

The Catholic Record

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27 1917

1947

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RETROSPECT

War has shorn us of many things, but even war could not quite curtail the sky or blot out the exultation with which we have followed the progress of our brave brothers and sons in their battle for the great things of the world's life.

Often as the tide has reached its ordained limit and receded, we never fail to regard it with a wistful curiosity which holds in solution that wonder-sense which relates us to the unseen forces. In the affairs of men, as in the natural order, there is a recurring tidal change which opens or closes fresh opportunities of fruitful enterprise. "Taken at the flood," who knows the measure of the advance? Allowed to slip by unimproved, what "shallows and miseries" may not lie in wait for us in the uncharted future? So we have seen victory or defeat hinging upon a favorable moment when a mighty thrust or a strategic retirement held the secret which in after years men look back upon with gratitude or remorse. This terrible War has provided several crises over which the historian will ponder, perhaps vainly. Enough has been written and said already for the guidance of the common mind in review of the German rush towards Paris, of the Allied strategy on the Marne, of the manifest failures of the enemy's race for the Calais coast, and of his "unshakable" front amid the elaborate fortifications of Northern France. Let us transfer our thoughts to that strangely fascinating peninsula between the Aegean Sea and the Straits of the Dardanelles. Upon that tongue of hilly land, some fifty miles long, without railways, decent roads or landing places, covered with shrub and brushwood, sun-burnt and waterless, ridged with natural obstructions inland to match its almost inaccessible cliff defended scraps of rugged shore, an altogether wonderful struggle between Titanic forces took place last year. The fabled sieges of Troy on the opposite bank, watched by the pagan deities from high Olympus, pales into insignificance beside this terrific display of reckless heroism and almost miraculous achievement.

We follow breathlessly the story of that landing under a hail of shot and shell from well-concealed foes on the heights, remembering that every gun and case of ammunition, every ounce of food and pint of water, all the impediments of the troops had to be borne from Madros and put on shore from boats without the fixed mechanical accessories found in every civilized country. From April to the following January, when the remaining contingent left Cape Helles, the Gallipoli campaign lasted—with what varying results and partially-realized hopes, we now know. Only two things stand out clearly and indisputably—Turkish armies, mostly directed by German strategists, numbering at least four hundred thousand, were diverted from other fronts where their services would have been doubly valuable to the Central Empires. The other unquestionable fact, to which full justice will in time be done, is that no such adventure, involving such stupendous preparatory and auxiliary aids, has ever before been attempted, or is likely to be undertaken in future—the heroism, self-sacrifice and unflinching morale of our naval and military forces of every grade holding the gaze of the world and almost bewildering friends and foes alike by a lofty, unconquerable spirit under privations that we at a distance are wholly unable to visualize even in outline. Achi-Baba, Krithia, above all Anzac, will be names to conjure with for generations to come. How near we were to a perfect success only the leaders on both sides know. How the tide of Allied victory reached its highest mark, and why it turned, leaving only shoals with eddying currents, remains an open question. What are the Hliads and Odysseys of the ancients, the legendary deeds of Charlemagne and his knights, or even the Napoleonic

battles, compared with this unparalleled display of human character and resource in a unique effort to save civilization from ruin and shame?

LEST WE FORGET

Bacon's familiar phrase, "Knowledge is Power," is as applicable to human life today as it ever was. But we have enlarged the scope of the axiom. The "ample page" that was hidden in the days when Gray wrote his Elegy, from the labourer in the field and the city toiler in the factory, is now thrown open after a fashion; a cheap press brings to his hand and eye voluminous dissertations on matters of industrial, political and social import. Would that these were reasonably free from party spite and selfish opportunism! Alas, low motives often dictate spurious conclusions. The hunger for preeminence is found among all ranks. Profit as the key to control is a potent engine of mischief. The demagogue is as dangerous as the exploiter of the market and the funds. Indeed to fail and drag down many to financial ruin is sometimes less injurious to the common weal than to lead millions astray in a false quest for comfort and security.

