

# 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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## MOTHERS OF MEN

The bravest battle that ever was fought,  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.  
Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
From mouths of wonderful men.  
But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,  
Of woman that would not yield;  
But bravely, silently, bore her part—  
Lo! there is the battlefield!  
No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,  
No banners to gleam and wave;  
But oh! these battles, they last so long,  
From babyhood to the grave!  
—JOAQUIN MILLER

## A TRENCH PICTURE FROM FRANCE

IN THE DARKENED CHURCH  
By the late Major William Redmond, M. P.

It is true, alas! that in the War zone—that is to say, close by the very front—there is little to be seen that is other than sad, pitiful, and wounding to the feelings of those who cling to the civilization of the Christian era. The ruined homes, the wasted fields, the evidences of destruction and rapine upon all sides may well make men almost despair of humanity.

The "pomp and glory" of modern war are trivial things compared to the devastation of the invaded land and the misery of its wretched inhabitants. Glory there is, indeed, for those who, with their bodies, their hearts and souls, defend the Right; but of glory there is assuredly none attaching to the work of the German hordes who ruthlessly laid waste the poor little land of Belgium and enslaved a people whose chief characteristics were fear of God and love of industry.

And yet in the very vortex of ruin and devastation, and amidst all the havoc wrought by men in their most brutal mood, one comes here and there across little scenes which, at a stroke, seem to restore one's faith in mankind, and one's trust that the Power which, from nothing, made the world beautiful, will yet stay the frenzied work of the man whose god seems to be the dripping sword alone.

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

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

The writer of these lines has seen many an impressive spectacle of large congregations at prayer in great and spacious churches in many lands, but nothing more truly touching, impressive, and moving has he ever witnessed than the darkened church behind the lines, thronged with troops fervently invoking the intercession of the Mother of God under the altar of our Lady of Boltons the Angel of Death.

In France and Belgium the Catholic troops are fortunate in having at hand so many churches of their own faith, and this makes it easier for the devoted chaplains to get their flocks together. For so many days the battalions are in the trenches, and for so many days in the comparative safety of the camps in the little villages somewhere back from the firing line.

The day and night before a battle goes to the trenches, the chaplains are busy in the churches, for the men through to confession; and it is a wonderful and most faith-inspiring sight to see them in hundreds approaching the altar before marching off to danger, and in many cases to death itself.

When the men in the trenches are over, and the men resume their Rosary in the darkened church in the evenings, there are always some

absent ones who were there the week before. For this very reason perhaps—because of the comrades who will never kneel by their side again—the men pray all the more fervently, and with ever increasing earnestness say, "May the souls of the Faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace!"

Whilst some of the chaplains attend the men who are resting in the back villages, others follow the men into the line, and there, in some ruined house close by, or in a shelter or dug-out in the trench itself, they are always at hand to minister to the suffering and the dying. Who can measure the consolation they bring, or who can describe the comfort and happiness of the soldier whose eyes, before they close for ever, rest upon the face of the priest of his own faith? If the priest in peace is the ever-sought comforter of the afflicted and dying, how much more so is the priest in time of war and in the battle line!

The writer has met at the front many chaplains, and the dominant feeling of one and all is thankfulness that they were able to go out with the men and share their lot.

Of all the actors in the great tragedy of the War none stand out more heroically than the chaplains, none fill a greater place in what has come to be called the theatre of war. No wonder so many of them have received decorations, and no wonder the men highly value the presence and the consolation and the encouragement of the "Padre," as the officers call all the ministers of religion.

To the Catholic soldiers, however, the priest remains "Father," and it is good to see them smile as he approaches, and to hear the sound ring of the old faith in their voices as they reply to his salutation and address him always as "Father." Mass has been said in the very trenches, and the writer has attended Mass in many a ruined church and many a shell-wrecker shelter. And ever and always the men are the same—devoted and earnest, and the more wretched their surroundings, the more eager they are.

Nothing is more noticeable than the way the Catholic soldier holds by his beads. In the change and chance and turmoil of active service many things get lost, but the Rosary beads seem to be always treasured, and every soldier at Mass seems to have them. Prayer books are often missing, but the Rosary, as a rule, never is.

