

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

WATER STREET CONVENT, OTTAWA

There is no more touching spectacle than that of a group of young women taking the vows of religion. Favour then is solemn in its intensity, renunciation of all the world holds dear is absolute, and the occasion is worthy, if any human occasion can be, of the presence of the Eucharistic Christ, approving both the sacrifice of those generous souls and its acceptance by Holy Church.

These words of Rev. Father Elliott, Paulist, were vividly recalled while witnessing the ceremony which took place on Sunday, January 8, in the Convent Chapel, Water St., Ottawa. Forty novices pronounced their final vows consecrating themselves to the service of God in the Community of the Grey Nuns of the Cross. His Grace Archbishop Gauthier officiated, assisted by the chaplain Rev. Father Bellemare, O. M. I. In the sanctuary were several members of the clergy and the chapel was crowded to the doors with the relatives and friends of the brides elect.

What words can express the harmony, the joy and peace that flooded the souls of those favoured ones whom the Spouse of Virgins had chosen for His very own and to whom they had pledged themselves for time and for eternity on this blessed morning?

To quote Rev. Father Elliott once more: "The spirits dedication is the true hidden majesty of this veritably august function. The angels behold the interior vocation, the original, awful reverence for the Divine Spouse, coupled with the tenderest love; each soul inflamed with love of the immortal part of life, thrilled with unspeakable interest in divine things, enraptured with the world, despising its vanities and follies, longing to begin their orders apostolate, eager to save the world in company with Christ crucified. How appropriate to each of these favoured ones is the prophet's expression. 'The lines are fallen unto me in goodly places, for my inheritance is goodly to me.' (Ps. xv. 6).

CEREMONY OF RECEPTION AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, PETERBORO

At the ceremony of religious reception held on Wednesday, Dec. 30th, at Mount St. Joseph, Peterboro, eight young ladies received the Holy Habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mass was celebrated by His Lordship Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D. D., assisted by Rev. Father McGuire, Downeyville, and Rev. Father Phelan, Peterboro.

At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, an eloquent sermon was delivered by Very Rev. Dean McColl, who spoke of the motives which had induced those ladies to give up the world and enter religion—the love of God and of her neighbor and the desire to labor for the salvation of souls. He pointed out the untold influence which the Sisters exercised upon the world in sustaining and raising its standard of virtue—and this not in spite of, but because of the very fact that they lived apart from the world, dedicated by their vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, to the practice in the highest degree of the very virtues which the world is prone to disregard. Religion had ever been, from the earliest ages, the most potent factor in the civilization of peoples and nations; and this influence had always been exercised, not by the men of the world, but by those specially chosen by God and set apart from the world, — patriarchs and prophets, the Apostles, the solitaries of the desert, the monks of the West. When the Roman empire had fallen, and the hoards of the North had overrun Europe, it was the Church through her monastic institutions that raised them from barbarism to civilization. And against the forces that to-day are working for the destruction of all that is best in that civilization, — against the inordinate grasping for wealth, the disregard for authority, the license given to sinful pleasures, the Catholic Church alone stands firm; and the Church thanks God for the help given her by the example and the influence of her Sisterhoods.

The young ladies then made formal application for admission to the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Their request being granted they withdrew to exchange their bridal costumes for the simple habit of the Sisters. When they returned His Lordship congratulated them upon having done that the occasion should be one of the deepest joy, not only for the Sisters, but also for their parents and relatives. By giving up their children to the service of God they had not lost them, but on the contrary, had bound them more closely to themselves, and in their prayers would receive more precious assistance from them than could ever be given had they remained in the world. His Lordship also expressed his appreciation of the work that the Community was doing for the salvation of souls in the diocese.

M. Hleanor; Miss Genevieve Plank, Cobourg, in religion, Sister M. Theodora; Miss Annie Black, Campbellford, in religion, Sister M. Joseph; Miss Irene Gibson, Campbellford, in religion, Sister M. Frances; Miss Mauda Devine, Sault Ste. Marie, in religion, Sister M. Cecilia.

