

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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1920

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"THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY"

As a people we are prone to grumble at the weather. Our Canadian climate has long been a byword for its unexpected variations; while our friends across the water have been wont to associate our temperament and the changeable skies of this fair land of ours in the uncomplimentary term, "perfidious." True it is that many of our great and near-great add to their other virtues the weather-streak; this may account for the fact that in common conversation we are apt to dwell on the shady side of our climatic vagaries, forgetting that the sturdy virtues of the masses are largely due to the toughness of fibre bred by alternations of storm and calm, a humid atmosphere and bright sunshine. The poets have been more generous in their treatment of the natural phenomena which characterize the revolving year than hasty critics are. British song for the most part revels in the mood of joyful appreciation. Modern poetry from Thomson and Cowper to Tennyson and Browning, does full justice to the various changes of weather; and in George Meredith's verse the Wordsworthian spirit is harmonised with scientific fact and brought into touch with twentieth-century thought. Prose-writers like Jefferies and Robert Louis Stevenson, though smarting under physical weakness, looked through the gloom that overhung their individual fortunes, beheld the silver lining in the cloud, and became apostles of a genial philosophy which was nourished by contact with Nature in her manifold displays of force and beauty. There are sunnier spots, more gorgeous colors and variegated scenes in the tropics. But where are men and women brought under happier conditions of growth than in our temperate zone, within reach of ocean, lakes and mountains, or among hills and valleys and far-off western plains and prairies? Now, after the close of the late exhausting conflict, our sorely-tryed and overstrained industrial of all grades are turning eyes of longing towards the green solitudes and quiet countryside, where refreshment of body and mind is to be found. It is a salutary instinct that impels the toilers thus to seek relief from the burden of care which a broken civilization has laid upon them.

Wet and windy March has come and gone, releasing the earth from its heavy burden of snow and ice. April followed, swelling the leaf buds of the ever-welcome pussy willow, and clothing the grass with the first touch of lovely green, most refreshing to eyes that have looked out for it as search watch for the first glimpse of their homeland after long voyages. In its mutability it images our own experience. The call of the season finds a ready response, sport revives, all living things are gay in the beams that pour intermittently upon the earth. The legendary miracle is wrought—Apollo draws his golden bow and slays the beautiful Niobe's children. The Sleeping Beauty is awakened by the kiss of the fairy prince, and her radiant smile is his reward.

May ushers in the reign of Flora, though in many sheltered spots already the fragrant and modest May flower is holding its own, but now, in good earnest the fields and hedgerows begin to array themselves with their early summer ornaments. Dandelions, buttercups and daisies, all follow in their turn. The robin, who has been looking about for a place to locate, now pours forth his love-song, and the notes fall like a benediction from the sunny spaces of the upper air. All Nature thrills with the creative impulse that is at the heart of things as on the first day. It is the time of renewal, the hour of rebirth when the life-forces are taking fresh forms of beauty and resource.

We must go to Spenser, the courtly eulogist, for a worthy tribute to May—that is, to the kindly goddess of the Roman Calendar, and the brightest luminary in the Pleiades. Old Dan Chaucer, the morning star of English poetry, is the most

natural of the early writers, with his broad appreciation of the country in its gay summer aspects. On a May morning in the fourteenth century, while staying at the Tabard, in High Street, Southwark, nine-and-twenty pilgrims arrived on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. Chaucer joined them, and to beguile the way they told tales to each other. So we have portraits of the knight and his squire, the monk and the prioress, with tradesmen of various sorts. The parson, best known to us because his character has been often commended, blends piety and poverty, learning and charity, in a benign personality. A good shepherd, mild and patient and piteous to wanderers from the fold—

"To draw them on to Heaven, by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care.

The lore of Christ and His Apostles
He taught; but first he followed it himself."

In the great widespread gallery of Nature, the minute portion of the universe which is open to our study, the mirror in which we may catch fleeting reflections of life's workings, the phenomena of this magical season easily arrest attention. May Day was the great rural festival in days gone by. At peep of day the lads and lasses went forth to gather blossoming branches wherewith to adorn the doors and lattices. Herrick celebrates the floral customs of the time in verses as joyous as any to be found in his bright pages, ending on this clear note:

"Come we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done,
By staying.
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go
a-Maying!"