The writer has seen men who were killed in the line. Their little personal belongings are carefully collected by comrades and safely kept to be sent home; but the Rosary, when found in the pocket, is often, usually indeed, reverently placed round the dead man's neck before he is wrapped in his blanket for burial. "I put his beads about his neck, sir," is the report often given by the stretcher-bearer to the chaplain or other officer, as a mark is given to the grave. How many Catholic soldiers lie in their lonely graves today in the War zone with their beads about their necks! How very, very many! And so, indeed, one feels sure, would they wish to be buried.

In all the horrid welter of war, beyond all doubt the steady and simple faith of the Catholic soldier supplies at least one bright spot that shines and cheers amidst the ruin and devastation all about. And of all the symbols of his faith the soldier's Rosary is foremost.

The fortitude of the men seem to draw from their faith is great and marked. The man who has been with his chaplain and who has prepared himself by the Sacraments is ready for any fate, and shows it in his very demeanour. Often the writer has heard officers declare their pleasure at the devotion of the men to their religion, and frequently these officers have been of other religions themselves. A high General Officer once declared that good chaplains are as necessary as good Commanding Officers. The good chaplains are undoubtedly at the front to day, and they are the first to bear testimony to the goodness of the men.

The late Major William Redmond was born in 1861 at Wexford, Ireland. He entered Parliament in 1888 where he supported the Parnellite Party.

After the first Zeppelin raid on England he joined the Royal Irish Division, which was chiefly recruited from the Catholics of the West and South of Ireland. He expressed his feelings on the War in the following words:

There may be a few who think that Germany would not injure Ireland, and might even benefit her. I hope the Clare people will rely on no such rash statements. If the Germans come here . . . they will be our masters, and we at their mercy. What that mercy is likely to be judge by the mercy shown to Belgium. I am far too old to be a soldier, but I mean to do my best for whatever life remains in me, to show that Ireland at least is true to her treaties, and not in any way ungrateful to her friends throughout the world. No Irishman worth his salt would beholden for any favour to the men who have ruined Belgium.

He made his last appearance in Parliament on March 7th, 1917, and on June 7th he was killed.

The moving "Trench Picture" printed above is taken, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Andrew Melrose, from the volume entitled "Trench Pictures From France," published in August, 1917.

## PROTESTANT SOLDIERS ATTEND MASS

FIDELITY OF CATHOLIC BOYS TO RELIGION IMPRESSES COMRADES

The Mass which is said at Camp Dix, at Wrightstown, N. J., finds many Protestant attendants, says a writer in the Catholic Monitor of Newark, N. J. This fact is said to be puzzling to onlookers not of the Catholic faith; but the writer, Mr. John McGuinness, gives a rather detailed history of the Mass and sees in its long-popular appeal the answer to the query. His picture of camp life is interesting to both Catholic and Protestant. It will be recalled that Cardinal Gibbons said that half the enlisted men at Camp Dix were Catholics, and the report from the camp shows that this contingent continues faithful in their attendance at Mass. The Monitor says:

Ten Masses are said every Sunday in the Y. M. C. A. and K. of G. buildings (the Y. M. C. A. permit the use of their building). The buildings are overfilled at each Mass. The men kneel in the aisle, on the door-step, and even outside on the ground. Protestants marvel at this. They can't understand it. A lasting impression is being made on them. One of the chaplains told us of a wealthy man who gave up his business in order to take up the Y. M. C. A. work in the camp. For several Sundays he had watched these great gatherings of Catholics at the Masses.

"One Sunday he came to the priest and said: 'Father, every Sunday you have thousands at the Mass, while we get only a handful at our service. Every Sunday you have the same thing; you never change and the buildings won't hold the men. We change; we bring in new speakers, men of national reputation; we do everything to attract the men, with our oratory. Father, how do you do it? Why do they come to the Mass?'"

