

lung battle front, which leave matters largely as they were a week ago.

It is well to realize that anything, even the most improbable and unexpected, is possible as a result of the diplomatic war which is waged as strenuously as the struggle on the field of battle.

An incident worthy of record is the first aerial duel over English soil. It occurred near Sheerness yesterday at 12.55 in misty weather. A German aeroplane was seen approaching from the east, flying high, and evidently headed inland toward London. A British aviator went up to drive off the invader, and after a lively fusillade, the German turned and flew out over the sea. If he crossed from the coast of Belgium he had little reward for his perilous journey in the fog. The submarine danger is evidently not the only one that hides behind the sand dunes of Flanders.—Globe Dec. 26.

RUSSIA NEGOTIATING WITH THE GERMANS?

Special Cable Despatch to The Globe.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The Washington Post gives great prominence to a news despatch stating that overtures for peace between Russia and Germany are already well under way.

The statement attracts great attention in Washington, simply because it is published in The Post, which is owned and edited by John R. McLean, known to have very close personal relations with eminent diplomats.

The Post says negotiations are being conducted through "one of the most powerful agencies in the world," a medium friendly to both Germany and Russia, and that they look for an adjustment of all differences between Russia and Germany, notwithstanding the joint agreement signed early in the war by Russia, France and Britain not to discuss terms of peace separately. The Post says in part: "The reception given in the preliminary negotiations indicates that there may suddenly emerge from Europe a new alignment shattering all predictions as to the outcome of the present war, and stamping on the maps of Europe, Asia and Africa new boundaries unthought of when the war began."

"With Serbia's showing of ability to protect her own integrity, Russia's real interest in the war has practically ceased. To fight further means chiefly to aid the world diplomacy and policies of Great Britain, against which Russia has had an historic aversion."

AUSTRIA RENEWS PEACE OVERTURES

(Special Cable Despatch to The Globe.)

Paris, Dec. 24.—It is definitely asserted here that Austria has made independent peace overtures to the allies through Vienna bankers upon the basis of the concession of Galicia to Russia and Bosnia to Serbia.

The proposal is favorably received, but is held in abeyance until it is known what the attitude of Italy and Roumania will be respecting such concessions.

ENCYCLICAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

ourselves a way to the possession of those true and imperishable goods, which God has prepared for those who love Him." (1 Cor., ii, 3.) But this important teaching of the faith is neglected by too many, and by not a few is altogether forgotten. It is for you, venerable brethren, to make this teaching live again amongst men; without it men and communities of men will never find peace. We urge therefore all who are suffering under any kind of hardship, not to keep their eyes fixed on earth, which is but a place of exile, but to lift them up to heaven, whither we are tending; for "we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come." (Hebr., xiii, 13.) In times of adversity, with which God tries the steadfastness of their service, let them often reflect on the greatness of the reward when they have come victorious out of the struggle: "For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." (II Cor., iv, 17.) Lastly, it should be one of your chief cares, venerable Brethren, with all zeal and energy to make faith in the supernatural live again amongst men, and with faith the pursuit, the desire and the hope of what is eternal; for this work we ask the co-operation not only of the clergy, but of all those Catholics who, banded together in various societies, are labouring for God's honour and man's true good. The more this faith grows amongst men the more will the feverish pursuit of earthly vanities cease, and as charity grows strong social conflicts and tumults will gradually die away.

And now leaving this subject, and turning to what more immediately concerns the state of the Church, Our spirit, saddened by the present calamities of the world, finds some relief. For, in addition to the manifest proofs of the divine power and stability of the Church, we find no little consolation in the admirable fruits of the laborious Pontificate of Our Predecessor Pius X., who during that Pontificate adorned the Apostolic See with the example of a life in every way saintly. It is owing to him that we see the religious spirit of the clergy everywhere intensified; the piety of the faithful aroused; a disciplined activity promoted

in Catholic associations; the sacred hierarchy consolidated or extended; the education of aspirants to the priesthood promoted according to the strict demands of ecclesiastical legislation and the needs of our own times; the danger of rash innovations removed from the teaching of the sacred sciences; music made to bear a worthy part in the solemn service of God; and the dignity of the liturgy increased; the knowledge of Christianity more widely spread by fresh contingents of ministers of the Gospel.

