

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXX.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1918

2090

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A FEW REMARKS

Prudence is a virtue, but it is the meanest of the virtues. It is recommended as good enough to "wear" in this world, but, as often as not, it falls of its object of self-seeking when mere indiscretion carries the prize. There is as much of "fear" as of wisdom in prudence, and it is that timid quality which often leads it to calculating failure. Worldly wisdom says put away for a rainy day, and miser prudence does it; but something intervenes between it and the "rainy day," and all the trouble is in vain. A spendthrift who has a jolly time and dies before the first frost of the winter of discontent, has from a worldly point of view scored over cheated prudence. Prudence is, too, a stickler about that great possession, health—wears an overcoat and over-shoes—but a draught—the assassin—will strike home at its lungs notwithstanding; while some imprudent person who dared to get wet and cold is not a whit the worse, and attends the funeral of poor prudence. Prudence does no great thing. The dare-devil who risks everything in his random ambition sometimes hits the high mark of virtue and honor. But prudence does not like to run risks, and is bribed to avoid great enterprises by a mere competence. Indeed, it is in the avoidance of risks, in making all certain, that prudence consists. But he who will take no risks will affect nothing great. You must go into endeavors blindfold. It is those who "put it to the touch who win or lose it all."

Prudence avoids battles, shirks forlorn hopes. Old age is reserved in the ordinary course for prudence's heritage. But old age is not the only admirable thing. It has been said that those whom the gods love die young, and it is certain that those whom mankind reverence are often those who, against all odds, fight to a heroic end, and pass away in one blaze of undying achievement. It is those men who, although they die, live in the memory for centuries, and keep burning in men's hearts the fires which illuminate a dark universe. Is not the world richer for the memory of Thermopylae and its three hundred defenders? Is it not often bravado rather than sedate prudence that takes the heart by storm? It is counting the cost—foreseeing everything, as prudence does at such fights as Omdurman—that takes away the glory of battle, and the only fine thing which was done on that great day was a cavalry charge which was a mistake. It was the same with the mistake at Balaklava. Prudence knew that it was a blunder, but it was magnificent all the same. It is such charges as these that makes history a picture-book.

Tennyson's poem, the Revenge, is a fine one, but not finer than Sir Richard Greville's fight of the one against fifty-three ships of Spain. This was magnificent imprudence. It is in such deeds that laureates find poems ready made for them—deeds that set the pulse of the nation to martial music, and make a nation of shop-keepers something of sea-dogs after all. But history is full of cases where safety is in the cannon's mouth, and the hero who takes his life in his hand and storms the breach, or attempts the impossible, may, after all, make as "old bones" to wear the Victoria Cross upon, as may prudence itself, who was laggard all day in the baggage-wagons. But if it is true of war, it is true of love too—for that also is a matter of hearts. Who does not hate to see the calculating eye of prudence in the young, leading the heart in the common highway to the market, when it ought to be over hedge and ditch and roaming? And yet we hear the old dispraise imprudent marriages, and Quakers advising the young "not to marry money, but to go where money is," while no one has a good word for the heart that loves without calculating, or the man who marries before he counts the cost. After all, marriage is very like war, and while bravery in both of these directions throws away many lives, sometimes the very impertin-

ence of the audacity comes off with flying colours.

There would be more wisdom in prudence if it could take a larger view of possibilities. But much prudence is so blind, that it degenerates into the meanness of miserliness or the calculating selfishness of the screw. At best, it often in avoiding one danger walks into another. He does not gamble but he hoards—Life walks through the ambushes of death. Prudence may feel right well, but there is a worm or a germ in the bud of all this blossoming. Prudence may eat and drink in moderation, but she is very careful about sanitation, but death is "on the prowl" all the same, and a wheel comes off the coach, or a signal man is colour-blind, or the house is burned down, and so even prudence may come to an untimely end, and have to pay a gigantic sum as Estate Duty.

