland will emerge with her liberties guaranteed, and with amends made for the past, and with a promise of a brighter future as a component part of the British Empire.

Whatever steps the Irish leaders may think it necessary to take to bring about this result will be supported whole-heartedly by the Irish race everywhere, and we trust when these facts are born in upon the minds of our fellow-countrymen in the United States, that if they cannot give their adhesion to this policy they will at any rate refrain from becoming its active assailants.

Irish unity behind Mr. Redmond was never so necessary as it is to-day to secure lasting benefits for Ireland. We hope and pray that this unity may not be impaired, and we feel in our hearts that if it is it will only be by a small and unimportant section acting under the impulse of mistaken zeal, or in grave ignorance of the essential conditions of the present struggle.

Yours truly,
Editor Catholic Herald.

THE WOES OF POLAND

A century and a half ago an awful tragedy took place in Europe, a tragedy unique in its kind and far-reaching in its consequences. It involved an entire race. There was a noble kingdom inhabited by millions of people which in civilization yielded to few nations, and in territorial extent was as great as modern Germany or Austria. It had a language so sweet and flexible that only the tongue of the ancient Hellenes can be compared with it, a history a thousand years in duration and a literature as rich as any in Europe. It was a country that ever stood for lofty ideals, a country which was repeatedly the savior of Europe from Turkish barbarism.

Yet this nation was ruthlessly seized more than one hundred years ago by grasping neighbors and torn into three parts. Prussia, Austria and Russia were the countries that brought to pass this lamentable partition of Poland; the crime was committed without provocation, while the rest of Christian Europe quietly looked on. Turkey, a Mohammedan power, was the only nation to make a protest.

True, Poland was weak. There were some internal dissensions in the kingdom owing partly to her faithless sons, Poland was sick, yet not unto death. Documents testify that she was fast recovering, that education was gaining ground and moreover she was able to give evidence of her strength and vigor by drawing up the constitution of the Third of May. So there was really no cause for tearing asunder and erasing from the map of Europe that once fair and gallant nation. Why then was that notorious deed committed? Simply because might ruled over right. There was then no conscience in politics. Judgment had fled to brutish beasts and men had lost their reason. Had a brotherly hand been extended to the struggling Poles they would soon have risen to pre-eminence. But no! because Poland was weak, it had to be partitioned. Moreover, it was the policy of Catherine of Russia and Frederick of Prussia to keep the poor country in a ferment. As long as it was in that deplorable condition the powers let it alone, but when it was rising by dint of heroic effort, from that unhappy state, then it was that the Powers rushed upon it and violently dismembered it.

In the partition of Poland Prussia took the initiative, and sharing the despoiled kingdom with Russia and Austria, destroyed the equilibrium of Europe. The spectacle that un- happy continent now presents is doubtless in no small measure due to this erasing of the Polish nation from the map of Europe. Nor will

the equilibrium of Europe be established until Poland is again brought to her former prestige and glory. Then there will be no fear of the overwhelming numbers of the Russians, nor will the Germans have a preponderating strength over the rest of her neighbors.

That this must ultimately come to pass is pretty certain. The Poles, far from losing are gaining in numbers and influence and the views of influential statesmen are in accord with this view.

No country has suffered more indignities and cruelties at the hand of its conquerors than unhappy Poland. To read the history of that country after its downfall is most distressing. It is scarcely credible that such cruelties could be perpetrated by nations called Christian. Witness the thousands that have been massacred in cold blood by the infuriated Cossacks, the thousands that have been sent to Siberia for mere trifles, the thousands that have been cast into dungeons for no other crime than that they loved their country and their faith. Witness the machinations of the Powers that in 1848 led to the fearful massacre known as the Rzes Manusha, when the infuriated populace was instigated against the nobility that massacred in cold blood every noble they met. And this at a time when the nobility was really working for the interests of the people. And in our own time, before our very eyes, is not Prussia passing and enforcing laws against all ethical principles, laws of expatriation, by which Polish peasants are forced from their fireside, which they love more than their very life? This is going on in Prussia now, in the twentieth century. Poland must be crushed, Poland must be annihilated!

So we had the "Wretched affair." Only a few years ago in East Prussia hundreds of innocent children were cruelly flogged simply because they would not say their prayers in German and study their religion in a hated language. The reason of this? It was because these little victims felt, as any one would feel, that this persecution was nothing else than a cruel onslaught on their faith and nationality. The parents who upheld their children were cast into prison.

These are only some of the cruelties and indignities inflicted on the Polish race. In some form or other persecution has been going on for the last hundred years or more. This is the reason why the Poles in the present conflict are so fairly apathetic; for while they passionately love their country and desire its liberty and independence, yet having been deceived so frequently by the three Powers that hold them captive, they expect no benefit from the conflict. At present the Poles number under Russian rule some 5,000,000, under German rule, about 3,000,000 under the power of Austria, while 3,000,000 are in this country.

