

NEWFOUNDLAND'S
NEW ARCHBISHOPHIS EXCELLENCY MGR. STAGNI
CONSECRALES THE MOST
REV. E. P. ROCHE, D.D.

(The St. John's Evening Telegram, June 29.)

To-day, the Feast of the Apostles S. Peter and Paul, will be one long to be remembered in this city as the day on which the Most Rev. Edward Patrick Roche, D.D., was raised to the exalted position of Archbishop of St. John's and Metropolitan of Newfoundland. Never before in the history of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland was such an inspiring ceremony attended by so many representatives of the Church, as assembled to assist at the consecration of the Archbishop-Elect which ceremony was performed by His Excellency Most Rev. Monsignor Stagni, Papal Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, at the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist this morning.

THE CLERGY

The clergy present at the ceremony numbered about seventy, including the Consecrator, Bishop Elect, visiting Bishops, Bishop of the Archdiocese, visiting Monsignori and priests and the Monsignori and priests of the Archdiocese.

His Excellency Most Rev. P. P. Stagni, O.S.M., Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, the Consecrator; Most Rev. Edward P. Roche, Bishop Elect; Right Rev. Bishop Morrison of Antigonish, N.S.; Right Rev. Bishop Marquis of Harbor Grace, the Assistant Bishop at the ceremony; Right Rev. H. O'Leary, Bishop of Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Right Rev. M. F. Power, Bishop of St. George's, who preached the Consecration Sermon; Right Rev. Mgr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Delegate; Right Rev. Mgr. Raabon, St. John, Murphy, Veitch, McCarthy and Sears; Very Rev. Dennis Roche and O'Rourke; Rev. Drs. Morrissey, M. J. Ryan, Montreal; J. O'Reilly, St. John, N.B.; Greene (Master of Ceremonies); S. J. Whelan, P. P. North River; W. P. Kitchin, St. Joseph's; E. Jones, Tilton, and Murphy; Rev. Father LeCourdois, Montreal; Kieley, North Sydney; Devine, S. J., Montreal; W. P. Finn, Sr., R. M. Shean, W. P. Finn, Jr., W. Gough, W. O'Flaherty, J. J. McGrath, P. Kelly, A. J. Maher, J. Ashley, J. J. Condy, J. F. Pippy, A. Fyfe, J. J. Rawlinson, S. O'Donnell, J. Conway, P. P. Galvan, J. Enright, A. A. G. G. Galvan, J. O'Connell, Abraham, Brady, W. P. Doherty, L. Vereker, E. J. Wilson, E. J. O'Brien, R. Tierney, P. Doyle, J. Enright, J. J. Walker, M. Dwyer, P. Kerwan, Nolan, P. F. Adams, J. Joy, Sears, P. J. O'Brien, S. Croix, Carroll, M. Sears, C. McCarthy, J. Donnelly, F. Caciola, James Whelan, T. Nangle, J. J. McDermott, Administrator of the Archdiocese.

THE CONGREGATION

The public had been looking forward to the consecration ceremony with an eagerness and expectancy almost without parallel in the annals of our island, hence the immense congregation that assembled inside the noble edifice this morning. Amongst those present occupying prominent seats were His Excellency Governor and Mrs. Davidson, Miss Davidson, accompanied by Capt. Goodridge, A. D. C., Right Hon. the Premier, Sir E. P. Morris, Hon. R. A. Squires, Minister of Justice, Rev. Dr. Curtis, Supt. of Methodist Schools, Rev. J. S. Sutherland, Pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hon. J. A. Robinson, M.L.C., Mr. T. J. Foran (Editor Cadet) and a Telegram representative. Other prominent personages present were Hon. M. G. and Mrs. Winter, French Consul Sutor, Mr. N. A. O'Leary, Mrs. E. O'Leary, Mr. W. F. Conker and J. Currie.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP

The Right Rev. Edward Patrick Roche is the eighth Bishop in line of succession of St. John's, and the second Primate of the Archdiocese. The New Freeman of June 26th, says:

"Whether it be true or not that Mgr. Roche is the 'youngest Archbishop in the Catholic hierarchy' as some of our Catholic papers have said, it is quite true that he is comparatively a young man, but Rome always looks rather to merit, prudence and capacity than to the mere accident of advanced years, and even if the new Primate has not great maturity of years, the Holy See believes that he has maturity of judgment and personal character, and that after all the noblest maturity. The other 'maturity' is arriving every day. But of all Newfoundlanders none could have rejoiced more to have foreseen the event of next Tuesday than the late venerated Archbishop Howley whose adviser and friend Mgr. Roche had been during the last eight years of Archbishop Howley's life, and when that noble-souled prelate and most eminently gifted of Newfoundland's patriots was leaving this world for the Eternal Shores he must have felt consoled by the fidelity, wisdom and affection of his Vicar General, Mgr. Roche.