IRISH TENOR ADOPTS TEN ORPHANS

JOHN MCCORMACK CABLED FIVE NIECES AND NEPHEWS MADE PARENTLESS BY U. BOAT "I'LL BE YOUR FATHER"

It isn't often a man has his family increased with ten children in a single day, but that is what happened to John McCormack, the singer.

He has adopted ten U-boat orphans.

From a lurking place on the coast of Belgium a German sea-torpedo crept out in the mists of the evening and struck a terrible blow at the kin of the Irish tenor.

Five little boys and five girls of tender age—the youngest a babe scarce out of arms, and the oldest not yet sixteen—have been left fatherless and motherless; and, except for the generosity of the singer, they would have been thrown on the mercy of the world.

They are the nephews and nieces of Mr. and Mrs. McCormack, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Foley of Dublin, who lost their lives when the Dublin mail boat, Leinster, was sunk in the Irish channel by one of Von Tirpitz's sea sharks when on the way from Dublin to Holyhead, with a resultant death list of 450 persons.

Mrs. Foley was the sister of Mrs. McCormack, who was Miss Lily Foley, a beautiful Dublin girl. Miss Lily was a member of the Irish Village at the St. Louis Exposition when she married the tenor.

And so Cyril and Gwen, the pretty little McCormack children, are to have five brothers and five sisters as soon as the details can be attended to.

The news of the sad blow to relatives of the McCormack family came when they were at dinner Thursday evening in their summer home, about two and a half miles from Noroton, Conn. They knew nothing about the tragedy until a messenger boy brought a cablegram, which read: "Tom and Charles were drowned on the Leinster. Bodies not recovered."

This was from another sister in Dublin. Mrs. McCormack was so overcome that she has been ill in bed ever since, but the singer's first thoughts were of the children, whom he had last seen happy and rollicking in Dublin just before the outbreak of the War in 1914.

"Mr. McCormack is walking across country and Mrs. McCormack is ill in bed," a butler announced when a reporter called.

Outside a motor purred at the door and a snappy Pekinese resented the intrusion. From a three-wheel coach on the porch a doll hung limp and lonesome—the children were away.

Across country the reporter started and overtook the singer and his valet striding up a road. But it was a different John McCormack from the one of the concert stage. Not the immaculate and debonair minstrel, but a rugged athlete, dressed in tweed knickerbockers, sweater and slouch hat, with hard lines in his face.

LATEST GERMAN ATROCITY STIRS THE IRISH TENOR

"Mr. McCormack—about the Foley children—"

"Don't speak of it," he said, wheeling with clenched fist. "It's the most damnable thing that has happened since the Lusitania."

The singer was genuinely agitated and strode up and down the road several times before he became calm. Then he said:

"I hope this outrage will wake up some of those Sinn Feiners in Dublin. I hope it will teach those Irish agitators we are not fighting the English, but a monster that they have simply got to help crush."

The singer kicked at a stone viciously and then continued:

"This is a terrible thing, and has brought the War right home to my own bedroom. It came right out of a clear sky. We were eating dinner, contented and happy, when the telegram arrived. Just think of those poor souls. They had not been to London since they went on their honeymoon, and the second time they tried to go they went—to death."

"They had received word that Chris. Barrett, a Sergeant in the British Army, and Mrs. Foley's only brother, who had been wounded in France, was dying in a London hospital. They took the first boat out, which happened to be the Leinster. Chris. died a few hours after she was torpedoed."

"Isn't it terrible. Just think of those two on an errand of mercy, and those cowardly curs waiting outside to kill them without giving them a chance. And think of those ten little ones, made orphans in a night. I don't know what the Irish over there can be thinking of to stand back when outrages like this are going on."

"They should know that this is not an English war," he repeated. "It's a holy war, a war of humanity against beasts, against savages. I wish I could do something, but all I can do is to look after the children."

"I don't know when I have had anything to affect me so. Mrs. McCormack is so ill she can't get out of bed."

PLANS FOR THE CHILDREN AND FROWN ON PEACE TALK

"What are you going to do for the children?"

"Everything I can. I will see that they suffer for nothing in a motley way. I am going to take care of them and see that they have the best education. I would like to bring them here, but I wouldn't put their lives in jeopardy."

