

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVIII

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1916

1961

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1916

A SPRING MORNING

Every leaf is jewelled with dew.
Every blade of grass is glistening in
the early morning sunshine. The
half opened crocuses, purple, yellow
and white, are shyly awakening from
their winter sleep beneath the
whitened trunks of the apple trees.
They seem to come up to earth with
hands folded—their tribute of prayer-
ful praise to God. Tulips and daffodils
are nodding "Good morning" to
each other all along the hedge and
in the long grass at the back of the
orchard. In every tree there seems
to be a singing bird, in every bird
there seems to be a superabundant
exuberance of the joy of living, to
judge from the trills of delicious
melody, and the answering echoes
from every part of the garden.
Robins in their best spring suits
are tumbling and turning round a poor
lonely worm. Twittering swallows
are bobbing in and out of the hedge,
and a fat robin, gorgeous as a major-
domo, is eyeing the perky sparrows
with haughty stand-offishness. The
pink petals of the apple-blossom are
scattered over the dewy lawn, whilst
those that have not yet fallen are
blushingly coquetting with their
beautiful neighbor—the cherry.
What a delightful sight! Long sweep-
ing branches of immaculate blossoms
—a white dream where even the
shadows only touch the delicate
shades of pink with just a suspicion
of the palest green. This cherry
orchard is one of the loveliest sights
in the world. Look at the bees.
They have been wishing for the
sun to open the beautiful bunches
of blossom, and now they will
be in and out all day taking their
toll of the honey and in return set-
ting the fruit. We hope they will
all reach home safely with their bur-
dens before the sun sets; for there
is just a risk of their being nipped
by Jack Frost on an April evening in
spite of the promising warmth of
noon.

In the woods the ferns are begin-
ning to uncurl from among the moss
and dead leaves. Star flowers are
shaking out their delicate blossoms—
veritable wind-flowers, as they nod and
sway in the breeze. May flowers open
in sheltered nooks where the sun can
reach them, and in the field the
dandelion is fringing the way with
gold. Is there anything so lovely,
so enheartening, so promising as a
bright spring morning?

OUR HYMNS

In studying the Liturgy of the
Church does not its hymnology
equally demand our reverent
thought? We believe in the Com-
munion of Saints; how better can
we express this belief than by attun-
ing our voices to the words which
enshrine their faith and hope, and
love their prayers and tears? It is
true that many of our hymns have
been borrowed by our Anglican
neighbors and of the music of these
hymns it would be difficult and
somewhat hazardous to speak with-
out careful study, for while some are
frankly set to their Catholic accom-
paniment many are sung to airs
composed expressly for them by
Anglican composers. The English
Communion has produced musicians
of a high order, and airs worthy to
render noble words.

Yet, even here, we cannot be sure
that the compositions are strictly
original. Take, for example, that
special favorite "Sun of my Soul,
Thou Saviour dear," by Keble. This
is sung to an air named Hursley;
accredited to the English organist,
Monk. It is, however, simply an
adaptation of an older air slightly
altered to meet the requirements of
a shorter metre. The original music
was written by Peter Ritter, a Catho-
lic German, a pupil of the Abbe
Vogler, and afterward Chapel
Master to the Duke of Baden. It is
the same which we sing in its true
form to Father Walworth's noble
hymn: "Holy God we praise Thy
Name." The charming little Roman
carol, whose first verse runs, in its
English rendering:

"The snow lay on the ground,
The stars shone bright
When Christ, the Lord, was born,
On Christmas night."

is another instance of a misapprop-
riation. The words and music are
published by an English American
firm and copyrighted by a well-
known Protestant organist; yet we
know they were originally sung by
the Piferari, or Shepherds from the
Abruzzi Mountains, who come down
at Christmas to sing carols through
the streets of Rome and were prob-
ably first caught and transcribed by
ear. Moreover, they are to be found
in Catholic hymnals of a very early
date. How better could we begin
the day than with Caswell's
exquisite hymn—"May Jesus Christ
be praised"—a very litany of loving
tribute to Our Lord?

