

# 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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## CHANGES

Mourning, O rejoicing heart!  
The hours are flying;  
Each one some treasure takes,  
Each one some blossom breaks,  
And leaves it dying;  
The chill dark night draws near,  
Thy sun will soon depart,  
And leave thee sighing;  
Then mourn, rejoicing heart!  
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart!  
The hours fly fast;  
With each some sorrow dies,  
With each some shadow flies,  
Until at last  
The red dawn in the east  
Bids weary night depart,  
And pain is past.  
Rejoice then, grieving heart,  
The hours fly fast!

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

## EMPEROR'S FUNERAL

KINGS, PRINCES, HIGH OFFICERS  
AND FOREIGN ENVOYS FILL  
ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL.

By Cyril Brown.  
Special Calls to The New York Times.

Vienna, Nov. 30.—Paradoxically, gorgeous and severely simple was the funeral of Emperor Francis Joseph, which I witnessed this afternoon in St. Stephen's Cathedral, crammed in every nook and corner with a brilliant congregation of kings, crown princes, archdukes, diplomats, prelates, statesmen and other personages.

The sombre interior of the venerable fane, dimly lighted only by giant tapers burning at the main altar, candles carried by priests, and a patch of daylight filtering through the open main portal, through which the imperial coffin was borne, was shrouded in acres of black cloth, thickly studded with placards bearing the bright gold and scarlet Hussar coat of arms, with the black superscription, "Franciscus Josephus First."

Immediately in front of the main altar a simple bier had been improvised, and on hard, low benches, immediately to the left of it the royal mourners, arriving by twos and threes, took their places. In the center of the front row was the very young Emperor Charles, wearing the simple field gray uniform of an Austrian Field Marshal, and at his right the girl Empress Zita, a slender figure, heavily veiled. To the left and right of the imperial couple were King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and King Ludwig of Bavaria, Ferdinand's portly bulk in lavish gala Hussar uniform of white, heavily gold laced jacket and red breeches, the gray bent Bavarian King in simple Field Marshal's great coat. On the same royal mourners' bench I noted dapper German-Crown Prince William, fresh from the front, but having exchanged his field clothes for the dark blue, red and gold parade uniform of the Austrian Hussars; the King of Saxony and the middle-aged Crown Prince of Turkey, in khaki and fancy fez.

The benches behind were crowded by practically all the remaining rulers or Princes of States of the German federation, including the Kaiser's son-in-law, Duke Ernest August of Brunswick, and the young Crown Prince of Saxony, whom I had met at the Somme front last August. On the opposite side of the bier was a solid array of Austrian Archdukes, blazing with color, mostly in bright blue Hussar coats with rich beaver collars, rich gold cordage about their necks, and crimson breeches, contrasting against the crepe-draped women members of the royal family.

The benches at the foot of the bier were occupied by the Diplomatic Corps, including the purple-robed Papal Nuncio, Ambassador Penfield, the special Ambassadors and Ministers extraordinary and neutral royal visitors in parade uniforms, including the Crown Prince of Sweden and Prince Waldemar of Denmark. In the usual seats of the clergy down both sides of the chancel were lined up high military personages and dignitaries of the Church. Heading them was Count Tiza, costumed as a Magyar magnate in small black cape, black knee breeches and Hungarian top boots. Next to him was the new Prime Minister Von Koerber. Across the aisle was Baron Burian, and near him the former Foreign Minister, Count Berchtold, in Dragoon's uniform, while up and down the solid line were the rest of the Cabinet members, the highest court officials, high Turkish, Bulgarian, and German military personages hung with flashing orders, and a score of Austrian Generals carrying cocked hats prodigally plumed with emerald feathers.

This was the setting of the memorable scene which I was able to sweep in entirely from a central gallery seat near the Bulgarian Crown Prince.

Promptly at 3 o'clock a slow procession of the Princes of the Church, Archbishops and Bishops in full regalia of rich gold and silver embroidered vestments and white mitres, with a long retinue of high clergy, entered and lined up from door to altar on both sides of the main aisle in front of a field gray infantry guard, as the head of the

funeral procession, a daylight replica of Monday's nocturnal pomp, which for an hour had been circling through the main Vienna streets for the benefit of the populace, paused at the open portal and the mammoth funeral car drew up.

