

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE GRADUATE

The college graduate is, if we believe the humorists, of the daily press, over-secure of his ability to make his way and inclined to put too much value on his diploma. He might do all this should he forget the admonitions of his teachers. He may be sanguine as to the outcome, but the young are ever fearless and hopeful, but it is better for a youth to stop unafraid into the arena unburdened by the weight of worldly maxims.

OUR LEADERS

We presume that many of our graduates will become our leaders. Their diplomas will not qualify them for this position, but their colleges have given them the key which if they but use it, can open the way to worth and influence. It takes work to swing back the door of success. It entails time and struggle unremitting. It is impervious to frivolity and idleness, and the trifler may beat his hands upon it without avail. But the man who is willing to pay the price can in after years, perhaps feel it more upon its hinges. He can have his dreams, and build his castles irradiated by the glory of the pure joy of living, and by his faith in all mankind. He may keep his dreams for aye, and in the twilight of life hug them to his heart as a priceless treasure. He may transmute his dreams into achievements: or he may cast them aside as things of the cap and bells, and betake himself to success which means money.

But he who however the wind blow, keeps himself unspoiled and unshaken, who permits not the leering devil of cynicism to cast out of his heart the angels of kindness and trust, and though the hairs be gray, is young in years long since, has achieved happiness. He may never be rich, but then the rich are not, as a rule, the world's chief benefactors. They form the commissariat department of the world's armies. They who lead and shame and uplift us are of the poor, beggars sometimes, enthusiasts, clear-eyed men and women, who weigh life's values in the right balance, "queer" people who give toil and time and esteem themselves richly paid, if they but ease the burdens of others.

The graduate who is disloyal to his Alma Mater is the one who allows his ideals to be submerged in the turbid waters of worldliness when he begins to adore strange gods, and fills his mouth with strange words, and divests himself of the raiment of Saints and sages, he is well on his way to dishonour. And when we say dishonour we mean that he is recreant to his principles: and that instead of exhibiting a resolute manhood, strengthened by sacramental help and devoted to exemplifying in his own life the power and glory of the Church, he becomes but a polished imitation of ungodliness.

IN THE FORE FRONT

In our opinion our colleges can and do equip their graduates to be competitors for the prizes which Canada has to offer. While they are solicitous to retain the approved methods of the past, they look askance at the conservatism which rejects the good that may be in the present. They do not think that anyone by virtue of a Roman collar can be a success in the lecture room. Knowing that nothing but the best can satisfy the intellectual aspirations of the age, and that the college which aims to be a center of influence and inspiration must be grounded in tried and acknowledged scholarship, they concentrate their attention on their professional equipment. Hence some of them boast of men who have been drilled in great centres of learning, and have seen at close range professors of world-wide reputation. Their contact with strong personalities may have added to their virility, and their studies must help their students to a knowledge of the methods of the adversary, as well as of present day problems.

We all know our past glories. We talk about them in our halls, forgetful that if we wish to be worthy of our forbears we should perpetuate these glories. We must warm our-

selves at our own fires. The ambitious and enthusiastic look not to what we have done in the past, but to what we are doing now. And we think that the college which in regard to teaching ability, is the peer of any secular institution and is up-to-date in the best sense, of the term, can and should be the rallying ground of our students, who wish to exercise an influence upon public opinion. Without wishing to make undue claims, we are well within the bounds of propriety when we say that the degrees of some Canadian colleges are honoured by great secular universities, and that their professors are regarded not with pitying condescension but as rivals, men qualified to battle for intellectual superiority. This fact is becoming more and more apparent to all who are not blind. Time was when the Catholic harkening mayhap unconsciously to Protestant prejudice deemed our colleges inferior to others, but to-day no one can, without violating the canons of fair-play and unbiased judgment entertain that notion. In the formation of character we are easily in the forefront; in teaching ability we ask no quarter from the best.

FATHER VAUGHAN ON WAR OUTRAGES

RECALLS HOW THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WERE ROBBED OF THE SACRAMENTS

"All the tramping of Germany's legions, all the thunder of her bombs and batteries cannot drown the cry of one little Belgian child."

Such is the verdict of a neutral Power—the verdict of the great American nation. For the conscience of Europe has been shocked, and we stand horror-stricken at the abomination of desolation in what was once the most flourishing and one of the fairest lands in the world. And new horrors have lately appalled us—horrors that will take first rank in the list of barbaric atrocities—the sinking of the Lusitania—the poisoning of wells and the fiendish use of poisonous gases.

