

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### A RECLUSE!

We remember him very well. A tall man with a slow gait. He always seemed to be thinking as he went. Most "walks" in our days are almost on the run. You know the man is going to the station. He is only breathlessly thinking of a train. Not so in this case. You could see he was thinking deep, quiet thoughts as he went. He had a fine face, which might have been handsome when the man was young, but now it was marked and gnarled and weathered by time. It was almost rugged, and yet a quiet smile often came to light it up pleasantly. Even great rough hills lose their austerity with the morning light on them. Most people knew him as the editor of a local newspaper, a humdrum print. Some few recognised him as a poet. He had written, but by no means his best things. His "copy" had poetry in it; but he was a much better poet than that.

When first we remember him he lived at Mountain Hall. Why it was called Mountain Hall we never knew. There was nothing that even a liar could call a "mountain" within twenty miles of the old house. But there was a little garden, surrounded by a hedge in which the birds built, before the house, and some fine old trees which held out great sheltering arms around it. There was, too, what had been a farmyard, with barn and outhouses behind, and then nothing but fields—flowery fields—for a good half mile at least, when you would come upon some high-set woods in one direction, and some other dwellings on the town's outskirts in another. Here he lived his quiet life with books and with his heart. We had a theory, when we were young, that a man to be a poet must have been a lover; that to be gifted with a song throat, you must have had heart experience. Indeed, we would have argued, did not nature point to the same conclusions. It is not at the mating season the birds sing? "The merry birds are lovers," according to Burns, who certainly had his hot experiences of a turbulent heart. But whether our old friend ever had been in love, we know not. His youth was long past before we knew him. If he had been in love, it had only left a wholesome scar—for he was a man in whom there was no running sore. When we knew him he lived a quiet, happy life. Perhaps in these our busy days men would say he frittered away his existence. But no; he lived to the full, although he was a kind of recluse. He entertained a great many good books. But he was no pedant. He did not read much, but he read well. He seldom talked much about his books, and often talked much about nature. Not Nature as we have written it, with a big N, but the friendly, homely nature as he saw it round about him. He once took us to see a nest which a dainty little bird had built in the hedge of his garden. It seemed somehow his property as well as the bird's, and we had an impression that he knew every nest in the neighbourhood, and that the birds did not look upon his visits as an intrusion, so gentle was he.

He was full of bird lore, not gathered second hand from books, but first hand from the hedges and the bushes and the field. But it was not his quaint natural history that we meant to write about, but the man himself, although you would not understand him unless you understood something of his friends the robin and the swallow and the rest. There is a new-fangled kind of biography which asserts that the life of a man is meaningless unless you read with it the history of his times. It is upon this sound principle that we have in connection with our old friend let you hear the birds sing.

When he spoke of men or books, he had always something to say that was well worth listening to; and yet his shrewdness of insight always wore a scabbard of velvet, and his sword-strokes were genial. We could make our own pages interesting if

we could remember and put down some of the good things that he so quietly said. But that would be like robbing the dead. We remember once he said of the carpet bagger who was attempting to represent his city in Parliament, and who was a wind bagger as well. "He reminds me of a churn with some water and a little piece of soap in it. With diligent working it foams and froths until you would think that all the world was in the box; but it is only a little piece of soap after all." And that fairly described the platform oratory of the would-be M. P.

