

The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1917

REV. J. T. FOLEY, B. A.

We are sure that all readers of the RECORD unite with us in offering heartfelt congratulations and sincerest good wishes to our Reverend Editor on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee celebration which marks twenty-five years of his life as a priest of God. We mention in passing that we have had to connive with the printers to get this notice beyond his censorship; but we are very glad to have this chance to honor a priest whom we all greatly respect, a Catholic journalist for whom we are anxious to show appreciation, a keen thinker whom we admire and a kind personality whom we have learned to love.

Father Foley was born at Asphodel, Peterborough County, received his education at Ottawa University, from which he graduated in 1888 with highest honors and from which he obtained his B. A. degree. He was ordained priest by Archbishop Duhamel on March 6, 1892, and he devoted twenty years to work in the ministry, serving the Diocese of Ottawa in the parishes of St. Patrick's, Ottawa; Farrelton, Que.; and Falloufield, Ont.

As Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD he has labored in London during the past five years for the triumph of the Faith and for the protection of the truth against error and vice. Every reader can testify with us that the paper has always been guided by the spirit of prudence and charity and that opinions expressed have always been disinterested and just. We feel, too, that under the guidance of Father Foley, and due principally to his endeavors, the paper ranks the equal of any in America.

Father Foley has always taken a keen interest in educational matters and he is recognized as one of the leading authorities in Canada on such matters. Amongst non-Catholics he is respected and admired for his great learning; although fearless in protecting the interests of the Faith, he has never given offence.

The Public Library Board of the City of London this year expressed their confidence in his sound judgment by making him their chairman. But as great a tribute of esteem as we know of to be made to Father Foley with all his great learning and his unassuming air will be to have the orphans sing the anniversary Mass with him. The children of Mt. St. Joseph, where he is chaplain, can appreciate perhaps more than we his kindly spirit and they love him for it.

We offer our congratulations and our prayers with those of innocent children, that by the grace of God he may long remain in our midst, a friend, a teacher of the truth, a priest.

THE FIGHTING PRIESTS OF FRANCE

It is not necessary to approve or defend the action of the French anti-clericals who followed their supposed master-stroke of Separation of Church and State, in 1905, with the military service law which was designed to give the coup-de-grace to the influence of the French clergy and to make the recruiting of their ranks difficult if not impossible. Eleven years ago the law of '89, which imposed general military training, though with numerous exemptions and exceptions, was amended so that every Frenchman without any exception or exemption save physical incapacity, was obliged to serve two years with the colors and became liable for military service in case of war.

The outcome, like that of Separation itself, has been a glorious vindication of the clergy from the calumnies on the acceptance of which

anti-clericalism largely depended for popular support.

The latest addition to a long list of proofs of this fact is the testimony of a Canadian officer in France, Major Beckles Wilson:

"In 1902 the lesser priesthood of France was described by the leader of the Anti-clerical party in the Chamber of Deputies as 'parasitic, bigoted and unpatriotic.' At that time, a frequent accusation brought against the priest was moral and physical cowardice.

"Although the conduct of the priests since July, 1914, has caused these charges to be abandoned, an impression still prevails, chiefly abroad, that the priests have no real hold on the Army and that their presence is merely tolerated by the commanding officers and the soldiers. Having been brought into contact with four French divisional commanders, and numerous battalion commanders, some forty clergy and the officers and soldiers of many different units in the trenches, I can record that, generally speaking, this opinion is not in consonance with the facts."

The 26,000 priests are scattered throughout the entire fighting-forces of France in various capacities and come, therefore, into the most intimate relations with practically every soldier of that gallant army which has challenged the reverent admiration of the world and reached hitherto incredible heights of individual and national heroism.

