

The Catholic Record.

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

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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IMPORTANT EVENTS POSTPONED INDEFINITELY

Two important events that have had to be postponed, because of the fighting in Ireland, are the meeting of the Dail and the holding of the Tailteann games. The Dail, which was to have met several weeks ago, will not now meet until there is more quietude. The Irish Government gives as a chief excuse the fact that many of the deputies are engaged in the fighting. A leading reason though, for postponing the Dail, is, of course, the certainty that the intensity of feeling regarding the fighting which holds deputies, pro and con, would not only prevent real work being done, but would be likely to precipitate painful, if not violent, scenes. It is assuredly wisest for both sides that the Dail should not open for some little time to come.

When two sides to a dispute come together to exchange words argument there is far more certainty of real bad feeling, and hatred, being engendered, than would be the case were they exchanging bullets. The crack of rifles is a safety valve for the feelings. That is why there would certainly be more bitterness among the two parties meeting on the common ground of the Dail, than there is between the same two parties fighting in the field. Undoubtedly as the fight goes on there will be more bitterness between brothers imparted into it; but up to the present, as I pointed out in last week's Letter, the struggle is carried on on a high ethical level.

A CONTRADICTION

Art O'Brien, who is head of the Irish Self-Determination League of Great Britain, and who, as an ardent Republican, came over to Dublin to give moral support to his party, was arrested by Government troops, and the English press, for its own purpose, gave out false reports of his ill treatment by his former comrades who are now on a different side in politics. Art O'Brien immediately sent out the following contradiction—a fine proof of the spirit of which I have spoken:

"During the period of our arrest and detention we were treated with all the courtesy and consideration which we could expect from our fellow-Irishmen, even when we are in fundamental difference with them on matters affecting the welfare of our country. The question of the rights, and reasons, surrounding our arrest and detention is one between ourselves and those of our fellow-countrymen who were responsible, and it is not a matter for discussion in the foreign press, especially under existing conditions. The absurd reports to which I refer were probably not without some of that malice which pervades English press propaganda against the true interests of Ireland, otherwise the absurdity of such reports would carry their own refutation, and no reputable editor would publish them."

THE TAILTEANN GAMES

The enforced postponement of the Tailteann games is something that we all deplore. These games would have been a great international event. This very first holding of the restarted games in the present year was big with promise—and it was certain that within half a dozen years the Tailteann games would have become one of the big world events. It is chiefly because of the leading American competitors having cabled their refusal to come to Ireland under the present circumstances that the Tailteann Committee decided to postpone them for a year. Although they were sure of support from most of the other countries, they could not think of going ahead and leaving the great American gap.

The Tailteann games formed one of the biggest annual events in Ireland two thousand years ago. They were so called because they were held at the great annual fair of Tailte, on the Ulster-Leinster border. The ancient legend says that they were first established by the great semi-mythical King-hero, Lugh, one of the greatest of the De Danann race—for the purpose of commemorating his Mother. To these games the populace travelled from the ends of Ireland—and for many miles around Tailte the hosts encamped for a period covering many days. While the games, the Irish Olympics, were the central attraction, a regular fair was held there, at the same time, at which all kinds of goods were sold, bought, and bartered. Also there was much match-making, and marrying. Royalty presided at the games, and there was great display of grandeur by the many chiefs, and their ladies and escorts. About the fifth, or sixth, century the regular holding of the Tailteann games seems to have been suspended. Yet, during centuries afterward, one or other of the

Kings in power would summon his people to the great celebration. The ancient Irish historians, The Four Masters, record that the last celebration of them was held by the high King, Rory O'Connor, in the latter half of the twelfth century, and they say that the equipages alone extended over six miles.

FALSE IMPRESSIONS

In my last Letter I warned American readers to take, with a good deal of salt, the English cabled reports of the fighting here. I should have said—as I now see there is good reason for saying—that even the Irish Government official reports are to be taken with salt. I find that the Irish Government is, unfortunately, imitating the English method of propaganda that was followed, with more or less success, during the English-Irish war. While, however, the Irish Government official reports (differing in this from the English), rarely set down deliberate misstatements, they convey many untruths by indirection. By clever wording they lead readers to infer things that are not; and they deliberately suppress many things favorable to the Republican fighters, and unfavorable to themselves. Now while the Government troops are undoubtedly rapidly gaining ground—they have certainly captured more than 1,000 Republicans with a small quantity of arms and ammunition—their reports do not show that the great bodies of Republican forces remain intact, and that they are successfully falling back from the garrison places, which it was impossible for them to hold, into the mountains and the wide country—where it will be possible for them to fight a guerrilla warfare for a good while to come.

