

The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1914

1851

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1914

EASTER

Easter is a feast of joy and triumph. We can look back over the centuries and the dawn coming into the garden, and the affrighted sentinels, and hear the rapturous word from the lips of the loving Mary Magdalen. Calvary is not far away, but the dark clouds that overshadowed the cross are now crimson and gold, and the earth is in ecstasy. The Lord begins His march as a Conqueror. And ever since that Easter when the Body that lay in the tomb rose up and came forth in new life and strength, His triumph can, across the ages, be traced like a line of light. Material force, backed by all the planning of His enemies, was as naught against Him. The Roman world unsheathed the sword against Him, and devoted all its mighty resources to the destruction of His memory, but in vain. The blood of martyrs yielded an abundant harvest of conquest. The stranger who came up the Appian way, marvelling perhaps at the evidences of wealth and luxury round about him—St. Peter adre with loving enthusiasm, was to find a kingdom that would be rooted in the hearts of millions and be impervious to the ravages of either time or man. Christianity moved like a resistless flood over the world, cleansing and refashioning it, changing its view-point and lifting it up into the pure atmosphere of truth. It led men, erstwhile so immersed in the pleasures of the senses, to chasten the flesh, love poverty and to find their dearest consolation in the Cross.

Human intellect has endeavored to stay the progress of Christ. It plotted even as the Pharisees to compass His defeat, but the record of its failure is on the pages of history. To-day the Lord is confronted, we are told, by a most insidious and powerful opponent—the civilization that is intent upon power and splendor and money, that flouts His Church and scorns the very idea of subjection to spiritual authority. But this opponent is but the descendant of the Roman power that Christ encountered and vanquished. It has indeed its myriad agencies for its work. Its press inflames the passions and reviles the truth. Its votaries add to the turbid ocean of sin. Its indifference is around us like a pestilence, to take, if not on guard, the sweetness out of the heart, the light out of the mind, and to cast us into the night with never a star to guide, but to be accompanied by the shapes of evil and by theories that have no substance. But the Lord continues to bind human hearts to His own heart divine. We do not read of these triumphs in the newspapers. But in myriad souls He is enthroned as conqueror. His voice awakens men from spiritual death. He triumphs in the strength and work of the Church. He triumphs in the policy of Pius X. True, indeed, that some scout this policy, but their words are old, their methods century-worn. Every generation has had its prophecies about the fall of Rome, but the world always sees Peter, sore at heart because of evil, but untroubled, serene, conscious of the Church's everlasting duration and triumphs against the "gates of hell." There stands the Church, with the marks of storm and stress upon her, but with eyes undimmed, with vitality unimpaired, ready for any emergency, eager to console the weary and passion-blinded. Around her altars, on which is offered the clean oblation from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, are gathered her children to celebrate the resurrection of her Divine Founder.

THE ONLY WAY

The other day we read an article describing the success achieved by Canadians in the United States. We are well aware of it, but a far more interesting article could be written of those who, broken on the wheel of labor, live in fetid tenements and are never very far from the bread line. The stranger who plunges into the maelstrom of the great centres across the border finds, as a rule, great difficulty in keeping his head above their swirling waters. He may reach the shore of fortune

or may sink into the depths of penury. But whatsoever the outcome of his struggles he is obliged to toil long and persistently. The fiction that anyone could blaze a path to success has disappeared. To-day the man who gets anywhere must be able to grasp or to make opportunities. He must be "on the job" all the time. He must be trained in some special line of endeavor. And the knowledge that he will be in competition with others should inspire him to neglect no development that may render him worthy of their steel. He must measure up to the modern standards.

GOOD WORK

Time was when the nation prevailed that any man of studious bent was of necessity a good teacher. We have buried that delusion. We need men who have comprehensiveness of view, flexibility of thought, who have sat at the feet of professors of acknowledged prowess and learned from them by word and example how to influence and direct others. And some of our colleges have this type of man on their teaching staffs. This teacher is conservative enough to venerate the traditions that are of value, and progressive enough to press into service ideas and methods of recent birth. He believes that the proof that the Church is the source of enlightenment is not in writing or speaking about her influence but by becoming what we claim her spirit tends to make us. If we are to be intellectually the equals of others we must have with them equal advantages of education. And that truth is filtering slowly into our minds. We have a free field for our energies. In every department of human activity there is room for the trained worker. If we do not take our places we should not wax melancholy over the fact, but we should try to find out the reason. And as a rule the reason is that discipline has not left its chastening mark upon us and that we are attempting to accomplish a task which calls for skilled intelligence.