Milton's Satan, in "Paradise Lost," tells his satellite truly enough that "to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering," but he omits the qualifying moral condition. Flabby sentimentality injures all who come under its influence. To be blind to the mingled weakness and misguided religiosity of Charles Stuart or of Louis the Sixteenth in the French revolutionary crisis; not to see that Cromwell inaugurated our modern constitutionalism, and that, after all, the Revolution logically followed the vicious and nerveless regime of the Bourbons, is to view the history of England and France in a false and confusing perspective.

THE TEST

Let us bring our own conduct to the true test. It is good to have and to nourish a strong will, which is by no means identical with a robust frame. It may be that we have inherited, or by some lucky business ventures acquired, the control of large interests, that the comfort and happiness of many is committed to our trust, that even the health and life of less privileged people hangs upon our words and acts. Alas for us and not only for them if we are hard and implacable, obstinate and short-sighted in our dealings with our fellows! Is it not significant that the hunger for power is unsatisfying in the case of the most typical of those whose ambition has borne them to the very heights of fortune? There is little need to cite familiar instances; the Caesars and Napoleons have not found crown and sceptre easy to wear and wield. The lords of finance, like Carnegie and Rhodes in our own time; potent administrators and successful writers of novels and plays—these and other winners of the badges and rewards of worldly greatness, who have climbed to eminence in older days, will not find power suffice for their deeper needs. Woe unto those who live and toil for it as the Open Sesame of greatness; it will play them false at the last! Prelate or poet, physician or counsellor, party-politician or labour leader, rulers or men on the land or the sea, all hold their office for larger ends than self can measure. It is this primal truth of life that we must all face, the alienable condition of the heart's peace. Love—not the brief intoxicating emotion that mostly passes for the divine passion—but a self-surrender to high ends that ennobles, exalts, purifies sense and soul; this alone brings mastery, opening vistas of attainment that are forever closed to self-seeking, covetous, overbearing men and women.

WILL KEEP "DRY" LAND DRY

The Supreme Court reached the most sweeping of all decisions sustaining prohibition laws, states a Washington despatch. On Jan. 8, the Court pronounced as constitutional the Webb-Kenyon law, prohibiting the shipping of liquor from "wet" to "dry" States. Further it upheld West Virginia's recent amendment to her law prohibiting importation in interstate commerce of liquor for personal use. The law was sus-

tained by a vote of seven to two. Chief Justice White announced the majority opinion. — Sacred Heart Review.

THE CENTRE OF UNITY

THE LONGING FOR UNITY AS EXPRESSED BY THACKERAY

C. B. OF C. V. in the New World

The desire for the unity of Christendom crops out among men of serious mind on many occasions. The longing for the renewal of the oneness of the Church which existed prior to the great revolt of the sixteenth century has particularly increased since the outbreak of the great European struggle. At the beginning of the War a number of religious periodicals published articles which reflected this feeling, which the nationalism and helplessness of the Protestant sects in the face of the conflict had served to increase. It was felt, as it has long been felt, that Protestantism has somehow failed of its supposed great purpose—that it has been a force for destruction rather than for construction, that the division which it created was far from desirable. It is particularly interesting to note this recognition of the error of the Protestant revolt and the desire to correct it on the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of the beginning of this revolt. For this year marks the commemoration of Luther's break with the Church, which has been marked for celebration among all Protestant peoples.

There are many men, long before the present, who have expressed this longing for unity with the See of Peter. In the most unexpected places it will be found set down. Who would look, for example, to "The Newcomes" of William Makepeace Thackeray for such a statement? Very few would expect to find it there. And yet there it is, in Chapter xxxv., of that novel, and it is put in the letter of Clive Newcome to Penderick. "There must be moments," the son of the lovable old colonel says, "in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart, when every man of English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore or the other one can see the neighbor cliffs on clear days, one must wish sometimes that there were no stormy gulf between us; and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass, and not return beyond Dover. Of the beautiful parts of the great Mother Church I believe among us many people have no idea; we think of lazy friars, of pining cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants worshipping wood and stone, bought and sold indulgences, absolutions, and the like commonplaces of Protestant satire! Lo! Yonder inscription, which blazes around the dome of the temple, so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost, and as if the words were written in stars, it proclaims to all the world, that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built, against which Hell shall not prevail.

