

The Catholic Record.

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

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A GHASTLY TRAGEDY

One of the ghastly tragedies of the war is the way in which compulsory military service has forced the Poles to fight against Poles. There are a great number of them in the Russian army; and perhaps as many more in the ranks of the Austrians and the Germans. They all have, as far as known, done their military duty; but it must add a bitterness to death for them to know that it is their own kindred, whom they are, in many cases, compelled to fight. International law no longer permits a conqueror like Napoleon to force the troops of a beaten army to take service under his banner, and possibly lead them against their own countrymen. But virtually such a fate has fallen the Poles: the far off consequences of the breaking up and partition of their ancient Kingdom having been to set them in unnatural battle array against each other. Plainly the case of the Poles demands special consideration. The wonderful way in which for a hundred and fifty years, though no longer a nation, they have kept alive their intense national spirit, refusing to blend with the conquerors; and the burning high again of their hopes in the midst even of the devastation which the war has brought upon them all—all this must and should be allowed weight. If the war is to make any worth-while alterations in the map of Europe, or to usher in a brighter day for small nationalities, the first demands of Poland cannot be wholly overlooked. The Belgians at least can fight for their own country. Whatever side they are on the Poles are fighting against theirs. Yet the Poles who fight for Russia, and they are in the majority, can take a certain grim joy in the conflict of their country. The Czar has promised that if the Allies win all Poland will be given autonomy. Austria made a similar promise, and the Kaiser also promised that whatever of Poland Germany acquired by the war should be given autonomy. The Poles, however, have generally chosen to rely on the Russian promise. Perhaps it is a belief in the ultimate victory of the Allies, or a mere faith in and a mere friendly feeling towards the Russian victory in which they see the hope of a United Poland.

The Russians have never Russianized the Poles, and the Prussians have never Prussianized the Poles, nor has France Joseph made Austrians of them. For a hundred years these people have had no country. By the arbitrary divisions of the Congress of Vienna they have lived a century as the subjects of three different rulers, and in all three countries, in a large measure, deprived of the political rights and privileges which are essential to the real development of a people. In 1772 a feeble and discouraged Poland was divided between Austria, Russia and Prussia. Now out of a cataclysm for which Poles are in no way responsible, but in which they are forced to fight each other to suit other peoples' needs, a hope of a reunited and partially free country appears. The slowly passing days of autocracy have never presented a more incongruous spectacle than this to the eyes of the world, that is becoming more and more convinced that every people has a right to work out its own salvation.

A TONIC

Belgium is a tonic to the world. From its plains, black and desolate, comes a pungent odour that cleanses an atmosphere surcharged with cynicism. It is said that the days of chivalry are over; and that the lists of life are crowded with competitors for the things that pass, and for whom nought is sacred but the dollar. Some papers drip platitudes of the millionaire, grown wise and loquacious, when his money bags are filled and his dupes and victims are forgotten. Some novelists tell us that life is but the survival of the fittest, and that in the rush for place and pelf we may knock down our neighbor, and grind his face to powder without a feeling of compunction. A nasty business this, entailing a

destruction of principles and ideals, but it troubles not those who are eager to get out of the ruck, and to rub elbows with the mighty in finance. Belgium, however, reminds us that honor is dearer than even life, and that devotion to principle is far more impelling than love of gold. Disdaining the immunity that would have seared its soul with blasphemy against everything that is throned in the soul of the average citizen, it chose the way into the valley of death. It threw down the gage of battle to cynicism, to low ideals, to the smug conservatism that hides its soft hide behind any pretext and proved to the cleansing and strengthening of the world, that men buoyed up by principle are hand in hand with chivalry; that now, as in the days that are gone, they walk unafraid the highway of honor.

THINK AGAIN

We do not agree with a contemporary, that bigness is identical with greatness. He forgot A. Ward's not to "slop over," or perhaps a too intent listening to some publicists beguiled him into echoing their statements. It is a bromide to say that a country without a mighty army and navy, may be on a high plane of civilization. It is also true, that a nation may be clad in iron and buttressed with gold, and yet have within it the seeds of disintegration and decay. More nations have died of plethora than of atrophy. Judaea could not boast of great frontier lines, and yet it stood the test of civilization—the turning out of great men. Venice, Genoa, Florence, small republics, could boast of trophies of commerce and were pre eminent in the world of artistic and intellectual endeavor.

