

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 16, 1915

1891

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TO BE REMEMBERED

If there is a vacant place at the table—a place left by him who may be lying in an unknown grave on the battleground of Mons, Charleroi, the Marne—he would not wish that any shadow should lie athwart this festive season's observances. He has obeyed that call of duty which exemplifies that there lives among us yet that lofty spiritual ideal that the great soldiers have always brought to their sternest tasks. And we have known this season darkened by war—before. Exactly fifteen years ago we were rudely shaken out of our self-complacency by the terrible "Black Week" of South Africa, when the shocks of Magerfontein, Colenso and the Tugela River came in startling succession. Lady Smith, was in a state of siege, yet Buller's forces made as cheery a Christmas as they could on bully beef and biscuit pudding. At home the children of the men away were remembered by all, from Queen Victoria downwards, whose party to them in Windsor Castle was not the least memorable act of her great reign. Those in poverty and distress had a special place in the country's care. A few of the older generation can carry their minds back for sixty years, when we fought in the Crimea. It is interesting reading to turn back old newspaper files, and to see how the country then tried to keep a brave face at home, and to send all that it could to the brave men enduring the awful rigours of that winter. A thousand tons of gifts went out to them, and women worked then, as they have been doing in these recent weeks. There is an unforgettable passage in "Kinglake's History of the Crimea," that has a special bearing on our present attitude that would maintain the courageous front among ourselves, and especially to think of the men who once more have borne so much. Thus women unconsciously exercised their powers from the quiet lives they led in these Victorian days. To-day we would fain believe that those same influences, which came out so finely then, may have descended to ourselves. In any case, it is good to be reminded how that generation acted in a crisis analogous in its degree to that which now confronts us. There is a favorite phrase that is much used at this moment in "the psychology of war." What it means few of those employing it could define, but it sounds an imposing way of talking about what more ordinary people would call "the attitude of mind." Our present attitude of mind and heart should be one of humble supplication that the Angel of Peace will soon fold his wings across the blood-soaked fields of Belgium and France, and say to the Furies of Carnage, "It is enough. Hold now the Sword." The deep-toned guns may be answering one another still, in Belgium, in France, in Prussia men may be falling in the fighting lines, and there may be sorrow in many homes, but out of all there will emerge, in the fullness of time, peoples who are purified, ennobled, strong and righteous, to go forward in civilization and peace and good-will.

THE CHEERFUL PERSON

What a heaven-sent boon is a cheerful person! Perhaps many of us think this is so obvious that there is no need to say another word about it. As a truth—or as a platitude, whichever you like to call it—the remark is obvious: but the cheerful person is not: that is the difficulty. The genuinely cheery person is anything but obvious: he is exceedingly rare. There are plenty of hilarious people, and self-satisfied people, and excited people, and noisy people, and prosperous people, and pleasure-seeking people: but people who are full of simple good cheer, so overflowing that they infect their whole environment, so permeated with it that nothing seems to depress or daunt them—these are not plentiful. If you doubt this statement, take stock of everyone with whom you come in contact during the day. There are pessimists in plenty, grumblers galore, overwrought, nervy, fretful, discontented, boastful

and purse-proud people, apologetic and humble, roystering and cockling, pensive and subdued, proud and particular, but the person who feels it is good just to be alive, and who radiates healthy, spontaneous good spirits, is only met at wide, distant intervals. On the other hand, the discussion of misfortunes and ill-health—more particularly their own ailments—seems to afford many people much satisfaction. Nowadays we have analysed, almost to the point of exhaustion, the communicable qualities of disease: we talk glibly about germs and bacteria, about symptoms and sensations, till by the time the average man has gone through the average day, if he is not in the initial stages of one or more ailments—at least in imagination—it will be a wonder, since he has probably heard quite a wide variety discussed in the course of his day's dealings with his fellow men. Fortunately we are beginning to recognize the baneful influence of this modern predilection. Something is being done to combat this fruitful method of spreading bodily weakness by the general ruling of society that the discussion of one's ailments shall be considered bad form. A great deal more could be done if, instead of merely refraining from inoculating the imagination of other people with ailments, we definitely sought to instil them with courage and good cheer, which has so much to do with the building up of a sound, healthy body. A good resolve for the New Year would be the determination to go abroad and about spreading germs of cheerfulness. Anyone who will make a practice of this theory will be a veritable boon to tired, troubled humanity.

