

may so do without in any way sacrificing their title to the respect of other nations. Again quoting the French writer, "Of course the 'Kriegsmarine' is immediately abolished as soon as the 'Kriegsraison' comes into play, and as it remains entirely at the discretion of the belligerent to decide which method he shall choose, it is merely a waste of time to address any protest or reproach to him. He will but answer that necessity requires recourse to the 'Kriegsraison,' and there is no end of it."

THE MAJORITY of people outside of Germany may have heard of this singular code of international morals for the first time, and be astonished that it should anywhere in civilization exist. Yet it has been taught consistently in Germany for a century and can be traced back to Frederick the Great. One of the first writers to lay down the theory was Martens at the end of the eighteenth century. The celebrated Heffter, after blaming the employment of barbarous and cruel methods of warfare, adds: "Exceptional cases drawn from the extreme necessity of re-establishing the equilibrium only can allow a breach of these rules, and the doing of what is momentarily reasonable." More recent writers, such as Holtzendorff, Dahn, Neumann, Luder and Ullman, remain attached to the distinction which has become the corner stone of German military ethics, and which has been put into practice unflinchingly in the present war. In this Germany stands alone among civilized nations.

WHILE THEN it remains perfectly true that Germans as individuals are a kindly and generous people they are, nevertheless, as a unit committed to something vastly different, as this war has demonstrated. That what has been charged against their enemies has been greatly magnified may be readily admitted, but making every allowance on that score, there remains, authenticated, cruelties and savageries sufficient to prove that the theories of its experts have been put into practice in the field. Victory for the Allies therefore will spell emancipation for the German people no less than for their present foes. Freed from Prussian military domination the natural qualities of the people will assert themselves and the wholesome kindly life of the household find free play in the affairs of the nation.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE DEADLY SUBMARINE

A week ago we were congratulating ourselves on the apparent failure of German submarine warfare. It soon transpired that even that very day undersea activity was resumed, and every day since the toll taken was greater than ever. Then came the astounding news of the sinking of the Lusitania. At first the shock lives were lost; but soon it was flashed across the horrified world that the giant liner was torpedoed without warning and with utter disregard for the lives of men, women and children who were peaceful passengers. The Globe, May 8th, says:

The sinking of the great Cunard liner Lusitania off the Irish coast by a German submarine, with what is feared will prove a very great loss of life, is the most spectacular success yet scored in the undersea war to which the German navy has been reduced. Apart entirely from the tragic loss of life it would be absurd to minimize the importance of the event. If the Lusitania's great speed did not suffice to save her from lurking submarines there is no assurance of safety for any merchant ship approaching or leaving the British Isles. The Lusitania had a recorded speed of 26 knots, and could probably do a little better than that. She and her sister ship, the Mauretania, were the fastest vessels engaged in the North Atlantic trade. There are only eight British ocean-going ships altogether out of a total of thousands that can steam more than twenty knots an hour. Speed alone can no longer be regarded as a defence against the deadly torpedo. The problem presented for consideration of the Admiralty by the destruction of the Lusitania is a very important one. Some means must be found of lessening the danger to merchant shipping from under water attack. Submarine traps have not prevented the enemy from moving at will along the British coast; the destroyers used on patrol duty have accounted for very few of the German undersea craft, and the Berlin Admiralty officials boast that they are steadily increasing the number of large ocean-going submarines in commission. During the past few months the British navy has been remarkably immune from submarine attack, but the peril to merchant ships is evidently a growing one. It may be necessary, at the risk of increasing greatly the danger from collision, to require that passenger vessels enter

ing British ports shall remain well out at sea till sundown, and pass through St. George's Channel, the Straits of Dover and the Irish Channel with lights out between sunset and sunrise. Good light seems to be almost essential to the success of a submarine attack. The formidable is the only important ship known to have been torpedoed in the dark, and there seems to be little doubt that she was showing sidelights, and perhaps porthole lights also, when hit. The peril to the lives of the passengers and crews of British merchant ships from submarine attack is unavoidable. Those who go down to the sea in ships will bear it with fortitude as befits men and women of a race with a thousand years of maritime adventure behind them. The loss of the Lusitania will have no effect on the larger issues of the war.

THE EASTERN FRONT

Germany and Austria have been reeling over the absolute defeat of Russia's plans to invade Hungary through the Carpathian passes. Petrograd admits retreat but denies the claims of the Teutonic Allies. Their claims are extravagant. From Berlin also, comes a word of caution for the Germans who have become unduly optimistic over recent events. Major Morant, military correspondent of The Tagblatt, urges his fellow-countrymen to curb extravagant hopes, for "the Russians at the right moment always understand how to make use of numerical superiority." So far as the fighting on the Flanders front is concerned he is even less optimistic, and says that Germany in this theatre should expect for the present no really decisive successes.—The Globe, May 8.