But it is the wanton sacrilegious destruction of the ancient temple of God that has, so to speak, focussed our vision of horror. We have all felt that men may come and men may go, but that those glorious temples raised in the ages of faith would outlast the test of time. But a ruthless mailed fist has struck its smashing blow at the peaceful defenceless temples of the silent and living God. As sure as there is a God in the heavens, we know and feel that His silence will not be for ever, and that the awful wantonness that has not respected the altar of God will surely bring in its own wake the day of reckoning.

It will be long before the cry of the helpless little Belgian child and the writhing agonies of the victims of poisonous gases are forgotten, but it will be longer still before the ruined cathedrals and churches of Belgium will cease to make their mute appeal and steel the courage of the nations to effect some reparation.

In this dear land of ours we, too, have ruined churches—relics of the dark ages, when sacrilegious ruffians advocating a religion made in Germany tore down the temples of God. Again there are other churches going back to the days when this land of ours was Catholic, but they have passed from Catholic hands. Sad as is the sight of a ruined church, sadder still to my mind is the spectacle of some old pre-Reformation church from the altar of which Jesus has been banished.

I do not wish to harrow your feelings by dwelling at any length upon the darkest pages in the history of England. We all know them. We have all sorrowed over them. We have sorrowed to think that those ancient abbeys, monasteries, and cathedrals have been sacked and pillaged and razed to the ground, but we have sorrowed more at the thought of the awful outrages against the Blessed Sacrament perpetrated in those sacrilegious days.

What all civilized nations feel to-day with regard to the ruined churches of Belgium, we Catholics have long felt with regard to the ruined churches of our own dear land. Even the very ruins have passed from our hands. You can still see in every town, village, and hamlet of the land the old empty homes in which Jesus once lived. They are still called cathedrals and churches, but whatever they are called they are no longer the houses of God, for they are no longer the homes of Jesus in the Sacrament of His Real Presence.

And sometimes as I have looked upon these ruins with a sad heart at the tale they unfold, I have wondered if the day will ever dawn when new edifices will rise up from those ancient ruins to shelter Jesus once again really present in the Sacrament.—Freeman, St. John.

THE GERMANS AND THE IRISH

It is characteristic of German stupidity that an effort should be made to induce Irish prisoners to fight against England. It is equally characteristic of the Irish that the base appeal should have been met with scorn—and a sound walloping for the few—very few—renegades who heeded it. In the unhappy past many of the militant Irish, denied careers in their own country, emigrated to the continent, took service in the armies of Austria, Spain and France, forming the justly celebrated Irish Brigade, and fought against England on many a famous field; which caused the Duke of Cumberland to complain of the "accursed laws which deprive me of such subjects." But if the Irish Brigade was found against England in many wars, Irish regiments also won undying fame in her service. Irish soldiers displayed such valor in the Peninsular campaign and at Waterloo that the Duke of Wellington, bitter Unionist that he was, became converted to Catholic emancipation, and indeed it may be said that Irish valor in the wars against Napoleon wrought more than the oratory of O'Connell to win that great reform.

In all the campaigns that England has engaged since Waterloo, Irish regiments have played a gallant role. In the Crimea, in the Indian Mutiny, in Egypt and the Sudan they gained indelible fame. In South Africa their conduct stirred the hearts of the Empire and led to the formation by the late Queen of that splendid regiment which has already given to the annals of the British Army, Mick O'Leary—the Irish Guards. And Irish battalions have more than upheld the reputation of the Celtic battle fury in the present war. In the tragic and glorious retreat from Mons the Connaughts, the Munsters and the Irish Guards battled side by side with the Black Watch, the Gordons, the Coldstreams and the other mighty regiments of England and Scotland. And when British troops walked into the very jaws of death in the landing of Suddell Bahr, the Munsters and Dublin Fusiliers led the way.

Ireland has her Casements, her Shaws, her Sinn Feiners and long distance revolutionaries, but the heart and intelligence of the mass of the people are sound. However much they may quarrel among themselves, way down in their hearts they realize that they all belong to a common Empire and are faced with a common peril. As the late Dr. Drummond once put it: "In piping times of peace the troublesome Irish occasionally give cause for regret, but when it's off with the gloves and a bare knuckle fight to a finish they are never behind the others—in fact they often lead them all."—Ottawa Journal.