"When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awakening cries
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair,
May Jesus Christ be praised!"

Or can we better close the day than
with the words of Saint Anatolius?

"The day is past and over,
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
We pray Thee that offence
The hours of dark may be
O Jesus keep me in Thy sight
And save me through the coming
night."

What more perfect act of self-
oblation can we frame than that
pened of old by the Latin monk?

"As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's Hands
His parting soul resigned;
So now, herself, my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In whom all spirits live."

Where can we find more impassioned
words of longing for Heaven than

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
Woe did I were in Thee!
When shall my sorrows have an
end?

Thy joys when shall I see?"

Or in Father Faber's:

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight!"

But time and space fail for further
quotation. The saints who wrote
these hymns are now singing them
above. May we not humbly hope
that repeating their words of praise,
we may come to share the joys which
now they know?

ANTICLERICALISM

OFFICIALLY REBUKED IN FRANCE

The campaign of slander which
proclaims the clergy as "shirkers"
and traitors is producing results
quite unexpected by its authors. It
is uniting Catholics in every walk
of life and winning champions for them
even in the ranks of their enemies.
The able and devoted Catholic
deputy, M. Piau, has written an
eloquent letter to M. Briand, the
Prime Minister, asking him to put
a stop to the agitation. M. Briand
is evidently becoming less intoler-
ant, or else more astute, for in writ-
ing to the Deputies of the "Action
Libérale" he says:

You have called my attention
to the campaign carried on
against the members of the clergy
and certain categories of
good Frenchmen, and to infamous
rumors which accuse them
of having first driven us into war
and then shirked dangerous duties,
even becoming accomplices of the
enemy, and you ask the Government
to put a stop to this. . . . They
(the attacks) spring most frequently
from political prejudices and from
a spirit of controversy absolutely
out of place in the face of the
enemy; besides they are plainly
without foundation. The truth
is that all Frenchmen,
without distinction of social condi-
tion or religious or political
opinions, are doing their military
duty. The Government, therefore,
intends to prevent every attempt,
under whatsoever pretext, to set up
differences between citizens, with
the risk of rendering them suspect to
one another and of destroying that
"hallowed union" which is the
essential condition of victory.

To M. Briand's official condemna-
tion of the campaign, a well-known
Freemason, M. Maurice Bonnard,
French Ambassador at Constantinople,
at the beginning of the war, has
added his protest. In a letter
to M. Ernest Daudet, he pays tribute
to the patriotism of the French
Catholics, the French priests and
missionaries in the Levant. Writing
later to the Figaro he enthusiastically
praises the Marists, Capuchins,
Dominicans, and the
Brothers of the Christian Doctrine
for their generosity and self-sacrific-
ing devotion to duty. To the long
list of the brave priests, etc., who

flocked to the colors, he adds that of
a "Dominican who hastened from
the heart of Kurdistan to join his
regiment" and later died heroically
on the battlefield.

The new War Minister, General
Roques, a practical Catholic, has
boldly reminded all the Generals in
command to put a stop to this cam-
paign of slander and to see that the
offenders be punished.—America.

OUR MOTHER'S MONTH

In little things as in great the
wisdom of the Catholic Church is
made manifest. May is the sweetest
month of all the year. There is a
gladness in the song of the birds, a
promise of better things in the green-
ing fields and budding trees. The
very air is vibrant with hope. And
this is the month that has been
selected by the Church and given to
Mary to be all her own. Who else
but the Spirit of God could have so
arranged it? In these warm summer
days when the sun shines brightly
and the flowers have their beautiful
birthdays, our thoughts naturally
turn towards her who is "our life,
our sweetness and our hope."

Brighter than the sun,
More than the sweetest song of
nature's choristers,
she is part and portion of the maying
season we are her dutiful courtiers.
Without Mary, May would be no
longer May to us.