Such are the services rendered to the Church by Our Predecessor and those who come after us will gratefully remember them. But since, God permitting, the field spoken of in the parable is always exposed to the evil working of the enemy, there never will come a time when we shall not have to be on our guard, lest the cockle do harm to the good wheat. For this reason, applying to ourselves what God spoke to the prophet: "Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up . . . and to destroy, and to build, and to plant." (Jer., i, 10.) We shall labour incessantly to the best of Our power in opposing what is evil, in promoting what is good, until it shall please the Prince of pastors to demand an account of Our stewardship.

In this Our first Encyclical we find opportunity to set before you, venerable Brethren, some of the chief matters calling for Our solicitude so that by your now getting ready to help We may the sooner obtain the good We desire.

The first element on which the success of any society of men depends is the concord of its members. We shall therefore make it one of Our chief cares to do away with, and to prevent, dissension and discord amongst Catholics, and thus to secure unity of plan and of action. The enemies of God and the Church clearly see that a way to victory over us is opened, whenever our defence is weakened by divided councils; hence they are ever on the alert, when they find, united, to divide us by craftily sowing in our midst the seed of discord. Would that their scheme had not been so often successful, to the great detriment of religion. For this reason it is wrong that anyone should set aside the commands of lawful authority on the pretence that he does not approve of them; let each submit his opinion to the judgment of authority, and then carry out a duty of conscience. No private person is allowed, by the medium of books or of newspapers or of public speeches, to put himself forward as teacher in the Church. All know to whom God has given the teaching authority of the Church; to him it belongs to decide when and how he shall speak; the duty of others is to receive his words with reverence and obedience. In matters about which the Holy See has not given a decision, and in which, without injury to faith and ecclesiastical discipline, there may be different opinions, each may lawfully defend his own. But in such disputes there must be no offensive language, for this may lead to grave breaches of charity; each is free to maintain his own opinion, but with propriety, and if others do not accept his view, he must not cast suspicion on their faith or spirit of discipline. We desire that that practice lately come into use, of using distinctive names by which Catholics are marked off from Catholics, should cease. Names must be avoided, not only as "profane novelties of words," that are neither true nor just, but also because they lead to grave disturbance and confusion in the Catholic body. It is of the nature of the Catholic faith that nothing can be added to it, nothing taken away; it is either accepted in full or rejected in full; "This is the Catholic faith, which unless a man believe faithfully and steadfastly he cannot be saved." (Symb. Athanas.) There is no need to qualify by fresh epithets the profession of this faith; let it be enough for a man to say: "Christian is my name, Catholic my name"; only let him take heed to be in truth what he calls himself.

As for those who devote themselves to the good of the Catholic cause, the Church now asks of them not to be over eager about useless questions, but, following the leadership of him whom Christ has appointed guardian and interpreter of the truth, to use all their power to preserve the faith in fullness and freedom from error. There are still men, and these not a few, who, as the Apostle says: "having itching ears, when they will not endure sound doctrine, according to their desires will heap to themselves teachers, and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth, but will be turned unto fables." (II Tim., iv, 3, 4.) Some there are who, puffed up and emboldened in mind by the wonderful advance of natural science—an advance due to the gift of God—have gone so far in their rashness that, exulting their own judgment above the authority of the Church, they have not hesitated to reduce the deep things of God and the whole revelation of God to the measure of their own understanding, and to accommodate them to the modern spirit. Hence have arisen the monstrous errors of Modernism, which Our Predecessor justly declared to be "a synthesis of all heresies," and which he solemnly condemned. That condemnation, venerable Brethren, we now renew to the full; and since this so pestiferous evil has not been altogether stamped out, but even yet secretly creeps here and there, We admonish all to be most carefully on