It is too frequently the fault of a man who is a poet or a play-writer, or indeed anything, that his estimates of those who are in the same line of business are inexorable. Who ever heard a singer praise a singer? Even the praise of such persons ends with a detraction; indeed the praise is given that the detraction may seem judicial. But this man did not seem to be jealous of any one. It is true that there was one man from the same country-side who had risen into the zenith of popular praise. He was uncouth, but strenuous; earnest, but crabbed. He had a following; and it is a following that turns even a strong head. It might well have been that our old friend might have girded at his contemporary. But no; all his judgments leaned to mercy's side. To him nothing that was human was strange and when he had no good word to say, he said nothing. He had made no serious effort to achieve fame, and he did not resent the success of others. Strange, too, in these questioning days, when creeds are on their trial, and when to deny is easier than to affirm, he did not seem to be racked with doubt, but worshipped in the same church, or at any rate in the same faith that he had been born into. Yet he, like others, must have passed through the tossing waters of unbelief; but he had come to land. He was serene in nothing, but the fervid usually overshoots the mark. He led a quiet, comely, not unhappy life, with great thoughts and deep feelings. Respect followed him at a distance. Of friends he had few, but every one in the neighborhood felt a sedate pride in having him in their midst. His existence kept the common times above contempt. And when in the fulness of time he passed away—dying as quietly as he had lived—he was followed by many to the grave; and although there was no hysterical sorrow at his funeral, there was a good deal of decent sadness, which was a tribute to his unpretentious reputation, and his calm days now calmly ended. That he had achieved nothing is not true. He had lived! It is not a man's destiny to produce pictures or books which are the darlings of an hour, although that does many a superficial folk that goes seem to be "Man's chief end." After all, books and work are not in themselves noble, but they are the means by which a man may make himself noble. If you can be noble without them, so much the better. His contributions to the plethoric library of the world had been small, and were soon forgotten. He had scaled no great height of fame. He had not taken a gaping world by surprise, but he had lived worthily. He could look on life largely and still could smile; he had a wide soul and a gentle warm heart on rapport with Nature all his days, and he left behind him a memory which is more like a fragrance than a history. May our last days be like his!

### ALL CALL ON GOD

It has often been said, that in the face of danger and death, there are no atheists. It was never said more effectively than recently by George Pattullo in The Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Pattullo wrote: "How many times I threw myself flat, I don't know. Now I was furiously tearing myself free from the bars; next I was down on the ground, dumbly praying to the Creator for protection, while in front, behind and all around the shells were lashing the earth. Twice the mud they threw covered me from head to foot. I'm not ashamed to admit that I prayed. What I am ashamed of is that I hadn't done such a thing before in fifteen years; and now, like a yellow dog, I turned to my Maker for help. But who

doesn't? I don't care who the man is or what his belief may be; I don't care what his pluck or what his part, or how atheistic his leanings—when all else fails him, in the agony of pain or fear of death, he will cry to a higher Power; he will make some sort of prayer to his God."—Extension Magazine.

## THE VATICAN AND THE ALLIES

### A NEW ATMOSPHERE

FROM A ROMAN CORRESPONDENT  
London, Eng., Daily Telegraph, Aug. 19, 1918.

Is the Pope of any importance in the world? If he is not, then we need not trouble about him, nor need anyone read what follows. But we have troubled about him ever since the War began; we have followed his words and actions with more interest than, perhaps, those of any other neutral in the world. In the earliest days of the War an influential group of English Non-conformists did not hesitate to express their recognition of the potential influence of the Vatican, with the hope that the Pope could speak clearly and the certainty that if he spoke his voice would be raised on the side of right—the side of the Allies. If representatives of Non-conformity, typical opponents of all things Catholic, recognized the importance of the Vatican, it may surely be taken that the world in general agrees in that view. The British Government seem to have shown agreement in sending a diplomatic mission to the Holy See. Indeed, the story of the War shows that the Vatican does count for something in the world. It is on that assumption that this article is written, to establish certain facts in their true light, and to suggest some thoughts arising from them touching the future of the British Empire, other civilized communities, and, in fact, the civilization of the world in general.

In considering the position, actions, influence of the Pope, the Holy See, the Vatican—use whatever term you will—I have attempted to put aside both partiality and prejudice. The reader is asked to do the same. It is equally foolish and harmful to start with the idea that the Pope is all powerful as that he is a negligible quantity. In the Middle Ages practically all Europe owed him spiritual obedience; interdicts and excommunications were regarded seriously; yet sovereigns not only disobeyed him, but went to war against him. He possessed temporal power and large estates, yet he was carried into captivity. But there would not be much result now—except to German Catholics—if the Pope were to accomplish the impossible and excommunicate the German Emperor. And now, too, he lives shut up in the Vatican, under a semi-confinement, inevitable even if generously exercised, of the Italian Government. On the other hand, the Holy See exists and will go on existing. The Pope does not leave the Vatican, but from it he controls spiritually the Catholic Church, and that control is effective in whole or part, in what are called "mixed" matters, even in some which would seem to be connected with the world alone. That being so, it is worth considering what this organization, the Catholic Church, is.