Needless to say all these last named are passionately attached to the United States, where they have found the freedom of protection for which they looked in vain in their own land. Now a people numbering over 25,000,000, who have done such noble services for mankind as to merit the title "Knight among the Nations," a people who are highly cultured and who have produced such eminent men and women as Kosciusko, Pulaski, Michiewicz, Sobieski, Sienkiewicz, Modjeska, Paderewski, Sembrich, Kochanska and a host of others, certainly deserve a corner of the map of Europe. Will no nation raise its voice in the cause of that struggling, downtrodden people?—M. S. R., in America.

IN A GERMAN HOSPITAL
N. Y. Freeman's Journal

The following extract from a letter just received from a young priest, a native of Rockville Centre, N. Y., and at present acting as chaplain in the hospital at Beilngries, Germany, will be of interest:

"Here in Beilngries I feel quite at home. I have a cosy little room where I can study to my heart's content. I say Mass in the hospital chapel, where the majority of the sick and wounded receive daily Communion, which to me is a great pleasure.

"As regards the prisoners of war, here, I must say that on account of the treatment given them I can but respect the German nation.

"Wounded French prisoners receive the same care as do the German soldiers. This the German War Department has emphatically commanded.

"So kind were the people here to the prisoners that the War Department had to forbid them to visit them, as the Germans were making the lives of the prisoners one long vacation. Cigars, fruits and the like were given them.

"We have quite a time preventing the Belgian officers who are prisoners with the French officers from coming in contact with the latter. They accuse the French of betrayal through lack of promised aid.

"I have repeatedly read letters which French prisoners have sent home, and in which they informed

their loved ones not to worry, as the Germans are not the barbarous nation which the French have always pictured them to be. They write that they are treated like human beings, receiving every consideration, and are safer in their captivity than fighting at the front.

(REV.) PETER QUEALY,
St. Agnes' Rectory, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

RELIGION IN WALES

The disestablishment of the English Church in Wales has stirred up a fierce quarrel among non-Catholics in England. Welsh Episcopalianism has never been more than the religion of an insignificant minority of the people of the principality, for the bulk of them are Dissenters. And yet, in all these generations since the Reformation, it enjoyed the revenues of the whole religious outfit left by Henry VIII. when he was done plundering the Catholic Church.

Take these misapplied funds away from the Episcopal ministers and their dependents, and apply them to public uses—such as has been the demand of the Welsh Protestant people. This is now effectuated by law, and the English Church—always a foreign institution in Wales—must manage to get on as best it can; though a comfortable maintenance is left for the disendowed parsons and churches.

Meanwhile Catholicity, given up by the Welsh—very reluctantly, indeed, stolen from them by Henry, Edward and Elizabeth—in the past two generations has been making good progress. Wales has its Catholic Bishop. The faithful are the Irish and their children who have settled at industrial centers, and who have flourished under the manifest blessing of Heaven. They are few, compared to many Protestants. But they have a militant zeal, lead edifying lives, and are by this time well assimilated to the Welsh national spirit, which is strong, and is naturally redolent of the traditional Catholic sentiment that once ruled everything in this mountain refuge of the Gaelic Britons.

Some of our English Catholics have expressed regret at, and even shown opposition to Welsh disestablishment, fearing that the disregard for the vested rights of religious institutions shown by the Government may be exerted later on for the spoliation of all denominations, including Catholics. The case is a delicate one, and we are too far off fully to understand it. But from the distance it seems to us that whatsoever is done to reduce an usurpation to honest behavior may be accepted willingly enough, even though the motives be open to suspicion.—The Missionary.

"A BAS LA CALOTTE!"
Such was the popular cry in official France a few months ago. It is no longer heard, however. France has changed. She was at peace then. She is at war now. In peace her officials calumniated and robbed priests and sisters, ridiculed them and their manner of life, drove them penniless into exile, to live or die, as might be. "A bas la Calotte" was a stirring cry. Not so now. France is struggling for her very life; and, behold! the men whom her officials branded as traitors have flocked to her standard, many of them from their exiles in foreign lands, to the number of 15,000, or more. They are foremost in deeds of courage and heroism. France, the France of the French people, is proud of them, wild with enthusiasm over the priests who stand on her firing line and drop in her trenches, martyrs to patriotism.

The politicians, where are they? Some months since they were the only patriots in the whole country. France was at peace then. And now? They are as patriotic as ever. One has exposed life and limb by becoming a paymaster in the army; others are hazarding their safety by writing proclamations, still others are absent on pressing business. The "traitor" priests are face to face with the enemy; the politicians are tucked away snugly. The war will cease some day; the courage of the "patriots" will revive; they will come into the limelight again and valiantly seek the enemy, defenceless priests and innocent Sisters. For the present, however, A bas la Calotte is unpopular. Maybe the French people will never listen to it again. They are quick to learn a lesson.—America.