Black-liveried Court servants lifted out the coffin. They were met at the door by the Cardinal Archduke Dr. Piff and priests bearing lighted tapers, burning censers, and a tall cross of gold. Proceeded by a double file of Austrian and Hungarian halberdiers, moving slowly, while an invisible choir chanted the Miserere, the Imperial coffin of black velvet, richly laid and edged with gold, was borne up the aisle on the shoulders of faithful retainers. It was followed by a double file of Austrian and Hungarian bodyguards with flashing sabres and horsehair plumes, the mitred Bishops and clergy with folded hands falling in line as it passed. The Miserere, chanted with no organ or other instrumental accompaniment, seemed only to intensify the silence of the congregation of kings and princes, statesmen, generals, and diplomats, standing rigid as the casket was borne past and deposited on the altar, the high clergy flocking about it to perform the last simple rites.

Brevity and austere simplicity marked this last service over the Emperor's body—a few Latin prayers by the Cardinal Archbishop, a few responses by the clergy, while Kings and Princes and veiled royal women knelt about the flowerless bier, a short Gregorian chant intoned by the male choir, all lasting not above fifteen minutes.

Then at a signal the coffin was raised to the shoulders of the bearers, and the procession started for the cathedral door again, preceded by pikemen, fantastically garbed Hungarian halberdiers with golden knee-boots, and all the rest of the pageantry—a more impressive train this time, for Emperor Charles and Empress Zita now walked immediately behind the coffin, with the now venerable King of Bavaria, slightly behind at their right.

Then followed the King of Bulgaria, the King of Saxony, the German Crown Prince, the Grand Duke of Baden, Dukes Philip Albrecht and Robert of Wurttemberg, and a long train of other German Princes; the Crown Prince Gustavus of Sweden, Prince Ibrahim Hilmi, representative of the deposed Khedive of Egypt, the Infant Fernando of Spain, all the Austrian Archdukes, all the diplomats, many Generals, including the Austrian Chief of Staff, Conrad von Hotzendorf, then the statesmen and other personages.

From St. Stephen's the procession walked to the streets for four blocks to the Church of the Capuchins, where, with strict observance of the ancient Spanish ceremonial, Francis Joseph was laid to rest in the crypt, the vault bearing the number 136.

## ELOQUENT SERMON OF FRENCH ABBE

In the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Quebec, the stately and historic Basilica, a special Mass was sung on November 29th for the dead soldiers of Canada. Cardinal Begin was in the archepiscopal chair. There was a large delegation of some of the most important clergymen and prelates of the arch-diocese, and among those in the congregation were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, the Prime Minister of the Province, the chief justice of the Superior Court, the District Officer Commanding and a large number of other prominent citizens.

The sermon was preached by the Abbe Camille Roy from the text, "I will rejoice in the Lord in the land of the living." He said in part: "Our men perhaps did not know the secrets of history and the complications of diplomacy, but they knew that war had been brutally unchained, that treaties had been torn up, that Belgium was plundered and in agony, that France was torn and invaded, that England herself had been sought out beyond the surging frontier of the seas and attacked. They knew that altars had been destroyed, cathedrals profaned, that old men, women and children had been brutally attacked, and that a flood of barbarians had spread themselves in tumultuous waves over the fields of beautiful France, their mother country. They knew that these two nations, to which our political and national life was bound had need of the aid of their far-scattered sons, that they had to fight for sacred interests in a war of endurance, where it was necessary constantly to renew their energies. Therefore, without asking whether or not they were constrained by the laws to go, they answered the more powerful appeal of their consciences. They did the free act of devotion. They have fallen. But they live still. They live not only in the immortality of their souls, but in the immortality of their sacrifice. 'Blessed are they that suffer for righteousness' sake."—Toronto Daily News.

## MILITARY TRAINING

CARDINAL GIBBONS ACCEPTS  
PLACE ON ADVISORY  
COMMITTEE

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 23.—Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has agreed to identify himself actively with the Universal Military Training League. Word in confirmation of this was received today by Frank G. Logan, chairman of the executive committee of the League, from Howard H. Gross, its president, who wired as follows from Washington:

"Cardinal Gibbons accepts membership on advisory committee and is very enthusiastic. He believes that all churches will help."

Aid from all church organizations is being asked by the officials of the Universal Military Training League. That Cardinal Gibbons is willing to serve on the advisory committee, however, was heard at League headquarters with satisfaction. It was believed that he will enlist the aid of many others and help the cause of military training among the laymen of the Catholic Church.

