

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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A MYSTERY

Irishmen have fought for democracy all over the world. For it they have been in every forlorn hope and have salted the earth with their bones. It would seem strange indeed were Ireland to be deprived of self-government by animosities which are rooted in a shameful past and that it must still be the "One failure of the British race."

Similar problems have been solved in the dominions of the Empire with the result that races and creeds live side by side in tolerance and mutual respect; and the watchwords exuding the bitterness of the past have no significance. They who abhor despotism cannot with consistency deny a nation the right to manage its own affairs. Coercion is no remedy for discontent. Grattan declared "The Irish Protestant can never be free till the Irish Catholic has ceased to be a slave." And of Grattan's Parliament O'Connell said "Truly the Irish Parliament was most loyal to the British Crown and most useful to the British power—no country ever rose so rapidly in trade, manufacture, commerce, agricultural wealth and general prosperity as did Ireland from 1742 until 1798 when the 'fomented' rebellion broke out."

WONDERING

Some individuals with a complacency born of ignorance wonder why Ireland is ever in the throes of agitation. They who understand marvel at Irish patience. Despite its ghastly history Ireland is loyal. Legislative independence does not mean the separation of the two countries, and John Redmond can say and has said what O'Connell wrote to Queen Victoria, "Illustrious Lady, these statements are made by men who know them to be unfounded. Our Legislative independence would, by conciliating your subjects, render the separation of Ireland from the lawful dominion of your Crown wholly impossible."

Sir Edward Carson has an opportunity rarely given to any man: to write his name in gold on the pages of history. He can be the leader of men who are blinded with prejudice, or he can demonstrate that he is lacking neither in nobility of character nor in patriotism by giving all the strength of his talents to the cementing of the Empire.

DEMOCRACY

The Church, it has been said, follows all the natural movements of reason and of history with the intelligent tenderness of a mother for a child: she is ever ready to satisfy the legitimate desires of her child. To the man of ancient times crushed under the despotism of the Roman Empire, the Church offered refuge in one of her solitudes where he could renounce the corrupting goods of earth. In the Middle Ages when man had acknowledged her maternal authority the Church showed him that he could live according to the law of God, even in the world. At the time of the Renaissance the Church associated herself with the literary and artistic movement of civilization; and she furnished the world with inspiration and subjects which helped to immortalize so many works and men of the sixteenth century. Today democracy, the equality of all men in civil and social rights and duties, is a general aspiration of civilized people: and it does not entail upon the Church any necessity of changing her doctrines since she was the first to inculcate, under the superior law of Charity, the love of God and of men—the principle of equality among men.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Now and then we happen upon the phrase "the spirit of the age." It sounds well, like "efficiency," "democracy," and "the rights of small nations," and "the brotherhood of humanity," but its meaning is elusive to us. Some people say that "the spirit of the age" is just what humanity needs, a thing to banish flabbiness and to impart vitality. So far as we can see "the spirit of the

age" means a new brand of liberty.

We used to think that liberty found security in religion, but in some sections of the world legislative bodies can pool their prejudices into laws which they call the voice of the people—liberty up to date.

"The spirit of the age" which connives at lying and perjury and acclaims the money-king, though he may have trampled upon his brethren, is not the spirit that will reconstruct Europe. Material helps will be needed, but in far greater measure the spirit of order, and subordination of obedience and respect: of personal quiet and peace in the family; of mercy towards the suffering and of resignation under suffering. The spirit that does not lead the world to the Divine is but a clown to amuse the flippant, or to tinsel over the things of darkness. Men who think are harking back to the days when the simplicity and the patience of her teaching were in honor. They are asking the reason of the then unanimity of fear, of hope and of belief. They are beginning to understand how men of the highest intellectual order leaned mainly upon the Church, and had a treasure of the noblest conceptions and sublime verities. One thing certain is that under the searching light of criticism many shams will disappear. The making of social politics for the organic ailments of society will go out of fashion, and the "philosophers" who lead men into the desert and leave them there may be prevailed upon to adopt a more decent way of making a livelihood.

