

# 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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1917

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### THE SPUR OF SUCCESS

Few of us, here below, have attained perfection, and all the best of us can do is to approach an excellence we will never be able to attain. Nothing is without a flaw, and to ascribe impeccability to anyone is only an indication of our own inability to detect the drawbacks. And it is the same with things as with persons. Youth may possibly labor under the delusion that the world is the best of all possible worlds, but experience knows its sorrow that it is not quite. Youth believes in love, but age has outlived its illusion and puts up with habit. Even our self-conceit deserts us, and every honest man will confess that although he started with high hopes and may even seem to the envious to have attained all that was most desirable, still he will admit to himself that he has fallen far short of his standard. The position he has attained is a poor reward. The wealth he has accumulated, while it brings a certain pleasure in doing good to others less favored, does not give all the enjoyment that was expected from it. The social triumphs are a hollow pageant. It is the same with all our efforts. We are ever dissatisfied with the very best that we have done. And yet this feeling is not only the pang of failure, but it is the spur to success. The man who is quite pleased with his performance, the man who is quite content with his lot in life, the man to whom his work is perfect and whose conscience has no reproach for him, the smug man who thinks he has achieved everything, achieves nothing. It is the man who feels the defeat, who suffers from the "little less" and knows that it is "world's away," that does, that achieves, because he is on the path, if not to the perfect, to the better, while the man who is satisfied is on the road to the worse.

### DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE

Of course, if we had had the making of the human body, we could have done it a great deal better than it has been made, at least one feels drawn to such conclusions from the many doubting Thomases who go through life having no trust in others and commanding no trust in themselves. We would have probably done away with the external ear, and the appendix, and several other unused organs. And in the same way, if we had to arrange the mental equipment of men and women, we might dispense with this searchlight belief, which goes into space to find what is not visible to the eyes. But we are not convinced that the organs which seem useless may not have some purpose which we in our shortsightedness fail to perceive. But the question is not, is gossip bad, but how you take gossip. What is one man's meat is another's poison, and it is true enough that the food which one man goes to sustainance, in another of a morbid constitution goes to indigestion, or what the Elisabethans called "humours." It all depends on the soil, and the soil in human nature is the soul, and it is sad that in some men the soul seems to grow nothing but weeds, and these weeds are backbiting and calumny. The calumniator is a murderer with a furtive dagger that stabs in the back, but such crime cannot escape with impunity. The man who decries a neighbor, who would blacken another's fair fame, who would slander a friend or pour calumny on an enemy, while he may fall of his wicked purpose, has succeeded in distorting and wounding his own character. It is the gospel truth that the evil we do does harm to us, while the evil we suffer may be thrown off like an infantile disease, which arms the child with immunity against similar ailments.

Most any other crime may have some forgiveness in store for it in God's mercy. The man who uses violence may have a rough courage which defies the law and braves the consequences. The man who steals may have the excuse of poverty,

coward and the "impossible." That work is responsible for most of the shirking. A commander-in-chief in the present War, who gave a command to take certain trenches, was told it was impossible, and answered wisely: "It is generals who do the impossible I want."

### EVERYWHERE

There are often mean motives entering into our admirations and affections, just as there is an alloy put with gold to make it wear in the currency from hand to hand and pocket to pocket. But when we find a man stooping in his affection, then the affection of the today and the snob is not there; and the bending down of the heart to low places may be an important recognition in this life of ours that there is merit in quite humble places, as there are violets under hedges. It requires a man of some discernment to detect human merit in the slums, and perhaps it might be better for all of us to recognize that the beauty of merit is not confined to high places, that there is no real distinction between "classes" and "masses," but only a distinction between the good and the bad. But in our time many of the "high" think the common and the low beneath them; and so some of the common and the low have in their hearts unreasonable enmity and bitter envy of those that are above them. Their envy and hatred makes them unjust to those who are in niches, just as the folly of those who are in the niches makes them despise the lowly. We can all have sympathy with the great and the grand, and the very fact of the sympathy persuades us that we too have something of the great and the grand in our nature, since like draws to like. This may be a genuine sentiment which Carlyle calls hero-worship, or it may be mere friendly folly. But such folly is wiser than wisdom, if wisdom is, as is thought by many nowadays, the successful worshipping of money, the fawning on power, or the purchase of honors.

