

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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PATIENCE

This is not the time or occasion when historical reminiscence is most welcome. The average reader busies himself with the daily details of military and naval happenings which feed the flame of patriotic excitement. We are very human in days like these, primitive in our passions and narrow in our sympathies. The old Hebrew canon, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy," is the echo of the natural man's instinctive attitude when once words are drawn and guns begin to speak. The harrying of foreigners and all the troubles and annoyances of those who happen to be sojourners in strange lands should arouse our neighborly feelings: we have only to put ourselves in the place of those so overtaken, and the suspicions that rise so readily and often work so violently will be kept under due control. But such feelings are more likely to be chastened by recollections of previous crises. Among these the South African War is vividly present to many of us. We recall the disillusion of the earlier stages, the mistaken and costly rectifications in the later ones, and the happy settlement that followed after the long and heavy trials borne with so much fortitude. We can only hope and pray that the present troubles may be handled as reasonably and alleviated as wisely.

PERHAPS

The popular love for even a monarch like the Kaiser may turn to contempt and hatred. There is an excellent prospect that Germany, Austria and Russia may be temporarily sick of their rulers' part in Welt-Politik. Tottering thrones, which depend on the widely instilled sentiment that real democracy is possible without casting off old dynasties, may face a reaction of revolutionary fierceness. But the field is one for speculation, not prediction, and speculation, too, of a cautious kind.

ON THE FIRING LINE

How can we, the interested spectators of this terrible conflict—sufferers, too, in a multitude of ways, some more tragic than others, but all contributing to a fellowship of sorrow—how can we bear an honorable and effective part in lessening the sum of pain and privation which this war must needs spread, in widening circles, among all the classes who are not raised above the need of actual participation in the conflict or made helpless by its ruinous effects? Those who are charged with the solemn duties of the hour in high places are making abundant provision for every emergency on a scale that should silence faction and raise our people's hopes to the highest pitch. It remains for those of us who stay at home and are permitted to pursue our ordinary avocations to play some useful part in the great work of equipping the community for a hand-to-hand conflict with the dire foes which beset the men, women, and children who are doomed to suffer pangs and to be shaken by terrors that are no less awful than those which haunt the beleaguered fortresses, the devastated towns, and the battlefields where shot, shell, disease and cruelty lay brave combatants low. And the indirect issues, the effects which none can foretell, how can we prepare to meet them, haply to profit by them, though loss and grief be the portion of all, in varying degrees? This war, just and unsought in our view, is still like all wars—it blots out the fruits of progress, robs labor of its hire, quenches the scholar's lamp and the artist's vision, dulls even the pious hopes that sustain us in sorrow and in death. The glories that subsist upon human woe leave behind them a long and bitter trail of hatred: the desolation of fair provinces, the deadly destruction of the best and brightest in art and culture, and all the inconceivable miseries of sacked cities, mutilated bodies and blasted lives. Happily the human world is not devoid of spiritual guidance! *Suum Corda* is the watchword of the morning. This nightmare will come to an end, perhaps speedily.

Revolution will paralyze the arms of military power and confound its counsels. Not in a day or a year, but ere time has long run its course, the common sanity will rule. Though the sky be dark, the lightning's flash and the thunder's roll are the prelude to a long day of summer sunshine, when earth will yield bounteous harvests.

THE AUTHORITY

Many without the fold are ready to acknowledge humanity's debt to the Church. They extol her charity and her inflexible opposition to the enemies of civilization, but they look askance at any manifestation of authority. They grow indignant at any law opposed to the natural propensities of man. They are willing to believe that the Son of God came on earth with a message and gave to none any authoritative power of interpretation. The absurdity of this should be manifest to all who are not blind.

ALWAYS TRUE

There are natures in which if they love us we are conscious of having a sort of baptism, and consecration: they bind us ever to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us: and our sins become that wicked kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust.

