

# 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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1915

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### NOT TRUE

The absurd report that a Belgian priest had counselled girls in distress, from the brutality of the German soldiers, to become other Herois is of course not true.

The London Universe, March 5, says: "The Executive Committee had communicated on the matter with Bishop De Wachter, Cardinal Mercier's Auxiliary in London, and had been assured that such advice was never given by a Catholic priest. The Bishop thought that a public protest should be made in the Catholic papers as the story had been circulated all over the world."

### THE REFORMER

You cannot make the reformer more lonely than he always has been. Again, and yet again, men will ask him to cease being true to type for a little while, to give them a respite from his intensity, his fierce handling of the sore spots in human consciousness. But he gives them no rest. He has no gentle speeches, no playful interludes: he has driven himself hard at the flinty opposition, till he has become stern and solitary. One thing he sees, one thing he does. Sometimes with over emphasis, sometimes with heat and rage; sometimes wearily and unwisely, but still he drives on, as if himself driven by overmastering command. Men grow tired of him, for the novelty of his onslaught soon stales, and they turn to a blither champion. If for a time they speak well of him, he quickly sets their teeth on edge by smiting their dearest traditions. To carry through to the end an unflinching, sturdy attack on privilege, an established power in any of its worldly manifestations means that the fighter is seamed and scorched and broken before he has half finished his fight. The forces he has challenged will surely reach some personal weakness, and reveal an infirmity of temper in a youthful slip. At this they will direct their attack till they force from him the cry of pain. It may be that the world shall read "his victory in children's eyes." But he will not live to see that day. What he will live to see is more hate, more scorn. Sometimes he will wonder if all the anxious striving is quite worth while. He will wonder if the long future is a safe custodian for the precious element in his individual life, which might have gladdened others and enriched his own career.

### THE FUTURE

After the war many things will be changed. The old terminology may survive, but it will adapt itself to altered conditions: it will connote finer shades of obligation: enlarged views of human right. Patriotism will come to mean more than a regard for one's own land, and a contempt for others. Points of contact will be sought, while superficial differences will be lessened. To regard peoples who occupy foreign lands as foes, to be hated and outwitted, will be seen to belong to a discredited order of thought, and which is condemned alike by the international sentiment of justice now spreading rapidly, and by the principles of Christianity.

When the present war is over, and the "price of admiralty," and the blood tax of imperial ambitions are reckoned up, we shall reverence the heroes who have fallen in defence of home, country and the imperilled liberties of the civilized world. Praise be to the countless hosts of men and women who have suffered the loss of all save honour: and to the saintly and noble, who have ministered to the needs of those who fought abroad, or borne themselves bravely in darkened dwellings at home.

Also, we shall not fail to rejoice in the kindly humour which has glided gloomy days on the field—that national asset which has its own distinctive value, being closely related to the love of fair-dealing. It is the happy temper which, knowing its own weakness, can think charitably even of foes; forgiving because comprehending, as also it hopes to be forgiven and comprehended.

### NOT THIS TIME

The French military authorities have learned that it is folly to pit mere bravery against a seasoned and well organized army. They threw their squadrons into the melee of Napoleon III's time, and saw them crumpled up and ground to powder. We remember what became of Bourbaki's army. They marched to raise the siege of Belfort, and they found themselves in Switzerland in a state which defied description. Some had bits of wood under their feet, others wore wooden sabots, hundreds had no socks and no boots, and parts of their feet were frozen. None had washed or changed their clothes for a long period. For three days they had neither food nor fodder, and even prior to that period of absolute famine, one loaf was often shared between eight men. To-day, however, it is not an improvised army that faces the invaders of their country: it is well officered and well organized, not given to the spectacular, and exhorting the admiration of those who but a short time ago fancied that they had a monopoly of efficiency.

### THE IRISH

Speaking of the tendency to exhibit the Irish as old, weird, and wild, because they sing old songs, and join in strange dances, G. K. Chesterton says "this is quite an error: indeed it is the opposite of the truth. In all this, the Irish are not in the least strange and separate. In all this, the Irish are simply an ordinary, sensible nation living the life of any other ordinary and sensible nation, which has not been either sodden with smoke, or oppressed with money lenders, or otherwise corrupted with wealth and science. There is nothing Celtic about having legends. It is merely human. Ireland has no need to play the silly game of the science races; Ireland has no need to pretend to be a tribe of visionaries apart. In the matter of visions, Ireland is more than a nation; it is a model nation."