WINTER TEACHING

Through months of bloom and song we are again at a year's close. The blossoms and plants that threw kisses of fragrance from the fields and gardens, have fallen. The birds whose radiant songs travelled down the blue spaces to inspire and thrill us, are silent. Urged by the age-long impulse, they have sped to the south and the sunshine, their times and their routes unchanged even by a war so pregnant with change. Winter is with us, indeed, and with it a sense of desolation. For the lover of nature, the birds gathering in the hedgerows prior to their going has a "sadness of farewell." Nor is it without a pang that the old gardener witnesses the ruthless scattering and blighting of the work of his hands. He mourns for the things that were, and are not. Such indeed is the power of this season to depress the spirit of man, that the anticipation of it has made some men sad. Heine declared he never enjoyed spring for thinking about winter. Yet always and everywhere life has its compensations. There is no loss without gain. We had not known the beauty of the star-lit heavens but for the darkness. The splendor of the morning and of the evening star—of the numerous constellations and of the wonderful planets is the gift of the night. Winter, too, has its revelations. The Polar breath, it has been said, is a creator of loveliness. The flowers of the north wind are as beautiful as those that open when the South wind blows. The snowflake or the patterned hoar frost what mystery and grace in those wondrous forms that dissolve in the hand or disappear at a breath! By our losses we are awakened to the value of our possessions, so that winter, and all that it may symbolize in experience, is one of the great enriching disciplines of the spirit of man. Because Death stands at the end of the road, every step gains in seriousness and in dignity. Because the frost and the snow come and the night wherein no man can work, how urgent are the days of seed time and harvest! And were there no loss in life there would be little love and less sympathy on this cold earth. Our threatenings are our enrichings. "Death," as the Apostle says, "is yours."

God is eternal in faithfulness and in love, and though the land be desolate it shall yet rejoice. "With roots deep set in battle graves," new art and new liberties shall spring. Beyond the darkness there is dawn. Beyond the winter are waving fields and singing birds.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

AN ENGLISH CHAPLAIN AND GERMAN WOUNDED

The Bishop of Chiton, in his Advent Pastoral, exhorting people to pray for the Allies and dying, whether of the Allies or the enemy, points out that owing to the lamentable circumstance that here and there Catholics find themselves arrayed against Catholics, it happens not infrequently that the last rites of the Holy Church are given to the enemy by our chaplains. His Lordship then quotes the following from a chaplain's letter:

I have been on detachments helping to run out clearing hospital, and doing what I could in attending three others. There was a constant stream of wounded English, French, and German: the proportion of Catholics very high among the last named, most devout, and beyond measure grateful for the ministrations of a priest; and God knows one longed to do what one could to comfort strangers dying in a strange land, prisoners, far from the adored home, never to be seen again. Our people die so silently it made it all the more heroic to listen to lads, who would talk with dying breath like this (always, understand, after receiving sacraments, &c., they never waste time in talk till that is done): "Yes, I have father and mother, brothers, sisters. Oh God, how they love me! And all this winter, at nightfall, they will listen, and look down the street for me to come home—and I never shall. A thousand times I thank you for coming to me. How old? Eighteen—no, really, only seventeen, and it is only Friday—my last Friday! Sleep? Yes, I shall sleep to-night, the first for five nights, and no one will awake me, no, never!" Our soldiers are most awfully good to German prisoners; the French women cannot understand it. Our lads will treat a wounded prisoner as if he was a pet chicken with a broken leg, really, only I thank you for coming to me. My dear Lord, and my God save us all and pity us, above all the poor lads He sees smashed and blood-dirty and excited here; indeed, I do not doubt it. And for myself do pray! I feel how fractional one's work is; do what one can.

