

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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NOT SO AGGRESSIVE

The average Canadian publication is not aggressively anti-Catholic. Indeed, the press is, as a rule, fair and decent in its treatment of Catholic subjects. Here and there, however, are found exceptions. Such writers pander to a prejudice which dies hard. They will not see the broad sea of investigation that has washed away, and forever, much of the bitterness which poisons them. They prefer to dwell amidst the dank growths of unreasoning hostility, and are object lessons of what beings, presumably intelligent, can become when under the sway of unscrupulous bigotry. As such they serve a purpose. But while many publications are not aggressive, they adopt, unconsciously perhaps, a tone of pitying condescension when speaking of the Church. They express anti-Catholic thought and consequently anti-Catholic principles. The editor who is seeking to give a "punch" to an article cares nothing for the canons of social amenity, much less of truth. Representing the Church as an antiquated system is very pleasant for those who are sampling the pleasures of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Any up-to-date thing hot from the imagination of a non-Catholic cleric is heralded as a grand discovery, and the long-sought remedy for all ills. And an indiscriminating public joins in the chorus. For, subscribing to something that is as tenuous as moonshine, and holds no rebuke for pride and passion, is much better than the genuine representative of Christianity that teaches and guides men on the way of humility and penance.

CATHOLIC INSTINCTS

The Catholic who devotes himself to this kind of reading grows so accustomed to it that he is not aware of the effects which it has upon him. It affects his whole mental constitution. But if we must read we should cultivate Catholic habits of thought and Catholic instincts. "So alert," writes Cardinal Newman, "is the instinctive power of an educated conscience that by some secret faculty, and without any intelligible reasoning process, it seems to detect moral truth wherever it lies hid, and feels a conviction of its own accuracy which bystanders cannot account for; and this especially in the case of revealed religion which is one comprehensive moral fact, according to the saying: 'I know mine and mine know me.'" Catholic instincts are the result of a Catholic life. But if Catholic instincts are to be of real service to us in the matter of reading we should be able to give an account of the faith within us. A course in newspaper and novels will not help us. The chronicle of irreligion and sin and scandal will stunt and stultify us as Catholics. If parents, in obedience to the spiritual leaders, permitted but good newspapers and books in their homes, and inspired their children with the ambition to become so well acquainted with the history and doctrines of the Church as to be able to give an intelligent answer to every honest enquirer, it would suffice to make them firm in their faith and proof against sophistry. This recommendation is not difficult to observe because we have been reminded of the store of Catholic literature, as well as works which, though not written by Catholics nor treating on religion, are instructing and elevating, is now so large that there can be no running risk, or wasting one's time with what is tainted, inferior, or suspicious. We wax querulous betimes because our authors are not given fair treatment by the non-Catholic world. But it is very easy to be guilty of exaggeration on this matter. Our authors who are not in the regions of mediocrity are awarded due meed of praise by non-Catholic critics. If, however, we make a candid examination of conscience we may discover that we ourselves are, while conversant with the non-Catholic literature of the day, ignorant of the works and even of the names of our own writers.

LENTEN PROPRIETIES

Some years ago, we learn from a contemporary, an inquisitive person asked Cardinal Gibbons whether it would be a grievous sin to dance during Lent. The Cardinal answered that it might not be a sin at all, but it was unbecoming in a Christian. Lent is the time for sowing. And if we hope to gather up our sheaves in the eventide, and to go forth with confidence to the eternal gates we should scatter the seeds of penance. Some of us are afraid to fast because it is prejudicial to health, or to our precious nerves; but we should remember that the law of penance is a law and that no dispensation releases us from the general obligation of doing penance for our offences. Giving up things harmless enough in themselves disciplines the will and makes it stronger. Self-conquest is a pledge of victory. Self-denial gives strength for the evil day. And when we consider that the issues are so monstrous and so far reaching, it behooves sensible people, who are contending for the incorruptible crown, to avail themselves of the resources at their doors.

ALL THERE

In the course of an article on the participation of the Holy See in the peace conference at the end of the war, Monsignor Benigni replies to all of the objections raised by the Italian press against the intervention of the Pope. The objection is that the heads of all other churches would claim similar representation. Monsignor Benigni says the heads of all other churches should, and a great majority of them will, inevitably be represented; as the King of England is the head of the Established Church of that country, the Emperor of Russia is the head of the Orthodox Greek Church, the King of Prussia is head of the Evangelical Church, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Emperor of Japan are heads of the dominant religions of their Empires.