He tells us "that the glory of Ireland is that it has conquered races. Ireland, unrecognized and oppressed, has easily absorbed races, as such tribes are easily absorbed. She has easily disposed of physical science as such superstitions are easily disposed of. Nationality in its weakness has been stranger than ethnology in its strength. Five triumphant races have been absorbed, been defeated by a defeated nationality."

### OLD STUFF

This age, we are told, is one of surpassing enlightenment. We have no quarrel with its legitimate aspirations, and we concede its claims to many trophies of art and science. We refuse, however, to accept it as appraised by some valuers. We refer to those who prate about it as an age that has no place for the outward Catholic creed. These individuals, who are, as a rule, acquainted neither with religion nor with science, but are merely phonographs that repeat the latest dictum of some mushy sentimentalist, or of an up to date creed maker, are but object lessons of what verbosity, unchastened by knowledge, can accomplish. The real scientist, however, knows his limitations as well as the domain in which he can labour. And he knows, also, that the questions which fretted man's soul in ages past, are living to day and that the waves of passion still beat against the human heart. These things are not pushed aside by the talker or the writer, who for reasons best known to himself has a quarrel with God. They are essential and vital, these questions, and they are answered by the Church, which keeps watch and ward over Christ and His teachings.

The great Positivist, Harrison, terms the Church, "that principal form of Christianity, and the most permanent form compared to which all the other forms are more or less perversions of transitional and morbid and sterile offshoots." Other writers refer to the Church as "that institution, the most august and durable which crosses the chasm between ancient and modern times, which has caused mankind more thought and treasure, and given them a more wonderful guidance than any earlier and later agency."

### SPIRITISM

In reply to a correspondent we beg to say that spiritualism as a cult is regarded by the Church as an invention of the devil. There is nothing, of course, impossible about spirits appearing to men. An angel guided young Tobias on a long journey; angels were entertained in Abraham's tent.

We know that the Witch of Endor raised up the spirit of Samuel, who foretold the fate of King Saul. But we learn from Scripture that God forbade all dealings with wizards and spirits of the dead: "Neither let there be any wizard nor charmer, nor anyone that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead, for the Lord abhorreth all these things."

In the present-day spiritualism there is a good deal of imposition. Still making allowance for a certain amount of imposition, it seems true that some of the manifestations of spiritualism must be attributed to the agency of the devil. The souls of the just are not at the beck of the medium. And what power on earth shall release from their bondage those who are lost beyond redemption.

Outside the Church there are many who do not accept the idea of a personal devil. They admit the existence of the tendency to evil, but that fallen spirit, clever, intelligent and subtle, work and plan incessantly for the souls of men, is scoffed at. But the Church of God tells us that devils do exist and in vast numbers. They are made up of those rebel angels, who were hurled out of heaven for refusing to obey God.

It is our clear duty to have nothing to do with the spirits of evil. They who use contrivances of any kind to know the future are invoking the devil. Let us be on our guard and free ourselves from the fascinations and seductions of the devil, "for who plays with the devil can have no part with Christ."

### ANOTHER WORD FOR BELGIUM

From the London, (Eng.) Tablet

So many of our own sons are in the fighting trenches, so many of our heroes are maimed or dead, so many great deeds are being daily wrought by our own forces on land and sea, that in the stream of self-praise or self pity we may perhaps overlook heroic Belgium. Not that we should ever forget it through wilfulness or neglect, but through the mere powerlessness to assist our own people, beyond the intense emotions mobilized in our own souls. For this reason there will be nothing but thanks for anyone who will do for Belgium what Belgium will not do for itself, and recall men for a moment from the slight of their own deeds to the heroism of Europe's ewe lamb.

