

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, JUNE 10, 1916

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SOME DAY

Some day we may have a party newspaper that will aim at dispassionate discussion of current issues. The editors of that time will be able to have opinions of their own and will be swayed not by prejudice and fierce unreasoning hostility but by truth. Personalities will be avoided and their opponents will not be garbed in black. The canons of social amenities will not be violated and the editors, relieved of the task of fashioning invective and vituperation, will win back for the press prestige and influence.

UNACCOUNTABLE

Anti-Catholic prejudice is one of the most unaccountable facts in the history of human thought. It is so opposed to truth and so utterly groundless that one must wonder it has such influence, not only over the ignorant, but also over many intelligent minds. And when we know that many noble and generous hearts are enmeshed in this prejudice the wonder increases. It may be due to environment and to education, but whatsoever the cause this prejudice confronts us as a mystifying fact. And yet we ask but little. We demand fair play. But the forces of prejudice will not let us alone. It is the old word of the Pharisees: "If we let Him alone, all will believe in Him." The non-Catholic, as a general rule, knows little or nothing of our doctrines. Instead of consulting our catechism and formularies of belief, he accepts objections which spring from misconception and misrepresentation of our discipline and doctrine. In vain do we protest that we do not pay to the Blessed Virgin and the saints an honor due God. We say, and we surely ought to know, that the Church encourages us to read the Bible. We can point to the facts of history which attest the Church's solicitude for education, for human service, popular rights, for everything that can redound to the good of humanity, and yet prejudice in its radical and fanatical form looks at the testimony, trustworthy and unmistakable, as the work of special pleaders. Charges and imputations are trumpeted without proof as though the bald repetition of these were enough to make them good. This is of a truth a very extraordinary fact. The Church is open to all. Our books are to be found everywhere. We live side by side with Protestants. Why then do our brethren who are fair-minded, who read history and are endowed with keen intellects, permit our bitterest foes to condemn us and will not hear what we have to say in our own defense? Is this complimentary to their love of justice?

Catholic writers, however, are not prone to attribute to Protestants errors which they reprobate, and libelous charges against Protestants are unheard of from our press or pulpit. Loving our Church with all our heart and anxious to give all the security, the certainty and the manifold consolations she brings us, we are not guilty of laying rude and irreverent hands upon the belief of others.

A MENACE

One of the greatest menaces to amity and mutual understanding is the preacher—the ranting, no-scholarship type, who keeps smouldering the embers of bigotry. His is a very twisted mentality. Nicknames are so pat to his tongue that they flow from it like the poison of asps without effort or thought; all, too, in Christ's sweet and holy Name. No pains are taken to understand any doctrines in practice in the Church in the light of its own historical or theological relations. Our faith is but a tissue of impiety and folly at war with the most sacred interests of humanity and in full contradiction with the law of God. It is hard to convince the thoughtful that a Church upheld by the loyalty and love of the past generations and that counts her children by millions, is a monster of folly and impiety.

The monstrosity which they label the Church could not attract intel-

lects of the calibre of Newman and Manning.

But despite the verdicts of history, the consideration of right and justice, the duties of citizenship, the ranting preacher digs out of polemical museums old and diseased weapons, and for what purpose? To arouse the antagonism of the ignorant and to perpetuate prejudice and calumny. Instead of being an ambassador of peace he propagates discord and hate. It seems to us that the intelligent and fair-minded Protestant should make this divine's business unprofitable and unseemingly. He is their disgrace and shame.

FIRST AID TO SOME PREACHER

Many prominent Protestants do not see eye to eye with these voluble divines. Canon Farrar says that during the period (from the fifth to the fifteenth century) the Church was the one mighty witness for light in an age of darkness, for order in an age of lawlessness, for personal holiness in an epoch of licentious rage.

"From the sixth to the fourteenth century," says Milenau, "the Papal Power was the great consideration of Christianity—the best Christianity perhaps which these ages could receive; and it was of inestimable benefit to European civilization."

"A thousand years ago," says Thomas Hughes, "England was not only in name a Christian nation but a living faith in Christ had entered into and was practically the deepest and strongest force in national life."

