

incidents. Whatever the issue, both sides alike are compelled after a few days to pause. The lines must be readjusted and consolidated; fresh troops brought up to fill the great gaps in the ranks; supplies of ammunition renewed and time is needed for removal of the dead, dying and maimed from the battlefield.

The losses have been great on our side as well as the Germans. In no action during the war have so many men fallen in the same period of time as in the last few days. If a survey is taken of the whole length of the battle line the allies have good reason for congratulation, confidence and hope.

Furious and determined attacks by the Germans have repeatedly been launched at the British lines. All have been repulsed with heavy slaughter. But the determination to drive the allies out of the last acre of Belgium seems no whit abated and the pressure upon the British lines at Ypres is still tremendous, if unavailing.

It is in heavy artillery that the enemy have a marked superiority. The German heavy guns knock the trenches to pieces and deprive the infantry of shelter. Describing the check to the British army at Fromelles, when, after gaining a footing in the enemy's trenches, the infantry were forced to retire. "We lacked high explosives to level the enemy's parapets. Until we are thoroughly equipped for this trench warfare we stand under grave disadvantages. If we can break through the hard outer crust of German defences, we believe we can scatter the German armies, but to break this crust we need more explosives, more heavy howitzers and more men." The cry from all parts of the British lines is keeping him moving.

While the Russian victory in eastern Galicia and Bukovina is not to be compared in importance with that of the Germans in western Galicia, it is, nevertheless, a most substantial one. On Tuesday, after having been badly defeated, with the loss of thousands of men taken prisoners in an action on the south bank of the Dniester, the Austrians retreated rapidly. A Petrograd official statement issued last night says: "The Austrian army evacuated on the eleventh a strongly fortified position, extending from the Bistrica River (near Stanislaw) to the Roumanian frontier, in length about 94 miles, and fell back precipitately on the twelfth, beyond the River Pruth. The Germans, which was sacrificed in repeated charges to protect the general retreat, was dispersed by our fire. Our cavalry divisions broke through the enemy's front at various points, and by successful charges threw the enemy's columns which were on the march into disorder. Our vigorous pursuit continues under conditions particularly favorable to us. The great number of prisoners we already have taken is being rapidly increased."—Globe, May 15.

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Thus we have had "The Fighting Bishop," "The Eloquent Bishop" and the like, but the name of Bishop Colton, the fourth Bishop of Buffalo, will go down in the history of the diocese as "The Working Bishop."

Born in New York City, October 15, 1848, the late Bishop received his early education in Public School No. 5, there having been no available parochial schools at the time. Later he prepared for college at the Latin School of St. Stephen's Church, and in 1869 entered the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier, continuing his studies there for three years. In September, 1872, he entered St. Joseph's Theological Seminary at Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained to the priesthood, June 10, 1876. Immediately after his ordination he was appointed assistant pastor of St. Stephen's Church at the request of Rev. D. E. McGlynn, one of his former teachers, who was then the rector of the church.

For ten years he was an energetic assistant, performing his duties with a humility characteristic of the newest curate in a parish. In the latter part of 1886 he was appointed pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, at Port Chester, N. Y. Shortly after he was called back to St. Stephen's to act as assistant once more, and within a few months Archbishop Corrigan appointed him to the pastorate. It was in this capacity that he displayed his remarkable executive and business ability.

Among non-Catholic clergymen who attended the service are the Rev. Dr. Cameron Davis, Trinity Episcopal church; the Rev. Dr. Frank S. Fitch, First Congregational church; the Rev. Albert L. Grein, Pilgrim Congregational church; the Rev. Louis J. Kopal, Temple Beth Zion; the Rev. L. O. Williams, church of the Messiah.—The Buffalo Evening Courier, May 15.

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Sheridan, V. G., of Oil City; the Rev. August F. Schwartz, chancellor of the diocese of Toledo; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dr. J. H. Hartley of Rochester; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Denis J. Curran, V. G., of Rochester.