That the Cardinal has been in sympathy with the idea of universal military training in America has been known for some time. On the occasion of his eighty-second birthday he gave approval of the plan, saying among other things: "This training makes a man stronger, broader. It makes him more patriotic, more fit physically, morally, socially and intellectually. It makes him feel that there is something out there in the nation which demands his loyalty and service. It places the rich man and the poor man on an equal footing and teaches them they owe an equal allegiance."—Catholic Telegraph.

## POPE RECEIVES JAPAN'S ENVOY

The Vatican was the scene of an interesting ceremony recently when His Excellency Jagoro Mura, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of Japan, was received in audience, and handed to His Holiness an autograph letter from the Emperor, thanking him for the autograph which Pope Benedict sent by Monsignor Petrelli, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines on the occasion of His Majesty's coronation.

The Japanese Envoy was in full diplomatic uniform and was received with full honors, the Holy Father being seated in the Vatican room and surrounded by the noble court.

The Envoy spoke the few words necessary to explain his mission in the language of diplomacy, French, and His Holiness, who speaks French as well as he speaks Italian and Spanish, replied in the same language, afterwards inviting His Excellency to accompany him into his private library, where they remained some time in private conversation. The customary visit to the Cardinal Secretary of State followed, and the Envoy returned by His Holiness in the afternoon. His Holiness has bestowed on the Japanese Envoy the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

Philadelphia Standard and Times.

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## FAITH IN GOD STILL ABIDES

On All Saints' Day a special correspondent of The London Times with the French army wrote from "Somewhere in France," in part as follows:

We are apt in England—or we were—to consider ourselves a religious nation as compared with the French. The war, I think, has taught us better. Any of us, certainly, who has wandered into a French church or cathedral—at Rheims, at Amiens, at Nancy—where you will—and has seen French women and French officers and private soldiers kneeling; side by side before or after a battle on the flagstones in front of the altar, any Englishmen who had visited, on the Jour des Morts, the infinitely pathetic enclosures where row upon row of crosses mark the last resting-place of the dead soldiers of France, must know that the faith of France and the bond between her and our own country are alive as probably they have never been before in her whole history. "Thy people shall be where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

## FAITH AND PATIENCE

And there are the living—a far firmer bulwark, to my mind, against all the doubts suggested by the horrors of the battlefield than even those outward and visible signs of the common faith in the resurrection of the dead, which, after all, might be nothing more than a mere credulous delusion. For the lives of the living cannot be a delusion. And never, I believe, have so many ordinary men at the same time lived lives so unselfish, so patient, so self-sacrificing, so brave, so pure, so far removed from one's old idea of the selfish, book-making and sometimes brutal professional soldier of popular fancy, as is to be seen, to-day, in the lives

of the French and English armies. To a certain degree, no doubt, the same thing may be said—thank God for it—of the armies of the enemy. They, too, are fighting under the impression that they are battling in defence of their homes and families, and their very existence as a nation. But we know—we know—that theirs is a vain and dreadful delusion, and they must know, or they will some day, that not the most sacred of causes—least of all the most sacred of causes—could justify the crimes of which so many of them have been guilty before God and man. With different, if only you people in England could see them as they are in the trenches now, a thousand times no—your faith would not be shaken, even by the untellable horrors of the modern battlefield.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." And the inevitable conclusion carried away from the battlefields of France, in spite of all the horrible suffering and waste and destruction, is that never in the history of the world have so many men lived such noble and simple and self-sacrificing lives as the present armies of England and France. If, as George Meredith said, the principal part of faith is patience, then nowhere so much as in the cemeteries and on the battlefields of France is faith to be found.

Whether yesterday, or next week, or next year, the passing of Asquith and the coming of Lloyd George seemed for months inevitable. And the change is significant in a sense far deeper and more radical than the surface shows. It means more than sweeping changes in the administrative offices that have to do with carrying out the plans of the war's campaign. It signifies also—a social transformation in Britain which goes to the very roots of the whole fabric of British life and thought and institutions. In a very real and very penetrating sense the old British order changeth, giving place to the new.

True beyond all question, the permanent officials in the War Office and in the Admiralty and in the Foreign Office had become a bit stoggy. And the clamor of the British people for more push and more power—the push and the power that not only do things, but are seen to be doing them—was the disturbing spark. But these immediate and surface things were only the occasion, not the cause, of this changing in the British order lay far back of the war, back in the decade which marked, to all the world, the changing of Britain and of the British mind from the old aristocratic ideal of life to the new spirit and ideal of modern democracy. The nation that, without conscription, yielded more than 4,000,000 of fit men for the defence of British freedom at the war fronts will not go back, never, to the remnants of the old order when an aristocracy held sway, whether the residue of the old aristocracy of blood or the more assertive and arrogant newly-come aristocracy of wealth.