Welcome, then, to Mary's own
sweet month. But let us not be con-
tent with a mere verbal homage. It
must needs be that we crown our
Queen. And here is the chaplet
ready to our hands—her Rosary of
Aves. Ah, if we love our sweet
Mother Mary the brown beads will
never be very far from our hands.
Every day of our lives we will hail
her blessed among women who gave
us the precious fruit of her womb,
our dear Lord and Saviour. Our
delight will be to honor her whom
God so honored. We need have no
fear of any superfluity of devotion to
Mary. For what son would object
to the honor shown his mother? And
is Jesus less a son because he is
also a Saviour? So up from our
hearts let the Aves ascend in un-
ceasing chorus proclaiming that
the Lord is with Mary. For as the Lord
is with Mary so is Mary with Jesus.
"And they found the child with Mary
His Mother." Yes, when men shut
their doors in His Face, when His
own townspeople hunted him beyond
the walls, He still had His Mother.
If nowhere else could He lay His
Head He could always pillow it upon
His Mother's breast. Let us, then,
draw near to our Blessed Lady during
these days, lovingly, confidently,
having no fear. For are we not going to
our Mother? And with our Mother
we shall find the Child.—The Cana-
dian Freeman.

VERDUN PRELATE PRAISES SOLDIERS

MGR. GINESTY SAYS GERMANS WILL NEVER TAKE THAT PLACE

The gathering at Montmartre which
crowned the three days' intercessory
prayer prescribed by Cardinal Amette
was extremely impressive. Over
1,200 men of all ranks and ages took
part in the adoration of the Blessed
Sacrament; they succeeded each
other during the hours of the night,
and all received Holy Communion.
The big basilica was crowded on the
Sunday long before the arrival of the
Cardinal, and outside patiently stood
or knelt those who had been unable
to gain an entrance. The uncon-
verted French Government was, of
course, unrepresented at this truly
national demonstration; but there
were delegates from the different
academies and an imposing group of
senators, deputies, municipal coun-
cillors, officers and soldiers, all of
whom followed the procession carry-
ing lighted tapers. The most solemn
moment in the day's ceremony was
when the Cardinal went through the
open doors of the great entrance and
stood on the platform outside. Here
he held the golden monstrance high
above his restless city that lay at his
feet, a city whose Government re-
mains hostile to the Church, but
whose people, touched by anxiety
and sorrow, are at the present
moment humbly turning to Him
whose hand alone can assist and save
them at a crucial point of their his-
tory.

During the days that preceded the
final ceremony the parish churches
were crowded, those especially that,
like Notre Dame des Victoires, are
the favorite shrines of the Parisians
at all times. There is no doubt that
a powerful wave of intercession
ascended towards Heaven from the
heart of the nation, and on Thursday,
especially devoted to little children,
it was an impressive sight to watch
these little ones, many of them in
deep mourning, flock in crowds to
the Communion table.

The Bishop of Verdun, whose
episcopal city is crumbling to pieces
under the enemy's fire, gives an in-
teresting account of his exit from the
fortress, on which the eyes of the
civilized world are now centred.

During the days that immediately
followed the first attack the Bishop
took refuge in the underground
galleries of the fort, where four days
later he said his last Mass at Verdun.
Some nursing Sisters and infirmar-
iers were present, and all prayed
with extraordinary earnestness
among surroundings that reminded
the Bishop of the Roman Catacombs.
During the night an order was re-
ceived, obliging the civilians who
still remained to leave the town
before midday; they were told to
assemble at Nixeville, a station some
ten miles distant.

Like the others, the Bishop and
his Vicars General started in the
dark; there was no cart available,
and they followed the mournful pro-
cession of fugitives, some of whom
carried small parcels, the only treas-
ures they could save from their poor
homes.

"Madame, we are ascending Calvary
are we not?" observed the Bishop to
a woman who was toiling like him-
self along the crowded road. "Our
soldiers are worse off," she answered,
and when he quotes her reply, Mgr.
Ginesty humbly adds:

"Her words not only revealed the
elevation of her soul; they pointed
out to me the path of duty." He
comments on the uncomplaining
attitude of the people, on their
patriotism.