"WHAT A DIFFERENCE"
What a difference there is in a home where several Catholic papers and magazines are subscribed for, and the home wherein no such publications are read! There is a Catholic atmosphere in the former place. The members of the family are devoted to their religion, interested in the welfare of the Church; eager for news of conversions, and are instinct with Catholic principles and ideals. Whereas, in the home, where no Catholic periodical is taken,—well, the less said about it the better.—Catholic Columbian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

To signify the pleasure with which the municipality of Pegli, Italy, received the news of the Pope's election, the square in which the Pope lived as a child has been named Piazza Benedetto XV.

Three hundred Jesuits, including the Provincial of the Paris Province, are now serving in the French army. In the German army priests serve as chaplains or with the ambulance corps, but in France priests are not exempt from military duty.

Cardinal Bourne has now a list of more than 100 priests, secular and regular, who are available for the services of the army and navy during the war, so that no further applications will be required. Chaplains are to serve to the end of the war.

In Tremonde, Belgium, whose population was 10,000 people with 4,000 buildings, the beautiful cathedral with its wonderful paintings by Rubens and Van Dyck, was saved in the recent siege. Its tower is 400 feet high.

One-tenth of the total population of the Russian empire hold and profess the Catholic faith. According to the census of 1897, out of a total of 125,640,021 inhabitants, the Catholics numbered 11,506,834—a total which had increased to 15,197,809 in 1911. About eleven million of these Catholics are Poles.

The successor of Pope Benedict XV. in the See of Bologna will be Right Rev. Giorgio Gusmini, Bishop of Foligno in the province of Perugia. The appointment has been announced. The new Archbishop is a native of Vertova in the diocese of Bergamo and he was born on the 9th of December, 1855. He was appointed to the Bishopric of Foligno, Aug. 26, 1910.

Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, sister of the Countess of Warwick, was recently received into the Church. She is the widow of the late and mother of the present Duke of Sutherland, and a daughter of the 1st Earl of Rosslyn. Her mother is also a convert. The Duke of Sutherland is one of the richest peers in England. The Duchess is now nursing the wounded in the Convent of Notre Dame, Namur, Belgium.

Refugees from Belgium are entering England and Ireland in great numbers. Being almost all Catholics, the duty of caring for them so that the children among them may not lose their faith, devolves upon the Catholics of the British Isles. We note with pleasure that the Superior-General of the Irish Christian Brothers has intimated his readiness to extend hospitality to 100 Belgian boys free of all cost.

The Rev. Mother a Becket, a nun of the Sacred Heart, has met with a tragic and pathetic end in Belgium. She was staying at a convent of the Order in Hoorling when the Germans arrived. Hearing firing in the street she went to the window to close it. She was immediately shot in the arm, and died after lingering for two days. The bullet, after passing through her arm, struck a Sister beside her in the breast, killing her instantly.

Rev. Father Benedict, O. C. D., in charge of a number of priests and novices who escaped from Bruges and Louvain prior to the German invasion, had a most cordial reception in England, and again in Dublin, and along the route to Loughrea, Co. Galway, Ireland, where the party was welcomed by the Carmelites of Loughrea Abbey and a large crowd of sympathizers. Father Benedict is a native of Louvain, and travelled to England on the same boat with his parents, who also had a wonderful escape.

The Rev. Kenselm Digby Best, of the Oratory, London, England, the last survivor of the original band of Oratorians established in England by Cardinal Newman, died recently in his eightieth year. He was the son of Mr. John Richard Digby Best, of Bothleigh Grange, Hants, was born in 1835, was educated at Ampleforth, and was ordained in 1858. Among other works attributed to his pen are The Blood of the Lamb, A Priest's Poems, The Victories of Rome, and Rosa Mystica. His grandfather was Henry Digby Best, the "Precursor of the Tractarians," who became a Catholic in 1798.

Catholic France loses one of its most faithful sons in the death this week of Count de Mun. This distinguished French patriot has been tireless in his work since the war began, and it is doubtless to the fatigue of the new labors undertaken by him at the outbreak of the present struggle that his death may be ascribed. He died of heart failure. Count de Mun came of a family noble for service rendered to France. His grandfather, Marquis de Mun, was an official of the great Napoleon. The Count himself fought with distinction in the Franco-Prussian war, and three of his sons are in the French army at present. He represented Finistere in the French chamber of Deputies and was a constant and consistent opponent of the atheistic policy of the French Government in recent years. He was at one time Minister of Foreign Affairs.