BISHOP POWER'S SERMON

It seems that yesterday since I stood in this pulpit to perform the task of interpreting your afflicted and sorrowed sentiments in the presence of the mortal ashes of your late Archbishop, that illustrious churchman, that ardent patriot, that noble man of imperishable memory—

Michael Francis Howley. Peace be to his soul.

To-day I have been assigned a more pleasing office and I stand in more glad surroundings; for I behold no longer the signs of bereavement, nor the symbols of mortality; on the contrary I gaze upon the genial indications of festivity and joy. The Widowed Church has cast aside her mourning garments and has adorned herself in festive dress to adequately demonstrate and fittingly celebrate her new nuptials. He to whom she is mystically joined in an eternal wedlock has designated anew proxy. Rejoice, therefore, and be glad, oh venerable See of St. John's and hear the sweet call of the Divine Bridegroom: "Arise, make haste, my love, and come, for the Winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land."

We are naturally joyful this morning for the outcome of this joyful, fascinating and picturesque ceremony is the creation of a new prelate, who is now our metropolitan and our Archbishop. Edward Patrick Roche has been elevated to the high honour of the Episcopate, he has entered the ranks of the historic hierarchy, and received the plenitude of the Christian Priesthood. God has chosen him, the Holy Spirit has overshadowed him and imprinted him, the Apostolic Delegate commissioned him, with a document sealed with the storied ring of the Fisherman (the approval of the Vicar of Christ), has anointed him, and we, his faithful children in the Lord, affectionately, respectfully, enthusiastically salute him as our Spiritual superior, our father, our leader and our friend. Oh, who will blame us as such a scene as this if our bosoms heave with rare emotion and our hearts be exultant and overflowing with that Catholic sentiment born of the faith of our celtic fathers, a sentiment that time has left unimpaired and undiminished.

The consecration service is indubitably the most solemn, the most touching, most significant and majestic of all the alluring pageants of the active life of Holy Church. The coronation of a Pope, the crowning of a king, the benediction of the patriot colors, are glorious affairs, but they are but meagre compared to what we have just witnessed. This is so to portray by outward grandeur the inner sublimity and the tremendous power of the Episcopal Office, the exalted dignity of its occupant.

What then does this wondrous sacramental rite stand for? What does it connote and signify? What in a simple word is bishop?

In order to present a simple answer we shall proceed to deduct from a brief survey of what Cardinal Manning calls the temporal mission of the Holy Ghost to the World. The eminent and illustrious consecrator addressed the Episcopal candidate with the words "Accipe Spiritum Sanctum"—"Receive the Holy Ghost"—and to those creative words he suited a really marvellous action, the act of laying on of hands. He placed his hands on the head of the Archbishop Elect and by such physical contact added another link to the ever lengthening and unbroken unending chain of the Succession of Apostles. This was similar to that which happened two thousand years ago. He who laid on hands to day had hands laid upon him and so could the action be traced back to those apostolic days of which we read in the sacred text that "the Holy Ghost said to them, separate me Saul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have taken them. They then, fasting and praying and imposing their hands upon them, sent them away." Likewise the Right Rev. Edward Patrick Roche for the work of the Holy Spirit laid his hands upon him and sent him away to his labors. What a clear indisputable and authoritative Embassy of Christ has been thus established.

It was for the work of the Holy Ghost that the new archbishop was selected. The Saviour had promised to send His Abiding Spirit to His disciples and when He had returned to His Father after the ransom was solved which completed His earthly mission. He fulfilled that promise and third Person of the august Trinity entered the world and became its light and its guide.

St. Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians points out the twofold object of the Pentecostal descent, that is to say for the building up of the body of Christ, the synonym of the church, and the building up the same unto charity. Cardinal Newman put it in other words when he wrote that the first mission of the paraclete was to guard revelation and the first precept charity. To guard revelation in order to preserve intact unchanged the secure, whole deposit of faith once delivered to the saints, charity in order to group divergent men together into diocesan units so that neighborly love should result and fraternal forbearance ensue.

The function of this morning, emphasizes in no uncertain way this dual endeavor of the Divine Sanctifier, and the new Archbishop, will demonstrate it likewise as he evolves his episcopal programme. The rite has assuredly emphasized that unique and united guardianship of revelation in the continuity of orders, which secures the venerable traditions of all the Christian ages. The presence of the Apostolic Delegate is an added illustration, for he is the immediate representative of the Primate of the See of Christendom whose occasional jurisdiction has been partially delegated here.