It will not be easy for countless men and women who inhabit the fair demesnes and homesteads of our land today to recapture the mood of careless pleasure which once prevailed when earth and sky smiled upon these youthful ardors. Spring-time and romance go ill with such sad memories as many of us carry, even amid the sunny hours that now follow the long and lonely winter when gloom overhung Europe—a gloom not yet banished from the further horizon. We will not waste time and space in consideration of the material loss our people have suffered during those past years of weary warfare; we are faintly envisaging the awful waste of life, the quenching of bright hopes so abundantly displayed by youths just entering promising careers; lads who forsook all to redeem their country's pledge and to succor weaker neighbors in their extremity. How jubilantly they sprang to answer the call of duty! In the springtime of their life they went to endure unknown perils and privations for a cause that aroused their sense of justice, their chivalrous sympathies, their sensitive honor and love of freedom. Now, when the worst is over, and the land they loved smiles as of yore, in virgin freshness, when uplands and lowlands are responding to the glowing rays of the sun, we miss them more than ever. Spring riots in superabundant vitality, but they are not here to share the largesse of the season. Bud and blossom delight the eye, the songs of happy birds sound in lovers' ears. Alas, for them there is no awaking, and their future hopes were entertained of their future will never be realized! Here and now we shall know them no more save as spiritual presences, ever near to us in thought but beyond sight and touch. Unspeakingly dear they are and will be; the sun has gone down, the twilight falls, the west grows dark, yet we can but be thankful for the afterglow whose pale radiance falls upon our path. How we cherish fond memories of happy days spent with them, lingering over trites that recall traits of character, mute symbols of their human qualities expanding under our fostering affection! All the accumulating moral and intellectual capital invested, oh, so differently from our poor purblind foresight of triumphs latent in beings so rich in potentialities of successful achievement! Yet, if time be granted, the other side of the account will stand out more clearly when we can view it in its larger relations.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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DIRTY WORK WILL CORRUPT AND RUIN ARMY

That frank Englishman, Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine Childers (English Naval Air Service) about whom I have written before, and who as I mentioned has been for some time past living in Ireland, was asked by The London Daily News to write for them his candid opinion about the English policy in Ireland. His reply startled the small number of fair-minded Englishmen that are there left. Speaking "as a soldier with a varied experience of regular war, and an instinctive regard for all its decencies and chivalries," he says the war in Ireland between an organized army on one side and a physically helpless but spiritually indomitable population on the other is degrading to the former, and is demoralizing to the population that is bludgeoned into silence. The English soldiers "must scour cities, villages, country districts, with lorries, tanks, aeroplanes and armored cars on a constant round of suppression and raids. They must suppress every conceivable kind of meeting, political and social. They must hunt down a non-party Economic Commission. They must even help to kidnap children at the school-door and to turn back with bayonets women coming to market their fowl. They will sleep without cessation, at all hours of day and night, private houses, shops, business offices, trams, banks."

"Take a typical night in Dublin," says Childers. "As the citizens go to bed the barracks spring to life. Lorries, tanks and armored search-light cars muster in fleets, lists of objectives are distributed, and through the pitch-dark streets, the strange cavalcade issues forth to the attack. Think of raiding a private house at dead of night in a tank (my own experience)—in a tank whose weird rumble and roar can be heard miles away. The procedure of the raid is in keeping, though the objectives are held for the most part by women and terrified children. A thunder of knocks, no time to dress (even for a woman alone) or the door will crash in. On opening, in charge the soldiers with fixed bayonets and in full war-kit. No warrant shown on entering, no apology on leaving if (as in nine cases out of ten) snuffboxes prove to be groundless, and the raid a mistake. In many recent instances even women occupants have been locked up under guard while their property is ransacked. Imagine the moral effect of such a procedure on the young officers and men told off for this duty! Is it a wonder that discipline is relaxed, unpardonable irregularities occur—looting, insolence, drunkenness, cruel severity to women, wanton and careless destruction?"

He solemnly warns the English leaders that the Irish war if persisted in will corrupt and eventually ruin not only their army but their nation and the Empire itself. "What right has England to torment and demoralize Ireland?" he asks. "It is all the more shameful in that she claims to have fought five years for the liberty of oppressed nations. Hereafter, who in the world will believe her word?"