HIGH MASS ON THE BATTLE LINE

The Morning Post gives the following striking description from a letter received from the niece of a French officer by an English friend of an impressive service in a village of the Vosges:

I must now tell you how, the other day, in the most picturesque environment and under the most romantic circumstances, we attended Mass, and heard some of the most beautiful music to which it has ever been my privilege to listen. Right in the heart of the Vosges, in one of the villages recently evacuated by the enemy, is a church, now ruined almost beyond repair. This had for some time before been used as the headquarters of the German General Staff. Since then the building has been thoroughly shelled, the walls battered and defaced. Just behind the altar there is a huge gap, in the roof an enormous yawning chasm, through which one can see the skeleton of the old, once beautiful spire. Here, in this strange setting, the priest, a lieutenant of Chasseurs, clothed in his uniform, with riding boots and spurs, was celebrating High Mass. The congregation consisted chiefly of many officers of all ranks, soldiers of all regiments. As for singers, we had Murators, from the Grand Opera, Martel and Delassy, from the "Monnaie" of Brussels. All of these are serving their country as reservists. They sang magnificently some glorious sacred music; especially touching were their renderings of the "Crucifix" by Faure, and "Panis Angelicus" by Franck. They were accompanied by a violin, played also by a soldier, an artist of the "Concerts Colonne." From time to time the boom of the big distant guns drowned the voices of the singers. The whole thing was most impressive.

AN "EXTRAORDINARY THING"

An officer in the East Lancashire Regiment, who has been out since the beginning of the war, in a letter quoted in the Morning Post, writes: "I never was very superstitious, but really some extraordinary things have happened here. . . . Another extraordinary thing is the way in which holy crosses, crucifixes, and Calvaries, in which the places abound, have escaped destruction. In Le Char itself there is a calvary standing in the cross roads now which has not been touched by a single bullet as shall, although the place has been plastered with shells, and a hail of bullets still whistle past. In my convent there are two crosses standing which have not been scorched, although the place is really nothing but a heap of debris. Seely, whom I took round my trench the other day, told me that in the cathedral of Messines there still stands without a smut on it the

status of the Virgin Mary, although the place itself has been burnt to the ground.

"RUM, WASN'T IT?"

This "extraordinary thing" is corroborated by the letter of November 7 from a British officer in the trenches to a member of the Stonyhurst community, quoted in the new number of the Stonyhurst Magazine, which is full of interesting notices of and letters from Old Boys at the front:

The life in these 'ere 'oles is, of course, rather a narrow one (the trenches are only two feet wide), and altogether it is rather a singular existence. We are told practically nothing of the general situation. We are merely told to hang on here for all we are worth, and that we will be relieved when it is convenient. Every village we passed through (in Belgium) had been shelled to shreds, and very few inhabitants remained, except old people and children. They were half starved for the most part, and I think we were very welcome. They do not Thomas Atkins, who at once presents them with most of his rations, and would give them his clothes, too, if not ordered not to. In practically every house or farm you found the rooms just as they had been left, with all the household goods remaining, though, in many cases, these would be smashed out of spite by the enemy. The main feature of this place was a huge convent and church. The Germans shelled it incessantly for three days, and we had to squat by and see it gradually crumbling up. On the third day it caught fire, and is now a large stone ruin. When the fire died out the only thing remaining in the church was a large crucifix. The cross was burnt to charcoal but the figure (a painted wooden one) was absolutely unharmed, except one small shell-splinter in the side. Rum, wasn't it?

DOMREMY STILL FRENCH

In view of the reports that Domremy, the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc, had fallen into the hands of the Germans this statement by an English witness present with the British General Headquarters in France will be read with satisfaction:

It has been stated in some of the British papers that the Germans have taken Domremy la Puelle. This report is entirely incorrect, for the Germans have never been near that place, and it is likely to cause pain and annoyance to our Allies, since Domremy la Puelle, and is a point of national and religious interest.

THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH SOLDIERS

Here is further testimony of the spirit of faith and hope in which French soldiers are engaging in this war. One writing to his parents on the eve of departure for the front says:

Don't worry about me. I am ready to accept all the pains and fatigue, and even death itself, involved in the war. I am resigned because I have been taken to confession to a priest who came to the barracks. . . . My religious questions are therefore settled, and I see that it is really from faith that one draws courage and resignation.

Another, in a letter to "chère maman," after telling how they have taken advantage of a free time to go to Mass in a church packed to the doors, chiefly with soldiers, says: "We shall all go to the front with joy in our hearts, not with any idea of staying there, but the hope of doing our duty and God willing, of coming back with the laurels of victory."