THE IRISH AT SERBIA

TWELVE MEN HELD OUTPOST WITH HEAVY FIGHTING GOING ON EACH SIDE OF THEM

An officer of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, whose regiment fought on the Gallipoli Peninsula and then was sent to Saloniki and on to Serbia, relates some of his experiences in the latter country in a letter to a friend in New York. Writing under date of Jan. 20 he says in part: "We were rushed from Suva Bay to Saloniki, and were encamped about four miles outside the city. The natives watched us with scarcely veiled hostility as we marched through. We were very obviously war-worn troops, some still wore their sun helmets. While we were here we received large drafts of fresh troops from home and once more assumed the proportions of a battalion, (between 900 and 1,000.) From the third day of our landing until the day we set out for Serbia it rained practically every day, rain that was new to home-grown Irishmen. "When finally we started we had an uneventful and painfully slow journey to the Greek-Serbian frontier, where we were detained at Gievgori about midnight. Setting out, we crossed the Oardar by a fine suspension bridge, over which were placed Serbian sentinels. This was our first glimpse of our splendid allies whom we had come to help, alas, too late and too few. "That night march will remain in the memory of all who took part in it; every four or five hundred yards we struck a stream flowing across the pre-historic road, these varied in width from fifteen yards to fifty, in depth from 1 foot to 3 feet. We marched about ten miles and then, wet to the waist, flopped down and slept as we were. The transport did not turn up that night, so the one regular meal of the day was breakfast. Next morning we did another fifteen miles and then halted for the day. In the evening the transport blew in and a hot cup of tea was very welcome. "Next day, a few miles further on, we took over from the French, the line, Hassanli, Gokcel-Bala-Causli, guarding, what later on was our line of retreat, the Doiran road. When we had been about a fortnight, we were relieved by the Ennikillings. Following a long march, we took up a new line southeast of Tatarli, where a small party of Serbians, who knew the country well, made our position untenable. One of them, who said he was an Austrian by birth, spoke English quite well. "This line was a bit more exciting, as our patrols were in touch with the

Bulgars a few times and from a hill close to us you could watch the French and British guns bombarding the Bulgarian positions. We were here about a fortnight and then once more we were relieved this time by the Royal Irish Fusiliers. We then had a painful march to just north of Kajoli, going from 1,500 to 3,500 feet, where we took over from the French part of the line Kosturino, (Bulgaria,) Kajoli.

"This hill (we called it 'Dollymound') was a bare, bleak, rocky ridge. The French had made a line of stone sangars behind which there was just room to squat. There had been fierce fighting here, and this hill had been taken and retaken several times before victory finally rested with the French. On and around this thrice bloody eminence were dead French and Bulgars. Little wooden crosses marked the shallow graves of some of France's best, for the French troops here were all picked men, the famous Foreign Legion and the Zouaves, grand fellows every one. Their debonaire spirit, good looks, and reckless courage commanded our admiration and respect.

"We were up here nine days. The first four a big gun, down on our left on the Strumizna road completely enfilading us, used to smash high explosives all along our line, and another gun on our left used to add its little death chance. Then came the snow and we all longed for the shells again. My poor pencil is completely inadequate to describe the sufferings that followed. Four days and four long, long nights with ever wet feet, scanty food and scanty clothes. (A lot of clothes had been thrown away because of vermin.) Nobody was allowed to sleep as it was feared men would freeze. One had to keep moving. There was a continuous procession of broken, frozen men, struggling down the steep glacier-like paths to the hastily formed hospital in the village below. Stretchers were continually busy with the worst cases of frost bite and exposure. In the first two days there were over sixty cases of frost bite which necessitated amputation of either toes or fingers in our brigade alone.

"Then we came down a few hundred feet into reserve, and the Connaughts took our place. On the evening of the day we came down a message came through from brigade headquarters that the officers and 110 men to relieve the cyclist company down on the extreme left of the British position, where we joined the French line, (Kosturino). The Company was detailed for the work, and so myself and two other officers, with the 110 volunteers, moved out that night and relieved the cyclists. "That night I was out in the snow in an advanced trench with 50 men. The next night I took out a patrol of 12 men to the far end of the hastily formed hospital in the village below, deserted Bulgarian village, and spent the night in a hut. We were undisturbed. Next night I again took out a patrol and spent the night in the same hut. I had four sentries posted at different places on the edge of the village. In the early hours of morning there were about thirty shots fired, one sentry getting his ear grazed. "The Germans reinforced the Bulgars with several batteries of heavy guns and an indefinite number of mountain guns. The latter were carried about in parts on mules and so can get into practically any position. All along our line we were shelled heavily, the enemy using mostly high explosive, which when striking the rocky hillsides spreads splinters over a wide area.