FATHER FABER

Says Father Faber: "The eye that is quick to see a fault, and the ear that loves to listen to criticism and the tongue that brags—these will be the signs of a praying soul when the rainbow comes to be the emblem of despair—and not before."

A THOUGHT

Has it ever occurred to you, says an author, that the saints must have been considered in their day as rather disreputable people. Leaving violent persecution out of the question what a raising of eyebrows and shrugging of shoulders, and how many indignant smiles and looks of mild surprise and gentle dismay and polite disapprobation they must have occasioned. If I had my will every nose that poked itself into other people's affairs would be cut off. But in that case how many men and women would be incapacitated for taking snuff.

THE FIREBRAND

When we see the clerical firebrand with his tools of slander trying to uproot the Church we remember Edmund Burke's reference to the shadow of the British oak: "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chirp, while thousands of great cattle reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, that they are many in number or that they are, after all, anything better than the little shrivelled, mesgrs, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

THE LAYMAN'S AGE

This is the layman's age. They are doing splendid work on some lines—work that takes toll of energy, money, self-sacrifice, and which must achieve enduring results. They are preaching the sermon of truly Catholic living. And that sermon falls like balm upon hearts bruised from the stress and storm of life and is always listened to however the world may affect deafness and scorn. If there is one thing more than another that the average man respects it is fidelity to principle, the courage of one's convictions. He may deem it on some occasions unbusinesslike, but in his heart he reverences the man who, before politics or worldly interests, places his duty to God and who walks the highway of life with clean hands and pure heart. Such a man is an antidote to cynicism, a well-spring of courage to the weak and faltering. And the Church raises this breed of man. He is in the open to-day fighting current errors. He is going in for combination and using up to date methods to make smooth the way for the driving home of his principles. He is cooperating more and more the priest to whom he can give invaluable assistance not only by material sup-

port but by advice and the knowledge which he gleams from the world. And when one resolute, enthusiastic Catholic is let loose in any community he is very apt to provoke thought, to stir up the apathetic and to arouse the opposition of the critics who talk endlessly about our deficiencies. The sparks may not fly at the outset but pounding away always achieves results.

KATHERINE TYNAN

Those who have been led into the green pastures of Katherine Tynan's novels will be well aware of the iridescent atmosphere through which she views her Irish characters, their words and their ways. As she says: "But of Ireland one loves all Irish things so much that Irish face or voice might have drawn one from my dreams into sociability. Irish faces went by the carriage window and I heard the dear brogue by fits and starts." She then describes an invasion of harvest men and adds: "I feel bitter against these poor countrymen of mine for cutting such a figure in English eyes. It was not quite a mean feeling. My bitterness was in proportion to my love of my native land and my impatience of English superiority." The touch of a fanciful mysticism qualifies the witty reproductions of peasant life and frolic which render her pages so bright and readable. In the tale of a village genius she reflects that the Round Tower knew that like the seasons everything returns; there is never a lack of golden heads at the cottage doors: nor birds to sing in the boughs in the spring after the snow and the frost; nor apple blossoms though the last fell in showers; nor delicate pale leaves though the autumn swept such a mound of dead leaves down the village street to creep and whisper about the feet of the Round Tower like little ghosts of dead dreams.

THE ROSARY

Father Faber has beautifully said that as the Holy Eucharist is the testament of Jesus, so is the Rosary the testament of Mary. And as a testament the Church has received it lovingly and gratefully, and has added to its riches incessantly from the treasure-house of her indulgences. It is an old-fashioned devotion. New devotions arise in the Church—it is to be expected in a living Church—but after the devotion to Our Lord there is none to compare with that of the Rosary. While no Catholic will consider as insignificant any devotion which the Church approves, yet even in approved devotions there are grades of excellence. It shows a lack of appreciation in those Catholics who will devote themselves almost exclusively to some saint, for instance, to the neglect of devotion to her who is the Queen of all Saints. To do so is to get away from the mind and history of the Church. Another great way to honor Mary is by means of the Rosary.