But let us take the testimony of our countryman as to the part the priests of France have played in inspiring and maintaining that military spirit in the ranks of their compatriots:

"The most striking testimony to their military value is contained in the citations of the Legion of Honour and Army Orders and Official Journals. "In the military archives, dealing with the fighting in Champagne, for the single month of November, 1915, there are 156 dossiers of priests and seminarists who perished in action. In the Verdun fighting the numbers are even greater. There exist many hundred citations for the Croix de Guerre, for the Medaille Militaire and the Legion d'Honneur.

"Some of the finest and most thrilling deeds of the War have been performed by priest-officers, priest-soldiers, amoniers, orderlies and brand-cardiers who were in July, 1914, for the most part, quiet abbés, vicaires and curés of the countryside. As the records reveal, at a critical moment—when the sterner tests of character were demanded, some have died, saved a whole battalion from destruction. This happened twice at Verdun. Upwards of two thousand priests have fallen in battle. A well-known amonier, of the 81st Division, Abbé Sahut, stated to me: "If we cannot fight and die like men and show our people how to fight and die in a holy cause, what is the good of our religion and our training? A priest afraid to die? No, no, he would be afraid to live!"

How the spirit of religion transfigures the spirit of patriotism, how the spirit of self-sacrifice reaches the heroic desire for martyrdom for God and country, is beautifully illustrated in the simple, soul-felt aspiration of Abbé Ligeard, whose duty in peace was to train the soldiers of the Cross for their holy calling:

"Abbé Ligeard, recently director of Lyons Seminary, afterwards Corporal Applin, before going into the action where he met his death, wrote:

"O that I might offer my life to remove the misunderstanding which exists between the people of France and the priests!"

"That was two years ago. I find few evidences of such misunderstanding to-day."

The correspondent notes something which goes far to explain the splendid morale of France's splendid army:

"In addition to his personal courage, the French priest-soldier is obviously a man of considerable force of character, spirituality and sympathy. He is constantly speaking to the men of their homes and villages, and giving them counsel in small matters. In a time of stress he exhorts their souls and brings to the soldier the consolations of religion. 'After all, if you die,' he says, 'you will only lose a precarious material life and you will gain eternal happiness.'"

Amongst many other striking quotations from officers and orders of the day we select this:

General Petain's opinion of the amoniers he has not hesitated to express: "I regard the amoniers as a most valuable asset to the Army. I wish we had more of them."

History will forever tell of the imperishable record of the soldiers of France; but the most important and far-reaching in its effects as well as the noblest victory of the War will be the triumph of the persecuted French soldiers of Christ over their enemies within the gate. They have not been overcome by evil; but they have overcome evil by good. This victory of the fighting French priests is not only Christian but Christlike.

SPARING THE ROD

"A good many parents might with profit pay more attention to the germs in their children's minds than to the germs in the children's feeding bottles." The Canadian Courier thus strikes a welcome note of remonstrance against a very marked tendency of our day. "What mars countless children on this continent is too much attention to their blessed little carcasses." This is the inevitable result of the weakening of the belief in the soul. Commonplace and familiar as it is to every Catholic, the truth that every human being consists of a body and a soul cannot be too strongly insisted upon or too clearly realized.

Human nature has not changed since Solomon's time. "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him correcteth him betimes," is as true today as it ever was. That the proverb in the past has been interpreted too literally, and "the rod" too exclusively taken as the great means of discipline is a fact needing neither denial nor explanation. Such abuse might be invoked to justify discarding every truth of human experience, and truths of revelation as well. Extremes meet. That is another saying in which the wisdom of our ancestors is enshrined. But it is very doubtful if the extreme of corporal punishment was not attended with far less evil consequences than its opposite which now prevails.

The whole universe is subject to law; the mote that floats in the sun-beam not less than the solar system. Science with all its marvellous progress has found nowhere in the world revealed by telescope or microscope an atom which is not governed by law. And when science shall leave so far advanced that the discoveries of our age will seem but the dawn of such investigation, still more fully will the great truth of a law-governed world stand revealed. The laws of nature proclaim a Law-giver.

