

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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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THE ENCHANTMENT OF AN IRISH COUNTRYSIDE

There is a something electric in the air in Ireland which one cannot find in any other country in the world. The atmospheric tints are unique. The feel of the atmosphere is soft, caressing, soothing—and even the look of the landscape has something about it essentially distinctive, and entirely fascinating. Then the green of the fields, and the browns and blues of the hills, the colors of the flowers, the forms of the hedges, the songs of the birds, complete the enchantment which an Irish countryside always exercises over a visitor. As you roll along in your railway carriage you delightfully yield to the *dolce far niente* of the panorama that passes before you. The charm of the Emerald Isle not only permeates your soul but you might well think—penetrates to the marrow of your bones. With Tennyson's lotus-eaters, when intoxicated with sensuous delight, they "Sat them down upon the yellow sands" you, a foreigner in Ireland, feel inclined to say "Our home is distant far, we will return no more."

A REBUKE TO BELFAST BIGOTRY

There had just been in Dublin a great mass meeting of representative Protestants from various parts of the East, South, West, and Midlands, of Ireland—a gathering intended as a rebuke to the persecuting bigotry of Belfast, and the North-East—a great meeting at which the representative Protestants, of three-fourths of Ireland, gave enthusiastic testimony to the generous broadmindedness, and commendable toleration of the Catholic majority among whom they, the minority, lived, flourished, and were loved. From practically every county of Ireland, outside the six counties of Caronia, the Protestant minority here lifted its voice in the warmest praise of the Catholic majority—and in strongest rebuke of their own unworthy brethren of Belfast and its surrounding territory. These Protestants testified that they lived among their Catholic neighbors in the minority of one to four, one to ten, and one to twenty, and had never experienced from these neighbors anything save cordial good-will, helpfulness, kindness, neighborliness, and true Christian charity. They showed, that, in the social and business intercourse of three-fourths of Ireland, religious distinction was practically unknown—and they expressed the ardent hope that the bloody bath in which bigotry was indulging in Belfast should not drive their Catholic neighbors into disturbing the peaceful harmony that had always prevailed between different religions in the greater part of Ireland.

SLOWLY CHANGING SENTIMENT

On the train with me, out of Dublin, was one of these Protestant gentlemen, returning home from the Protestant mass meeting. I had a most interesting talk with him. He not merely confirmed the sentiments expressed in the published report of the meeting—but he told me that a vast change in sentiment was working among the great majority of the Protestants outside of Caronia. Although they had always been strangers to the fanatic bigotry of their unfortunate brethren of the North-East, he confessed that they had consistently been anti-Irish. That is to say, though they always loved Ireland as being their native country, they only loved it as a portion of the great British Empire—and their love of Ireland was secondary to their Imperial pride. Though they knew that Ireland was their native country, he said, they had never forgotten that they were British stock—that their forefathers had, at various times, been imported into Ireland to rule it over the natives whose property they got. From infancy they had been brought up to know that they were British first, and Irish afterwards—and that it was their greatest honor to advance the glory of the British Empire and their stern duty to repress, and suppress, all Irish National aspirations.

"MORE IRISH THAN THE IRISH THEMSELVES"

During the last few years, he said, there was a great awakening among his kind. The British Empire was fast losing its attraction for them; and from it they were transferring their loyalty to the land of their birth—the land in which their forefathers had been born for 200, 300, and 500 years. For almost the first time in their existence they were learning what patriotism meant. Ireland was rapidly supplanting Britain in their affections—and still more, their eyes were being opened to the fact that Britain had used, and misused, them as her ready tools in holding their native land subservient to her.

This discovery, the result of the scales falling from their eyes, was embittering many of them against her whom they had looked to as Mother Britain, and he assured me that, in the next generation, the Celtic Irish (synonymous with the Catholic Irish) would not be more patriotically Irish, and would not be more embittered against Britain; than would his class, the Anglo-Irish. Anglo-Irish would then, he said, be a misnomer. They would resent the reminder that they were of English stock, and would hold, and prove, that they were Irish of the Irish. The history of the first English colonists of many years ago, would repeat itself, and they, too, would be designated "Ipsis Hibernicus Hiberniores"—"More Irish than the Irish themselves."