### THE DEVIL'S AGENT

Gossip is not an unwholesome form of literature, and there was a time when gossip bulked large in the world, for the "letter" was an important means of communication and occupied many very clever pens. The better means of communication, both of persons, by means of conveyances, and of news by telegrams and telephones, have put an end to the literature of letters. But when that literature had its vogue, it consisted mainly of gossip, well written and well read; and people were interested in the news these conveyed, the dits as to friends and acquaintances, the announcements as to births, deaths and marriages which happened in the neighborhood of the correspondent; and those who received these letters possibly replied in others which gave similar details of the comedy and tragedy of life in his or her immediate surroundings. But the question is not, is gossip bad, but how you take gossip. What is one man's meat is another's poison, and it is true enough that the food which one man goes to sustainance, in another of a morbid constitution goes to indigestion, or what the Elisabethans called "humours." It all depends on the soil, and the soil in human nature is the soul, and it is sad that in some men the soul seems to grow nothing but weeds, and these weeds are backbiting and calumny. The calumniator is a murderer with a furtive dagger that stabs in the back, but such crime cannot escape with impunity. The man who decries a neighbor, who would blacken another's fair fame, who would slander a friend or pour calumny on an enemy, while he may fall of his wicked purpose, has succeeded in distorting and wounding his own character. It is the gospel truth that the evil we do does harm to us, while the evil we suffer may be thrown off like an infantile disease, which arms the child with immunity against similar ailments.

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The man who embezzles may console himself that he is not injuring an individual, but a company or a corporation, and that seems a very different thing to the casualist soul. But the man who calumniates does it by dispraise behind a man's back, by the mean weapon of the innuendo or the hint. He braves nothing by the smudging of himself with the black paint with which he is trying to bedaub another.

### THE IRISH CRISIS

WIDE DISSATISFACTION IN ENGLAND OVER LLOYD GEORGE'S HANDLING OF THE MATTER

Special Cable to The New York Times

London, Friday, March 9.—British complacency endured a series of rude shocks yesterday. The Dardanelles report showing the haphazard fashion in which the late Government entered upon that costly adventure was one. The Irish Nationalists' appeal to another tribunal, consisting of the American President and the Premiers of Canada and Australasia, against an alleged breach of faith by the head of the present Government was another. Sir Edward Carson's ominous or lugubrious—both adjectives are applied to it—speech on the submarine menace and hints of famine was another. All three came at a psychological moment. Though criticism of the present Government is still restrained, dissatisfaction has been growing lately by leaps and bounds. The light cast upon the careless methods of the old Government may prevent an explosion of discontent at the impetuous methods of the new. But there are mutterings which some observers regard as indications of an approaching storm.

CABINET'S METHODS CRITICISED

James Myles Hogge, M. P., who has gained a great reputation in Parliament as a judicious critic in the House, yesterday suggested that there was more bustle than business about the new War Cabinet, and even The Round Table, a quarterly review which looks with very favorable eyes on Lloyd George, admitted that the new system of government left much to be desired, and that a good deal could be said in favor of the old procedure.

One sign of the times is that the Northcliffe press, which only a few weeks ago was clamouring for men for the army, is now demanding that men be put to the plow instantly. Neville Chamberlain's national service scheme is receiving hot shot from some of the newspaper artillery. None of the Northcliffe papers up to the time of filing this dispatch has ventured to commit itself to editorial opinion on the Irish question. Lord Northcliffe presided at a luncheon at which Sir Edward Carson spoke yesterday, and the past relations of the two gentlemen lead to the assumption that when The Times "thunders" and The Mail "screaches," as an English writer recently put it, they will both ostensibly support the Ulster attitude. The betting last evening, however, was that Northcliffe's organs would not sing Lloyd George's praises for his handling of the situation.