"The heavens are telling the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands."

Greater than all the mysteries of nature that physical science has solved or ever will solve, greater than anything that science will ever suggest to the imagination, is man. Man, too, is subject to law. But the infinite wisdom of the eternal Lawgiver has endowed man with free will. He is master of his actions; he obeys or disobeys. He is free. The source of moral evil is not God but the abuse of man's free will.

The most important part of education, therefore, consists in training the will. And education begins, as a great educator has said, with the infant's first smile up into its mother's face. Its first lesson is to recognize law and obey it. For the child the parents are the embodiment of law. On the parents rests the tremendous responsibility of teaching this first lesson, of training the will of the child to submit to law which for it is the will of the father or mother.

Pitiable and disgusting as it is, what sight is more common than to see the roles reversed, the parents the obedient slaves of the child's petulant whims? Later it becomes more difficult to resume control; and the bad-tempered, self-willed infant is bribed into "being good." It must have everything it wants, and gets it. The weak-willed and weak-minded parents fall into the habit of excusing and justifying themselves. They point to cases of extreme severity. They promise that later on, when the child understands better, they will insist on obedience. But the lack of training and the awakening passions makes the task ever more difficult.

"Heaven knows," concludes the Courier, "it isn't an agreeable spectacle to see parents desert and neglect their children; but it is an open question whether such children brought up by wise strangers, or orphan subject to the discipline of an orphan's asylum, are not better off than those others who are nursed into nervous trouble before they are sixteen, or allowed to form the habit of expecting entertainment, diversion and excitement before they are ten? It is a wise parent that can suppress his own or her own natural desire to fondle and humour the child, long enough to train the little persons to respect authority, and to be content with simple things. How often does not the sordid story of some youthful tragedy read just like a glorified episode of the baby who demanded the rattle and would not be denied—the rattles, as children grow older, become more expensive, more difficult to obtain, and more dangerous to handle."

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son." The rod of discipline, whether literal or figurative, is in-

dispensable in rearing children.

The Catholic parent has the help, the priceless help, of the sacraments in the fulfilment of the duties of his state in life. That reminds us all of the Catechism. We all learned there that before Confession we are obliged to examine our conscience "particularly on the duties of our state in life." If fathers and mothers searched their consciences honestly on the most important duty of their state in life, Confession might be for them a more wholesome spiritual exercise; and with the grace of state, and the grace of the sacraments they would grow ever more faithful and efficient in the fulfilment of the high and holy duties with which God has charged them. And for that self-examination no better preparation could be made than to meditate on the text:

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son; he that loveth him correcteth him betimes."

THRIFT AND PATRIOTISM

No one when this greatest of wars is over will regret anything done to help secure the final triumph of the cause of liberty and justice; rather will failure to do so be a reason for shame as well as regret.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland has said that it may be the silver bullet that will win the War. Certainly it requires no proof that adequate financing is an absolute necessity. Not only must Canada meet her obligations but she must furnish the money or the credit to enable England to pay us for the hundreds of millions spent in Canada for munitions and other War supplies. In the present state of the world's finances the Canadian Government must borrow from the Canadian people. There is no other source from which to draw.

Thousands of our readers have money in banks. There are few investments in which they have enough confidence or of which they have sufficient knowledge to place their money with a sense of security. The Government War Saving Certificates or other Government loans give absolute security. The whole credit of Canada is behind them. If they are unsafe, nothing is safe. The security of the Government is greater, immeasurably greater than that of any bank. The bank pays three per cent; the Government pays only a shade less than five and a half per cent. A War Savings Certificate of eighty-six dollars in three years is worth one hundred dollars. You can't lose it. It can not be stolen from you, as each certificate is registered in Ottawa in the name of the buyer, and to any one else, finder or thief, is but a worthless scrap of paper. The man or woman with money in bank who does not invest in War loans is foolish as well as unpatriotic.