PORTADOWN

The first stop that my train made, within Caronia, was at famous Portadown—notorious, the world over, for its Orangism. Quite properly the first legend that I observed as our train neared the Portadown station was the legend, written large with black carbon upon a white gable "No Home Rule," and under that, still larger, "No Pope." Except for a childish scrawl "Up the I. R. A." upon a Dublin sidewalk, these were the first war-cries, of their kind, that I had seen since arriving in Ireland, and Portadown—or as it's natives call it "Portydown"—now enjoying its own brand of Home Rule, and detesting, more than ever, His Holiness of Rome, was the place of places where one would expect the anti-Papal legend, and the paradox one.

There is a very well and widely-known story, which will bear repetition, of the good, pious, Portadown Orangeman, who was once arrested in Liverpool for indulging in the usual Portadown recreation—to wit, cursing the Pope, and wishing him in an extra warm corner. The Liverpool magistrate, who could not properly appreciate the religious fervour of the Portadown gentleman rebuked him severely, remonstrated with him, and said to him "Now though I, myself, am not of his faith, I believe the Pope is very far from being a bad man, and I do not know why you would indulge in cursing him." "Well, your worship," replied the Orangeman, "maybe you are right, and maybe the Pope is not a bad man. But let me tell you, he has not a good name in Portydown." And there the Portadown gentleman spoke an undisputed truth.

BELFAST PERSECUTION STILL CONTINUES

The morning newspaper, which I purchased at Portadown, rather baldly recorded that a total of five people had been killed in Belfast the previous night, and nearly four times that number wounded, three homes were burned besides, and a spirit grocer's premises had been looted, and gutted. The startling items were set down in a matter of fact way that chilled me. I had not been so intimate with the bulletins from Belfast. But the editor, and the printer, were inured to them—and they were evidently no more impressed by the record of deaths than they would be by any ordinary mortality returns. The Belfast orgy, begun in July 1920 (when 8,000 workmen were riotously and bloodily driven from employment, for the crime of acknowledging the spiritual authority of the Pope) has not ceased for one week of the two years that have elapsed since then. These poor men are still forcibly kept from work—and their 40,000 dependents have been, all this time, sustained by public contributions from other parts of Ireland and from America. Large numbers of them, and of others of their co-religionists, have since been killed, and still larger numbers wounded. Very many of them have had their little homes burned over their heads, and their little belongings consumed, while they were driven forth upon the uncharitable streets, under a pitiless hail of stones and bullets—and their sufferings far from ending are still daily increasing. With more and more persistency it is now being held that, with the tacit approval of the Belfast Government, the ultimate aim is to expel every Catholic—and every Irish Nationalist—from Belfast, and still more, to drive them, it is said, from every hearth they own, and from every acre they possess, in every corner of the North-Eastern six counties. The intensified campaign of persecution that is now being waged against them, not in Belfast alone but by the terrible Specials to the utmost border, lends colour to the belief. Pitiful as was the condition of the poor people of Ireland under the rule of the Black and Tan hell-hounds whom Britain, a few years ago, loosed upon them, infinitely more pitiful, and fearful, at the present time, is the lot of the minority who are striving to survive under the terrors of Caronia.

"DID YOU EVER KNOW THE BATE OF IT"