their guard against its contagion; one can well say of it, what Job said of another plague: "It is a fire that devoureth even to destruction, and rooteth up all things that spring." (Job, xxi, 12.) We desire that Catholics should reject, not only the errors of Modernism, but also its tendency,—what is called the Modernist spirit; a spirit that fastidiously rejects what is ancient, and is ever on the search for novelties;—novelties in the way of speaking of divine things, in the celebration of divine worship, in Catholic practices, and even in the exercises of private devotion. We desire, therefore, that the old rule be religiously observed: "Let nothing be introduced but what has been handed down;" a rule which, while being invariably observed in matters of faith, must be taken as a guide also in matters liable to change, although even here the sentence holds good: "Not new things, but in a new way."

Knowing, venerable Brethren, that men are greatly helped in their open profession and proper practice of the faith by mutual encouragement and example, We rejoice exceedingly at the multiplication of Catholic associations. But not only do We wish them to increase, We also desire that they flourish under Our protection and favor; and they will flourish, if they continue faithful to the regulations that have been given, or shall be given, by the Holy See. Let all members of such associations, who are laboring for God and the Church, keep ever in mind that saying of the divine wisdom: "An obedient man shall speak of victory" (Prov., xxi, 28) for unless they are obedient to God

But in addition to these things, you know, venerable Brethren, that there is need of the prudent and assiduous work of those whom Christ Our Lord has sent as laborers into his harvest, that is to say, the clergy. For this reason you are aware that it is in the highest degree incumbent upon you to promote in your clergy that holiness of life which is demanded by their state, and by perfect discipline and training properly to prepare for their holy calling aspirants of the sanctuary. Although your care needs no exhortation in this matter, nevertheless We exhort, and even beseech you, to attend to it with all possible zeal. For it is a matter that which none can be of more importance for the good of the Church; but since Our predecessors of happy memory, Pope Leo XIII. and Pius X., have attended to this subject, We add nothing further. Only this We beg, that the instructions of those most wise Pontiffs, and especially those given by Pius X. of saintly memory, in his Exhortatio ad clerum, may by your effective oversight be always kept in mind, and most scrupulously observed.

There is one thing about which We cannot be silent. We wish to admonish all the clergy, whom We love as most dear sons, how absolutely necessary it is, for their own salvation, and for the fruitfulness of their ministry, that they be perfectly united with, and obedient to their own bishops. We have already deplored that some ministers of the sanctuary have been infected by that spirit of independence and insubordination so characteristic of these days; and it has not unfrequently happened that the pastors of the Church, to meet with sorrow and opposition where they had every right to expect consolation and help. May those who have been so unhappily forgetful of their duty seriously reflect that the authority possessed by bishops, whom "the Holy Ghost hath placed to rule the Church of God" (Act., xx, 28) is a divine authority; and if as We have seen, those who resist any lawful authority resist God, far more wickedly do they not only refuse obedience to the bishops whom God has consecrated by the seal of his own power. "Since charity," says St. Ignatius Martyr, "does not suffer me to be silent in your regard, therefore have I been forward to admonish you, that you be in agreement with the mind of God. For Jesus Christ, our inseparable life, is the mind of the Father, as the bishops also, set throughout the earth, are in the mind of Jesus Christ. Wherefore it is fitting that you run in agreement with the mind of the bishop." (Epist., ad Ephes., iii.) The language of the illustrious martyr has been repeated generation after generation, by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church.

Owing to the difficulties of our time, the burden of the bishops is already too heavy; heavier still is their anxiety for the protection of their flocks: "For they watch as being to render an account of your souls." (Hebr., xiii, 17) Is it not cruel that anyone, by refusing proper obedience should increase the weight and anxieties of their office? To such a one the Apostle would say: "This is not expedient for you, (ibid) and this because: "The Church is a people united with the priest, and a flock cleaving to the shepherd" (S. Cyr., ep. 68) (ad, 69) therefore he that is not with the bishop, is not with the Church.

