

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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THE SAME ENEMIES

Speculations as to the changes that will be effected by the War are engrossing the attention of many writers. It may be that the sky will be different, and that many things which bulked large before the War will be reduced to their proper dimensions. But speculations as to the future of religion may easily be prompted by prejudice or by facts which exist only in an overheated imagination.

To assert that we have outgrown religion, archaic and effete, as embodied in the Church is but begging the question. "For what are our needs?" We may flatter ourselves that we are far superior to the men of the past, although a little reading might induce us to shed that illusion. But man's nature remains at the base the same from age to age. Man needs a fixed standard of morality as a guide through life. A standard which does not depend on fluctuating opinions. He has certain spiritual instincts and capacities which need satisfaction as well as moral and mental ones: he has in fact, what Christians call a soul, though it's powers may be atrophied by abuse or disuse like those of body and mind.

Creeds fashioned in laboratories may be commended by those who do not face squarely and honestly the problems of origin and destiny; but to the sick, and suffering, and aged, and the mourner—to all those who know that the assurance of a future life meets an eternal need of their being, they are as devoid of sustenance as a wind-swept desert. Despite the assumptions of our time are the forces which menace civilization very much different from those which confronted the infant Church? It seems to us that the materialism to which she is at present opposed is the same enemy over which she triumphed at the beginning of her career.

The opponents are in all the essential features the same, though they have different names and use different tactics. And she made her appeal, and with success, to the deep-seated needs of man's spiritual and moral nature, and by the marks which distinguished her from any mere human organization. Despite the storm and stress, the counter and cross currents of human thought of the centuries, she renews her youth, shows her power to adapt herself to new conditions and remains amidst the interminable disputes and endless divisions of human religions the same, serene and indestructible. From birth to death and after, in every vicissitude of life she guides the soul with unerring authority to its true destiny, and furnishes her with the means to realize it.

A FALSE NOTION

There is a false notion amongst many nowadays that "cleverness" is the attribute of life, and cleverness is one of the marks of our age. There is no end to our cleverness today, but it ends itself before it reaches genius. There are thousands of clever novels, produced every year. There are thousands of clever pictures painted, a thousand clever theatrical sketches created. Indeed, every music-hall is full of clever conjurers, clever performing dogs and trick cyclists. Our age is full of cleverness, and yet there is a great dearth of goodness, which is, after all, the best element of living, for it is not knack but kindness that makes character. But to-day the possession of some cleverness, of some trick of thought or expression, is thought to excuse the absence of conscience and is regarded as a substitute for character. The truth is that there is no life in these quarters, and that we are only deceiving ourselves when we think that a mere active brain, a deft hand in exercise, is living. These are instruments to life, but the mere exercise of these small talents is not life.

There is quite an old but neglected truth, but one which is worth remembering, and it is that doing good is being good, and that being

good is the true note of living and seeing life.

THE GENTLEMAN

It is true that many men wear manners as a mask for a time, but in the long run you may be certain the disposition will shine through the mere conduct, and a man who has a good heart will be agreeable, and the man who has a bad one will make himself offensive.

We all know that the word "gentleman" describes not only the fine feathers of display but the nature of gentleness and kindness, and there is no part on the stage of life more difficult to play than that of the "gentleman," for it depends not on being "word perfect" as the actors say, but upon having the qualities of heart which shine out in style and manners.

There was an old saying that "manners maketh the man," but the truth is that it is the man maketh the manners. Some one labored under the belief that language was invented to enable us to conceal our thoughts and not to reveal them, but the paradox was only clever. It lies are the object of all talking, and if deception is the end of all intercourse, then we are undone. But that is a statement that no honest person can believe, for such a doctrine, if it were acted upon, would put an end to friendship and undermine human society.