VERY SIMPLE

The making of a big nation is, according to some statesmen, a very simple business. First they talk about national consolidation, security for country, natural frontiers, and then having convinced themselves that the end justifies the means, they leave the means to be defended by partisan journalists, and self-hypnotized professors. The principle of nationality can lead a country far afield into the mazes of dishonor, when it serves as a cloak for territorial rapacity and the exploits of militarism. Germany invoked it when it despoiled Denmark of Schleswig Holstein. Alesia and Lorraine were sacrificed to it. Napoleon III. had it in mind when he invaded Lombardy, and in after years had cause to regret his impetuous championship of the principle. When ever statecraft sought to enlarge the frontiers, it talked of the claims of race and kindred and was silent about the rights of weaker nationalities. Just now, however, the small nation is coming into its own. It is being wooed by the great powers, and has been promised the liberty to sit in its own house, with no shadow of tyranny upon its hearth. The only thing, in our opinion, that troubles the map-makers is Pan-Slavism, which may swallow up the Balkan states and southern Europe east of the Adriatic.

KEEPING CLOSE

Nobody minds to be told that in thousands of households these days the common interests are growing fewer, and that there is a great deal of unhappiness as the result. This change is breaking up many families, not all of them to the point of actual desolation, but too many of them to the extent of bitterness and misunderstanding. We need to remind ourselves very often that the old conditions, which naturally held together the interest of these in one household, have given place to new conditions which tend to break households into several units, each going his or her own way so much of the time that when they are brought together they find themselves with few common interests. If we are not to drift with the current, which means if we are not to drift apart, we must make intelligent and determined effort to "keep close." Homes will not make themselves as naturally as they used to do in days when people had to cling together for protection, and because outside of homes it was almost impossible to live by one's labour. Society protects us now:

homes give us nothing that we cannot earn and enjoy outside of them, except fellowship. If, then, homes fail in fellowship there is little indeed to hold them together.

MASS ON THE AISNE

BY A BRITISH CHAPLAIN

For the first fortnight of the war it was not possible to say Mass at all. After the battle of Mons, during the days of the retreat, time of beginning the day and starting point were both irregular. After marching for fifteen hours we lay down, tired out, in a stubble field—if we were lucky—and were roused up about three in the morning for an immediate start. Beside one's altar was packed up on a baggage wagon, and it was not possible to get at it. Then, when we turned our faces north again, our movements during the days of the Marne battle were almost equally rapid and irregular. However when we reached the Aisne, a period of rest began (rest, that is, absence of locomotion, not the rest of quietness). Our division had pushed across the river on Sunday evening, and by Monday afternoon we had established an advanced dressing station in a chateau about three miles north of the Aisne. It was, indeed, very advanced. The house lay on the slope of a hill, about a quarter of a mile from the crest. Four hundred yards above us were batteries of our Field Artillery, and on the crest our infantry trenches. From our position we were just in the right place to catch any shells that were a little beyond our guns and trenches. The house we had taken was a big place, beautifully furnished, the property of the man who had bred the Derby winner of this year. The owner himself with his wife and servants and all the inhabitants of the village hid themselves in the cellars, which must have been about a quarter of a mile in all their length, and which ran far back into the hillsides. They formed an excellent shelter against the "Black Marias" which we met for the first time that week. Monsieur X. at first failed quite to realize the situation. On the morning after our arrival he made complaint to me that the men were walking over some cherished beds of flowers in his grounds. Before many days had passed, most of those same beds had become shell holes—a "Black Maria" is very fatal to horticulture. For the most part, however, we saw very little of the proprietor, for we lived in different stories of the house. During the shelling hours he kept to the cellars, and thus was below ground day and night, for there was very little respite in the early days of the Aisne fight. However, we noticed in the course of a few days that the Germans did not begin the serious business of the day till nine o'clock, after they had breakfasted. One morning, as we were finishing breakfast about 8.45 we were surprised to hear their guns in full practice, and some one of us was just remarking on their lack of punctuality when there was a terrible hullabaloo outside the breakfast room door. Every possible note of lamentation mingled with terror and despair was sounded in the shrill voices of women. On opening the door we found the passage blocked by a weeping crowd of women and children, with Monsieur X. at the head of it, holding up a hand in a very dramatic way. He exclaimed: "Mes-sieurs je suis blessé."

