

# 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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### CLEAR

Mr. Messer, the general secretary of the Chicago Y. M. C. A., says: "The Y. M. C. A. is essentially a Protestant organization. In my mind it should remain distinctly Protestant." A clear cut statement which should have a meaning for the Catholic who imagines that the Y. M. C. A. has never an idea above swimming pools. We are glad, however, to see that in some sections clubs are being organized to safeguard the brethren from the snares of the ever vigilant workers of the Y. M. C. A. They will be surprised, we think, at the encouragement and support, pecuniary and otherwise, that will be accorded them. This is a work opportune and destined to achieve results.

### AN ABSURDITY

Now and then we read addresses which are characterized by the press as forceful, eloquent and thought provoking. Some of the speakers meander through a labyrinth of words, and emerge therefrom with a graceful agility without causing any perturbation of the gray matter of their hearers. It is somewhat of a gift to be able to say a platitude with portentous solemnity, or to announce an absurdity with the air of giving something moral to a long expectant world. For instance, an educator must be either very courageous or unreflecting, or sure of the credulity of his audience when he tells them that he believes in "undogmatic Christianity." The man in the pew likes that sort of thing. He may not understand it, but "undogmatic" is, he is sure, an effective weapon against the Church. He likes Christianity that is colorless, purged of anything that may affront his susceptibilities, and doled out to him in essays that may teach him choice diction. But when you tackle him in a business deal, his reasoning power, which is lulled to sleep in his church, is very much alive and ready to pounce upon wild-cat schemes that would part him from his money. But on Sunday he listens with equanimity to a preacher talking about "undogmatic Christianity,"—an absurdity and a contradiction in terms.

### WHAT IT IS

A dogma is a truth formulated in accurate terms. Science has its dogmas. So has the world of finance. So has religion. When a truth is formulated in precise terms and defined by authority, it is called a Christian dogma, and if Christianity is undogmatic it has no truths to teach and no authority to teach them. Consequently this Christianity would not be the Christianity of Christ. For Christ taught truths and commissioned His Church to continue His work, and to condemn all who opposed it. During the centuries heretics have from time to time attacked some teaching of the Church. But because they did not addle their brains with groundless theories, and did not, though they lost their faith, part with common sense, they never talked about "undogmatic Christianity." That would have crippled their influence over their followers, who knew that the Christianity as revealed to us in the New Testament is a dogmatic religion. They would have frowned upon "undogmatic Christianity" as a fraud, a caricature, as a shapeless thing without voice, a fantastic phantom of an overheated imagination. But in our generation a preacher whose reason is in a trance, and whose knowledge of Scripture is in abeyance, may champion it with never a protest from his hearers.

### THE LATEST

Bishop Burt is afflicted with Catholicophobia. He says now and then a few unpleasant words about Rome, to the easing of his bodily discomfort. Despite, however, much vocal exercise and an expenditure of money, Rome survives and the Italians, poor benighted people who know not the "open Bible," have not evinced any inclination to join hands with Methodists. Having failed as a

bright light for the Italians, this godly man wooed success in another field and now in wondrous fashion, it is a very touching idyll which will, we are sure, charm the denizens of the Amen corner, and show them that Bishop Burt's heart is in harmony with things far above rank and fanaticism. Here is the story in all its beauty and simplicity. Bishop Burt is the Holy Father of Methodism. He is the American Pope. Some time ago he presided at a meeting of Methodists and "pronounced the Apostolic Benediction in Italian." And he did it off his own bat, and in Italian. He might have given it in English, but stiff-necked Methodists might have resented it as savouring of Rome.

After years of wandering and much agitation of the atmosphere, Bishop Burt is now happily reigning as the Holy Father of Methodism. May we ask him to send the Apostolic Benediction in Italian to the Christian Guardian.

### ON THE WAR PATH

A writer sees the hand of Providence in the Anglican Church, "which never promulgated a doctrine or condemned a heresy" and discovers traces of divine wisdom in the liberality which allows the adoption of articles that are deemed by different men to countenance their several opinions.

Ruskin declares that the English liturgy was evidently drawn up with amiable intentions of making religion as pleasant as possible to a people desirous of saving their souls, with no great degree of personal inconvenience.