THE LLOYD GEORGE VETO

When Horace Plunkett was last in America he arranged with Mr. Charles S. Barrett, President of the American Farmers' National Union, that the International Congress of Agricultural Co-operative Organizations should be held in Dublin in this coming summer. It has leaked out that Premier Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill as quietly as possible vetoed and forbade the arrangement. They might meet anywhere in the British Empire—but not in Ireland. Mr. Barrett says: "In discussing the various matters in question, at the British headquarters in Paris (during the Peace Conference) I was given to understand that my presence in Ireland as a representative of American agriculture, or the holding of the proposed International Congress of Agricultural Co-operative Organizations in Dublin, was not desirable. The information was conveyed to me, in unmistakable though diplomatic language, by Premier Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill. I was given to understand, however, that every encouragement would be given the holding of a similar conference in London. This strange action is on a par with the proclamation of the Irish Economic Congress. And yet there are many innocent Americans who persist in thinking that outside the political dispute, England earnestly desires to help Ireland to economic independence."

THE OLD, OLD BRITISH POLICY

That centuries' old policy of keeping Ireland in a state of starvation so that she can not injure England's trade has never been forsaken by the English Government, and never will be forsaken as long as she has any say in Ireland. Just as I read this I turn up a little

illuminative extract taken from the Dublin Freeman's Journal of October 22, 1883, from their Clonmel (Co. Tipperary) correspondence. (I should mention that by the beginning of the last century England had completed a long and trying task of stamping out every other Irish industry. The people then tried the growth and manufacture of tobacco. It proved profitable and began to flourish. When this was found out by the step-mother she immediately ordered that the tobacco industry must be ended in Ireland. And all Irish-made tobacco be destroyed). The Freeman's Journal item reads: "On Monday last Daniel McLogan, Esq., from the Exchequer and William Patgrave, Esq., from the Customs Department, arrived here for the purpose of valuing and destroying tobacco of Irish growth; at an early hour next morning they commenced their very arduous undertaking which they have now nearly completed, having examined and destroyed about twenty-five tons." This was one morning's good work, in one village, of these two British ministering angels in the course of their official tour for purpose of stamping out the last of Ireland's expiring industries. It was only a part of the same unchanged, unchangeable British policy which today proclaims illegal a non-party Irish Industrial Commission—and greets its members, at door of their meeting place, with the fixed bayonets of a regiment of British soldiers. And its Ambassador to America then blandly assures this Continent that "England has no longer any dispute with Ireland."

HE WHO RUNS MAY READ

Lord Lieutenant French journeyed from Dublin to Kingstown, the other day, to take the boat for England. In ordinary times the incident would be recorded in a colorless social note in the society events of the Irish capital. The following, copied word for word from the leading Dublin daily paper, shows how the pleasant little social event is now recorded:

"Field Marshal Lord French, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, left Kingstown on Saturday morning for Holyhead en route to London. "Special precautions were taken for the safety and protection at Carlisle Pier and along the road from the Viceroyal Lodge to Kingstown. "He was accompanied from Dublin by an armed escort of soldiers in several motor cars. "An armored motor car formed portion of the guard. "The military at Kingstown were very active, and no unauthorized persons were allowed on the Pier. "He who runs may read indeed."

ELOQUENT FIGURES

An Irish review has been analyzing the figures of the last two elections in Ireland, the Parliamentary Election and the Municipal. There is to the outsider something in the figures. The number of voters for self-determination and for an Irish Republic was 1,211,516 which, together with 49,939 voters recorded for independent and labor candidates (all of whom of course, were practically for self-determination, and an Irish Republic) makes a total on the Irish side of a little more than a million and a quarter. The number of voters in Ireland who voted for union with England (all of these being of the Anglo-Irish and Scotch-Irish class) was 271,455—just seven-eighths per cent. of the population. Is there any country in the world today which, on a vote, could show such practical unanimity for one determined policy? The analysis of the result of the Municipal election shows 99 of the corporations and councils gone Republican and Home Rule and a bare 26 Unionist.