Accompanying His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who was celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass of Requiem, were his personal assistants, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Edwards, V. G., and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Michael J. Lavelle, V. G.; the assistant priest, the Rt. Rev. Nelson H. Baker, monsignor and administrator of the diocese of Buffalo; deacon of the Mass, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Donohue; sub-deacon, the Rev. Alexander Pitts; masters of ceremonies, the Rev. Thomas J. Carroll, secretary to the cardinal; the Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Walsh, chancellor of the diocese of Buffalo, and the Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons of Attica.

Scores of pews facing the high altar were pews occupied by nuns. Seats had been reserved for relatives of Bishop Colton, former parishioners of the bishop from New York, Knights of Columbus, city officials, headed by Mayor Louis P. Fuhrmann, and non-Catholic clergymen.

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Cardinal Lucon on Rhinns and Canterbury. In acknowledging the sum of £8 10s. collected at a lecture at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and an expression of sympathy from some citizens of the metropolis of the city of Canterbury to the Metropolitan of France, Cardinal Lucon, the Archbishop of Rheims, has sent an interesting reply (says the Times):

In it Cardinal Lucon dwelt upon the parallel between Canterbury, where St. Augustine baptized the first Christian King of England, Ethelbert, for which the way was prepared by his Christian wife, Bertha, and Rheims, where St. Remi baptized Clovis, the first Christian king of the Franks, whose wife, Clotilda, played a similar part of that of Bertha. He was also glad to hear of another interesting connexion between Rheims and St. Augustine's Abbey—namely, that it was at Rheims in 1046, where Leo IX. was holding a synod on the occasion of his visit there to dedicate the Abbey of St. Remi—which bears the same relation as St. Augustine's to Canterbury Cathedral—that Wulfic II. the Abbot of St. Augustine's—then on an embassy from King Edward the Confessor, received from the Pope the right to wear a mitre and to take precedence of all Benedictine Abbots except the Abbot of Monte Cassino.

It was on this occasion, too, that Wulfic obtained the Pope's advice and blessing on his project for rebuilding his Abbey Church and translating the bodies of the saints—the foundations of which very reconstruction have just been discovered below the work of his successor Abbot Scotland.

THE POPE'S PRAYER FOR BELGIUM Pope Benedict XV. on Thursday last week, received Mgr. Deplaigne, President of the Institute of Philosophy at Louvain, who had said how much he wished to have a Belgian flag, bearing the inscription: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, save Belgium," blessed by His Holiness, in order that he might himself offer it at Paray-le-Monial. The Pope graciously acceded to this request and when the flag was brought to him said:

I bless this flag with all my heart, and I pray the Sacred Heart not only to save Belgium but also to restore her in all her former prosperity and to make her more beautiful and fairer than ever.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER HOWLEY, R. N. NEPHEW OF LATE ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY A HERO OF 100 WOUNDS, BUT HAPPILY RECOVERING

The Daily News, St. John's, Nfld., April 29 Yesterday, James P. Howley, Esq., F. G. S., father of Engineer Lieutenant Commander Richard A. Howley, of H. M. S. Irresistible, received a letter from his son, then in hospital at Plymouth. He has kindly consented to the publication of some extracts from the letter, which will be read with pride and gratitude by the compatriots of the gallant young Commander; pride in the calm courage displayed, gratitude because a valuable life has been spared to his family and the Empire. That he may speedily be restored to health and vigour will be the general hope and prayer.

THE EXTRACTS R. N. Hospital, Plymouth, April 18th, 1915. "After being some time at the Dardanelles, during which time the poor old Irresistible took part in the attacks on the outer forts, without casualties, and did a great deal of useful work, as our landing parties blew up no less than forty guns in the reduced forts, the 18th was selected for the great attack on the narrow, Kild Bahr and Chanak.

The fleet pounded away for about two hours, each ship at some particular fort, then two French ships and two of us were ordered to close in to our out-works. We did this for a bit, but just about 4 o'clock either a mine or a torpedo struck the ship starboard side of engine room. The Chief and myself were in port engine room. A terrific explosion threw the ship over to port. All lights went out, and then she heeled over to starboard. The starboard engine rooms had flooded. We sent the men on deck, and the Chief and myself tried to stop water coming into port engine room, but it was no use, water gained, and when it got to our midles, we gave it up and started up the ladder used by officers. The heavy armoured grating was down, and I tried to lift it and couldn't, and I remember saying to him, "My God, we are trapped," but fortunately two men overhead either saw or heard us and came to our rescue. We were, of course, wet through and a bit shaken. I then had to do what I could to prevent an internal explosion generally caused by sudden rush of cold water on to guns and boilers under pressure, so I went to each of the three boiler rooms in turn, shut the main steam valves, opened the safety valves to relieve the pressure and ordered all hands on deck. One of my men was most devoted to me during all this and would not leave me, and when I went down the first boiler room he said most pathetically, "don't go down too far, Sir."

