

## The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1918

### A HUNDRED THOUSAND WELCOMES

Irish though many of them were there were few in the vast crowd that thronged St. Peter's Hall on Friday night last who did not realize afresh the deep significance of the ever-old and ever-new expression of Celtic feeling and fervor in the *caed mille fuitte* which the people of London gave to their beloved Bishop on his return from overseas.

In another column we give the London Advertiser's report of His Lordship's address; accurate and well written as the summary is, it gives but a suggestion of the force and fire, the humor and pathos of the speech; of that intense conviction of the speaker which reaches and stirs the very souls of his hearers in a way that even a verbatim report conveys but a feeble impression. Nevertheless there are many thousands of readers for whom the printed account of what Bishop Fallon says will be illumined and vivified by the memory of the personality, the force, the earnestness and the eloquence of the speaker; and tens of thousands will be delighted to hear that he considers it a duty to convey to his fellow-Canadians the message he bears from our brothers across the sea striving so valiantly and so successfully to save Canada from the horrors of war and civilization from utter destruction.

One of those light but effective touches of Bishop Fallon's spoken words which it is difficult to convey in cold type was his reference to certain silly rumors when he said that he was home and "home to stay." The applause, the cheers, even the laughter, (for those close to Bishop Fallon have got pretty well used to silly rumors), that greeted this brief remark showed that the people at once grasped its full significance.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD is sure of rightly interpreting the wishes of its great army of readers in extending to Right Reverend Bishop Fallon a hundred thousand welcomes home; and many times a hundred thousand Canadian hearts will experience a thrill of joy and pride in knowing that he is "home to stay."

### THE HOME RULE OUTLOOK

Mr. Samuel Gompers told the British Labour Congress that he did not agree with former British Governments in their treatment of Ireland. Mr. Gompers used mild language. As a guest in England he was no doubt trying to express himself more politely than forcibly. Nobody now agrees with the treatment of former British Governments accorded to Ireland, and if Mr. Gompers was significantly silent about the present British Government it does not follow that he thinks it an improvement on its predecessors in its dealings with things Irish. International reasons, Imperial reasons, British reasons and Irish reasons are now all in favour of Home Rule. The most enlightened Unionists like Sir Horace Plunkett and the most bigoted Unionists like Sir James Campbell have become Home Rulers because they have been forced to see that no other policy will ever be accepted by the Irish people. Britain knows that her governmental system in Ireland has broken down. The British Government is now afraid to go forward or to go backward or to stand still. It is afraid to touch the Irish problem and afraid to leave it alone. The solution is Home Rule and it is not applied because of the blind and bitter but resolute opposition of North-East

Ulster. However, there are hopes that this opposition will weaken. The men who were the leaders of the "Ulster" movement can now see the evils of the situation they created. Long before Sir James Campbell publicly declared himself for Home Rule he had been working privately among the Orange masses to prepare them for a change of front. His efforts were not successful and they have only brought him the reproaches of the true-blue papers of Belfast. In the rest of Ireland there is a great improvement in the situation. The agitation provoked by the Government's ill-judged conscription policy is dying away. Recruiting for the Army is brisk according to the message sent to the British Labour Congress by Capt. O'Grady, M. P., who is now in Ireland. Capt. O'Grady is the Labour M. P. for East Lothian, one of the most Catholic and Irish constituencies in England.