Since my coming here I have heard description of some of the

atrocities wrought upon our people there—and especially one terrible description, told by a Doctor who had attended three of the dying victims in Tyrone. This Doctor has been through the War, and was injured, he said, to fearful things—but never in all his career did he experience anything approaching the horror of the demonic atrocities which had been perpetrated upon these three victims in the course of their being tortured to death. I do not—would not—give the details. They are too utterly revolting to be printed. And yet when, after crossing Caronian territory, I emerged north of it in Donegal (which by a stroke of Lloyd-Georgian humour is "Southern Ireland") I found a fellow-passenger on the Donegal train, one of the Northern-Scottish, who, when I remarked to him of the beauty of the country, replied, with some little acidity "Ay, it is a country where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." The readers of this might suspect that my friend was referring to the Belfast pogroms, or the atrocity of the Belfast Government's army of Specials throughout the six counties. But it was nothing of the sort. On my questioning him regarding the vileness, he told me that there were "bands of black-guards" parading on the border whose sole duty was the holding up of trains coming out of the six counties, and the taking from them, and destroying of, all Belfast goods. "Only this very mornin', here at Clady, the rascals spilled and destroyed bags of sugar, and burned three bales of draperies. Did you ever know the hate of it for blackguardliness?" I mildly answered the irate gentleman that I thought I did know the hate of it for blackguardliness—that the burning of the roof tree over the heads of, and every miserable little stick of furniture belonging to, miserable poor people in Belfast, who had long since been deprived of their means of earning, and the driving of them into the streets was, I thought, rather more blackguardly than the burning of bales of Belfast draperies—and that the spilling of Belfast bags of sugar was not quite so blackguardly as the spilling of the heart's blood of men, women, innocent children, and babes, in Belfast, and other parts of the six counties. As I concluded my quiet little rejoinder our train was pulling up at the little village of Killygord. "Oh be dam to ye," he cried, crushing his way out of the carriage door "Ye're one of the blackguard Republicans, too," and he shook his stick fiercely as he strode along the platform. This irate gentleman well typified the very peculiar Caronian mind which strains at the gnat, and swallows the camel.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Mount Charles,
County Donegal.

ARCHBISHOP SHOT WHILE SAYING MASS

Washington, D. C., June 24.—Archbishop Juan Francisco Aragone of Montevideo, who was attacked and wounded in two places by a young Spaniard, who fired at him five times, is seriously injured, according to advices received here. The shooting took place while the prelate was celebrating Mass in the cathedral last Sunday, and the would-be assassin pursued Archbishop Aragone into the sacristy before being overpowered by members of the congregation.

Monsignor Aragone has been Archbishop of Montevideo since 1919 and is one of the youngest members of the hierarchy in South America. He is now in his forty-first year. He was born in Carmelo, in the Department of Colonia on May 24, 1882, and studied philosophy, theology and law in the Gregorian University of Rome, graduating from the Academy of St. Thomas. He travelled, studying social work in Belgium, France, Germany and Italy, and, after his ordination, returned to his native land, working with great zeal in the parish of Santa Lucia, where, in less than two years, he founded the powerful "Social Union of Uruguay."

He was assistant at the Cathedral for a short time, and then pastor in the city of Pando, a position he retained until his elevation to the archbishopric in 1919, a year which also saw the consecration of the Right Rev. Jose Marcos Semeria and the Right Rev. Thomas Gregorio Camacho, as bishops of Melo and Salto, respectively.

These three prelates, making up the hierarchy of Uruguay, which had emerged triumphant from a long religious struggle and the separation of Church and State, inaugurated a new era in the Catholic life of the country and Monsignor Aragone's efforts in combatting the false philosophies of radicalism and in bringing about a reign of social justice made him as well loved by his congregations and by the general public as they made him hated by those who for selfish purposes were sowing discord among the people.

The would-be assassin of Monsignor Aragone, whose name was given as Benigno Herrera Salazar, is said to have arrived in Uruguay recently from Buenos Aires.

CARDINAL LOGUE'S SOLEMN WARNING

YOUTH OF IRELAND GROWING GRAVELY DEMORALIZED

The Derry Journal, June 9

His Eminence Cardinal Logue has uttered words of great gravity on the peril of the situation that has developed in Ireland. The occasion was that of the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation at Haggardstown, near Dundalk, on Wednesday.

