

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### RUSSIA—ITS FUTURE

It is instructive and interesting to glance at the list of books about Russia in the library catalogues. Always a land of mystery in Western eyes, travellers and authors have used many adjectives in their titles. Thus we have "Red Russia," "Tragic Russia," "Holy Russia," while Mr. S. Graham, after trying to explore the peasant life of the provinces, candidly heads his chapters "Undiscovered Russia." Great musicians have won a distinguished place among us, and several of the masters of fiction have become familiar to the reading public, yet it is not too much to say that, apart from certain Continental coeries, chiefly French, Russian literature, as reflecting actual conditions and constructive ideals, has not materially altered the judgment long ago formed by our people, viz.: that Russia was hopelessly barbaric and incapable of assimilating Western culture. The Germans have sedulously encouraged this prejudice for ends which are now patent to all thoughtful observers. The popular histories only tell the story of the evolution of Russia out of Tartar tribalism when it came into conflict with Western interests. Ivan the Third, the builder of Moscow, laid the foundation of Imperial rule. There the marks of barbaric origins are plainly visible in the style of its public buildings, in the great bazaar, and the prevailing taste for gilding, strong colour and glitter of all kinds. The Kremlin that congeries of domes and towers, palaces and churches, sacred gates and pictures, stands as a perpetual memorial of devotion to a national cult which is undistinguishably blended with religious beliefs and hopes. It is not easy to draw the line between the worship which was carried from it, Sophia, when Valdimir adopted the Byzantine rites, and the superstitious reverence for the Tsar which find expression in a thousand ways, Dean Stanley's account of the fourfold cathedral buildings, wherein all the Tsars from Ivan the terrible onward have been crowned, seems to throw into the shade our own less gorgeously illuminated shrines. It is symbolic of that land of contrasts, where rude poverty jostles hereditary grandeur on all religious occasions.

Books of travel, with a few well-considered studies by British and American residents, diplomatic or commercial, afford much interesting information as to Muscovite manners, but throw little light upon the essential nature of the people—that sensitive reverential soul which charms while it puzzles the Western observer. When the tourist author and his readers have marvelled over the material which attests the power and resource of the Russian genius they are still, as it were, out of doors. The secret of immortal Russia remains hidden, awaiting some concurrence of events which may rend the veil and show to the world her predestined place and function in the new dispensation which is sure to succeed the present crisis.

### THE REAL FRANCE

The French people have always made a clear cut impression on foreign observers. The chief features of that impression have been fully sustained by the splendid spirit of the nation during the present War, and some qualities have been brought into prominence that previously had not been so generally recognised. Though by racial agglomeration France is a decidedly composite nation, it has long had a proud and clear consciousness of unity. No country is so completely bound together as a democracy—not even the American Republic or free England. Love of country in France is not a vague sentiment; it is based on a profound and unselfish idealism. The watchwords of the old Republic—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—express the instinctive aspirations of the whole people. Nowhere else in the world are these fundamental ideas so naturally operative.

No doubt it is natural that a people who have founded their government

on such lofty ideas should be conspicuous for chivalrous impulses. Those qualities have always been recognised by us in the French even when England and France were engaged in deadly war. The French were foemen worthy of the finest courtesy. It was necessary that England should remove the Napoleonic menace from the world at any cost and she did it, but without a trace of ill-will towards France. That attitude was made possible—nay, natural—by the fine chivalrous spirit of the French nation. The historic scene which most fully tells the story of mutual respect was enacted when Marshal Soult, the doughtiest opponent whom Wellington met in the field, came to England and was received with acclamations scarcely less enthusiastic than those given to the Great Duke himself. The fine taste of the French in artistic effect, unexplainable yet very real, is admitted by everybody, but with it, and allied to it, are qualities not so immediately seen—lucidity in thought, a love of compactness in organisation, finish in workmanship, which all show the well-ordered mind tinged by the ideal. The vivacity of the French nature, the "go," the nerve, the onrush, we all know, but it has taken a war of extreme pressure to show us that the Frenchman can be patient and tenacious in his self-sacrifice as well as impulsively brave.

