

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### A WORD FOR WINTER

It was no casual impulse that led the gray fathers of our semi-civilized world to frame their calendar so as to make midwinter the impressive preface to a brightening outlook upon the human scene. Long before the Christian era the correspondence between the natural order and man's earthly career was observed and symbolized by festivals and fasts; but at length the whole was set forth in sacrament and ceremony for the edification of serious minds and sensitive hearts. The Christian Year is the shadowy reflection of changeless truths in a changing world, eternity making itself felt in time.

In one of his longest and most informing essays, entitled "A Good Word for Winter," Jas. Russell Lowell traced the influence of the rugged and bare season in the lives and works of the great poets and thinkers. It is an exhaustive survey, challenging the common view that the season is to be got through as quickly as may be, because it is hostile to our comfort, inimical to cheerfulness and health—"I think the old fellow has hitherto had scant justice done him in the main. We make him the symbol of old age or death, and think we have settled the matter. As if old age were never kindly as well as frosty; as if it had no reverend graces of its own as good in their way as the noisy impertinence of childhood, the elbowing self-conceit of youth, or the pompous mediocrity of middle life. As if there were anything discreditable in death, or nobody had ever longed for it. Suppose we grant that winter is the sleep of the year, what then? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals." In his own fine and spirited way, Lowell goes on to illustrate out of his wide reading the posture usually maintained towards winter, passing in review Chaucer and the earlier bards, with special indulgence for Thompson, Cowper, and Wordsworth.

In this present time of wonder and anxious questioning we are thrown back upon fundamentals that lie below actual experience. We feel impatient when ordinary views of Nature's transmutations are propounded at a crisis like the present world-wide one. Is it of any use to cite consolatory verses or sage reflections when all things seem out of course in this human state which our forefathers founded so solidly and built up with such care? Would it not seem that no real analogy between the material and the moral order could be made out in face of the break-down that has overtaken this ripe civilization of ours? Are not Bishop Butler and the tribe of facile apologists out of date now that science has proved to be the real Frankenstein, a demonic power uncontrolled by justice, while even religion, most august of influences, is forced to compromise with passion and self-will lest worse things happen to her manifestations of authority and spiritual guidance?

"The winter of our discontent"—how well Shakespeare's phrase suits our present case! How easy it is for most of us to view the present unrest and tragic state of the world's existence as though the world were coming to an end! Over and over in human history panic has seized upon simple folk to whom the abnormal was the trump of judgment. It was so in Judea when the hated foe trampled over the sacred city and burnt the holy and beautiful temple in Zion; to millions now it seems as though the end of the age had come and the doom of a degenerate Christendom was near at hand. Yet life moves on in cycles as before. The goal of humanity's long pilgrimage is not in sight. Not in ruin and combustion, but in developed being and newness of activity will the ordained result of mankind's disciplinary course be made manifest.

As, in the evolving order of the seasons, stern winter succeeds the harvest, rich blossoms, ripe fruits, brilliant sunsets signalling the surcease of autumn, and ushering in a period of apparent stagnation, so it is in human history. Splendid

pageantry, growing wealth and luxury, abounding mastery of material resources, the pride of the eyes and all the glory of possession and enjoyment suddenly suffer change. The soft summer breeze dies away. Turbulent winds and drenching rains and sodden paths warn us that the year has run its course, that for months we shall have to adjust our ideas and habits to a severer rule of living. Our "glorious summer" is gone, but only to come again in the "appointed time." Days are darkened and our pleasures are restricted to narrower compass. The winter we shrank from is here, not to be evaded. But is it so dreadful a season as effeminate or invalid folk fancy? Strike a fair balance, and see if the scheme of the universe subject to the law of circularity is open to serious objection. The pious old homilist thought and wrote that "everything was good in its time, and every season under the heaven." Truly there is a classic loveliness about winter which only the careless and self-occupied can miss. We are not comparing war and winter. Winter does not maim and destroy of set purpose. Only conscious beings subject to earthly passions do that. War is the studied reversal of all the promptings of neighborly feeling, the arrest of civilization in its humane aspects, a curse to be detested and shunned by all lovers of justice and mercy. But see and wonder at the unfathomable wisdom that controls the storms in the world, both natural and moral. Out of the murk and mire, the tempestuous ravings and destructive violence of nature and mankind, shining fruits and flowers come forth—even the hateful disorders bred of human folly die down at last and calmness once more prevails. We are pilgrims in a revolving world. A fresh stage of our journey is before us. Our lease runs out swiftly. Leafless trees and linden skies and burning frosts remind us that "nothing is, all is becoming." The wise are they who look forward, not folding hands in listless ease, but preparing, as Nature does in secret for the most part, the new growths of the future. Like Ulysses, old but ever young, we have to face the unknown with calm resolve. The worn old mariner braces up the "slackers"—