His Eminence said there was one blessing for which every one of them longed, and which seemed very slow in coming—the blessing of peace. Owing to the state of confusion and anarchy into which the country had fallen the blessing of peace was slipping away. Some time ago they believed that the sunshine had risen owing to the new arrangements made with the Provisional Government. For seven hundred years he had been sighing for freedom, and it seemed to be within our grasp at last, but, unfortunately, owing to the folly of our own people, instead of doing what was likely to secure that great blessing permanently—when we had received terms which aroused the astonishment of the people of other countries and won the admiration and congratulations of every friend of Ireland—through dissension and through divisions of our own people there is a danger of it slipping away altogether, and a danger of our being thrown back into the terrible state of chaos and confusion in which the country had been for the past two or three years. He mentioned that to show that the only source from which they could hope for better days was from the mercy and power of Almighty God. We need not trust statesmen or politicians. They might have the best intentions, and try to do what is best for the country, but unless they had God's blessing it was labour in vain. Some of the politicians, far from succeeding in establishing a flourishing state of things here in Ireland, were spoiling and ruining our prospects. There was a cloud between the country and the sun of freedom, and if that cloud did not vanish it looked bad for the country. At present it was involving us in a terrible state—a state that was getting worse than anything we had suffered, at least since the days of the persecution. The country was divided into two camps—it was not Ireland now, but two Irelands, and travelling through it was a terrible danger. There was a war going on now, a war called the boundaries—which was leading to the death of a number of people and which was bringing misery and want and making it impossible for the majority of the people to attend to their business. Within the last ten days there had been nothing but war along the boundaries here, and that was the most senseless war that any person could think of. Even if the country was divided for the present there was no reason in the world why there should be an army along the boundaries, and why they should be blazing at each other and wasting ammunition. But if it were only the mere sound of conflict it would be all right. Either by accident or design numbers of people were losing their lives and losing their property. This state of things was very lamentable, and there seemed to be a curse falling upon our people. There was one portion of Ireland from which the Catholics were flying, men and women running from their homes. They had them there in Dundalk, and they had them in Armagh—thousands of them running away from danger, running away to save their lives, and running away because their little business had been wrecked. They were being banished by force, and they had now to fall back upon the charity of their neighbors, even for the means of subsistence, and the question troubling any serious man was how provision could be made for those refugees. This was a state of things which existed in no other part of the world at present since the War and its curse passed, except Turkey. They would see from the newspapers that there was a massacre of Greeks and Armenians in Turkey. In Turkey they did nothing by halves: it was a question of clearing out a whole people. The Armenians clung to that part of the Turkish Empire for generations, though each generation which passed paid a large toll in suffering and in the loss of life. The matter had been condemned over and over again. Some of the older people present might remember the scathing denunciation by the late Mr. Gladstone against this terrible murder and massacre by the Turks, who had declared that the Turks would be "sent bag and baggage out of Europe." The

Turks were a clever people, and had come out of the late War best of any country he knew. Immediately they got a chance they commenced massacre again. "I am forced to say," continued His Eminence, "and I am sorry to be forced to say it, that there is a state of things in one part of our own country that is paralleled only by the Grand Turk and his massacres. I see by the newspapers that there is a Commission of the statesmen of the British Government, joined in by a number of other Governments, to go to Turkey and investigate these terrible massacres. Well, I wish that that Commission would break its journey somewhere in the North of Ireland and make investigation of the massacres there first. There is no doubt the British Prime Minister and the British Government are doing their best to protect the Christians in Turkey. I wish they would pay a little attention to the state of our country here, and do a little job for us before they pass on their way to Constantinople or Anatolia. They will find a state of things here as bad as they will find under the Rule of Turkey.

Dealing with the Boundary question, His Eminence stated that the condition of things was such that a peasant could not pass on his legitimate business from one part of Ireland to another without having to run through a fusillade which might cost him his life. He hoped there would be an end to this, and that the people on both sides would consider the matter and put an end to this business. It was said by the newspapers—he did not pin his faith to what the newspapers said—that on one side this border warfare was simply got up as a provocation and as a means to destroy the settlement which brought the last great promise of peace. Be that as it may, whether that was the intention or not, one thing certain was that it would destroy that prospect of peace which had given so much pleasure some months ago. The second state of Ireland would be worse than the first if this went on.

Within the last few days things had happened which justified the fear he had from the beginning that this state of things in the country would demoralise our young people. It was a terrible thought, and one that should be taken seriously to heart, especially by parents and by those charged with the direction and education of youth, namely, that there was every reason to fear—and the indications of it were quite visible—that this state of disturbance and turmoil was undermining all our Christian principles which should inspire youth and lead them in the peaceful ways of life. He heard it sometime ago, and he found that the rumour had foundation, that even school boys and school girls were getting into this terrible turmoil, and that they were going about carrying revolvers.