WHY COMPLAIN

Our friend the farmer is complaining that Spring comes slowly this year and that the weather is wretched. "Rain, rain, nothing but rain—and mud, of course." He forgets that one of the excellent experiences of the country is rain. Rain fills the springs, makes the grass perk up, washes out the rivers and streams, and seems, too, to wash the very air. Showers—great grey showers hanging from the heavens are beautiful, and often have great rain-bows hung on their peacock tails. But whether they are merely showers which come and go, or all day rains which come down in big drops and make a thousand jumping fountains on the surface of the river, and ripples on the roads, make the leaves to glisten and hang jewels at the end of every leaf or blade of grass. Complain! Nonsense. It is one of the beautiful phases of the country this beautiful rain. You can either go out and enjoy it as the Scotch say, "Sugar, and will melt," you can stay indoors, hear the rain drumming on the window panes, see it run down in streaky tears over the glass, and watch the grey day with its incessant deluge. But these days are the exception and not the rule.

Our skies are not only charitable but generous, both in summer and winter. In summer the sun is warm, but not too hot, and while it has spread its gold-beater's leaf of shine over lawns and fields, it has given us trees in the tangled woods which sprinkle down their baptism of cool shade; it has given us woods, where in the green shade, the day is cool in the centre of the oven noon! But although the summer, if you have to shoulder your way up the hill, may be hot and breathless in the afternoon, there comes the evening with its cool breeze, and even in the hollows which were so hot during the day there are seas of cool white mist. But every summer day is not all blue with white-sailed clouds trailing through the deeper blue of heaven. Some of the days are pearl grey with no bickering winds in the still sky and nothing but a sigh rustling the trembling aspens.

But an autumn day is as good almost as summer's best green bower. The sunshine is everywhere and even the ripe cornfields seem to bandy it back to the great sun. The trees are wearing a gorgeous motley, sometimes crimson red, sometimes daffodil yellow, sometimes burnt sienna brown, and all these brought into vivid contrast by the black-green firs, which seem to be turned coats and still stand like giant hearse plumes amongst the rest of the harlequin trees.

But winter days are not less excellent. The sun rises later and enlivened the woods and only marks a short day with what Burns calls a "short lived glower far yont the lift." But the level rays decorate a beautiful sleeping world. All the great-green trees are asleep, and it may be dreaming. But you can see every particular branch and twig, or in the distance the branch has a purple sheen on it. In the morning the world may rise like a ghost in the white sheet of hoar frost, the roads are sounding iron: the pools in the ruts are shot over with white flat spikes of ice which crunch and crumble under a foot-step. And when the sun has run its short "slithering" course, it goes down in robes of gorgeous clouds, and before its livery has been thrown off by these shining clouds the sky begins to throb with stars. We are living in a wonderful panorama of days, and we enjoy a glorious procession of weather in all seasons—for which we should use our eyes and be duly thankful to God for these writings on the wall of space.

A WAR WORD TO MOTHERS

JESUIT ASKS THAT TENDERNESS NOW YIELD TO PATRIOTISM

By Rev. John A. McCloy, S. J.

"Ducit Et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori."

Now is the hour of testing. A crisis is at hand in your lives. Peace has gone. War is here. Your souls must change with this change; for better or for worse. Molding virtues which can go by unchallenged in time of peace cannot survive in time of war. It must either expand into heroism or sink into baseness. The alternative presents itself to many of you now. It is an inspiring alternative, fraught with the grand possibility of patriotic self-sacrifice. It is a fear-compelling alternative, carrying with it the other possibility of failure to rise to the occasion. You have the choice. Will you be worthy of the women of the Revolution and Civil War, who gave their sons, husbands, brothers and lovers, weeping yet smiling through their tears, broken-hearted yet grand-hearted, grieving to lose a man, yet proud of gaining a soldier?

The women of Europe are gazing at you. Will you measure up to their heroic proportions? Their patriotic sufferings have been a splendor to your eyes. Will you radiate back to them a like splendor? The answer to this question rests with you.

It has become a truism that the blood of martyrs must moisten the roots of Faith before fruit can glow upon the tree of Religion. Is not the same true of the blood of soldiers, of the roots of a nation and the fruit of a genuine national greatness? The blood at the root gives the glow to the fruit. Suffering and greatness have seldom, if ever, been mutually dissevered either in the individual or the state.