There are, however, thousands more who, though having no bank account, if they felt any real desire to do their duty could save in order to invest. Can we read of the indescribable sufferings and privations of many millions of men, women and children, and escape a feeling of conscious guilt if we deliberately persist in denying ourselves nothing? Wastefulness and extravagance have been growing national sins. Thrift and economy are virtues urgently claiming our serious consideration for their own sake. What greater or nobler incentive shall we ever have to begin their practice than that now offered whereby we do ourselves and families a real service, and at the same time supply the credit to finance the country during its time of need.

Every one so doing may feel that he is having a direct share in equipping and maintaining our brave soldiers who in France and Flanders are writing the most glorious pages of Canada's history.

A NEW TYPE OF CATHOLIC

The epithets "popular" "charming" "lovely" which we hear now-a-days applied to clergymen and teachers are indicative of the changed attitude of many people towards those in authority, and possibly of the changed attitude of those in authority towards the people. The generation of yesterday looked upon the priest as the ambassador of Christ, as the Lord's anointed, as one set apart from men to offer sacrifice. They were not unconscious of the attractive, or maybe repellent nature of his personal qualities; but they seldom made these the subject of favorable or unfavorable comment, especially in the family circle. Veneration for

his sacred character forestalled any flippant expression of either personal esteem or disapprobation, that would have seemed natural enough in the case of a layman. Back of his personality they perceived the divine nature of his mission and they accepted his teaching and his behests as of one chosen to give testimony of the truth and to rule the flock entrusted to his care.

But we have with us now a class of people who pretend to be very pious, who love to go to Church, who love to hear Father—preach, who love to go to Communion, who love to attend the sodality meetings, who love to work for the Church, who love their pastor—so long as he shows due deference to them, says nothing to displease them, and makes no ruling that runs counter to their inclinations. If, however, he offend in any of these ways, all the honey is changed to vinegar. Their piety succumbs to a sudden stroke of paralysis, from which it threatens not to recover. The tongue which was recently so eloquent in his praise is now most bitter in its criticism of their pastor, in whom they have suddenly discovered a great many unamiable qualities.

The same changeable temperament sometimes reveals itself in a family's relations with the teacher. John and Alice are in Sister Benigna's class—and she is, to use their own words, "the nicest, sweetest teacher in the school." The conversation at mealtime is monopolized by her two loquacious admirers, who vie with each other in extolling her virtues. But lo, the scene is changed! Johnnie will not eat his supper. He is alternating between convulsive sobs and indignant protests at having been punished at school for no reason whatever. The parents believe him, for of course their children are perfect. They console him by the promise that they will see to it that the teacher makes amends for such injustice. The indignant father calls upon the parish priest to air his grievance, and maybe even threatens to take his children from the school if the teacher does not apologize.

The priest, of course, upholds the teacher, but treats the father with a great deal more courtesy than he is deserving of, lest he might be turned against religion. The priest's motives are of the best; but it is an open question how far patience continues to be a virtue in dealing with such people. In the good old days children were taught to be silent at table, or, at least, to speak only when they were spoken to. They did not dare to bring home any complaint about the teacher; for instead of sympathy they might only get a repetition of the dose that they received at school. The parents were conscious that in all likelihood the teacher was perfectly justified in doing what he or she did. But right or wrong they realized that authority must be upheld, not only for the good of their own children but for the welfare of society at large. In this good-natured, coddling age the source of authority seems to have been reversed. "Tempora mutantur and, alas, nos mutamur in illis."

That charming creation of Canon Sheehan's "Daddy Dan" thus sums up his consolations—"My breviary and the grand psalms of hope, my daily Mass with its hidden and unutterable sweetness, the love of the little children and their daily smiles, the prayers of my old women, and, I think, the reverence of the men." As to the first two sources of consolation the priest is secure in them; no man can take them from him. The good pastor should be equally sure of the third; for the hearts of innocent children illumined by faith naturally go out to their spiritual father. But, alas, the sad sight is sometimes witnessed of the canker worm of criticism and disrespect for authority eating itself into the very heart of the home tree, and withering the young buds, robbing them of their fragrance and beauty before their petals are unfolded.