We were under the impression that one might believe anything and yet be an Anglican in good standing, for we have it on good authority that "the Church of England had always within herself persons of extreme divergence of faith." We were of the opinion that "the Church of England drives with an exceedingly loose rein; you can do anything you like in it, provided you go about it decorously." But the Bishop of Zanzibar is of a different opinion. He has recently excommunicated the Bishop of Hereford because of his appointment of a certain clergyman tainted with rationalism, it is said, to a canonry in his cathedral. The Bishop of Zanzibar is at variance with the established methods of Anglicanism. He ought to know that not even rationalism is a bar sinister on Anglican orthodoxy, and a superficial knowledge of conditions such as exist in England might moderate his ardour. Of course they might further inflame his episcopal ire, but if he ventured to go abroad with ball-book and candle, he would learn, in the words of an Anglican Bishop, that the spiritual power he boasts of is no better than a child's toy, or a fool's rattle, until it is charged by the ruling force of society and armed with the sanction of civil penalties. But why should the Bishop concern himself with trifles. For he knows that the Episcopal Church has not and never had unity and "that it is," says Macaulay, "a mere mockery to attach so much importance to unity in form and name where there is so little in substance."

### PRODIGAL IN ASSERTION MISERLY IN PROOF

A motion to continue trial of the government's case against the publishers of the Menace, published at Aurora, Mo., was overruled by Judge Arba S. Van Valkenburgh in the federal court in Kansas City recently. Attorneys for the defense asked delay in the trial, set for the June term of court in Joplin, Mo., on the grounds that it was necessary for them to go to Rome to obtain depositions of the Pope, his secretary and keeper of the Vatican records. By them the attorneys asserted they would attempt to prove "that Roman Catholic priests were required to take an oath traitorous to the United States government and requiring them to teach against the doctrine of American liberty."

In his ruling Judge Van Valkenburgh held that "the Roman Catholic Church is not on trial in this case," and that "the question is whether the defendants have violated the penal code." "Were they able to secure testimony on the points they had raised," he said, "it would not be admissible as evidence." On Monday of this week Judge Van Valkenburgh granted a continuance,

upon the showing of the defendants that they could not be ready for trial in June. The date of trial now set is January of next year.—True Voice.

### AN INDIVIDUAL DUTY

Rev. Father O'Gorman's sermon (which we publish elsewhere in this week's RECORD) on the evils of intemperance and his practical and sensible appeal to those of his auditors to promise to abstain from the use of alcohol during at least the term of the war should be read and thought upon by Ottavans in general. The topic is indeed a timely one and Father O'Gorman's presentation of the facts of the evil of intemperance and even of moderate indulgence in the habit is impressive and convincing. It would prove inspiring were a movement started by all the churches, for individual abstinence from liquor to originate in the Capital at this time—it would do much to encourage the men who are facing such terrible conditions abroad. That this moral and practical support would be welcomed and appreciated is made clear in a letter recently printed in the London Times and signed Vox Eloquentis, by a writer who had just returned from one of the great base camps in France. He says:

I had some eye-opening conversation with two officers who had only left Ypres the day before, and with a third who was in close touch with many more who had also been through it all. The things they told me on the munitions question were such as could not have been told a reporter; and I certainly shall not act as such. But I may at least repeat the bitter message of one to the people at home. "They had better send along more men and guns as fast as they can if they want to find any British army at all up there." And then in England, side by side with what you well call "The Moral of Dunkirk," and in spite of all appeals and examples and of the sobering which such a week of gloom might well have produced, I read of "The rush to buy spirits," "Scottish distillers' objections," "Diamay in Ireland," and all the rest of it. Those of us who can blush have had cause more than once during the war to do so for parts of our home population; but there has been nothing quite so bad as this.

Father O'Gorman's work in this respect is wholly patriotic as well as morally and spiritually uplifting. Moreover the man who stays at home owes it to himself and his country as well as to his family to practice self-denial and show his patriotism in this most effective and practical fashion.—The Ottawa Citizen.