However, for the credit of British politeness, nobody smiled, but two of our surgeons led him away and attended to him. They found out on examination that he had been hit also in the side, but no one thought his hurts were serious. It seems he too had noticed the German regularity in their shelling and he had gone a few yards from his gate to speak to one of his gardeners when the early shell of 8.45 caught him with one of its fragments.

We had a very busy day and were taking in wounded all that night till 2 o'clock the next morning. About half past two I went upstairs to lie on a bed for a few hours, and had just fallen asleep when an orderly roused me to say that Madame X. wished me to see her husband. I was guided down into the cellar and found the poor man lying on a truck bed, close to a big can of Burgundy. The rest of the floor space was filled by a small table and the chair on which Madame was sitting. I saw he was in a bad way, so I gave him the comforts of his religion, which he was desiring, and spoke a few words of consolation to his poor wife, as many as my small French would allow me. Then I went back to sleep. At 5.30 they called me to say he was dead.

I wished to do all I could to comfort, so told them, to their great consolation, that I would say Mass in the cellar by his side. This was not too easy a matter. I have spoken of the narrowness of the floor space; then the lowness of the vaulted stone roof made it impossible for me to stand upright, except when in the very centre. The head of the dead man's bed and the small table in use as altar filled the wall at the back, so I was erect only at the Epistle side. The only lights were the two candles on the altar, and the only congrega-

tion was the widow, her maid, and the dead man. Another cellar ran at right angles, and from the gloom of it there came muffled sobs and whispered prayers of the villagers who had come to pray for the soul of their dead seigneur. The cure told me later he was a man much beloved and very charitable to the poor and the church. In his setting that first Mass of the campaign reminded me of the first Masses of the Church's history said in the Catacombs.

It was the wish of his wife that Monsieur X. should be buried in the family vault that lay in the village churchyard. I arranged this for midnight, but before night I was called away some three miles to bury a Catholic opelion, who had died from wounds received the day we entered the chateau. When I returned the next day again the funeral was postponed, for during the day a spy had been discovered among the villagers living in the cellar. He had a telephone wire communicating from the house to the German lines, and he was giving away the position of our batteries. It was forbidden for anyone I do not know who buried Monsieur X.—The Tablet.

WAS TO BE EXPECTED

The latest grievance that Protestantism has against the Catholic Church is that it "took advantage of the stress of the war" to have an English envoy sent to the Vatican. This is a broad charge that calls for substantiation. It is hard to do what Protestantism's boasted anxiety for peace with its opposition to the appointment of Sir Henry Howard. The sending of this Englishman to the Papal court gives the first faint hope for the realization of the peace dreams of humanity. Peace negotiations must of necessity be transacted in a neutral state. The Vatican is in every respect the only neutral power that no possibility can draw into the war. It may criticize any of the belligerents or protest against their acts but it will never become involved on the field of battle. The first agreement that all the powers at war have come to, namely, the exchange of permanently disabled prisoners, was accomplished through the instrumentality of the Holy Father. It is only reasonable to conclude that further negotiations will be effected in the same manner. Catholicism is the one religion that in a greater or lesser degree, holds in check all the nations at war.—New World.

A GREAT POWER

WITHOUT ARMY OR NAVY
The Ottawa Citizen

There is one power on earth which Germany does not offend. That is the Church of Rome. See how promptly the German Government took back water in the case of Cardinal Mercier? If the Cardinal's patriotic pastoral address to the Belgian people had been issued by a layman, that layman would have faced a file of soldiers with levelled rifles. The German Government, having received the message from the Vatican, hastens to protest that nothing more was done than the stationing of guards at his palace to prevent ingress or egress.—Hamilton Herald.

Perhaps few students realize that a great change has been effected in recent years in the policy of the Papacy in regard to external matters and a very serious claim can be made for Papal influence in world councils to-day, however much it may seem to be in decline as compared with conditions in other centuries. In so far as any external human power may be looked to in any effort to pacify Europe, the Vatican must be considered. The British Government with astute diplomacy has recognized this before any of the other belligerents and the sending of Sir Henry Howard, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., head of one of the oldest Catholic houses in Britain, as envoy to the Roman See, is the outward manifestation of this realization. In this matter delay was not risked by asking Parliament, and although an effort has been made by extremists in Britain to use this appointment as a religio-political weapon the plain fact is that the appointment is a shrewd diplomatic move without any religious significance whatever.