### BREAD UPON THE WATERS

Taste—is it not significant that this word has taken on new meanings as mankind moved onto higher levels of attainment? An educated and disciplined taste does not despise the refinements of the table or the many adaptations and conveniences, pleasant to the eye and grateful to other senses, which give dignity to life and promote harmonious intercourse. Our higher nature responds to such stimuli—a false taste debases and incapacitates men and women for the noblest enjoyments. Tricks of fashion and epicurean delights are transitory; vainly do we labour to satisfy the hunger of the heart with perishable things. Taste itself is merged in the life of love; for love gives royally and does not covert good things for itself. There is no waste in love—the energy that seems dissipated among the unworthy reacts upon the giver in subtle ways. The reservoirs of the universe are filled out of the overflowings of earthly streams, and somewhere, somehow, the great compensatory laws will return to the bosom of the faithful lover, the blessings which will amply repay all outlay. Only the self absorbed who pamper the flesh and starve the spirit need fear a future which has no sunshine to illuminate its dreariness, no opulent store of experience to enrich its barren and unhelpful years.

### PRAYING

The devout among us think it no affectation to say in simplicity: Pray for me. No one thinks it an extraordinary request. Canon Sheehan tells us in one of his stories that the Sisters of a certain convent were wont to bet each other so many rosaries. Outsiders may think all of this too much familiarity with things divine. But many of us know that our good fathers and mothers were vastly more at home in the supernatural world than they were in the natural. Heaven was their real home, earth a mere pilgrimage. We are all constantly asked to pray, through the requests made for the dead each Sunday at Mass and through the various pious societies and confraternities. Millions are reminded each month through the "intention" of the League of the Sacred Heart. Like all constantly recurring things these are likely to make no strong appeal. Custom hardens us. Possibly an unbelieving world makes itself felt in not attaching very much importance to prayer. Yet realities are testing the value of prayer. Soldiers are praying as they never did before. Protestant chaplains so often regret that the poor soldier wants to pray, but has never learned how. He snatches at the nursery rhyme verse with its little bit of religion to satisfy his craving. Well, at least the Catholic soldier knows what prayer is, and how to pray. And, what is more satisfying, he will pray. Those of us left behind and who know the value of prayer might well take a fresh start in our prayers of obligation and add one more in fervor for our country, its President and the welfare of our boys.—New World.

### WHY KORNILOFF REBELLED

The civil war in Russia is the long-expected meeting between the forces of construction and those of disintegration. It is a short-sighted view of this great event to centre it around General Korniloff, to speak as if he were an ambitious soldier attempting to impose military rule upon the country for his own purposes. In a certain true sense there is no such man as Korniloff. He is merely the representative of those forces which long blamably quiescent, have at last coalesced to stop the rapid delinquency of Russia, to keep it a nation, to halt its dissolution, to save it, in a word.

Toward this event all the history of Russia for the last four or five months has been irresistibly tending. The curse of the country has been the placidity of the intelligent classes in the presence of a growing anarchy which visibly threatened under-organization and chaos. It was out of the question for Russia to remain as she was, merely helpless and floundering; anarchy does not remain stationary, but grows, and her visible doom was complete wreck, not merely as a State, but as a people. The intelligent classes were not wholly blame-worthy for their long inaction. Being intelligent, they realized and feared what was implied in civil war. The anarchists, if they realized it, did not fear it, and their ignorant dupes did not realize it. Therefore the anarchists have had the advantage of being perfectly reckless of consequences to the Russian edifice; they could throw stones without care, while the forces of law and order hesitated to throw stones for fear of breaking windows. With an anarchic force knowing what it wanted and resolute on getting it without regard to consequences, and a conservative force afraid to strike for fear of those very consequences, of course the resolute anarchists have had all the advantage on their side, and this is why Russia has been descending to the pit with such horrifying celerity.