WORKERS

We are not going to pretend that all those who are pressing forward to undertake various tasks of a special kind in these strenuous days are fitted by nature and education to render efficient service. We know that mixed motives and high spirits enter into the competition for a share in the more picturesque of the semi-professional displays—in the ranks of the Red Cross nurses, whose qualifications sometimes stop short at the spreading of a poultice and the bandaging of a dummy patient with a fractured arm or bruised ankle. We hear that a really amazing amount of excellent work is being done on behalf of sufferers abroad and relatives at home; and we know that science and philanthropy never demonstrated their oneness on such a grand scale and through such a variety of channels as they are doing now. All this must make for renewed effort to help to heal the grosser evils and sorrows which have so long perplexed charitable workers in many fields. Great is the reward of those men and women who learn to honour each other.

Can even the novices in these works of usefulness fall back into the old grooves of time-killing occupation when the need of the hour is past? We doubt it. The countless women who have busied themselves with unaccustomed tasks and self-denying efforts—can they return to the rapid round of amusement, forgetting the high fervours of this golden time? Surely not. The new woman of bygone years may recede into a bare memory, but the newer one—she who has been reborn amid storm and stress—will she not display enduring courage, strength of character, fineness of purpose, disclosing gifts and graces and seeds of which, hitherto choked by the thorns of wasteful habit, will respond to the stimuli of noble example, and blossom into the quiet heroism that shall yield grander victories than it is given to hostile armies ever to achieve?

CARDINAL FALCONIO BURIED; PRIMATE OF HUNGARY DIES

TWENTY-THREE CARDINALS ATTEND OBSEQUES OF FORMER PAPAL DELEGATE TO THE UNITED STATES

By cable to The Catholic Standard and Times

Rome, February 18.—Immediately after the announcement of the death of Cardinal Falconio here on Wednesday last came the news that Cardinal Hornig, Bishop of Veszprem and Primate of Hungary, has also passed away. It was he who placed the crown on the head of the Empress Zita of Austria as Queen of Hungary on December 30, 1916. These two sad events, occurring almost at the same time, have aroused fears of the verification of the old tradition of Cardi-

nals dying in threes. There is probability, however, no apparent probability of the death of another Prince of the Church.

Cardinal Falconio was ill only a few days, broncho-pneumonia complicated by diabetes, being the fatal malady. He passed peacefully away, having received the last sacraments and a special blessing from the Pope the previous evening.

The funeral was held on Sunday after a Solemn High Mass of Requiem which was celebrated in the Church of Santa Maria in Transpontina, where there was a very large congregation, which included twenty-three Cardinals, all the diplomatic representatives accredited to the Holy See and many Bishops, monsignors, heads of religious orders and other noted ecclesiastics and prominent laymen. Bishop Rotoli, O. S. F., of Isernia, pontificated, and Cardinal Vannutelli, dean of the Sacred College, gave the absolution.

CATHOLICISM UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY OF AN ENGLISH BISHOP

By Captain F. D. Sheehan, M. P.

In a Pastoral letter recently issued to his flock the Catholic Bishop of Northampton bears remarkable testimony to the religious freedom which Catholics enjoy under the British flag.

He emphasizes at the outset, the strict obligation of conscience on the part of Catholics to sustain the cause they are convinced is right and ascribes to this motive the remarkable manner in which English Catholics flocked to the colours at the outbreak of hostilities, without compulsion, and without hesitation.

In some neutral countries, and especially amongst neutral Catholics Germany has been sedulously spreading the idea, for her own purposes, that because England is a Protestant nation the Catholic religion does not receive fair play from it and that Catholics labour under certain serious disabilities. That nothing could be further from the truth the Pastoral of the Bishop of Northampton convincingly establishes. He declares without reservation of any sort or kind that "it can be safely asserted that as things go in the modern world, British Catholics would not exchange their political status for that of any of their fellow Catholics under any other government."

No more complete refutation than this of German lies on the subject could be given and every Catholic must know that in a matter of this kind no Catholic bishop would make a statement which was not absolutely and undeniably the truth. He very properly states that English Catholics were not always in this happy and contented state. He refers to the period when they were crushed by penal laws, but this was all done away with when the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 was passed, a striking instance, as he says, of "a remedial measure which was really a remedy. Released once for all from the penalties and disabilities of the past, and untrammelled by any new claim of the government to interfere in our affairs, we have the results of nearly a century's progress to attest the inextinguishable vitality of a Church that is free."