This must have taken me about half an hour, so I thought I had better go and see how things were. I went on deck and found that the men had got orders to leave the ship and get to a destroyer close by, and only a few men and the officers were left on deck, and they were all quickly preparing to leave too, so I started to blow up my swimming collar, and at that instant a shell fell on the deck just behind me, and my back was terrific, my legs felt as if they were both broken, and my back as if it had been flayed. I fell on the spot, and thought I was done for. I had a little Rosary, Norah gave me when leaving, in my pocket. I took it out, kissed the Crucifix and crossed myself. I immediately experienced an extraordinary change, something forcing me to action, and the one idea in my head became to get into the water. I managed to crawl to the ship's side where several men were still standing on the netting. They wanted to swim with me to the destroyer when they saw I was badly maimed, but I refused and told them to drop me in the water, which they eventually did. I thought I was done for, and told them not to risk their valuable lives, as I was no more good to anybody. I fell into the water, and fell on a log of wood which I held. I couldn't swim, and so drifted with the tide away from the rescuing destroyer, all the time watching people swimming from the ship to the destroyer. I drifted, picking my wounds, for nearly half an hour, when a steamboat from another ship swept round behind me and picked me up. I was taken aboard the Albion—my head was holed—and my wounds were first dried. I was kept here until midnight when I was removed to the hospital ship Soudan. I spent a night of awful agony. They gave me injection of morphia, but it didn't have much effect. Next four days I spent most of the time under chloroform, having pieces of shell taken out of me. One doctor commenced to count the number of wounds, and gave up when he got to 70. They reckon there were over a hundred wounds on my body, fortunately mostly small. A few big ones, and a very bad one in my right foot; from outside ankle the whole of the instep was taken away.

The Soudan arrived at Malta on the 25th March, and I was transferred to the naval hospital, where I spent a week. They were awfully good to me there and took great care of me, with the result that I was well enough to be transferred to the hospital ship, Plassy, which left for Plymouth on April 1st. We arrived on the morning of the 8th, and I was again transferred to Plymouth hospital.

I am progressing very rapidly now, and hope by the end of next week to be able to get about in a bath chair. I fear it will be a couple of months before I can put my right foot to the ground, but I have had a most miraculous escape. I am able now to sit up on a sofa, but I don't find it very comfortable for writing.

I had only been in hospital one day when I had a visitor. A man came in to see me, and I didn't know who he was. He said I would never guess who he was, and I would not have. It was Frank Pinsent. He is living in Plymouth, married and has some Government job.

I had a small operation yesterday, another piece of shell taken out of my right foot, but it feels much better to day. A week from now I shall be well enough to move, and will probably be sent to Haslar.

The only other Howley in the service, Major Jasper of the Lincolnshires, was killed in action the same day as I was wounded.

SO LET IT BE! So let it be! The prayer that Christ enjoins Live ever in our soul and on our tongue. So let it be! The worship He assigns— Our great Creator—with thanksgiving song, From hearths in temples, yes, wild woods among, Pour forth! So let it be! As drooping vines Drink the reviving shower so sink into Our hearts His precepts! Lo, one word enshrines Full attestation of our faith! "Amen" Includes the sum of our assent, and bears The seal of truth; it is the wing of prayers Speeding the voice of millions not in vain, To God's high throne, borne on seraphic airs, To ratify in heaven our glorious gain!