No one grumbled, the personal in-
terests of the refugees were forgotten
in their anxiety for the general wel-
fare. The same words were heard
on all sides, they never varied: "If
only we can stop them! If only they
do not enter Verdun!"

The Bishop noticed also how the
wounded soldiers whom they over-
took on the way used the same words:
"They will not take Verdun. They
may blow the town to pieces—they
will never take it."

"I do not think," adds the Bishop,
"that in any other battle so much
heroism was displayed and so much
blood shed." The next day the
Bishop retraced his steps, but he
was not allowed to enter Verdun.
From a hill-top he saw his distant
Cathedral, its two towers still rising
against the sky. He remained some
days in the neighborhood, saying
Mass when and where possible—once
in a barn, in the presence of a group
of refugees. Then he proceeded to
Bar-le-duc, where he now is the guest
of the "Cure" of that little town—
Providence Visitor.

BIGOTRY IN FLORIDA

Bigotry has reached its climax in
Florida. On Easter Monday three
Catholic Sisters were marched as
prisoners through the streets of St.
Augustine. Their crime was that
they had taught colored children to
read and write and to worship God.
There is a law in the enlightened
State of Florida forbidding white
people to teach the colored children
in schools erected for them. The
law, though held to be unconstitu-
tional, was placed upon the statute
books of Florida. It was not, how-
ever, applied until in 1916 the
Guardians of Liberty came into
power. They have now given the
entire country an illustration of the
liberty and enlightenment they have
pledged themselves to secure for our
land. The conditions existing to-day
in the State of Florida are thus
described by the New Orleans Morn-
ing Star:

From one end of the State to the
other paid vilifiers of everything
Catholic are abroad preaching a
gospel of hate. Discarded preachers,
itinerant Socialist operators, scound-
rels, caring nothing for God or man,
are now paid salaries by the bigots of
Florida to shower pornographic filth
against the small Catholic popula-
tion of the State. And, be it said,
to the eternal disgrace of the men in
high office, that they who were
elected to represent a whole people
and whose oath of office binds them
to measure out justice to all citizens
of the State, regardless of class or
 creed, are now self-seeking bigots,
tools in the hands of the State's
worst enemies—the vilifiers, mis-
representers, hate-preachers. Flor-
ida invites settlers. But it is no
place for men who love fair play and
justice, who stand squarely on Ameri-
can principles of liberty, so long as
the State is controlled by so-called
men who hate justice and trample
on the rights of fellow-men. Here
and there some individual or some
journal may utter a word of condem-
nation, but the manhood of the State
seems to be paralyzed by fear of the
banded, blind bigots. Hence the
silence, in the face of the injustice
and violation of American principles.

Six poor ignorant negroes were
urged to petition the Government to
enforce the law against the Sisters
teaching in their negro parochial
school. It was stated by them that
some Protestant children were like-
wise being taught the catechism in
this school. Whether true or not,
the statement is entirely irrelevant.
The law which is violated by the
State itself in its "Institute for the
Blind," is in no way concerned with
the teaching of Protestant children
by Catholics. The Sisters were made
victims at the instance of religious
bigotry. Such bigotry must defeat
itself when brought to the public
notice.—America.

THE PRAYERS OF 1916

SPIRITUAL VISION OF A FRENCH ACADEMICIAN

From Rome

Has the war caused a revival of
religious feeling? Most people will
say: yes, but some will add
that it is a passing feeling pro-
duced by the pains and anxieties of
a tremendous crisis which has raised
visions of death, mutilation, poverty,
loneliness before millions who never
gave a thought to these things.
Henri Lavedan to these things.
Henri Lavedan is not a practising Catholic,
but he is a keen observer of the
signs of the times and he is pro-
foundly moved by the spirit of
prayer which has come on the world
during these harrowing days.