Channing says that Catholic missionaries have carried Christianity to the ends of the earth; the Sisters of Charity have carried relief and solace to the most hopeless want and pain. "Do not these," he asks, "teach us that in the Romish Church the Spirit of God has found a home?"

Protestantism has written no creed, fashioned no culture, framed no church, developed no power which could begin to take the place which the Catholic Church holds in the world today. Destroy this Church, which dates back to the time of the Apostles, to which the Fathers belonged and around which are gathered the most tender and sacred associations of Christian history, and Protestantism would be involved in the general wreck.

Martindale says that the Church presents one of the most solemn and majestic spectacles in history. Why, then, do men hate her?

AS A CRITIC SEES US

"The Outlook," perhaps the most influential of all non-Catholic religious periodicals, says: "But America today stands in peculiar need of that contribution which the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. For the chief peril to America is from disorganizing forces and a lawless spirit; not from excessive organizations, but from disorder and disorganization. One of the chief lessons Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience with it. This lesson the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to teach. And within the reach of its influence are those who most need to be taught. That Church is a vast spiritual police force, a protection of society from the reckless apostles of self-will. But it is far more. Wherever it goes it teaches submission to control, and that is the first step toward that habit of self-control in the individual which is an indispensable condition of self-government in the community."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN KNIGHTS AND "GUARDEENS"

APT REPLY OF SENATOR BRYAN, OF FLORIDA, TO A QUERY

The difference between the Guardians of Liberty and the Knights of Columbus was emphasized several days ago by Senator Nathan P. Bryan in a speech in South Florida.

The Senator was addressing a crowd in which there were a large number of "Gardeens" and Knights. He was exposing the former when he was interrupted by an auditor, who said: "Senator, please tell us the difference between the Guardians of Liberty and the Knights of Columbus."

"I will do that," said the Senator. "All who are in the audience who are members of the Guardians of Liberty will please stand up."

Not a man arose and the silence was painful.

"Now," said the Senator, "all in the audience who are members of the Knights of Columbus please arise."

Several men arose, and the Senator said: "That's the difference—one crowd is ashamed of their organization, while the other is proud of theirs."

IRELAND

LET US FACE THE REALITIES

London, Eng., Daily Chronicle

Ireland loomed large in Parliament yesterday. The Lords discussed it, to little purpose; and in the Commons a fresh attempt was made by the Nationalists to impress on the Government the extreme unwisdom of continuing military executions and martial law. Earlier in the day Mr. Redmond and his colleagues issued a remarkable manifesto to the people of Ireland. It is a defence of the constitutional as against revolutionary methods, and a cogent vindication of their results in recent Irish history. The Nationalist party's long record of patient and honourable achievement is set in a fair light. The disastrous folly of the light-headed revivalists of violence, suddenly and sharply revealed by the shock of real events, is here effectively emphasized by contrast with the practical wisdom that it sought to supplant.

It is probable that the outbreak in Ireland, with its grim logic, will shake and startle many of us back to a sense of realities again. We have been living for the last few years as regards the Irish question in an atmosphere of mirage. And the cloud-comper, who first brought the mirage and the delusion about, was no other than Sir Edward Carson. Until about 1912-13, the idea of armed rebellion had, by the process of history, been so eliminated from the practical sphere of the popular mind in Ireland that it had come to be a subject for satire by the Sinn Fein dramatists of the Abbey Theatre. In the North as well as the South the chapter of constructive and progressive legislation had been leading the minds of the people to accept the idea that Ireland need be no exception amongst the countries of the world to the rule of modern political evolution. They were moving even rapidly towards a reconciliation. They were preparing for this in the way of practical common sense. That is the testimony of witnesses well qualified to judge of what is taking place beneath the surface, within the essence and reality of national life in Ireland, especially during the past decade and a half.