And now, venerable Brethren, at the close of this letter, Our mind goes back spontaneously to the thought of peace with which We began. We pray with unceasing prayer for the good of men, and of the Church that this disastrous war may cease; for the good of men so that by the bringing back of peace they may go forward on the path of true progress; for the good of the Church that it may be left unhindered to bear help and salvation to every part of the world. Too long has the Church been curtailed of its neces-

sary freedom of action, ever since the Head of the Church, the supreme Pontiff, began to lack that defence of his freedom which the providence of God had raised up during the course of centuries. The loss of that protection has inevitably caused no light anxiety in the Catholic body; for all the children of the Roman Pontiff, whether near or living afar, have a right not to be left in doubt concerning the possession by their common Father of a true and undeniable freedom in the exercise of his Apostolic ministry.

While We pray for the speedy return of peace to the world, We also pray that an end be put to the abnormal state in which the Head of the Church is placed—a state which in many ways is an impediment to the common tranquility. Our Predecessors have protested, not from self-interest, but from a sense of sacred duty, against this state of things; those protests We renew, and for the same reason—to protect the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See.

It remains for Us, venerable Brethren, to lift up our voices in prayer to God, in whose hands are the hearts of princes, and of all responsible for the continuance of the scourges now afflicting us, and to cry in the name of all mankind: "Give peace, O Lord, in our days." And may the Lord, who said of himself: "I am the Lord," (Isa., xli, 4) be moved by our prayers, and speedily still the tempest now tossing civil and religious society. And may the Blessed Virgin be mercifully at hand to assist us—she who bore the Prince of Peace; may she regard and protect with a mother's love Us in Our lowliness, Our Pontificate, The Church, and with the Church the souls of all men redeemed by the divine Blood of her Son.

As a pledge of heaven's gift, and in sign of our good will We lovingly bestow on you, venerable Brethren, on your clergy, and on your people the Apostolic Blessing.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, on the Feast of All Saints, November 1st, 1914, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

BENEDICTUS PP. XV.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

HORRORS SUGGESTED THAT CANNOT BE DESCRIBED

William G. Sheppard, United Press correspondent, writing from the Austrian battle-front in Galicia, Oct. 29th, gives the following picture of the ravages of cholera amongst the troops. Death amid the clash of arms, the roar of howitzers, and the scream of bursting shells is less terrible than the writhing horrors of Asiatic cholera. The following information is to the effect that the cold weather has ended such heart-rending scenes as are herein described.

We come to the cholera hospital along the road. It is an old farm house. The scene in the yard is indescribable. I have my pencil and paper in hand but I don't know what to write. All about the yard, lying on straw under the trees, through which the sunshine filters, are inanimate men, sick of cholera. Here is a soldier priest, wearing on his feet army shoes, a Red Cross band on his arm, and a heavy overcoat. He wears a gold cloth apron over his coat. A soldier rises weakly from the straw to his knees. He folds his hands before him and the army priest bends over him. This is absolution for the dying that this priest is granting. This muttering soldier, who is still strong enough to kneel upright and to cross himself, probably will be dead by night, surely by morning. And the priest goes to the soldier, falls back weakly on the straw, pulls a dirty blue handkerchief from his pocket and sobs out his misery.

But the Asiatic cholera will have its way with him before many hours. The priest goes to another man and arouses him. This man seems stronger than the first. He gets to his feet and falls to his knees and raises his face expectantly and hopefully to the churchman and takes his absolution without a sign of weakness.

KNEEL FOR PRIEST'S BLESSING

But the Red Cross doctors know when to call the priest. Four hours usually see the finish of the Asiatic cholera victim and the priest can be called none too soon after the first unfailing symptom is discovered. This symptom is like a death sentence, and these men, lying under the trees in the sunshine, their faces greenish in hue, their eyes closed, are dying, even though some of them have strength enough left to kneel upright as the priest blesses them.

