

The "Angelus" Bell

(Lines suggested by Millet's Picture.)

Against the sunset glow they stand,
Two humble toilers of the land,
Rugged of speech and rough of hand,
Bowed down by tillage;
No grace of garb or circumstance
Invests them with a high romance,
Ten thousand such through fruitful France
In field and village.

The day's slow path from dawn to rest,
Has left them, soul-betained, distressed,
No thought beyond the nightly rest,
New toil to-morrow;
Till solemnly the "Ave" bell
Rings out the sun's departing knell,
Borne by the breeze' rhythmic swell
O'er swathe and furrow.

O lowly pair! you dream it not,
Yet on your hard unlovely lot
That evening gleam of life has shot
A glorious presage;
For prophets oft have yearned, and kings
Have yearned in vain to know the things
Which to your simple spirits bring
That curfew message.

—ROBERTSON,
Formerly Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

What The Angelus Means.

"I was walking along the street one day with a Protestant acquaintance, and when the Angelus rang he said: 'Why does that bell ring so often, disturbing people all the time?' I told him that it was the Angelus. He inquired: 'What is the Angelus?' I said: 'It is a reminder of the fundamental basis of the Christian religion, the Incarnation of our Divine Lord. In the Protestant Bible you have it: 'Hail Thou that art highly favored.' In the Catholic Bible it is: 'Hail Full of grace. The Lord is with thee.' The Church has added the beautiful petition: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.' Then we recite the second part of the Annunciation. 'Behold the hand maid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy word.' Then follow the 'Hail Mary' and 'Holy Mary.' And the third part of the Annunciation then comes. 'And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us,' followed again by the beautiful 'Hail Mary' etc. He said: 'I think that is perfectly beautiful, and I shall never hear that bell again without remembering why it rang.'"

"RÉVÉREND" OR "ABBÉ?"

From one of our French Canadian exchanges we learn that Pierre Homier in the "Action Française" roundly denounces the title of "Révérend," as applied to priests in the French language, claiming that it is an anglicism pure and simple. He says that in France one would never say: "Révérend Thellier de Poncheville," for instance. M. Homier contends that in the French language "Révérend" is a title which is admissible only for Religious, as, for instance: "Révérend Père Janvier," and quotes Larousse to the effect that "Révérend" is a title given by Protestants to their pastors. In conclusion he makes the appeal: "Let us call our priests by the good French title of abbé."

If M. Homier objects to the use of "Révérend" as a noun, we are in perfect agreement with him as to its inadmissibility, and we even go so far as to say that, in this use it is an abomination in English also. When a priest receives a letter beginning with: "Dear Révérend," he gains the impression at once that the writer is an ignorant, uneducated person. The fact is, that there is no noun "Révérend" in the English language any more than in the French language.

If, however, M. Homier means to condemn the use of "Révérend" as an adjective, except as a title for Religious, we emphatically disagree with him. The adjective "Révérend," according to Webster, means in English: "Worthy of reverence; entitled to respect mingled with fear and affection; venerable." In the French language, the word has the same meaning in such a combination as "Révérend Père Delmas" or "Révérend Père Jan," which

constructions are perfectly good French according to M. Homier. Why, therefore, should it be faulty to address a secular priest as "Révérend M. Myre" or "Révérend M. Bérubé"? Besides, we have, even in the French language, the custom of using the adjective "Révérend" in the superlative form when addressing Cardinals ("Eminence Révérendissime"). Why should it not be in good form to address an ordinary priest in the positive form as "Révérend"?

As to the contention that "Révérend" is an anglicism pure and simple, we must deny it absolutely. In the language of the Catholic Church, Latin, "Reverendus" is used in the same way as the English "Reverend." Thus we have not only the expressions "Reverendus Pater" for Religious, but also "Reverendus Dominus" for the secular clergy, with the superlative of the adjective for dignitaries. In Italian, likewise, we have not only the superlative "Eminenza Reverendissima" for Cardinals and "Eccellenza Reverendissima" for bishops, but also the positive for the lower clergy ("Reverendo Signor Paroco") for parish priests, "Reverendo Signor Curato" for Curates, "Reverendo Padre" for Religious priests, etc. Even in Spanish the superlative "Reverendísimo" of the same word is used in addressing Cardinals and bishops.

The rejection of the adjective "Révérend," as applied to the secular clergy, because it properly is applied to Religious, does not seem consistent in a writer who advocates the use of the title "abbé" instead, on the ground that the latter "is a good French word." If the title applied to a priest of a Religious Order is not appropriate for a secular priest, certainly the proper title of a dignitary of a Religious Order is not appropriate for him. The title of "abbé" is, however, strictly speaking the title of certain dignitaries in certain Religious Orders, namely Abbots. It was not proper usage, but rather a most grave abuse, by which this title had gradually, since the sixteenth century come to be applied to secular ecclesiastics and even to seminarians who are not in Major Orders. The fact is, that the title of "abbé" crept in the French language only through the intolerable abuse, prevalent in Catholic countries about the time of the Reformation, of making secular clerics abbots of religious houses "in commendam." The fact that in the French language the title of "abbé" for every secular ecclesiastic could come into ordinary usage, would seem to furnish prima facie evidence that this abuse was more universal in France than in any other country, and a continuation of this usage can not redound to the honor of either France or the Catholic Church, whose authorities for a time had countenanced the abuse of commendatory abbots. It would seem, therefore, that Catholics, and especially the Catholic clergy, should, instead of promoting the use of the title "abbé" for the secular clergy, rather try to stamp it out in the French language.