### A FRENCH WRITER'S REPORT ON CANADA

M. Francois Veullot, a nephew of the great Louis Veullot, was sent to Canada by the Catholic Committee of French Propaganda which has done so much notable work during this War. The principal aim of the Committee has been to combat the idea, spread industriously among Catholics by German propagandists, that France is infidel through and through. It cannot be denied that official France supplies only too much plausibility to the charge; yet the Catholic Committee has succeeded in convincing men of good will that the country of France is not as the Government. M. Veullot's mission to Canada was mainly in Quebec where by speech and writing he pleaded the cause of France in this War. Now that M. Veullot is back in Paris he has reported his impressions of Canada. Of the religious and social life of the people of Quebec he speaks superlative language of praise. He also discusses the delicate question of the attitude of Quebec to the War, a question which has, perhaps, aroused more interest in France than in any other country except our own. M. Veullot begins by admitting what he calls "the brutal fact" that the French element in Canada made far less than a proportionate contribution to voluntary enlistment. But for this fact, M. Veullot points out, there were general and particular causes which must be taken into account before accusing Quebec, as its critics in France do, of indifference to the cause of the Allies. M. Veullot names as a general cause for backwardness in enlisting the fact that the great majority of Quebec people are rooted to the soil as agriculturists, and that fathers need their grown up sons to help them on the farm. Amongst particular causes M. Veullot names mistakes made by English-speaking Canadians in their dealings with Quebec. First in order he puts the alleged fact that the appeal to enlist was made chiefly on grounds of "English imperialism" and he goes on to mention the sending of a Methodist minister, unable to speak French, as a recruiting officer; the drafting of French-speaking recruits to units where all the others spoke English; and "the revival in Ontario of the old campaign against the teaching of French." We have no wish to discuss M. Veullot's diagnosis of the situation. Catholics in Ontario and other parts of Canada will sometimes differ from M. Veullot in their viewpoints. But they will acknowledge that M. Veullot writes with fairness, and not at all in the one-sided manner that certain journals in the United States that have summarized his article would lead us to believe. M. Veullot's article appeared originally in the "Bulletin de Propaganda Française," and it is reprinted textually in "La Vie Canadienne." But the general and particular causes already stated are not the only ones mentioned by M. Veullot. He says:

"There is also a historical factor, of which we cannot dispute the reality or minimise the consequences—the deep and long-standing antipathy which in old Canada especially, that is, in Quebec and Ontario, separates the two races. The loyalty of the French-Canadians to the British Crown is unquestionable; but not less unquestionable is their enmity towards the English. It is a sad fact, but it is a fact. My whole heart and all my prayers are with those Canadians on both sides who are seeking to bridge the gulf that separates them. I believe that some day they will succeed. I wish it for the sake of Canada as a whole, and especially for our brothers by race who would be a considerable force in a more united Canada. But at present the racial quarrel exists

and it has affected the War situation, a situation which ought to have softened antagonisms but which has made them more acute."

By these words M. Veullot shows that he appreciates better than many Canadians the seriousness of the evil of racial enmities in Canada. He sees the necessity of aiding the forces that are working for reconciliation and unity. "La Vie Canadienne," which prints M. Veullot's article, is one of these forces. It is a review that is not afraid to say boldly "Nous Sommes Britanniques," and it requires more courage than may be thought to say those words, for feelings had become very bitter. The hopes of Canada's future peace and unity and strength lie with those who are working to exorcise the evil spirits of racialism.

### CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORKS IN MONTREAL

It is a pity that Catholics in Canada have not any book that gives a representative, if not a complete account, of the various forms of social work that are being done by Catholics throughout the Dominion. Such an account would be an education as well as an inspiration. Most of our social works are in the hands of religious or of priests; and therefore there is a special interest in undertakings which are successfully managed by the laity. Montreal has two Catholic social works of the first importance which are under lay management and which have proved their efficiency. One is the Catholic Social Service Guild. The functions of the Guild correspond broadly to those of bodies which take some such name as Charity Organization Society or Associated Charities. In the United States, and in some dioceses in Canada, the work is usually directed by a priest appointed by the Bishop, and who is practically the Diocesan Superintendent of Catholic Charities. Dioceses which get such efficient services as the Catholic Social Service Guild gives to the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal may count themselves specially favoured.