"What about peace while this kind of warfare is going on?"

"Peace! Don't talk peace to me," replied the singer as his eyes took on a hard gleam and he started kicking savagely at the road again. "Not the kind of peace they want anyway. The only peace I want is a peace brought about by crushing them so they will have to accept what we will give them."

"But," and the tenor became milder, "I think they are going to get what is coming to them. There is a little man with a big brain down in Washington who can handle that crowd. I am a great admirer of Mr. Wilson. I worship at his shrine. I am satisfied to leave it all to him and—that is all I want to say."

The singer pulled up his sweater and started up the hill. He had just finished a five-mile walk and was due for a round of golf.

attacking an enemy balloon July 29, he received a bullet in the shoulder and is ready for duty again.

FRIGHTFUL INSULT

Ottawa Journal, Oct. 29

The following comments by the Ottawa Evening Journal on the latest of Quebec's fancied grievances will give our contemporary L'Action Catholique an opportunity of realizing what Burns asked for in his poetic prayer:

"Oh wad some power the gittie gie us To see ourselves as ithers see us."

A frightful insult has been offered to the Nationalists in Quebec by the nomination of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick to be Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Sir Charles has committed the crime of not being of French-Canadian stock. He is only a Canadian. So according to the statement of L'Action Catholique of Quebec, the people of the province are "wounded to the bottom of the heart."

Born in Quebec, educated at a French Canadian university, a Catholic in religion, married to a French-Canadian lady, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick remains unfit for honor in Quebec in the estimation of those whom L'Action Catholique represents. Nor does it help that he was one of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's chief colleagues in the Dominion Cabinet, and subsequently, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. He is not good enough for Quebec. He lacks the "pur sang." He is not exclusively French-Canadian. The mere name of him inflicts a deep wound, and "if peace is desired in Canada," says L'Action Catholique, the "Federal Government needs to change its tactics towards the French-Canadians of the Province of Quebec."

Yes, we suppose the Federal Government ought to confine itself to appointing a few more of those Lieutenant-Governors of other provinces. Shades of Cauchon, Royal, Joly and Forget, what think you of the horrible wound Quebec is getting?

The second Government of Sir John Macdonald at Ottawa appointed Hon. Joseph Cauchon, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, his term lasting from 1877 to 1882. A Federal Government appointed Hon. Joseph Royal, Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories in 1888. A still later Federal Government appointed Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia in 1900, in which office he remained six years. A Federal Government appointed Hon. Amédée Forget, Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest in 1898, and when Saskatchewan was constituted a province in 1905, Mr. Forget was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of that province, and held the post until 1910.

But think of the gall of a Federal Government in nominating an Irish-Catholic of French-Canadian education and alliance to the post of Lieutenant-Governor of a province in which a majority of the people are of French-Canadian stock! Why, it calls for bloodshed! "Our opinion," says L'Action Catholique, "is that the putting into practice of certain wise doctrines leads to civil war in Canada." Well we hate to be rude, but we venture to opine that the rest of the Dominion after what has happened regarding the raising of the Canadian army for Europe is not likely to feel much worried about the sort of war the admirers of L'Action Catholique are likely to put up about anything.

The horrible affront to Quebec is one which "has just been inflicted upon us after so many others," wails the bellicose L'Action Catholique. The rest of Canadians can infer from the episode how much reasonable ground there is for the perpetual Nationalist and ultra-montane outcries about all sorts of alleged affronts to French-Canadians.