At this moment, he says, I am
thrilled and dominated by the
immense enthralling thought of all
the prayers everywhere simultane-
ously, every day, without cease,
without interruption, on land and
sea, throughout almost half the
world. Prayers of the leader, of the
stoical officer, of the young soldier,
of the old patriot who is about to be
shot, of the poor man, of the
man ruined by the present, of the
agonized wanderer through the dark-
ness of the plain, of the poor girl of
the people who signs her forehead
with the cross in a cellar amid the
horrors of bombardment. The
prayer of the priest in uniform,
tousle-haired, proud in his soldier's
dress, of the tireless war-chaplain
absolving sins in the name of Christ,
of the missionary persecuted in
Palestine, of the Carmelites in their
convent kneeling with outstretched
arms, of the Catholics lying prone
like white-robed corpses after a
massacre in the chapel. Prayers of
sisters intact, of crumbling towns of
hospitals and refugees, of all those
that pray in and out of doors, even
without seeming to pray, prayer of
prince and beggar, of the little cleric
up to the Pope himself. And
above all others, so confiding and so
sure in their angelic tenacity: the
prayers of mothers so sweet and
blessed, sprinkled with salt and
weeping, crowned with white hairs,
which have already accompanied so
many other griefs.

I feel you all and see you, I build
you up again in your tumultuous
mass and your small detail, the long
ones and the short, the interminable,
the hurried, those that last but a
second, those uttered in poor dialect,
those with the reflexes of heaven
upon them, for no one resembles
another, they are like the leaves of
the trees each with its own face.

Oh! the prayers of the night, with
what deep ardour conceived, traced
there in the dark gropingly, mur-
mured, whispered, pronounced in
silence, seeking or repelling sleep,
calling it, fearing it. The prayers of
all those spent, on wood or
on mud, in the snow, on wood or
stone, after the battle, having for
pillow indifferently a breast that
still breathes or one that is cold in
death. From such I cannot sever
myself, I feel that they must have
a special efficacy and special claims
to arrive in port. For all, indeed, do
not attain, the effect desired, but all,
even the laggard ones, do reach their
goal in Heaven. It is impossible
that even one of them, how small and
weak soever, go astray. That has
never happened. And it is just this
eternal reflex, this surging of waters
who "go after it" because they fear
ill results.

"But with all the abuse and all the
slander the Catholic Church does
great good. It attends to its own
business—reports to the contrary,
notwithstanding—and it is one or-
ganization well worth while.

"If it grows and prospers and
leaves other religious organizations
behind, it is because it has the
"punch," because it has system, be-
cause it means business and does
business. We have always found
much good—great good in the Catho-
lic Church, and some of our best and
most appreciated friends belong to it.
"Our idea is to let all the churches
have their way and away. There is
no organization that teaches the
Word of God but that will do some
good in this fallen world. When
men see God they are better men.
And no man can see Him unless he
hears about Him and learns to look
for Him."—Boston Pilot.

Jews praise Holy Father's
letter

Herman Bernstein writes in The
American Hebrew: "Among all the
Papal Bulls ever issued with regard
to the Jews throughout the history
of the Vatican, there is no statement
that equals this direct, unmistakable
pledge for equality for the Jews and
against prejudice on religious
grounds. The Bull issued by Inno-
cent IV, declaring the Jews innocent
of the charge of using Christian
blood for ritual purposes, while a
remarkable document, was, after all,
merely a statement of fact, whereas
the present statement of Pope Bened-
ict XV is a plea against religious
prejudice and persecution."

DEATH OF A CONVERT BAPTIST OFFICER

Captain Stewart John Aldous, aged
thirty-eight was killed in France on
March 25, while leading his men to
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 grand-
son of the late Dr. Pears, Head-
master of Repton School. He was
educated at Marlborough and Uni-
versity College, Oxford. He served

in France for more than a year. He
was a convert, and a devoted son of
Holy Church. His colonel writes:
"His bearing was an excellent
example to his men, whom he was
gallantly leading." And the senior
captain writes: "I speak no idle
words when I say from end to end of
my company he was absolutely wor-
shipped, and as for his brother
officers, his place can never be filled
in our affection for him."—Sacred
Heart Review.