What is the supreme consideration which makes Catholics so contented under the British flag? Because as the Bishop of Northampton pithily puts it: "As Catholics we are free and independent." And then in eloquent language he goes on to state in what this freedom and independence consist. The attitude of the State "in our regard and in regard to the other free churches, is that of benevolent neutrality, protecting our legal rights and property, frequently calling us to its counsels and giving us representation on Royal Commissions, when points of faith or morals are involved in proposed legislation; facilitating our missionary enterprises in heathen lands, but never attempting to meddle with our internal affairs. For example, our intercourse with the Holy See is absolutely unimpeded; no censorship or publication of papal documents; under normal circumstances not even a passport is required for our visits 'ad limina.' Our bishops are appointed without any reference to the government. Our clergy are nominated to missions or removed from them, solely by act of their superiors, subject to the prescriptions of Canon Law. The recurrent persecution of religious orders of men and women, which have so often disgraced other countries, professedly Catholic, are unknown among us; on the contrary, England has ever been the asylum of religious no less than political refugees, affording hospitality and abundant aid to those who have been driven out, beggared and dishonoured, by their own countrymen. At this very moment, above all others, our Government, by an act of generosity worthy of our race, is sheltering from the petty agitation of the more narrow minded, stranded communities which have elected to remain with us in the painful position of enemy aliens."

Surely a splendid record of religious freedom. Yet the British Government does not end its beneficent recognition of the Catholic Church here. It recognizes the right to religious facilities of every soldier and sailor, of every Catholic official and inmate of public institutions, may even of Catholic prisoners confined in the gaols of the country—salariated chaplains are provided to minister to these and it may be not amiss to mention that during the War there are with the forces some six hundred military chaplains enjoying the rank and pay of captains. Yet these clergymen are all the time under the jurisdiction of their ecclesiastical superiors and are nominated by them, and are responsible to them for the discharge of their duties.

"Especially considerate and even generous," as the Bishop of Northampton takes good care to point out, is the English method of dealing with those unfortunate classes towards which the State stands in loco parentis—poor-law children, deaf mutes, cripples, the mentally deficient, and reformitory cases. These adopted of the State are brought up at the State's expense surrounded by a Catholic atmosphere and "all the loving and edifying influences that Catholic charity inspires."

No attempt is made to proselytise these helpless creatures. The State shows the most meticulous care that they shall be secure in their religious heritage. Grievances there are about elementary education, but what is the pronouncement of His Lordship of Northampton on this point—whilst stating that Catholics are not quit of all grievances, "yet," he remarks, "our actual position compares favourably with that of most other nations." And he shows how existing schools are unquestionably Catholic, furnished with Catholic emblems, taught by Catholic teachers, managed by Catholic managers, and pervaded throughout by "the good odour of Christ." We have had to endure no harrying of religious teachers, no inhibition of the religious habit, no dethronement of the Crucifix, no meddling with our syllabus of religious instruction.

Surely, Catholics abroad will be tempted to say "this is all excellent but the Catholics of England have got to pay for this wonderful measure of freedom." Not so! These Catholic schools with all their pronounced characteristics and ecclesiastical control are maintained almost entirely at the public cost. What wonder that the Bishop of Northampton should enthusiastically declare: "It is doubtful whether these advantages are to be found in any other land. They may certainly be envied by many communities where the Catholic vote is far stronger."

I think I have quoted sufficiently to show and to clearly establish that the Catholic Church enjoys a position of unique freedom under the British flag. Catholics possess all the advantages of civil and religious liberty in their wisest sense. And when we remember that this is in the most Protestant State in Europe I think I may justly say that we Catholics have much to be grateful for when we resolve to support the Allies, with all our strength, our determination is inspired not only by conscientious solicitude for oppressed nationalities, but also by the hope that the triumph of our arms will lead to the triumph of our concepts of individual freedom and will end, once for all, the age-long scandal of oppressed creeds.