For instance, will not our imperfect sense of nationality be made perfect by the trials of this War? Will not doubtful loyalty be made to blush, repent and transform itself radiantly?

In religion, martyrdom is not a slaughter but a triumph. In the State, patriotism unto the shedding of blood is not a calamity but an apotheosis. The mother of the seven Maccabees urged them to encounter death for their palms. Will any of our mothers hold back their sons from glory?

Let tenderness yield to magnanimity. You are a mother. But so is Columbia, and she has rights to the son as well as you. She has been in labor with us all that we might see the light of liberty! and what pang! Do we owe her no return? We have been living on the fat of her land; some of us proscribed from our own land beyond the sea. Shall we have received without being willing to give?

THE GREATER COMFORT

Besides, a dead brother of his country is a greater comfort to his mother than a live slacker. The one is a glorious memory for her, the other an inglorious reality.

And what is there in the average life of a man with its "tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeping in into petty pace from day to day, often full of sound and fury signifying nothing"—what is there that should make a mother prefer it for her son to the splendor of a youthful military death for country? On the one hand she sees only a career of labor, amusement, trouble, grief, perhaps wrong-doing, ending in decrepit old age; on the other hand an heroic oblation upon which "the gods themselves throng incense."

Were this a war of conquest you well might hesitate. But it is a war of honor and self-defense. We have a right to course the seas. To maintain that right we ought to be willing to die. A barrier has been raised to

abstract us. We shall break through it, or at least be broken in the attempt. Our honor requires this much of us. Our fellow countrymen have been sunk. They cry to us for reparation from the deep. More of them will run the same risk; they ask Columbia to clear a path. And are we so secure at home from foreign aggression? Germany is by no means a conquered nation. We may soon become one at her hands if we sleep on. She has held England, France and Russia for nearly three years. Let us not exaggerate the importance of the late Allied successes. And the submarine! And the possible defection of Russia; at least her disorganized condition. And Germany's united persistency! We must take the initiative now or probably rue our negligence later. If England had waked up in time authority would be lost. We have learned from her that safety lies in immediate action.

PUTTING THE WORLD IN OUR DEBT

We are paying a debt of gratitude to France, the land of Lafayette. We are fighting to restore heroic Belgium and Poland. We may hope that Ireland will profit by our arms. In a word, the lessening of human suffering, the restoration and conservation of smaller states, the course of popular governments, our own rights, honor and safety are the motives of our entrance into the war. For this we have the solemn statement of our President. His word lends weight to the personal views of the case which we may have entertained. He has issued the call to arms. His authority is from God. We are safe in obeying. We are in the wrong if we do not. The President is weighted with a terrific responsibility; let us lessen its pressure by our loyalty. He prefers loyalty even to success. Your Church urges you. Your Archbishops encourage you. Your own sense of honor urges you.

Do not say: "War is terrible!" Lost honor is worse. Do not say: "How can we fight if we cannot eat?" For the President has promised to whip food robbers into line. These ghouls who follow in the wake of war to plunder the grave will feel the iron hand of government. Therefore give your sons. Nineteen hundred years ago One died for you. When He marched to the battlefield of Calvary, His mother, though broken-hearted, did not say: "Stay with me!" Your son goes today, probably to die for country. Can you summon enough courage to say "Go!"—The Tablet.

THE ANGELUS BELL

How often, in far-away Mexico, have we stood in the quiet afternoon and listened to the angelus bell while it called the devout multitudes of the street and market to their accustomed brief meditation on the Incarnation, the men standing with their hats in hand and the women with their "rebosos" drawn over their heads, while their simple prayer ascended to the Blessed Lord who knoweth every heart and readeth every petition.