Up to the present, at any rate, the Prime Minister has not got a good press. Sir Henry Dalziel's Pall Mall Gazette is cold in regard to Lloyd George, and commends Asquith's suggestion. The Evening Standard flatly says the Government made a mistake, calling Lloyd George's performance decidedly disappointing. To say that the public is disappointed is only to hint at its real feeling. In some quarters it is considered a mistake has been made by the Irish Party in addressing its manifesto to President Wilson. An appeal to the Colonial Premiers would have been admitted, though grudgingly, and the Nationalist Party's prerogative to explain its attitude to Irishmen in the United States who have so largely contributed to its funds also is conceded. One suggestion made in the lobbies of the Commons to-day was that Redmond missed a golden opportunity when he failed to make an appeal to the people of England, Scotland and Wales.

### A GALLANT DAUGHTER OF A GALLANT FATHER

"Blood will tell": it has told once again. On February 21 the daughter of a Civil War veteran happened in the vicinity of Madison Square Park, New York City and in the words of the New York Sun this is what happened: "Stephen Kerr was haranguing a crowd in Madison Square Park recently on birth-control when a young woman passed, listened and stopped. When she had caught the full drift of Kerr's remarks, which included an attack on the Roman Catholic Church for its opposition to birth-control, she could restrain her indignation no longer. She demanded if there was not a good American

citizen present to stop Kerr. She was the daughter of a Civil War veteran, she said, and Kerr ought not to be allowed to talk like that. "Here is a poor deluded woman," shouted Kerr in scornful tones, pointing a finger of derision at the woman, and the crowd jeered. The woman, who said she was Miss L. M. Kenny of 194 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, promptly called a policeman and had Kerr arrested. Kerr, before Magistrate Cobb in Yorkville court, admitted that Miss Kenny's version of what had occurred was correct. He offered to apologize, but Miss Kenny said he would have to apologize to the millions of Catholic men and women in America and to the Stars and Stripes, which he had insulted. A \$5 fine was imposed, but Kerr said he would go to jail rather than pay the fine, which was immediately ordered."

No doubt there were Catholic men present in that group but apparently they played the gallant, and yielded the honors to Miss L. M. Kenny, of Brooklyn. So it happens that morality and the flag are honored in her. Congratulations are her due.—America.

### IRISH NATIONALIST MANIFESTO

"The Premier, in his speech yesterday in the debate on Home Rule, took up a proposition which, if adhered to, would involve denial of self-government to Ireland forever. He laid down the principle that the small minority in northeast Ulster should have the veto so long as they chose to exercise it of self-government for United Ireland. That is a position to which the representatives of Ireland can never assent.

"He asserted that he had never changed his position on the so-called coercion of Ulster. That is not true. He was a party to the drafting of the original Home Rule bill, which applied to all Ireland. He was a party to the rejection in two successive sessions, in the face of a most vigorous protest from representatives of northeast Ulster, of amendments to exclude Ulster, and, when under pressure of threatened rebellion, he and the Government, of which he was a member, weakly yielded to the threats of rebellion hurled at them by Sir Edward Carson, at present the First Lord of the Admiralty.

"The Government of that day, through the present Prime Minister, appealed to us to consent to the concession of county option for a strictly limited period. We agreed on the pledge, repeatedly given by Mr. Lloyd George on his own behalf and on behalf of the Government, that if we consented to this concession we should never be asked for any further concessions and that the Government would undertake to see the settlement through at any cost. How, then, can Premier Lloyd George say that he never changed his attitude on the question of Ulster?"

"The manifesto sets forth that the negotiations undertaken at the request of the Government last July referred to a strictly War arrangement, with the understanding that a year after the ending of the War things would revert to the status quo ante, and that the attitude of the Prime Minister took last night showed a total change on the Ulster question and generally on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, and a breach of faith to the Irish Party and nation, and would tend to intensify distrust and pledges of British Ministers and have a serious effect in strengthening the power of the revolutionary movement in that country.

"In view of the terrible seriousness of the situation for Ireland and the empire created by this speech of the Prime Minister," continued the manifesto, "we felt it would be idle to prolong the debate and felt bound to mark in the most emphatic methods open to us our sense of the gravity of the situation and meet immediately for consultation as to the future policy of the Irish Nationalist Party.