CONVENT INSPECTORS EMBARRASSED

Savannah, Ga., February 14.—In obedience to the infamous Georgia law for the inspection of convents and religious institutions, the various grand juries of the State, whose members are all Protestants, recently inspected the Catholic institutions of the Diocese of Savannah. Beginning in the city of Savannah the inquisitors called successively at the convent and academy of St. Vincent de Paul, St. Mary's Home, St. Joseph's Hospital and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, all in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. The grand jurors were received with the utmost politeness by the Sisters and were escorted through all the departments of the various buildings which they manifested a desire to inspect.

In none of them did they find "dark cells" in any imprisoned Sisters or inmates, but in all of them they found the most perfect sanitary and other arrangements and all the inmates happy and content. No criticism was possible and the visiting officials withdrew with profuse apologies and compliments to the Sisters for their excellent management.

The same state of affairs was found in the Colored Orphan Asylum and St. Francis Home, both under the care of the Missionary Sisters of St. Francis; the Little Sisters' Home for the Aged and the priory and college of the Benedictine Fathers.

The other Catholic institutions in Atlanta, Augusta, Brunswick, Colum-

bus, Sharon, Washington and Macon were also visited, but so far as known the grand jurors found nothing to criticize or condemn and much to praise and commend.

WANT LAW REPEALED

At Macon the grand jurors designated six of their number to visit Mount de Sales Convent and Academy of the Sisters of Mercy, where twenty-one Sisters are in charge of a large boarding and day school, not a few of the children coming from prominent Protestant families. The spokesman of the six apologized to the Rev. Mother Alphonsus for the law that compelled them to pay such a visit and said that he really was ashamed to come on such an errand. The Reverend Mother put the gentlemen quite at their ease by sympathizing with them in their enforced performance of an unpleasant duty, offering to throw open to them the whole convent and academy for the purposes of their inspection. With a touch of true Southern chivalry, the grand jurors declined to go through the convent and instead most courteously requested the privilege of meeting the Sisters and pupils in their assembly hall.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

IN THE DARKENED CHURCH

PRAYER IN THE WAR ZONE

BY AN IRISH OFFICER AT THE FRONT

The Daily Chronicle, (London, Eng.)

It is true, alas! that in the War zone—that is to say, close by the very front—there is little to be seen that is other than saddening and pitiful and wounding to the feelings of those who cling to the civilization of the Christian era. The ruined homes, the wasted fields, the evidences of destruction and rapine upon all sides, may well make men almost despair of humanity. The "pomp and glory" of War are trivial things compared to the devastation of the invaded land and the misery of its wretched inhabitants. Glory there is indeed, for those who, with their bodies, their hearts and souls, defend the Right; but of glory there is assuredly none attaching to the work of the German hordes who ruthlessly laid waste the poor little land of Belgium and enslaved a people whose chief characteristics were fear of God and love of industry! And yet in the very welter of ruin and devastation, and amidst all the havoc wrought by men in their most brutal mood, one comes here and there across little scenes which, at a stroke, seem to restore one's faith in mankind and one's trust that the Power which made the world beautiful from nothing will yet stay the frenzied work of the man whose god seems to be the dripping sword alone.

At a certain point at the front there is a village where the troops come from time to time to rest, and there the church each evening is crowded with the soldiers. Lights of a brilliant kind are not allowed in this village as it is so near the line, and it is urgent at night to give no sign which might make the place a target for the long-range guns of the enemy. Therefore the church is never lighted in the evening, and it is by the flames of a few candles alone on the altar of Our Lady of Dolores that the Rosary is recited.

AN IMPRESSIVE NIGHT SCENE

It is a strange scene in this church at night. Entering it, all is dark save for the few fluttering candles on the altar before which the priest kneels to say the prayers. It is only when the men join in that one becomes aware that the church is really full, and it is solemn and appealing beyond words. The "when up from the darkness rises the great chorus from hundreds of voices in the prayers. The darkness seems to add impressiveness to the prayers, and from the outside are heard the rumble and roar of the guns which, not so very far away, are dealing out death and agony to the comrades of the men who pray. Sometimes the church is momentarily illuminated by the flashes of the guns and the windows are lighted up as though by lightning.