So far as the change in the Vatican's outward policy is concerned the main difference is that to-day Rome is exerting its influence through democratic chiefly. And remarkably enough this is due in great measure to Bismarck's determination to crush clericalism in Germany, or what he considered clericalism. The Catholics promptly obeyed the laws, formed a political party and secured their old rights and privileges in a constitutional way. For years the Catholic party in Germany has been a political power. In other countries like wise the church is able to sway majorities.

During the reign of Leo XIII. the complete change in the long established politics of the Vatican was finally brought about which is the basis of the silent and unseen influence of the Catholic Church in the

world of politics of to-day. French Catholics were instructed to break with the monarchy and at many points there came a departure from the old system of alliance with centralized powers. The Vatican began to gain strength in the rapidly growing democracies and the proletariat began to realize that the Catholic Church was not altogether or always on the side of the restricted class or those accustomed to greater mental or spiritual independence than the democracy. As a result the Papacy is today not opposed, particularly in English speaking countries, to the same extent as it was in the middle of the nineteenth century.

A review of the numerical strength of the Catholic Church in the countries involved in the war is illuminating. Belgium is one of the strongest Catholic countries in the world. And it is likewise an example of modern Papal methods. In 1894 there came about a tenfold extension of the suffrage and the Liberal party, antagonistic to Catholicism, was practically wiped out for good at the polls. Under the free Catholic school system education is far advanced, with the Catholic university of Louvain at its top. The population of Belgium is made up of 6,700,000 Catholics and 20,000 Protestants.

France has a Catholic population of 38,100,000 out of a total of 38,700,000; Germany has a Catholic population of 86.7 per cent.; Austria is 78.8 per cent. Catholic; Portugal is almost entirely Catholic, less than 2 per cent. belonging to other faiths; Italy has a Catholic percentage of 97.2 of her total population. A remarkable fact is that Russia has now over 11,000,000 Catholics—more than one-eighth as many as are counted in the Orthodox Greek and United Church.

In the circumstances the reluctance of the Kaiser to offend the Vatican is not strange, nor is it based on any but the most elemental considerations. The Bavarians are perhaps the Kaiser's best troops, and Bavaria is overwhelmingly Catholic. Outside this, however, the Germans realize that the Vatican's good will must be preserved at all costs. The final reckoning will be severe enough with out having against the defeated party all the prestige, influence and practical weight of a Church whose members constitute such large proportions of every nation now at war or likely to be dragged into the conflict.

G. BERNARD SHAW

FAMOUS DRAMATIST CONVERTS HIM TO CATHOLICITY, ADMITS CECIL CHESTERTON AT CATHOLIC WOMAN'S LEAGUE

Rev. Dickson in Chicago News World
"In the literary circles of England to-day," said Cecil Chesterton, editor of the New Witness of London, speaking on the "Return to Orthodoxy" before the Catholic Woman's League in the assembly room at the Fine Arts building, Chicago, "every one is Catholic or pro Catholic."
"When I was emerging from boyhood, about fifteen years ago, literary men were in two camps—those who were violently hostile to the Christian religion and those who apologized for it. Smugly satisfied that science had explained away God, and that society was progressing towards a higher state, the majority completely abjured orthodoxy."
"What disturbed this complacency? Great social unrest on the part of the people and the expression of this dissatisfaction in the writers of the day."
SHAW CONVERTS CHESTERTON
"Writers who shook upper class England out of self-satisfaction are George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. It was Bernard Shaw who first upset my comfortable free thinking and so prepared me to accept Catholic doctrines. While these writers were impartially iconoclastic, their smashing of the science idols of the nineties cleared the way for orthodox Catholic writers."
BENSON NOT A FACTOR IN RETURN TO ORTHODOXY
"Monsieur Benson, Francis Thompson and Alice Meynell, while their writings are Catholic, were not factors in the return to orthodoxy. In no way did they challenge the thought characteristic of the nineties. Thinkers said of Benson: 'He is a natural mystic, a lover of the supernatural, and is therefore attracted to Romanism.' Of Thompson, they agreed: 'He is a poet who likes the smell of incense and the candle-lit gloom of a church, that is why he is a Catholic.' Of Mrs. Meynell, 'A lover of the quaint, who naturally seeks out a church rich in tradition.'"
BELLOC'S "PATH TO ROME"
"But it was Hilaire Belloc who first threw the glove in the face of the unorthodox. His 'Path to Rome,' not as one might think at first, the confessions of a convert but the record of polemic discussion supposed to take place on a walking trip from Tours to Rome, was obstreperously Catholic. With the greatest enthusiasm Mr. Belloc defended most strenuously those doctrinal points which were likely to be the most distasteful to his readers."
"An outburst of vituperation met the first edition. But after emotion had subsided, Mr. Belloc's critics