"'Tis not too late to seek a newer world;  
Push off, and sitting well in order,  
Smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die."  
Freed from "the mask of transience" we belong to a timeless state. Our star sets to rise again. Behind the wintry veil of the season we call Death the new spring advances; behind the night only faintly illumined by heaven's fires or "white tremendous day break" awaits the faithful watchers. The seed sown in the earth, in time will bear golden fruit in the unending years.

### A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

A Catholic could hardly pay a kinder, sweeter tribute to Catholicism than Matthew Arnold did, when he wrote:  
"Catholicism is that form of Christianity which is the oldest, the largest, the most popular. It has been the great popular religion of Christendom. Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic churches? Catholicism envelops human life and Catholicism in general feel themselves to have drawn not only their religion from their Church, but they feel themselves to have drawn from her, too, their art and poetry and culture. Her hierarchy, originality stamped with the character of a beneficent and orderly authority springing up amidst anarchy, appeared as offering a career where birth was disregarded and merit regarded, and the things of the mind of the iron feudal age which were shipped solely birth and force. If there is a thing specially alien to religion, it is peace and union. Hence the original attraction towards unity in Rome, and hence the great charm when that unity is once attained. All these spells for the heart and imagination has Catholicism for Catholics, in addition to the consciousness of a divine cure for vice and misery."  
Matthew Arnold was an eminent English poet, literary critic and educationist. He died in 1888.—The Casket.

## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THE SORROWS OF DUBLIN CASTLE

The sweeping successes of Sinn Fein in the recent municipal and urban council elections is still the absorbing topic with people and newspapers in Ireland. All that is now needed is the coming of the District Council and County Council elections—which will happen after a few months—to put into the hands of Sinn Fein practically the complete machinery for the internal Government of five sixths of Ireland. Considering that, for some time past, the English Government has found it difficult, to the point of impossibility to run the country, it is easy to imagine the utter impossibility of their task after the complete machinery of internal Government has passed into the hands of Sinn Fein. The powers that be are in dire alarm—almost panicky—over the prospect.

It has affected Lord French of the Iron Rule so that according to reports coming from English quarters, it is said he is now converted to Home Rule, and is seeking for some means of changing his mind which will not be startling, and will not give him too much of a let down. The Pall Mall Gazette correspondent discloses: "Lord French is now said to be convinced that the only method of dealing with Ireland is by conceding it the fullest measure of autonomy consistent with Imperial supremacy." Like all preceding English statesmen in Ireland conversion comes to him after he has done his tyrannical utmost and on a disaster which has inspired by the attempt on the life of Lord Lieutenant French. Diamond owns a great chain of 35 Catholic newspapers in England and Scotland. In every center in which there is a Catholic Irish population one of his syndicate newspapers is published—from London in the South, to Aberdeen in the North. He is a man of Irish birth who has spent most of his life in England, and has accumulated a very large fortune there. He is President of a celebrated London thread firm. He runs his thirty-five newspapers as a side line. For long years he was a faithful follower, upholder of Mr. John Redmond. But Mr. Redmond's policy of yielding Ireland's claims inch by inch at length so disgusted Mr. Diamond that he broke away from him. Then he came out boldly in all his papers in the effort to counteract the harm that had been done by Mr. Redmond's compromising policy. He became one of the most vigorous and widely read Irishmen outside the ranks of Sinn Fein—for he was outside the ranks.