"We have in the past heard similar complaints from ministers who had to preach to empty pews. A little reflection will give the cause. Run you come to the sixteenth century; there you will find the beginning of the cause of their complaint. The revolvers of the sixteenth century overthrew authority—not an authority set up by man—but the authority established by Jesus Christ, the Living Voice, which speaks through His Church, and which is none other than the Holy Catholic Church in communion with the See of Rome. When they rejected this authority they cut themselves off from the main stem—the Catholic Church. As the branch when cut from the tree withers and dies, so they, being cut off from the parent stem, are withering and must eventually die; in fact, they are now dead so far as making spiritual progress is concerned. The result of this decay is manifest to none more clearly than themselves.

"The rejecting of this Divine Authority established by Jesus Christ and exercised by His Church has led to chaos. In its place the revolvers set up their own authority—pride of intellect, under which every one becomes an authority in himself. The Scriptures they interpret to their own liking. The result of this has led to the denial of its inspiration."

## BISHOP M'GOLDRICK OF DULUTH DIES SUDDENLY

Duluth, Jan. 23.—Bishop James McGoldrick of the diocese of Duluth died here suddenly tonight at the age of seventy-six.

The Right Rev. James McGoldrick, Bishop of Duluth, was a native of Tipperary, Ireland, where he was born in 1841. He was ordained in 1867 and came to the St. Paul diocese in that year where he was appointed assistant to Bishop Grace at the St. Paul Cathedral.

In 1868 he was appointed pastor of the Immaculate Conception parish in Minneapolis, which was then hardly more than a village. He was pastor there for twenty-two years, where he took a leading part in temperance, hospital and educational work.

Consecrated Bishop of Duluth in 1889, Mr. McGoldrick promoted colonization and helped to erect many hospitals, churches, academies and schools, besides the fine Sacred Heart Cathedral in Duluth.

Bishop McGoldrick had a scientific mind and maintained a chemical laboratory in his residence for experimental purposes. With his life-long friend, Archbishop Ireland, he was an ardent advocate of prohibition and lived to see the triumph of his ideas.

He was of a simple, retiring nature and always the scholar and saint of the Northwest.

## MORALS AS APPLIED TO ANIMALS

When anti-vivisectionists are compelled, as all of them except the most fanatical can be compelled, to admit that animal experimentation has been of some little help in the treatment of human diseases, they fall back into their last ditch—the assertion that men have no moral right to inflict on animals sufferings which are not wholly and directly advantageous to the animals themselves. That is what the editor of Life did, in the conversation on the subject of vivisection printed in The Times on Sunday.

Exactly what Mr. Mitchell meant by "moral right" he took care not to explain, preferring to let that point remain conveniently vague. Therein he was wise, for any clear thinking or plain talking about the moral rights of life in its lower forms as against its higher forms leads straight to wild absurdity.

If men are under any such moral obligations toward animals as men are to one another, then the slaughter of animals for food is as bad as cannibalism, the shearing of sheep is a mere robbery of the weak by the strong, and the compulsion of horses to lifelong labor for no other recompense than food and lodging is on a level with slavery.

The argument of moral right goes still further—if it goes any distance at all. It would condemn the application of hellbores to currant worms and of paris green to potato bugs. And as, according to all biologists, there is no essential difference between animal and vegetable life, what excuse have we, self-elected masters and exploiters of the world, to cut down a tree for firewood, to use corn or wheat for other than the ends for which corn and wheat take the trouble to grow, and what sanction can we offer for eating an apple or a cabbage?

All these are living creatures, and the consistent anti-vivisectionist simply must be horrified by interference with the "rights" of any of them.—N. Y. Times.

## FIGURES TELL

To some of our more or less friendly critics, by way of polite speaking, a huge conspiracy must be hatching in the Catholic Church. What else can the recent census returns mean? At Camp Grant it was discovered that there are 7,678 Catholics, or nearly thirty-three and a third of the total number. At Camp Logan there were found 10,756 Catholics, or almost forty per cent. of the total number. Surely here is ground for the awful charges of Tom Watson and his motley crew. What can these Catholics mean in rushing in such numbers to the defense of their country? Here, indeed, is sufficient warrant for all the monstrous charges made against them for the last ten years. They would be found wanting if America was ever in need. That general of feathers and flourishes must see some huge conspiracy against his beloved, but now somewhat bedraggled, patriots. We are not foolish enough not to know that our array of patriotism will be lost on the beetle brows. We are even aware that years from now the same hue and cry will go out against the Church which has always been the ready weapon of skulkers. But whilst we do not flaunt it now, it will ever be a most treasured possession of the Catholic Church in America, that whereas it had only twenty per cent. of the population it had nearly forty per cent. in the fight for democracy.—Chicago New World.