Present in the sanctuary, besides His Lordship Bishop O'Brien, were Right Rev. Monsignor Casey, V. G., Lindsay, Rev. P. J. McGuire, Downeyville, Rev. W. P. Meagher, Lakelse, Rev. J. B. Ferguson, Lindsay, and Very Rev. Dean McColl, Rev. C. J. Phelan, Rev. J. V. McAuley, Rev. J. J. McCarthy, Rev. J. Leonard, Rev. D. J. McGinley, Peterboro.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, HAMILTON

Christmas, the season of gladness, brought joy unspeakable to the hearts of the young novices who made their vows in the chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, Hamilton, on Saturday morning, Jan. 2nd.

Preparatory to the ceremony of Profession the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. O'Sullivan of St. Mary's Cathedral. In the sanctuary were Right Rev. Monsignor Mahoney, V. G., Very Rev. Dean Craven, Rev. A. C. Walter, D. D., Rev. Fathers Leves, Englert, Bonomi, Hinchey, Maloney, Flahaven, McGee and Rev. P. J. Fadden of Brantford.

At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, His Lordship Bishop Dowling, was the officiant of the ceremony.

The following are the novices, who made their vows: Sister M. St. Stephen, formerly Miss Clare Smith of Hamilton; Sister M. Basilla, formerly Miss May Holland of Hamilton; Sister M. Macarius, Miss Lulu Boinofski of Berlin, Sister M. St. Philip, Miss Mary Long of Cayuga, Sister M. St. Patrick, Miss Mary O'Connor of Brantford, Sister M. Augusta, Miss Ina German of Toronto, Sister M. Mercedes, Miss Margaret Gallagher of Hamilton and Sister M. St. Gregory, Miss Anna McPhee of Brantford.

THE CLERGY

(Contributed by D. J. R., a clergyman.)

A writer in one of the large Toronto papers discusses the clergy's lack of experience and the characteristic which he finds in them which causes them to be imposed upon. It is evident the opinion of a layman which we find therein expressed. Laymen are quite generous with their criticism, favorable and unfavorable, of the clergy. To deny them that innocent pastime would be unjust and restricting their liberty to a degree that would be almost intolerable. Now it is altogether unwholesome for the one who is, Sunday after Sunday, through a sense of duty and justice to those who support him, preaching the word of God. Perhaps it is helpful to him in many cases to know what his people think of him. It is not always the one who has the widest experience with the clergy who takes upon himself the responsibility, or who is requested by the paper, to write on the subject, and therefore, it might do as much good to the press in general to get a clergyman's view on the subject. A man good to read about himself in the press. One thing is certain that, as a class, the clergy with very few exceptions, are better educated than any other professional men, and very often it is this desire of the clergy to encourage virtue and to treat every one as if he possessed virtue that causes him to appear easily imposed upon. He has also the same object in view when he covers over with the mantle of charity the grave defects of the wicked.

There is no reason in the world why the clergyman with his knowledge of the moral law which makes a special study should not be able to size up a rascal pretty quickly, if the people generally wished him to possess this detective quality. The fact of the matter is, however, that the people respect and esteem the clergyman who is unsuspecting and simple and treats of men as if they were naturally good. "All men are good," said the poet; and people generally are of the same opinion as the poet. When they find, therefore, that the man who speaks of virtue and extols it on all occasions, is "taken in" sometimes owing to his regarding everybody else as being incapable of doing anything contrary to justice or charity, they humorously call him "easy," but seriously appreciate his high ideals of human kind. Nor is it injurious even to the one who gets an opportunity to impose upon another, because the will which must have been, through repeated acts, a long time, breaking the moral law simply becomes external and punishable by human law. By all means therefore let clergyman do nothing by word or act which will make them more like detectives than unsuspect-

BELGIUM DEVASTATED

GRAPHIC INTERVIEW WITH SISTER MARIE FELICIE

By Mary Doyle O'Reilly in the London Avonier

London, England, Dec. 18 (by mail).—"Mon dieu! I've seen the devastation of a cyclone, the utter ruin wrought by earthquakes—yet never, never anything like the Belgian country-side overwhelmed by the German army!"