Mr. Diamond, when he left the Irish Party in disgust, knowing that T. P. O'Connor President of the United Irish League in Great Britain, was one of the chief causes of Mr. Redmond's falling away, set out to break the power of O'Connor. And he has since used all the power of his papers for that purpose. He has succeeded in undermining O'Connor's influence, and has not yet broken it. In his daring article "Killing no Murder," which was the day's sensation in England, he showed that a state of war existed in Ireland, and though England had ruled that her army was the only one which had the right to kill, the oppressed and persecuted ones who struggled to break the tyrant's yoke upon their country had, because of the overwhelming odds against them, to resort to guerrilla warfare. Diamond in his article said: "If Von der Goltz, commanding a German army of Occupation in England, resorted to a tithe of the atrocities of which the English army in Ireland under Lord French's orders had been guilty, there would be thousands of patriotic Englishmen, eager and anxious to lie in wait for, and bring down the tyrant Von der Goltz. And five million Englishmen would justly and properly applaud the patriotic deed. This parallel, which struck home to the heart, was the crux of the article, and is the crux of the matter on which he is now indicted. Diamond has very boldly told his accusers that he wrote this with all deliberation, just to provoke them to arrest, indict, and try him—in order to focus attention upon the sensational atrocities of the English army of Occupation in Ireland—and to bring the English face to face with their hypocrisy in raising an outcry about German atrocities in Belgium, and Turkish atrocities in Armenia, at the same time that they were outstripping both German and Turk, in the almost unspearable atrocities that they were every day practising both in Ireland and in India.

### THE MOUNTAIN ASHAMED OF THE MOUSE

There is a strong suspicion in some authoritative quarters, that the nimble Lloyd George is himself secretly setting for a trap over, and waiting the opportune moment for suddenly presenting himself to a startled public as a real, radical reformer in Irish matters. He feels rather mortified by the ridiculous light in which his sham Home Rule has placed him—and feels sore for the prestige of which it has deprived him. All this he blames upon his Tory bed fellows. The Home Rule abolition which he has produced was framed for the purpose of pleasing them, and marking time upon the Irish Question. It is affirmed that Lloyd George is casting about for an entirely new political platform whereon he can secure the support of his old Liberal friends, and of the Labor Party, likewise—especially of the Labor Party. If he finds a satisfactory platform it is said he may startle John Bull out of his somnolence by the radical measures he will propose, the first and most radical being an entirely new and far-reaching Irish scheme that will win the support of the Laborites.

### THE ENGLISH WAY IN IRELAND

The Irish Industrial Commission, organized by Sinn Fein but composed of prominent men representative of various shades of political thought, instituted for the purpose of discovering how Irish industries may be fostered and extended, is being pursued by the English Government from city to city in Ireland, with intent to oppress it. While it sat in Dublin the newspapers were forbidden to give to the public any of the evidence it had taken or any news whatsoever in connection with its doings. Now it is in Cork being hunted from hall to hall in the city. By order of the Government the hall first engaged for its sitting was refused to it on its arrival. When they obtained a new hall that hall was taken possession of by soldiers and police the first time that the Commission vacated it for a recess. Then it had to go hunting

for another place wherein it could shelter its head—and so on.

### —AND IN ENGLAND!

One of the remarkable things in connection with the persecution of the Industrial Commission is that while under penalty of suppression, no Irish paper dare publish a line regarding this commission for revivifying Irish industry. English papers containing full account of its doings, and the evidence it takes are sold in every city in Ireland. The Government which tramples upon freedom of the press in Ireland dare not raise a finger against that freedom in its own country. But the treatment of this Industrial Commission should enlighten those few who still persist in thinking that England's attitude toward Ireland has undergone a change and that her old and system of willfully suppressing every manufacturer in Ireland would never again be renewed. Here she is employing her army of soldiers as well as her army of police, for the purpose of harassing, pounding, persecuting and suppressing a Commission of Irishmen of various political opinions who want to take counsel as to how Ireland's suppressed and extinguished manufactures may best be brought back to her, and the life-blood set pulsing in the country's anemic veins again.