## BISHOP OF BRAZIL APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF STATE

When Don Francesco Aquina-Correa, member of the Salesian Missioners of the Venerable Don Bosco, received Episcopal consecration in 1914 he had the distinction of being the youngest bishop in the world. He was only twenty nine years of age at that time. I do not know if the Right Rev. Monsignor Aquina-Correa, Auxiliary-Bishop of the Archbishop of Cuyaba, Brazil, enjoys the same distinction yet, writes a correspondent of the Catholic News. Very likely he does. It is not every day the Church elevates a man under thirty to the Episcopal dignity. However, Bishop Aquina-Correa has since been the recipient of another dignity which, as far as I know, is unique in the case of a member of the Episcopate. This is his position of civil governor of the State of Mato Grosso in Brazil. It appears that for some time the State of Mato Grosso has been in a condition of extreme agitation, so much so that the personages eligible for the post of governor fought shy of going into a hornet's nest. No rising politician is anxious to go to meet his Waterloo. In this predicament the President of Brazil turned to the influential young bishop.

Would he not become Governor of the State? No. Bishop Aquina-Correa did not wish to do so, either. However, the reiterated requests of the President, his appeal to the prelate's patriotism, and the exhortations of the Nuncio Apostolic of Brazil won the day, and the Bishop undertook the position for the length of time that the present state of unrest lasts in Mato Grosso.

## SPANISH BISHOPS WARN THE PEOPLE AGAINST PERIL

London, January 8.—The Spanish Episcopate has issued a collective declaration on the subject of the duty of Catholics in the present circumstances. It is a long document. The prelates say that, viewing the general disquiet of the country, they cannot but consider of the present moment as of the gravest character, having a particular solemnity from the fact that Europe and the whole world are in a tempest in which right and justice have already suffered severe attacks, while Spain herself is being dragged into the vortex.

They protest against the manoeuvres of professional agitators who seek easy triumph for their ambitions and passions. Spanish Catholics, they say, must repulse all seductive words exciting to rebellion; they must fortify the principle of authority with moral support, and the example of Christian obedience to the law and loyal adherence to the national institutions. Rich and poor should unite to extinguish the social incendiarianism which has commenced and which only works destruction.

If, as the Bishops hope, Spain escapes the dangers of revolution with the aid of Divine Providence, it will be owing to the Catholics. If the contrary proves to be the case, future generations will bear testimony that the Bishops had clear vision of the perils of the day, and did not shirk the responsibility of defending the best interests of their country.

## BREAKING INTO A CONVENT

It is not strange, but very natural, that the world should regard all who would live godly in Christ Jesus as fools, for it was in Herod that the world clothed the wisdom of God in robes of mockery, and Herod still lives. His closest followers cannot look for gentler treatment. They cannot hope that the world will even try to understand their motives, or justify their work. But out of the evil that the world plots God draws good. Some weeks ago the New York press chronicled the story of how a woman had made application for the custody of her daughter, a teaching Sister, on the ground that the Sister was either insane, or detained by force in her convent. Apparently, she could see no other reason why such institutions as convents could exist. With customary inaccuracy, the newspapers gave no hint that the mother was not a Catholic, but a Socialist. A full legal inquiry followed. The Sister is still in her convent, and bigotry has rarely met with a rebuke so keen as was administered by Judge Faber:

"If love of religion is insanity, the world would be better if we were all insane. Daily on the blood stained battlefields of Europe, those who are fighting the fight for the emancipation of the world, and who are maimed in the terrible slaughter, find solace and comfort in their sufferings, at the gentle hands of those pious ladies who wear the garb that this young woman wears. To aspire to the religious life is not mania. It is a noble ambition."

This noticeable example of "Romish persecution" is too valuable to be left under a bushel by controversialists whose last interest is for the truth. Doubtless the New York Sister will soon assume a place in the gallery of "convent horrors."