### CATHOLIC ORGANIZATION

To begin with, there are 800,000,000 people in it, and a homogeneous public opinion of 800,000,000 people counts. Then there is the executive, headed by the Pope, the College of Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, Vicars and Prefects Apostolic, and the whole army of regular and secular priests working in every corner of the habitable globe. On the diplomatic side there are Nuncios and Internuncios; religio-diplomatic representatives are the Apostolic Delegates. Reaching downwards from the Pope there are (at the present moment) sixty-five Cardinals, twenty Patriarchal, 239 Archiepiscopal, 995 Episcopal Sees, thirteen Apostolic Delegations, 189 Apostolic Vicariates, seventy-three Prefectures. The holders of all these are on active service; the 563 titular Sees are not counted. On the diplomatic side the Holy See has nuncios in nine countries, Internuncios in six; sixteen States send representatives to Rome. The whole of the vast organization is controlled from the Vatican; supreme chief of the bureaucracy that controls it is the Pope. There it is, existing today as it has existed for centuries, and—let it be repeated, for there is no getting away from the fact—as it is going to go on existing, indeed growing, as the yearly records show.

The Allies have got to win this War. And they are going to win this War. A very highly placed Catholic prelate has said to me that his faith that Divine Providence could not allow the forces of evil to triumph over right in the present struggle for the future of the world was for him as strong as his faith in his Church, Justice and right must triumph so

surely the Allies must win this War. But surely our point of view must not be confined to the time of fighting. We must look forward to the day when, Germany has performed to accept the just and lasting peace on which the Allies are bent, and of which the Pope has spoken, too, and beyond that to world prosperity under its aegis. Possibly at the time of making peace, certainly in the years to follow, it is to the interest of the Allies and it is practicable to co-operate with the great organization outlined above. Per contra, if the Allies are not willing to co-operate with it, it may drift once more into German orbit. And surely the British Government do not want to see perpetual difficulties cropping up between them and the activity of that huge disorganised and the sentimentality of 800,000,000 people. The British authorities have been misunderstood in the past; Catholic opinion in Rome and in neutral countries has been against them, and their cause has suffered. This has now greatly, if not entirely, changed; the logic of facts has destroyed prejudice. The British Government can now do one of two things—recognize and take advantage of the change, or lose the position that the justice of their cause and the honesty of their actions has won for them among Catholics. They can let the Vatican alone. If they do that it may slide back into the arms of Germany and Austria, and then the position will be as in August, 1914.

### CHANGE IN OPINION

The change that has come about in Catholic opinion throughout the world is remarkable. In 1914 in neutral countries it went solidly against this country. Until Italy entered the War, such Catholic opinion as could be deduced from its press, was on the side of Germany and Austria. Ninety-five per cent. of the people in Italy are Catholics, and certainly the press did not represent their feeling. It did at that time represent the feeling of certain official Catholic organizations, which take their views from the Vatican. Now, Catholic opinion in Italy is unanimous with the Allies; Catholics—official "organised" Catholics, that is—are taking their full share in their country's struggle. There may still be found half a dozen people here and there who have not been able to "see across Ponte Molle," to raise their heads above the fog of ancient history and ancient prejudice, but they do not count in the life of the nation. It is true the Vatican does not discountenance them openly—it cannot do so, because that might seem like taking sides—but it certainly does not encourage them. American Catholics were, in a large majority, against this country; now they are wholly with their country and the Allies, and in the fighting ranks in numbers far above their proportion to the population. In August, 1914, an American prelate—a true American, not a German—said to the writer that he hoped France would not come out victorious, on account of the anti-Papal attitude of its Government. Now, American Catholics are fighting for France on the soil of France with that prelate's blessing. Catholic opinion in Spain is still largely under the influence of German poison propaganda, but it is far from being so anti-Ally as it was. In Switzerland, even among many of the German Swiss, facts, again, have had their effects.