"Under the bronze canopy his throne is lit with lights that have burned before it for ages. Round this stupendous chamber are ranged the grandees of his court. Fate seems to be realized in their marble figures. Some of them were alive but yesterday; others, to be blessed as they walk the world even now doubtless; and the commissioners of heaven, here holding their court a hundred years hence, shall authoritatively announce their beatification. The signs of their powers shall not be wanting. They heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, cause the lame to walk today as they did eighteen centuries ago. Are there not wonders ready to bear witness to their crowns? Isn't there a tribunal appointed to try their claims; advocates to plead for and against; prelates and clergy and multitudes of faithful to back and believe them! Thus you shall kiss the hand of a priest today, who has given his to a friar whose bones are already beginning to work miracles, who has been the disciple of another whom the Church has just proclaimed a saint—hand in hand they hold their way to one another till the line is lost in heaven." Then he expresses a regret that he cannot believe these things—a regret which beneath his humor has a touch of sadness.

There is indeed something pitiful in all this. It shows the great evil which the Reformation created. Men who believe in Christ naturally feel a great desire to be united in the worship of Him. They do sincerely wish for the unity which the Master Himself loved so well and which He produced in the foundation of His Church, against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail. It is to be hoped that in this four hundredth year of the Reformation's inauguration a great movement will set in among men to bring about the reality of His fold once more. Catholics without exception should pray for this—and in addition endeavor in kindness whenever it is possible to impress this idea on their non-Catholic friends. This year gives them the occasion for such a message.

THE WEAK SPOT

The London (Eng.) Observer

Ireland is not the Achilles' heel of the Empire in the present struggle, but for all political purposes it is a diseased spot which cannot be allowed to fester while Government confesses itself impotent to attempt a remedy. From the new Administration, despite the unduly conventional Unionist element it contains, the country firmly expects healing statesmanship. We say this very earnestly, because every day proves more clearly that in the Irish question we are dealing not with a domestic issue which can be suitably adjourned without sensible detriment to our arms and profound moral prejudice to our cause, but with one of the most urgent of all war questions.

Serving at an age which might well exempt him from military toil and danger, but entitles him to address on terms of moral equality at the least any Minister on the Treasury Bench and any audience in the country, that gallant and lovable Irishman, Major Willie Redmond, made in the House of Commons the other night a speech which not only moved all hearts, but, still better, stirred many minds to fresh purpose. In that speech, as stannic and heartening in the common cause as could be made by any soldier of the Allies, he told how men of the Green and men of the Orange are fighting and dying together, pouring out blood of the same colour and showing the common courage of the land that loves them. Many an Orangeman and many a Nationalist who has fallen has had in mind as earthly sight faded away a vision of home among the same villages, the same fields. It is tragic beyond telling that their people at home should be divided by the old political feuds and that while men of the Green and Orange fight with equal loyalty for a common cause at the front, their own country is rent asunder. If we reflect on this we shall perceive that there are few things sadder in the whole of history. In all the long and painful history of Ireland, the immense amount that has been done by practical measures during the last fifty years to mend ancient wrongs, here is now the iron that enters most sharply to the quick of the soul.

Yet, still, Ireland is perversely irritated by such minor things as the attempt to keep London on a technical plea the pictures that Sir Hugh Lane, by the testimony of his own sister, meant to go to Dublin. And still to take larger things all the good that Nationalist Irishmen do for the common cause is overlooked or little marked by the malign stupidity of common politicians, while every positive misdeed of the Sinn Feiners, every ebullition of hostility or sign of indifference shown by the perplexed and sullen part of the population is magnified and cried up as though there were nothing to be set against it.