### KEEPING ORDER A HARD TASK

"The action of the British Government since the formation of the coalition in May, 1915, culminating in the Prime Minister's speech, has made the task of carrying on the constitutional movement in Ireland so difficult as to be almost impossible. The constitutional movement can yet be saved, but only by the active assistance of all level-headed Nationalists in Ireland and to a special degree by the millions of the Irish race in the dominions and in the United States.

"To them we appeal most earnestly to come to the aid of those who have rescued Ireland from being made the cat's paw and tool of Germany and who are struggling against terrible odds to keep open the road to Irish liberty through peaceful, constitutional means—a struggle in which we are hampered by the British Government, which plays into the hands of the Irish pro-German revolutionary party with stupid perversity worthy of the worst reactionaries of Petrograd.

"So far as Ireland is concerned the Government is doing its utmost to aid Germany's work, and so long as

this attitude is followed we, as Irish representatives, while retaining our attitude toward the War and remaining firmly convinced of the justice of the Allies' cause, and unchanged in our resolve to do all in our power to aid in bringing it speedily to a successful issue, are bound to oppose the Government by every means in our power.

"The Australian Senate has already spoken effectively in support of Irish freedom, and in behalf of the Irish nation we tender them grateful thanks. To the men of Irish blood in the dominions and the United States we appeal. They should promptly use all means in their power to bring pressure on the British Government to act toward Ireland in accordance with the principles which they are fighting in Europe, and we especially appeal to the American people to urge upon the British Government the duty of applying to Ireland the great principles so clearly and splendidly enunciated by President Wilson in his historical address to the United States Senate."—N. Y. Times.

### ABSOLUTION BY FIRE

There are many things in the French army which most interest the non-Frenchman. To the Englishman the poilu is as much an enigma as the "tommy" to the Frenchman. They have both a high opinion of the other's fighting, and for this reason, they tolerate each other's peculiarities. Both have an odd sense of humor, the worst circumstances being unable to quench it. To me the Frenchman's humor seems always to have a touch of the fatalistic about it. He does not mind what happens for it has to happen. The Englishman minds very much and frequently complains. But his complaints are the essence of humor, and when he grumbles he is always in the best of temper.

But few things have struck me more in such experience of the French army as I can boast, than the sense of religion. Not only in Paris and in the towns behind the lines are the churches filled with every kind of worshipper, but in the trenches themselves religion is active. Evidence of this can be found on every side. If you visit the French lines you may see Mass celebrated amidst the strangest surroundings. "I thank the good God," one wounded soldier told me, "that I didn't lose my religion. It has carried me through this," he pointed to his eyes; and then I saw that he was blind.

Many reasons may be given for the revival of religion. One cause is to be found in the mutilated churches where the Hun has been. Nothing has cut the Frenchman more to the heart than the wanton desecration of these places, the almost diabolical indecencies which some of the German regiments seemed to have practiced in them. One Frenchman, with tears in his eyes, told me how they had looted the church and fired at the high altar from the side when the walls were down. He was not a priest, but before the War, had been an energetic secularist!

Another factor which has told has been the fighting spirit. In France all men, cleric as well as layman, have been called to arms.

The priests are everywhere to be found in the French army, but entirely undistinguishable from their fellows. And not only so, but many of the exiled religious orders have voluntarily sent their members back to the land from which they were banished, their patriotism being greater than any memory of past differences. All this the Frenchman in his quiet way has seen and noted. We came on a body of French soldiers one day, back from Verdun. They were staid with the marks of battle, very dirty and bedraggled, for they had only just come from the front. My companion and I stood at the side of the little road to see them pass, and he pointed out to me several of them individually. "That man," he said, "is a priest." I watched them all reverently, for Verdun is a magic name and I knew that they had come from the very jaws of death.