At a given moment people began to perceive that a different note was being sounded, a different key pitched. The modern note was silenced. The progressive evolution of things was brought to a halt. Before the people quite knew what had happened they were back in the days of the Solemn League and Covenant and of the landing of William III. There were violent words, violent proceedings, talk of rebellion, drilling, arming, gun-running, and "provisional governments." Then came the response in kind to this challenge from the South and West, with drillings, arming, and gun-runnings there, and it began to appear that we were to have not merely rebellion but civil war, and that the popular William III. was sheding into the period of 1798. To the amazement of every sober-minded man we had, almost as if it had happened in a night during one's sleep, an armed Ireland on our hands; and the thing which had been relegated to sentimental memory and the satire of the Abbey Theatre actually awoke to life again. The Sinn Fein rebellion has now demonstrated to the dealers in this line of anachronism what such efforts to turn back the course of history logically lead to. May we not hope that the explosion has dispersed the mirage and helped us back once more to the key of common sense and to the perception of reality.

Sir Edward Carson, when this rising began and someone referred to his responsibility for the chapter of violence of which it was the culmination, wrote to the papers saying, "he was sure the leader of the Nationalist party would agree with him that no useful purpose could be served" by reviving these matters. And the Times yesterday was very sensitive because the House on Tuesday showed a disposition to remember them. Now, if Sir Edward really means business when he talks of conciliation and oblivion for past doings and sayings—on both sides—he will find old political opponents prepared to meet him.

We are no dupes of the super man legend. We know his measurements and limitations. But he happens to have at the moment for rather he has had up to the present, for amongst Ulstermen, too, the logic of rebellion-traffic will have led to

some re-adjustment of values) a great influence with his followers, and thus a great power for good or for harm over the current fortunes of Ireland. If he is really ready to play the pancher turned gamekeeper, to prove in this crisis that he has in him some of the genuine stuff of the patriot and the statesman, he certainly has a great opportunity. If he will now do his utmost to assist, instead of obstructing, the natural progress of things in his own unhappy but most promising and attractive country towards reconciliation and towards constructive modern political development within the lines and in accordance with the essential genius of the British Empire, if he will take now such a risk in regard to the irreconcilables among his own followers as Mr. Redmond took at the beginning of the war in regard to the irreconcilables amongst his (the nature of which risk recent events have enabled us the better to appreciate), then he will have seized his chance of going down to history with the blessings in place of the curses of Ireland, and in accordance with the measure of gratitude from the Empire. Let us hope that he may. But in the meantime we must keep before our minds—and he should keep before his—the reality of his responsibility, and that of the people who were ready to make use of him, for diverting our politics for a season from the methods of constitutional action to those of physical force. We have been too long drugged with unrealities. Healing can only come through facing the facts.

THE "PRESIDENT OF THE 'IRISH REPUBLIC'"

By Louis J. Walsh

In 1899 the Gaelic League was a very obscure organization occupying a couple of rooms up a dingy staircase in O'Connell street in Dublin, and few people foresaw that it was destined to wield the potent influence which has since fallen to it in Irish life. It was at that time attracting hardly any attention in academic circles; and I remember it was looked upon as a happy augury by the League authorities, when they succeeded in attracting a small batch of university students to a class which they had formed specially for our benefit. They were, I think, less than a dozen of us altogether, and the teacher we had assigned to us was an earnest, studious-looking young man, with glasses, named Patrick H. Pearse.

Strange how little we know even of our own hearts and of the dormant potentialities that lie within us. Had a prophet in '99 foretold the red ruin that was to come on Ireland in 1916, I don't think there would have been anyone—and least of all himself—to venture the opinion that the shy, handsome, pale-faced young student was likely to be the leader of the coming revolution, to hold for a fleeting hour the office of "President of the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic and Commander-General of the Republican Army," and to suffer death under sentence of a court-martial at the hands of a firing party in Dublin.

It seemed far more likely that the man would live and die in the quiet seclusion of some seat of learning, and be remembered merely for the books he wrote. He was absorbed at the time in his enthusiasm for Irish linguistic studies, and his admiration for Gaelic literature. He raved about the simple beauty of our folk songs, and loved to decant on "the great words of the Gaelic language" of our Irish prose writers. Indeed, he rather jarred on some of us, who cherished the old conception of "Ireland a Nation," with the ardour that every young Irishman who is worth his salt feels, by his insistence on the doctrine that the centuries-old aspiration was never destined to be realized in the way we had always understood.