AN UNPREJUDICED TRIBUTE The Booklover's Magazine pays this unprejudiced and sterling tribute to the Catholic Church. It is a common sense view often expressed by Americans. It remains that these same sentiments shall be expressed in terms of the heart and conscience of the growth of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is one of the most striking facts of history—and she has also gained the popular good will, or a least a favorable possession, and she has conquered respect. At present those who look upon her most favorably are that large and influential class of men whose antecedents were Protestants, but whose actual connection with a Protestant church is little more than nominal. They knew enough of Protestantism to make them alive to

its faults, and they know just enough of Catholicism to make them admire its excellence. These men care little for the theological and ecclesiastical questions which separate Rome and Protestantism. They are legislators, city officials, railroad men, editors, managers of large business interests. Whenever their dealings bring them in contact with a Roman Catholic institution, they find an organization which knows its own mind, knows what it wants, has some one who can speak for it officially and finally. They can see that it maintains discipline among its own members, and seems at the same time to retain their affection. They are attracted, in a word, by its practical, business-like efficiency, and are repelled by the opposite qualities in Protestantism.—The Republic.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE WELCOMED IN AUSTRALIA Australian Catholic papers tell of the splendid welcome given by Sydney to Australasia's first Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Cerratti, Archbishop of Corinth. His Excellency, even after his experiences in Washington, must have been surprised when he stepped on board the government launch Premier at Archbishop's Wharf, Manly, en route for his first official visit to Sydney.

It was a glorious summer day; air, earth, sky and sea were full of light and color; the Delegate, surrounded by the Archbishop of Sydney, the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Coadjutor Archbishops of Brisbane and Adelaide, the Bishops of Armidale, Maitland, Goulburn and Wilcannia and many of the distinguished prelates, priests and laymen of Sydney, set out on his triumphal journey accompanied by a flotilla of steamers, gay with bunting and vibrant with bands and cheering.

On landing at Sydney Mons. Cerratti was met by representatives of the State and Commonwealth governments and by the Mayor of the city, who said: "May it please Your Excellency, as Lord Mayor, and on behalf of the aldermen and citizens of Sydney, I desire to extend to you a respectful and hearty welcome as Apostolic Delegate to Australasia. Moreover, since your official residence has been located in our metropolis by the Holy See, I rejoice in saluting Your Excellency as a fellow citizen. A magnificent procession was then formed and the delegate received a continuous ovation along the route between the wharf and St. Mary's Cathedral. Here addresses from the hierarchy, and from the clergy and laity of Sydney were presented, to which the Delegate replied.—Intermountain Catholic.

DRUGGING THE MIND "Habitual novel-reading," says the Fortnightly Review, "often destroys the taste for serious literature; and few things tend so much to impoverish the character as the habit of constantly saturating the mind with inferior literature, even when that literature is not immoral."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION Taichowfu, March 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner stone of the church in Taichowfu. 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 designs to open months to His praises in the Far East to replace those skilled 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. Previously acknowledged... \$5,888 62 Subscriber, N. B. 1 00 P. B. M., St. Joseph's, Nfld. 1 00 Mrs. McRae, Parkhill, 1 00 Friend, St. Joseph's, 1 00 Friend, St. John, N. B. 2 00 In memory of A. E. Werneke 2 25

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Thornton-Smith Co. Mural Paintings and Church Decorating 11 King St. W. Toronto a gravity and dignity reminiscent of his grandfather, but without the suggestion of uppishness or pomp, and showing clearly great promise of political ability. It is said that he went to the war with a premonition that he was not to return. He could have no finer epitaph than his own words in his last letter to his mother from the front—"It is not length of existence that counts, but what is achieved."—Glasgow Observer, April 24.

THE HAPPIEST OF MEN St. Francis expresses in loftier and bolder language than any earthly thinker the conception that laughter is as divine as tears. He called his monks the mountebanks of God. He never forgot to take pleasure in a bird as it flashed past him, or a drop of water as it fell from his finger. He was, perhaps, the happiest of all the sons of men. Yet this man, undoubtedly, founded his whole polity on the negation of what we think the most imperious necessities. Of his lovely character, thus reflects Gilbert K. Chesterton: "Why was it that the most large-hearted and poetic spirits of that age found their most congenial atmosphere in these awful renunciations? Why did he who loved where all men were blind seek to blind himself where all men loved? Why was he a monk, and not a troubadour? We have a suspicion that, if these questions were answered, we should suddenly find that much of the enigma of this sullen time of ours was answered also.—The Republic.

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