PROTESTANT ANTI-CARSONITES

I have several times noted in this column that the Protestant Labor element in Ulster is rapidly breaking away from Carsonites. This independent, anti-Orange Protestant element has now got its own press organ, The Northern Democrat—in the columns of which Sir Edward Carson and the Belfast Orange leaders are soundly thrashed from week to week. The Northern Democrat bitterly opposes Lloyd George's Home Rule Bill on the ground that it partitions Ireland and gives a corner of it to Carson and his intolerant followers. This Protestant organ, says the bill, is to be condemned both because it accepts religious difference as a basis of division, and also because it gives renewed power to a small anti-Irish class to annul and resist the wishes of the majority of the Irish people. The Northern Democrat says that because the power of dominating Ireland is slipping from the Orangemen, they hope to hold their privileges by this so-called Ulster Parliament. The whole bill, it says, "is to be condemned as the negation of the principles of democracy and justice." The Northern Democrat has a healthy circulation throughout the North of Ireland, and from week to week is winning larger support amongst that body of people who had been always so bitterly anti-Irish—but from whose eyes the scales are now falling.

WELL QUALIFIED TO BE MAGISTRATE

The powers of life, death, or prison tomb, placed in the hands of the Resident Magistrates in Ireland, is beginning to give some little alarm to some of the English themselves, who, in the London press, have begun to question its wisdom. The question was asked "Can any one be made a Resident Magistrate in Ireland?" The answer of course is that for the past 90 years any one, irrespective of his character or want of character, whom the British Government favors, and who in turn can be trusted to favor the British Government, and obey their private commands, can be made a Resident Magistrate. Especially are creatures who have failed at everything else they tried, elevated to the bench by Dublin Castle, and given order to turn the tyrannical power of the law against the people whose pleas they are supposed to hear and to judge impartially. In the debate on the Jubilee Conviction Act, the late Tim Harrington, showing the stuff of which the Government Resident Magistrates were made in Ireland, quoted the following letter from the Knight of Kerry to the Lord Lieutenant: "My brother, Stephen Fitzgerald, having but a small provision, my father applied to your predecessor for a situation, and received an encouraging reply with a conditional promise. But nothing having resulted therefrom, he continued to live an idle life at home and fall into habits injurious to himself and distressing to his family. . . . The situation of stipendiary magistrate is one for which I think he would be extremely well qualified." He was well qualified—had a weak mind, bad repute and urgent need of money—the ideal qualifications that Dublin Castle was hunting. Such a man would scruple at nothing to obey his masters' orders. Accordingly the degenerate was immediately made master of the Irish people's liberties. SEUMAS MACMANUS, Of Donegal.

THE SOUNDEST RACES

By Father Martin Brazeau

Praise is ever sweet. It is a hundred-fold sweeter when it is forced out of unwilling lips by hard facts. It was our pleasure to record recently in the columns of the Catholic Times the stupendous admission of truth made by the London Observer that "Roman Catholic rural Ireland was the only part of these islands where the race is in a healthy condition." Such a statement from his own henchman ought to awaken the conscience if he has not dragged it beyond remedy—of Sir Edward Carson and cause him to realize that Belfast is not included in "Roman Catholic rural Ireland." His associates, the Orangemen, have had full two hundred years to develop their principles in Belfast, and the result is that neither physical health nor morality nor any of the joys of life are among its squalid masses, whose chief purpose in life is to sweat and produce hard cash for their overseers and grindors.

TESTIMONY FROM CANADA

Unexpectedly comes a like testimony from the New World of spacious Canada! Again the witness is an Englishman and a member of the No-Popery tribe! Again Balaam's Ass testifies to the Spirit of God and His truths. The Macmillan Company of Toronto—like Belfast, a hive of Orangemen—has published recently, for ten shillings and sixpence, a book entitled "Wake Up, Canada!" Its author is C. W. Peterson. He is a Protestant. He is an English Canadian. He is more. He is a fearless speaker of the truth even when it goes against the grain. Frankly Mr. Peterson confesses that, despite the enthusiasm aroused by the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, all is not well in Canada. Mr. Peterson speaks from a varied experience of life in Canada. He has been (1) a ranchman; (2) a farmer; (3) an editor; (4) a manager of Irrigation Plant; (5) a printer; (6) a book-writer; (7) a political wire-puller. Probably he holds his latest job the best paid, with least exertion. But in our opinion he has unconsciously been chosen by the Spirit of God, as was Balaam's Ass, to fulfil the functions of an alarm clock.