"FORWARD!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE
which now we hope will soon rise glorious from the dead.

When after this sanguinary crisis, the union between England and Ireland was formed, did the Irish people meekly bow their necks, did they forget the heroic daring, the indomitable courage of their glorious ancestry, did they forget their rights as a people? Let Grattan, who joyously watched beside the cradle of Irish independence and sorrowfully followed it to the grave, let the immortal Grattan answer. Let the martyred Emmett, him who so nobly gave up his life to liberty and whose epitaph is yet unwritten, let Emmett answer. Let Curran and Flood, Fitzgibbon, Tone and the hosts of Ireland's renowned orators and fearless patriots, let them answer. Let Daniel O'Connell—him who wrung Catholic emancipation by the force of his mighty intellectual power from a hostile British Parliament, him, who, dying, bequeathed his heart to Rome, his body to Ireland and his soul to God, let Daniel O'Connell answer. Let the undying spirit of Irish liberty, struggling for seven hundred years, let that unconquerable spirit answer whether Ireland has yielded her rights; whether she will ever yield to another her rights to life and liberty.

"Through all this struggle the spirit of the nation was foremost. Men of all creeds united to attain the end. Indeed it is well to remember that while the greatest of all the Irish leaders in modern times was a Catholic, yet the majority of the great leaders have not been Catholics.

Swift, who began the struggle for national principles was not only a Protestant, but a Protestant minister. Later on, Henry Grattan, who carried the Declaration of Rights and secured to the Irish Parliament the restoration of its original prerogatives, was a Protestant. Wolfe Tone, the founder of the Society of "United Irishmen" was a Protestant. Robert Emmet of mournful memory was a Protestant. Charles Stewart Parnell, next to Daniel O'Connell, the greatest leader of the Irish in modern times and to whom, until he sacrificed his moral dignity, the Irish people offered a devotion second only to that which was given to the great Liberator himself, was a Protestant. Above all the man who put the soul of poetry into the national movement, Thomas Osborne Davis, was a Protestant and a graduate of Trinity College.

A glance at one more struggle, the latest through which Ireland had to pass, when the death dealing famine walked in the land, and brought in its train the necessity of a cruel exile which has continued for years. It would be blasphemy to attribute this famine to the visitation of Providence; rather was it the logical consequence of misrule. The laws of political economy, let alone the laws of justice, tell us this. For, say what we will, there can be no graver charge against any ruling power than that which is written against England in the simple fact that Ireland's population is to-day only one half of what it was about sixty years ago; there can be no louder protest against misrule than that which stands in the fact that there was exported from Ireland during the time of famine twice the amount of food necessary to support the suffering people of Ireland.

Ah! Perhaps some of you here are exiles from that land you loved. Perhaps at times you will, despite yourself, let fall a tear as your mind goes back to the days of your childhood. Perhaps, though I doubt it, some of you remember the days of '46 and '47—and oh, if we have not seen, then, have we heard recounted the terrible suffering and desolation. Perhaps in vision you can again see the ones you loved dying of hunger and famine fever; you can see them telling their beads in silence and in tears, with wasted hands lifted to heaven; perhaps you can see the broken-hearted parents kneeling beside the plague-stricken pallets of their children sick and dying and starving, when renunciation of Patrick's faith and freedom's rights would have brought the greedy proselytizer to their door with the bread that would have saved their own and their children's lives. Was there ever a martyrdom so sublime!

Whether you have journeyed in sorrow from the once "royal plains of Meath" or from "the golden vale of Tipperary"; whether your young days knew the "iron bound coast of Mayo or Western Galway"; whether your delight was in "the valleys and hills of lovely Wicklow" or by "sweet Killarney's lakes and dells"; whether you dwelt on the banks of the Shannon or the Liffey or by "the pleasant waters of the River Lee"—no matter what sacred spot is uppermost in the affections of your heart, love it unto the end, when God grant, your heart may speak as the saintly one, the Blessed Columbkille spoke as he passed from life: "Oh! now I die in the hope of seeing my God, because I have shut my eyes to the place I have loved most on earth—green, verdant and sweet Ireland."