The writer of these lines has seen many an impressive spectacle of large congregations at prayer in great and spacious churches in many lands, but nothing more truly touching, impressive, and moving, has ever been witnessed than the darkened church behind the lines, thronged with troops fervently invoking the intercession of the Mother of God under almost the very shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death! In France and Belgium the Catholic troops are fortunate in having at hand so many churches of their own faith, and this makes it easier for the devoted chaplains to get their flocks together. For so many days the battalions are in the trenches, and for so many days in the comparative safety of the camps in the little villages somewhere back from the firing line. The day and night before a battalion goes to the trenches the chaplains are busy in the churches, for the men throng to confession, and it is a wonderful and most faith-inspiring sight to see them in hundreds approaching the

altar before marching off to danger, and in many cases to death itself.

When the turn in the trenches is over and the men resume their Rosary in the darkened church in the evenings there are always some absent ones who were there the week before. For this very reason, perhaps, because of the comrades who will never kneel by their side again, the men pray all the more fervently and with ever-increasing earnestness say, "May the souls of the Faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace!"

Whilst some of the chaplains attend the men who are resting in the back villages, others follow the men into the line, and there in some ruined house close by or in a shelter of dug-out in the trench itself, they are always at hand to minister to the suffering and the dying. Who can measure the consolation they bring, or who can describe the comfort and happiness of the soldier whose eyes, before they close for ever, rest upon the face of the priest in peace is the ever-sought comforter of the afflicted and dying, how much more so is the priest in time of war and in the battle line! The writer has met at the front many chaplains, and the dominant feeling of one and all is thankfulness that they were able to go out with the men and share their lot.

THE HEROIC CHAPLAINS

Of all the actors in the great tragedy of the War none stand out more heroically than the chaplains, none fill a greater place in what has come to be called the theatre of war. No wonder so many of them have received decorations, and no wonder the men highly value the presence and the consolation and the encouragement of the "Padre," as the officers call the ministers of religion. To the Catholic soldiers, however, the priest remains "Father," and it is good to see them smile as he approaches and to hear the sound ring of the old faith in their voices as they reply to his salutation and address him always as "Father." Mass has been said in the very trenches, and the writer has attended Mass in many a ruined church and many a shell-wrecked shelter. And ever and always the men are the same, devoted and earnest, and the more wretched their surroundings the more eager they are.

Nothing is more noticeable than the way the Catholic soldier holds by his beads. In the change and chance and turmoil of active service many things get lost, but the Rosary beads seem to be always treasured, and every soldier at Mass seems to have them. Prayer books are often missing, but the Rosary, as a rule, never is. The writer has seen men who were killed in the line. Their little personal belongings are carefully collected by comrades and safely kept to be sent home, but the Rosary when found in the pocket is often, usually indeed, reverently placed round the dead man's neck before he is wrapped in his blanket for burial. "Put his beads about his neck, Sir," is the report often given by the stretcher-bearer to the chaplain or other officer, as a man is given to the grave. How many Catholic soldiers lie in their lonely graves today in the war zone with their beads about their necks! How very very many! And so, indeed, one feels sure would they wish to be buried.

In all the horrid welter of War beyond all doubt the steady and simple faith of the Catholic soldier supplies at least one bright spot that shines and cheers amidst the ruin and devastation all about. And of all the symbols of his faith the soldier's Rosary is foremost. The fortitude the men seem to draw from their faith is great and marked. The man who has been with his chaplain and who has prepared himself by the Sacraments is ready for any fate, and shows it in his very demeanour. Often the writer has heard officers declare their pleasure at the devotion of the men to their religion, and frequently these officers have been of other religions themselves. A high General Officer once declared that good chaplains are as necessary as good Commanding Officers. The good chaplains are undoubtedly at the front to-day, and they are the first to bear testimony to the goodness of the men.

Both Catholic priests and Catholic soldiers are playing a brave part in the War to-day, and their record, when it comes to be set down, will be one of which the Catholic world may be most justly proud. What the priest does for the Catholic other ministers do for the men of other creeds. The "padres" of all denominations may be truly called the prop and comfort of the Army at the front.