We unite with his devoted clergy and people in wishing Heaven's choicest blessing on Archbishop Roche.

bring the newly consecrated metropolitan in close touch with the noble race of Roman Pontiffs, the successors of the Prince of the Apostles, whose line has never been broken. That line whose historic fact is outstanding and whose explanation must be divine. Men of the schools of Huxley and Harnack have been unable to find a human reason for its existence and when they have failed who can find one? Forces immense and subtle, physical and moral have many a time attempted to penetrate and destroy the thin white line of Pontiffs and to pillage the sacred deposit committed to its custody but unavailing. Like the granite ribs that bind securely the natural upheavals that go to make up the material of the eternal mountains, so does the episcopacy joined with the papacy strongly constitute a solid and unbreakable wall of defense. What therefore is a Bishop? A Bishop is one endowed with the plenitude of the priestly orders, with supreme jurisdiction in his diocese to feed the sheep and lambs of his flock within the enclosure demarcated by revelation and overshadowed by the atmosphere of charity.

And now I turn for a brief moment to a personal reference. Edward Patrick Roche is one whom we are all proud to have as our Archbishop. You know him well he needs no commendation in this city where he has labored zealously, acceptably and well for a number of years. For the information of the kind strangers within our gates who have honoured us by their presence, I say that the new Prelate is one who will with God's help be an ideal Archbishop, as he possesses all the qualities of head and heart, to properly fulfill his high, arduous and responsible duties. A high level has been set for him by his predecessors, but I feel that when he, like as they, has put the duty of his office before him, he will not be the less illustrious than they in the work for the church and for the welfare of the Colony. Any way we can say of him to day that he is a thorough gentleman.

Accept, Archbishop, my congratulations and the fervent wish that you may be spared unto many years. On behalf of the hierarchy I bid you cordial welcome, on behalf of a devoted clergy I promise you loyal co-operation, on behalf of your people I accord you affection and docility, on behalf of kind and generous fellow citizens, on behalf of your fellow countrymen generally I present compliments on the culmination of a brilliant career which it has honoured you has honoured them. In the name of God I bless you with the sign which shall be your inspiration and incidentally your consolation, of the Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE
GREAT WAR

A LIVING FLAG

In the Echo de Paris a striking little incident, indicative of Belgian loyalty to their King, which occurred in Antwerp on the day of King Albert's birthday, is described by M. Gerald Bauer:

On the day in question the newspapers did not appear, and the schools despite action taken by the authorities, remained closed. The Germans thought that would be the limit of the manifestation, and as such they thought it out of place. But in the middle of one of the most crowded boulevards where the people were thickest, three little girls appeared, the first dressed in black, the second in yellow, and the third in red. They walked along in silence side by side like a living flag. The Belgians watched them pass with mingled emotion and pride, a grand act of defiance. Before that moving emblem the masters of to day felt uneasy. They had had machine guns placed before the station, with savage artillerymen in command. But the three little girls marched before them and they marched elsewhere, and it was not they who trembled.

IMAGINARY DUM DUM BULLETS

A medical correspondent writing to the Manchester Guardian says:

At a meeting in Lille, reported in the leading Bavarian medical journal Munchener Medizinische Wochenschrift, a surgeon stated that he had observed thousands of wounds inflicted by British projectiles. He had also experimented with British and German bullets and had come to the conclusion that the British and German bullets were identical. He was convinced that the British bullet was not of the dum dum pattern, and he pointed out that it was practically impossible for the British soldier to "doctor" this bullet without mutilating the cartridge and making it jam in the breach. Even if such a bullet could be discharged from the rifle, its trajectory and penetrative effect would be much impaired. He concluded by admitting that "the dum dum bullets of the English are chiefly a product of the imagination."

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS AND THE WOUNDED

Sir Cecil Hertelot, who was at Antwerp as Consul General for Belgium, in a vivid story of the "terrific passing" of that city, tell a touching incident connected with Belgium's young Queen.

The Institute was converted into a hospital for wounded Belgians, to whom the Queen paid a visit, talking with every soldier in the building. As she was coming downstairs on

her way out the men on the ground floor leaned forward to get a last glimpse of her, and Sir Cecil Hertelot, who noticed it, asked the Queen to look inward once more. She went back, and without uttering a word she opened out her arms in an attitude of womanly sympathy. The men, wounded and in pain, raised themselves, waved their handkerchiefs, and shouted "Vive la Reine!"