There is no doubt about the change due to the destruction of ancient prejudice by straight facts. It was inevitable that in 1914 Germany and Austria should find favour in the eyes of Rome as against the Allies. Austria had the reputation of being a Catholic country; at any rate the Emperor was "his apostolic Majesty," and did excellent lip service. Further, he was the one great Catholic Sovereign left, for not only was "His Most Catholic Majesty" of Spain not quite in the same class, but the spirit that animated Canalejas was believed to exist still in Spain, while legislation openly directed against the Church was unknown in Austria. And Germany had been cultivating the Vatican for years by methods which though contradictory and hypocritical in fact as we see them now, amply German—were effective here. Wilhelm came and paid court to the Pope with a show of State carriages and horses and gigantic cuirassiers brought specially from Berlin—and he had written only two years before to the Princess Anne of Hesse, who had become a Catholic: "I hate the religion you have embraced. . . . You have, however, joined that Roman superstition, the destruction of which regards as the supreme end of my life." He bought and presented to a Catholic community in Jerusalem the sacred site known as the Domitio Virginis; and he urged Mohammedans on a Holy War against Christianity. He visited Benedictine Monasteries in Germany, flatterer the inmates with words and gifts, and taking good care that Rome should be informed that the German Government systematically refused to allow any ordinance of the Pope, binding the whole Church, to have any force at all in Germany. A sweeping statement

this last, but true and easily documented.

### BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE

The King of Prussia kept a very efficient representative in Rome, a Lutheran, a Jew, a smooth and at the same time a strong diplomat, and his efforts were well seconded by two Christians representing Austria and Bavaria. Their diplomatic activity was surprising. When the Secretary of State looks up now the records of August, 1914, and thereabouts, in the light of the revelations furnished by the War, it is more surprised than ever. But in those days Germany and Austria possessed the Vatican. There was no one to contradict anything they said. The Belgian representative was past his prime; the Russian did not count; the British Government had no one, nor had France. It was "Catholic Austria and semi-Catholic Germany" against "infidel France, Protestant England, and Schematist Russia;" and of the three the last was, in the eyes of the Vatican—and with some justice, for the Holy Synod's record as regards Catholics would not bear examination)—far and away the worst. "No one" is hardly right; but there was one person in Rome; and if the poison diffused by the German coterie did not sink deeper than was actually the case, England and the Allies owe that to the presence in Rome of that fearless and, happily, trusted pillar of truth, Cardinal Gasquet. At Christmas, 1914, Sir Henry Howard came, followed shortly afterwards by a representative of Belgium with a keen, logical mind, M. Vanden Heuvel. The atmosphere was changing even before the Germans and Austrians left when Italy went to war in May 1915; since then the light of truth has penetrated ever more and more through the fog of prejudice and lies. It has been aided by facts, blatant, historic, terrible facts, which damn the Central Empire.

The British Government did an extraordinarily sensible thing in sending to Rome as representative of the British Empire to the Holy See a big man like Sir Henry Howard. Rome knew already the name of Howard and the personality of Sir Henry. His strength and straightforwardness, coupled with unflinching tact and exquisite knowledge and observance of diplomatic etiquette, gained him not only a pre-eminent position, but, more valuable, the confidence of the Vatican. His successor, Count de Salis, has retained that confidence. Both the British representatives have had most difficult tasks; both have been fitted for them, and both have succeeded. Sir Henry Howard had to smash the atmosphere; "disipate" does not suggest the strength necessary for the operation—of prejudice and lies. He did it, and when he left received a gift such as Popes have never given to any departing diplomat. Count de Salis, too, has won through.

### NEW CONFIDENCE

When the official organ of the Vatican goes out of its way to express official pleasure at the news that he was shortly expected back in Rome, after a rather prolonged leave of absence—because some persons, either malevolent or stupid, had spread rumors that he was not coming back—then we know, even if we did not know from other signs, how the confidence of the Holy See in the British Empire. The Rome correspondent of the Tablet recorded in the issue of April 21, 1907, how "missionaries returning to Rome to report from districts where the Union Jack either rules or can be approached for protection, say: 'Leave us under England, for it is there we can get liberty.'" And he recalled that saying of a Roman Cardinal, and one commonly reckoned "intransigent," that all good Catholics should pray for the prosperity of the British Empire, for with it were bound up the prospects of the Catholic Church. What that Cardinal would have been one of a very few in saying then, would be the general verdict of the Vatican now. Here is the change of atmosphere; from the old "Protestant England" shibboleth to confidence in the British Empire. If that confidence is worth keeping, if the Pope counts for anything in the world then for the sake of England, for the Empire, for the Allied cause, for truth and justice, and for the civilisation of the world—let it be kept.