Here, as we understand it, is the value of athletics—not merely to develop certain parts of the body, not merely to induce healthy excitement and have a good time, but to teach self-control of mind and heart also—moderation in victory, courage in defeat, good temper all the time; to make fairness, generosity, honor, subordination of self to the common good, one's second nature.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rome Feb. 15.—Mgr. Di Cotra, the new Nuncio to Chile, has started for that South American republic.

Another convert to be added to the ever lengthening list is Sir William Dick Conyngham, a well known baronet, who was received at Westminster Cathedral a few days ago by Father England.

Cardinal Gibbons has sent a check for \$10,000 to the American committee in London which is handling the relief work. He expects to follow it with checks for \$40,000.

Prince Gallitzin, the new Russian Premier, is of the family of Father Demetrius A. Gallitzin, prince, priest, convert and apostle of Western Pennsylvania in the early nineteenth century.

Rome, Feb. 20, 1917.—Cardinal Tonti has been appointed by the Holy Father Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Affairs of Religious, in the place of the late Cardinal Falconio.

Some figures recently published show, unless there be a mistake, says the Sacred Heart Review, that there are more than 400 Catholic hospitals in the United States, in which nearly a half million patients are cared for annually.

The new Code of Canon Law is completed. During twelve years it engaged the attention of a body of Cardinals and consultants, and the revision by 1,000 Bishops and canonists. The Code will be contained in an octavo volume of 500 or 600 pages.

During a recent debate in the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, Deputy Groussau called attention to the fact that 2,000 French priests had been killed in the War. Of 600 Jesuits who had returned to France at the opening of the War it was estimated that 120 had been killed.

It is unusual for a Russian of high position to be a Catholic, but this being so in the case of Count Benckendorf, the late Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, his funeral was the occasion of another solemn and historic ceremony at Westminster Cathedral.

Monsignor Aelen, E. P. M., the Archbishop of Madras, India, has been nominated a member of the Legislative Council by His Excellency, the Governor of Madras. This is the first time that such an honor has been bestowed on a Bishop, either Catholic or Protestant, in India.

The library of the late Dr. Charles G. Herbermann has been placed on exhibition in New York, prior to public sale on February 19. The collection includes many rare books on the Catholic Church, many of peculiar interest to American scholars. In the lot is the family Bible of John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Mexico City, February 8.—The Most Rev. Joseph Ramon Ibarra y Gonzales, Archbishop of Puebla, died here Saturday. He was consecrated Bishop of Chiapas in 1880 and transferred to the See of Puebla in 1902. He was appointed Archbishop of Puebla in 1903. In 1913 he visited Rome and was received by Pope Pius X.

Dublin January 31.—Miss Geraldine Graves, granddaughter of the famous Protestant Bishop of Limerick, has been received into the Church. Miss Graves was instructed at St. Dunstan's, Woking, but owing to reasons of health she removed to Bournemouth, and it was in the Jesuit church of that resort that she had the happiness of being baptized and of making her first Communion.

The Rev. James B. Greene, pastor of St. John the Evangelist Church, Binghamton, N. Y., announces a gift of \$10,000 from Mr. and Mrs. George F. Johnson to help the fund being raised to build a new church. Mr. Johnson and wife are non-Catholics, he being the president of the great Endicott-Johnson Shoe Manufacturing Company, and their generosity is thoroughly appreciated by the pastor and his congregation.

Longmans, Green and Company, says the Sacred Heart Review, have in press a volume of the "Correspondence of John Henry Newman," covering the eventful years from 1839 to 1845. It is edited by the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory. The collection will include not only Newman's letters to Keble and many others, but also those of his correspondents, by permission of their representatives.

The late Very Rev. Dr. O'Hickey, the noted Gaelic scholar, left a library of over 5,000 volumes. The collection includes all the rare works in ancient, middle and modern Irish by Irish and Continental scholars; Irish history and archæology, Anglo Irish prose, and archæology, theology, ecclesiastical history, Gaelic on Law, local histories, general literature, travel, art and artists. Many will learn with regret that the collection will be scattered as it is proposed to auction the books in Dublin.