WHAT HE SAW

An Anglican clergyman who has
been resident for many years in South
America recently addressed to The
Living Church, having the largest
circulation of any weekly of the
Episcopal Church in the United States,
an indignant protest against the
infamous calumnies circulated con-
cerning Latin America by Protestant
evangelists who have undertaken to
give the peoples to the south of us a
better type of Christianity than the
Catholic Church has established
among them. It is to the credit of
The Living Church that it has pub-
lished this clergyman's letter.

"The most silly method," he says,
"to obtain the support of men and
money from Great Britain and the
United States is to proclaim that
Latin America is without religion,
without faith, and relapsing into a
condition of paganism."

In substantiation of his vigorous
protest he draws a picture of religio-
us conditions as he sees them, and
has seen them for many years, which
sharply contrasts with the doleful
description of the Panama Congress
"The people of Latin America," he
says, "are happy, affable and full of
aspirations; their cities are clean
and well governed, wealth is rapidly
increasing, schools, universities and
modern engineering industries are
constantly expanding. Their churches
are attractive and full of activity.
There are four thousand priests and
seminars, have been inspired with the
magnificent influence of the Church
upon the people, and have prayed
upon God to provide a movement as ef-
fective in Boston, Washington or Mil-
waukee; in fact, I have never really
known what the Church meant until
I took up my final residence there.
These people neither desire nor would
understand any of the forms of
speculative Protestantism with which
I am acquainted."—N. Y. Freeman's
Journal.

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY

There are many non-Catholics who
are influenced more by testimony
that comes from without than from
within the ranks of the Catholic
Church. Many journals, sectarian
and secular, are fair enough at times
to recognize the worth of the Church.
Though, perhaps, it is not their in-
tention to laud Catholicity, but to
make her practical words an object
for emulation, their words are in
white and do much good. The fol-
lowing from "Everything" is of in-
terest:

"The Catholic Church is one of the
biggest institutions in this world, and
it is going to grow as the years come
and pass. There are men who have
assailed it only to put money in their
own coffers—unprincipled and con-
scienceless rascals who should serve
long terms—while there are others
who 'go after it' because they fear
ill results.

"But with all the abuse and all the
slander the Catholic Church does
great good. It attends to its own
business—reports to the contrary,
notwithstanding—and it is one or-
ganization well worth while.

"If it grows and prospers and
leaves other religious organizations
behind, it is because it has the
"punch," because it has system, be-
cause it means business and does
business. We have always found
much good—great good in the Catho-
lic Church, and some of our best and
most appreciated friends belong to it.
"Our idea is to let all the churches
have their way and away. There is
no organization that teaches the
Word of God but that will do some
good in this fallen world. When
men see God they are better men.
And no man can see Him unless he
hears about Him and learns to look
for Him."—Boston Pilot.

JEW'S PRAISE HOLY FATHER'S LETTER

Herman Bernstein writes in The
American Hebrew: "Among all the
Papal Bulls ever issued with regard
to the Jews throughout the history
of the Vatican, there is no statement
that equals this direct, unmistakable
pledge for equality for the Jews and
against prejudice on religious
grounds. The Bull issued by Inno-
cent IV, declaring the Jews innocent
of the charge of using Christian
blood for ritual purposes, while a
remarkable document, was, after all,
merely a statement of fact, whereas
the present statement of Pope Bened-
ict XV is a plea against religious
prejudice and persecution."

CATHOLIC NOTES

On the continent of Asia there are
830,000,000 people. Of this number
it is estimated that only 13,0 000 are
Catholics.

The Right Rev. John J. Lawler, for
the past six years auxiliary of St.
Paul, was formally installed as
Bishop of Lead, S. D., on Thursday,
May 4.

Queen Amelie of Portugal is giving
her services daily as a nurse at the
Third London General Hospital at
Wandswoth. Her Majesty's kindness
has endeared her to the patients.

Father Watters, president of the
Catholic University school, Dublin,
died on May 1st, from gun shot
wounds. He was shot while stand-
ing in the doorway of the school dur-
ing the disturbances.