OUTLOOK STILL SERIOUS

The Irish Government's one-sided reports of the fighting are so framed as to do two things—influence and get the sympathy of outside opinion, and also discourage and break the morale of Republicans in Ireland. They have undoubtedly succeeded in their first object. But they have completely failed in their second. The Republican fighters, knowing far more than the official communications tell, are not discouraged. On the contrary in very many sections, where the Republican boys did not at first rise out to fight, they are now beginning to take action. Three-fourths of the population of what is called the Free State supports the Government. But the one-fourth that is Republican is almost entirely made up of young men, and fighters. This one-fourth is, comparatively speaking, infinitely stronger than the other section. Moreover, any one who knows the psychology of the Irish people knows that a band of Irishmen will never fight better or more determinedly than when they know that they are far outnumbered, and when they know, too, that the principle for which they are fighting is highly unpopular with the majority. For all these reasons the Irish Government has yet got a hard nut to crack before it puts down rebellion. The chief thing in its favour, of course, is that when the great bulk of the population is not behind the guerrilla fighters these fighters can have very little success. But it must be remembered that guerrilla fighters, in any territory in which they are plentiful, can, by their very presence, compel that sort of support and fealty which is begotten of fear. And even that counts for much in a struggle of this sort.

PEACE THE ONLY REMEDY

The fight is not nearly so widespread and general, nor causing so much inconvenience, as the outside world is led to believe. It is sporadic; and the community is only affected for the few hours that a fight is on, and within the limited space in which a fight occurs. The commercial life of the country has not yet been seriously interfered with. But there is lurking in the background a very grave danger. Since now, at the beginning of the harvest, the young men, on both sides, are called away from their useful occupations, it portends badly. For several years past Ireland's harvests have been limited. During the English terror the young men were either "on the run," or had their thoughts entirely lifted from labour. Ireland was only recovering itself when this new break occurred. Besides, the Summer has been a poor one, with excessive wet and cold, which wet and cold still hold their grip upon the island—and as a consequence the harvest at best must be rather poor. Then, if even this poor harvest is neglected there is the gravest danger of Ireland falling under the spell of famine next Summer. Peace was never more needed by Ireland than it is at the present time, and every one who has the country's best interest at heart, prays that peace may come. Despite what you read in your papers, neither side to this fight has the monopoly of justice and of virtue. Believe me, there is much to criticise as well as much to com-

mend on both sides of the fight. There will be still more to criticise, and still less to commend, if both parties continue the suicidal struggle. The Irish fight has the habit of spreading itself. The newspapers show us that it is getting into one of the most out of the way parts of England. At a little place called Thaxted, in Essex, a clergyman of the Established Church, Rev. Conrad Roden Noel, is at war with his parishioners because he insists on hanging a Sinn Fein flag in his church. In their wise, and plegmatic English way they, the parishioners, are carrying on the fight through the medium of the courts. They have had him to court several times in the matter, and the local warfare still continues. He has been displaying the Sinn Fein flag for three years—and he says he will continue to display it for 33—if God grants him life.

"HUMANITY DICK"

This is the centenary of the putting of the British Statute book of the first law for the protection of dumb animals—by a famous Irishman, Dick Martin, of Ballinahinch, Co. Galway. Humanity Dick, as he came to be known, in his long efforts to press this measure through the British House of Commons, was subjected to scold, and jeer, and ridicule. Once, when in his rich Connacht brogue he was advocating the measure, an ill-mannered Englishman, in one of the back benches, kept shouting "Hare! Hare!" to the huge delight of a house that roared with laughter. Humanity Dick is said to have gone steadily on, ignoring the scold and the laughter until he had finished his speech. When that was done he quietly stepped across the floor, toward the benches from which the interruption came, and politely enquired who had been so kind as to encourage him. Now as Humanity Dick was the most deadly duellist in the House none of the brave members stood up to claim the distinction. Dick waited a minute or two, looking in the face of the now silent members. Then the first of one of them pointed to a corpulent member some distance off, who was affecting an air of sublime indifference. Humanity Dick looked toward the corpulent fellow. "Pooh," he said, with withering scorn, "only a miserable little devil of a London Alderman"—and turned on his heel. But members took care not to jeer him any more.