"Nurse Marie Felicie, of the French Red Cross has escaped from Brussels to London with a first-hand tale of the awful desolation of the stricken land.

"All Flanders," she said to me when I met her here, "is filled with Belgian fugitives, returning now to find if their little homes have been spared. Spared? Good God! Every thing—everything—has been destroyed."

"You see, I know, for I have travelled over all this country on foot—a fugitive with the other footmen fugitives!" Nurse Marie Felicie explained.

NURSE TO 5,000 WOUNDED

I last saw her in Brussels August 29, ten days after its capitulation. Though she was French, she told me then that she was determined to stay with the wounded in spite of German occupation.

"Since then," she said to me today in London, "I must have nursed 5,000 wounded Germans! All were childishly ignorant about the war, all pitifully eager for peace. Scores of them acted like men half-dead with fatigue, terrible tension had brought them to the edge of imbecility."

"Brussels is a huge hospital. Not two in a hundred stricken men die from wounds. Rather they sicken with scurvy or are killed by 72 hours of standing up and their clay trenches are like brooks. The flooding of Flanders started an epidemic of pneumonia and typhoid. The fumes from lyddite shells poison exhausted men. Poor food, prolonged depression do the rest."

"German officials acknowledge the starting increase of suicide. When this war was planned the German war office remembered everything except the human beings who must do the fighting. Now they realize that mistake."

ORDERED TO BERLIN, FLEES

"These patients will all die unless we get them away from this accursed country," the chief doctor said to me. "Nurse Marie Felicie, you will go with the wounded to Berlin."

"To Berlin! Me, a Frenchwoman, I thanked him circumspectly, and that night I washed. My Red Cross papers passed me at a refugee camp, and I was free to go. That explains how I came to travel across broken Belgium on foot. Wherever I went I saw little boys tottering at men's work, old people wandering dazed amongst unrecognizable ruins, and women, half mad with grief, mourning beside black wooden crosses."

"On the road beyond the Brussels barrier I met with half a hundred women refugees. The parish priests near Gembloux. The parish priests may no longer show themselves in ecclesiastical dress. They must wear civilian dress. But they calmly insist on remaining in their ruined parishes. 'For,' say they, 'if we leave, no one will remember where the vanished boundaries ran, nor who owns the ruined fields. Neither will anyone recall who married whom, nor where the women and little children of the broken-up families have taken refuge.'

"The Kaiser, who fears little else, fears friction with the Vatican, so his military governors have orders to let the priests remain. 'One good old priest gave me a map he had made for the Allies. 'For two months I have watched these invaders,' he said. 'From Waterloo to Gembloux they have zig-zagged the plain with mines. Belgium has become a vast field fortress, line after line of hidden defences. The Germans no longer care what they ruin! They know that they cannot remain. 'As for me, I am an old man, ignorant of affairs military. Alone, on foot I worked out this poor map. It is for the allied armies. BELGIUM VAST FIELD FORTRESS

"When they enter Belgium I will not be there. Let their generals be warned. From Waterloo to Marbais and Gembloux, the trenches are to be electrified with barbed wire. Trainloads of barbed wire run from Germany. The furnaces are spread over a line ten miles wide by at least a hundred long. Everywhere are buried mines! That means savage warfare. 'Above Bioux German engineers have set guide stones across the marshes. These show best at night, being covered with phosphorescent paint. It is an indication of the end. When the invaders retreat they will take with them as prisoners of war the men of the Gardie Oivrique. I foresee that we hostages will remain hanging on the trees.'"