To this may be added the testimony of the Semaine Religieuse of Chalons, based on letters received from chaplains with the troops:

It is, in a word, the officers who set the example of piety, and it is in their train that the soldiers approach the minister of God. A great number of them put their conscience in order before leaving home, and the ministry of the priests in the ranks and employed with the ambulances acts as a great and happy complement to that of the military chaplains.

THE CANNON AS PREACHER

The Abbé G. Ardant, a military chaplain, records as follows what was said to him by a young Semarist who is a sergeant of Chasseurs Alpins:

Here is a little story which will give you pleasure. We had returned for our four days in the trenches. Well, on the first evening, my men said to me, "As you are a priest, or nearly one, you ought to say prayers for us." You can imagine how joyfully I undertook to do so. And so each evening I said prayers aloud, and all answered devoutly. You were indeed right in saying in your sermon the other day that the cannon is a preacher who converts many who are indifferent. There are many who, sceptics whilst in garrison, are becoming believers in the fighting line.

AN EXAMPLE

A striking illustration of the truth of this is seen in the conversion of an officer from Narbonne, who before leaving made no secret of his anti-religious opinions. In a letter

of October 11 from the front to his wife he writes:

Taking advantage of a day of rest, I am sending you a long letter. It is 10 o'clock, and as it is Sunday, I have just been to Mass. That will probably astonish you, but ideas which have changed much after the war; the most violent have become calm, and we go to Mass, which is generally said, as it was this morning, by one of our men. . . . Religion is being restored in this Belgium. It is thought that the Republic will perhaps restore the salaries (of the priests) of which they were so brutally deprived. You are astonished, doubtless, at my talking so. But I am not the only one who has been won over; and when one is face to face with death, as Herve said in his paper last week in speaking of the Socialists, "we do not want to die like beasts."

GERMAN SAVAGERY IN POLAND

Reuter's Rome correspondent has summarized a description by the Messenger's Warsaw correspondent of the conduct of the Germans in Poland.

The situation of that country equals, if it does not surpass, that of Belgium. As there, German militarism has devastated, destroyed, sacked and murdered, with the additional horror that the Poles themselves are fighting against each other, as 500,000 are in the Russian, 500,000 in the Austrian, and 100,000 in the German ranks. The fate of the town of Kalisch has been worse than that of Louvain. Two detachments of Germans, mistaking each other for the enemy, fought, and then, to conceal the situation, said that the firing came from the inhabitants. They bombarded the town and killed over 500 persons. Four hundred more were hanged or shot, including women and children. The whole city was sacked. The military orgy has filled Poland with horror, which Germany will never be able to wipe out. In many cases the Germans destroyed for the sake of destruction. At Raschn, near Warsaw, the soldiers forced their way into a pharmacy, smashing everything to the last phial. In some houses they reduced the furniture to fragments. They slashed women's dresses. Wherever the Germans have been all bridges have been blown up, railway stations razed, and wheat carried away or burned, so that it might not fall into the hands of the enemy. Cattle, together with 200,000 horses, have been transported into Germany, while large storehouses of forage and coal at Skiernowice and Lodz have been burned. The result is that 500 villages have been destroyed by fire or artillery; 20 small towns have been exterminated, and 8 towns partly pulled down. Some of the German officers removed furs from civilians, appropriating them as war booty. Famines prevail everywhere.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR AND "THE HONOUR OF IRELAND"

Mrs. Sophie Bryant read the following letter from Mr. T. P. O'Connor at a meeting of the Irishwomen of London to form committees for the purpose of sending various comforts to the Irish troops at the front:

I am delighted to hear that the Irishwomen are going to help our brave soldiers in the field. We Irish women in Great Britain believe almost to a man and a woman that the countrymen of ours are not only fighting for the cause of justice and liberty throughout Europe, but making especially a fight for the liberty and the honour of Ireland. Every one of them that is wounded or killed makes, in our opinion, as much sacrifice for Ireland as if he were fighting on Irish soil instead of on French or Belgian soil. I enclose you a subscription, and will help you in every way I can.