PORTIA IN AN ANGLICAN PULPIT

How different is the view presented by the most recent, and certainly so far the most startling instance of cooperation between Anglican and Nonconformist thought! The Bishop of Hereford, before he rose to the Protestant Episcopate, had prepared us for a good deal; but we compared that he has been orthodox itself, in the nebulous Anglican acceptance of that term, compared with the Rev. Mr. Hudson Shaw, the rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate; and we would that any means existed of ascertaining St. Botolph's own opinion on the incident. Mr. Hudson Shaw preached recently at the City Temple, in the absence, through illness, of Miss Maude Royden, the "lady-minister" who at present directs the spiritual activities of that particular centre of Nonconformity. Nothing very startling in that, the reader may say; did not Dr. Hensley Henson preach more than once from Nonconformist pulpits? But what is startling is the other part of the story: Miss Royden, if the newspaper report from which we quote speaks truly, had preached on the

previous Sunday at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, surely the first occasion on record when a Nonconformist preacher, and that preacher a woman, has occupied that position in an Anglican church in the City. It is not for us to dictate to the authorities of the Establishment what course of action might be expected to follow an announcement such as this. Perhaps the authorities are as broad as their vicar, in which case, as Miss Maude Royden "hopes to resume public work in November," there is no telling what developments may be in store! Meanwhile *Brotherhood* can at least rejoice in this, that here, at any rate, the principle of cooperation has gone far beyond anything represented by Father Gleeson's appointment of the widely-drawn studentship of the Chaplains' College—The Universe.

PROPOSED TO DIVIDE N. Y. DIOCESE

MGR. CERRETTI COMING TO INVESTIGATE WIDE REPORT

A report gained wide currency in Roman Catholic circles recently that the archdiocese of New York, in all likelihood would be divided into two dioceses, and that with his special mission from Pope Benedict XV. to congratulate Cardinal Gibbons on his golden jubilee in the episcopate, Archbishop Bonaventura Cerretti of Rome, is coming to the United States to adjust the details of the change. Poughkeepsie, it is said, will be the place of residence of the new bishop, and his jurisdiction will include Putnam, Orange, Dutchess, Ulster and Sullivan counties, while the archdiocese of New York will include the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond, Westchester and Rockland counties.

Mgr. Cerretti who it is thought will be charged to investigate and report on the matter, has the title of Papal Secretary for Extraordinary Affairs, and he is second in power from the Pope. The first is Peter Cardinal Gaspari, Papal Secretary of State. Archbishop Cerretti is well known among the clergy of this city. For nine years he was auditor of the Apostolic Delegation at Washington, D. C., serving under the late Dime-di Falcone, apostolic delegate from 1902 to 1911, and under Archbishop Giovanni Bonzano, the present apostolic delegate.

CAREER OF MGR. CERRETTI

The high Vatican officer has had a very wide experience. He was professor of classics at the Vatican Seminary from 1898 to 1900. For the following year he was an official at the Seminary Penitentiary. He was attached to the secretariate of State at the Vatican for the next three years. His first mission abroad was in 1904, when he was sent to Mexico as secretary of the Apostolic Delegation. After two years he was transferred to Washington as auditor of the delegation there.

Three years ago Mgr. Cerretti was recalled to Rome, consecrated archbishop and sent as the first apostolic delegate to Australia and New Zealand. After two years he was recalled and appointed to his present high office. On his way to Australia and on his way back to Rome he passed through the United States, and on both occasions he stopped with Cardinal Farley. He is thoroughly familiar with the archdiocese of New York.

The reason for the proposed division of the archdiocese is that it has become too unwieldy because of the number of its clergy, churches, convents, schools and charitable institutions. Cardinal Farley had under his direction, 1,117 priests, 888 churches, parochial schools containing 91,399 pupils, and adding those in institutions, a total of 122,008 young people under Catholic care. The total Catholic population of the archdiocese is 1,325,000.

CONSIDERED BEFORE CARDINAL'S DEATH

It is reported that the division of the diocese was under consideration at Rome before the death of Cardinal Farley, but that when news reached there of his falling health it was decided to do nothing in his lifetime.

It is reported that a relative of a high official of the Vatican who has been in this country has been in this vicinity making geographical charts for a report to Rome.

There are in this archdiocese 4,717 square miles. It extends north to Kingston, where it is joined by the diocese of Albany. It is bounded otherwise by the dioceses respectively of Long Island, Connecticut and Newark. It includes the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx, Richmond and the counties of Dutchess, Orange, Rockland, Sullivan, Ulster and Westchester. Also under the care of the Archbishop of New York is the Bahama Islands. The Archbishop is supposed to make a canonical visitation to the islands once in three years.