It is true, that the French language has not in use a word corresponding to the Latin adjective "reverendus," or the Italian adjective "reverendo" for secular priests. Hence, unless a secular priest holds some ecclesiastical office, whose title can be prefixed to his name (as for instance "M. le Curé Beaudry"), he is entitled only to the appellation of "Monsieur," to which his shoemaker or his tailor has the same right. To call such an ecclesiastic "abbé," now that commendatory abbots have long been abolished, is even more illogical than to call him "monseigneur," and especially here in Canada, where commendatory abbots have never flourished, this abuse should be abolished.

Since, therefore, the French language has no other appropriate word which could be used as a title for every secular priest, why should not the usage of the Latin, Italian and English languages be followed, which is already customary with regard to Religious in the French language, of indicating a priest's sacerdotal dignity by the adjective "Révérend"?

American Soldiers in Germany

(CHAPLAIN JAMES CAREY
in N. Y. "America")

Marching with a soldier's pack on your back is not the best way to enjoy the scenery of the Moselle Valley (Moselthal). The hills are many, and steep, and long, and the pack grows heavier at every step, and, thus accoutred, one is in no mood to admire even the beautiful scenery that is lavished along the historic valley. Some of the soldiers of other divisions told us of their regrets at their lack of ease and leisure in passing through this lovely land. But, as one of them remarked, it was no "Cook's Tour." If I had my choice I would make the trip from Treves (Trier) to Coblenz in a canoe, but in the army there is but little choice. Our regiment received the order, a most welcome one, to proceed to Coblenz by train. But as it was a troop train, one had time to see and admire the panorama.

After we left the plains of Treves, the valley narrowed, and we entered a succession of defiles between mountains of high hills, or passed under them through tunnels. The Moselle valley is a region of vineyards, and it would seem, from a superficial view from the train, that nothing else is cultivated here. The vine-clad mountain sides, with series of retaining walls, like giant stairways built up their steep slopes, or here and there some outstanding conical-shaped hill, with these retaining walls built to the very summit, giving them the appearance of mammoth beehives, made our soldiers shout for joy like little children, and cry in their newly acquired vocabulary, "Wunderbar!" Every soldier in this man's army has enriched his linguistic treasury with certain nuggets such as *kaput* and *viel* in German; *beaucoup* and *tout* sweet etc in French, and he now dares to use the equivalent in English. The army when it invades America will see to it that these imported words and phrases take root and flourish in the American soil.

But if the scenery excited admiration, the toil of the people, especially of the boys, from twelve to fifteen years of age, excited wonder if not pity. Here and there a turn in the road would reveal to us some beautiful loop-like winding of the river, or bring us under the sheer precipitous wall of a mountain side, or set out before our view some quaint old village, with its quaintly built houses, all huddled together on the bank of the river, as if in danger of tumbling into the water. Some of these towns still retain the strong towers and walls of other days suggestive of feudal times.

It was the castles that made the men shout with wonder and delight. High on some eminence, always dominating the surrounding hills, valley below, these castles most of them now in ruins, which these boys heretofore had seen only in their dreams or on the resplendent drop-curtains of their respective village theatres, were now picturesque realities. I know not what it is in ruined castles that causes their charm. Perhaps it is human element about them, that speaks of romance, but to these young citizens of the young democracy of the western world, passing

down one of the highways of antiquity, they were a source of keen delight. In the memories of the soldiers will remain beautiful pictures, about which they will discourse, in recounting their tales of wonder of the old world. What distances here meet? These old ruined castles are milestones of the long, slow, laboring march of civilization, taking us back to the days when the marauding tribes of barbarians were succeeded by the barons or lords of feudalism, a short step, but withal, a step, and a necessary one in the slow progress of man in building up the modern States of Europe. And the old young Church was here then, as she is now, trying to tame and civilize the barbarian tribes, softening slavery into serfdom, in the process producing chivalry, finally leading up to liberty.

All along the route there was manifested what to the folk at home may seem incredible, and a subject, too, of bitter discussion. I refer to the friendliness between the American troops and the German civilian population. At different places on the way, our men were cheered, and greeted with welcome by the Germans, men, women and children. Was this sincere? Well, the soldiers believed it was, and reciprocated. Indeed I have seen troop trains passing in certain parts of the U. S. A. evoking less enthusiasm than that manifested by our enemy. The Germans were beaten by our boys, and our boys had just come from the scenes of German desolation and destruction. How explain it? It is difficult to explain. Of course some answer German guile, trickery and propaganda, but our boys do not accept the explanation. I think perhaps both parties find each other better than was anticipated. In the first place our troops came in here as America would expect them to come, not as marauders, not with the pomp and arrogance of barbaric conquerors, not with slaves chained to their chariots, or if you wish, to their "flivvers," nor riding down people with flourish of guns, striking terror, but just going about their business American fashion, with something to do, and doing it, some destination to reach, and reaching it. So entered the first American troops on German soil, and into all the towns and cities on their route.

Thus went the first American troops to Coblenz, which was to be the headquarters of the American Army of Occupation, a lone battalion marching in on a wet morning without heralds, or fanfare, or trumpets, but just tramping in as they had marched over so many, many miles of quiet roads, finding the billets assigned to them, and taking up their dwelling there. So the first American troops crossed the Rhine. They were not unconscious of the momentousness of their act, of the history they were making in coming into possession and control of this river that had been an object of strife between tribes and states adown the ages.

I was not with the first American troops that crossed the Rhine, and I do not know if they sang as they crossed the old bridge of boats from shore to shore, but it is safe to say that they did sing; nor would they need any prompting to do so. There are times when these soldiers cannot help singing, and you could wager that the song would be no historic one, but some ditty, that would strike the fancy of any one in the crowd such as, "We don't want the Bacon" or "Tipperary" or, mayhap, "Way Back Home in Indiana." So the different units, spread over the different parts of the area they were to occupy, and took up their abode in German families where they were treated, not with surly-ness, but with every manifestation

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