Isabella Anne, Lady Beaumont,
widow of the eighth Baron Beaumont,
mother of the ninth and tenth Lords
Belmont and grandmother of the
present Baroness of Carlton Towers,
near Selby, England, died recently.
She became a Catholic in 1872.

When the Most Rev. Dr. Bisborrow
is invested with the Pallium as Arch-
bishop of Cardiff, he will create a
record, for it will be the first time
in history that the Pallium has been
received in Wales. The Sec of Car-
diff has two Cathedrals.

Theobald Mathew has been elected
a member of the Honorable Society
of Lincoln's Inn in succession to the
late Sir Andrew Richard Scoble. He
is the eldest son of Lord Justice
Mathew and a great-nephew of the
famous Father Mathew.

It is thirty years since the White
Fathers baptised the first converts in
Uganda, which now rejoices in a
Catholic population of 250,000. There
are over a hundred Catholic mission
stations in North Africa, Victoria
Nyanza, and Upper Congo, and three
vicariates in Central Africa.

In educational circles much inter-
est centers about this year's meet-
ing of the Catholic Educational Associa-
tion which will be held in Baltimore,
June 26-29. This will be the thir-
teenth annual convention and, as the
program indicates, will be the center
of important discussions and delibera-
tions.

The Hon. Seth Grosvenor Fessen-
den, Stamford, Conn., son of the Rev.
Samuel C. Fessenden, of the Congrega-
tionalists, Rockland, Me., Representa-
tive of Maine for two terms, and
Connecticut's most brilliant State
Attorney; brother of United States
Senator William Pitt Fessenden, was
received into the Church during a
recent illness.

Until a successor to the late Bishop
Ortynsky is chosen, the Apostolic
Delegate has named as administra-
tors for the Rumanian rite the Very
Rev. Peter Poniatisch, of St. John
the Baptist's Church, Newark, N. J.,
for the Galicians, and the Rev.
Gabriel Martyak, of St. John the
Baptist's Church, Lansford, Pa., for
the Hungarians.

To test the new State law making
it illegal for white persons to teach
negroes, three nuns from St. Joseph's
Convent, St. Augustine, Fla., were
placed under technical arrest on
April 24. They were allowed their
freedom on their own recognizance.
The charges were brought by several
negroes, who declared the case would
be carried to the United States
Supreme Court.

Sister Imelda Teresa, well known
in America and in England as Susan
Swift, died at Saint Clara College,
Sinsinawa, Wis., April 49th. The
personal record of her conversion to
the Catholic Church is told in "Some
Roads to Rome in America," edited
by Georgia Pell Curtis. Endowed
with strong intellectual gifts, she
labored heroically with zeal and with
sincere piety in this life for the in-
terests of Christ.

Miss Bessie Cotter of Denver is
travelling through the South, and in
a personal letter to the Denver Re-
sponder says that while in Mobile, Ala.,
she learned from one of the priest-
there that nearly all of "Bob" Ingers-
oll's relatives live in and around
that part of Alabama, and, what is
more, all of them are Catholics.
One of Ingersoll's relatives is said to
have remarked: "The family has
made a fool of itself long enough;
the Catholic Church has the truth."

A beautiful large painting of "The
Revelation of Lourdes" has been
executed for St. Vincent's, Openshaw,
England, by Sister Catherine, O. S. B.,
a highly talented artist, belonging to
St. Bride's Abbey. The whole com-
munity were formerly High Anglican
nuns and came into the Church en
masse some three years ago. This
picture is the only one that the nun
artist has ever painted for a Catholic
parish church.

Rev. John Baptist Rene, S. J.,
prominently identified with the
Society of Jesus for thirty-four years,
quietly passed away at the Novitiate
of the Sacred Heart, Los Gatos, Cal.,
recently. Father Rene established a
college in Mungret, Ireland, and was
its first president. Later he came to
the United States, and was president
of Gonzaga University, at Spokane,
Wash. After a year as head of that
Institution he was made Prefect
Apostolic of Alaska, and had under
his jurisdiction the whole Alaskan
territory.