found it difficult coolly to overturn his arguments with arguments. Not only through his writings but through his personality Mr. Belloc has brought men to orthodoxy. He has personally influenced me."

G. K. CHESTERTON VS. HERESY
"Although it may be scarcely suitable for me to mention my brother, I cannot conclude my subject satisfactorily without mentioning him. An unafraid champion against heresy, he has not only done much to turn England back to Catholicism, but he has revived literature by proving that a writer can be more amusing and startling when he has sincere convictions to bring to art—and there-by has done much to silence the decadent cry of art for art's sake."
Although Mr. G. K. Chesterton has effected much for Catholicity, he has never been received into the Church, and the probability of his conversion is a fertile topic of conversation in literary and religious circles everywhere.

"A LOW-GRADE IRISH NAME"
"I don't want to be known as a Hogan," Mrs. Hogan explained, "because that name originated in Ireland," said Mrs. Geneva Hogan to Judge George in the Suffolk (N. Y.) probate court as she petitioned to have her name changed to Homans or Homan.
"Besides," she continued, "there are many grades of Irish names, and that of Hogan is in the lower grade. It is associated with cheap jokes too much to suit me."
Spectators who filled every bench in the court room, crowded the available standing room in the aisles and then clamored outside for admission, listened while the Hogans, one after another, were grilled by Edward H. Shanley about their dislike for all things Irish Catholic. Young Hogan complained that he received Democratic literature at his home, 77 Westland avenue, soliciting votes for Democratic candidates, because his last name was Hogan, and the Democratic campaign papers annoyed him very much.
Hogan never, he said, heard of Robert Emmett, John Philip Curran, Farnell or other Irishmen whose names Shanley reeled off. He said he was unable to state whether he thought it was a handicap to any of them to be Irish or whether their names were a detriment to them. His invariable reply was that he didn't know anything about them.
"My main reason," lisped young Hogan, "is that a non-Catholic name would bring me more happiness."
Mrs. Hogan was emphatic in denunciation of her name, saying it has caused her humiliation, disappointment and sorrow on a great many occasions. She was married in the Church of St. John the Evangelist on Bowdoin street by an Episcopal clergyman, she said, and all her children were christened Episcopalians.
"Are you a member of the Episcopal church?" Shanley asked her.
"It's none of your business, Mrs. Hogan snapped. 'I refuse to answer.'"
She said her daughter, who has literary aspirations, was refused admission to a girls' literary circle because of her last name.
"Testimony drawn from Mr. Hogan, Sr., showed that this was the old pitiful shabby story of a mixed marriage in which, as the Catholic husband's backbone grew flabby, the wife's bigotry flourished like a weed until it choked all respect for their father's name, for his nationality and his religion in the hearts of his children."
Hogan's parents lie in Catholic graveyards. He confessed to having been baptized a Catholic but said he ceased to be one 30 or 40 years ago. He was married in an Episcopal church.
Mrs. Homan and her young brood may enjoy a life purged of Irish-Catholic influences, but surely the ghost of Hogan will long haunt poor spineless Homan—the man who couldn't be himself.—New York Freeman's Journal.

SON OF PRESIDENT MACMAHON OF FRANCE, KILLED IN BATTLE
Among those who have been killed in the war is Colonel Patrick de MacMahon, the eldest son of the late Marshal MacMahon, who was created Duke of Magenta in 1859 for turning the stubborn light at Magenta into a brilliant French victory. He afterwards commanded the French army which was defeated at Woerth in 1870, reorganized it at Chalons-sur-Marne, and was ordered by the Paris Regency to relieve Marshal Bazaine at Metz, via Sedan, where he was wounded and defeated. The late Colonel MacMahon was killed in Lorraine at the head of his regiment, the Thirty fifth Infantry of the line. He was married to one of the Orleans princesses, Marie, daughter of the Duke of Chartres, uncle of the Duke of Orleans. Deceased was fifty nine years of age was due early for promotion to general of brigade. He leaves two daughters and a son, who now becomes the third Duke of Magenta.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Knights of Columbus have donated an altar to the St. Louis City Hospital.