Heroes are of two kinds—the resolute and the steadfast. I know not which is the greater; and the heroes, who perhaps know, will not decide. The hero resolute is discovered on occasion. With that suddenness, which is one of the qualities of war, a great danger threatens. The comradery of men, and even of fighting men, are struck motionless. They await the danger with a quiet which is perhaps the shadow of lost hope. If they see a desperate venture which might save others at the cost of life, a thousand wild thoughts hold their limbs rooted to the earth. Give them a word of command, and obedience will unlock their limbs. But left to themselves they await death with the quiet of despair.

It is at a moment like this that the hero resolute comes into his own. The overwhelming circumstances, which nothing in his life could have led him to expect, seem to be a matter of daily occurrence. He deals with them as if his life had been spent in their midst. What genius is to the man who fathoms truth when other men are out of their depths in error, heroism is to the man who takes a thousand risks and faces almost inevitable death in the narrow self-chosen path which he swiftly resolves to follow. Sometimes he dies—but the rest live. But mostly he lives; for the Master of life and death looks kindly on the hero who by his bravery takes God the Redeemer for his God.

The hero steadfast is of another fibre. It is not a sudden onrush or flight that discovers him. He does not live any intense moment on a level high above the heads and wills of his fellows. He does not suddenly summon from the still fastnesses of his soul massed levies of power and daring. He is not the gift of a supreme instant of intuition and resolution.

On the contrary, he is the matured growth of time. He is discovered, not in the opening moments of a battle, when many men have the inspiration to be brave, but in the last hours of a wearying day of fight or flight, when the hero resolute may perhaps have sunk back exhausted into sleep. He is not at his best in moving forward to attack, but in falling to move backward towards defeat. He is not gifted in the art of undertaking or planning; but what he once takes up he has the art never to give up, and what has been planned for him to do he will die rather than desert. His symbol is not the sword, with its swift thrill of intense pain; but the Cross, with its lingering hours of agony.

I wish all my readers knew what our forefathers meant by the forgotten word "to thole." If they knew it in its untranslatable vigour they would say that "the hero resolute dares, and the hero steadfast tholes."

I have said I do not know which hero is the greater. Only this I know, that the man who has both modes of heroism is twice a hero. And this my readers know, and the whole world now knows with them, that Belgium is that hero with a double portion.

At nightfall, when Belgium could not summon her full board of councillors to deliberate, she found a three-armed plunderer at her door, offering her the twelve hours of night to choose between dishonour and death. The deliberate choice of night for this ultimatum was the first discharge of that "frightfulness" which has given a new word or a new meaning to the vocabulary of war.

The little ewe lamb was at once the hero resolute. She met the miscreant with almost a saucy daring, as a deep-sea yacht might saunterly dip its bowsprit into a stormy angered billow. And she still rides the storm.

Seven months have passed. The slow tragedy of a martyred people has been wrought, and is still being wrought, in Europe's Haecelama. Every kind of national suffering that could crush a people has been vented on the saviours of civilization. Belgium loved peace; Belgium is in the fiercest fire-zone of the war of wars. Belgium loved to till the soil; the soil is wasted, and the tillers cowed or fled. Belgium loved the Arts, and her world-famed monuments, now in ruins, have been "cannon fodder." Belgium loved her own people, and thousands of her people are fugitives in foreign lands. Belgium loved freedom, having fought for it through two thousand years; and Belgium, after a few years of freedom that have enriched the world, is once more the slave of a tyrant whose yoke is not only thraldom, but insult. Belgium loved God, and God's ministers have been shot and God's homes destroyed.

Every billow of the deeps of sorrow has swept over this little people. But the land of sand dunes is, not as the sand, but as the rock. It still stands. It still fights. It still tholes. It is the hero steadfast.

King Albert is at once the saviour and the symbol of Belgium. He has realized the proverb of St. Vincent de Paul, a man who knew: "Le bruit ne fait pas de bien; le bien ne fait pas de bruit." He has added to his heroism the consummate touch of reserve. His words are still to seek. Even the destruction of his people has not unlocked his lips; it has merely unheated his sword. "In silence and in hope" may not be his motto; but must have been his model. Like his people, he has suddenly dashed without a cry; and is now tholing without a word.

The day will come when history will have to give the King of the Belgians a name. "Albert the Silent" would be such a name; true, yet not sufficient, as failing to give the heroism that was the soul behind his silence. I sometimes wonder if we could find a fitter title than "Albert the Undaunted."