The fact that not merely had government, but ruin to the nation, was the inevitable and approaching end finally stirred the conservative forces to reluctant action, and for some months the signs of their coalescence have been growing. The issue came at the Moscow Conference, when the two forces stood face to face. Some correspondents short-sightedly telegraphed that the Moscow Conference was without result. Never was there a greater mistake. It will live in history as one of the world's crises. There order and anarchy met, the challenge was thrown down and accepted, and the two armies separated to prepare for battle. There, for the first time, order was able to count its ranks. The assurance the count gave was satisfactory. Order found that it had at its command the whole force of the Cossacks, not merely as a sentiment but as an actual organization, under the leadership of General Kaledine. This meant that a solid block of territory greater in size than Germany and Austria was not only united but ready to fight for the salvation of the nation. Order learned, too, that the peasant proprietors were enrolling themselves in organizations, that the Knights of St. George, who represented 80,000,000 acres, had formed a military association. Sure of the Cossacks and the peasants, there remained the army, and what order learned of the army was not made known; but it must have been satisfactory enough to warrant Korniloff's movement.

There was no conspiracy. The forces of order were open enough. They wanted Korniloff with them, and showed him their hand. He had his choice to make, and when the test came he preferred to throw his lot in with socialism, with all its demonstrated inability to control the anarchists, rather than with those who want an ordered constitutional democracy like ours. When the conference adjourned, with his warning to the conservatives that he would permit no such movement as theirs, what was coming was plain to both sides, and both sides repaired to their tents to get their ammunition.

How foolish it is, then, to speak of Korniloff as an individual, or to think of him as a military usurper. He is merely the leader of the movement to carry out General Kaledine's warning to the Socialist Government at the Moscow conference:

"We cossacks have been free men. We are not made drunk by new-found liberties and are unblinded by party or program. We tell you plainly and categorically, remove yourselves from the place which you have neither the ability nor the courage to fill and let better men than yourselves step in, or take the consequences of your folly."

Korniloff, the representative of this movement to restore order, invited Korniloff to participate in it, but the answer was his removal from office; a mere gesture, an emphatic way of replying in the negative. The offer itself was only a punctilio. Having discharged his conscience by making it, Korniloff proceeded to the next step, and moved on Petrograd. Something of this same peculiarly Russian punctil-

iousness is seen in General Danikine, commander of the south-western armies, who telegraphs Kerensky the information that he intends to support Korniloff. Of course it is no news to Kerensky, for the forces of order have proceeded in broad daylight with the execution of their plan.

The centrifugal and centripetal forces in Russia have now met in battle for the mastery. The result will determine whether Russia is to remain a nation or become the football of Europe. It will decide whether the dance of death that has been going on for six months is to end in tragedy or in an ordered peace; whether the Carmagnole is to give way to the steady march of a free democracy, or whether a country which is potentially one of the greatest nations the world has ever known shall reel in drunken frenzy over the precipice of socialism into the abyss of anarchy.—New York Times.

### FORD CITY

The first address of the Ford City parishioners to Bishop Fallon was, though plainly in error, yet dignified and restrained. But the second was disgraceful. That is the very word: disgraceful. If they had occasion to rebuke publicly a sexton or a janitor, they could not have spoken more contemptuously to him than they spoke to their Bishop. The situation is intolerable, and no one who knows the first principles of the Catholic religion can justify it. We regret to see, too, that some French papers have seen fit to publish an account of what has taken place, without one word of editorial protest. Which side are they on; that of Apostolic authority, or of rebellion against that authority? Unless these misguided people obey the lawful commands of their bishop the end is certain; one more pitiful little schism; of which the Church has had to suffer thousands; and so much the worse for the schismatics. The Church has not preserved her constitution against the tyrants and the schismatics of all times, from Nero's times to our times, to hand it over now for revision to a parish meeting in Ford City.

The fundamental error of the Ford City parishioners is that their stand amounts to a claim to change the Constitution of the Catholic Church. That has been tried many times on a larger scale than now, and on a bigger battlefield than Ford City. The stand taken by the Ford City parish and Bishop Fallon; it is not alleged that he is not Bishop of London; it is not alleged that the Bishop of London has full power from the Holy See of Rome to fill the parishes of the dioceses of London as to him seems best; not as seems best to the parishioners, who have nothing whatever to say in the matter. It is not disputed that he filled the parish of Ford City; it is not disputed that the man he sent there is a Catholic priest. There is, therefore, no question between Bishop Fallon and the parishioners of Ford City. They raise a question between them and the Church. They claim the right to veto the Bishop's appointment. They must recede from that position or go out of the Church. They know that too; they do not question it. The least informed amongst them knows that there is no other alternative; unless the Bishop yields. And they must know in their hearts that the Bishop cannot yield. If he did yield to defiance and to force; if he did surrender his right of appointment to the veto of a parish meeting, what then? Catholics at heart and tolerant in thought of a Catholic Bishop down in the dust before a parish meeting and in a matter where he has indisputably acted within his authority?