### EDITOR INDICTED

Charles Diamond, ex member of Parliament for an Irish constituency and wealthy newspaper proprietor, who is now under indictment in London (where he resides) created a bit of a sensation in England by his editorial article in his The London Catholic Herald, entitled "Killing no Murder," an article which was inspired by the attempt on the life of Lord Lieutenant French. Diamond owns a great chain of 35 Catholic newspapers in England and Scotland. In every center in which there is a Catholic Irish population one of his syndicate newspapers is published—from London in the South, to Aberdeen in the North. He is a man of Irish birth who has spent most of his life in England, and has accumulated a very large fortune there. He is President of a celebrated London thread firm. He runs his thirty-five newspapers as a side line. For long years he was a faithful follower, upholder of Mr. John Redmond. But Mr. Redmond's policy of yielding Ireland's claims inch by inch at length so disgusted Mr. Diamond that he broke away from him. Then he came out boldly in all his papers in the effort to counteract the harm that had been done by Mr. Redmond's compromising policy. He became one of the most vigorous and widely read Irishmen outside the ranks of Sinn Fein—for he was outside the ranks.

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### IRISH ATROCITIES

A characteristic sample of the Irish atrocities comes to hand just as I write. An inquest has just been held upon the body of Michael Darcy of Cooraclare in the County Clare, who was drowned there the other day, in the course of fleeing from a pursuing body of police. The evidence showed that he was evidently one of several young men who attacked the Cooraclare police, in one of the many raids that are being made in the South of Ireland, for

purpose of obtaining arms and ammunition. The police succeeded in beating off the raid, and gave chase to the four young men who had besieged the barracks. When his pursuers came too close upon Darcy, he jumped into the river, along whose banks he was running, and being unable to swim was struggling for his life. Some people who lived nearby ran from their houses to the river-side, and seeing the boy struggling for his life, prepared to go to his aid. Then, as sworn at the inquest, and not denied, the police levelled their guns at the would be rescuers, and told them they would shoot them dead if they attempted to rescue the dying man. Accordingly they had to stand upon the river's banks and impotently watch the boy drowning, while the police still fired at him—until the boy went down to come up no more. The result of it is that the law and order gentlemen who are guilty of this atrocity are now sure of speedy promotion, for "unflinchingly doing their duty in the face of overwhelming difficulties."

### BRITISH LABOR DELEGATION

The British Labor delegation under Mr. Henderson, ex-Cabinet Minister, which recently visited Ireland to obtain first-hand information on the situation there—were fortunate to get some very first-hand information. As they drove away on a jaunting car from the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, they saw police and military charge and smash up a peaceful procession of automobile drivers, which paraded in protest against the Irish Government's attempt to control all automobiles of that whole province were not approved of. The Labor leaders saw this parade smashed up and the leaders arrested, and dragged off to prison. When they reached Thurles, where they went to confer with Archbishop Harty of Cashel, they were in time to witness the results of a wild and frenzied police riot—where, after a policeman had been shot, a regiment of police heavily armed, broke up from the barracks in the dead of night, and shot up the main thoroughfares of the town, destroying the stores and dring into the bedroom windows of all "objectionable" people—a mad orgie, just duplicating the soldiers' raid in the town of Fermoy, where, to avenge the holding up and taking of arms and ammunition from a body of their comrades, the soldiers broke barracks, and under command of some officers, shot up the town, and wrecked and even robbed the best stores there.

When, again, the Labor delegates reached Cork, and on invitation of the Lord Mayor, were on their way to visit the City Hall, they reached that building just as police and soldiers, with guns and bayonets, were rooting out and driving down the steps of the building, the members of the Irish Industrial Commission, clergyman and distinguished professional laymen, who were guilty of the crime of holding counsel to determine how Ireland's industries and manufactures might be revived and developed. It must surely have been to the Labor Leaders, a rare object lesson of the benign rule of Britain in her conquered colonies, when, at the city Hall, they had to stand to one side for nearly half an hour, while British guns and bayonets were bent on these Irish criminals. Within hearing of some of those who commanded the British guns and bayonets, the Cork Lord Mayor, addressing the Labor delegates, said: "I apologize for keeping you waiting, while these armed gentlemen, your paid soldiers, are teaching us a little lesson, meant to insure our respect and our love for British law. I had invited the Irish Industrial Commission to meet in our City Hall, to take evidence regarding industries here, and to consult upon means of reviving and developing them. Our wise British governors consider that it is sedition for Irishmen to try to help their country, even through industrial efforts, and they sent a delegation of trained gunmen here to persuade us to be good, to love British law, and to let Irish industries alone. Having now seen for yourselves how our loving, fraternal Government trains and takes care of us, you must certainly feel disgusted with us for not loving and worshipping that loving Government in return."