This is a miserable situation which every politician worth his salt ought to resolve to improve, no matter what the difficulties. We have learned this week that in Australia Mr. Hughes proposed for conscription was just beaten by the casting-vote of the Irish Nationalist electors, though these at the beginning of the struggle were as enthusiastic as any. In the United States Irish feeling since the Sinn Fein troubles and the fiasco of the subsequent attempt at settlement, has poured a good deal of cold water into the wine of pro-Ally sentiment. The same adverse factor will work in other connections if nothing is done. We shall never get on the best terms the closest Commonwealth, and we shall never have the best relations between the two Great Powers of the English-speaking world, the Empire and the Republic, until we make a more respectable hand of our Irish affair, which we have bungled again and again by faults on all sides. When we say on all sides we except no party either in Great Britain or Ireland.

It will not be forgotten that Labour, in joining the National Ministry, expressed a special hope that the efforts for an Irish settlement shall be renewed. It is certain that those efforts must be renewed without hysterical haste, but without undue delay after the opening of the New Year, and in the far more serious mood than ever before. In view of such vital issues as we have stated, it is undoubtedly for Ulster Unionists to do a little more for the common cause, and not to have it said that they deal with these great matters from an immovably local standpoint. Sinn Fein feeling in its present form was mainly aroused by two things. The arming of Ulster, springing inevitably in our view out of all the previous circumstances, was a challenge to Nationalist courage and pride and was bound to evoke its counterpart. Next, the dread of an Ireland, formally divided into two parts, with no guarantee for reunion, with a chance that partition might be more hopeless than in Poland, was a prospect chilling and killing the imaginative magic by which Home Rule might have

charmed the vast majority of ardent Nationalists to a loyalty like Major Redmond's.

Though we saw no way out but exclusion for the six Ulster counties, we insisted that without periodical joint-sessions between the Nationalist and Unionist bodies or their delegates, or without some equivalent or better scheme for asserting Irish national unity as proudly as that of England, Scotland, or Wales, no solution could ever be reached. The Prime Minister, with whom in his brief indisposition at this time the whole country has sympathized, has his hands full at the moment with pressing concerns. If his genius a little later can triumph over the Irish trouble nothing whatever will do more to make him the most powerful statesman this country has had for generations and few things could help him more to win the War.

ADMONITION OF AN ACTRESS

Theatre-goers of the past generation learned to associate with their idol, Mary Anderson, nothing save what was elevating, refreshing and noble. Those who knew her are not surprised, therefore, at the tenor of a message regarding the religious education necessary for our children, given out recently to her fellow-Catholics by the famed actress, now Madame de Navarro— which is quoted in the Ave Maria; "Let us teach our children to be intelligent and enthusiastic Catholics; not to be satisfied with once-a-week service, the mere wearing of a scapular, or being tepid members of some confraternity. Let us make them good, practical Catholics and citizens. Let us teach them, and have them taught, the dogma—a word very vexatious to our enemies—the sublime and everlasting beauty of the Church. Let their religion be a joy to them. Let it be the dearest thing on earth to them. Let us teach them that if they hold fast to the Church of Christ with one hand, they may with the other (to quote dear St. Francis of Sales) gather as many flowers by the wayside as they desire—flowers of arts and crafts—trades and sciences. They will be quite satisfied if they have a firm grasp of that mighty, steady, guiding hand. Let us give them that most precious and lasting gift of lucid knowledge of Catholic truth; for 'ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge, the wing on which we fly to heaven.'"

THE OPTIMIST

Leibnitz affirmed that the present world in which we live is the best possible world that God could make. In doing so the great German philosopher imposed a limit to the powers of the Creator. Sound philosophy, the pessimist and the moderate, well-balanced optimist who rejects the exaggerated optimism of Leibnitz. The pessimist believes that this is the worst world which God could make, that everything in it is dark gloomy and doleful; that it is an abode of tears, of misery of individual, social and national misfortune. To such a man life is a tragedy closed with catastrophe and ruin. The optimist sees in this world the sorrows of mind, heart and soul which afflict humanity. The arrows of misfortune have riven his breast. A man, he feels all that a man can suffer, but he does not let the wound fester. He has a heavenly balm for the hurts and the bruises which no warrior can avoid in the battle of life. Even though unhorsed in the fray, he does not give up the fight, but, with hope in his heart and with hands again steadied for the onset, he once more faces the foe. Failures do not daunt him. The dangers and the perils of the combat do not hold him back. Optimist that he is, he does his best and leaves the rest to Heaven. There is always a silver and a golden lining to the clouds that roll over the field where he is struggling, and through the rift in the gathering storm, he sees the hand of God stretching out to crown him with victory. He is never beaten, for as the poet says, though he may not command success, he deserves it.