A WHITE BATTALION

With the hearty approval of Mgr. Quillet, Bishop of Limoges, a school-mistress has founded a little confraternity called the White Battalion, a Eucharistic association of school children who, by application to study prayer, and frequent Communion, will still strive to obtain from God victory for the arms of the Allies and the conversion of France. A special prayer has been composed for their use, and their badge is a medal hung on a red ribbon.

A VALIANT WOMAN

A letter from a Frenchwoman to her husband at the front shows with what spirit she and her husband are doing their work at home and accepting the necessities forced on them by the war.

"Here I am, wanting to be with you, for as you know I belong so little to myself. There is so much to do in the way of helping others, so much absorption in work that one ought to be everywhere at once." She then describes the calls of neighbors upon her for help with their sick, how the fields have been got ready for sowing, and how good is the promise for the harvest. She has made twenty kilos of butter during the last week. Then she ends as follows: "You see, then, how your little material cares are only secondary. I am strong in the thought of your courage. I do not wish to be behind you in anything, and as the days go by I feel that a little more energy ought to help me to do more. The good God will not forsake us, so we cannot but love Him in this dreadful trial. He is the master of our destinies and of our hearts. We must always bow to the decrees of His will and bless Him always. Your wife, darling, is at her post. I have not, like you, to defend a flag, but I have, like you, to do my duty."

A SOLDIER'S KNAPSACK LIBRARY

The Abbe Legat, who is acting as a hospital orderly, has written an interesting account of what he has learned from the wounded in regard to the way in which they while away the time in the trenches. Many of them had books of piety with them: The most interesting (continues the Abbe) was certainly a young volunteer from Lyons, a former scholar of Oullins, who had three books in his knapsack; Caesar's Commentaires de Bello Gallico, a volume of selections from de Musset, and St. Francis of Sales' Devout Life. "Thanks to that," he declared, "I have had some delicious hours in the trenches." This young soldier, who is scarcely twenty, has been decorated with the military medal for a splendid feat of arms.

COMMUNION FROM A MOTHER

SUPERIOR

The Havre correspondent of the Croix tells a tragic story of an incident which happened in the early days of the war in Belgium. A Prussian battalion was approaching a little village, and the people, terror-stricken lest the atrocities they had heard of might befall them, fled to the woods. The last to leave was a little band of women and nuns and the burgomaster and his family. The Mother Superior was surrounded by her community, for she carried under her mantle the sacrament from the chapel. The sound of firing drew nearer and nearer, and all gave themselves up for lost. Thinking that their last hour had come, they knelt down in a circle under the dark trees in prayer. The Mother Superior said the prayers for Communion, and then, bending down before each, she gave them Communion, even the little children who had never before received. The Blessed Sacrament was saved from profanation, and the trembling people strengthened for whatever might befall. So they waited, but gradually the sound of the firing grew weaker, and when the day broke the Prussians were making their way across the Dutch frontier.

A POET'S THANKS

M. A. Gex, the French pastoral poet who as a sergeant in his regiment has been wounded and tended by English doctors and nurses in hospital, has written his thanks in verse, which has been printed by the Manchester Guardian. We give the last stanza, with a translation provided by that journal:

Puis tout plein de reconnaissance,
Il lance un bon dux baiser
Vers le pays que l'Alliance
Nous fit plus connaître et aimer,
"Salut, bien heureux Angleterre,
Toi qui possèdes un si grand cœur,
Plus que jamais la France est fière
De t'appeler sa Grande Sœur!"
Guerri! l'envoie son bon baiser.

Then with a grateful wave of his hand
He tosses a kiss to the neighbor land;
That an Ally's bond and a common foe

Have taught us French to love and know
"Hail, England, happy and unbowed,
Thou of the great and steadfast heart!"

Our France is more than ever proud
To have these play a sisters part.
And her wounded soldier sends thee this—
A cured man's greeting and grateful kiss!

THOUGHTS ABOUT
HEREDITY

The second of a series of three articles by Bertram C. A. Wandle, M.D., Sc. D., LL. D., in America.

In the last article we saw that inheritance was a fact recognized by everybody and that the only reason why we refuse to wonder at it is because like other wonderful yet everyday facts, such as the growth of a great tree from a tiny seed, it is so everyday that we have ceased to wonder at it. It is there: we know that. But have we any kind of idea how it comes about? The duck does not, as a matter of common experience, come out of a hen's egg. Why does it come out of a duck's egg? Why doesn't it come out, if only rarely, from a hen's egg? In other words do we know what it is that explains inheritance or how it is that there is such a thing as inheritance? Well, and/or obliges me to say that we do not. In spite of all the work which has been expended upon this question we are totally ignorant of the mechanism of heredity. Nevertheless it will be instructive to glance at the theories which have been put forward to explain this matter.