I have seen men killed: I've seen men hanged; I've seen men executed at the wall; but this sight that I have happened upon by accident in Galicia is one of the most pitiable that the sun could ever shine upon or that a human being could ever behold. I got the picture with my camera, but it is burned into my mind more clearly than any film can ever show it. I'm going to put down the exact words as I wrote them at the moment while trying to force my stunned mind to grasp what I was seeing. They will show how weak words can be:

"Army priest goes to side of little white's shack, where three men lie in straw in sunshine. They struggle to their knees, fold their hands as he bends over to hear one confess. Other two wait their turns with heads bowed. Their faces are ter-

ribly drawn and ghastly green. They'll be dead by morning or the priest would not have been called. There is misery unspeakable about the yard. Twelve men are lying under the trees. Sunshine dripping on them. With almost their last strength they crawl to their knees one after the other as the priest arouses them, and mumble weakly into his ear. They fall back weakly the priest straightens up and raises his hands in blessing over them."

SIMPLY CAN'T BE WRITTEN

That's the best I can do. I've never learned any words that would tell such a story as that, and Adams, who has painted emperors and kings, says there's no brush or paint that can tell the story on canvas.

"At last there's a picture I can't paint," he said.

And as for me, I've found a story I couldn't write.

And above all this the artillery is booming, and all around soldiers are working, cooking, cleaning horses, building fires, chopping wood, for the living must live and fight as well as the dying must die.

One figure under a blanket, an unshaven soldier, whom the priest had been unable to arouse, writhed and tossed about. The priest hurried over to that corner of the yard and stood with outstretched hands and uplifted face, with a Red Cross doctor standing helplessly by his side, until the writhing ceased with a sudden jerk and the soldier of Austria came to his end.

BRINGING IT HOME

By Emma Wise in the London Daily Mail

Another day I visited a friend in a Paris suburb. War has robbed our pretty suburb of most of its men. My friend's husband, being an 1870 veteran, is exempt from service, but the neighbor women all up and down the street have sent their menfolk to the war. It is wonderful how they have taken over the business of those absent men. They run bakeries, florists' shops, greenhouses, groceries, cafes; and one woman, the cleverest of the lot, manages to keep a sand business going with the few horses the Government has left her.

The sand woman is a cheerful soul but that afternoon she came crying into my friend's house. In her hand she held a letter and a scrap of something that looked like a very thin piece of grey cardboard.

"Oh, Mrs. Martine," my friend exclaimed, "no bad news from M. Martine, I hope?"

Mme. Martine smiled. "He is not dead, nor even wounded if that is what you mean," she said, "but still the news is sad. Just look at this. What do you think this is?"

She handed over the piece of board. "It is a piece of M. Martine's shirt," she said. "The only shirt he has at the war."

Then she explained. A man who had fought beside M. Martine in the trenches had contracted an illness which had necessitated his being invalided home. By him M. Martine had sent that bit of shirt and a letter.

"Again I ask you, I don't send me a shirt? Four letters I have written begging you for a shirt. Did you get them? If so, I have had no reply. I have no shirt. Every week I get picture postcards from the children. They are very pretty and I am pleased to get them, but—why, oh, why, can I get postcards and no shirt?"

I have worn this thing I have on for two months. Yesterday I had the misfortune to break—I say break, not tear, for this stuff is past tearing—a piece out of one of the sleeves. I sent it to you as a souvenir. I may stir you up to sending me a shirt."

"And I have sent him eight," said Mme. Martine: "two in reply to each letter. To think of Francois wearing this—Francois, who was always washing and shampooing and changing his clothes. Gaston says he is like the ground. And he cannot get a shirt."

We laughed, but behind the laughter were tears. We handled the scrap of sodden cloth almost reverently—it represented so much of human privation, suffering, devotion. That piece of shirt had been in the war. And that brought it home.