"One time I was watching them shelling 'Dollymound.' Each shot fired has two reports, one when it leaves the gun, one when the shell bursts. Well, the salvos of shells overlapped, that is to say, they were so close together, and before the last shell had exploded, you would hear the report of some of the next salvos leaving the guns. These were all aimed at practically the same spot, and, watching, it seemed incredible that anything could live under such a hail.

"Previous to this the officers had been informed of the number of guns and size of the forces against us, and received orders as to our retirement. I'll never forget that last night in Kosturino. I was out there with twelve men, the most advanced British post, one mile from my own lines. Three times during the night there were big attacks on the British on my immediate right, which the Connaughts gallantly repulsed. The attack of Hill 615, which the French held, was almost continuous on my left. The night was pitch dark and then a dense fog appeared. "I was right between two big attacks. There was always the big chance of being cut off; the darkness and the fog were alive with unseen movement, but I could not run in for any reason, and so we stayed until just before dawn a patrol approached. We exchanged shots for about an hour, and then withdrew, as dawn made our position untenable. We had two poor fellows killed here, shot through the head, and one hit on the hand.

"All that morning there was a feeling of unrest in the air. One could

feel the enemy preparing the coming attack. About midway their artillery started to 'paste' our line, and then we began to realize from the volume of artillery fire what we were up against. They hammered away for three solid hours; then the infantry attack commenced, and the guns switched on to our reserves. Their (the enemy) losses were terrible. After a few hours our extreme right, the Irish Fusiliers, began the retirement. The Hants followed, then came the Connaughts, but some of them (great heroes) would not retire and fought until they were killed. Then the Munsters, next ourselves. I and Second Lieutenant H. were the last men alive on our hill.

"Under cover of night we took up a position on Craig Sniouli. The Bulgars brought up their guns in the night in wonderful style; they shelled us all next day and then followed. We then beat them off, and then retired through the Dedeli Pass. Our artillery had great results. A few days later we were entrained at Doiran and came down to Saloniki, and we have been since then fortifying Saloniki, and it is now impregnable. Of course in the retirement we had a good many privations, but one gets accustomed to that sort of thing."

"In forwarding this letter to The Times the writer's New York friend says:

"This letter gives about the best description I have ever seen anywhere of this heroic retreat of a handful of men fighting against odds of ten to one. The writer was a young law student and belongs to a well-known Irish family. He enlisted as a private in the original 'Puls' Battalion of the Royal Dujlin Fusiliers, made up of young university men, lawyers, engineers and young professional men from the very best families in and about Dublin. They were at Suva Bay and they suffered so terribly that when the battalion was withdrawn from Suva Bay, the number had been reduced to about 300. "My friend, however, has had the wonderful luck to be able to keep alive and has been promoted step by step, until now he is a company commander, although only in his twenty-second year. This is an example of what thousands of the best young Irishmen have done in this great war.—New York Times.

ITALIAN FREEMASONRY

Do our readers remember a man called Ernesto Nathan? They ought to because up to a few years ago he figured largely in the public life of Rome. He was ex-Grand Master of Italian Freemasonry, he was Syndic of Rome, and whenever the public seemed likely to forget what manner of a man he was he used to make speeches insulting Pius X, and the Catholic religion. But at the last municipal election he failed to find even the lowest place in the City Council and fell into what the late Mr. Cleveland once described as a position of innocuous desuetude. He does not like it and in the current number of the Nuova Antologia he comes before the public once more to insist that the Pope has no more right to be represented at the coming Peace Congress than the heads of the Anglicans, the Lutherans, the Orthodox, the Mahometans or the Buddhists. He chooses these religions on purpose as being State religions—and very malapropos because as such they will be actually represented by their respective heads: the King of England, the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the Sultan of Turkey and—but we do not know precisely who is the head of the Buddhists. Signor Nathan succeeds astonishingly in establishing the exact opposite of what he intended to establish for he fixes the attention of the people he writes for on the unique position of the Pope in the world. He is regarded as a Power by all the Powers, including Orthodox Russia, Lutheran Prussia, Anglican England; more Powers are represented at his Court at the present moment than at any other Court in the world; when the Pope is silent, everybody wants to know why; when he speaks everybody prays him an ample tribute of praise or blame. The papers say that some of the belligerents have insisted on his presence at the next Peace Congress, they also say that some of the others have insisted on his exclusion; likewise they publish lengthy articles showing why he should be included or excluded. Last year a Methodist minister somewhere in America gumbled: "When the old Pope sneezes in the Vatican the whole world hears it." So there you are, Signor Nathan, whether you like the Pope or not, the world is looking at him all the time. But this little outburst of the almost extinct volcano of Italian Freemasonry calls attention to the interesting question of Freemasonry in Europe at the present moment. For it is a fact that there are quite a number of intelligent persons in Rome and elsewhere who still believe that the war and all its horrors have been deliberately and successfully contrived for the destruction of the Catholic Church. They are like the people of Italy of the old regimes who ascribed every calamity and even annoyance to the maleficent will of the Government: *Piove, ladro governo!* and not very unlike those acute persons in England, and even