At this time when we are all so interested in Catholic Soldiers' Huts it is appropriate to note that a Catholic Sailors' Hut is flourishing in Montreal. It takes the name not of Hut, but of Club, but the difference doesn't matter. It has a successful history of twenty-five years and like the Catholic Social Service Guild it is under lay direction. The ships that come to the Port of Montreal bring sailors from all seas and all countries. Sailors ashore cannot be left to stay in the streets and indeed there are many doors open to receive them. But it would be better if some of these doors were always bolted and barred, for they are of the houses of land sharks who will do the sailor no good. The Catholic Sailors' Club is, to use the hackneyed expression, a home from home. The Sailor can meet his friends there, he can play games, he can write letters or read, he can get advice in his difficulties, he can go to Confession, he can hear Mass. A visitor to the Club notes in several of the rooms a woman's picture, a woman whose face is lined with the marks of age and whose hair is grey. It bears no description in words but it will be recognized as Whistler's portrait of his mother. No better way could be taken of mutely reminding the wandering sailor not to neglect writing letters home. We once heard an experienced worker among soldiers say "The man who writes home frequently is a man who is keeping straight," and no doubt there is much sound psychology in the remark. The relatives of men away from home will help to surround them with the safeguards of home influences by writing letters to them frequently; and the men will safeguard themselves if they reply to those letters. The War has brought to us all a realization of the value of recreation and religious centres like Catholic Soldiers' Huts, and therefore we should be better able to appreciate the splendid work done quietly for so many years by the Catholic Sailors' Club.

### WHAT THE SOLDIERS WANT

The need for huts for soldiers overseas is so pressing that in the case of the French-Canadians at Bramshott the Officer Commanding, Col. Desrosiers and Major Gaspard Desrosiers have spent their own personal money to install a marquee tent with moving pictures and other entertainments for their men. The representative of one of the Quebec papers, Le Soleil, who is now in England with the deputation of Canadian

editors, writes to his paper that the French-Canadian soldiers in camp at Bramshott are very urgently in need of a "Chez-Nous," or in other words, a Hut. This Quebec writer appeals to his compatriots to provide a "Chez-Nous" as a tribute to the troops who have done such glorious things in the recent advance. He says:

"Let us give generously. Those who have their sons 'over there' will not hesitate, and to those whose sons are not there, the duty of giving is even greater. The autumn is coming. It is the season when we all feel it is good to be sheltered in our homes. Let us think of our soldiers over there, who have left their homes."

During the present week every Catholic in Canada has an opportunity of helping a great Catholic patriotic work, an opportunity of paying a debt of justice and gratitude to the men who are offering their lives in our behalf. The Knights of Columbus campaign for Catholic Soldiers' Huts takes place this week. It is a cause to which every Catholic should give not a little but much. "Give until it hurts, and then give more." In Ontario there has just been a Navy League campaign and a Victory Loan campaign will soon be on in all parts of the Dominion. There are many calls to give, but that is no excuse for parsimony towards Catholic Soldiers' Huts. We shall have to go on giving money as long as we have any to give, and as long as men are giving their lives. War time is necessarily a time of sacrifice. The multiplicity of causes will not be an excuse for the Catholics of Canada to neglect in aiding Canadian Catholic soldiers. The K. of C. campaign in the Maritime Provinces was a magnificent success. The objective of \$100,000 was more than attained. The rest of Canada will complete the work.