The Vienna official report last night announced that the Russian army in western Galicia is still in full retreat. The Austro-German forces advancing from the west have crossed the Wisloka River, to the south of Jaslo. An attempt is being made to entrap the Russians who were upon the southern slope of the Beskids. Strong Austrian columns bar the roads on the north in the region of the Dukla Pass, while the retreating Russians are being pursued by the Austro-German army advancing across the mountains. In the eastern Carpathians the Russians with great vigor in the hope, no doubt, of relieving the pressure farther west. But Vienna claims that these attacks have been beaten back with heavy losses. It would seem that the Russians must give up their control of the entire Beskid range, obtained at great cost in men and material during the past three months. They have been beaten by the massing of German artillery and by the shrewd use of the strategic railways centering in Cracow.—The Globe, May 8.

BISHOP McDONALD'S BOOK

(Communicated)

Right Rev. Bishop Macdonald of Victoria, B. C., has published through the Christian Press Association of New York a book of travel entitled "Stray Leaves or Traces of Travel." The proceeds derived from the sale of the work are to be given in aid of the propagation of the faith. "Stray Leaves" has been very favorably reviewed by the leading papers, and it will amply repay perusal. From a review in the Morning Chronicle of Halifax, one of the leading eastern papers, we quote as follows:

The scholarly author of this little book is a native of Nova Scotia, and it is easy to see that he has not lost any of his love for his native Province. The little poem with which the book opens, entitled "The Sound of Another Sea," was written on the Pacific Coast and it gives wistful expressions to his deep affection for the Eastern home, from which he is an exile.

Breaks upon mine ear
The sound of another sea,
Licking far with near—
That far how near to me

Echoes out of the past,
Wave sounds from the shore,
Woven in dreams at last
Of days that are no more.

Days that ebbed away
By the side of another sea,
Where life was young and gay,
And all its ways were free.

Bishop Macdonald was born at Mabou, C. B., and was educated at Antigonish and in Rome. After filling for some years a position on the staff of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, he was appointed a priest at St. Andrew's, and thence he was called to the See of Victoria, B. C. He has produced several books dealing with theological and biblical questions with philosophy and history, and his works have attracted general attention, by reason of their erudition.

In this unpretentious little book he strikes out on a new path and gives us a charming account of his travels at different times in various parts of Europe. The Diary of a Pilgrim describes a pilgrimage to Lourdes, the course of which London, Paris, Switzerland and the cities of Italy are also visited. He carries the reader along with him in his easy and graceful narrative, a narrative which at times breaks out into passages of simple and touching eloquence. For example, speaking of the sea, he says: "The sea, the deep, mysteri-

ous sea, with its changeable elusive hues, and its passionate moods! The dominant mood, I fancy, is melancholy. The sea lifts up its voice only to weep, and every sea-sound dies away in a sob or a wail. When the crested waves break into foam, what are the spray drops but the tears of the salt sea? It not only yields a grave to the countless millions that are buried beneath its waters, but weeps for them ever, and chants over them an unending requiem. And its loneliness is beyond words. Mid-ocean seems the native home of solitude—a solitude that the passing ship leaves unbroken. What a tale this lonely moaning sea could tell of the men who have sunk into its depths, 'unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown! But till it gives up its dead the tale shall not be told.

Then again of Rome, he says: "Rome, to which I have come not merely as a pilgrim from afar, but as a son comes to his mother after long years of separation—for Rome is to me the mother of my soul. One could spend months in Rome, and still not see a title of what is worth seeing or ever begin to be weary of a place so rich in all that ages have thought and poets have dreamed of and artists have wrought and martyrs have bled for and saints have loved.

To a nature so sensitive and to a mind so poetical it is not surprising that a visit to Scotland should excite keen emotions. As Lochaber breaks in upon his view he exclaims: "And this is Lochaber," "synonym for an exile's wall." "Children we of those sad-eyed exiles, is it any wonder that our hearts beat more quickly as we gaze on the heather-clad hills now rising before us? Even we, of the third generation, shall feel within us their heart-hunger for the old home they loved so well—the heart hunger which found a voice and still finds an echo in that saddest of sad refrains—

Lochaber, Lochaber, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more."