Indeed, I shall hope one day to see somewhere in the halls of humanity a statue of Albert with the words ALBERTUS INVICTUS, and near it a symbolic statue of Belgium, with the words BELGIA INVICTA.

VINCENT McNABB, O. P.

### BELGIAN ENVOY TO THE HOLY SEE

RECEIVED BY BENEDICT XV.—HAS HAD A DISTINGUISHED CAREER

On March 17, Baron Vanden Heuvel, newly appointed Belgian minister to the Vatican, presented his credentials to Pope Benedict, who received him in the throne room, surrounded by the Papal court.

Baron Vanden Heuvel made an address in which he emphasized the loyalty of the Catholics of Belgium and said he felt certain of the assistance of the Holy See in attaining "the ultimate triumph of the rights of Belgium."

The new Minister was born at Gand in 1854. He has been for many years Professor of International Law at the University of Louvain; he is the author of some valuable

volumes on Associations in France and Belgium, and on the revision of the Belgian Constitution. In 1899, although he was not a member either of the Senate or the Chamber, he was invited to become a member of the Cabinet and one of the reforms with which his name is linked is that of proportional representation. Until 1907 he continued in office as Minister of Justice, when he was appointed Minister of State, which allowed him to return to his Chair of Law at the University, where he founded the school of social and political sciences. He is also a cultured art critic and art lover, so that he will at once find himself at home in Rome.—St. Paul Bulletin.

### A ZEALOUS YOUNG PRIEST SLAIN IN MEXICO

REV. DAVID GALVAN EXECUTED FOR THE "CRIME" OF HEARING CONFESSIONS OF REVOLUTIONISTS' DYING VICTIMS

The cruel religious persecution in the unfortunate Mexican Republic counts now another martyr among its victims, says the Southern Messenger, or San Antonio, Texas. On January 30 of this year a young priest, the Rev. David Galvan, was shot upon the order of the so-called Governor of Jalisco, Emmanuel Dieguez, in Guadalajara, a Catholic city against which the impious revolution has been raging mercilessly.

Father Galvan, ordained only five or six years ago and full of life and hope, joined to his sacerdotal virtues a remarkable talent, which presaged for him a glorious career in the world of science and letters. He was a learned teacher in the seminary of Guadalajara, one of the most noted institutions of sacred learning in the neighboring republic and the cradle of thirty Bishops and numberless wise and saintly men. He was also a brave and spirited Catholic writer, one of a cluster of young priests who lauded the impious and blasphemous Jacobins of Guadalajara with the lash of a triumphant logic through the columns of the excellent newspapers, El Guerrillero and El Piquin.

It was perhaps the cause of his martyrdom. He was thrown into prison and kept there more than a month for his Catholic writings during the first unhappy stay of the Constitutional forces in Guadalajara, but at last he was released from jail upon condition that he would not hear confessions.

When the tigerlike Dieguez evacuated the city it breathed a little easier under the control of Ville, himself a frightful tyrant, who nevertheless appears as a gentle dove in comparison with Dieguez. The churches were reopened, the priests could come out again on the streets, and overlooking some scares—as, for instance, when the priest Perez Rubio was killed—the Catholic faithful had a little respite in which they could pray in their temples.

But it seems as though the revolutionists are playing hide-and-seek, because the Villalistas in turn evacuated the city and the ferocious Dieguez came in through a sea of blood that was poured out before the very suburbs of that unfortunate city. His arrival took place on the 18th of January, and on the 30th of the same month the Villalistas made an unhappy attempt to surprise the troops in the barracks. Their failure was complete, and the Carranzista soldiers, under Dieguez's orders, went out on the streets and shot "Viva Villa!" ("Long live Villa!") then, if the innocent unwary passerby answered: "Viva Villa!" he was mercilessly shot down.

About one hundred of these unfortunate men fell dying in the streets, without any help whatsoever, as no one dared to leave his house. It was then that Father Galvan, notwithstanding the danger, went out to hear the confessions of the poor, dying victims, and while engaged in this glorious task he was surprised by the Carranzista soldiers who caught him, and after some hours of imprisonment, shot him also. They told him that his life had once been spared and that the soldiers had discovered him hearing confessions again, but of this there is no certainty.