Men such as he do great things for God and for man. No great work in Church or State is accomplished without the trust, the hope, the dauntless energy, the buoyant spirit, the daring, the reckless but knightly courage of the optimist. The apostles were optimists. They sowed in tears and blood. They knew that in

God's own time the golden harvest would come. For three hundred years every Pontiff that sat on the throne of Peter was an optimist. Linus and Clement and Eleutherius and Urban knew that the catacombs would soon be changed into the basilica of the Lateran, and that the hated Cross would glitter above the Capitol. Columbus was an optimist. He knew in his heart that the magic voices which beckoned him to the West were not deceiving him, that out of the shadows of the sunset a new world would emerge to gladden his straining eyes. The Catholic Church ever teaches the noblest and the purest optimism, for she is ever sounding in our ears that martial call *Sursum corda*. "Lift up your hearts," to thrill our souls with a message of hope, of courage, of trust and love. The optimist takes a cheerful and bright view of life. If this be so the true Christian and Catholic is the genuine representative of the class. For him, life is God's best, and noblest gift. Its blessings and its sorrows come from a Father's hand. He spends it for His service and His glory. He cheerfully bears its load of suffering and care. He is not daunted by its misfortunes. He confidently and lovingly awaits its reward.—America.

BIG RETURNS FOR THIRTY-SEVEN CENTS

Referring to an experiment made by some people in Chicago who lived for two weeks on thirty-seven cents a day, Good Work observes: "They were trying to disprove the high cost of living accusations. A press comment on the item pictures them after the two weeks were up rushing to the nearest place for a two dollar meal. Thirty-seven cents a day! Why, if some of our poor missionaries were sure of that amount every day they would startle the world with results. They would buy children, build chapels, erect schools orphanages, hospitals. In a word, they would save thousands of souls."

THE CONVERSION OF CHINA

For the conversion of China thousands of Martyrs, European and native, have shed their blood; it is, therefore, sacred ground. According to some, the Apostle St. Thomas was the first to evangelize China. But, certainly in the thirteenth century, the Franciscan, John de Mont-Corvin went to China, and was appointed Archbishop of Peking by Pope Clement V. At the time of his death there were one hundred thousand Chinese Catholics.

Under the first seven of his successors, liberty of worship was enjoyed, and numerous schools flourished, especially in the north. The faith was probably carried to other sections by commercial travellers. About two hundred and fifty European Sisters also reached China during this period of growth.

Then came the inevitable persecutions, which swept away almost every trace of the earlier labors, and from that time to the present day, with intervals of peace, zealous men and women, among whom were thousands of natives, have been immolated on the altar of China.

To evangelize this land, hundreds of young men and women, with tremendous determination, have forced their way into a country which they knew held out to them only hardships, punishments of the most revolting nature and death. The announcement of a martyrdom would hardly reach the Foreign Mission Seminaries of Europe, when scores of hands were up, notifying superiors that others were willing to fill the ranks.

As a result of all these heroic endeavors, at a price of untold sacrifice and blood, the Catholic Church numbers to-day, among the Chinese-speaking people, almost one million adherents, including seven hundred Chinese Catholic priests. These figures seem large, but we must remember that China has a population more than five times that of the United States, and nearly one-fourth that of the world.—True Voice.

NEW NUNCIO TO REPUBLIC OF CHILI

POPE BENEDICT CONSECRAES MGR. NICOTRA TITULAR ARCHBISHOP OF HERACLEA

By Catholic Press Association Cable
Rome Jan. 11.—On Saturday, the feast of the Epiphany, Pope Benedict personally consecrated Mgr. Nicotra, the new Nuncio to the Republic of Chili, titular Archbishop of Heraclea. This was the Holy Father's first consecration. The ceremony, which took place in the Sistine Chapel, brought to mind the occasion on which he himself was consecrated there by the late Pope Pius X. after he was appointed Archbishop of Bologna in December, 1907. Senior Arzquez, the Chilean minister in Rome, presented to Archbishop Nicotra a magnificent pectoral cross on behalf of the government of his country.