Now what is the Rosary that it is so excellent? One might call it the epitome of our Catholic faith. There is the Cross of our Redemption, wherein we recite our profession of faith in the creed; there is the prayer which Christ Himself put upon our lips, the Our Father; there is the Hail Mary, that prayer of praise and invocation to her who is our intercessor with our Redeemer. And these prayers which are the essence of perfect prayer are all bound together with the chain of mysteries of Christ's dealings with man. In the Rosary we witness the glorification of our human nature.

Look at it as you will you find the Rosary a perfect devotion. Surely it was not a man-made devotion. It is very easy for us to accept the story of its revelation. So perfect is it that we do not wonder at its becoming a very part of the Catholic life. The Rosary has been called the unlettered man's prayer-book. But it is more than that. It is a prayer book for all from Pope to peasant. Even the greatest intellects in the Church have told their beads with all the loving simplicity of the child who knows no other book but this one of our Lady herself. Even the most eloquent book of prayers is gladly laid aside to take up the old Rosary that seems like part of one's soul.

The devotion to the Rosary is not falling. Now more than ever in its history does it appeal to Catholics. But still one must deplore the passing of certain good old customs in connection with it. The custom of reciting the Rosary in common in the Catholic home is not so widespread as it used to be. Yet the time was not so many years ago when during the month of October and again during the Holy Season of Lent it was the ordinary practice for the

members of a Catholic family to gather together to say the beads. It is too beautiful a custom to let die out, for a family must surely be blessed that so reverence the Mother of God. To train the little ones along it is invaluable.

It is a happy memory when one gets older to look back to these evenings of simple devotion. Who knows what strength those rosaries have given us. They comforted and strengthened our ancestors in the faith and in the blood; it was not merely a bit of poetical sentiment that made a great preacher say that the Rosary had kept the faith in Ireland, that land which always had such a tender, chivalrous devotion to Mary. And it will also keep loving and childlike the faith of us and our children.

October is the month of the Rosary. Every Catholic should do something to honor Our Lady in a special manner during these days. By assisting at the special devotions in the churches, by morning Mass, by the family recitation of the beads, by more frequent Communion—there are many ways to make the time a season of special grace. And it is a poor Catholic that will give a deaf ear to the Church who is urging him to honor the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.—Boston Pilot.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN WOULD BURY ALL DIFFERENCES

William O'Brien and Maurice Neal, the Parliamentary representatives of Cork City called a public meeting of their constituents, without distinction of party, to take immediate practical action to save our country and the civilization of Europe from the fate with which we are threatened by the progress of the German horde. Mr. O'Brien spoke of the great danger in which they all stood and said if they remained with their hands folded much longer, they might bring to their own beloved land the scenes of massacre, spoliation, and nameless horrors which were devastating the brave little nation of Belgium. He was there that night prepared to bury any distinction of party or section, and to declare our abhorrence of German military despotism, which is scourging Europe by a war already rendered infamous by inexplicable injustices, cruelties, and abominations, and we regard it as a most solemn duty to Ireland and humanity to tender to His Majesty's Ministers, the assurance that the manhood of Ireland is at their command in this emergency.

IRELAND AND THE WAR

They mistake the temper of the British peoples throughout the Empire who imagine that the ungracious and untimely utterances of Sir Edward Carson reflect to any appreciable extent the spirit of the times or the sentiment of most thinking people in regard to the Irish question. A true sense of proportion and of what is due to the Empire has led the great bulk of Irish Unionists to accept in a generous mood the evidence, so clearly discernible, of the rise of a new Ireland, at one with Britain in its intelligent grasp of the vital issues at stake in this war, and in its tenacious adherence to the common cause of liberty and democracy. The threats of Sir Edward Carson to revive dissensions, now silenced in the trenches where Irish soldiers, Unionist and Nationalist, are facing death side by side, and adding fresh laurels to their fame, do not add to his reputation as a statesman or strengthen the hands of Kitchener in his pressing task of recruiting. The faculty for saying the wrong thing at the right moment seems to be equally shared by Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson.