The Lord always conveys comfort and instruction to us in a reasonable way; although He is able at any time to cause a rain of manna in the wilderness and to pour in comfort to our souls without any labor on our part, usually He dispenses comforts according to a plain rule. When I remember These upon my bed, and meditate upon Thee in the night-watches, my soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness. It is spiritual meditation which rejoices the divine part of our souls within us. Meditation is that which makes a man to be a citizen of the New Jerusalem: he can take a walk in the paradise of God every day, and pluck fruit of the tree of life and draw water from the wells of salvation. He that performs conscientiously his duty of meditation maintains such conversation with God as angels do: such a one enters into Heaven by degrees and steps. It was with reference to this important virtue that Lord Roberts, on his death bed, in November, 1914, said:

"Now that we have the men and the munitions, all we want is a nation on its knees. Come, come, my Christian critics—have we made so little progress, after all, since the gates of hell were opened in August, 1914? I had hoped that in the presence of the great world tragedy our old narrow, sectarian wrangles had gone forever, and that we were all today yearning for one great Church and Faith, which should bring us nearer to God than we have ever been before. Let us take an item from the great Roman Catholic Church. No, my Protestant friends, don't protest because it is from that Church. What does it matter? Let us revive the Angelus Bell. Who has not seen the great picture by the French artist, Millet, depicting two gleaners in the field, with bowed heads, as the evening bell from the church in the distance is ringing out its call to prayer? Let the bells of every church—Catholic and Protestant, High Church and Low Church, established and Non-conformist—ring out the eventide, just for a minute—and during that

sacred interval let every man uncover and every woman bow the head—just for an instant's silent communion with God. I vow there would be no real sin that night: and we should look into each other's eyes with kindlier and purer gaze. The evening bell calls men and women to God. I sometimes wonder why a rite so acceptable to Protestant theology has been preserved in Roman Catholic countries and allowed to lapse in the lands that followed Luther."—The Missionary.

CANADIAN SOLDIERS

CONSECRATED TO SACRED HEARTH

Rev. B. J. Murdoch, C. P., 38 Grosvenor Garden, London, S. W.

On Sunday the 6th of May, all the Catholic soldiers of Witley Camp, Surrey, England, were consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The idea originated with the 150th French Canadian Battalion of Montreal. The first intention was that the soldiers of this Unit would perform this great act of faith in their own battalion lines with their beloved Chaplain, Father R. Crochetiere at the altar and their brave Colonel Barré, who already holds the Cross of the Legion of Honour, reading the act of consecration for his nine hundred and sixty odd Catholic lads; but when the other Catholic soldiers of the camp learned what their comrades in religion had decided to do, they did not wish this beautiful offering to be made without doing their bit.

So after much preparation, and after many arrangements, both military and religious, had been made, three thousand Catholic soldiers drew up in the grove of pine trees, on the border of the lake at the North West end of Witley Camp at 9.30 o'clock Sunday morning. There were French Canadian lads from Quebec, Irish Rangers from Montreal, Scotch laddies, with the feathers in their caps, from Nova Scotia, and Indian lads from East and West of Canada; New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island were represented by the 104th Battalion.

An altar was built against one of the very few oak trees that stand in the grove of pines, and above the cross that stood on the altar a large picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was nailed to the tree. A canopy of larch and ivy leaves was built above the picture and over the Holy Table. Daffodils, tulips and larch stood to brightly among the candles on the altar and on the slight elevation where the altar stood there were many potted plants.

As the parade was drawn up beneath the trees on the carpet of dry pine needles and last year's oak leaves, bands of different battalions played pious and the killed laddies made music with the pipes. Father Crochetiere sang the Mass, and he was assisted by Father Ronald McDonald, of Pictou, N. S., who came over with the 8th Highlanders, as deacon, and Father B. J. Murdoch, of Chatham, N. B., who was Chaplain to the 132nd North Shore Battalion, as sub-deacon. The choir of thirty voices which sang the Royal Mass so beautifully was directed by Lt. Albert Provost of the 150th Battalion.

And so under the English oak where "Druids of old" once offered their pagan sacrifices, the Holy Sacrifice of the New Law was offered and Canadian lads knelt to adore. And there by the lake-side the miracle of God's wonderful love was wrought, and the promise made by the Divine Master on the border of another lake the day following the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, was fulfilled. For many of the lads had waited till this late Mass to go to Communion, and so under the beautiful sunlight that filtered through the trees they knelt before the little altar and ate the "Bread of Life."