### THE POPE 1815-1915

But if all these stories of intrigue and pressure at the Vatican are fantastic, he is a bold prophet who can say what the future may have in store for the Holy See. History repeats itself more vividly in Rome than anywhere else in the world, and little incidents here constantly suggest the most striking reminiscences. This is an instance: while you are reading in your Roman paper this discussion about the Pope leaving Rome, the Cittadino of Genoa is devoting whole pages to the solemn feast at Savona where Cardinal Ferrari, as Pontifical Legate, surrounded by other Cardinals and numerous Bishops, is crowning the statue of Our Lady of Mercy, and that makes you just remember how only the other day Benedict XV. was presented with a silver copy of another famous Ligurian statue of the Blessed Virgin.

At first sight it is a mere medley of transient newspaper items, but see how naturally it all sets into its place among the lights and shadows of papal history. At the beginning of July, 1809, the Apostolic Palace of the Quirinal was literally cut off from the rest of the world, held within and without by Napoleon's spies and guards. On the 3rd a chaplain of the Church of the Genovese, disguised as a servant, succeeded in reaching the presence of the Holy Father to whom he presented a small copy of the statue of Our Lady of Savona, encouraging him to put his trust in her. Three days later came Napoleon's order for the removal of Pius VII. to France, and the aged and delicate Pontiff was hurried off with furious haste and barbarous violence to Grenoble. He took little with him, but among the little was the statue so piously offered three days before. Pius VII. was the meekest of Popes, Napoleon bestrode the world like a Colossus, yet after a few months the Colossus grew furious to learn that all Grenoble and the surrounding districts were aflame with enthusiasm for his helpless victim, and the new order came from the blood-red, victorious fields of Austria: *Take him to Savona.* At Savona Pius VII. was kept until June, 1812, surrounded by the Emperor's spies, functionaries, prelates, gradually deprived of all means of communication with the Catholic world, and finally even of pen, ink or paper. During all that time he never left

the Bishop's palace, except once to pay a visit to the famous shrine of the Madonna whose image was always with him. The visit was in reality a triumphal procession, made so by the immense crowds that gathered on the Pontiff's path to receive his blessing.

In 1812 Napoleon, preparing his onslaught on Russia, wanted to have the Pope more directly under his thumb. A new imperial command: *Send him on immediately to Fontainebleau.* It was carried out so secretly and so rapidly that Pius VII. was already at Fontainebleau before the people of Savona knew of his removal. By 1814 the Emperor no longer thought of invading—all his energies were bent on repelling the invasion of France itself by the victorious Allies. Pius VII. at Fontainebleau was an incumbrance and a source of anxiety. In January he was sent back to Savona, in March arrived the imperial decree for his liberation, in June he was welcomed back in Rome with extraordinary rejoicings—renewed here only last year when the people filled the ancient Church of St. Maria sopra Minerva and joined in the *Te Deum* intoned by Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York.

The Pontiff's greatest troubles were nearly but not quite over: He was in Rome, free, beloved by his people, in peaceful possession of the States of the Church, but in the spring of the following year Napoleon suddenly broke out of Elba, landed in France, seized the throne, and faced—Waterloo, where some nameless Blucher is now again camped a hundred years after. It was to be only a hundred days for Napoleon then, but his brother-in-law Murat seized the opportunity to make an incursion from Naples on the Pontifical States, and Pius was once more obliged to leave Rome and accept the hospitality of King Victor Emmanuel in Piedmont.

Arriving at Genoa he was met by a deputation of the people of Savona who begged him to perform the long-deferred ceremony of the crowning of their Madonna. The Pope consented, on May 10th, 1815, the event took place in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel, the Duchess of Modena, the future King Carlo Alberto, the Queen of Etruria with her son, ten Cardinals and an immense multitude; on September 15th Pius VII. decreed an annual feast in honour of the Madonna of Savona under the title of Our Lady Help of Christians. In 1815 the Pope returned definitely to Rome—and the newspapers are unconsciously celebrating the centenary of the event by seeing swarms of German and Austrian competitors fluttering fretfully round Benedict XV. to induce him to leave Rome again. Pius VII. was deported by Napoleon because he insisted on being neutral, Benedict XV. is asked (we are told) to go away so that he may continue to be neutral, but in both cases it is the neutrality of the Father of the Faithful which shines out steadily over a darkened world.—Rome.

### CHAPLAINS KILLED IN THE DARDANELLES

The Tablet, May 22.