### LITURGY AND WORSHIP

What a pity it is that good Catholics miss so much joy and devotion, through knowing so little of the beauties of the liturgy, of all those prayers and ceremonies and customs the Church makes use of to worship the Creator, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Huysmans, a celebrated French writer whose conversion from infidelity was largely due to the attraction which liturgical beauties exercised upon his imaginative and artistic nature, has expressed his amazement that people who practise faithfully the Catholic religion are ignorant of the words, vestments, gestures and all the symbolism of Catholic worship. In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass there is not a word, not a movement, not the smallest article used, that has not a history and a meaning, if only we knew it. There is, perhaps, no Catholic so ignorant as not to know why the people stand at the reading of the Gospel, or why they genuflect at the words "Et Homo Factus Est" of the Credo. But how many are ignorant of, for example, the vestments worn by the priest in celebrating Holy Mass, the language of the five ecclesiastical colors: white, representing joy and purity; red, the love of God and Christian courage; green, hope and eternal peace; violet, penitence; and black, mourning! White is used for all the feasts of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and saints who are not martyrs; red for the feasts and offices of the Holy Ghost, for the feasts of the Cross and Sacred Passion and of the martyrs; green for the time of pilgrimage, the Sundays after the Epiphany and after Pentecost; violet, for the Sundays of Advent and Lent; and black for Good Friday and all offices for the dead. All the Mass ought to be known, in detail and as a whole, all that leads up to and follows after the supreme moment of sacrifice. We must never forget that the essential act of the Holy Mass is the Sacrifice, the offering up of the Son of God to the Father as a victim for the sins of the world. It is more helpful for us to think of the mystery of sacrifice as more primary than the mystery of transubstantiation. We mean that we ought not to think only of the miraculous change of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of our Lord as the essence of the Mass, but we ought to think of the sacrifice, the offering up of our Lord on the altar to His Heavenly Father. It is the veritable renewal of the sacrifice of Calvary and this is the essence of the Mass. Our Lord makes an oblation of Himself on the altar as He did on Calvary and it is for this that the Mass has its unspeakable power, and we in assisting at it, in uniting ourselves to the great oblation, gain such immense graces. There is a little pious picture sometimes distributed

that ought to be better known. It shows our Lord, in the vestments in which a priest says Mass, coming from the altar to the sanctuary rails with the ciborium and Host in His hands, to give Holy Communion to a child. At the bottom of the picture are the words "Jesus Christ gives us Himself in the Holy Eucharist." It is a helpful thing for us to picture to ourselves Jesus Christ in His priestly robes, as the real celebrant at the Mass. He is the priest as well as the Victim of the Sacrifice. It is He whom we receive in Holy Communion and it is from Him that we receive Him. The little picture we have spoken of should be fixed in our minds. With the eyes of faith we should see Jesus Christ not only in the Host but as the priest. "Jesus Christ" gives us Himself in the Holy Eucharist." He is the Giver and He is the Gift. This thought will help us to a better understanding and appreciation of the Blessed Eucharist.

### IN THE GARDENS OF THE MOTHERHOUSE

From a human standpoint, what we find most interesting at a convent reception is the aftermath, the little family reunions in the convent garden. Father, mother, big brother and sister and the baby girl of the family have come to see Gertrude clothed in the habit of a religious. During the Mass they prayed and wondered and were impressed by the unusual solemnity. They wept a little, but very quietly, when the choir sang "Go ye forth O Sion's Daughters" and their loved one in bridal attire left the chapel to don the sombre habit. The words of the preacher and of the officiating Bishop consoled them but still further accentuated the fact that she, who was so recently a member of their household, was theirs no longer but wholly consecrated to God's service. She could not return with them but at least they could gather round her; they could have her all to themselves for a brief hour before departing for their home.

We are not privileged to say what words were spoken there in the shade of the maple; for we would have deemed it an intrusion to have entered the little circle. We suspect, however, that the conversation was about very ordinary matters. It is ever thus. In the most solemn moments we talk of trifles, when we are really thinking of the days of old and have in mind the eternal years. The good mother, as a sort of relief to her pent up feelings, no doubt discoursed volubly of the news of home and the parish and of the plans that her husband and sons were making for the coming year; and the novice listened with attention, for religion does not destroy but sanctify human affections and human interests. The big sister told of the gossip of the neighborhood; and again the novice listened, for feminine curiosity cannot be wholly discarded with the superfluity of hair. We wondered why that big sister had so many fits of crying. We suspect that it was the result of conflicting emotions. She thought of the scene of the morning, so suggestive of self-sacrifice, of heavenly love and unselfish peace; and then she remembered a plighted word. Never mind, she will dry her tears when she meets him, and she will play Martha's role all the better for that partial revelation of the joys of Mary. The little tot was silent for a long time, looking first at one and then at the other. At last she unobscured herself by the question: "Gertrude, may I be a flower girl the next time?" We would not say that this indicated a vocation to the religious life, any more than do the protestations of certain habitues on these occasions that they think it is just too lovely for anything to be a nun. The member of the group that elicited our sympathy most of all was the father, and we will devote to him a separate paragraph.