When Father Galvan was being conducted to the place of execution it happened that he passed by the house of a fellow-priest, named Jose Maria Aranza. Father Galvan called him, saying: "Brother, if you wish to help a man condemned to death, come along with me." He made his confession on the way to Father Aranza, both feigning a simple conversation.

Before the unjust execution the courageous martyr spoke feelingly to his executioners, succeeding even to touch their hearts, forgiving and excusing them, and divided among them whatever of value he had with him—his watch, his hat and his money. After this the fatal shots were fired, the martyr's body fell to the earth and his soul flew to heaven.

To the honor of one of the soldiers he it said that he refused to fire.

The martyred priest's father could have obtained a countermand from Dieguez to save his son, but he arrived too late.

The source of the above information is from an honorable person who came to El Paso from Guadalajara, and the statement is corroborated by several letters worthy of belief.

### WHO CAUSED THE WAR?

A ten-year old boy, reading the title of Prof. Edward Kyle's pamphlet, "Who Caused the War?" said, "That's easy. Germany." A good many of us can skip from the question to the answer and be sure we are right. Yet it is pleasant to find that the historical temperament progressing by slow degrees from document to document, and from deduction to deduction, reaches the same conclusion, and not mistily, as we did, but triumphantly.

Mr. Kyle has not only read the diplomatic correspondence found in the White Paper and elsewhere, but he has digested it. He has set forth in the utmost detail the points in which German official statements of differing dates are contradictory. He takes the German picture of Austria Hungary being forced to make a stand against the onrush of the Balkan Slavs and sets against it the fact that the Dual Monarchy meditated an attack on Serbia in 1913 and asked for Italian support, which was refused on the grounds that such a war would be aggressive and not according to the terms of the Triple Alliance. He dwells on the persistent evidence of Germany's eagerness to support Austria Hungary in the offensive ultimatum to Serbia. He shows the horse-trading spirit of the German Government in giving an undertaking to Great Britain that French territory would not be demanded by Germany at the issue of a successful war, and yet in refusing to give a guarantee that French colonies would not be molested. Clearly, dispassionately and logically he develops the story of the most reckless and criminal adventure European politics has ever seen.

"There never was a great war," says Mr. Kyle, "when such complete evidence was so quickly put before the public. Documents such as students hitherto have awaited for many years are already accessible. The truth which they establish cannot be shaken." One of the finest things in the pamphlet is the justification of Sir Edward Grey's course and the disproof, on credible testimony, of the slander by Mr. Bourassa and others, that the British policy was solely that of self-aggrandisement. The pamphlet cannot be too widely circulated. It has intrinsic value, and besides, it is highly creditable to the author and to the Department of History of Toronto University, to which Mr. Kyle belongs.—The Toronto News.

### LAETARE MEDALIST

On the fourth Sunday of Lent of each year, Laetare Sunday, the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, makes known the names of the Catholic layman or woman distinguished in some field of Catholic endeavor to whom it awards the Laetare Medal as a mark of recognition for services to Holy Mother Church.

This year the honor goes to Miss Mary V. Merrick, Washington, D. C., the founder of the Christ Child Society. Miss Merrick is the daughter of the late Richard T. Merrick, an eminent lawyer and orator. At the age of fourteen she received an injury which so disabled her that she has since been unable to stand, sit or walk. Practically her entire life has been spent on a rolling chair by which she moves from room to room in her home. She is totally incapable of locomotion in any other way and in her chair is taken to church and for her daily outings. On this bed of pain Miss Merrick conceived and carried out the idea of the Christ Child Society which was founded in Washington in 1891. The original purpose of this Society was to prepare clothing for and distribute gifts to the children of the poor and to make at least one child happy on Christmas Day. In a few years the Society took more definite form and branched out into other lines of activity such as the establishment of sewing classes, children's libraries, Sunday School instruction, etc.

Besides her exclusively social activities, Miss Merrick is the author of a Life of Christ, a series of lectures for children, and translator of Mme. de Segur's "Life of Christ for Children." She has developed a method of her own in the physical, moral and religious care of babies and growing children.—St. Paul Bulletin.