After Mass a short sermon was preached in English and French by Father Hingston, S. J., Chaplain of the Irish Canadian Rangers, and he explained clearly and beautifully what the ceremony of the Consecration meant.

Then Colonel Barré read the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in French and Major McRory, Officer Commanding the 199th Irish Canadian Rangers, read it in English. Each soldier was then presented with a badge of the Sacred Heart.

And just as of old the multitude, who followed Divine Master, were blessed before they departed, so today, after the Consecration to the Sacred Heart was made, the lads knelt while Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given and then all was over. "He blessed them and sent them away."

There have been many different places where these Catholic soldiers lads have worshipped since they left Canada, and who can forget what strange scenes may be before them on the red road of war along which they will walk, but we may safely say that one day will stand out in their memories in bold relief—the day they made the act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, when they knelt before God's altar built in the

open air under the trees by the lake-side, and Jesus passed.

A PRIEST'S SLOW MARTYRDOM

The New Zealand Tablet reproduces the following touching story of a faithful Polish priest observing "the seal of the confessional":

"An old Spanish proverb has it that a secret known to two persons is God's secret; a secret among three is all men's property." The saying is singularly appropriate in so far as it applies to the confessional. It is in very truth 'God's secret.' The Editor then cites "the story of Father Koblowitz, told in 1873 by the 'Reichzeitung' of Bonn. He was parish priest of Oranon, in Klex (Russian Poland), and bore a high reputation for piety and zeal. A murderer was committed in his parish and his gun, recently discharged, was found concealed under the altar. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to penal servitude for life in the mines of Siberia. Twenty years later—1893—the organist of the church at Oranon lay dying. He summoned the authorities, and confessed that he was the murderer. He had used the priest's gun, hastily concealed it beneath the altar, and in the search which ensued had contrived to cast suspicion on Father Koblowitz. In a remorseful mood he soon afterwards confessed to the priest, but had not the courage to surrender himself to the hands of justice. After his dying confession, orders were sent to Siberia for the immediate release of Father Koblowitz. He had died a short time previously. He had endured the slow martyrdom of Siberian mines for twenty years. He had borne that far keener agony—the fearful ceremony of public degradation at Zhitomer. He bore his heavy cross in silence with him to the grave."

DIVISION OF ENGLISH DIOCESES

Catholic Press Association

London, May 10, 1917.—General interest is taken here in the visit of Bishop Amigo of Scotland to Rome, where he has already had a private audience with the Pope, the subject of which is said to be the division of English dioceses. History is repeating itself, for in the days when the Hierarchy was re-established in this country the English Catholics were in fear and trembling at the result, and now that the time seems ripe for the extension of the hierarchy there is a section who are averse to any disturbance of existing conditions, and who actually air their views thereon in a portion of the Catholic press.

NUNS REMAIN IN RUINED RHEIMS

The Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims refuses to leave his episcopal city, which is now being furiously shelled. All the inhabitants who have not a distinct duty that binds them to their post have been ordered by the authorities to depart, and measures have been taken to insure their removal but there still remain many officials, many soldiers, many poor, sick and wounded. For the sake of these, the Cardinal and the Mayor, Dr. Lenglet, have requested three communities of nursing sisters not to leave. The Little Sisters of the Assumption, the Sisters of Charity, and the Sisters of the Infant Jesus therefore remain at their post. It is an honor that may cost them their lives, but even the government officials, prompt to persecute in times of peace, know that, in face of danger and death, they may rely on women whose daily sacrifice paves the way for the supreme gift of their lives. This may be demanded of them at any day or hour in a city that is being methodically shattered by the German artillery.

THE CALL FOR THE PRIEST

Commenting on the presence of priests at scenes of disaster, the Catholic Herald says: "To the non-Catholic a scene of that kind at once raises the question, why do Catholics always want a priest when they are dying? Why do their priests, inevitably rush to such scenes and take chances even at the risk of death to administer the sacraments and final consolation to the people, many of whom were not of their faith, and others who had neglected it for years? Of course every Catholic knows why, but very few Protestants do and therefore they are impressed by the unusual, and to them, inexplicable spectacle. Only the other day we had the story in the papers of a priest crawling under a burning railroad car to hear the confession of a dying man, pinned there. Almost every day we read like stories. They are not marvelous to us who are of the household of the Faith, but the result in many cases is not only to save the soul that is about to start on its last journey, but to turn towards God others who knew Him not but who are led to ask what is the secret of this faith which works such miracles of heroism?"