THE NUNS AS WAR NURSES

Paul Schweder, whose correspondence appears mostly in non-Catholic papers, has these words of praise for the Catholic Sisters as war nurses: "Slowly the long transport train bound for Luxembourg steams out of the West Station at Treves. The train is crowded with Catholic Sisters and Brothers going to the battlefields at Longwy and further on. 'For years,' said an Evangelical lady to me in Treves, 'we women, solicited for husband, children and home, asked ourselves in vain what purpose could be served to-day by the isolation of the Sisters from the active life of the nation. But now I am satisfied. You have no idea of the blessings which flowed in these days from the quiet rooms of the convents along the Rhine and Moselle for our entire nation. Like Brownie, the Sisters have for years piled up incredible quantities of stockings, aprons, mufflers and bandages. They spun flax and heaped up entire bolts of linen with which they hastened to the aid of the wounded. All honor to the splendid work of the Red Cross and of the Imperial Women's League! But you can tell at the first glance whether a wounded soldier received his first aid in a convent or in a lazaretto. Every one is

washed from head to foot and given clean clothes. Not a speck of dust remains on the torn uniform. When the day's nursing of the wounded is over the Sisters sit down to clean and mend the uniforms. In the lazaretto this seems to have not always been possible. We could not have expected such work from our pampered girls.'"—Catholic News.

INFORMAL CHRISTMAS TRUCE

(Special Cable Despatch to the Globe, by Harold Ashton, Correspondent of London Daily News)

In Northern France, Dec. 30.—On Christmas morning two British soldiers, after signalling a truce of good-fellowship from the crown of their trenches, walked across to the German lines with a plate of mince pies. Their seasonable messages were most cordially received. They had a good feed and a bottle of liebramlich and were sent back with a packet of Christmas cards for distribution among their fellows.

Later in the day the Germans returned the compliment and sent a couple of caparisoned heralds across to our dugouts. An officious soldier promptly arrests them and sat them down in a corner of his trench.

Presently an officer came along and asked: "What in the world have you got there?"

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the soldier, "but a couple of landstremers said they'd come to wish us 'appy returns, so I nabbed 'em, sir."

Realizing that this was hardly playing the game, the officer read the sentry a homily on the amenities of the festive season and asked the landstremers to depart with the compliments of the season to their own lines.

TOOK THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS

London, Dec. 30.—A British soldier, writing home of the Christmas truce between the Germans and the British, says:

After Christmas dinner nearly all our boys went out in front, where we found the Germans also had turned up in force. The result was a huge mixed crowd of men swapping butts and cigars, etc.

"Some of the German officers came up and actually took our photographs while we were all sitting on the ground."

"I wouldn't have missed that experience for the most gorgeous Christmas dinner in England."

PEACE-LOVING SIR WILFRID SURPRISES HIMSELF

By Canadian Press

London, Dec. 28.—Sir Gilbert Parker has received a letter from Sir Wilfrid Laurier in which he says: "Public sentiment in the United States is even stronger for the allies than you in Europe are aware—even more than is attested in the events which you have summarized in your papers. You are familiar with the facts. How could it be otherwise? It is simply absurd, if not absolutely insane, in view of the great Bernhardi and the speeches of the Kaiser, and the tone of the German pressors themselves, for them now to make us believe that they were not the aggressors, when even to-day in every line which they publish they assert that they are the strongest race in the world, and that it is for the world's benefit that they should rule it. On the whole, for my part, I am satisfied with the progress which has been made so far by the allies. There have been no great successes, rather discouraging to us, but the result seems to me absolutely beyond doubt. It is averred that the losses of the Germans have been at least twice as large as the losses of the allies. Let the war progress in that way for two years and the result will not be simply a victory, but a complete exhaustion of Germany, as the south was exhausted after the civil war in the United States. This, and this alone, is the aim to which we must look forward. I am surprised at my own sentiments, but this is a contest between civilization and barbarism. There is no alternative."

'YOU ARE OF THE FAITH'

"You are of the faith," Catholic men and women, the faith that has made heroes out of workmen and from the refuse of humanity has uplifted saints and witness to the mercy of and glory of God. Maybe in the false glamor of life here this does not look a great thing to you, but when the shadows fall and your quickened souls see out beyond the darkness, what then would you take for your Catholic faith and the ministrations of the Catholic priest who lifts his hands in absolution about you?