SCOTCH PRAYERS FOR DEAD SOLDIERS

It is nothing strange to find Episcopalians praying for the dead, in spite of all that was done under Edward VI. and Elizabeth to root out the belief in Purgatory, and in spite of the fact that the belief finds no expression in the Episcopalian authorized Prayer Book. Still the good citizens of Edinburgh must have had a bit of a shock when they read in the "Scotsman" the description of the "loud" and vehement prayers for the dead soldiers that issued from the lips of the congregation of St. Mary's Scottish Episcopal Cathedral recently in their service commemorative of those who have fallen in the war. Bishop Walpole, we are told, read a long list of names. "The silence was broken only by the Bishop's voice as he slowly read name after name, and by the loud periodic responses of the congregation at the conclusion of the roll of each individual parish—"May they rest in peace! Let light perpetual shine upon them!" So it is not "Papists" only who believe in Purgatory—for prayers for the dead certainly involve a Purgatory. We have no doubt that many Presbyterian fathers and mothers, too, are feeling at present that the hard and brutal Calvinistic creed, which forbids intercession for the departed, is violently in conflict with their hearts' truest and deepest sentiment. It must appear monstrous, not to say un-Christian, that they should be debarred by an inhuman heresy from pleading with God for the souls of those dear to them who have been cut down "with all their imperfections on their head," with but little preparation for the great Account. Among its many monstrosities, Calvinism was never guilty of any error more decidedly in contradiction to the natural feeling and desire of the Christian heart than when it condemned supplications for the departed. Indeed, we believe we are right in saying that, of all schismatical and heretical bodies in Christendom, Calvinism, together with its offshoots, stands in this matter in the most fearful and wonderful isolation.—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

TRUE MEANING OF THE WORD "CATHOLIC"

In reference to this subject, writes Mr. Moyes, in a letter to the London Tablet, may I be allowed the following further intrusion on your space:

1. The Catholicity of the Church as to time and place consists essentially in her mission to all nations and all generations given her from the mouth of Christ. It is a truth of Faith. It does not depend upon the actual inclusion in her pale of this or that particular people, which is gradual and progressive. In this its essential meaning the Church has been Catholic from the outset.

2. All three applications of her Catholicity—place, doctrine, and time proceed equally from the will and word of Christ, and are equally and expressly contained in Christ's teaching. Hence, it is not open to us to treat-out of the three as secondary, in the sense of denying or rejecting them, least of all to treat them as secondary ideas, accumulated in the course of time, and likely to cause confusion or annoyance. These applications, rooted in the plain word of Christ, enter into the essential constitution of His Church, and are from the beginning. As we might expect, the Fathers use the particular application which is most to their point and purpose, and the frequency of usage of a term in this or that application is naturally a matter of development. But the essential meaning as to time and place given by Christ to His Church, is not a subsequent product or new creation, and cannot be set aside on any mere plea of etymology. As Catholics, we form our concept and regulate our beliefs not upon the etymological structure of a term, but upon the meaning which it has in the living mind and speech of the Church, guided as she is by God's Holy Spirit. Amongst other things she can be trusted to know the meaning of her own name, and as has been pointed out, the words of her Fathers and her authorized Catechisms insist upon Catholicity of time and place as much as if not more than that of doctrine. As these are integral parts of Christ's meaning, attested by His own words, that meaning in the mind of the Church, while rightly and happily subject to process of development, is no new or accidental product of any school or a period, but remains essentially the same. ("In eodem dogmate," in eodem sensu" as the Vatican Council declares, citing the voice of antiquity as represented by St. Vincent of Lerins.)

3. Father Crosse very rightly says that no one could belong to the Church who denies the completeness of her message. But the same thing is equally true of anyone who denied her "ubiquity" in the sense of Catholicity of place, viz., that the Church has received from Christ the mission of teaching all nations. And it would be equally true of anyone who denied her Catholicity of time, viz., her indefectibility by which Christ has promised that He will be with her in that work of teaching all nations "all days" until the consummation of the world. (I cannot recollect having seen the word "sempiternity" applied to the Church. It is usually predicated of God, who has no beginning or end. The Church's Catholicity of time here on earth is simply her perpetuity from the time of Christ to the Day of Judgment, if Christ, has said that: "He will be with her 'all days' to the consummation of the world, it cannot be open to a Catholic to say that the Church may come to an end before that time. That of course cannot be your correspondent's meaning.)