Catholics often wish that their assailants were more ardent disciples of the truth, and they would be, very probably, if they could arrive at some possession of a sense of humor. An English convert used to relate with amusement her first visit to a convent. She had come, not for spiritual solace, but in fear and trembling, and only because she had heard that the nuns could teach her the Roman pronunciation of Latin. Before passing through the fatal doors, she instructed her coachman to call for her in fifteen minutes. If the call were not answered within five minutes, he was to inform the police. The delay that a kidnapping had occurred. Not the public authorities, but a little common-sense, came to her rescue. Searching for some possible quality in herself which might induce the Sisters to steal her, she could find none.

Despite the contrary assertion, occasionally repeated even in this day and country, few Mother Superiores are in the habit of forcing casual visitors to become nuns, invoking for the benefit of reluctant damozels and dowagers, the aid of chains and dungeons. Long ago it was discovered in con-

ventual establishments, that such means rarely lead to any true or lasting love of the religious life and its practices. There is really no reason why anyone should wish to "break into a convent." It is incomparably more convenient and far less likely to attract the attention of the police to go to the front door and ring the bell. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." It is easy to get into a convent, and easier to get out. But the only power that will keep anyone there is a brave and happy spirit which counts the things of this world as nothing, in comparison with the love given in abundance to those who leave all to follow Christ.—America.

## A WORD ABOUT THE CODE

These days we read much in and about the New Code of Canon Law. If we are to express, in the shortest possible terms, our own estimate of that stupendous work we should say that its chief merits are, first, that the new code is not new, and secondly, that this great code is not large.

Indeed, it is not the newest laws that are usually the best. What has been tested by the experience of centuries contains a mature wisdom. And such wisdom is the substance of the New Code. Its only newness is the new arrangement and more terse expression of the Church's ancient legislation; its legislative novelties are comparatively few. The new features represent an effort to bring nearer to perfection what was deficient or confusing in the standing laws. To mention only one of these innovations, henceforth the disparity of cult will be a diriment impediment to matrimony only for Catholics. Heretofore it has often caused wonderment, or even scandal, among the members of the Church, when Catholics were permitted to marry divorced cases. Every time, however, that sanction was given the reason is because the marriage of the divorced person was held null and void by the Church. And the cause of nullity in most cases was the disparity of cult, viz., the fact that one of the contracting parties had been baptized, the other not. That impediment as including non-Catholics was a relic of bygone conditions, and we hail its abolition as a real blessing. From now on when there is question of divorced persons Catholics expecting to contract marriage with them may well remember Dante's: "Lasciate vi ogni speranza." There's no hope!

The other merit is brevity. Less than five hundred pages, as for instance, against the 1,686 pages of Kirby's Digest. And yet the latter contains the legislation of one State, less than a hundred years old; the former, the legislation of a world-wide institution of twenty centuries' existence. In this regard the Decretals, so short and so comprehensive, is the pattern of all great legislation. Genuine authority has few words but weighty ones, and thus the conciseness of the code is a fit expression of the Genius of authority resident in the Church of God.—The Guardian.

## A PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH

1. The Catholic Church stands for authority; demands obedience; speaks with a note of assurance and faith.
2. The Catholic Church stands for Christ. It is not a Church that "sits and sings itself away in everlasting bliss." It joins prayer and service; faith and works.
3. This Church stands for devotion; the worshipful in religion. What music has been born at her altars; what books on prayer and devotion she has furnished.
4. It stands for democracy. As no other Church, it levels all men and women at the altar.
5. It stands for great names and deeds in history. History too much since the Reformation has been written from the Protestant point of view and too often the Catholic Church of the past has not had fair dealing in its work in education or art, morals or religion. We single out Athanasius in creed-making, Augustine in theology, Savonarola in reform, Thomas à Kempis in devotion, and all of us bow down to them as masters.
6. The Catholic Church stands for womanhood. The Catholic Church has been rich in its womanhood, devoted to special religious work—its womanhood that has foregone a life of ease and pleasure and of the home life and taken up the life of teacher and nurse and missionary. The Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church hail Mary as their inspiration and Model, but this is not her greatest place in the world's history. She has, by the emphasis that this Church has placed upon her, by the exaltation that some protest against, put into Christianity a new force, a true power for the world's good.—Rev. J. Faville.