Through war, persecution, famine and distress, one thing the Irish people have kept alive—their love of liberty, whatever they lost they did not lose that. Some will point to-day to the poverty-stricken state of Ireland—to the miserable huts, and the uncultivated fields—point to these things—God save the mark!—as proof that Ireland should not be given self-government. Why, when you rehearse Ireland's history, when you remember how the Irish people were robbed of their lands, their schools, their churches, when you recall the penal laws that had for their object the extermination of the Irish race, the wonder, the miracle, is that there is left one but in Ireland where one can find shelter, one church in which he can worship, ay, one Irishman to raise his head.

Is this craving of a people for religious and civil liberty at last to be answered? The Irish race has proven its right to self-government. It has shown a vitality that nothing can destroy. Let the dead past bury its dead. Yes, let the dead past be forgiven, as it has been; let it be forgotten if you will; but there is a living past, a past that is a continuous reality with the living present and the future yet to be.

Let all that has been borne and suffered be buried in the oblivion of forgiveness. Let there be buried with it all acrimony and bitterness and hate. Let there remain only the living triumph over failure, the victory over death. The living past bequeaths the two principles—that every man has the right to worship God according to his conscience, and that the Government of a people depends upon the consent of the people. These two principles live though they were born in the past. One is realized and acknowledged by law in Ireland to-day; the other has yet to find its realization.

To that other the Irish have always had the right. Deprived of their right, efforts have proven their right. Efforts to reduce them to ignorance could not deprive them of their love of learning. Persecution could not take away their religion. Penalties and temptations could not rob them of their love of virtue.

Seven hundred years of an attempt to crush them could not kill their race-ambition. Nothing could take from them their determination to be free. There have always been inherent in them the essentials of an energetic and healthy political organization; and these germs have retained their vitality in spite of compulsory famine, compulsory emigration, compulsory civil death. Yes, after all, and in spite of all,

they have dared to live and they have dared to be happy.

And, on the other hand, if we judge of English rule in Ireland, we must admit it has failed. "If we judge of English rule there," says a recent writer, "on the theory of Elizabeth, that it was necessary to establish the Protestant religion and convert the Irish people, it has been a failure. If we judge of it on the theory of the Commonwealth, that it was necessary to exterminate the Irish people, it has been a failure. If we judge of it on the theory of the great revolution, that it was necessary to degrade the Irish people, it has been a failure. And if we judge of it in the theory of later times, that it was necessary to work out vicariously the refinement, enlightenment and happiness of the Irish people, it has been a failure. Under every varying aspect, it has been a failure." Is it not time, then, in view of the Irish people's triumph in failure and of England's failure in triumph, to give to the people of Ireland the opportunity to govern themselves.

Is it not time to give to Ireland that which is her due? Is it not time to place Ireland in the rank of those countries that are self-governing; in the rank with Australia, New Zealand, Canada—to say nothing of the numerous minor countries acknowledging the British Crown and yet living under the blessings of Home Rule.

Erin then, Innisfail, Isle of Destiny, on this day, from the shores of Canada, we salute thee. We salute thee because thou hast bequeathed unto the world "the spirit of an exalted freedom." That spirit hovers above the Cropp's grave on the historic Mount of Tara in "Royal Meath"; above the broken treasury-stone of Limerick; above the lonely churchyard in a little village in county Mayo where Michael Davitt sleeps his last near the ruins of the home from which he was once evicted; above Cave Hill in Belfast where Tone and Orr, looking over the Lagan river, swore to free Ireland or to die in the attempt; above the wind-swept plains of Kildare where Tone is at rest in Bodinstown churchyard; above famous Glasnevin in Dublin where the graves and monuments of O'Connell, Parnell, Dwyer, Casey, Broderick, Sheehy, Davis and a host of others stand like sentinels watching for the dawn of the better day.

We salute thee, we praise thee, we honor thee because thy struggles and thy victories, thy sufferings and thy joys, thy defeats and thy triumphs, thy perseverance in adherence to the principles of religious and civil liberty tell us that freedom shall not perish from the face of the earth.

EASTER AT PADLEY IN PENAL DAYS

Robert Hugh Benson in "Come Rack! Come Rope!"