4. The Germans now probably numbered about 2,000 against about 500 Connaughts and 170 of us; but had there been 50,000 Germans, I don't believe in my soul they could have stood before the Irish. They simply were irresistible; and all the time kept singing 'God Save Ireland.'

One huge red haired son of Erin, having broken his rifle, got possession of a German officer's sword, and everything that came in the way of this giant went down. I thought of Wallace. Four hundred and seventy Huns were killed and wounded, and we took 70 prisoners. Had it not been for the Irish I wouldn't have been writing this, and when it comes to hand-to-hand job there is nothing in the whole British army to approach them. God Save Ireland and the Irishmen.

MASS IN THE TRENCHES

It is not always—as most soldiers "out here" know—the actual front line trenches that are the most dangerous portions of the battlefield; often there is less real danger there than amid the risky shelter of support trench and "demi-répos" billet. Thus it is that the expression "Mass in the trenches" has often been loosely applied to Mass celebrated anywhere near the firing line, within reach of the devastating shells; and the expression has gone unquestioned.

But to-day, on this lovely July morning, I and a hundred and fifty other Irish Catholic soldiers have heard Mass, and receive Holy Communion, in the actual fire trench, with only the thin parapet between us and the watchful enemy.

The occasion must have been unique; and, indeed, the men thought it so, for I read as much in their letters home to Ireland, written while the fervour was still strong upon them.

The short July night had given place to day. It was very early morning, and the skylarks—those unfailing little optimists of the war—were climbing to their places in the sun. I could discern a star shining palely amid the glow in the east, and the dew was still cold and heavy upon sandbags, arms, and greatcoats. Slowly long files of men, led by their officers, made their way from neighbouring portions of the line, and assembled in the little chosen place. The altar had already been erected there—an unpretentious sideboard, rescued from some burnt-out farm. The priest, dressed like the rest in khaki, was already vesting, and for a little while his figure, all in white, stood out pathetically distinct in the midst of all that cunning "protective" drabness. Then, just as the

for the renewal of the oath to drive Prussianism to its knees, say to the dust, never again, in the world's history, to be a menace to civilization.

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND FOREVER

—Pte. Robert McGregor of the Gordon Highlanders, writes to his father of a night attack in the trenches. An aeroplane came over them:

Then a searchlight played on us, followed by the dropping of bright balls, which brilliantly lit up the whole place, and in a few minutes the shells got us, and were coming plump into us. One shell came right into our position and knocked over twelve of our fellows. They were practically torn asunder and the whole side of the trench was torn up: "Our guns were blazing away, and I think, found the fellows who were annoying us, as their fire got slack, and finally ceased. This sort of thing was kept up till day dawned."

Then we saw the Huns advancing as unconcerned as if on parade. On they came in close formation, and there must have been ten to one against us. We fired as hard as we could, but they seemed to come out of nowhere, and never halted. When they were getting too close we charged. It was our only chance. When they saw us leave the trenches they halted for a moment, but afterwards came on to meet us. I don't remember much of what took place then. It was stab and hack.

You could hear the smash of gun against gun, the thud, thud, but beyond that there was an uneasy silence, broken sometimes by an oath and a groan. How long this went on I hardly know (but it seemed years to me). We drove them back about a hundred yards. Our officers saw the Germans reinforced and sounded a retreat, but owing to a few machine guns we couldn't get back into our trenches. The Germans, now greatly increased, came on again, and our fellows, only about 170 left, got ready to meet what seemed certain death.

But just at that moment we heard the sound of singing, and the song was "God Save Ireland." It was the Connaught Rangers coming to our relief. I have seen some reckless Irishmen in my time, but nothing to match the recklessness and daring of those gallant Irishmen. They took the Germans on the left flank.

The Germans now probably numbered about 2,000 against about 500 Connaughts and 170 of us; but had there been 50,000 Germans, I don't believe in my soul they could have stood before the Irish. They simply were irresistible; and all the time kept singing 'God Save Ireland.'