A striking testimony to the affection with which the Rev. W. Finn, the first chaplain to be killed in the war, was regarded by the Catholics of Middlesbrough, among whom he laboured for many years, was forthcoming (says a local paper) on Wednesday in last week, when a crowded congregation assembled in the Middlesbrough Cathedral for a solemn Requiem Mass. The Bishop presided, and in the sanctuary were several of the members of the Chapter and most of the neighbouring clergy. The congregation included the Mayor and Mayoress (Alderman W. J. and Mrs. Bruce) and many representative Catholics from different parts of the district, who accepted this opportunity to pay a last personal tribute to a revered priest, who paid the supreme penalty of his love for the Catholic troops during the operations in the Dardanelles a fortnight ago.

The Mass was sung by Father O'Rourke, Father Wilson being absent, and Father Lynch subdeacon. The Rev. J. Clancy, Bishop's secretary, was master of ceremonies. At the close of the impressive service there was a short sermon by Canon Wood, of Hull, who recalled how he took the deceased chaplain as a boy of ten years to Ushaw College, Durham, to commence his studies, how these were completed in Rome, and how the late priest was ordained in that Cathedral by the Bishop of Middlesbrough. Father Finn did a splendid work in Middlesbrough, and his glorious and noble end has shown what the motive of his whole career was. He, like many others, volunteered to give his services on behalf of his country. The outstanding feature of our forces was the voluntary spirit. It gave them a character unknown to others. Our soldiers volunteered for service, they were not compelled. There was no nobler act than to lay down one's life for his friends. Canon Wood mentioned that when in the operations against the Turks some of the soldiers of his battalion were

wounded by the fire from the forts, Father Finn appealed to his commander to be allowed to go and give them consolation in their dying moments. The officer yielded to his pressure, and the chaplain went off in another boat to give his help, and like many others was killed. They could all be proud to have known such a character.—R. I. P.

### FATHER MATURIN'S LAST MOMENTS

Father Maturin died as we should have expected him to die—a hero's death. In Dublin he is a lady survivor who owes her life to his dying sacrifice. He put her into one of the boats and stood back upon the deck perfectly calm and collected. Just as the boat was pulling away he caught sight of a baby child. There was just time to pick her up and throw her into the lady's arms, with the words, "Try and find her mother." And to her joy she was able to fulfil that last injunction of the dying priest, for on the quay at Queenstown was the baby's mother, landed from another boat. As long as there were boats to be launched and life belts to be served out, Father Maturin worked hard for others. And when no more boats could be got away he was seen standing quietly on the deck, white as a sheet, but as calm as if he were in his study at Oxford. To the last he was giving absolution to his dying fellow-passengers and doing all he could to keep them calm. By nature he was exceptionally nervous—before sailing he wrote to a friend in London saying how anxious he felt about the coming voyage—but when face to face with actual death he was one of the calmest men aboard the ship. A week after the catastrophe his body was washed up at Crookhaven. His face was perfectly peaceful. He had made no attempt to divest himself of any of his clothing, and he wore no life-belt. Evidently he realized that there was no possible chance of being saved. His body was taken in a tug to Queenstown, where it was robed in Mass vestments and carried in procession to the church amid the fervent piety of a Catholic people.—The Tablet.

### BRILLIANT JOURNALIST DEAD

#### LARGE-HEARTED IRISH WOMAN TAKEN FROM RANKS OF LIFE

Brilliant, beautiful "Kit" is dead and the realm in which during the years she visited her "shadows" shall know her no more. Thousands mourn her loss for her name was a household word in countless homes and the exquisite things that came from her pen will be treasured as gems in the hearts of an unending train of admirers.

In death as in life, she was gracious to look upon and as we stood in the darkened room where lay the quiet form about which flowers were banded and massed, speaking of the thought of numerous, perhaps unknown friends, there was nothing but tranquility and satisfaction on the low broad brow, on the heavy lids that hid the great humid brown eyes, nor on the silent countenance now at rest forever. The fine characteristic hands lay passively on her breast and about her neck was a large Celtic cross which she had worn at other times and which was evidently a favorite. Some kind hand had placed sprays of lily of the valley within the casket and with the memory of their presence and perfume, we shall long associate our last remembrances of this refined and brilliant woman.