CATHOLIC NOTES

St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, has given over 80 Bishops and more than 2,000 priests to the United States.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Arthur J. Teeling, D. D., rector of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass., is to erect at his personal expense a splendid home for Catholic young women of that city.

On the occasion of her First Communion the little Princess Marie Jose of Belgium received a beautiful gift from the Holy Father. The gift was accompanied by an affectionate letter to King Albert.

Two hundred volunteer workers, under the supervision of their pastor, the Rev. Joseph B. Mueller, of St. Teresa's parish, Covadale, Ohio, built their new church in 21 working days, working in shifts of 50 men each day.

Miss Clara Hill, daughter of the late James J. Hill, who has taken a deep interest in the work in Minnesota for the relief of the Belgians, has received a letter and photograph from Cardinal Mercier. The Cardinal expressed his gratification at the work done, and sent his blessing to the promoters.

Cowlitz Prairie is the oldest Catholic mission in the present state of Washington. It had been established December 16, 1838, by Father Blanchet, later first Archbishop of Oregon City. Mass was said that day in the house of Simon Blamondon, a Canadian pioneer. In the following year Father Blanchet built a log chapel.

The new Code of Canon Law is completed. During twelve years it engaged the attention of a body of Cardinals and consultants, and the revision by a thousand Bishops and canonists. The Code will be contained in an octavo volume of five or six hundred pages. There is not a superfluous word in it. It sets forth in the briefest way possible the law of the Church.

An industrial school and farm for boys will shortly be established by the diocese of Toledo. The undertaking has been made possible by the gift of a Toledo woman, consisting of \$10,000 for the purchase of the land and \$25,000 for erection of buildings. All the useful trades will be taught in the school, which will be under the management of one of the brotherhood orders.

Right Rev. Frowin Conrad, founder and head of Conception (Benedictine) Abbey, Missouri, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood Sunday Oct. 1st. The Abbot has been at Conception forty three years. He founded the monastery there which Pope Leo XIII. raised to an abbey in 1881, with Father Frowin the first Abbot.

The death occurred recently at the home of his brother in Portland, County Waterford, Ireland, of Very Rev. Dr. O'Hickey, formerly professor of Irish at Maynooth College. The deceased priest was one of the pioneers and most scholarly leaders of the Gaelic revival, and was a former vice-president of the Gaelic League.

Rev. Father Albert Armstrong, who was recently ordained, will be attached to St. Patrick's church, Ottawa, as second curate. He will assume his duties within a short time. Father Armstrong has been the recipient of numerous presents, among them a gold chalice from the Ottawa Council of the Knights of Columbus, of which he was a member.

Hannis Taylor, the great international lawyer and diplomat, who is a convert, has written a book called "Cicero"; a sketch of his life and works; a commentary on the Roman constitution and the Roman law. Bishop Shannon has written an appreciation in which he says: "I know of no work in recent times better calculated to give the cultured reader a full and exact view of the workings of the Roman law in its native home."

A project of interest to both Catholics and non-Catholics in California is the erection of a monument to the memory of Father Louis Jaume, one of the Franciscan Fathers who built the first Catholic Mission in San Diego, Cal. Father Jaume met his death at the hands of the Indians at the Mission in 1775, six years after it was established. The site chosen for the memorial is on the heights above the Old Mission, 20 feet above the water, and overlooks one of the most beautiful sections of California.

The diocese of Brooklyn has become famous for the vast number of men who take part in the periodic demonstrations of the Holy Name Society. Over fifty thousand men gave public evidence of their belief in the abolition of profanity and indecent language by marching through the streets of Brooklyn and other towns and villages on Long Island, on a recent Sunday afternoon, and then assembled in the 20 churches to listen to various noted clergymen speak on the significance of the demonstration.