DR. BOYNTON DEFENDS THE CHURCH

When Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, Moderator of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, addressed the weekly forum of the First Congregational Church in Bergen avenue, Brooklyn,

Dec. 11, on the subject: "The Influence of the Church on the Uplift of Civilization," he was asked "Is not the Catholic Church a hindrance rather than an uplift to civilization?" His reply was so vigorous and so convincing that he was heartily applauded. Dr. Boynton in his reply to the question stated that the

"When I reached Namur I found further indication of the truth of the old priest's warning to the Allies. 'Since Namur fell, the captured fortifications have been reinforced. A thousand men from Krupp's have worked for months mining the field toward Marlage and weaving wire entanglements. All the villages around

the fortress have been evacuated and destroyed to clear the range for gun fire. 'For here and at Liege the Kaiser's hosts must make their last stand in Belgium during their great retreat—the retreat which every man and woman in Belgium confidently awaits, feels in his heart is absolutely inevitable. 'Next day we refugees walked toward Dinant. Twice we were crowded from the road by landwehr and firing trenches, black as miners from the pit, stiff, sore, deafened, their clothing torn to shreds, muffled with mud, the Kaiser's men stumbled along, deaf and blind to any but their own misery. INVADERS EAT, BELGIANS STARVE

"But the unutterable misery of Belgium itself is famine. From Antwerp to Dinant there is no flour at all. Nons. Whoever dies, the invader must live. Therefore all the cattle have been seized and sent into Germany. The growing crops were long since commandeered. Little remains. A few starved fowls scratching in the shattered streets, rows of empty shops without bread, sugar or oil. Nurse Marie Felicie paused a moment. Then she said: 'There are two recollections of that country of sorrows which stay with me most vividly. The first is pleasant. It is of the one little village in all that desolate land which remains peaceful, populated and happy. 'Profondeville, with 1,700 people, lives on untroubled and secure, knowing nothing of war but the echo of artillery. Only one road passes Profondeville, for the valley is hardly 300 feet wide. One Sunday, while the villagers gathered for Mass, a disabled motor car crept into the little square. In it sat two German officers, one young, arrogant and armed. But before they could draw their weapons they were surrounded and threatened with death. Almost every old man in that crowd had served his time in the great gun factories of Liege. Others, although too old to be avenged. The Germans realized their lives were in great peril. 'Suddenly the parish priest intervened, pleading for the enemy. 'These men are not spies!' he said. 'They came quietly, let them pass quietly. So may God show mercy to the village green, men and women voted that the prisoners be released. 'In three days came a document from Berlin, signed and sealed. So long as this war lasts no harm will come to Profondeville. For the German officer they spared is one of the Kaiser's sons! DISMAL TRAINS OF DEAD

"And my other most vivid remembrance is one of death," resumed Marie Felicie. 'Every night, trains of dismal mystery clank across Belgium, back from the front toward Germany. The trains sometimes are composed of 25 cars, and in every car are 100 bodies of dead German soldiers! 'The Germans who died advancing on Paris were weighted and sunk in the nearest river. To-day, in consequence, typhus is epidemic in Northern France, and there is true Asiatic cholera at Lille. Later, the trenches about Charleroi served as great graves. Belgium and the Argonne are enormous cemeteries. 'But now, mon Dieu, the death toll of the year is incalculable. Therefore the poor bodies are collected, stripped of accoutrements, roped between boards in bales of four—and packed into trains! 'These dreadful corpse trains bear their burdens back to the new crematorium near Ghent, or the huge furnaces at Liege. Thus are the regiments which devastated Belgium returning toward the Fatherland! DR. BOYNTON DEFENDS THE CHURCH

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"Canny" have the reputation of being sure, if slow, in progress toward any object in view.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

MARRIAGE

CONWAY - HALFORD.—In Annunciation church, Detroit, Mich., Thursday, Jan. 7, 1915, Mr. William Conway, of Pittsburg, to Miss Margaret Mabel Halford.

DIED

HARFORD.—On Christmas morning, at his late residence 382 Pape Ave, Toronto, Mr. Thos. Harford, formerly of Penetang, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

MCDONNELL.—At St. John, N. B., on Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1915, Mary, beloved wife of Mr. John McDonnell. May her soul rest in peace!

NEW BOOKS

"The Life and Writings of Saint Gennadius. By George Metlake. Published by The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia. Price \$2 net.

"Within My Parish." A series of talks by a deceased parish priest. Edited by James Loomis, M. D. Published by The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia. Price 50c net.

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