If the French Canadians of Ford City care as much for their school cause as they say they do—they had better not incur the risk of associating it with rebellion and schism. If they are as much in earnest about the interests of the Catholic religion as they profess to be, they had better pause and consider how it would affect the interests of religion if they could put a Catholic Bishop on his back in the dust at the feet of a parish meeting.

We address these remarks not only to the Catholics of Ford City, but to all French-Canadians, many of whom have looked upon The Casket as one of the few friends of the French race in the English-speaking provinces. It is a time for plain speaking. Why do not our French friends speak up.—Antigonish Casket.

### ENGLISH CATHOLICS SUFFER HEAVILY IN THE WAR

The British ambassador in Rome is amongst the sufferers by the latest casualty lists. One of his sons has been killed and another badly wounded. He has received the condolences of the Pontiff and Cardinal Gasparri, also a telegram from his peasantry on the Irish estate, for Count de Sallis is an Irish landowner. Catholics suffered heavily in recent casualties. Three chaplains have been killed.—Father Adamson, S. J., Father Gal-

agher and Father Simon Knapp of the Irish Guards. Father Knapp who came from the Carmelites, Kensington, and was of French Irish parentage, was an old soldier, having seen service in South Africa. He joined as chaplain at the outbreak of the War, and to quote a Presbyterian minister, "he won the Victoria cross every time he went into action." That coveted distinction was never his but he received the Military Cross and the D. S. O. was pinned on his collar by the colonel of the regiment. Since Father Gwynne's death he had been attached to the Irish Guards and is the second chaplain of that brave regiment to die. Not allowed to go into action with his men he followed them. He was bending over a fallen soldier receiving his confession when a bullet struck him in the head, and exclaiming, "That's my call," he fell beside his penitent.

### FRANCE

#### BISHOP AND EDITOR

M. Jean Guiraud, of the militant Catholic daily, La Croix, has been one of the staunchest defenders of the rights of the Catholic war orphans, so outrageously violated by the law which practically deprives them of the chances of a Catholic education. Writing to the valiant editor to congratulate him on his noble work, the Bishop of Amiens seizes the opportunity once more to state the principles at stake and to protest against the iniquitous legislation which has been passed. According to the Bishop, every child that has been baptized has the right to receive an education in harmony with the solemn obligations assumed by the parents when they carried him to the baptismal font. Whether we look at the question from the point of view of mere human justice or that of theology and of faith, one conclusion alone, adds the Bishop, can be admitted: the will of the dead imposes an imperative duty on the conscience of every Frenchman and Christian. "The statement," he writes, "of M. Berard, who brought in the War Orphans Bill, that the baptism received by the wards of the State, now constituted the guardian of these children, does not oblige the State to give them a Catholic education, is an insult to reason and to faith." Continuing, the Bishop writes:

"Ware France to ignore the free decision by which the heroes of the War who have died for their country have entered the names of their children in the roster of Christian society, it would in doing so betray their trust, because these men have laid down their lives for the freedom of their country, under the firm conviction that they would survive themselves in their offspring, which they hoped would inherit the Catholic traditions of their sires. It matters little whether these men formerly practiced their religion or not; they were at least anxious to preserve the spiritual heritage of their race. A sense of natural justice should force us to respect their will which has been so clearly manifested by the baptism of their children."

Under pretext of neutrality, says the prelate, the partisans of the unjust and anti-Catholic law are simply trying to destroy the Faith of the coming generation of France's sons. In concluding he says eloquently:

"The doctrine of 'neutrality' is a false religion, upheld by a sect as passionately hostile to truth as the heretics of past ages in the history of the Church. The partisans of this so-called religious neutrality say that they are merely 'indifferent.' This alone would be a great evil. In reality they hate our holy religion and oppose it with all the fury and rage of the Arians and Manicheans of the past. . . . Give to the war orphan who has been baptized a neutral education and you take him away from God and the obligations of his baptism and you insult the memory of our heroic dead."