Richard Martin, the founder of the first law for the protection of dumb animals, owned a quarter of a million acres in the widest part of Connemara. It contained some of the grandest scenery in the west of Ireland. In all that tract he was King. He was the law. On one occasion he was asked whether the King of England's Writ did not run in Connemara. "Egad," he replied, "it does, and as fast as my greyhound, when a few of my good fellows are after it." For, the sheriff's bailiff who entered into Humanity Dick's domain, to attempt to serve a Writ upon him for any of the many debts that he owed, was a brave man indeed—brave to reckon less.

These items about Humanity Dick are told by a writer in the Irish Independent. This writer also tells of how he owned a lodge at Oughterward which he styled his gate-house, and the public road beyond it, his avenue, since it ran for thirty-six miles uninterrupted through his property. At this gate-house (according to Martin's gifted kinswoman, Mrs. Calwell) a trusty guard kept watch and ward over all who went into the region beyond, and it was God pity the unfortunate bailiff who dared penetrate into Connemara to serve a latitudo upon its owner. The story goes that when Roundstone, through Humanity Dick's own influence, was raised to the dignity of a market town, and the sheriff drove out from Galway to publish the Act of Parliament authorising the holding of markets and fairs there, Martin's merry men, distrusting all his assurances that he intended no harm to their lord, fell upon him.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

AFTER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS

Readers of Harrison Ainsworth's novels will remember in his story of the Lancashire Witches he tells, dramatically, though inaccurately, how Abbot Paslew of Whalley met his death. As a matter of fact the Abbot was arrested on the charge of being implicated in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and he was executed by Henry VIII. for being concerned in that attempt to restore the ancient religion to England.

It is about 400 years ago that the Cistercians were turned out of Whalley, in what is now the archdiocese of Liverpool, and since that time the remains of the abbey have remained in secular hands. But a portion of the monastic buildings has been secured by Catholic hands, the old guest house and monks' dor-

mitory, and this is now being converted into a Catholic church.

There is not a great deal of converting to do, as the buildings, in spite of having been used as a cowshed, are in a very good state of repair, and with very little in the way of structural alterations will make an excellent church. The building has already been transformed, and on the occasion of its first being used for religious purposes a congregation of something like five thousand attended to take part in the crowning of the statue of Our Lady.

Quite close to the recovered portion of the abbey is a slight hill known as the Abbot's Mount, where according to tradition Abbot Paslew was executed by the orders of Henry VIII.—Southern Cross.

WAGES, STRIKES AND THE GOVERNMENT

Since we are not starving, like the Austrians, or both starving and oppressed like the subjects of Soviet Russia, we Americans have much for which we should be thankful. Still, there have been days when the sun shone brighter. With more than a million men out of work, and with the coal and textile industries shot to pieces, even optimistic Oscar is forced to the confession that "something" is wrong. Like that Kentucky pioneer who was shot in the shoulder while asleep, and awoke to complain that he did not "feel right well," Oscar with Judge Gary and the other optimists must admit that economic conditions are not feeling "right well" either. And when he reads in the July report of the Department of Labor that the cost of living is 67% higher than it was in 1914, he will admit further that the Labor Board and the railroads could have chosen a worse time than July, 1922, for a new wage-cut.

True to form the Government has clung to a vacillating policy in dealing with the coal and railroad strikes. First there was a loud alarm and then flourishes to signify, yet vaguely for all the fanfare, what the Federal Government might possibly do if the strikes were not called off. Next, there was an appeal to the respective States to heal their own wounds, and not to call upon the Federal medicine-men. This it will be falsely granted, was the one wise point in the Government's alleged "program," still what could a self-respecting State reply, when it knew that the railroad strike began when the Federal Government advised the roads to pay what the Government itself admitted to be less than a living wage? As matters now stand, some variety of Government intervention seems inevitable. But will it be an intervention that will have any happier result than another truce, leaving the real cause of these strikes untouched?