Later in the day we chanced to come across the same men. The draft was billeted in the town where we happened to be staying. And, also by a strange chance, we met the man who was a priest. My French is not so easy as I should like it to be, but by the help of his patience and my companion's interpretations, I managed to learn from him a few things which gave a graphic picture of his life. "It is a strange experience for you as a priest, Father," I said. "Ah," his reply was, "but it is full of opportunity." He smiled gravely. "It has enlarged my parish." He asked later if he was a curé, but apparently that was only his way of putting it.

"And you minister even in the trenches?" I asked. "Si," he answered courteously "sometimes I feel as though I have never ministered before."

Then his tongue was unloosed and he showed us the stole which he carried in his pocket, and which, in a moment he could put over his coat. He spoke of the visits he had paid to

dying men, often at peril of his own life—of Masses which he had said when not a word could be heard by reason of the thunder of artillery fire. I wish I could remember and repeat all that he told us. But one story stands out in my mind above the others.

"Since we came to Verdun," he said, there was one man who was great friends with me. Henri, I will call him. Henri and I lived together and slept next each other and we were friends. Then Henri learned I was a priest. 'I have been taught to hate priests' he said. 'I was a Catholic once, but I have been driven away. I will not blame my friends for I am to blame.' I asked him why he did not return. I told him the Church was a patient mother, ever ready to bless those who would come back to her embrace. Henri said, 'well, I will see what I do. I will think over it.' He had been unfortunate, poor fellow, and his mind had been poisoned. I do not think he was as bad as he wished me to believe.

"One day we stood behind the artillery positions, waiting to go up to the trenches. We had not been there yet. We were to take the places of the men who had been there as long as human flesh and blood will allow. We did not like the waiting. It is better to be on the move, and when you are in the trenches you leave your anxieties behind you. You have no time to be afraid. Here it was different,—shells bursting very near us sometimes,—expecting every moment to hear the order 'advance.'"

"Then Henri said to me: 'I would like to be received back before we go, is there time?' 'Yes,' I said, and put on my stole. He knelt before me and made his confession. It did not take long. I have become so used now to administering sacraments when one must not hurry and must not delay. Henri made a good confession. He had cleared his mind and his heart of a heavy burden. I lent to give him his absolution—and then, monsieur, I cannot describe it. The shell burst—we were blinded, and I thought all was over. But I picked myself up—God had yet work for me to do—and I saw that Henri was dead."

I did not make any comment. To speak suitably I felt it would have been impossible. The priest supplied the comment: "God had given him absolution," he said.

### "LARGE AND HOLY FAMILIES"

All through the ages the Vicars of Christ have striven for the welfare of mankind. With supreme disregard for the clamors of sensuality they have steadily served the cause of humanity. All that is best in the world has patronage in them either initiative or patronage; and that is evil has met in them an impassable barrier. Storm after storm has swept over the earth, bewildering men's minds or terrifying their hearts, but through all the Popes have stood firm on the rock of truth, unperturbed and unafraid; and in the end they have led the world after its orgy of unbelief or immorality, back to principles of correct thought and to habits of right action. The stabilizing effect of their God-given wisdom has been simply incalculable. In the sand-pits and catacombs of Rome, on the throne of temporal power, from the prison-house of the Vatican, they have torn the mask from time-serving deceit and pointed the way to happiness.

What the Popes have done in the past, Pope Benedict XV. is doing today. The intension recommended by him for the month of March to the League of the Sacred Heart is another instance of the Papacy's unswerving adherence to truth. The Supreme Pontiff realizes that among the modern dangers menacing the health and happiness of mankind, one of the greatest is the advocacy of the practice of interfering with a fundamental law of nature which has for its clear purpose the perpetuity of the human race. To combat this growing perversion he has chosen to insist on the right rather than to thunder against the evil.

He has put before the millions of associates in the League as a rule for their personal guidance and as the goal of Christian hope, the very important intention, "large and holy families." Once more he has proclaimed the Christian ideal. The reason, the justification, the crown and the glory of married life is large and holy families. The official spokesman of Christianity has reaffirmed the truth. The matter, though there never was room for controversy, has been definitely and authoritatively decided. Let the Gentiles say what they will; birth-control is an abomination.—America.