This eloquent letter is only one of countless protests published by Catholic prelates, writers, senators, and journalists in their splendid campaign against one of the most iniquitous and cruel laws passed by a senseless and heartless Government. Catholics have died by the hundreds of thousands for France; its rulers reward them by robbing their children of the gift of Faith.—America.

### POPE A PRACTICAL STATESMAN

Cardinal Newman's striking description of the part the Successor of St. Peter has ever enacted in the world's affairs is emphasized by the Holy Father's latest peace proposals. The great English Cardinal wrote of the Father of Christendom:

"He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doting upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversities, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If ever there was

a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts and whose commands have been prophecies, such is he in the history of the ages who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of His Church. . . . From the first he has looked through the wide world of which he has the burden; and, according to the need of the day and the inspiration of his Lord, he has set himself now to one thing, now to another; but to all in season, and to nothing in vain."

### CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S

#### FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE 101st REGIMENT

The soldiers of the 101st Regiment and their friends who had the privilege of assisting at the Mass celebrated by His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell at Framingham, August 31, will never forget the solemn and beautiful scene. Nor can they forget the tender, fatherly words addressed to them by His Eminence, who expressed the loftiest patriotism combined with a father's loving solicitude for sons about to encounter the perils of war in a far distant land.

#### THE CARDINAL'S ADDRESS

"Officers and men—soldiers of the Republic—I come to you today to beg God to bless you, to keep you, to strengthen you, that come what may you may be found faithful to God and country. Your duty has called you to high service—a service which demands sacrifice, yes, even perhaps the greatest of all sacrifices. As Christians you will not fear, as Americans you must not flinch. I know you well, your virile manhood, your pure hearts, your noble faith. I know also that with God's blessing, which I now invoke, you will not falter. You constitute a goodly part of the great heart of America, which yearns for a lasting peace and is willing to offer her best that all the peoples of the earth may be rescued from the perpetual menace of war, and all the cruelties of constant conflict.

"The head of Christendom, and the leader of democracy—our Holy Father the Pope, and our peace-loving President—are both working for the same ultimate purpose, permanent peace, and their united endeavors, with God's help, will surely win. And you, with perfect, serene faith in our Holy Pontiff's prayers, and in our President's purpose, will, by your courage, your self-control, your obedience, your discipline, aid powerfully the tremendous spiritual force resulting from the noble rapprochement in intention and sentiment of the two greatest influences in the whole world, the head of the old historic Church and the head of American democracy—the two powers which will, God helping both, in the end succeed in routing this spectre of awful war and in binding all the peoples of the earth in understanding and amity.

"The basis of all future peace must be justice and fairness and the common rights of mankind. These are our President's own words, these I know to be the identical sentiments of the Pope. Your intrepidity, your holy courage, your noble determination to give all that you have and all that you are for this ideal, will compel all Europe to listen, and at last to accept the final settlement of this awful tragedy, which is destroying civilization and the welfare of the whole world.

"Fear nothing. God is with you. You are going forth to conquer war. America has voiced her own war cry: it is—Peace—Peace unequivocal and enduring. Fear nothing. God is with you. In the loneliness of your hours until we meet again, remember God is with you. He will watch over you in the silence of the night and He will stand beside you in the din of battle. Wherever you may be, put out your hand and you will feel His comforting presence. You need never be alone, though like all those who serve a great cause, you are leaving all you love for that cause, Jesus Christ, your Redeemer, your Brother, your Friend, will go with you step by step. Lift up your hearts, for the day of triumph will be brought nearer every day by your own noble fidelity to America's purpose and America's endeavor. May the God of your father bless you and preserve you. Every day until we meet again, I shall pray for you and toil for you. I may not go with you in person—would that I might to strengthen and guide you on your pilgrimage, but in my stead, your chaplain will be beside you to give you the Bread of Life, to keep your hearts and minds pure, and your soul strong against temptation. He loves you as I love you—for you are our own dearly beloved sons.