Federal meddling is not only costly but useless, yet a good work might be done by the Federal Government. It might, for instance, conduct an exhaustive and merciless investigation, with the purpose of finding out why the American railroads and mines cannot pay a living wage. This discovered, it might be possible, either through new legislation or the force of public opinion, to devise a remedy. But unless the investigation is fearless and complete, it will do infinite harm. The worst way in the world to treat a cancer, is to dust it with perfumed talcum powder and then assert that it has disappeared.—America.

ANGLICAN VIEW OF REFORMATION

"The mess you see in the world today, in our modern world is not the result of 15 centuries of Christianity; it is the result of five hundred years of Protestantism." This sentiment comes not from the lips of a Catholic. It was put forward in a Protestant Episcopal church in Boston by the Rev. Selden P. Delany, associate rector of the church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York City. His remarks were made in a jubilee sermon at St. John's Episcopal Church, Roxbury, where he served some years ago as a curate under the then rector, Dr. Godman, now Episcopal Bishop of Maine.

"The great trouble," said he, speaking of world condition, "is not with religion, but with the way in which we use it."

"We do not accept and practice the whole Catholic religion as God established it. Some have cast aside the priesthood; some will have nothing of the episcopate, and sacraments; some say, 'We don't believe in confession,' or 'We don't believe in the Mass.' So you have hosts of people who call themselves Christians who are using incomplete pieces of religion, which are not at all the religion which God sent into the world to redeem the men and women in this church, and

in other churches who have accepted the whole Catholic religion. They are the answer to these objections which come to us with such tremendous force, against our religion, that it doesn't seem to do the thing which it promises to do."

A JOYFUL DECREE

A few years ago the author of a Life of the Venerable Julian Peter Eymard, Founder of the Congregation of Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, declared in the preface to his book that he had no intention of ferreting the decisions of Holy Church in the regard of this privileged soul. Today the Holy Father, Pius XI., announces the joyful Decree whereby this devout son of the Blessed Sacrament is declared to have possessed virtue in a heroic degree.

"Prayer," says His Holiness, "calls down celestial treasure." From early childhood Julian Peter Eymard practised the spirit of prayer. As a small child he was found one day with face pressed close to the Tabernacle of the village church. And when reproached for this seeming familiarity he responded sweetly: "But I am not amusing myself, I am making reparation to God."

Who shall say what need there is in our day of this spirit of reparation? The Holy Father, alluding to such practices of elect souls, adds: "By their oblation, by their littleness, by their sufferings, such souls represent the continual oblation of Jesus Christ."

The life of this venerable Servant of God is not so well known throughout the Church as it deserves to be. The Decree of His Holiness, Pius XI., will do much toward kindling a desire among the faithful to imitate the holy priest who endeavored to make the Tabernacle the center of the whole wide world.

"All honor," says Pere Eymard, "all merit must redound to Jesus, your Master. The soldier gains the victory and dies. The king conquers and he receives the glory." And he goes on to urge the faint-hearted to take courage, remembering their eternal reward. "While waiting for this, let us have no other solicitude than that of serving Him and unremittently sacrificing self."

Here is the antidote for the restlessness of so many souls even among those who are striving to serve Christ—sacrifice, generous, willing sacrifice, unremitting sacrifice, looking to the reward which is to come.

Pere Eymard's life was essentially a hidden life. In the shadow of the Tabernacle he had no thought of the glaring lights of the broad highways of life. In his day there were comparatively few who knew or cared about him or his work.

Today the sacrifice of a life hidden in Christ receives its reward in this world. All Catholics turn with reverent and wondering eyes to this humble yet majestic figure whose brow shines with a halo of Divine grace.

Pere Eymard's sacrifice was immediate. When asked to delay one day in his home before going to the Seminary, he replied characteristically: "God calls me today. It would be too late tomorrow."

What a lesson for the procrastinating Christians of our own times!—The Pilot.

