

Irishmen born, or the sons of Irishmen, and it is, therefore, no exaggeration whatever for us to say that at this moment the Irish race has at the front, or with the colors at least a quarter of a million sons. Well, now, I don't want to make comparisons at all. I believe every country is doing its duty the best way it can.

#### Irish Army and Navy Leaders.

I make no claim for Ireland, except that Ireland is doing its duty, and I say that our record up to this is one of which we can be proud, and if we turn for a moment to the record of performances at the front, I think we Irishmen can hold up our heads. Sir John French is an Irishman. He springs from a good old Irish stock. Admiral Beatty is an Irishman from the County Wexford. Admiral Carden, who is bombarding the Dardanelles, is an Irishman from Tipperary. The Lieut. Commander of the destroyer that sank the U8 the other day is a Creagh from the County Clare.

And if we leave the high in rank and go down to the rank and file, I think the name of Mike O'Leary will be forever associated with the history of this war. And if you look at the performances at the front from another point of view, and if you look at the casualty list, and if you see how whole regiments of Irish troops have been almost wiped out, I do not think that any man will be found in this country to deny that Ireland is doing her duty. But after all we make no boast of it; it is no thing to be wondered at. It is in keeping with the history and traditions of our race.

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

### GENERAL.

Lieut. the Hon. Howard Carew Stanor, of the 4th Bedfordshire Regiment, attached to the 2nd South Staffordshire Regiment, son of Jessie, Lady Camoys and of the fourth Lord Camoys, was killed in action on March 10. The deceased officer was in his 22nd year.

The Musicians' Company of London have presented gold watches to three military bandsmen who recently won the Victoria Cross, one of the recipients being Lance-Corporal Kenny, a Catholic serving in the Gordon Highlanders, though born in Drogheda. The Lord Mayor of London made the presentation.

The other day a French soldier was awarded 'la medaille militaire et la citation a l'ordre du jour' of his regiment both on the battlefield and in the depot of Montpellier. Five reasons were assigned for the reward. The officer who received the despatch in the barrack square, apparently much struck, paused and said: 'Who is this M. de G.? Does anybody know him?' A soldier (a Benedictine) replied: 'Yes, I know him: he is a Jesuit priest.' Tremendous applause on the part of all the soldiers.

### CHURCHES AT DIXMUDE

The *Maasbode* publishes a letter from a chaplain at Dixmude, who says that in the ecclesiastical district of Dixmude not a single church remains undamaged. About forty have been demolished, and the priests of St. George's, Mannekens, Vere Lodslod, and Ysenberghe are dead. The Abbe Deman, chaplain of Essen, near Dixmude, was shot in the churchyard of his own parish. The Burgomaster of Handzoeme was also shot.

### SIX BROTHERS SERVING THE KING.

A Catholic family in Ulverston holds a commendable record. Six sons of the late Mrs. Dixon are serving in the forces. The eldest of this notable sextette is John Mulrennan, who is 39 years of age. He joined the South African Mounted Police twelve years ago, and is now serving with General Botha. He is married, and just recently the press recorded the gallant feat of his son, Tom, a naval cadet, in saving a boy from

drowning in Cape Town Harbor. Richard (32) has enlisted in the Highland Light Infantry. Robert (28) is leading signaller on H.M. Flagship Defence. He has served in the Navy for nearly twelve years. Isadore (27) has been in Canada eight years, and is in Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. Willie (26) is in the Royal Field Artillery, and has been in the fighting line. Fred (21) joined the Gordon Highlanders when war broke out.

### A PRIEST'S FORGIVENESS.

Writing in the *Jersey Weekly Post*, Father A. Bitot, S.J., recounted the experiences of several French priests who are fighting with the French Army. Of Father Veron he says: 'He deserved to be called a martyr.' Caught by the Germans when he was helping the dying soldiers on the battlefield near Le Cateau, he had to follow the foe for several days on foot, without sleep or food, except one or two apples, having besides to bear the most horrible treatments—kicks, blows, pricks from the bayonets. After eight days of this agony he breathed his last in a forsaken farm, assisted by another priest, also a prisoner, who had borne almost the same sufferings, but who, being younger and stronger, was able to endure them. Father Veron's last words were words of forgiveness for his tormentors, and words of hope that Almighty God would accept the sacrifices of his life for the success in the war of the countries so dear to his heart—France and England. Is not this a beautiful death indeed?

### REMARKABLE STORY OF GERMAN KINDNESS.

That the ill-treatment of the Catholic priests captured by the Germans is not universal is evident by the story of Father Doncoeur, an Army chaplain. Captured at Soissons with a lot of officers and men of my regiment (he says), I was offered to be set at liberty at once. Of course, the thought of forsaking my companions would never have entered my mind, so I refused to leave them, and I was taken with them to Germany to Krefeld, in Westphalia. There the commander of the place showed me the greatest respect, and gave me all facilities for performing my holy ministry to the troops. I was even allowed to pass every morning to go to the church in town. After three months' captivity I was sent back to France through Switzerland with several officers of the Army Medical Corps. My most earnest wish was to stay with my dear regiment, but this time I had not the choice. A fact which struck me was this: Whilst going in a cab from the barracks to the railway station of Krefeld many good people were on the threshold of their houses saluting us with sympathy and shouting, 'Good-bye: a pleasant journey to you!'

### CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS AT THE FRONT.

In the course of a letter from the front to his father, Mr. Patrick McMahon, Castletown road, Dundalk, Private Owen McMahon, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, says: 'We have an Irish priest with our regiment here, and a brave man he is. Three weeks ago we were going up one night with rations to our firing line trenches when we met the priest, who had been praying over the graves of some of the men who had fallen. We were wet to the skin, and he must have been the same. We did not know who he was until he saluted us. Immediately afterwards there came a swarm of bullets across the road and we had to take shelter in an old house. We did not know whether the priest had been struck or not, but three days afterwards we were glad to meet him again. It was Christmas morning, and we were at Mass in an old barn—about a hundred of us. The priest was much moved, and we did not know the cause. When Mass was over he told us that he was moved not with sorrow, but with joy to see so many of us at Mass that Christmas morning in the barn—so far from home and from our friends in Ireland. We