The Vatican has been prejudiced against England in the past, but is now coming to understand her. If we welcome that change of attitude, if we see value in it, that two great institutions, the Holy See and the British Empire, may work in harmony in future for the Christian civiliza-

tion of the world, neither asking for nor giving favors, each going on its own path without any rubbing of shoulders either in intimacy or, on the other hand, in friction—then it is worth our while that we should understand the Vatican.

### THE POPE'S IMPARTIALITY

For such as are conscientiously convinced that the Roman Catholic religion is an evil thing, association with which can bring no good, it is too much to ask these to try and understand. But there must be millions who would be glad to sweep away prejudice from their minds—if they were convinced that it was really prejudice, not truth; and it seems that judgment of the attitude of the Holy See, of the actions of the Pope in everything relating to the War, is still swayed to some extent by prejudice. It is not necessary to agree with all the Pope has done—thousands of good Catholics entirely disagree with many of his political actions—but judgment should at least be based on true facts. And the facts have not always been plainly stated, and have frequently been misunderstood. You can, for instance, base your judgment of the Pope on the supposition that he is pro-Austrian; you can argue from that that he must necessarily be pro-German; and then you can so interpret facts as to build up a damning indictment against him—always on the original supposition for which you have sought no proof. Similarly, and with exactly the same facts in their minds, some Germans will be throwing mud at him because they have based their judgment on the equally erroneous notion that he is pro-Ally. And he is in the middle, beset, but endeavouring to be impartial.

### TO BE CONTINUED

## A GRATEFUL WOMAN'S TRIBUTE

The New York Sun relates the following touching incident which happened whilst the mortal remains of Cardinal Farley were lying in state awaiting burial:

Sisters of Mercy, kneeling in this room had prayed the night through, and the Conductor Bishop and the Monsignor had entered from time to time in the dark hours to invoke that mercy of God which must be invoked for prince as for pauper. These had scarcely withdrawn with noiseless step when a faint and timorous ring at the ball of the Cardinal's house summoned an attendant, who opened the door to a woman, old and very frail. She carried, with almost painful solicitude, a single rose whose warmth of color could not be hidden by the tissue in which it was wrapped.

### A WOMAN WHO DID NOT FORGET

It was early to admit the people—too early—but the appeal in the woman's face induced the attendant to summon one of the Monsignori, who after hearing her story bowed with the grace for which he is famous and escorted her in person to the room where the pictured face of Benedict XV. looked down upon the mortal remains of John Cardinal Farley. And this was the story as the Monsignor gave it last evening to a reporter for the Sun.

"Many years ago, Monsignor, I had come to a pass in life that was all misery and misfortune. I had no money. I could not get employment. I could not find solace in prayer. At this time, when I hoped that the good God would end a life so unbearable, there was a priest of my Church who heard of my trouble. He came to me, talked to me, restored my faith, refreshed my strength, gave me his blessing and went away. And after he went I found upon the table in the room where we had talked a check for \$100. This check, Monsignor, was signed 'John M. Farley.'"

"With that money and with the new spirit that Father Farley had put into my heart I maintained myself cheerfully until I had the means to grow flowers and to achieve independence. Every morning and every night of my life I have offered prayer for this priest and now I have brought to lay upon his bier the last of my beautiful roses. You will grant me that happiness?"

"And I," said the Monsignor last evening, "considered it an honor to myself to be privileged to lead her to the room and to see her place a beautiful red rose upon the bier. These things, my son, spring only out of the hearts of the people in response to genuine gratitude."