"I wish to the Lord," said His Eminence, that there were a few strong men going about carrying birch rods to get at these people who are carrying the revolvers. I have been told that they are holding up people, and I was told of one instance where boys engaged in that work were hardly twelve years of age. If the parents and the priests do not look to this they will have a generation of young footpads and robbers growing up in Ireland. Ireland was remarkable before all this trouble for its love of justice and honesty, but you will have no love of justice or honesty, nor any religious spirit among the youth of the country if there is not a stop put to this business of boys imitating those who are very often not worthy of imitation, and going about making raids for arms. All this is a terrible calamity. It is worse than anything—worse even than the massacres in Belfast. In Belfast you may kill the body, but you cannot kill the soul. If these young people grow up like that they will become worthless scamps. Instead of helping their parents in their free hours to till their land it is horrible to have them going about with revolvers in their pockets, and I am told that the girls in some parts of the country are just as bad as the boys." He appealed to the parents to put a stop to this, and in conclusion asked for prayers for peace in the country.

BLANK CANVAS WINS \$2,500 FOR NUNS AT LONDON EXHIBITION

London, June 7.—The exhibition of pictures, now on view at the Goupil Galleries in London, for the benefit of the Irish Benedictine nuns of Ypres, now living at Kylesmore Castle in Ireland, promised to be a huge success.

The exhibition has been well organized, and a fair amount of the right sort of publicity has been secured in the secular press. A series of public meetings has been held at the Goupil Galleries, at which Viscount Fitzalan, the Irish Viceroy, has made several speeches

on behalf of the Irish nuns. The Spanish and Belgian Ambassadors have addressed meetings, in the nuns' behalf, and further meetings are to be addressed by the American, the French, and the Rumanian Ambassadors. So that on the whole the nuns should realize a comfortable sum.

A unique feature of this exhibition is the display of blank canvases, which are bid for by auction, and which will be filled with a portrait of the buyer by some of the greatest artists of the day. One of these blank canvases put up for auction realized a sum of \$2,500.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

HOLY FATHER SENDS LETTER OF CONGRATULATION TO CARDINAL POMPIII

Rome, June 7.—The following letter of congratulation was sent by the Holy Father to Cardinal Pompili at the close of the Eucharistic Congress:

"To Our Beloved Son, Basilio Cardinal Pompili, Vicar General.

"A few days ago, when surrounded by an immense multitude of cherished children convened in this city from every part of the world to glorify Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, We had the pleasure of opening the twenty-sixth International Congress, and of expressing the fervent hope, or rather, the entire confidence of a complete success for the very important event. This ideal has become a reality which fills Our heart with a holy joy. During the past days We have followed with the utmost interest and with an increasing emotion the programme planned out, taking part, in spirit, in all that was going on, either at the sessions, or in the sacred functions. And We have noted with particular satisfaction, not only the piety and the zeal, but also the enthusiasm with which the faithful have desired to manifest their filial love towards their Sweet Jesus becomes a Victim of peace and love, and to honor the Prisoner in the Divine Tabernacles by religious manifestations worthy of the city which is the centre of the Catholic world and the Seat of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

"Yesterday was the crowning day and the glorious culminating point of the works of the Congress, a truly memorable occasion in which the City of the Popes and the Martyrs celebrated the apotheosis of the Eucharist, carried in triumph through the streets with festive decorations, in the midst of innumerable crowds applauding, in a transport of religious enthusiasm.

"It was an event of such great and universal significance that it will leave in the annals of Christian Rome one of the most luminous pages.

"Highly consoled by this demonstration of faith and devotion towards the most Holy Eucharist, We thank, in the first instance, the Divine Mercy, which in the midst of much bitterness of these times, so full of calamities, has reserved to Us, still in the beginning of Our Pontificate, so great a comfort that a greater one could not have been expected. But Our gratitude is due also to all those who with admirable promptness have contributed to the great success of these feasts; and We particularly express Our Paternal gratefulness to you, Beloved Son and to your immediate cooperators, as also to all the members of the various committees who by their activity have contributed to such a successful result. And now that the Catholics of all the world have in this centre of Christianity consecrated their hearts to Jesus, Victim of love for humanity, We shall continue to pray that the treasures accruing to eternal life, gathered in these days of joy and propitiation near the tomb of the Apostles, upon the ground purpled with the blood of martyrs, in the majestic Roman Basilicas, and even in the mysterious recesses of the Catacombs, may not be lost, for they constitute the hopeful beginning of the second series of Eucharistic Congresses.