They do not say much, these Irish fathers—we have in mind an English-speaking community the majority of whose subjects are of Irish extraction—but "they do be thinking long." That is why we felt for this particular head of the family. A woman more readily relieves her mind by giving vent in words to her joys and sorrows, but the silent man is often misunderstood. The callous hands and the bronze features told of years of strenuous labor, while the merry twinkle in the eye revealed the heart of a boy and the dignified bearing bespoke the soul of a Catholic gentleman. He had seen the little olive branches springing up around his table, and now one of them has been transplanted in the

garden of the Lord. He begrudges it not. He rejoices in it. It is at least the beginning of the consummation of his life's work. The development has been quite natural—the Catholic home with its family devotions and reverence for everything pertaining to religion, the parish pew with the little ones kneeling with their parents every Sunday before the altar, and lastly regular and frequent reception of the Sacraments often at the price of long fastings and great exertions. Perhaps his children did not enjoy the advantages of a Catholic school. Many priests and religious vocations have developed in such an environment; so true it is that the genuine Catholic home is the true nursery of vocations and that not even the advantages of a Catholic school can overcome the evil influence of worldly parents or the lack of home training.

Glancing over the various groups, we were struck by the fact that these fathers were, for the most part, tillers of the soil. The successful merchant, the lawyer, the doctor and the gentleman of leisure had few representatives. Too many of their daughters, who had enjoyed superior advantages were aiming only at social laurels, even, perhaps, at the sacrifice of faith itself. It is hard to account for the fact that cities and towns supply so few vocations. It cannot be attributed wholly to worldliness; for there are plenty of virtuous and self-sacrificing young men and women in our cities. We think that it is due to the distractions which tend to disrupt home life, and to the spirit of independence that comes from the ability of bright young people to earn large salaries, and which keeps them in the maelstrom of commercial life till youth is gone.

There was another little assemblage in that garden, so suggestive of the needs of our day and what apostolic zeal can accomplish, that we will refer to it in a future issue. It was a priest surrounded by a bevy of bright young religious, all of them girls from his own parish.

THE GLEANER

### NOTES AND COMMENTS

A NEW SHADE has been evolved in the United States to which has been given the name of "Yankee Brown." Coming in the midst of a great war its adoption as the national color is urged. Some new shade is likely soon to be fashionable in Germany also. Why not "Dun" color?

OF A CROWD of soldiers gathered one evening in an American hut in England, the Rev. G. W. Russell, of Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, now an army chaplain, asked: "How many of you are Roman Catholics?" More than half of them raised their hands. "Men," then said Mr. Russell, "I have arranged for Father Gile, an English Chaplain, to come tomorrow night to receive your confessions. He will use my office. He will celebrate Mass on Sunday morning at 9.30 o'clock in this hut. Won't you come? I am a Protestant, but you men have escaped the perils of the submarine. Attend Mass and then write home to your mothers, or wives, or sweethearts that one of the first things you did upon landing was to make your confession, attend Mass and thank God for your safety."

AS A RESULT, we are told, nearly every man of them heard Mass and received the sacraments, and many of them later called upon Mr. Russell to thank him for giving them the opportunity of doing so. For his kindly and considerate act this Presbyterian pastor will be thanked far beyond the limits of the army. The example he has set is certainly worthy of emulation. As an adjunct the reader will not fail to note that, in a crowd of mixed men, enlisted under their country's banner, more than half of them were Catholics.