As early as 5 o'clock in the morning the houses were astir; lights glimmered in upper rooms; footsteps passed along corridors and the court parties began to arrive. All was done without ostentation; yet without concealment, for Padley was a solitary place, and had no fear, at this time, of a sudden descent of the authorities. A man kept watch over the alley road, and signalled by the flashing of a lamp twice every party with which he was acquainted, and there were no others than these to signal. A second man waited by the gate into the court to admit them. They rode and walked in from all round—great gentlemen, such as the North Lees family, came with a small retinue; a few came alone; yeomen and farm servants, with their womenfolk, came from the Hatherage valley, came for the most part on foot. Altogether perhaps a hundred and twenty persons were within Padley Manor—and the gate secured—by 6 o'clock.

Meanwhile, within, the priest had been busy since 4.30 with the hearing of confessions. He sat in the chapel beside the undecked altar, and they came to him one by one. The household and a few of the nearer neighbors had done their duty in this matter the day before, and a good number had already made their Easter duties earlier in Lent; so by 6 o'clock all was finished.

Then began the bustle. A group of ladies, FitzHerberts and Fentons, entered so soon as the priest gave the signal by tapping on the parlor wall, bearing all things necessary for the altar; and it was astonishing what fine things these were; so that by the time that the priest was ready to vest, the place was transformed. Stuffs and embroideries hung upon the wall about the altar, making it indeed seem a sanctuary; two tall silver candlesticks, used for no other purpose, stood upon the linen cloths, under which rested the slate altar-stone, taken with the sacred vessels and the vestments, from one of the priory hiding-places, with whose secret not a living being without the house, and not more than two or three within, was acquainted. It was rumored that half a dozen such places had been contrived within the precincts two of which were great enough to hold two or three men at a pinch.

Soon after 6 o'clock, then, the altar was ready and the priest stood vested. He retired a pace from the altar, signed himself with the cross, and with Mr. John FitzHerbert and son, Thomas, on either side of him began the preparation.

It was a strange and inspiring sight that the young priest (for it was Mr. Simpson who was saying the Mass) looked upon as he turned round after the gospel to make his little sermon. From end to end the tiny chapel was full, packed so that few could kneel and none sit down. The two doors were open, and bare two faces peered in; and, behind, rank after rank down the steps and along the little passage, the folk stood or knelt, out of sight both priest and altar, and almost out of sound. The sanctuary was full of children—whose round-eyed solemn faces looked up at him—children who knew little or nothing of what was passing, except that they were there to worship God, but who, for all that, received impressions and associations that could never thereafter wholly leave them. The chapel was still completely dark, for the faint light of dawn was excluded by the heavy hangings over the windows and there was the light of the two tapers to show the people to one another and the priest to them all.

It was an inspiring sight to him then—and one which well rewarded him for his labors, since there was not a class from gentlemen to laborer who was not represented there. The FitzHerberts, the Babingtons, the Fentons—these, with their servants and guests, accounted for perhaps half of the folk. From the shadow by the door peeped out the faces of John Martin and his wife and son; beneath the window was the solemn face of Mr. Manners, the lawyer, with his daughter beside him, Robin Audrey beside her, and Dick, his servant, behind him. Surely thought the young priest, the Faith could not be in its final decay, with such a gathering as this.

CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM

In the old days all the conventions of secular poetry were pressed into the service of religion; and the beauty in which the decorative instinct of the Middle Ages took delight became an attribute of holiness. The season beloved of poets, "between March and April, when spray beginneth to spring," became a symbol of the Resurrection. The decorative instinct of the Middle Ages rejoiced in beautiful and gracious forms, in flowers and gems and chased armor, rich embroidery and birds and painted miscellanea. All sorts of secular beauties were borrowed to describe the heavenly joy of the blessed;—Paradise is full of joy and merry songs, of gay herbs and trees, "and of fowls' song great plenty."

The Madonna was praised in rondo and ballad; and, as was natural in an age so accustomed to the sight of soldiers, the splendid harness of earthly chivalry served to illustrate the Christian armor of a deadlier warfare. It is said that the French knights used to rise during the reading of the epistle when it was taken from St. Paul, because St. Paul is represented with the sword of his martyrdom, and so is one of the patrons of warriors. The symbolism of that age was a living thing; all the thought of the world was translated into it. And since flowers were the most beautiful thing in a beautiful world, their symbolic value was of a rarely suggestive character.