NOT EXAMPLES OF TRUE RACE CULTURE

Seeing and stating the malaises with uncompromising clearness, in almost every case he has a cut-and-dried remedy for the various ills and handicaps, social, political, and economic, from which Canada suffers. Strange to say, he fails to suggest imposition of undiluted control by the Orange lodges of Toronto and the Province of Ontario. Stranger yet to mention, he does not hold up as an example of earthly Paradise the conditions of life in Belfast! Worst of all, he does not call for the transfer to Canada of Sir Edward Carson, Colonel Wallace, Lord French, or any Blood and Iron exponent of English methods. What is the unwitting advice which his pen indites, despite his Protestant, English prejudices and his admiration of English "Kultur" in Ireland, and at Amritsar in India? Not Belfast nor Orange-

ism, but Quebec and Catholicism rivets his gaze and elicits his praise in terms which tainted though they be with vulgarity and coarseness of expression, are no less glowing at white heat with truth than the testimony of the London Observer to the merits, unequalled, of "Roman Catholic rural Ireland."

FRENCH CANADIANS' QUALITIES

The following extract from Mr. Peterson's book, "Wake Up, Canada!" is emphatic and instructive. The extract is textual: "French Quebec's contribution towards winning the War was not conspicuous. The French Canadian units that went across, however, covered themselves with glory as the entire French Canadian population would doubtless have done, had it been there. The fact of the matter is, that the habitant, the real French-Canadian, lives in a sixteenth century atmosphere. (Anterior to Orangeism.) Quebec is his country, and Monsieur le Cure is a deputy god. (Not Carson.) Great Britain and France actually mean no more to him than Nova Scotia or Saskatchewan—and that is nothing at all. (Wise Quebec.) The Province (State) of Quebec should really educate this man and make a real citizen of him. There is no better raw material anywhere. I have great hopes for the future of that splendid race. They are God-Fearing, Hard-Working, and Law-Abiding People, Reasonably Prosperous, very contented and Faithful to the Command of Their Church to people the earth." He recognizes "the advantages no less than the drawbacks of a dual language." Mr. Finkler, use big type for the confession of Mr. Peterson! Quebec, like Christ, did not, falling down, worship Satan when he promised her the Empire of the Earth if she would sell her soul. Now she is avenged. Amidst surrounding corruption, physical no less than moral, Quebec is—like Ireland—envied by their would-be seducers. The Moral is: Do thou, Dark Rosaleen, resist to the last your seducers, those Unclean spirits who seek your ruin by lying promises of Empire, if you will sell your soul. Do thou, like Old Quebec, stick to your faith! It will safeguard your liberty as it has done in Faithful Poland and in the Yugo Slav States. Above all, it will safeguard the chastity of your daughters; remember that chaste women alone are the mothers of brave, fearless men. A syphilitic race of C's is the raw material of a nation on the decline towards final doom and extinction. "Malo mori quam foedari" was the Motto of your Race. Pass it on!—The Catholic Times.

AMERICANS

TRUE TO AMERICAN PRINCIPLES AND TRADITIONS

In answer to a pro-British American who opposed any expression of American sympathy with Ireland, John H. Graves of San Jose wrote this thoroughly American letter in Harvey's Weekly:

"In a letter appearing in your issue of February 7th, Mr. Bright vigorously opposes any expression of American sympathy for Irish freedom and advises us to mind our own business." A British propaganda, this is excellent but is not new. In our own struggle for freedom, Great Britain ardently desired that the world "mind its own business" and leave her free and unhampered to crush freedom in America as she had crushed freedom in Ireland. And if France, Spain and Holland had minded their own business, Washington, Jefferson and other patriots whom we now revere as the fathers of our liberty, would, in all human probability, have been hanged, drawn and quartered by that same British Government which has barbarously executed so many Irish patriots. Tyrants never approve or relish the expression of sympathy for their victims.

"To sympathize with the cause of freedom everywhere has been until lately on American trait. We sympathized with and aided the South American countries and Cuba in their efforts for freedom. In 1848, 49 we sent an agent with a view to the recognition of the independence of the Hungarian Republic, and when Hungary's efforts for freedom were crushed by Austrian and Russian bayonets, we offered an asylum to the Hungarian exiles, and our Congress, despite the protests of Austria, tendered a public reception to the patriot Kosuth.