In jotting down his notes, at the outbreak of the war, the contrast between the peaceful shrine at Lourdes and the carnage in Belgium and Northern France comes strikingly to his mind.

"In a corner of France, amid the foothills and under the shadow of the Pyrenees, Lourdes lies sheltered with its holy shrine. Afar it lies from the maddening strife that now ravages and redevens with blood many a fair field that was white unto harvest. Let us pray our Lady that the war may soon be over, that he who chid the waves of Gallies may now stay the fierce onset of angry passions and bring a great calm. A thought that saddens comes to me as I write these words after three short months. Many, many of the men who walked side by side in that procession have now met face to face on European battlefields. Man is part beast, and part angel. The angel is of God, the beast of the earth, earthy. And the beast that is in man true to its nature, fights its fellows; the angel can but weep over the fallen and the slain.

Whatever the outcome of this terrible war into which Europe is plunged to day the future historian will record and lay due stress on this significant fact that Germany led the world in warlike preparation and that other nations did but strive to keep pace with her."

Bishop Macdonald has produced a most interesting and well-written book of travel.

MOVING PICTURE CENSORSHIP

The enormous popularity of moving picture exhibitions and the vast influence they are consequently able to exert upon the general standard of morality are facts with which we have long been familiar. Yet the latest statistics, laid before the New York Theatre Club by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton of the Vitaphone Company of America, may truly be called startling. According to his estimate 11,000,000 people daily attend the various moving picture theatres throughout our country. During the year 1913, for which he had gathered statistics, 40,000 miles of moving picture films were made, enough to encircle the earth, or to provide 30 tin types for every citizen of the United States. The figures become almost fabulous when we strive to estimate the number of persons who viewed these different films. The rental alone of such films during the year 1913 amounted to \$25,000,000 and the small admissions fees, made up mostly of nickels and dimes, amounted in the course of the same year to \$275,000,000.

"What," we may well ask, "were the scenes and situations presented to the billions of spectators entertained and instructed for good or evil by this popular form of amusement, which combines the least expenditure of physical and intellectual exertion with the most intense emotional excitement?" Surely it is a vital matter of national importance that the strictest supervision be exercised here, and that censorship allow of nothing even approximating to laxity. Moving picture exhibitions are not patronized by the young exclusively, but boys and girls form a very large part of the patrons. The criminal carelessness which permits the exhibition of indecent or otherwise morally harmful representations is therefore all the more unpardonable. While a greater

or less degree of conscientious delicacy is exercised in certain cities or certain establishments, it is likewise true that in other instances the most seductive or perverse presentations are allowed. There is need of insisting everywhere, under the strictest censorship of all the films. Catholic societies have at times been laudably active in this matter, though much remains to be done. Parents above all have the duty of preserving at least their own children from the harm which enters the soul so easily through the eyes.—America.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

AN ANNELEY HERO

Captain Gordon Belcher has sent the following letter to the mother of Private Wood (1st Royal Berks), an Anneley Catholic, announcing the death of her son.

It is with the deepest regret that I write to tell you of the death of your son, Pte. Wood, of this regiment, who was killed in action on March 10th last. It may help to soften your grief if I tell you that he died in the performance of an act of very great gallantry which, had he lived, would have earned him great distinction. My company, to which your son belonged, had orders to assault a German trench on the afternoon of March 10, if a gap sufficiently wide could be found in the barbed wire for the assault, while our guns were heavily bombarding the trench, I sent out two men, of whom your son was one, a little way in advance so as to gain a clearer view, and to find out whether there was a gap in the wire or no. Your boy, to make assurance doubly sure, advanced alone right up to the German trench. Looked well round the wire, and then came back with his report. On his way back he was shot twice, but managed to make his report to his friend that there was no sign of a gap in the German wire, and that the trench was full of Germans. His friend returned safely to the trench with the news, which was of such importance that the assault was countermanded, and the lives of many men were thereby saved, as in these circumstances the assault could not possibly have succeeded. Your boy was brought in at dusk, but died that night. I shall never hope to see a braver action, but I thank you, as his mother, from the bottom of my heart for the sacrifice, while I pray that the memory of his very gallant death may prove to be some slight consolation to you in your great sorrow.

THE BISHOP OF WATERFORD AND IRELAND'S WAR

In a letter to the High Sheriff expressing his regret at his inability to attend a recruiting meeting in Waterford, the Bishop of Waterford writes: "You may rest assured you have my best wishes for your success. The object of your gathering appeals, and appeals powerfully, to every man in the land. The war is not an English war alone or a French or a Belgian war. It is an Irish war to save our country and our people from ruin and misery."