For instance, there was "the beautiful, old-fashioned, Madonna lily," than which "there are many stately and more gorgeous blossoms of the lily kind, but none sweeter—that "May lily," as it is called in the North of England," with its "added charm of association, for what picture of the Annunciation seems now complete, unless a branch of these pure white blossoms is seen near Mary and the angel? The mysticism of early religious art has invested the Madonna lilies of our gardens with an indefinable reminiscent charm; and when the tall white blossoms rise up into the cloudless summer blue, their stillness has an air of mystery, as if the breathless stir of the angelic presence had hardly passed by. The garden where the painted lilies grow is a garden emblematic of poverty; the lilies stand before the ideal figure of Catholic worship, who was "humbled among women like as a poor woman."

But when Fra Angelico saw the courts of Paradise, they were as full of flowers as a queen's garden, and angels as bright as anemone beds. And the poor were not shut out of those gardens, because "every man may buy heaven, the poor man with his penny and the rich man with his pound." The body of saints is a democracy; Popes, kings, shoemakers, all blessed, move perpetually in an unending slow measure with the ineffable calm of beatitude among the lilies of eternal spring. The Little Poor Man of Assisi remembered that flowers truly belong to the blessed estate of poverty, and bade the Garden-brother spare a corner from his pot-herbs for beautiful and fragrant flowers, in honor of the

verse which says: "Ego flos campium et lilium convallium" (I am the flower of the field and lily of the valley.) The poor love flowers, though they do not talk much about it, and Madonna lilies never grow better than in the cottage gardens, where they are left a great deal alone. There is much to learn, and more to remember, when we consider the lilies.

The Academy writer maintains that "it is only since the thirteenth century that painters established the lily as the conventional symbol of the Madonna, for the early artists used to surround her with flowers of every sort and color. It was not until comparatively late," he says, "that the symbolizing instinct of religious minds in a simple age felt that the ideal purity of the Lord's Mother was well expressed in the exquisite purity of white lilies, and so they were dedicated to her service," the Fathers said it was symbolic, "for Nazareth signifieth 'flower,' whence saith Bernard, that 'the Flower would be born of a Flower, in a flower, and in the time of flowers.'"

BIGOTRY IN BANKS

A few weeks ago a letter appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD drawing attention to discrimination said to exist in some of the banks whereby Catholics found it difficult to attain the higher positions. We have received from a correspondent a further reference to the matter, in which he says:

Your last issue has an article on the question as to whether there is bigotry in banks. It seems to me this question of bigotry is too apt to put itself in evidence at times. I have no brief for bank or bankers, but I have a brief, as every man has, for justice and fair play, and this question of alleged bigotry may, like many others, have its other side. I have known of several Catholic young men taken in service to banks in the capacity in which they are ordinarily admitted, viz.: that of junior clerks. What has been the record of most of them? Have they evinced any desire to improve themselves by study and application? Have they manifested any ambition to advance themselves or to render themselves worthy of advancement? It must, unfortunately, be confessed that for the most part these questions cannot be answered in the affirmative. Most of these young men settled down in a condition of complacency to wait for their periodic advances in salary. Some of them, having little or no regard for the tone their position demanded, were the habitual frequenters of pool rooms and exercised little discrimination in choosing their associates. It stands to reason that bank officials are not to be charged with bigotry if they show no preference for such as these. I believe the young man of genuine worth and character who has energy and ambition, and who is actuated by the constant desire to increase his competency and efficiency, will rarely have occasion to say that bigotry stood in the way of his advancement. Somebody has said that patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel. It may be that that bigotry is sometimes the cry of the incompetent and the inefficient.

SUPPRESSING FILTH

The Canadian Post Office officials have taken steps to keep the printed filth of the Menace out of Canada. They have served notice upon the Washington Postal authorities of the course they have adopted to prevent the foul sheet from circulating among Canadians. Mr. Joseph Stewart, Second Assistant Postmaster General, has notified the Postmaster of Aurora, Mo., the place where the Menace is published, that he must refuse all copies of the vile sheet which have a Canadian address. Here is the order transmitted to him from Washington: Second Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, March 9, 1914.

Your attention is invited to the following extract from a letter of the postal administration of Canada, dated February 23, viz: "I have to inform you that the Menace, a weekly paper published at Aurora, Missouri, has been placed on the list of publications which are prohibited from circulation by mail in Canada, on account of its offensive contents."