A CLERICAL contributor to the Toronto Globe characterizes as "one of the saddest utterances of modern days," the following culled from the posthumous papers of Dr. Marcus Dods, whom he describes as "among the leading theologians of Scotland": "I am a backslider. I used to enjoy prayer, but for years I have found myself dumb. Of course, one can always make a prayer, but prayer, in the sense of asking for things, has not been, in my case, a proved force. . . . I wish I could live as a spectator through the next generation to see what they are going to make of things. There will be a grand turn up in things theological,

and the churches won't know themselves, fifty years hence. It is to be hoped that some little rag of faith may be left when all is done. For my own part, I am sometimes entirely under water and see no sky at all."

THE WORDS are rightly described as "sad" and "pathetic," but do they not after all exhibit the whole trend of recent years in the matter of religious belief outside the Catholic Church? We do not have to look far for corroboration of this. When we see a professed unbeliever elevated to a bishopric in the Anglican Church, as was the case within the present year, and hear from a Presbyterian pulpit the statement, unrebuked, that belief in Christ's divinity is not essential to membership in that communion, the words of Marcus Dods have a profound significance. The truth is that German higher criticism has eaten into the very vitals of Protestantism, whether in Germany itself or in any other country where the religion of Luther holds sway. No more personal protest against Dods' gloomy outlook can stem that tide. There is one, and one only remedy.

THERE IS, it seems, a movement on foot to change the name of the Church of England in Canada, among those suggested being "The Canadian Church," "The Catholic Church," and "The Canadian Catholic Church." It is to be presumed that the great body of membership of the Church of England, comprising as it does the average run of sensible men and women, will not lend itself to anything so inherently absurd. This is the view taken by many English churchmen themselves. One, writing to the Canadian Churchman, reminds those behind the movement of an incident that transpired in England in the early years of the last century, and which is directly applicable to the proposal under discussion. He outlines it as follows:

"Some hundred years ago, a question as to change of names was brought forward in the old country. A family named Jones, in Monmouthshire (undoubtedly the oldest branch of the family represented in the long and noble family named Herberts—the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery in the English peerage), attempted to change their name to Herbert. Trouble arose, and the Solicitor-General made a very important pronouncement on the question. A family may change its surname, on condition that it can get its neighbours to recognize it by its new name. The upshot of this case was that the old Welsh Squire Jones failed in his attempt at the time to shine by the name of his great English twenty-fourth cousin, but he quietly entered his eldest boy as a cadet in the County Militia under the name of Herbert, and Sir Ivor Herbert, M. P. for Monmouthshire, is today the great grandson of Squire Jones, of Clytha."

"I mention this case," he goes on, "because the principle laid down by the Solicitor-General at the time is a perfectly sane and important one in this connection of our change of name as a Church. We are a comparatively small body among a population of over seven million people. The Roman Catholic Church was a long established body here before the fall of Quebec. We have huge numbers of Christians on every side of us, and the question comes in: By what name are these other Christians willing to recognize us? For we must remember, it is we, not our neighbours, proposing a change? Does any one suppose that our neighbors would be willing to call us 'The Canadian Church,' or 'The Catholic Church,' or 'The Canadian Catholic Church'?"

"Our Parliament, acting upon the principle laid down by the English Solicitor-General a hundred years ago, would probably not allow us to so act, and as we hold all our personal and real property by our present name, we cannot alter our name and still retain our property without the consent of Parliament. A small body, like the Irvingites, may get incorporated as the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church as its first name, but an ancient Church, holding large properties by a legal name, proposing to take a new name, which implied great claims as against our Roman Catholic and Reformed fellow citizens would be an altogether different matter."

THIS is the language of reason and common-sense, and expresses, we should say, the feeling of the majority of English churchmen. A similar proposal came up for discussion at several conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and in spite of prolonged and persistent agitation was on each occasion voted down by a large majority. The proposal to transform a Protestant Episcopal church into the "Holy Catholic Church of America" was too big a draft on the credulity of its mem-