NO LANGUAGE SPECIFIED
Our federation act (Sec. 133) provides that either the English or French language may be used in the official debates and proceedings of the Parliament of Canada and of the proceedings of the Dominion and of the Province of Quebec. There is no other reference to the subject in the federation act. There is, therefore, no declaration in favor of either one language or the other in the Province of Ontario, and the legislature is perfectly free to conduct its proceedings, and to provide that court proceedings shall be carried on in either English or French, or any other language, or in any number of languages that the legislature may choose to specify.

WHAT HISTORY RECORDS
Perhaps some reference to our previous history may make that point clear. In the British statute which united the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841, it was provided that the official language should be the English language only. A very short experience made clear the impracticability of the endeavor to enforce such a provision and, in the Canadian session of 1844-45, a unanimous resolution was passed in favor of an address to the crown, asking for a repeal of the objectionable clause. The clause was repealed, and thenceforth the two languages were used officially in Canada. Observe, that, after the repeal by the later British statute, there was no clause in the Canadian constitution upon the subject of language, and that, there being no prescription or prohibition, parliament was perfectly free to do whatever it wished. And it did. It used both languages. The province of Ontario is today in

precisely the same legal position as was United Canada under the act between 1841 and 1867.

JOHN S. EWART.
21st March, 1916, OTTAWA.

Inasmuch as Mr. J. S. Ewart was one of the leading figures in the great legal battle over the famous Manitoba school case, his views on the status of the French language of Ontario as given above will be widely quoted.
In the nineties Mr. Ewart appeared for the Catholic minority both at Ottawa and London; and also championed the cause of Separate schools with his pen in the reviews. The fight he put up on that occasion was memorable but unsuccessful. But in the light of his standing as a jurist, his opinions on the present Ontario difficulty will be received with respect.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

"CARMEN SYLVA"

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROMANIA WAS A NOTED AUTHOR AND ARTIST

The Dowager Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, perhaps better known in the world as Carmen Sylva, died on March 2, at her palace in Bucharest. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Pauline Elizabeth Ottilie Louise) was the consort of King Charles I, and was born in Neuried, Germany. During the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, while Prince Charles was winning military laurels at Pleyna, she devoted herself to the care of the wounded, and founded the Order of Elizabeth, a gold cross on a blue ribbon, to reward distinguished service in such work. She was early distinguished for her excellence as a pianist, organist, and singer, and she also showed ability for painting and illuminating; but her lively imagination led her to the path of literature, and more especially to poetry, folk-lore, and ballads. In addition to numerous original works, she put into literary form many of the legends current among the Roumanian peasantry.—St. Paul Bulletin.

"MORAL REFORM"

From Rome
WHERE WILL IT END?

Time is a great healer, but it will take a lot of time to heal the moral reform crowd, whose philosophy of life is that everything pleasant must be wrong. Parliament, being largely composed of human beings, is naturally afraid of these moral reformers. They have established legal hours going to sleep. After they have abolished booze and filled the country moon-shiners and fusil oil; after they have got rid of tobacco, and thus made men irritable and hard to govern; after they have prohibited tea and coffee in favor of catsup and senna; after they have turned the theatres into churches; after they have substituted breathing through the nose because it is harder to do; after they have established legal hours for a regulated diet for the human stomach and put the human soul under the absolute jurisdiction of the Lord's Day Alliance; after they have made life one long dreary, useful, uplifting blank—what next? That's what gives Parliament pause. There's the rub! Heaven only knows what their goal is. Wouldn't it be awful if these earth-bound angels with the shiny foreheads and moist palms made this world too good to be true?—Gadsby in Toronto Saturday Night.

BARON SHAUGHNESSY AND HIS CRITICS

Some newspapers seem to have deliberately misconstrued in regard to recruiting. He asked for more systematic organization and that troops be not raised until they were required. Some criticisms amount almost to charges of disloyalty, and may be rebuked by the statement that two of the baron's sons and his son-in-law are in khaki. A man who has given so much in advising his country from a heart full of patriotism and a desire to use its resources in the best manner possible.—London Advertiser.