CATHOLIC NOTES

There is a bill before Congress to make the mountain laurel the national flower of the United States.

The Rev. Father Gordon Doe, who as army chaplain to the Canadian forces at the front has borne the burden of the day and the heat since the beginning of the War, has been promoted to the rank of Major.

Mr. Albert E. Aldington, the author ("Victor") of From Geneva to Rome via Canterbury, has been received into the Church by Father John M. Cronin at St. Etheldreda's Ely Place, (England.)

It is announced that the Lutherans intend to distribute 1,000,000 tracts during the present year in order to bring Luther and his work before all Americans. From what we have learned about the founder of Protestantism it appears that the less said about Luther the better for the sects, and incidentally for Americans.

According to a dispatch recently the property of the Catholic Church in Mexico will be subject to taxation. The church property in Mexico has been declared by the new Constitution to be the property of the Government. It is significant that Protestant churches will not be affected by the new tax schedules.

The Knights of Columbus of the National Capital adopted a resolution at a meeting held recently, which provides for the erection of a \$150,000 permanent home for the five councils of the District of Columbia. To get the money is planned to raise the initiation fees and dues of the councils and issue bonds. The plans of the clubhouse call for every modern improvement known for buildings of this kind.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, at a meeting of the national board at Washington, called for an assessment of \$500,000 to be levied on the Order for the purpose of taking care of the families of members who have enlisted for service in the War. A second motion calls for voluntary subscriptions from members, whose means will permit, to insure at least the raising of \$1,000,000 for world peace.

The State Supreme Court, Jefferson City, Mo., brought to a close the famous Campbell will case by dismissing it from the docket, because an appeal had not been perfected. James Campbell, a broker and public service magnate, left an estate of \$18,000,000 to his wife and daughter. Under the terms of the will the bulk of the estate was to go ultimately to the St. Louis University. A sister and other collateral heirs attempted to break the will.

The Physical Science Laboratory of All Hallows Institute, conducted by the Irish Christian Brothers in New York City, has received a very valuable addition by the presentation of a Topley Voss Machine by Hon. John G. Goff. It is a generator of a powerful type and has an X-ray outfit in connection with it. Needless to say the Institute feels very grateful. With it the electrical experiments of the Science Class will be greatly extended and facilitated.

A very beautiful book of verse, says the correspondent at Madrid of the Irish Catholic, has been published by the Bishop of San Juan de los Rios, Right Rev. Joseph Montes de Oca, one of the most pathetic figures at present in Spain. This Mexican Bishop was on his way to Rome to pay his visit *ad limina* when the news came that the Mexican revolutionaries had destroyed his diocese, murdering many of his priests, abolishing all his diocesan institutions, and confiscating both his diocesan and personal property. In addition to this, he lost his sight.

Amid manuscripts done by craftsmen of the Middle Ages in gallery in Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, is a Cistercian manuscript done in the early half of the twelfth century, which bears witness to the discovery of the principle of printing three hundred years before the date generally recognized for that discovery. The manuscript in question deals with the teachings of St. Augustine. The startling feature is in the decorative initials. These show the same style for every use of the same letter, and the raised impress or offset on the reverse of the page proves that, instead of being drawn or colored individually, they were made by the use of large movable blocks of type.

The offerings from the dioceses of the country to the support of foreign missions have notably increased. New York has surpassed all contributions of individual dioceses in the world, having given a sum of \$207,409.44. Philadelphia increased its contribution over the previous year of more than \$7,000 making a net total of \$65,418.25. The Albany diocese, organized for the gathering of funds for the missions only one year has given the very large sum of \$86,485. The Archdiocese of Boston announces the contribution in excess of previous years but gives no figures. It is assumed that the sum is about \$100,000. Other dioceses have also increased their offerings to the Catholic Foreign missions.