Of course he has the prayers of the old women—God bless them! But why did the author insert that adjective? Perhaps he was thinking of Kate Ginnivan and that shirt-factory at Kilronan.

Had Father Dan lived in our day and in our country he would no doubt have enjoyed the reverence of the men. Reverence is a many virtue and we think we are safe in saying that men excel in it. But there has been developed lately a certain type that is decidedly lacking in this spirit. When one hears a man boast of how familiar he is with Father Dan and so and of what he said to him

"because, you know, I know him so well;" when one hears a young sport say, as he slaps a priest on the shoulder, "Hello, old man," one wonders if St. Paul's admonition to be all things to all has not been misconstrued or, at least, overworked.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A CORRESPONDENT of the Presbyterian, writing of "A Sunday in New York," says: "Along the great arteries of traffic are to be seen everywhere Roman Catholic churches and cathedrals and these are early thronged with worshippers." The gentleman's ideas as to "cathedrals," may be somewhat hazy, but he is open to impressions, nevertheless. These were probably deepened by the contrast afforded by the Protestant places of worship of the metropolis. In New York below 23rd street, said a recent writer, the Catholic Church and the Synagogue are very much in evidence; Protestantism has practically ceased to exist.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Longmans, Green & Co., have in the press a volume of letters by Cardinal Newman should be of widespread interest. Newman, whether as leader of the Oxford Movement in the Church of England, or as President of the Catholic University of Ireland, or as recluse of the Edgbaston Oratory was a voluminous letter writer and every effusion from his pen, even the most casual, carries with it the stamp of his individuality. The two volumes of Anglican correspondence edited by his niece, Miss Anne Mozley, has up to the present time been the only considerable collection of his letters in print. The day is coming when every fragment from Newman's pen still in existence will be published and preserved. The world cannot afford to let any of it perish.

It is significant that the novels of John Galt have been included by Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew among those most desired and appreciated by the soldiers on active service. Mgr. Drew, better known as "John Ayscough," is himself a strong admirer of Galt's genius, and has contributed his mite towards the rejuvenation of that writer's fame. For Galt, though never appreciated at his real worth, was much better known during his life-time than he is now. And yet we hazard the opinion that Galt, taken at his best (and what writer can afford to be judged by anything but his best?) occupies a place near the top among English writers of fiction. "The Annals of a Parish" is an imperishable classic, worthy to rank with "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Provost" and "The Entail" do not lag far behind. John Galt is destined to come into his own some day, and may it not be that from out the stress and turmoil of War his true place in English letters may be vindicated.

MR. ASQUITH, whose name as Premier of Great Britain and Ireland for the first twenty-eight months of the War was on everybody's lips, seems since the accession of Lloyd George to office to have completely dropped out of notice. One rarely sees his name in print now-a-days, nor hears it spoken by the "man in the street." This is due undoubtedly to the concentration of the public mind upon the tremendous task still before the Allies—concentration of so intense a kind that no mere person, however illustrious, or however conspicuous his services in the past, can hope for the time being to prevail.

AND YET, Mr. Asquith's services to the nation in the great crisis can never well be overestimated, and when normal times return they are sure to be fittingly recognized. History will credit him with having safely piloted the country through the adoption of universal military service—an achievement of far greater moment than for the time being is commonly realized. If three or four years ago one ventured to assert the possibility of this in England without a social upheaval he would have been called a visionary. Yet it has in the very midst of the greatest military crisis the world has ever seen, or perhaps is ever likely to see, come about so quietly as to have stirred no violent discussion even, or called for more than cursory comment in the press of the world. This is largely Mr. Asquith's personal achievement, and the credit for it will adhere to his name for all time.