THE POPE AND WAR PRISONERS

The Holy Father, who has shown such lively interest in all the prisoners of war, has not remained indifferent to the fate of the sons who are nearest to him—the Italian prisoners in Austria. Benedict XV. has charged Cardinal Scapinelli de Lequigno, Papal Nuncio at Vienna, to personally visit the concentration camp at Manhanse and report on the condition of the prisoners, giving them his blessing and assurances of his paternal regard.

The Cardinals hastened to fulfill the Papal desires and has rendered an account of the treatment of Italian prisoners, which is satisfactory. This document has been published and is particularly comforting for Italian families who have sons among the prisoners. It is but another instance of the Pope's solicitude for his children.—Church Progress.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Three hundred Passionists are in the service of the armies.

The Archbishop of Besancon has given the destitute clergy of Namur diocese about \$10,000.

It is conservatively stated that the eighteen months of war has cost Europe 10,000,000 of its best men killed and mutilated.

The Right Rev. John W. Shaw, D. D., Bishop of San Antonio, Tex., has been appointed by the Holy Father assistant at the Pontifical Throne.

Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, the Paulist priest of Manhattan, has made 3,950 converts to the Catholic Church during the eighteen years of his ministry.

The great Benedictine Order, the oldest in the Church, has 600 of its members in the service of the European armies. Fifty of them have fallen in the war.

In Kingsville, Tex., was established recently a Council of the Knights of Columbus with thirty-four members, no less than eight of whom are recent converts to the Catholic Church.

One of the most prominent American converts living in Rome is Mrs. Orville Horwitz, of Baltimore. Mrs. Horwitz is a daughter of the famous Philadelphia surgeon, Dr. Samuel Gross.

In the diocese of Geraldton, West Australia, there are at work 43 Irish Presentation Nuns, in 6 convents, educating 600 children. In all Australia this Order has 400 Sisters, the number of children under their charge being 6,000.

Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, of London, daughter of the late famous painter, has raised almost \$500,000 for the relief of Poland. Miss Tadema, who is a poet, novelist, essayist and playwright, was received into the Church in Cracow three years ago.

An unofficial church census of Scotland shows the total adult membership of the Protestant churches as 1,398,000, to which are added "children and adherents," bringing the total to 2,247,000. The Roman Catholic church has 546,000 followers, making the total church population 2,973,000. This deducted from the total population gives a churchless population of 1,788,000.

Another striking conversion, says the Catholic Convert, is that of Dr. J. W. Lewis, of Carbondale, Ill. Dr. Lewis was a thirty-third degree Mason, was past grand master of the Shriner and the son of a Baptist minister. He was received by Father Collins of St. Patrick's church, East St. Louis, and made the twentieth convert baptized by Father Collins in the last seven years.

On Wednesday morning, March 8th, occurred the death of Rev. Gregory O'Kealey, S. J. Father O'Kealey was a Chicagoan, born July 11, 1873. He made his studies at St. Ignatius College from which he entered the Society of Jesus in August, 1889. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1903. Father O'Kealey taught in turn in Creighton University, Omaha; Detroit University, Detroit; St. John's College, Toledo; and St. Mary's College, Kansas.

There are 2,500 priests with the Russian army at the present time. They do not fight. They go to the battlefield, the firing line, to take the consolation of religion to the soldiers, dress wounds and succor the men in every way. If, during an attack, any wavering is shown the Russian priest does not hesitate to carry the crucifix in his hands at the head of the cohorts. Twelve of these priests have been killed, 20 have died from exposure and overwork, 50 have been wounded, and 40 have been taken prisoners.

Very Rev. John T. Murphy, C. S. Sp. LL. D., for thirteen years president of the Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, and now provincial of the Holy Ghost Fathers in Ireland, has been signally honored by the Holy Father, Pope Benedict. The Sovereign Pontiff has conferred upon him the degree of doctor in sacred theology in recognition of his distinguished services to the Church both by his pen and by his eloquent addresses. His many friends in Pittsburgh and in the Eastern States will rejoice to hear of the well-merited honor bestowed upon him.

Thomas M. Mulry, president of the Emigrant Industrial Savings bank of New York, and one of most prominent laymen of the Catholic Church in the United States, died of pneumonia at his home Friday, March 10, after a brief illness. Mr. Mulry was active in charitable work and had been for many years national president of St. Vincent de Paul Society. Pope Pius X. conferred on him the knighthood of the Order of St. Gregory for services in behalf of the Church. The Lactario medal was awarded to him by the University of Notre Dame at South Bend, Ind., and the Catholic University at Washington conferred on him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. Mr. Mulry was born in New York, Feb. 13, 1855. Rev. Dr. Joseph Mulry, president of Fordham University, is a brother. Three other brothers are Catholic clergymen and three of his sons are studying for the priesthood.