All living things spring from a small germ, and in the vast majority of cases this germ is the product in part of the male and in part of the female parent. It is, therefore, natural that we should in the first place turn our attention to this germ and ask ourselves whether there is anything in its construction which will give us the key to the mystery. There is not, at least there is nothing definite as shown by our most powerful microscopes. To be sure there is a remarkable substance, called chromatin because of its capacity for taking up certain dyes, which evidently plays some profoundly important part in the processes of development. We may suspect that this is the thing which carries the physical characteristics from one generation to another, but we can not prove it and though some authorities think that it is, others deny the fact. Even if it is it can hardly be supposed that microscopic research will ever be able to establish the fact and that for reasons which must now be explained.

Let us suppose that we visit a vast botanic garden and in the seed time of each of the plants therein contained, select from each plant a single ripe seed. It is clear that, if we take home that collection of seeds, we shall have in them a miniature picture of the garden from which they were culled, or at least we shall be in possession of the potentiality of such a garden, for if we sow these seeds and have the good fortune to see them all develop, take root and grow, we shall actually possess a replica of the garden from which they came. Not exactly, it may be urged, for the distribution or arrangement of the seeds must have been carefully looked to, if the gardens are to resemble each other, otherwise than in the mere possession of identical plants. I admit the truth of this but can not here discuss it since it would take me too far from the main argument. At any rate we should have the same things in both gardens.

On this analogy, many have suggested that every organ in the body, we must go further and say every marked feature in every organ in the body, is represented in the germ by a seed which can grow, under favorable circumstances, into just such another organ or feature of an organ. This was the theory put forward by Darwin under the name of "pangenesis" and by others under other titles with which it is unnecessary to burden these pages. All these theories have been summed together under the name "protoplasmic" that is small fragments, since they all postulate the existence in the germ of innumerable small fragments—seeds—which are capable of growing into complete plants or organs under favorable circumstances. Again this, even if true, does not by any means exhaust the matter, for it does not explain why the seed of the eye implants itself and grows in the right place in the head instead of making a home for itself, let us say, in the sole of the foot. But again we must pass over that matter.

There is nothing inherently impossible in this theory, indeed, if we allow that the transmission of inheritable characteristics is purely material, and it may be, there is hardly any other conceivable way in which it can occur. It is true that the seeds must be almost innumerable, but the germ, though small, is capable of accommodating an almost innumerable number of independent factors, if the prevalent views as to the constitution of matter are to be believed. And, as it is quite incon-

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ceivable that we can ever have microscopes which could detect such minute objects as the ultimate bricks of which the atom, not only to speak of the atoms themselves, which compose the germ, consist, it is impossible that we should be able to say that the seed-theory is untrue. Even if we could see these ultimate constituents it is in the last degree unlikely that they would have any resemblance to the things which are, on the theory, to grow from them, any more than the acorn resembles the oak which is to spring from it.

But observe! the germ on this view must contain not only seeds from the immediate parents but from many, perhaps, all, of the older generations of the family, otherwise how are we to account for the appearance of ancestral peculiarities which the father and mother do not show? Moreover, since very minute things, like the inner angle of the eyebrow may independently vary, there must be an enormous number of seeds set apart altogether from the considerations alluded to in the last paragraph. And many authorities who have closely considered the question have come to the conclusion that the complexities introduced would be so great that it is impossible to believe in any micromeristic theory.

Then, of course, we must look out for some other explanation and some have suggested that it is to be found in memory, the memory of the germ of what it was, once part of and the anticipation of what it may once more be. This again is an explanation not susceptible of proof along the lines of a chemical experiment but not necessarily, therefore, untrue. Of course there are two ideas as to memory. If we are pure materialists and imagine every memory in our possession as some thing stamped, in some wholly incomprehensible manner, on some cell of our brain and looked at there, by some wholly inconceivable agency, when we sit down to think of past days, then we must look on the germ, under the "memory" or memory theory as consisting of fragments each of them impressed with the "memory" of some particular organ or feature of the body and 'Lo! we find ourselves back again in micromerism. If we are to take a non-materialistic view of memory we are plunged into a metaphysical discussion which can not here be pursued. A third explanation, which by the way explains nothing is that the whole matter is one of "arrangement." This is the view put forward in the last Presidential Address to the British Association and something more must be said about it in the last of these papers.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE
MISSION

Tachowfu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Tachowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary,
J. M. FRASER.

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