CONFIRMS ANCIENT ROMAN TRADITION

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE SUBSTANTIATES FINDING

Rome, Aug. 8.—A lecture of great archaeological importance was recently delivered by Comm. Orazio Marucchi regarding the new contention that the bodies of Saints Peter and Paul were deposited after martyrdom in the catacombs on the Appian Way until tombs were prepared. He contended and proved his contention that the ancient church of St. Sebastian held the sacred bodies.

The lecturer maintained that it was undoubted that immediately after their martyrdom the Apostles Saints Peter and Paul were buried, the one on the Vatican Hill and the other on the Ostian Way; and that the new theory that Pope Anacletus carried off their bodies immediately after martyrdom to the catacombs on the Appian Way until the tombs were prepared was a pure invention—a twentieth-century tradition; but there was a translation of their bodies, but at what precise date or even century it was impossible to say.

Marucchi supported his thesis by reference to various documents, and particularly to the inscription of Pope Damasus. The excavations that have recently been made in the Basilica of St. Sebastian very decidedly confirmed the tradition that the bodies of the Apostles were buried there.

A room had been discovered covered with graffiti invoking the intercession of the Apostles. It was a room where the Agape in honor of the Apostles were held, and the

room stood in the midst of a group of tombs which were of Apostolic times and much more ancient than the room of the Agape.

Other graffiti similar to those in the room had been discovered in a very deep hypogeum, which, by the way, said Marucchi, explained the word catacomb—viz., a deep place. Tradition indicated that the bodies of the Apostles were hidden near this spot, and there were many indications that this deep hypogeum recently discovered is the very spot where the memory of their burial was venerated.

In course of time the exact location was lost to memory, and it became confused with what is now commonly called the "Platonia," but which was in reality a later monument erected in memory of the Apostles and whither the relics of St. Quirinus had been transported from Pannonia.

The excavations in St. Sebastian are to be continued, and it is hoped that in a short time we will know a great deal more about the ancient and noble sanctuary. Professor Marucchi concluded his lecture by declaring that we can know nothing of the conditions of the actual tomb of the Apostles, whether on the Vatican Hill or on the Ostian Way, and all that has been written and said about them lately is pure hypothesis. All we can do is to demonstrate the authenticity of the places of the two tombs where we venerate the two great Apostles who were and always will be the greatest glory of Rome.

A MAN WITHOUT GOD

Some years ago the country was stirred by the appearance of a small volume entitled: "The Man Without a Country." In stirring chapters this volume portrayed the life story of one who willingly cast off his native land, avowing himself to have no need of her, and whom that repudiated country disinherited as an unworthy son.

But this tale, however vivid and striking, pales in significance when compared with the story of a man without a God. For the real tragedy in human nature is nowhere else found than in the soul of one who has willingly separated himself from the Source of light and peace and truth.

Today, all over the world, wherever men of letters are gathered together and wherever the Church is honored or ignored, the story of Giovanni Papini's return to the bosom of the Church is being retold.

Don Francesco Oligiati, one of the leading luminaries of the Church in Italy, devotes a paper in one of the prominent ecclesiastical reviews to this singular triumph of grace. He calls on all the Catholic priests of Italy to fall on their knees in thanksgiving to God for this miracle wrought in the soul of one who had long used his tremendous talents striving to banish Christ from the earth.

Papini was, by his own confession, a man for whom God did not exist. No one, says Father Oligiati, had dared to hope for the return of this great genius to Christ. And yet here we find him prostrating himself at the feet of the Crucified, embracing the sacred Feet with tears and confessing his faith before the whole world.

The "Storia di Cristo" has not yet appeared in English. But when it finally reaches our shores a vast treasure house of noble apologia for the Church of Christ, surpassing in the beauty and splendour of its diction, will be eagerly read by thousands of earnest souls.

The terrible events attending a World War, men going out like shooting stars from the bloody firmament of this world into Great Beyond, woke Papini suddenly from a deep sleep. Men, lily-covered with wounds, agonizing, in the death throes calling for a Catholic priest, their nerveless hands groping for the crucifix that it might strengthen them to the portals of another life, was a shock too great to be sustained by the lofty intellect, by the naturally noble heart of the man. God spoke, and a soul heard.

This conversion has not only a universal significance, says Father Oligiati. It is even more a personal, a private thing. Through the pages of this book, a soul speaks to soul.