Last year the Protectorate of the Catholic Woman's League of Chicago gave assistance to 8,205 women. The Mill Hill missionary, Father Rogan, has 16,000 native Christians under his charge in the Philippines.

Mr. George W. Nevil, a non-Catholic of Philadelphia, has donated \$5,000 to St. Joseph's Hospital for a free bed as a memorial of Joseph and Amelia Nevil.

Miss Mary A. Williams, a Catholic lady of St. Joseph, has been elected public administrator of Buchanan County, Mo. She is the first woman ever elected in that county.

The New England States, according to the table furnished by William Sidney Rosseter, a census official at Washington, may now be regarded as the stronghold of Catholicism in this country.

Fifty years ago the Vicariate of British Columbia was erected, with Bishop J. Herboomez, O. M. I., as the first Vicar Apostolic. Vancouver is now an Archdiocese with 48 priests, and a Catholic population of 38,000.

During the recent four weeks' mission in the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, there were about 38,000 Communions. Between 8,000 and 9,000 adults, and 1,000 children made the mission.

To Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, has been left the bulk of an estate valued at nearly \$100,000, which he is to devote to charitable purposes, according to the terms of the will of Miss Caroline Lefort, of Franklin, La.

The Catholic Women's League of London has sent off to the front twenty-two fully trained and certified Catholic nurses. Each nurse carried a crucifix specially indulged by Cardinal Bourne.

For the first time there are six Catholics in the United States Senate: Ashurst of Arizona, O'Gorman of New York, Walsh of Montana, Ransdell and Broussard of Louisiana, Phelan of California.

We learn from The Lamp that the Rev. Henry Rufus Sargent, at one time superior of the Anglican Holy Cross Fathers, is now at Downside Abbey, England, preparing himself to found a Benedictine house in the United States, on his return to America.

Under the leadership of Rev. Joseph Wuest, C. S. Sp., the colored Catholics of Detroit, Mich., have purchased the property of the St. Mary Episcopal Church society, and will convert the edifice into a place of Catholic worship.

Rev. Dr. Mieczyslaw Barabas, forty-nine years old, a prince of Poland, who renounced titles, position and wealth to become a priest, died suddenly on Dec. 9 at the rectory of Holy Rosary Catholic Church, Baltimore, of which he had been rector for twenty-two years.

The premiation list which has just been issued by the Sacred College of the Propaganda shows that students of the American College in Rome have been awarded seven doctorates in theology, eleven doctorates in philosophy, eight gold medals of the first class, nineteen gold medals of the second class, and a large number of other honors.

Twenty-two new members were received into the Catholic Convert's League at its first meeting of the season held recently at the Hotel Plaza, New York. The Rev. Signor Fay, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., gave a notable lecture upon the significance of the conversion movement.

Patrick Gilday, one of the committee of three named recently by President Woodrow Wilson to act as an arbitration board in any future difference that may arise between Colorado operators and coal miners, is a member of the Catholic Church. Frank P. Walsh and James O'Connell, two members of the national committee on industrial relations, are also members of the Church. Mr. Gilday lives at Clearfield, Pa., in the heart of one of the most famous bituminous mining regions in the world. He is a member of the United Mine Workers of America.

Writing to the Corriere d'Italia, the Right Reverend Dr. Phelan, Bishop of Salt, thus sums up the story of Catholic progress in Australia to date: "I shall fix in a few figures the change which has come about in this last century. Just 100 years ago there was only one priest and a few thousand Catholics in Australia. To-day there are 900,000, not counting those of Tasmania and New Zealand. There are 5 Archbishops, 12 Bishops, 3 Vicars Apostolic, and about 1,000 priests. The Catholic episcopacy as well as the clergy and laity are, with few exceptions, all Irish. We have 1,400 churches, 3 seminaries, 24 high schools, 193 boarding schools, 162 semi boarding schools, and 732 elementary schools. All these are maintained by the contributions of the faithful. The government contributes nothing to the Catholic schools, while the Catholics must contribute to the maintenance of the state schools."