THE DESTINY OF THE GAEL

"Others have been struck before now," he said in the course of an address which he delivered in October 1897 to a young men's literary society, "by the fact that hundreds of noble men and true have fought and bled for the emancipation of the Gaelic race, and yet have all failed. Surely, if ever cause was worthy of success, it was the cause for which Laurence prayed, for which Hugh of Dunganon planned, for which Hugh Roe and Owen Roe fought, for which Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward and Robert Emmet gave their lives, for which Grattan pleaded, for which Moore and Davis sang, for which O'Connell wore himself out with toil. Yet these men prayed and planned, and fought and bled, and pleaded and wrote and toiled in vain. May it not be that there is some reason for this? May it not be that the ends they struggled for were ends never intended for the Gael? . . . The Gael is not like other men; he is the spade, and the loom and the sword are not for him. But a destiny more glorious than that of Rome, more glorious than that of Britain awaits him; to become the saviour of idealism in modern intellectual and social life, the regenerator and rejuvenator of the literature of the world, the instructor of the nations, the preacher of the gospel of nature-worship, hero-worship, God-worship—such, Mr. Chairman, is the destiny of the Gael."

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MANY THOUSANDS OF CONVERTS ENTERING THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EVERY YEAR

The assertion that between 35,000 and 45,000 persons yearly are converted to Catholicity in the United States was upheld, and the denials by certain Protestant ministers were disproved at a recent meeting of the Catholic Converts' League of New York at the Plaza Hotel.

Stuart P. West, president of the league, said the figures given were probably an underestimate. He was supported by Dr. Sigourney W. Fay, formerly of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese at Fond du Lac, Mich., and now headmaster of the Newman School at Hackensack, N. J., who said the number was undoubtedly much greater than stated.

Mr. West said the figures were based on the number of adult baptisms, which in many cases were loosely recorded. He said it had been stated that one-third of the converts to Catholicity returned to their original faith, but that only 2 out of 1,200 Catholic converts he had known had returned.

Other speakers were Very Rev. John J. Hughes, Superior of Paulist Fathers, and Rev. Henry E. O'Keefe, C. S. P. Father Hughes told of the success which the Church is enjoying in securing converts in Texas—The Missionary.

IN THE STATE WHERE TEACHING IS A CRIME

From the Morning Star, New Orleans

As we go to press our special representative at St. Augustine, Fla., wires us that the hearing on the Habeas Corpus was held recently in the case of the Sisters of St. Joseph who were arrested on Easter Monday by the Sheriff of Perry county, under instructions from the Governor, Park Trammel, because they were teaching little colored children to read and write and a knowledge of God and His laws. Our correspondent tells us that the hearing occupied about five hours, and a great and sympathetic gathering assembled in the courthouse with the Sisters and remained throughout in tense interest, so deeply do the best people of Florida Catholic and non-Catholic, resent the outrageous action of Governor Trammel in enforcing a dead-letter law against the Sisters.

Three distinguished attorneys—Cathoun, Cockrell and Bedell—defended the Sisters and made brilliant and forcible arguments against the constitutionality of this law, which for three years has disgraced the statute books of Florida, and which is so unconstitutional on the face of it that it was allowed to remain in force until Governor Trammel, upon the request of bigots, put it in force against the Sisters, arrested them and closed the parochial school. We are informed that State Attorney Dancy argued in favor of the law and that Judge Gibbs, of the Circuit Court, has taken the case under advisement and promises an early decision.

DEGRADES THE STATE OF FLORIDA

The Miami (Fla.) Herald in commenting on the case says: "Here were three devoted women, at the call of duty as they saw it, attempting to teach growing negro children the principles of religion and the elements of education; trying to inculcate in them a respect for God, for law and for humanity; trying to make them useful and indus-

trious, and attempting to so lead them that they would never fall to the level of the vicious classes. And for this excellent work—work that redounds to the credit and safety of the State—they are arrested and are subject to the ignominy of a trial and possible punishment. No more degrading thing than that has ever been perpetrated in the State of Florida, and that it was done under color of law relieves it not one whit of its sinister meaning and effect.