So changed is the whole situation in Ireland that thousands of Unionists in the South are joining Redmond's Volunteers, all their fears of Nationalist disloyalty having vanished in a night. Troops for the front pass through the Irish capital accompanied by the National Volunteers and cheered by the Catholic citizens. The outrages on Belgium—linked by closest ties with Ireland—have stirred the whole Irish race with feelings of revenge, and the decimated ranks of the regiments at the front tell their own tragic tale of Irish valor and endurance. The taunt has been made that the National Volunteers have not recruited as largely as the Ulster Volunteers, but

it must be borne in mind that the Ireland of the South has always given a larger proportion of her fighting men to the British army and that 50,000 of them joined the colors on the outbreak of war. In his recent speech in the Commons, in reply to Mr. Bonar Law, the Irish leader put these illuminating facts before the country: "From the days of the Peninsular War and Waterloo right up to last year Ireland had furnished to the army a large quota by far in proportion to her population than England or Scotland. In 1855 the number per thousand of the male population from twenty to forty-five years of age who joined the army regulars and special reserves were: Irishborn, 176; British-born, 42. Last year the figures were: Irish-born 42; British-born, 32. What would be the Irish record now, when the sentiments of the whole Irish people were with Great Britain? In this war who had not been moved by the recent stories of the Munster Fusiliers, the Dublin Fusiliers and the Irish Guards?"—The Globe.

TRUE TO THEIR TRADITIONAL REPUTATION

The stories which are coming in, writes T. P. O'Connor, are especially gratifying to Irishmen. The Irishmen have had some of the hottest corners to defend, and they have behaved with a splendid bravery that has won the admiration of all other races and has, incidentally, of course, advanced the Irish cause. In one of the Irish encounters between the British force and overwhelming German odds, the Germans had been directing their force to capture some British guns. The officers in command of the guns were mowed down by the artillery fire, and at last it seemed cruelly to sacrifice more men.

However, the Irish Munsters were determined that the guns should be saved. "I saw," writes an English soldier, "a handful of Irishmen throw themselves in front of cavalry trying to cut off a battery of artillery. Not one of the poor lads got away alive, but they made the German devils pay in kind and the artillery got away." "Every man of us made a vow to avenge these fallen Irishmen. Latter they were finally avenged by their own comrades, who lay in wait for the German cavalry. The Irish lads went at them with the bayonet, which they least expected. Some of them howled for mercy, but I don't think they got it. In war mercy is only for the merciful."

AFTER THE WAR

After the war, what? Here are a few of the changes. A re-mapped Europe, largely along racial lines. A reconstructed Germany—either a republic or a strictly limited constitutional monarchy, but no Hohenzollerns. The breaking up of Austria-Hungary into its original elements, European politics. A defensive alliance of Western Europe against the possible aggressions of Russia. A moderately regenerated Russia, with local Home Rule for Poland and Finland, full rights for the Jews, and a growing sense of free citizenship among the rest of the people. Japan's hegemony in Asia practically conceded, and her place among the great Powers established.

Increased solidarity of the British Empire—the colonies drawn closer to the Mother Country than fifty years of argument could accomplish, and the fealty of India enormously strengthened. An amicable settlement of the Irish Home Rule question, the suffragette movement and other vexatious matters, along with some halting in Lloyd-George's land reform movement, due to the fact that the land-holding classes shed their blood courageously on the field of battle. More money for social, industrial and educational reforms in Great Britain and Ireland, due to the diminished expenditure necessary for armaments. Less dislike to conscription among English-speaking nations.