"May it please Jesus the Prince of Peace to extend His Kingdom in every social class so that the souls of all men be drawn together in one only brotherly union of faith and love; may the beautiful rainbow of peace appear, rising from the earth inundated with blood and tears. And from the mystic Ark of the Holy Tabernacles may the Dove bearing the olive branch wend its flight to the blue sky.

"With this heartfelt wish and inmost soul the Apostolic Blessing be bestowed upon you, your zealous cooperators, to your various committees of the Congress, and to all those who in these holy days have offered to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament the testimony of their piety and devotion.

"PIUS. P. XI."
"From the Vatican May 29, 1922."

CATHOLIC NOTES

Gutenberg, inventor of printing, was a Catholic.

The laws of heredity were first established by Mendel, a Catholic priest.

The laying of the first Atlantic cable was first proposed by a Catholic, Bishop Mullock, of Newfoundland.

Galvani, discoverer in electricity, who gave the world galvanized iron and the galvanic battery, was a Catholic.

During his trip through Northern Africa, M. Millerand, President of France, stopped at Biskra, where he made a point of going through the native carpet school, and the Lavigerie Hospital, both of which are conducted by the White Nuns.

Today Catholics in the United States are one in every six in the population. In 1900 the population of the United States has increased 24 times, while the population of the Catholic Church has increased 600 times.

In a contest between the pupils of all the Public and Parochial schools of Charles City, Mo., the students of St. Peter's school, which is conducted by the Notre Dame Sisters, received the four prizes for the best essay on the Life of General U. S. Grant.

Two of the oldest churches in Germany—St. Michael's Church, in Fulda, and the Cologne Cathedral—are to celebrate jubilees of their consecration this year. St. Michael's anniversary will be its eleven hundredth, while Cologne Cathedral will have been consecrated 600 years.

Persia perished when 1% of the people owned all the land; Egypt went down when 2% owned 87% of all the wealth; Babylon died when 2% owned all the wealth; Rome expired when 1,600 men possessed the known world. In the United States today less than 5% own most of the wealth.

Msr. Florent de la Villabel, Bishop of Anney, recently laid the cornerstone of the basilica which is to guard the relics of Saint Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, and Saint Jeanne Francis de Chantal, founders of the Order of the Visitation. The relics of the two saints are now kept in the Chapel of the Visitation at Anney.

Excavations now being carried on in the City of Canterbury, England, on what was once part of the grounds of the monastery of St. Augustine, have brought to light a metal bull or seal, attached at one time to a Papal document. The seal is in good condition, and it was attached evidently to a Bull of Pope Urban VI., who reigned in Rome from 1378 to 1389.

Boston College graduated one hundred and thirty-four students and awarded an honorary degree of LL. D. to Denis A. McCarthy, poet, lecturer and formerly editor of the Sacred Heart Review, at impressive commencement exercises at University Heights. His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, an alumnus of the college, spoke briefly, to the graduates, urging them to maintain high ideals, and commended the masterful address by Dr. McCarthy, who was orator of the day.

Paris, June 18.—In order to aid in the campaign undertaken by the Association of French Catholic Youth to protect the Sunday day of rest for working people, especially the employees of the Postal, Telegraph and Telephone Service, the Library of Catholic Propaganda has issued stamps which are being bought by Catholics and placed on letters alongside of the ordinary postage stamp. These stamps are green and bear the inscription, "Do not deliver on Sunday."

Porto Alegre, Brazil, June 7.—The plan of Brazilian Catholics to erect a colossal statue of the Sacred Heart on Mount Corcovado, overlooking the city and bay of Rio de Janeiro may have to be abandoned. As a result of action taken by very strong Masonic influences, the permit issued by the official authorities has been withdrawn and unless further action is taken the statue will not be erected. Thirty thousand Catholic women of Brazil have signed a protest against the recall of the permit, but so far the authorities remain inflexible. The statue was to have been erected in commemoration of the centennial of Brazilian independence.

One of the flourishing centers of London Nonconformity used to be Regent's Park Chapel. The lease of the building and its site expires this year, and it is announced it has been closed, as the trustees realize that the congregation has so fallen off that it is not possible to provide the necessary funds for renewing the lease. In announcing this decision the minister of the chapel, the Rev. F. C. Spurr, remarked in all the churches in central London the Sunday congregations are now "unsatisfactory," but added that "the Roman Catholic churches were an exception. They were crowded."