"It is a humiliating thing that there are among us a few who will applaud this law and glory in its enforcement against these good women, merely because they are members of the Catholic Church, but for the enlightened people of the State there will be nothing in the incident but the deepest feeling that the State has been led into a trap by its lawmakers and disgraced by the attempted enforcement of a disgraceful law.

"That the law will be declared unconstitutional and the persecuted Sisters be vindicated cannot be doubted, but they ought not to have been subjected to this petty persecution, and the State of Florida should not have been placed in its embarrassing position by the passage of a law that could work so much injury and which lays the State liable to so much criticism."

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supreme proof of the unselfishness of his love for Ireland, did these seemingly prophetic words of his early manhood come back to him? My university life in Dublin came practically to an end about 1902, and after that I saw but little of Pearse personally; but I think that all his old pupils of the Gaelic League class watched his career with affectionate interest.

He was called to the Bar in 1901 and I remember his being congratulated by the judges of the King's Bench on a brilliant argument he made; but his bent was more literary and educational than legal, and he never set himself to acquire a practice.

Instead, he rapidly built up a reputation as an Irish scholar, edited with great ability for a time the Gaelic League bilingual newspaper, An Claidheamh Soluis (The Sword of Light), and began to produce some exquisite Irish prose.

STUDIES OF CHILD LIFE

Probably the most enduring of his writings will be some of his wonderfully sympathetic studies of child life among the Irish-speaking peasantry of the West. Pearse did not merely love children. He revered them with an intense realization of the truth that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." It was part of his philosophy that women are wiser than men, and children the wisest of all humanity, because they are most in touch with the unseen. His short story, "Iosagan" (The Irish peasant's affectionate diminutive for "Iosa," "Jesus") is one of the most charming idylls in literature. It is the story of an old man who had lost his faith, but loved the little ones; and because of this love "little Jesus" came with the bare feet and in the tattered dress of a peasant child, to win him back to Himself.

Hardly less touching are some of his other stories, such as "Bairbre," an exquisitely sympathetic study of a little girl's love for an old doll; "An Sagart," treating of a boy's yearning to become a priest; or "Little John of the Birds," which is a most affecting presentation of the wistful loneliness of a peasant child awaiting the return of the migrating birds in the spring.

No less remarkable was P. H. Pearse as an educationist, and probably the ideas which he formulated and tried to put in practice in his Boys' Secondary School of St. Enda's are destined to have bigger consequences for Ireland than will even be the effects of the ill-starred revolution which he headed.

Pearse loved his work at St. Enda's, for he held that there was nothing more interesting and more beautiful in all the world than the soul of an unspoiled boy; and in a happier land and happier times he might have been content to live and die within his peaceful precincts.

But it was not to be. Pearse was bold defiance of British law by Sir Edward Carson, which won for Irishmen the right to bear arms, decided the destiny of Patrick H. Pearse. He joined the Irish Volunteers, and the strange, potent, seductive influence that lurks in steel and iron awoke in him the unsuspected soldier. It may be, too, that the memory-laden place in which his school was situated held for him mysterious whisperings; for Sarah Curran had lived hard by, and every visitor to St. Enda's was shown "Emmet's Walk." "I would holdly preach the antique faith that fighting is the only noble thing," he wrote in the Irish Review of February 1913, "and that he only is at peace with God who is at war with the powers of evil."—The Daily Chronicle.

A WHOLESOME AUTHOR

Writing of the nineteenth century novelist, William Black, Sir Wemyss Reid said: "I am sure that the characters of his stories were more real to him than most of the men and women whom he encountered in everyday life. They were so real that their fate affected him as if it had been the fate of his dearest friends. For months after he finished 'McLeod of Dars' with its great tragedy of baffled love, he was so shaken in nerve that he did not dare to ride in a hansom cab.

"One day, in the far-off past I was walking along the seaford with Black at Brighton, when he said abruptly, and with reference to nothing that had been passing between us: 'We are not all engaged in running away with other men's wives. There are some of us who are not the victims of mental disease or moral deformity. I do not even know that anybody of my acquaintance has committed a murder or a forgery. Yet people are angry with me because I do not make my characters in my books odious in this fashion. I prefer to write about sane people and honest people, and I imagine that they are after all, in a majority in the world.' Bald as this statement was of the limitations he set upon his art, it was absolutely true. He delighted to tell pure stories, dealing with wholesome, manly men and tender, womanly women."—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Mgr. Vassallo di Torregrossa has been appointed Apostolic Internuncio to Argentina.