A closer rapprochement between England and the United States as the two greatest upholders of democratic ideals, possibly a treaty between them as a sort of moral support to the Monroe Doctrine, and Cecil Rhodes' dream of an Anglo-Saxon confederation several milestones nearer. The revival of the United States' mercantile marine. A great influx of men and money, mostly from war-frightened Europe, to Canada. Canadian securities viewed with increased favor by the British investor. Canadian objections to Governors-General from the Royal Family forgotten. Canada's defence policy no longer a party question.

A universal jettison of water-logged stocks. Healthier business conditions—the whole world determined to earn an honest living, at least for a time. Credit arrangements not so easily looted by a crowned madman's whim, consequently a more flexible banking system. A movement among all

nations back to the land, as the only permanent source of wealth, and least disturbed by wars and rumors of war. Thrift found again and practised as a real virtue. A great spiritual awakening—more reliance on the comfort of religion and the power of faith, the whole civilized world having passed through the valley of tribulation.—Toronto Saturday Night.

THE "LIBERATOR"

It appears that General Carranza, the new "Constitutionalist" dictator of Mexico, "is feeling his oats" to an excessive degree. A Washington despatch states that he was only restrained by the wise counsel of the United States government from kicking the British Ambassador out of Mexico. It might be well for Carranza to remember that, though at the present time Great Britain is elsewhere engaged, there is in the office of the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, a rather bulky package of documents marked "re Mexican atrocities." These concern murder and other serious crimes committed against British subjects by the Constitutionalist army. Some day the package will be taken from its pigeon hole, dusted, and perused once more. It is quite probable that when that day arrives Great Britain will have enough ships left and enough prestige left, to collect its little account.

HORATIUS OUTDONE

ONE HEROIC HIGHLANDER HELD BRIDGE UNDER FIRE. Special Leased Wire from United Press. London, Sept. 26.—A Paris despatch to the Daily Mail describes the exploit of a lone Highlander who was one of a party of 150 detailed to hold a bridge over the Aisne. "A German attack," says the correspondent, "was not expected at that point, and the detachment was meant to act rather as guard than as a force to defend the bridge. Suddenly, however, the Germans opened fire from the woods around, and a strong force came forward at a run toward the bridge. The Highlanders opened fire at once, and for a time held the enemy at bay; but the numbers of the Germans were so great that the attacking force crept constantly nearer, and under cover of a heavy fire a dense column of troops was seen advancing along the road that led to the river.

"Then one of the Highlanders jumped up from cover. The maxim gun belonging to the little force had ceased its fire, for the whole of its crew had been killed, and the gun stood there on its tripod, silent amid a ring of dead bodies. One lone Highlander ran forward under a bullet storm, seized the maxim, swung it, tripped and all onto his back, and carried it at a run across the exposed bridge to the far side, facing the German attack. "The belt of the gun was still charged, and there absolutely alone, the soldier sat down in full view of the enemy and opened a hail of bullets upon the advancing column. Under the tempest of fire the column wavered and then broke, fleeing for cover to the fields on either side of the road, leaving the scores of dead that the maxim had mowed down.

"Almost the moment afterward the Highlander fell dead behind his gun, where in the open road he had checked the advance upon the bridge and reinforcements came doubling up to line the river bank in such numbers that the Germans soon retired, and gave up the attempt to gain the bridge. "The Highlander had thirty bullet wounds in his body when he was picked up."

THE ROMEWARD DRIFT

Whatever may be the effect of the Kikuyu controversy on the English establishment in expediting conversions—and it promises large results—the coming over last year of the Caldey Benedictines has been very fruitful. Rectors, curates, vicars, twenty-five already have entered the Church, originally loosened from their false positions by that spectacular event. Nearly all are celibates, and most of them are making seminary studies at Beda College, Rome, an institution designed especially for this class of converts.

THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS

From the Pall Mall Gazette. The Dublin Fusiliers, who have again covered themselves with glory, boast a record for foreign service unique among British regiments. Though raised more than two centuries ago, the first time the regiment, as a regiment, saw the shores of England was in 1871. Their name is writ large upon the history of India, where they figured in almost every battle of importance from Plassey to the Mutiny; but the storming of the Boer position at Glencoe was their first engagement out of Asia.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A government census return just issued in London shows a decline in the number of clergymen of the established Church and an increase in the number of Catholic priests. An order of the day issued by Gen. de Castelneau names 6 nuns who, under an incessant deadly fire, continued to attend to 1,000 wounded in their establishment at Gerberville in France, although the population had evacuated the village.

It is stated that Italy has cancelled her promise to participate in the Panama Pacific Exposition to be held at San Francisco in 1915, on account of the European war. If this is true, it will probably rid this country of the incubus of ex-Mayor Nathan as Italy's representative at the Exposition.

Catholic missionary Sisters are doing wondrously in the foreign missions. They are angels of consolation and peace; they carry in meekness and with motherly love the Gospel of Charity among the pagans. The pagans say: "They are not women of this earth, but women who came down from heaven."

Baron O'Brien, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland since 1899 died in Dublin on Sept. 8. Peter O'Brien created a baronet in 1891 and first Baron O'Brien in 1909, was born June 29, 1842. He was Solicitor-General for Ireland from 1887 to 1888 and Attorney-General the following year. He was the fifth son of the late John O'Brien, M. P., of County Tipperary.

Probably for the first time in history men in military uniforms recently slept in the cells of the monks of the Grand St. Bernard hospice, 8,110 feet high, in the Alps. Under the command of an Italian colonel more than 200 future officers in the Italian army from the military academy at Turin arrived at the hospice. The hospice has only 125 beds for the public and there are always many travellers there, but the Abbot was not upset by the invasion and welcomed the officers.

Three more converts are to be added to the steadily lengthening roll. The latest are the Rev. R. M. Brown, an Anglican rector, well known in London, and an M. A. of Oxford, who has been received into the Church at Farm street, and two laymen, who occupy prominent positions in two High Church Societies known as the "Catholic League" and the "Living Rosary." Their names are, respectively, Mr. H. F. Hickey and Mr. Bainbridge, and they were received into the Church by Father Wondacot, an erstwhile friend, who is now stationed at Deptford.

A letter written by a Jesuit priest who escaped from Louvain before the destruction of the city by the Germans has been received by the priest's father in London. The priest says: "All our people escaped except eleven schoolboys. One of these was shot at once, as he had a diary of the war on his person. The others were taken to Brussels, where they were to have been shot, but the American minister stepped in and stopped it. He told the Germans that his government would declare war if any of these persons were shot."

New York's first free Catholic High school opened Monday, Sept. 16. It is on the same basis in respect to charges as parochial schools. The Catholic Church and the city are indebted to the Rev. Father for this very important advance. They have built one of the finest High schools in America, costing fully \$500,000. The leader in the enterprise is Rev. David W. Hearn, who came here from Boston five years ago. He is the rector of the church of St. Ignatius Loyola in Park avenue, but the new High school is not for this parish only. It is for Catholic students of all parochial schools of the city.

More than 10,000 persons assembled recently in the square before Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, and the inside of the cathedral itself was filled, the occasion being a special service presided over by Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, at which prayers were offered for the wounded and prayers of thanksgiving for the repulse of the Germans. The ceremony was most impressive. When the hymns were being sung inside the cathedral the crowds in the open took up the airs. Women were in the great majority. Those who wore light colored gowns were conspicuous because most of the congregation was dressed in mourning.

The senate of Cambridge University has invited the Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium, to move to Cambridge, England, there to continue its own separate studies, grant degrees and generally to pursue its activities as if at home. Cambridge University would supply the technical facilities for carrying out this work. Owing to the war the number of students at Cambridge has been reduced to the present, so there would be ample accommodations for such students at Louvain as would be able to avail themselves of the invitation. It is believed that this is the first time such hospitality has been offered by one university to another.