"OUTRAGEOUSLY UNJUST"

The same note was sounded by both speakers at the meeting. Father Quigley, O. P., said: "The only justifiable reason for his presence there that night was that the war in his judgment was absolutely unjust on the part of Germany. He held that if ever there was an instance in the world of an absolutely unjust war, it was the war that Germany waged on Belgium. Germany had as much right to enter Belgian territory and to hold that territory as the armed burglar had to hold the property of the innocent man whose life he took. Not only that, but when the war was absolutely unjust on one side, then he maintained that this unjust aggression on the part of Germany towards Belgium must be recognized as outrageously unjust. The German soldiers on Belgian territory transgressed every law, Divine, natural, human, and international."

Father W. B. O'Donnell, P. P., concluded a speech with a strong appeal to young men: "He referred to the savagery which had been exercised and carried out by the Germans on defenceless old men, defenceless old women, and helpless children in the convents of Belgium, where the nuns had been outraged by these brutes. When he heard of these things it was hard to be cool and speak with calmness. It was an unjust war, the making of one man who wanted to trample upon the whole world. Ireland had done its duty in the war, and had done it manfully, and Waterford also had done its duty. He appealed to every young man who was able to carry a gun to come to the platform and give his name, and take his part in the cause of freedom and right."

AN EXETER CATHOLIC FAMILY'S SOLDIER SONS

Ex Colonel Sergeant W. Cox, of the Devon Regiment, and Mrs. Cox, of Exeter, have four sons and one stepson now serving in the army, three of them being at the Front. They are: Lance Corporal H. S. S. Cox, 3rd Devons; Sergeant W. J. Cox, 2nd Devons (at the Front); Private C. E. Cox, 2nd Devons (at the Front); and Private G. F. Cox, 24th Field Ambulance (at the Front). Mrs. Cox's son is Sergeant J. Goodfellow.

THE ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

A Chaplain at the front writes: "One gets callous out here. The other evening we had one of the saddest pictures imaginable. Some of our men were together, a shell burst, killing 12 men outright, blowing them to pieces, and badly wounding many more. Five have died since. The boys had to be collected for burial. The doctor who was standing at the time lost his left arm. Where all are doing so well here, it is hardly fair to particularize any special branch of the Army, but no one will begrudge any praise for our doctors, who have borne their share gallantly and many have died at their post."

The war is bringing many back to God. Some hours under fire help one better than any sermon to realize the vanity of earthly things and the importance of eternity. The last

days have been very fruitful in confessions. It is consoling to see our men, whenever they get the chance, slip into a church and pull out their rosaries and pray.

A BELGIAN SCOUTMASTER AT WANDSWORTH

Assisting in the services of the choir for some time past at the church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Wandsworth, has been a youthful figure, who, limping somewhat painfully as he walked, wore beneath his coat and cassock the uniform of a Belgian Scoutmaster. Inquiry and closer acquaintance revealed the fact that this bright-eyed Belgian youth, though his age is not a score of years, is one of those Belgians in our midst of whom his country and the whole tribe of Boy Scouts may well be proud. A native of Brussels, Joseph Laysen, quaintly (to our eyes) describes himself as "Scoutmaster de The Badem Power Belgian Catholic Boy Scout." And as a Scoutmaster he has rendered service in the present war that has obtained for him, not only the "Scout's Cross of Merit," but also the decoration of the Order of Leopold, pinned to his breast by King Albert himself in the presence of his Ministers and Staff officers. His limp is caused by frost bite in the trenches at Dixmude. He is anxious for it to disappear that he may once again mount a bicycle in the service of his country, even though a third time he lose it to the Germans. For twice his machine has been taken from him, twice has been a prisoner in the hands of the Hun. He was captured at Alost and again at Lessines. But, unlike his father and his three brothers, who are all prisoners of war, he twice escaped did not prevent him from ten times penetrating the German lines and being instrumental in capturing no less than thirteen German prisoners.

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CONVERT CHURCHMEN

It may interest our separated brethren to have the names of former Protestants who reached high places in the government of the American Catholic Church. These include the following names:

Archbishop James Roosevelt Bayley, Archbishop of Baltimore and Papal Delegate.
Archbishop Samuel Eccleston, of Baltimore.
Archbishop James Whitfield, of Baltimore.
Archbishop James Hubert Blenk, of New Orleans.
Archbishop Christie, of Oregon.
Archbishop James Frederic Wood, of Philadelphia.
Bishop Andrew Allen Curtis, Vicar-General to Cardinal Gibbons.
Bishop Joseph M. Moody, first Bishop of Erie, Pa.
Bishop Edgar P. Wadhams, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Bishop Thomas A. Becker, of Savannah.
Bishop Sylvester Horton Rosecrane, of Columbus, Ohio.
Bishop Richard Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Right Rev. Monsignor George Hobart Doane, Vicar General of the diocese of Newark, N. J. Son and brother of Protestant Episcopal Bishops.