When the Angel of Death closed the eyes of this talented daughter of Erin there went out from among us one who lived in a class all by herself. Born in the land that harbors the banshee and gave birth to the fairies, the land which suffered in the crucible of sorrow, yet could ever smile through its tears, the land of the poet and the idealist, "Kit" had imbibed all the mysticism which flows from such an atmosphere and the circumstances that cast her lot in situations which seldom cross the path of women, gave her an understanding of life and human motives which few possess.

Before coming as a very young woman to Canada "Kit" had seen life in many phases in her native land and in the school of the continent and gathered knowledge that prepared her unconsciously for the role of advisor and comforter to those who came to her later in her Woman's Kingdom. Afterwards, as opportunities developed, she had the advantage of tropical life in the beautiful islands of the Atlantic, of which she has left us pictures in her glowing accounts of Cuba, and in her Jubilee Jubilee of Queen Victoria, we have lessons in words which plant themselves on the mind of the reader with all the wealth and glory in which they appeared to the eye and mind of the one by whom they were written.

During the Spanish-American War "Kit" was given full recognition as the

only accredited woman war correspondent and though her charm and personality gained her opportunity green with envy, she paid the penalty by being witness to the very inwardness of sordidness and suffering and partook of both in no unlimited degree. Her vivid recollections of what the men endured in those days for want of drinks and simple remedies, often, times as the result of some inexplicable blunder, caused the warm-hearted correspondent to make a soulful appeal at the beginning of present belligerent conditions, to the end in history might not repeat itself in this regard. It is said that the effects of her direful experiences during the war had an ineffaceable effect upon her nervous system while it doubtless did much to develop her already broad outlook on life.

To speak of "Kit" without mentioning the great heart which opened so understandingly to all the woes and foibles of mankind would be to miss the pivot upon which all else turned. She was big and generous to everyone in need of sympathy or assistance, knowing no distinction in doing the friendly act or bestowing the kindly word, yet shrinking from forming many intimacies, seemingly fearful of finding the spurious where nothing but the genuine would satisfy.

As a journalist "Kit" had a long and successful career, if such be counted by the output of her pen. Financially, she probably ended where she began. Having started in the newspaper world when quite young, she was sometimes thought to be much older than her years—she died on her fifty-first birthday—and on several occasions she laughingly referred to the fact that she had been quoted as a journalist in the sear and yellow time of life.

Her taste for reading was extensive and the omnivorous appetite with which she satisfied its demands helped to enrich a vocabulary always plethoric and varied. One would search long and yet fail to find in the field of newspaperdom a writer with versatility and wealth of imagery that distinguished the writings of "Kit" and it has been repeatedly said of her that she never touched anything that she did not adorn. Her intellect was as masculine as the form in which it was housed, and though her columns were for women, men formed no small part of her clientele, being drawn to her circle by the magnetism with which it was charged.

Love for children and "God's little beauties" was among the strong cords that bound her to humanity in a special way and the sweet stories she wrote about her two children, Patsy and Thaddeus, and the glimpses she introduced here and there of wild country rides on the backs of some favorite or "of the blue-gray dogs which wore her special petticoats" fairly brought the children themselves, the yell of the bounds or the bark of welcome right to the ear of the one to whom she told the story. The conferees of Kit will long remember their gracious and talented associate and, recalling her humility and great charity, will pray with confidence, miserere Domine.—Toronto Sunday World.

### PRIEST HEADS NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES

For the first time in its history, extending over forty-two years, the National Conference of Charities and Correction has elected a Catholic priest as its president. He is Rev. Dr. Francis H. Gavisk, chancellor of the diocese of Indianapolis, who came to the conference as the representative of the Indiana State Board of Charities.

Although he is the first Catholic priest to hold the presidency of the conference, Father Gavisk is by no means the first Catholic. Thomas M. Mulry of New York, president of the Immigrant Industrial Saving Society, and one of the national leaders of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, has held that office in recent years. Father Gavisk, the new president, is fifty-nine years old and was born in Evansville, Ind. When a young man he served as a reporter on the Evansville Courier and later entered the college and seminary of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Meinrad, where he studied for the priesthood. He was ordained in 1885 and was assigned to St. John's church, Indianapolis, of which he has been rector since 1890. He has been chancellor of the diocese since 1900 and for ten years he was secretary of Bishop Chataway.