Please cause the publisher of the paper in question to be properly informed respecting the matter and such action taken at your office as will prevent the acceptance of copies of said paper for mailing to Canada. (Signed) JOSEPH STEWART, Second Assistant Postmaster General.

The determination of the Postal administration of Canada to let the United States have a monopoly of the Menace filth, shows that our Northern neighbors have a proper appreciation of the infamous character of the sheet; the Postmaster of Aurora has been ordered by his official superiors not to accept, if mailed to Canada. It would be in the interest of common decency and morality, if the order were made to embrace the United States as well as Canada.

The action taken by the Postal administration of Canada should have the effect of turning the attention of Congress and the Postal authorities to the foul matter the Menace is sending broadcast with the aid of Post Offices all over the land.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The number of Communions in the Liverpool Archdiocese has increased from 1,955,012 in 1907 to 4,353,997 in 1912, that is to say at the rate of nearly half a million each year.

Twenty-seven thousand people of Grenoble, France, having petitioned for the return of the Sisters to the municipal hospital, the authorities were moved to accede partially at least to their request, and Sisters have been installed in some of the wards.

After having been illegally refused by Mayor Nathan and the infidel "bloc" in the City Council for five years, permission has now been secured by the Catholics of Rome to use the city schoolrooms for the purpose of instructing their children in the catechism.

The first colored mayor of Great Britain, Mr. Archer, is a Catholic. He is mayor of Battersea, and attended High Mass in state after his election. His predecessor was also a Catholic. Battersea is a great working-man constituency, made famous by its connection with John Burns.

Inspired by the sight of a Holy Name parade, Rev. Dr. George Bailey of the Central Presbyterian church in Erie, Pa., has organized an organization called "The Order of the Sons of Reverence." It is like the Holy Name Society, in that its mission is to create an influence against the prevalence of profanity.

There are now in the Catholic diocese of Brooklyn about 500 priests, 200 churches and a Catholic population of approximately 750,000. Ninety-two years ago, on January 7, 1822, when the Catholics of the village of Brooklyn first met to organize a congregation, there was no church, no resident priest, and probably not 500 Catholics in the place.

A new plan for spreading the gospel is to be given a trial at the immaculate Conception Cathedral, Denver, Col. The especially good sermons prepared by the priests there from time to time are to be printed, and will be placed, in leaflet form, in the vestibule book stand, where they may be procured by the public. This plan has been worked in only one or two other places in the country, and is an innovation in the Denver diocese.

When Rev. Maurice J. Dorney was called to his reward Sunday March 15, Chicago lost a great priest and the country a most devoted citizen. Father Dorney was the head of a big parish in the western city. It was in the stockyards district, and so effective was his work and so far-reaching his character that within a radius of a mile square of territory there has not been a saloon for twenty years. Father Dorney was not merely a Catholic priest. He was the friend of all men and the counsellor of Catholic and Protestant alike.

Raymond Weeks has been received into the Catholic Church. Mr. Weeks was for sometime an Oblate at Caldey, and at the time of the reception of the community left with the other members who remained in the Established Church. He was one of the "loyal remnant" who set up the tabernacle of Anglican Benedictinism at Pershore, and the fact that one of their number has embraced the Catholic religion is significant. Mr. Weeks is a graduate of King's College, Cambridge.

Senor Vidal, of Plans, Spain, editor of the Socialist organ Espana Nueva a most furious anti-clerical and free-thinker, was recently condemned to prison for an attack on the military. When he got time to think in his silent cell, he began to see his Socialist companions in their true light, and on being liberated hastened to the episcopal palace in Madrid, where he made a retraction of all his errors against the Church and religion, and made a fervent profession of faith. It is little short of a miracle.

Mr. Raymond Weeks has been received in the Catholic Church. Mr. Weeks was for some time an Oblate at Caldey, and at the time of the reception of the Community left with the other members who remained in the Established Church. He was one of the "loyal remnant" who set up the tabernacle of Anglican Benedictinism at Pershore, and the fact that one of their number has embraced the Catholic religion is significant. Mr. Weeks is a graduate of King's College, Cambridge.

"There are between fifty and sixty million churchless persons in the United States who should be reached by the Catholic Church," declared Archbishop Alexander Christie of Oregon, in his address before the Home Mission session of the Catholic Missionary Congress at Boston. "What these people want is the truth," he said, "and it is our duty to carry the truth to them, and they will accept it and become an ornament to the great Catholic Church of the United States."