"And now with the fullness of affection of a father and friend, I wish you Godspeed upon your great mission.

"God be with you until we meet again and God grant it may be soon."—Sacred Heart Review.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Last year, in spite of all difficulties, 3,900 adults were baptized in South Shantung, China, bringing the total number of baptisms up to 86,000.

Eight thousand volumes have been collected in America and England for the library of the University of Louvain which was destroyed during the opening year of the war.

The Rev. Patrick Kirby, who was recently ordained in Youngstown, Ohio, is the fifth of six brothers in the priesthood. Father Kirby taught in a Dublin college before studying for the priesthood.

A total of nearly seven million dollars is left to charitable and educational institutions by the late Col. Oliver E. Payne, a non-Catholic. The bequests were made without regard to creed. St. Vincent's Charity Hospital, Cleveland, O., receiving \$200,000.

Catholic higher education in the United States is making satisfactory progress. In the year that closed in June, thirty-three of our principal Catholic universities and colleges had 1,862 instructors, 20,662 students, and had in their libraries 1,001,313 volumes of books.

Six young Mexicans, students at the National Mexican Seminary at Castroville, Texas, kept up by the Catholic Extension Society, were recently ordained priests by an exile bishop, and minor orders were given to a number. Forty-one priests are alumni of the seminary.

The Rev. Ignatius Smith, O.P., director of the Holy Name Society, and Rev. L. J. O'Hern, C.S.P., representing the Catholic chaplains in the army and navy, have submitted a proposal to Secretary of the Navy Daniels for the organization on board U. S. warships of branches of the Holy Name Society.

It is announced that Jonkheer Charles Ruyss de Beerenbroeck has been appointed head of the Belgian Relief Commission to succeed Herbert Hoover. He is a Hollander, at one time a Cabinet Minister. He is President of the International Federation of Catholic Anti-Alcohol Leagues. For many years he has been regarded as a distinguished social worker, and has taken an active part in Belgian relief work.

Federal Judge Spear has denied the application of Thomas E. Watson for an injunction to restore his publication, "The Jeffersonian," to the mails, according to dispatches from Lake Fairfield, N. C. Postmaster General Burleson barred it on the grounds that it contained matter to obstruct recruiting and enlistments for the army. The court approved his action.

Rafael Merry del Val, formerly an eminent diplomatist in the service of the Spanish Government, having been Ambassador to London, the Vatican, and Vienna, died at San Sebastian, Spain, on Thursday, Aug. 30th. He was the father of Cardinal Merry del Val, the Secretary of the Holy Office and of Alfonso Merry del Val y Zulueta, the Spanish Ambassador at London.

One soldier of the First Field Artillery, New York, was killed, two others were seriously injured, fifteen were overcome by smoke and many others were cut and burned while fighting a fire that destroyed several of the cottages at the Catholic summer school of America at Cliff Haven, near Plattsburg, N. Y. The property loss was estimated at \$50,000. Calvin Culpepper, of Pelham, Ga., a member of Battery D, was on the roof of a cottage when it collapsed. His back was broken and he died in the hospital at Plattsburg barracks.

To the Dominicans England owes the erection of the first great Calvary or wayside Cross to commemorate the dead of the war. This was unveiled at Woodchester on Trinity Sunday by the Bishop of Clifton. A great Crucifix twenty-one feet high dominates the roadside. It is approached by a small scala sancta closed by gates, and when completed will be flanked by two mourning angels. On a slab at the foot appear the names of all the men of the district who have given their lives in the cause of freedom, and a note that the Calvary was set up by subscriptions from Catholics and Protestants alike who sent from all parts of the Empire.

Not long ago an ancient Catholic ceremony was revived in Protestant England. This was the blessing of crops. Doubtless, fear of a food shortage overcame prejudice and the civic authorities were only too willing to cooperate with anyone having influence with the Lord of the earth and the elements. The ancient ritual was revived at pleasant Surrey, the garden of England. A procession, led by a cross-bearer, preceded the priest garbed in soutane, surplice and stole. The Litany of the Saints was intoned by the people and the priest blessed the fields as he passed. At a cross-road he halted and told the people that 1,200 years ago this blessing of the crops was done in England in just the same form as they were now doing it.