The new diocese, if it is decided to create it after the data is in hand at Rome, will be known as the diocese of Poughkeepsie, and the bishop will live there.

COOPERATION LIMITED

A little publication called *Brotherhood* rejoices—as why should it not?—that one effect of the War has been to extend and deepen cooperation among various religious bodies whose activities have entered into the War as an influence for good. The *Brotherhood*, however, which the periodical in question has as its ideal is religious brotherhood of that which, for example, has put a Catholic priest, Father Gleeson, as the head of the American naval chaplains; there is consequently a danger that a good deal of misunderstanding may arise as to the extent to which Catholics may cooperate with non-Catholic bodies in religious undertakings. The headline, "Roman Catholics and Protestant Denominations Cooperating," might almost suggest an erenicon in matters of faith and worship; but the subsequent paragraph shows that the cooperation is simply the attendance of both Catholics and non-Catholics at a training school for chaplains which has been established by the U. S. A. War Department. There has been, of course, a considerable amount of friendly relationship, and a frequent working together in many non-essential things, since the War started. We have heard, for instance, of the confessions of Catholic soldiers being heard in Y. M. C. A. huts, and so forth. Apart altogether from the War, Catholics in England cooperate with non-Catholic bodies in a number of forms of religious and social services. Catholics are officially represented on the Imperial Sunday Alliance; the Cardinal is a vice-president of the Temperance Council, formed recently by various Christian bodies in this country; in these and in other ways there is cooperation, and it is all to the good. But *Brotherhood* must not infer from all this that there is Catholic recognition of non-Catholic ministry, or any leaning towards the "one as good as another" theory. There is not, and cannot be, any cooperation of Order: our pulpits, our altars, and our confessionals are not exchangeable.—The Universe.

RED HAND OF ULSTER MUST END WRECKING

BISHOP KEATING BAYS ENGLISH PUBLIC WANTS IRISH SETTLEMENT

Washington, Oct. 25.—Bishop Keating of Northampton, England, and the Bishop of Arras, Catholic prelates, who arrived recently in the United States to attend the Golden Jubilee celebration of Cardinal Gibbons, were presented yesterday to President Wilson.

Speaking at a luncheon at the Catholic university yesterday Bishop Keating declared: "The British public in general, the British Catholics in particular are determined that the findings of the Irish convention shall not remain a dead letter."

"The red hand of Ulster cannot be allowed to wreck any more statutes," the bishop said. "Ascendancy must end in Ireland as it must end in Prussia and elsewhere. No British party, certainly no British Government, will ever again be willing to play Ulster's hand or seek to perpetuate the intolerable situation which has brought misery for so many generations."

CRUCIFIX UNHARMED IN WRECKED ABBEY ON MONT DES CATS

London, Oct. 2, 1918.—The attacking German armies have done their worst to the Cistercian Abbey on Mont des Cats, and the building is now a heap of dust and rubbish. A crumbling wall or two is all that is left of the church; the floor is heaped with debris, and the cloisters piles of broken brick and stone. The ground everywhere is strewn with shattered sacred statues, torn books, splintered glass lamps, and broken metal work. And in the midst of the ruin is the outraged cloister garth, overrun with weeds, with a bronze statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child, the head of which has been broken off at the neck by an exploding shell. Outside the walls of the abbey stand the ruins of an ancient windmill and between the windmill and the abbey, on ground of which it is impossible to find a square foot that is not pitted with shells, stands a building untouched by a large Calvary with the outstretched arms of Christ still extended uninjured to the world. Everything around is chaos and ruin, the Christ on His Cross alone is without any mark of violence.