A good thought propagated is an angel who goes, in the name and to the profit of Him who sends it, to do good everywhere it has the mission to penetrate.—Golden Sands.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

A new church, the first of its kind, for the Catholic Syrians of the Greek rite, known as Melchites was blessed in New York, February 14th.

Sunday, January 24, two Irish missionary priests left Cork for the West Coast of Africa, there to labor among the negroes.

The Indiana Catholic and The Catholic Columbian Record have consolidated and will appear in future as The Indiana Catholic and Record.

Mrs. Philip Van Valkenburgh, whose fortune is estimated at \$10,000,000, has gone to Italy to aid the victims of the earthquake. She has lately become a Catholic.

Father Albert, the Josephite missionary, reports having received into the church 224 colored converts during the year 1914. Thirty converts joined the inquiry class as the result of a mission recently given in Memphis by Father Dorsey.

"Last year, in New South Wales," said the Archbishop of Sydney, in a recent address, "we had 424 Catholic primary schools, attended by 52,520 children. In Sydney alone last year we had 209 Catholic primary schools, attended by 28,145 children. The finger of God is on our work."

With the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne it is proposed, as a memorial to the late Mgr. Benson, to undertake the completion and endowment of Buntingford Catholic Church, in which he was much interested.

Rev. Albert Breton, who has charge of the Catholic Japanese mission in Los Angeles, Cal., has arranged with the Japanese consul to have four native nuns come to California to assist in the mission work. This is the first time Japanese Sisters have come to the United States.

The death has taken place in Florence, from blood-poisoning of Maximilian Count Michiel, "Patricio Venerabile" Count of the Holy Roman Empire. Count Michiel was connected with Ireland through his mother, a niece of the late Dowager Lady O'Connell.

Fears are entertained for the safety of Fathers Jean Baptiste Rouvriere and Guillaume Leroux, missionaries among the Eskimos, who, it is thought, have murdered them. The information has been received from Father Lecuyer, of Arctic Red River, who communicated his fears to Father Allard, of Dawson, by letter dated January 15.

Ripley Dunlap Saunders, dramatic and literary editor of The Post Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo., died on March 10, and was buried from the New Cathedral, Mr. Saunders, who had been a Presbyterian, recently embraced the Catholic faith, and the day before he was taken into the hospital, he was baptized by Rev. Francis Gillilan of the New Cathedral.

Brother Anthony, President Emeritus of Manhattan College, New York, died recently at St. Vincent's hospital in that city, in his seventy fifth year. Brother Anthony was born near Rochester, N. Y., his family name being William W. Byrnes, and he entered the Order of Christian Brothers in 1858. His teaching career has extended to many cities in this country and Canada.

Twenty thousand dollars is given to charity in the will of Charles A. Mair, filed for probate in Chicago recently. His widow and five others will share the remainder of his \$410,000 estate. Mr. Mair died March 2. Bequests of \$5,000 are made to the Little Sisters of the Poor and the House of the Good Shepherd. The Little Company of Mary is given \$10,000.

Mgr. Genex, Vicar Apostolic of Basutoland, Africa, has brought to the Holy Father a letter from the king of that country couched in the most devoted terms, praising highly the work of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in his kingdom, but saying how vast the country is and how few are the priests. The king has been a Catholic for four years.

A well merited honor has come to the Rev. G. A. Morice, O. M. I., of British Columbia, a well-known missionary and ethnologist, author of several authoritative works on the life, culture and religion of the Dene, an Athabaskan tribe, and of a history of the Catholic Church in Western Canada. A short time ago he was unanimously elected first honorary member of the Royal Canadian Institute, "in recognition of his eminent services to science."

In the English Catholic Directory for 1915, issued last month, the Catholic population of England and Wales is given at 1,891,006, of Scotland at 518,969 and of Ireland (based on the Government census of 1911) at 3,242,079, the total population of Ireland being 4,890,219. The Catholic population of the British Empire in Europe is returned at 5,872,289, in Asia 2,805,954, in Africa 587,079, in America, 5,294,117, in Australia, 1,217,846. The total of Catholics in the British Empire is thus 13,225,294 while the total Catholic population of the world is estimated at 801,172,712, as compared with 298,734,824 in the previous year.