The Holy Father has decreed that Catholic soldiers, who have been mutilated in the War and are, therefore, unable to bend their knees or bow their heads when praying before the Blessed Sacrament, shall not for this reason be deprived of the indulgence which they could otherwise gain. His Holiness grants that soldiers, so impeded, may gain the indulgence merely by reciting the prayers, that, under ordinary circumstances, are indulged in combination with these acts.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The film, "Frata Sole"—Brother Sun—of which St. Francis of Assisi is the leading figure, is drawing great crowds of people in Rome, among them Cardinals and other ecclesiastics high in dignity. In Rome, St. Francis is today the most popular saint; intellectual, ecclesiastical and civil Rome are attracted to him.

The Italian Marine Authorities ordered the city of Florence to cut down all the available trees in the magnificent and historic forest of Alverno—a forest in which is located the Mountain on which St. Francis received the Stigmata for ship-building, but the order aroused such consternation and opposition especially from the city of Florence, that the Government was forced to rescind the obnoxious order.

A young French officer, Captain Pierson, who met his death in an aviation accident, had crossed the Channel by aeroplanes more than a hundred times since the outbreak of war, and had been appointed a member of the French Military Commission on Aviation in England. His premature death recalls a great memory, for the deceased officer's mother was a daughter of Louis Veuillot, the great Catholic journalist whose name (as Pope Pius X. said) is gloriously fixed in history.

At the Benedictine monastery of Nostra Señora de Cogullada, near Saragosa, Spain, the Society of Our Lady of Peace has been successfully founded under the auspices of Benedict XV. himself, who, having erected the confraternity, desired also to be its first associate. The Church here was consecrated last October to the Queen of Peace, the ceremony being performed by the Papal Nuncio at Madrid in the name of the Holy Father, the Nuncio being vested for the special occasion with the dignity of Apostolic Delegate. It is believed to be the first church consecrated under the new title.

The Bishop of Soissons, France, Monsignor Feschard, was on a confirmation tour of his diocese when the bombardment of the city by the Germans was begun. The Bishop states that one hundred churches in the diocese had been razed to the ground before he left the city, and that since his departure quite a hundred more have been pillaged and partly demolished. The Cathedral of Soissons has suffered severely, but the whole of the northern facade is still standing, though there are great rents in it, stretching to about 100 feet, and 200 yards of the vaulting have fallen in.

St. Louis, Sept. 17.—The promotion of Brigadier General William Hartshorne Johnston to the rank of Major-General, in the recent list of appointments, was the cause of great satisfaction to his many friends at St. Louis University. The new Major-General was an instructor in military training at the university from 1895 to 1898, and his elevation recalls the old days before our war with Spain. He is a sterling Catholic, while his grandfather was an Episcopal rector of Cincinnati.

An interesting little ceremony occurred at the American Embassy in Paris the other day when the Comtesse d'Hautpoul, member of an old Catholic family, waited on the Ambassador and presented him with a pass in life that was all misery and misfortune. I had no money. I could not get employment. I could not find solace in prayer. At this time, when I hoped that the good God would end a life so unbearable, there was a priest of my Church who heard of my trouble. He came to me, talked to me, restored my faith, refreshed my strength, gave me his blessing and went away. And after he went I found upon the table in the room where we had talked a check for \$100. This check, Monsignor, was signed 'John M. Farley.'"

The Sainte Chapelle, or Holy Chapel, is probably the most beautiful Gothic edifice in Paris. It forms today a part of the Palace of Justice. It was built by St. Louis, King of France, to contain the Holy Crown of Thorns, and other parts of the instruments of the Passion of Our Lord, which St. Louis himself received from Jean de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, and while St. Louis was there. The chapel dates from 1245-1248. The length of the Chapel is 114 feet; its height is also 114 feet. Its windows are 48 feet in height and 13 in width. Its gilded spire is 80 feet in height. The precious relics are now, however, kept in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Rev. Brother Bernard, Provincial of the Christian Brothers of Ontario, has gone on a visit to the Western Provinces to look into the Catholic educational conditions and needs there. The questions of Catholic educational facilities in the West, and especially among the Ruthenians, is one of serious concern to the Church authorities. Without adequate Catholic schools, it is feared that great numbers will be lost to the Church, and the Christian Brothers have been urged to appeal to for help in this truly missionary work. It is likely that Brother Bernard will spend about a month in the West and will then make a report on the situation to the Superior General of the Order with a view to establishing schools there.