It is impossible for a good man to lose faith in his fellowmen, since to lose faith in the goodness of trustworthiness of others commits him to the conclusion that God made an exception in creating him.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Through the good offices of the Holy Father, 11,823 French, 4,332 German, 1,607 Belgian and 1,183 English prisoners of War, have been sent to neutral Switzerland.

A son of Count Ostrowski, chamberlain to the Czar of Russia, has been ordained a priest at the Benedictine (Belgian) monastery, Edermine, County Wexford, Ireland.

By the will of Michael Zalchowski, late of Holyoke, Mass., a bequest of \$1,000 is made for the support of poor Polish children, and also \$1,200 to the Polish Catholic school at Holyoke.

The Very Rev. Nicholas J. Murphy, Provincial of the Augustinian Order in the United States, died on Feb. 19 in the rectory of the Church of St. Nicholas of Tolentine, New York City, where he had served as rector since 1910.

The great Cathedral of Verdun, France, perched on a hilltop and visible for miles, is but little damaged by the shells that have wrought desolation and destruction all around and below it. It is considered a wonderful preservation.

Announcement has been made that the Right Rev. Monsignor James P. McCloskey, Bishop-elect of the Diocese of Zamboanga, Philippine Islands, will be consecrated in the Cathedral on May 1. The Right Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, D. D., Bishop of Harrisburg, will preach the sermon.

In the old Cathedral of Vincennes, Ind., are preserved the original accounts of the voyages of Champlain in 1619 and of Fathers Hennepin and Charlevoix. On the walls of the Cathedral are paintings by Guido Reni and other masters.

Right Reverend Bishop Hennessy confirmed a unique case of one hundred adults recently at Pittsburg, Kan. The class consisted of sixty men and forty women. Of the sixty men, forty were converts, and of the forty women twenty-seven were converts, making seventy-six converts in all.

St. Anthony's church of Memphis, Tenn., has the distinction of being probably the only church in America with a congregation composed entirely of converts. A great and glittering significance lies in the fact that each convert is a negro. Truly the light of true faith is breaking over our Southern Ethiopia.

Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet, was crushed to death on November 27, at Rouen, France, while endeavoring to board a train. M. Verhaeren was born near Antwerp, Belgium, in 1855. He was educated for the bar, but like many celebrated literary men, never practiced his profession.

G. P. Bemis, one of Omaha, Nebraska's most prominent citizens, the son of a Methodist minister, embraced the Catholic faith a short time before his death, on Dec. 10th inst. He was twice Mayor of Omaha, and donor of Bemis Park to that city. Years ago he built the first tramways of London, England, and published the London American.

The Uruguayan Congress is considering a constitutional amendment providing for disestablishment of the Catholic Church as a state institution in Uruguay. The amendment, if adopted, will deprive the Church of future government support, but will leave it in control of all properties it now holds, placing all religious denominations on an equality and exempting them from taxation.

Rome, February 27.—The Catholics of several of the Allied countries are organizing a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial, France, to take place on March 11, when representatives of each nation will solemnly place its flag on the altar of the Sacred Heart in the famous basilica there. Cardinal Boireau, representing the Catholics of the British Empire, will take part in the ceremony as his way home from the Eternal City.

Paschal Sherman, full blood young Indian of the Okanogan tribe, has the unique distinction of being the only aboriginal American to enter the Catholic University of America through the scholarship donated by the Knights of Columbus. This talented young Indian won his scholarship at St. Martin's College, Lacey, Washington, where at the commencement exercise last June, he was valedictorian and sole winner of the B. A. degree.

Archbishop Mundelein has ordered that in all the churches of the Chicago archdiocese, an instruction, which will not extend over ten minutes, shall be given at each low Mass on every Sunday of the year. In this way the teaching of the Church will be systematically explained to the faithful, many of whom have not had the fundamental truths of Catholicity expounded to them since childhood. The Apostles' Creed will be taken as the first subject of these instructions, and it will be so divided as to cover the fifty-two weeks of the ecclesiastical year. It is estimated that it will require fully five years to complete the course of instruction outlined by Archbishop Mundelein.