REHMES CATHEDRAL RUIN IS PRUSSIA'S SHAME

For seven hundred years Rheims Cathedral stood, the wonder and admiration of the Christian world. Two hundred years before Columbus discovered America, the faithful of Rheims had commenced the "romance in stone and lime" which was to thrill the modern world. Successive wars left it intact, successive foes respected the sacred pile. It was left for a so-called Christian emperor, and so-called Christian troops to shell this incomparable House of God and leave it a standing monument of the infamy of the Huns. Even the Red Cross which flattered from its towers could not hold back the savagery of the brutal invaders. To them it represented a hated nation's love and devotion and the decree went forth for its destruction. Seven hundred years ago King Clovis was crowned within its walls by St. Remi. The Cathedral was the meeting place of Popes, kings and emperors and its archbishops claimed, on its behalf, the right to crown the kings of France. To-day it is in ruins. But wherever a Frenchman is to be found he will mark its destruction as a foul blot against a military power, superficially Christian but in reality barbarian. Its battered walls call to high Heaven for vengeance. Its desolation will give giant strength to the arm of the Catholics in the allied forces. In its days of glory it never was so powerful as in its humiliation. It stands

sun rose, he donned the brave white-and-gold of the chausse, and at the sight of it all the pride and confidence and chivalry of Catholicism settled upon one. It was as though a fine, flouting banner had been unfurled. That little trench-space, there in a torn up cornfield of France, was Saint Peter's at Rome on a day of high festival; one heard the music and could smell the incense.

Very few bullets, and no shells, disturbed the Mass. But had they come in scores, one felt that never could one be more easily imperterbably. Death, if it is to be one's portion in this war, could surely never come more aptly!

Certainly there are distractions during Mass heard under such circumstances. But they are distractions concerned with the Mass—reveries that it inspires; and they were due in this case neither to shells nor bullets, nor to the white-winged aeroplanes that floated high above us. In a varied life it is the Mass that combines, that threads, that collates, that gives a clear, unmistakable meaning.

I remember feeling this often in the past, and on one particular occasion testifying to it in these pages. It was in Kashmir, and I was leaving the Enchanted Valley, that spot that of all on earth is the fairest and most peaceful. I heard Mass in the dawn of a June day, before I took the road that was to lead to the cataclysm of a European war.

And now as this Mass of the Front Trenches proceeded, one saw an object lesson in what that war has done on our side for sanity and toleration. The sentries who crouched below the parapet, giving now a cautious glance towards the German lines, now a curious, wistful one to our kneeling throng, were drawn from the Protestant minority of the regiment.

What food for thought, and for thanksgiving!—London Tablet.

WHEN CHAPLAIN BRADLEY GAVE UP HIS BLANKETS

The Rev. Richard Hall, a Wesleyan minister, who had acted as chaplain to the British expeditionary forces since the beginning of the war, was for ten weeks associated with Father Bradley, S. J. "I never met a more unselfish man than Father Bradley," said Mr. Hall in a public address at Derry. "I remember one night we were sleeping by a river and I thought I felt a cold coming upon me. Father Bradley wanted me to take his blankets. Of course I would not consent to that, but when I wakened up the next morning I found Father Bradley had taken his own blankets and placed them on me. Another name I would like to mention is that of Father Strickland. I saw how unselfishly he performed his work, and when he heard I was coming to England, he made a journey of twenty-five miles for the purpose of bidding me good-by. These two men, when they met a member of the Wesleyan Church and thought he had need of the ministrations of a chaplain, went out of their way to let me know."—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

BURSES FOR SEMINARY

A gift of \$10,000 has been made to the cause of Catholic high school education by Richard C. Kerens, former Ambassador to Austria.

The gift was in the form of two burse presented to the board of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, of which Rev. P. W. Tallon is president.

Mr. Kerens gave one of the burse, representing \$5,000, in memory of his late wife, and he holds the other for his spiritual advantage.

Each burse entitles the donor to Masses in perpetuity. A student is graduated and ordained every six years, through the benefits of the burse, and is required to celebrate a certain number of Masses for his benefactor, after being ordained to the priesthood.—Catholic Bulletin.

CATHOLIC IS PREMIER

HON. T. J. RYAN HAS BEEN ELECTED PRIME MINISTER OF QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA

Hon. Thomas Joseph Ryan, the new Premier of Queensland, Australia, was born at Port Fairy, Victoria, in 1875. He was educated at the Jesuit College, Kew, and South Melbourne College, at each of which he held a scholarship. He graduated Bachelor of Arts at Melbourne University, with honors in classics. After leaving college he was appointed assistant classical master at the Melbourne High school, and subsequently became resident classical master of the Church of England Grammar school, Launceston.