Now is a good time to quit talking one way and acting another

## CATHOLIC NOTES

In Brazil, at Santarem, a new Franciscan monastery was dedicated by Bishop Bahlman, O. F. M.

W. A. P. Wayne, late Anglican vicar of Dunstall, England, authorizes the statement that he has been received into the Catholic Church. Mr. Wayne has been the incumbent of Dunstall for three years.

The most notable result in the recent election was the woman suffrage victory in New York. This makes fourteen States which now grant women the right to vote. And it seems to presage Federal legislation in the same behalf.

Father O'Hern reported that 166 chaplains were administering to the needs of the American troops both at home and abroad. Of these, 125 have received regular commissions and the remainder were maintained by the Knights of Columbus.

The University of Bologna was founded by Theodosius II. in 433. Today it comprises the faculties of philosophy, letters, mathematics, science, law, medicine, and pharmacy, agriculture and engineering, with 190 professors and about 1,800 students. It is a Catholic university.

In Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, is preserved "the blessed bell"—the bell which sounded the tocsin when Joan of Arc appeared in August, 1429, and the city was besieged. It was given Notre Dame Cathedral in 1400 by Jean de Monseign.

Santa Monica's church for colored Catholics has been placed by Archbishop Mundelein under the care of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word of Techany, Ill. In making the change the Archbishop announces that St. Monica's is to be reserved entirely for the colored Catholics of Chicago.

The Right Rev. Nicholas A. Gallagher, Bishop of Galveston, Texas, died January 21st at the age of seventy-two years. He was a native of Ohio and was born in 1846. He was consecrated Bishop of Canopus and administrator of the Diocese of Galveston in 1882 and became Bishop of Galveston in 1892.

It is said Rev. Theophilus Beusen, curate of the Church of the Holy Cross, Latonia, Covington, Ky., is planning to offer his services to the Government as teacher for American soldiers who may be stricken blind. Father Beusen lost his sight sixteen years ago, two years after his ordination. He speaks German fluently and has a good knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, English, Dutch and Flemish, and a passable acquaintance with Polish and Spanish. He is also a musician and is interested in farming and gardening.

At the Church of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, Degraw and Hicks streets, Brooklyn, Jan. 18, Rev. Adolph Charles Misch, a former Lutheran minister, was received into the Church. The pastor, Rev. John Vogel, assisted by Dr. Flaherty as sponsor, participated in the ceremony. The convert was born in Canada and was for many years pastor of Lutheran churches in the State of New York. For the last three years he was pastor of the Lutheran church in Windsor Terrace.

On Christmas Eve a notable conversion was consummated at Westminster Cathedral when Lady Norah a Beckett, wife of Major a Beckett, was received into the Catholic Church. She is the niece of the late Lord Kitchener and daughter of the present Earl, and her Irish family are all Protestants. Her husband is serving at the front. A good many humble folk were also received into the fold at various London churches just before Christmas and when the sum total of last year's conversions comes to be reckoned up it will probably be found to be a record.

A few weeks ago the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in Mission Carmelo, California, above the tomb of Junipero Serra, for the first time in eighty years. Father Mestres, the pastor of Monterey, who has labored against heavy odds for twenty-five years to create Catholic interest in mission restoration, officiated at that most beautiful service, wearing a cope that had once been worn by Serra himself, and used a monstrance that had been presented to Mission Carmelo by the viceroy of Mexico a hundred and forty years ago.

Archbishop John Ireland observed the 50th anniversary of his ordination as a priest and the 42d anniversary of his consecration as a bishop on December 21. Many messages of congratulation were received at the residence of the Archbishop on the anniversary day. Archbishop Ireland was ordained in St. Paul, December 21, 1861, and soon afterward joined the Fifth Minnesota Infantry as chaplain. He served through the war with distinction and has been a strong friend of the veterans ever since. He returned to St. Paul and was attached to the cathedral parish, where he became pastor. He was consecrated bishop December 21, 1875.