In a matter so vital and representing such a deep breach with traditions the greatest tact and presence were called for. Under the name of conscription, suddenly adopted, an upheaval could not have been avoided. It was absolutely necessary to proceed slowly if the unity of the nation was to be preserved. It is one of Mr. Asquith's titles to honor that what is to all intents and purposes conscription passed into law without creating a breach between the classes which inevitably must have weakened the national cause and immeasurably prolonged the great conflict. To have preserved unity under such circumstances is surely no small achievement.

IN OPPOSITION (if his present position in Parliament may be so termed) the determination to preserve unbroken the unity of the nation remains uppermost in Mr. Asquith's mind. "I do not stand here," he said in his last speech in the House, "and speak as leader of the Liberal party. My one desire is to give support to the Government of the country. During the time of the War, party, so far as I am concerned, has ceased to exist." A fine spirit breathes in these words. Mr. Asquith in appealing to the verdict of history on the work of his Administration, as he proceeded to do in the same speech, spoke to a jury with a willing ear and a receptive mind. That verdict will be in his favor. It will recognize in no uncertain terms his great achievement in carrying the nation through the whole process of organization and mobilization under the strain of an unparalleled conflict, and bringing a victorious issue within its reach.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The German retirement on the western front continues. Heavy guns on rails are covering the enemy's retreat. British pressure on the retiring foe continues at various strategic points. Germany admits the withdrawal on both banks of the Ancre, which, the official report says, is "for special reasons." The British War Office review of operations does not profess to know where the enemy's retirement will end, but adds that this will not be "beyond the point which they are forced to leave either by the economic necessity of saving their losses or from a position which, superior location prevents them from holding." In the House of Commons the Financial Secretary to the War Office, while emphasizing the moral effects upon Germany of the retreat, admitted the possibility of the enemy's retirement being due to Germany's desire to husband her strength for a big blow on some of the Allied fronts.

The Turkish retreat has degenerated into disorganized flight. The defenders of Kut-el-Amara, who retired up the Tigris, have been overtaken and smashed in a rearguard action thirty miles up the river. The broken remnants of the demoralized foe are making for Bagdad. More than 2,500 prisoners have been taken in the last four days' fighting. Since December 30, when the British offensive began, 5,000 Turks have been captured. The number of the enemy killed and wounded is 20,000. This is a disastrous blow to German and Turkish prestige in the near and middle East. There is no doubt now in England as to the complete ascendancy, moral and military, of the British army operating on the Tigris. The British advance is along the high side of the river, which is free from marshes. Gunboats and cavalry continue the pursuit. Among the booty taken were thirty pontoons and bridging material, a large river vessel, six guns, three mortars, eight mine-throwers and a quantity of equipment and munitions.—Globe March 2.

The British advance on the heels of the retiring foe continued yesterday north of Valenciennes and Esbroux, and northwest of Puisseux-aux-Monts. In the Ancre region local German offensives northeast of Gueudecourt and northwest of Ligny-Thillois were repulsed, the British capturing 128 prisoners, three machine guns and four trench mortars. At Angres, Callonne and northeast of Loos the German trenches were raided and prisoners brought back. North of Arras, at a point southeast of Rocquincourt, an attempt to enter the British trenches was foiled. The German artillery shelled the British lines at Sailly-Saillais, Armentieres and Ypres with more than wonted activity.

The German Retreat is slow and gradual, their line along the Essarts-Bucquoy-Loupard Wood-Bapaume line being strongly held by machine guns and bombers. A heavy fog favors the enemy in his backward movement. The British advance is made through forests of barbed wire.

The dash for Bagdad, before the Turks have had time to recover from the smashing defeats of the past week, has brought the British flying column within striking distance of Ctesiphon, the scene of General Townshend's victory over the Turks in 1915. Over seven thousand prisoners have been captured since the offensive began in December last.