It has been remarked that this same coincidence has appeared in many parts of the battlefields. At Montebelluna, the statue of Our Lady stands uninjured whilst the church in which the statue stood has been blown into fragments. In the ruined church at Chipilly the figures of Christ and Our Lady, unscathed, alone mark the spot where once the high altar stood, and at Albert the Virgin and Child leaned forward, whole and intact, crowning a ruin.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Washington.—According to an official dispatch from France, news has been received in Paris from Teheran, Persia, confirming reports of the murder of Christians by the Turks. Among the victims were Father Soutar, a French priest.

Cardinal Gibbons has offered to the military authorities at Camp Meade the services of the Sisters of Mercy as nurses. The hostess house of the Young Women's Christian Association and several of the Knights of Columbus buildings have been converted into hospitals.

London, Eng.—Mrs. E. Thompson, of London, England, a daughter of the late Dean Farrar, the eminent Anglican divine and author, has lately become a Catholic and now heads the Catholic Woman's Missionary League, a society which provides material help for the foreign missions. Mrs. Thompson inherits much of her distinguished father's literary talent, and is the author of a "Missionary Manual," and mission hymns.

Rev. Edward J. Walsh, S. J., since last May, dean of the Department of Arts and Sciences at Georgetown University, has been appointed regional inspector of the colleges of New England, which have Student Army Training Corps, and will have his headquarters at Harvard University. His new duties come under the direction of the War Department.

The impressive installation ceremonies of Right Rev. Michael James Gallagher as Bishop of Detroit, Michigan, took place in that city Tuesday morning, October 29, at the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul. Most Reverend Archbishop McEller of Cincinnati, officiated. The address of welcome was delivered by Bishop Kelly, the present administrator of the diocese.

Few soldiers from the New York district have had as many unusual escapes from death as Private Joseph H. Harrington of the 106th Infantry. His home is 191 Foxhall street, Ridgewood, L. I. First he writes home a shell fragment struck him, but its force was broken by a crucifix, a medal of the Sacred Heart and a prayer book. While he was waiting for treatment fragment tore off the entire left side of his uniform, and shot split the medal, which his mother had given him, in half. It hurt him only slightly.

The Very Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S. J., the new provincial of the New York-Maryland province of the Jesuits, has tendered to President Wilson the use of all the Jesuit institutions in the province that may be needed for government purposes and also the services of 1,000 Jesuit fathers as teachers. President Wilson, Secretary of War Baker and Secretary of the Navy Daniels have acknowledged the offer in letters, saying the offer is one of the most generous made to the government since the nation entered the War.

London, Eng.—By the death of wounds on August 22 of Capt. Francis Charles Plowden, the ancient Catholic family of the Plowdens of Plowden, has lost its head. Captain Plowden had but recently succeeded the headship of the family, when he answered the call to arms, and now has met with a soldier's death in France. His brother, Godfrey, preceded him, dying of sickness in the east, and the headship of the family now devolves on a younger brother, Roger Plowden, now on active service in Palestine, the descendant of one Roger Plowden, who many centuries ago fought in the Crusades and met his death on the sands of the holy land.

The Rev. Fr. Deu, France, makes the following announcement: "By royal decree the Belgian government are about to bestow the medal of Queen Elizabeth on the Countess D'eu and Sister St. Emile, director of hospital 25 of the Bon Secour order; also another Sister St. Fideline of the same order. In recognition of their services and of the gratitude of the Belgian government for the devotion and precious services, and the great works they have accomplished for the Belgian refugees the medal was bestowed." It was only last March that Sister Emile received the medal de guerre from the French government for her invaluable services in the military.

The City of Philadelphia has been more sorely afflicted by the influenza epidemic than New York or even Boston. In order to alleviate the acute distress, Archbishop Dougherty took vigorous measures to place at the disposal of the health authorities the vast organization of the Church. The Sistershood were called upon and two thousand of the members responded to serve as nurses anywhere and everywhere. "The vital factors," states Dr. Krusen, Director of Public Health, "in the fight against the epidemic were Archbishop Dougherty, the Catholic Sisterhood and the fourth year medical students." High praise for them came from all sources. The cheerful and conscientious devotion of the Sisters, their simplicity and efficiency came as a revelation to many who had not known anything of their self-sacrificing lives.