Some of the special correspondents of the London daily papers who accompanied the Labor Leaders wrote to their papers scathing denunciations of the blundering Irish Government, which actually seemed to set the stage in every point, so as to horrify the British Labor delegates. "For, mind you, the unpardonable crime of Irish Government was, not that it did these tyrannical things, but that it was guilty of the unpardonable crime of doing them at the wrong time—just when the British delegates were there to witness them!"

SEUMAS MACMANUS  
Of Donegal.

Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong.—Daniel O'Connell.

## ULSTER INTOLERANCE

### FANATICAL DOGMATISM DISGUSTING TO MEN OF 20TH CENTURY

The utterances of the Ulster delegation during their recent visit to Toronto were a distinct disappointment to those Canadians who hope for some kind of a peaceful solution of the present Irish imbroglio. If they have been making the same kind of speeches to American audiences, then we imagine that the Sinn Fein conspirators must have hailed their coming with joy. One of the delegates said that the Irish question was primarily a religious one, and we are inclined to think that this is true, but in an entirely different sense from that intended. The truth appears to be that Ireland is overpopulated with too many turbulent parsons and priests.

In the case of the Ulster delegation, we find a body of men seemingly unaware that this is the twentieth century, and voicing the ancient bigotries and religious hatreds of the seventeenth century; antipathies which the better order of intelligence in all English-speaking countries has long outlived. It is idle to come to Canada and tell us that the liberties of the subject would be menaced by a Parliament in which Roman Catholics predominated. We know better than that. The liberties of the subject are just as safe in the overwhelmingly Roman Catholic Province of Quebec as they are anywhere else. Indeed, any attacks on the theory of liberty and any oppressive statutes under which we suffer, have had their origin with the very Protestant denominations which chiefly predominate in Ulster.

Again, it is idle to tell Canadians, or Americans either, that Catholics and Protestants cannot live together in peace and amity. Despite religious feuds, chiefly emanating from exiles from Ulster who have brought their parochial antipathies to Canadian soil, Canada's history shows that she has succeeded very well in overcoming differences of race and creed; and if the Irish north and south cannot do the same, so much the worse for them. In that case, we cannot regard them as our equals in political intelligence.

The most mischievous of the utterances heard in Toronto was the threat that if any attempt is made to alter the existing form of government in Ireland, they will take up arms. Truculence of this order will immediately be seized upon by the Sinn Fein as justification of belligerency. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Great Britain cannot tolerate the threat of insurrection from either end of Ireland; nor can she permit Ulster to dictate to her as to how the United Kingdom is to be governed. The day is fast approaching when Great Britain, in matters of local government, must adopt the policy of devolution or federation advocated by the late Earl Grey, and which has found a recent champion in Mr. Asquith. Such a course is rendered necessary not merely by Irish affairs but by congestion of local business in the various sections of the British Isles. The threat that in such an event Ulster will resort to arms was openly implied in the speeches of the delegates. Such an assumption of the right to dictate Imperial policy is clearly preposterous. Nothing is clearer than that the present governmental system of Ireland cannot continue indefinitely.

With all that the delegates had to say on the subject of the criminality of the Sinn Fein and the impossibility of the republican proposals they advocate, we are in hearty accord. Let it be clearly understood, however, that all the solutions that have raised Great Britain to her present glorious position have been based on conciliation and compromise; by the acceptance of legislative machinery which might seem illogical and open to criticism, but which in the long run resulted in unity. Conciliation and compromise can alone bring happiness to Ireland. Canadians must regret the absence of any tolerance for such principles from the utterances of the Ulster delegates and the evidence of a fanatical dogmatism disgusting to enlightened men of the present century. With all their talk of liberty our Ulster friends are obviously not free; they are fettered by the most deplorable of shackles—religious prejudice.—Toronto Saturday Night.