Right Rev. Msgr. Nevin Fisher, the present Rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Philadelphia; prelate of the Papal Household.

The Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas Preston, Vicar General and Chancellor of the archdiocese of New York; Protonotary Apostolic and founder of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.

The late Right Rev. Monsignor Chase, Army Chaplain, Domestic Prelate to the Pope; nephew of Chief Justice Chase.—Catholic Columbian.

DIAMOND WEDDING

MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL BREEN MARK THE EVENT

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Breen, 4th concession, London Township, celebrated their diamond jubilee on May 6th by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in their parish church, St. Michael's, London.

In the evening 300 guests from township and city assembled to pay their respects to the venerable couple who in spite of their advanced years are in good health. Noted throughout their lives for their thoroughgoing Irish hospitality it was with genuine and heartfelt pleasure the young-hearted old couple saw gathered round them friends and relatives and neighbors of two or three generations. Rev. Father Hanlon was master of ceremonies, and Mr. R. H. Dignan was toastmaster. Mr. Thos. Clark and Mr. J. O'Rourke, presented them with a pair of handsome Morris chairs. Mr. W. T. Siron, on behalf of the London Hunt Club, gave them a cabinet of silver, and ex Ald. J. H. Saunders presented them with a purse of gold. There were numerous other individual gifts. Mr. Breen made a characteristic reply in acceptance. It was full of the richest Irish wit and humor.

Bishop Fallon delivered a splendid address of congratulation, and short speeches were made by Mr. S. Frank Glass, M. P.; John McFarlane, M. P.; Mayor H. A. Stevenson, Reeve Brooks, London Township; Squire O'Flaherty, Thorndale; Dan Bacon, Chas. Trebilcock, Lieut. Col. H. R. Abbott, Lieut. Col. A. M. Smith, Jas. Anderson, J. H. Fowler, Henry Percival, F. G. Mitchell, Philip Pocock, J. E. Smallman and others.

On May 6, 1855, Michael Breen was married in London to Miss Margaret Mannin by Rev. Father Kellivan in the old brick Catholic church. Mrs. Burns and Michael Shea, both of whom have passed away, supported the couple. Both came from the County Clare, Ireland, in 1854. They resided in London for a short time, later going to a farm in London Township, where they have since resided.

Previously acknowledged: \$5 879 62
Mrs. M. J. Freetown, P.E.I. 1 50
Old Subscriber, Washburn. 1 00
An Eganville friend..... 2 00
J. Hazel Hill..... 2 00
M. Smith, St. John's..... 2 00
Subscriber, Tilting, Nfld..... 50

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Now surrounded by their children and their children's children, enjoying the good-will and esteem of neighbors, Protestant and Catholic, they pass the evening of their lives in quiet content but with characteristic Irish faith look forward to the greater reunion yet to come. As the old gentleman himself remarked quite gently and quite as a matter of course yet with the quiet dignity of one who had fought the good fight and kept the faith—"We'll meet ye all again—above. God bless us all."

TESTIMONY OUTSIDE THE WALLS

Reynold E. Blight, writing in the Bulletin of the Los Angeles Consistory (Masonic), says:

"In certain circles it is popular to denounce bitterly the Roman Catholic Church, and in the condemnation forget her splendid achievements and the consecrated service she has rendered to humanity. The long roll of patriots, statesmen, philanthropists, thinkers, heroes, and saintly souls who have drawn their spiritual inspiration from her communion is sufficient proof of the real greatness of her religious teaching. Among the priests are those whose names have become synonymous with purity of life and unselfish effort for the betterment of humanity: Father, Damien Father Mathew, Father Junipero Serra, St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola. Her countless institutions of learning, her manifold charities, the universality of her spiritual appeal, must awaken the admiration of all men. It must not be forgotten that at her altars the common people received their first training in democracy. Prince and pauper, peasant and merchant, knelt together, equal before God. During the long night of the Dark Ages the lamp of knowledge was kept burning in the monasteries. Tolerance knows that there are two sides to every question, and that a picture that shows only shadows is essentially false."—The Missionary.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. May God be praised Who deigns to open months to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

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