Later he went to the Maryborough Grammar school (Queensland) as classical master. While in Melbourne Mr. Ryan studied law, graduating as Bachelor of Laws in 1901. He was admitted to the Queensland Bar, and entered politics for Barcoo in 1909, when he defeated George Kerr, formerly Minister of Railways. For election held on May 22, Mr. Ryan scored an easy win, polling 1,425 votes, against 561 cast for his Liberal opponent.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Murillo's famous master-piece, "The Assumption," in the Louvre, Paris, was taken by Marshall Soult from Spain, and sold to the French Government for \$120,000.

The number of Christians buried in the catacombs of Rome is estimated at a minimum of 1,752,000. The catacombs required an excavation of 96,000,000 cubic feet of solid rock.

It is not generally known that the Holy Father Benedict XV, before he studied for the priesthood, was a graduated lawyer. When he received his lawyer's diploma, he said to his parents, "Father I am now a lawyer. Now I ask that I may fulfill my wish to become a priest."

Mr. James J. Hill of St. Paul will donate to Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis., \$25,000 towards an endowment fund. The donation is contingent on the university raising \$175,000 of the fund. It has already raised \$128,385 and has until January 1, 1916, to raise the balance. The announcement of Mr. Hill's gift was made by Rev. Joseph Grimmelmann, S. J., of Marquette University.

Mrs. Guy Darrell Berry, daughter of the late Edward Sanderson and sister of the Rev. Harry B. Sanderson (also a convert), has become a Catholic. Her brother was lately an Episcopal clergyman of the diocese of Fond du Lac, and is now studying for the Catholic priesthood. Mr. Sanderson's daughter, Mrs. Alice Kane Sanderson Holden, became a Catholic two years ago.

His Holiness, Benedict XV, has presented a photograph of himself to Dr. William H. Gratton Flood, K. S. G., the eminent Irish musician. On it in the handwriting of the Holy Father are the words: "To our beloved son, William H. Gratton Flood, in commendation of his edition of 'The Armagh Hymnal' and of his very distinguished labors in the cause of sacred music, we most lovingly impart our apostolic benediction."

A model of a statue of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, the first of its kind, has been completed and has been accepted, and will be placed in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. The statue is of heroic proportions, and the figure of Emmet is draped in the student's costume of his time. The face was copied by the sculptor from a photograph of a death mask of Emmet taken after his execution, this mask now being in the possession of the Emmet family in this country.

Part of the blood-stained shirt worn on the day of his execution by William Howard, Viscount Stafford, has recently been added to the treasures of the Martyrs' Oratory at Tyburn. This precious relic is due to the generosity of his descendants, and the nuns of St. Bridget's Abbey, Milford Haven, have made for it a beautiful setting, a copy in illuminated work of a design in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk, showing the various arms of the Howard family.

In the Church of the Holy Cross, in Rome, there is a portion of a nail, which was presented to St. Helena. It is believed that the missing part was cut off and placed in the crown of Constantine, which is now known as the celebrated Iron Crown of the kings of Italy. This is made of gold, lined on the inside with a very thin plate of iron forged from the missing portion of the Sacred Nail, which was one of the nails by which Our Lord was attached to the Cross.

The celebration of the centenary of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Glasgow, Scotland, which takes place next year, recalls an interesting epoch in the history of modern Catholicity in Scotland. Prior to its erection, the only Catholic place of worship in the city was a school-church situated in Marchall-Lane. St. Andrew's was, therefore, the pioneer of the numerous churches which have in the intervening century sprung up all over Glasgow.

The Methodists are losing ground in England. Statistics recently compiled show a decrease in membership for the ninth consecutive year. The loss this year was 2,450 full members, and 8,246 members on trial. "We remember distinctly," says an American Methodist paper, "that at the end of the seventh year some hope was expressed that now there would be seven years of increasing plenty. But the hope has largely vanished, and our Methodism in England is greatly depressed."

In a convent in the Middle West says the Catholic Sun, is a cherished bit of wood carving that is especially valued by the nuns. The statue is about two and one-half feet high, carved from a single piece of wood. The Madonna is holding the infant Jesus and the features, hands and robes of both Mother and Child are beautifully done. The face and hands are dark, hence the name of Black Madonna. It is claimed to be of the time of the twelfth century, and it is said to have lain in a rubbish chamber until claimed and cared for by a monk, who gave it to an artist by whom it was brought to this country.