For the moment the question of leadership may be problematical. There are those who, despite his constitutional poise and patience, with his aptitude for waiting until the strategic moment has passed beyond recall, still have their minds stayed on Asquith as the one man in the whole British situation able to hold together the divergent forces and make substantial progress at this time of crisis. Those people have confidence in real statesmanship more than in skillful administrative management. And in the whole circle Asquith is the real statesman.

The alternative is Lloyd George. And it would be easier for some of the staid Liberals to follow in the lead were he delivered from the backing of men of the Northcliffe type and of the Curzon temper. But notwithstanding that handicap, the common people, who may not see behind the scenes or read the cryptic signs, are ready to follow the impetuous Welshman, because he cares little for traditions and ceremonies, and drives ahead without too much concern for what may be in the way.

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Britain's history. Lloyd George has given promise of a mastership unique in the annals of democratic effort. But greater than either individual leader is the supreme cause of political freedom, of social reform, and of the rights of humanity. The old order changeth, giving place to the new, and the original impulse of British democracy fills itself in many ways. —The Toronto Globe.

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And they will tell you, the men who are very close to the British situation, that Lloyd George, the genuine democrat, will not repeat the fatal reaction of Joseph Chamberlain: that, after the war, he will take up again and make effective the radical measures of social and industrial reform and of political enfranchisement which fired his soul in the great days of his aggressive leadership of the new Liberalism; and that with him and his first colleague, Lord Derby—a Peer with the vision and the spirit of the new Rule and Disestablishment and Temperance and Suffrage will find their radical solution.

Britain's history. Lloyd George has given promise of a mastership unique in the annals of democratic effort. But greater than either individual leader is the supreme cause of political freedom, of social reform, and of the rights of humanity. The old order changeth, giving place to the new, and the original impulse of British democracy fills itself in many ways. —The Toronto Globe.

Whether yesterday, or next week, or next year, the passing of Asquith and the coming of Lloyd George seemed for months inevitable. And the change is significant in a sense far deeper and more radical than the surface shows. It means more than sweeping changes in the administrative offices that have to do with carrying out the plans of the war's campaign. It signifies also—a social transformation in Britain which goes to the very roots of the whole fabric of British life and thought and institutions. In a very real and very penetrating sense the old British order changeth, giving place to the new.

True beyond all question, the permanent officials in the War Office and in the Admiralty and in the Foreign Office had become a bit stoggy. And the clamor of the British people for more push and more power—the push and the power that not only do things, but are seen to be doing them—was the disturbing spark. But these immediate and surface things were only the occasion, not the cause, of this changing in the British order lay far back of the war, back in the decade which marked, to all the world, the changing of Britain and of the British mind from the old aristocratic ideal of life to the new spirit and ideal of modern democracy. The nation that, without conscription, yielded more than 4,000,000 of fit men for the defence of British freedom at the war fronts will not go back, never, to the remnants of the old order when an aristocracy held sway, whether the residue of the old aristocracy of blood or the more assertive and arrogant newly-come aristocracy of wealth.

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But in these changing times leaders may change with startling suddenness. The cause, however, under one or under another, will move forward. Asquith has proved himself one of the greatest leaders in

the history of the British people. He will also help them to keep in mind the glad reality of the Incarnation, a fact which the modern world prefers to forget. For outside the Church, as we know, Christmas has long been tending to become merely a day of merriment and good cheer, the giving of presents often degenerates into a shrewd business practice, or into a thinly disguised imposition against which "spags" indignantly protest. One of our modern pagans has written a book in praise of "St. Friend" with the object of robbing December twenty-fifth of its Christian character; many a "Christmas card" nowadays has about it nothing whatever to indicate the sacred nature of the feast. To show the drift of the age in this respect a secular magazine records that last year in a certain Protestant church, all the songs and exercises of a Christmas celebration "proclaimed Santa Claus" only, Our Divine Lord's connection with the festival being quite overlooked. All the more need, then, that Catholics at least should keep the public in mind that Christmas is nothing less than the Birthday of "the World's Ransom, Blessed Mary's Son."—America.

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