There are few of us who do not know what it is to have dark days. It is the law of intelligent life. If we were animals all days might seem alike. But because we are men and women and have forces of thought and feeling, with great desires pulsing through us and unsatisfied longings crying within us, we must suffer. There is danger, however, in our weakness lest we become gloomy because of these dark days. The gloom should be all outside of ourselves—it ought never to enter our hearts. And to learn how to meet these rainy days of life and still keep brave and true is the difficult thing. It is the lesson of life.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

London, January 15.—An interesting item of news is the decoration of the Rev. Philip Fletcher, master of the Guild of Ransom, who has been made a Grand Commander of the Illustrious Order of the Holy Sepulchre. It was his uncle, General Allanby, who conquered Palestine and took Jerusalem.

Rome, Feb. 18.—The Pope has approved the sketch for a monument to be erected to himself on the Bosphorus, as a memorial to his charitable works in the War. The funds have been raised by a committee in Constantinople, and the work will be carried out by the sculptor Quattrini.

Rome, Feb. 14.—His Eminence Aristide Cardinal Rinaldini died last Tuesday at the age of seventy-six years. He spent a hardworking diplomatic life in the Secretariate of State, wherein the present Pope was his co-worker in Holland and at Madrid, Spain, previous to his elevation to the cardinalate on April 15, 1907.

Constantinople, Jan. 24.—The diplomatic representative of the new Mohammedan Republic of Azerbaijan, as a token of his Government's appreciation of the humanitarian labors of the Pope during the War, presented the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Dolci, with the sum of 150 pounds Turkish, towards the fund for the monument of Pope Benedict XV. in Constantinople.

The solemn reading of the decree, "De Tuto," for the canonization of Blessed Gabriel Del Addolorata, of the Congregation of the Passion, took place at the Vatican on the Feast of the Epiphany. This is the last process before publication of the decree fixing the date for the grand ceremony in St. Peter Basilica. His Holiness Pope Benedict was present and delivered a discourse upon the lesson to be drawn from the life of the saint.

Alarm clocks and early risers are assisting a thousand students at Notre-Dame University to set a new record for the observance of the Lenten season. Dispensed from the customary Lenten fasts the students have taken it upon themselves to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion daily until Easter. Throughout the entire school year hundreds of students approach the Holy Sacrament daily but the special effort exerted at this time is expected to swell the number well beyond a thousand. Special Masses are said in the university church and in all the dormitory chapels.

Two notable conversions have just been announced. The first is that of Rev. Lawrence Frederick Harvey, B. A. of Exeter College, Oxford, who was received into the Church at St. Philip Priory, Egbroke, and who gave up the head mastership of a well-known Protestant school for this purpose. The other is the conversion of Col. Conlon, Commander of the Military Mission at Prague, who was received by Archbishop Kordac in his private chapel in that city in the presence of the British Minister and the Papal Delegate.

London, January 15.—Under the patronage of St. Bridget, Irish women have founded a league, every member of which is pledged to modesty in dress and deportment. British Catholic ladies of society are imitating their Paris Sisters, and going to the fountain head to stop the flood of indecent fashions. In other words, they have appealed to the great dressmakers and their designers of costumes to modify the prevailing ugliness and indecency in favor of beauty and morality, and to adapt the styles of dress accordingly.

When the "Atrique" was wrecked near Rocheford, on the coast of France, there perished the Vicar Apostolic of Senegambia and seven other members of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. They were off to their various posts in the African Missions, after having served in the Great War. The loss of the devoted Mgr. Jalabert, the Vicar Apostolic, is particularly regretted. The question of the Missions is today an acute one, the War having made a great change in the affairs of so many peoples and having raised such antipathy among the Allied Governments to the work of the Germans. Three of the priests who perished obtained exceptional distinctions from the French Government for heroic service.

Rome, Jan. 24.—The diplomatic representatives accredited to the Holy See have considerably increased during the past year. There are now three Embassies of the highest rank, the chiefs of which hold the style and title of ambassador, representing the countries of Spain, Brazil, and Peru. The governments whose representatives rank as Ministers, and not full ambassadors, are: the Argentine, Bavaria, Belgium, Bolivia, Chile, Columbia, Costa Rica, Great Britain, Nicaragua, Holland, Portugal, Prussia, Finland. The new embassies which have been established recently are those of Poland; the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes; and Venezuela.