Papini's book has been received by unbelievers as a death blow to their hopes. Stunned, amazed, men of genius who have long devoted their talents to abusing God, now feel that they have lost a powerful ally to their cause.

Suddenly, from the midst of his blasphemies, Papini calls on the sacred Name of Christ with reverence, with love. The cry is heard all over the world.

There is joy in the Church because of the return of this soul, even as there is joy in Heaven more than over the ninety-nine just. It is a further triumph of the Cross of Calvary, a further augury of the exaltation of the Church over the sinister forces of infidelity, atheism and sin.—The Pilot.

CATHOLIC NOTES

We are glad to announce, says China, that our staff is to receive a notable increase, in the person of W. C. McGrath, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who graduated last year with honors from St. Augustine's Seminary. We are very grateful to His Grace, Archbishop Roche, for making this sacrifice in behalf of the poor benighted population of the Far East.

Father Sydney Smith, who was after Father Bernard Vaughan perhaps one of the best known of the English Jesuits, has died in his seventy-ninth year. Father Smith's father was an Anglican clergyman, Vicar of Worth, and the late Jesuit was received into the Church when he was twenty-one years of age. He was a man of the widest culture, and both as a preacher and a lecturer he achieved a nation-wide fame.

For the first time in many centuries, Oxford University is conferring a doctorate on a Cardinal of the Catholic Church when Cardinal Bourne received the degree of Doctor of Laws. The ceremony took place at the annual commemoration of the founders and benefactors of the University, practically all of whom were Catholics. Former President Taft, of the United States, and Lord Chancellor Birkenhead also received the doctorate.

Times are certainly changing in China. Recently the Governor of the prison at Kwei-Yang in Kweichow, requested a Catholic missionary to preach his doctrine to the inmates of the prison—first to those shortly to be liberated and then to the long term men. All were to be exhorted to live better lives and the governor expressed himself as firm in the belief that the Catholic religion would be the best help in obtaining this result. Such a statement on the part of a prison official was truly a great compliment to the sustaining quality of our great religion.

A number of interesting experiences were related in connection with the return to London of members of the national pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, which was led by the Archbishop of Birmingham and the Bishop of Brentwood. Several cases of great improvement were reported, though careful study is made before any cure is officially listed as miraculous, and this may take considerable time. Before the party left Lourdes a case from Rheims was referred to, in which a Frenchwoman was reported to have recovered from a tuberculous hip. That case was still under consideration by the medical referees.

Our young pioneer in the heart of China, Father Carey, says China, writes that he has got over the first temptations of discouragement that assail every new missionary, that he is in the best of health, and plodding manfully along in the study of Chinese. He is already able to do some missionary work, and is happy to attest to the visible protection God affords to His missionaries. His Christian centre is ten days by boat, and nine days by chair from the port of the Yangtze, whence steamers ply to the coast. He is very anxious to open a school, being convinced that this is the only way to lay a solid foundation for Christian communities and a native clergy.

Madrid.—Great excitement has been caused by the unexpected and sensational conversion of Diego Gomez del Valle, one of the most radical anti-clericals of the city, who has for many years distinguished himself as a revolutionary lecturer, Freethinker and Mason. He has always been known for his hostility against the Catholic Church and the clergy, hence the general surprise manifested by the public at large when it became known that he had abjured his errors and publicly asked the pardon of the ecclesiastical authorities for his past conduct. It is stated that the miraculous cure of one of his children a few years ago first caused the change of mind which has led to his acceptance of Catholicism.

M. Pelliot, who has been searching the Vatican archives for records of the relations between the Holy See and the Mongols in the Thirteenth century, has recently reported to the Academie des Inscriptions of Paris the discovery of an important document by Abbe Borghezio, who is assisting him in his investigations. The document is a Latin translation of a Memorial presented to the Council of Lyons in 1274 by the envoys of the Mongol Emperor Abagha. The memorial mentioned the number of Christians among the ancestors of the emperor, and further shows that the envoys came at the instigation of and in company with a Dominican by the name of David. M. Pelliot, also announced in the name of Msgr. Tisserand the discovery of two original letters written in Arabic, sent to the Holy See by the Nestorian patriarch Mar Yahballaha III.