"You are of the faith." Then be proud of your faith, for it has a glorious record, be true to your faith for it is God's truth amongst men; be ready always to fight for your faith and to die for it if need be, for it is the highest and holiest thing on earth.—Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC NOTES

All over England the Catholic Church is engaged in constant prayer for the cessation of the European war.

Bellary, in India, has a Franciscan Brotherhood of natives doing immense spiritual and educational work.

Among the ninety-two Catholic cadets at West Point, half are weekly communicants and many more receive Holy Communion once a month.

It is said that the Holy Father Benedict XV, because of his long diplomatic experience, will be able to speak to most of the visitors, each in his own language.

The work in the Catholic mission fields of China is bearing fruit. Within ten years the number of Catholics in the province of Pekin has increased from 30,000 to 800,000.

In Norway the Church is now allowed full liberty. Catholic parents are exempt from the Public school tax. A century ago no Catholic priest was allowed in Norway.

Prof. Lowell, President of Harvard University, has sent a cablegram offering one of the exiled professors of Louvain a lectureship at Harvard for the second half of the college year.

Since March of last year, nearly forty American clergymen in England have joined the Catholic Church, and scarcely a week passes without the announcement of some fresh clerical conversion.

The Most Reverend Patrick William Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, died at his residence in that city at an early hour Dec. 27, after a brief illness from a severe cold which developed into pneumonia.

What is thought to be the largest class in the history of the Baltimore diocese was confirmed lately by Cardinal Gibbons in St. John's Church. It was certainly the largest class ever confirmed by the Cardinal. There were 650 persons in the class—800 girls, 240 boys and 100 adult converts.

The peaceful villages of Oberammergau and Unterammergau have not been spared by the war, and nearly all the Passion Play staff have enlisted and have been in the fighting line. One of them has received the Iron Cross of the first class, and eight the Iron Cross of the second class.

The Queen of the Belgians placed the Royal Palace at Brussels at the disposal of the military authorities as a hospital for the wounded. The first and second floors were utilized for that purpose. Stripped of their furniture, the great rooms were turned into wards, operating rooms, etc., thus accommodating three hundred patients.

Rev. Richard K. Wakeham, died on December 28, at Cold Springs, N. Y., in the sixty-eighth year of his age. For thirty-one years he had been engaged in the education of priests, having taught in seminaries in Boston, Baltimore and New York. He was buried at Columbia, Va., where he was born.

According to Right Reverend Bishop Bierman, Bishop of Gargara and Vicar Apostolic of Upper Egypt, the Catholic religion has made great progress in his diocese. More than seventy-five thousand have been converted during the past fifteen years. The Mother House of the Fathers of Saint Joseph, who have been laboring in Upper Egypt, is at Mill Hill, London.

The entire estate of the Catholic University of America, Washington, is now estimated at \$3,865,884.87. Its endowments represent \$1,750,954.18. The annual collection in the dioceses, as received to November 30, 1914, amounted to \$101,206.82. Bishop Conatus, of Wheeling, contributed each \$1,000. The total number of students connected with the university is 1,175. The teaching staff of the university numbers 69.

A touching scene in Bruges (Belgium) was thus described by an eyewitness at the beginning of the war: "One of the saddest sights was that recently. There came from the Church of the Holy Blood a procession of women, girls, and some men, saying the Rosary on their heads for their loved ones who had fallen at Liege. They walked six abreast, and there must have been over 1,000 of them—clad in black—looking neither to right nor left, but reverently saying their prayers."

One of the French Lazaret Brothers has returned from the fighting line, where he had been wounded in a most extraordinary manner—a wound, which the doctors exhibit, and which they agree with the nurses and the patient himself is nothing short of miraculous. Indeed, he is now called "The Miracle." The young Lazaret is certain he owes his life to Our Lady, whose medal he wore the chain of which was broken by the bullet. The latter entered his neck, grazed some nerves of the left arm and passed out below the shoulder without touching the lungs, the throat, or any other organ indispensable to life. Anatomists are quite interested in this phenomena.