MIDNIGHT MASS

AT ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON

London Free Press, December 25

A congregation that not alone taxed the seating capacity of St. Peter's Cathedral, but which required upwards of three hundred to stand in the rear of the edifice, attended the solemn celebration of Pontifical High Mass at midnight.

Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., was the celebrant and was assisted by the rector, Rev. P. J. McKeon, the priests of the staff of the cathedral, deacons, subdeacons and seminarians, who, with a score of acolytes, presented a truly impressive spectacle.

With Christmas day one minute old the ceremony commenced and its conclusion was reached shortly before 3 o'clock.

Pontifical High Mass is one of the most impressive services in the Catholic ritual and its celebration at the midnight hour was rendered even more solemn and inspiring by a musical service of great splendor. The rendition of the Venite Adoramus, the Christmas hymn, so well known, was of such a character as to afterward evoke the greatest praise of the choir and its leader, Mr. William Mullins. Scores of citizens who embrace other faiths than that of Catholicity were present, and especi-

ally to those who are not accustomed to a ritualistic service of such scope the event was viewed with especial interest and recognized as one of great solemnity.

Bishop Fallon read the Gospels prescribed for the three Masses of Christmas day, relating the story of the birth of Christ, and of the guidance of shepherds and wise men of the East to the manger, in which they found the Infant Saviour wrapped in swaddling clothes.

His Lordship spoke briefly, describing the motives by which the Catholic Church is actuated in celebrating the birth of Christ on the first moment of Christmas with the expression of the wish that all might have the true happiness of a Christmas day in the love and confidence of Christ, rather than in the satisfaction of any human desire.

For the Record

THE GIFTS

He stood all trembling at the half-closed door,
A little, bare-foot, dark-eyed shepherd boy,
And looked down shyly at the gifts he bore,
Two hill-side flowers, culled with eager joy,
One red as blood, the other heavenly pure—
Yet still he waited at the half shut door.

When I upon His little manger-bed
The infant turned and smiled upon the boy,
And in that smile a heavenly radiance shed
Upon the shepherd's up-turned face of joy;

And with a heart all glowing with delight,
He entered shyly from the starlit night.
He laid his tender buds, fast drooping low
Within the Little Hand that called him in,
The pure white rose-bud whiter than the snow,
The blood-red flower, deeper-dyed than sin.

The infant smiled upon the awe-struck boy,
And gently laid the waxen rose-bud fair,
Within the hands of one who knelt in joy
Beside His manger low, in love and prayer.

Her tender eyes caressed the wondrous child,
Herself the fairest rose—sweet Mary mild.

But from the blood-red flower He turned away,
E'en while He pressed it closer to His heart,
As though within its flame He saw the day
When life and love and friendship would depart—
And in the crimson petals seemed to
His life blood ebbing on the cruel Tree!

And while He shuddered at the awful sight—
That waited God's own Son some cruel day,
The baby-eyes grew dim with sudden fright—
The little fingers trembled in dismay.

And on His Face there grew a look of pain
That made the little shepherd's heart stand still—
Years after did he see that look again,
The day he followed Jesus up the Hill!

—AGNES M. FOLEY

ZEALOUS PRIEST

LOST IN STORM, BOTH FEET FROZEN, AND AMPUTATION MAY BE NECESSARY

The Morning Albertan, Calgary, Dec. 16.

The Rev. Father P. O'Dell Russell, whose activities have resulted in the building of five Catholic churches in Alberta during the past eighteen months, is in the Holy Cross hospital, with both feet badly frozen, and it is possible that an amputation may be necessary.

Father Russell was lost in the snow storm that visited Southern Alberta on the night of December 6. He was driving from Empress to Alaskan. It was a bitter cold night, his driver became confused in the blinding storm and got off the road, and the two wandered out on the prairie until daylight came. Father Russell was under the impression that he had frost-bitten his feet only, and continued with his work, returning to Calgary a few days ago. Yesterday he consulted with Dr. B. J. Madden, with regard to his injuries. The physician forbade a trip that the priest was about to make to Munson, and ordered to the hospital. It is the opinion of the physician that one foot is so badly injured that amputation will be necessary, although every effort is being made to save the injured member.