His Holiness has appointed Cardinal Serafini, Prefect of Propaganda, President of the Pontifical College of St. Peter and St. Paul for Foreign Missions, succeeding Cardinal Gotti.

Rome, May 25.—Mgr. Locatelli, recently Internuncio at Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, has been appointed Nuncio at Brussels, Belgium, in succession to Mgr. Porcelli, who has retired.

The Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, of Chicago, have undertaken to finance the building of a Boy's Home in that city. Archbishop Mundelein suggested the idea. The Home will harbor the neglected boys of the city.

The vacancy in the Westminster Cathedral Chapter, caused by the elevation of Mgr. Thomas Dunn to the See of Nottingham, Eng., has been filled by the appointment of Reverend Clement Dunn, rector of Homerton.

The late James J. Hill, Great Northern railroad magnate, gave \$25,000 to Marquette University, Milwaukee, it is announced. It was contributed toward an endowment fund for which the university is conducting a campaign.

Father Joseph Bertram, a devoted priest who was for twenty-three years in charge of the leper settlement in Japan, which was started by Father Testevuide in 1885, is dead. For the last three years he had been ailing, and his last request was that he should be buried in the leper's graveyard.

The translation of Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers" has been a great success in Holland, more than twenty-two thousand copies having been sold already. The Dutch translation of "Our Christian Heritage," by the same author, will be ready for the press this summer. Both works are translated and edited with the approval of His Eminence by the Rev. Father W. A. J. Blaise, of the archdiocese of Utrecht, Holland.

Some of the brave soldiers fighting in Flanders found themselves recently at the front in such grave danger that death appeared to them inevitable. They appeared to Sister Teresa, the Little Flower of Jesus, and in answer, unexpected help came to them; they escaped their peril. In gratitude they have promised to erect the first statue of Little Teresa in France in a town named Loobergh.

A press announcement of the appointment of the Most Rev. J. J. Hart, D. D., Archbishop of Manila, P. I., since 1903, as Bishop of Omaha, Neb., to succeed the late Bishop Richard Scannell, has been commended by Monsignor Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, D. C. Bishop Hart, who is a native of St. Louis, organized the parish of St. Leo's there in 1888. He was consecrated Archbishop of Manila, August 15, 1903.

Mr. J. A. M. Richey, formerly an Episcopal clergyman and the founder, manager and editor of The American Catholic, the organ of the High Church party in the Episcopal church, who was received into Holy church on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1910, by the Most Reverend, the Archbishop of St. Louis, with Rev. M. J. Foley, editor of The Western Catholic, acting as his sponsor, has now become associated with The Western Catholic in the capacity of managing editor.

Certain Catholic young men in England, with Francis Meynell at their head, have founded a society which they call the Guild of the Pope's Peace. Their purpose, as expressed in their publications, is to get Catholics to work now for that peace which the Holy Father described and which they aver all Catholics desire. They say that there must be a great volume of prayer and effort behind this ideal to realize it, and Catholics must combine now for their effort.

Captain Steward John Aldous, aged thirty-eight, was killed in France on March 25, while leading his men in an attack on a German mine, and was buried by Father Drinkwater. He was the eldest son of the Rev. J. C. P. Aldous of (Anglican) Sywell Rectory, Northampton, and grandson of the late Dr. Peers, Headmaster of Repton School. He was educated at Marlborough and University College, Oxford. He served in France for more than a year. He was a convert, and a devoted son of Holy Church.

The Holy See has lost a faithful servant, one who had worked for the Roman Pontiffs almost as long as did Cardinal Gotti. After sixty-two years of labor under the roof of the Vatican, Luigi Martinucci is dead. The good old man was the oldest employee in the Vatican palace. At the age of twenty he entered the vast household of Pius IX. as a clerk in one of its many offices. Merit and time brought promotion, so that when he died he had reached the position of Secretary to the Prefect of the Apostolic Palace.