Father Gavisk has been a member of the Indiana State Board of Charities for about nine years and has been actively interested in the charitable and reformatory work of his state. He has been attending the national conferences for about fifteen years, has served as chairman of some of its leading committees and is chairman of the committee on resolutions of the present conference.—True Voice.

Let us rouse ourselves and think seriously of eternity.—Bossuet.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

In the Sacred College, Cardinal Gibbons occupies the second place in seniority of creation.

Bishop Cazet, a Jesuit, has been in Madagascar fifty years. He is eighty-seven years old.

The First Presbyterian Church at Dublin, Texas, has been bought for the church of a new Catholic parish.

The Church in the United States has 229 colleges for boys and 680 academies for girls.

There are no less than 105 Catholic publications in the small kingdom of Holland.

Six hundred seminarians are now serving in the Bavarian army. The higher sacred orders have not yet been conferred upon them.

The Sisters of Charity, Leavenworth, Kans., have received from the Holy See its approval of their Institute and constitutions. The institute numbers about 675 members.

Catholics of Cincinnati have just completed a \$400,000 hospital, consisting of 24 buildings, and has 65 acres.

The celebrated anatomist Stenson, in the sixteenth century, who demonstrated that the heart was a muscle, afterwards became a convert and a Catholic Bishop.

Last year there was added to the ranks of the priesthood in the United States at an average one priest every twenty-two hours; to the number of churches one every thirty hours.

The French monks of the Benedictine Abbey of Belloc, France, who, on being expelled from France by the French Government, settled in Spain, have been called up for the war.

Emperor William has conferred upon fifteen Sisters of the Franciscan Order the decoration of the Iron Cross for their self-sacrifice in hospital work.

Over 193,370 pilgrims visited the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre last year; 7,690 Masses were celebrated there; 206,000 Communions were given.

Private Mooney, Irish, aged sixty, now in a British convalescent hospital, has fifty-one relatives in the army, including four of his nineteen children.

Mrs. Ellen Constance Palmer of New York was received into the Church recently in Rome. The Duchess di Montevoglio acted as sponsor to the convert, who had been under instruction for the past two years.

President Wilson has decided to try again to straighten out the tangled political and fiscal affairs of Haiti. He has chosen Paul Fuller of New York to investigate conditions in the island republic. Mr. Fuller is a Catholic and dean of the law department of Fordham University.

His Eminence Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, received a letter from Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, announcing a gift of 40,000 francs (\$8,000) to the national relief fund, to be expended in behalf of the refugees from the invaded departments of the north of France.

Carranza's arrest of 180 priests, from whom he demanded an immense sum as ransom, shows the strange animosity to priests exhibited by the military power in Mexico. It seems more than strange that a country which owes so much to the Catholic faith should so murderously attack its children.

This year a great Indian congress will be held in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the coming of the famous Indian missionary, Father Da Smet, among the Sioux. The celebration will take place on the exact spot where the famous "black robe" baptized so many Yankton Indians, namely near Greenwood, S. D., from July 30 to August 1.

William Henry Goodyear, curator of fine arts in the Brooklyn museum, has been notified of his election as honorary and corresponding member of the Royal Institute of Architects of Ireland. Mr. Goodyear, who is a son of the founder of the Goodyear Rubber company, is a graduate of Yale, and was received into the Church by the Jesuits in 1880. He is the author of "Renaissance and Modern Art" and many other works.

The Rev. Matthew C. Gleeson, chaplain United States Navy, recently at home waiting orders, has just been assigned to duty at the Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I. This station is one of the most important of shore assignments in the service, especially for a Catholic chaplain, for there are always 3,000 young apprentice seamen there undergoing instruction before they are assigned to vessels.

Asa Elmo Ramsey, vice chairman of the board and deputy federal agent of the Federal Reserve bank of Kansas City, was received into the Church on Saturday, May 8, by Father Antill, C. M., pastor of St. Vincent's parish, Kansas City. He made his first Holy Communion the following morning. Three others were received into the Church by Father Antill at the same time, namely, William J. Robinson, Wallace F. Mansfield and Edward Lampe.