Father Russell is one of the most active of the younger priests in Alberta, and it is entirely due to his efforts that churches have been built in Oyen, Richards, Munson, Belcher, Drumheller and Youngstown recently. He has a host of friends, both in and out of the church who will learn with regret of his misfortune.

To him who does everything in his proper time one day is worth three.

RECOGNITION OF THE HOLY SEE

The announcement that England has accredited Sir Henry Howard as Envoy to the Holy See is a matter of more than ordinary interest to all Catholics. Whether the appointment is permanent or only temporary has not been officially disclosed and no doubt will depend largely on the importance of the issues that may arise and the manner in which Sir Henry carries on the negotiations. It was a wise and prudent move on the part of England inasmuch as there is a large number of Catholics under the jurisdiction of her flag at home and in the colonies, and questions of a political religious nature arise from time to time, involving a reference to the Vatican and it is well to have an accredited representative there to take up these questions directly with the Papal Secretary of State.

Russia also has renewed her former relations with the Holy See by sending an ambassador in the person of Baron Nelidov who has just presented his credentials to the Holy Father. Prussia and Austria are officially represented there. Other countries, too, are considering the advisability of sending envoys to the Vatican. This world wide recognition of the important part which the Holy See plays in international affairs is a matter of deep interest to Catholics in all countries. It shows that the Holy See is gradually coming into its own.—St. Paul Bulletin.

MR. BRYAN'S ANSWER

In a letter to Father Tierney of New York, the Honorable W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State, says:

"With reference to the priests and nuns who had taken refuge at Vera Cruz, the Department would advise you that orders have been issued by the Secretary of War to General Funston to convey all priests and nuns who desire to leave, to the United States, and it is the understanding of the Department that this order has been complied with."

"Regarding your request that this Government, withhold its recognition of any government in Mexico that does not grant real freedom of worship, the Department informs you that it will defer final decision as to whether or not to accord recognition to a government in Mexico until the time shall have arrived for making such a decision. When that time arrives, the Department assures you that the question of religious freedom in Mexico will receive due consideration."

This letter was written nearly two months after the Committee, of which Father Tierney was Chairman, waited on Mr. Bryan to protest against the outrages to which Catholics were subjected in Mexico. However, it is pleasing to have this belated assurance that the State Department will do what it can to stop this persecution and obtain guarantees of future security for Mexican Catholics. It is all right as far as it goes, but why the delay in giving this assurance? We hope the Department will see that performance treads on the heels of promise.—St. Paul Bulletin.

FOURTH CLERGYMAN OF ESTABLISHMENT TO ENTER FOLD IN MONTH

The influx of converts in England during the two months of the war has been enormous. While Catholics themselves have been busy preparing themselves in this solemn time for all eventualities and many lax Catholics have returned to their duties, the spiritual stock taking which war brings seems to have turned the balance for many who were hovering on the brink of conversion, and large numbers of men and women have applied for instruction in both Westminster and South-West London. The latest noteworthy convert is the Rev. Cecil Wilton, a very well known Yorkshire rector, whose conversion has created something like consternation in his district. He held the living of Londonborough, in the East Riding, and was for many years lecturer of the Anglican Church Defence society. Recently he was received into the Church at Cardiff by the rector of St. Peter's. He is the fourth Anglican clergyman to be converted during the past four weeks.—The Missionary.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Tai-chow-tu, China, June 7, 1914.

Dear Mr. Coffey,—When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper!

It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially.

J. M. FRASER.
Previously acknowledged... \$4,984 98
For Hope..... 2 00
M. C. H. Mission..... 1 00
In memory of Mrs. Murchison..... 5 00