"Why, then, withhold our sympathy for the cause of freedom in Ireland? Have not Irishmen the same right to freedom as other men—even as we ourselves? Or, is British tyranny formidable while all other tyranny is hateful? The patriots of 1776 did not think so. "Concerning myself, I may state that my maternal great grandfather was a soldier in the Continental Army under Washington, and that all my ancestors have been in this country for over 130 years. I am not an Irishman, but I sympathize with the cause of Irish freedom as well as with the cause of freedom everywhere."

CATHOLIC NOTES

Lady Thomas, widow of Sir George Thomas, sixth baronet who received into the Church recently shortly before she died. She is the eighth member of the family to be converted to the Faith.

M. Deschanel, president of France, is an openly practicing Catholic. He was born at Brussels in 1856, started his political career at nineteen, is a writer of note, an orator of distinction and a consistent opponent of Socialism.

Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbeotsford, great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, died recently in London. She was the eldest daughter and heiress of the late Mrs. James Hope Scott, J. C. the convert, and intimate friend of Cardinal Newman and the late Mr. Gladstone.

Rev. D. F. Melvill, pastor of St. John's Church, Des Moines, has been appointed the Catholic member of the committee for arranging religious instruction in the Public schools. This is a very important committee in connection with the State University, and is composed of prominent religious educators of the State.

With the leasing of Libby Castle from the Rockefeller estate, the Paulist Fathers have founded the first permanent choir school of the Catholic Church in America. Overlooking the Hudson, the new home of the school is an ideal spot for the fifty boys who live there under the care of Father Finn, Father McGrath and Father Monton.

According to the Catholic Directory of Great Britain, which has just been issued, says the Pilot, there were 9,402 conversions to the Catholic Church in England and Wales during the past year. The number of priests was increased by twenty-five, and the churches and chapels by twenty-four; the figures are now 3,929, and 1,928 respectively. These statistics do not include Scotland.

Directors of the Knights of Columbus in session in Washington notified Archbishop John Bonzano, Papal Delegate, of their decision to use the \$7,000,000 balance of their fund in educational work for former service men. Monsignor Bonzano endorsed their action and told the directors that just before he left Rome Pope Benedict had told him he looked to America not only for material and economic leadership but also for moral leadership.

Washington, D. C., April 17.—Cardinal Gibbons has definitely decided that the laying of the cornerstone of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception is to take place on September 23, the day following the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial. On this date the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States will be in Washington to attend the annual meeting of the National Catholic Welfare Council and will take part in the ceremonies. Archbishop Bonzano, the Papal Delegate, also will be present. Cardinal Gibbons will officiate at the laying of the stone.

Rome, April 6.—A very serious sacrilegious theft is reported from the district of San Remo, in Italy. Thieves broke into the Church of the Santa Trinita at Taggia and carried off jewels and votive offerings valued at 100,000 lire. Among the numerous sacred objects taken are a golden monstrance and chalice, most beautifully wrought, which were given to the sanctuary by Cardinal Nicolò Maria Lecari in 1875. The statue of the Madonna was despoiled of all its jewels and votive offerings, many of which were also of great value and beauty. So far no trace of the thieves has been discovered.

Rondebosch, S. A.—For the first time in the history of Catholicism in South Africa the Blessed Sacrament was carried in public procession at Rondebosch recently, the occasion being the inauguration of the federation of the Catholics of the Western Province with their brethren in the other portions of the Union. Such federations exist in practically all other countries, and it is sought eventually to bring them together in one central council. Fully three thousand people representing almost every race in South Africa took part in the procession, which was one of the most picturesque seen in the district for many years.

At St. Mary's Church, East Finchley, London, the Rev. Father George Diben, a recent convert from Anglicanism, last month celebrated his first public Mass in the presence of a large congregation. The special preacher on the occasion was the Rev. Father Owen Dudley—another recruit from the ranks of the Church of England clergy—who delivered a powerful discourse on the dignity of the priesthood. Father Diben, at the evening service, preached his first sermon as a Catholic priest. Taking for his text the words of the 89th Psalm: "He set my feet upon a rock and directed my steps; and He put a new canticle into my mouth," the preacher said that the words fittingly applied to one who had found his way into the true Church and thereby secured joy and happiness.