

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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THE SEA

What a part the sea has played in the great drama of world development! The Hebrews, from whose history and literature we have derived so much instruction and spiritual stimulus, were not a maritime people, and for the most part they regarded the watery waste with dread. While their Psalmists often rise to heights of awe and admiration in contemplation of its grandeur as an instrument of power and wisdom, it is usually viewed as the foe of human peace. One writer compares the wicked man's course to the troubled sea "whose waters cannot rest, but cast up mire and dirt." The great and mystical St. John, who gave his persecuted people the Apocalypse to cheer their fainting hearts, seemed to take it for an emblem of change, separation and tempest; for in the vision of the New Jerusalem he left it out of the picture—"And there was no more sea."

The Phoenicians, those hardy dwellers on the coast, struck out in their frail vessels on the Mediterranean, founded Carthage and Cadiz, reaching even the shores of Britain. The exploits of the Greeks have made a tradition which has taken firm hold of the intellectual life wherever it is active and progressive. That so small a peninsula, jutting out into the Middle Sea, should have bred such a race of navigators, we can understand when we trace its varied coastline. The arts of Egypt, the wares of Tyre, the products of India and Africa easily reached the isles and ports of Hellas, just as in later ages the Baltic facilitated marine enterprise. Those two great voyages, "The Mountain and the Sea," avowed in the Scandinavian genius more rugged forms than they had wrought in the great poets and dramatists of classic times and lands. Our own adventurous sailors inherit both gifts in their measure; they have proved themselves as daring as Norsemen and as commercially efficient as the traders who swept the Aegean and both Mediterranean shores.

We know how "the fair humanities of old religion" came to birth in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, and what deathless strains of awe and hope found utterance in the works of Aeschylus and Sophocles—with the latter choir of singers and lovers of wisdom who helped so mightily to make "the glory that was Greece." Dante and his medieval compeers spoke their resonant word of power, and it touched the souls of Milton and other British bards to fine issues; but Wordsworth and Keats, Byron and Shelley, drew their chief inspiration from the older sources. In their pages the classic figures take on a higher and purer significance. Those bright presences of wind and wave, with their haunting shadows of evil import, appeal symbolically to that brooding sense of mystery which triumphs over our rampant materialism. Yet not our British breed alone; Celt and Teuton, Slav and Oriental, have helped to give more vitality to the world consciousness.

Science has dispelled many dark superstitions which grew out of the more terrible phenomena encountered by mariners. The old Sagas, those wild and weird imaginings of the Norse mind, reveal in mythical histories of chieftains who loved and fought, wondered and died; when there was little reading or writing, when steam only rose from the cooking-pot, and rovers fought hand to hand, not with mines and torpedoes. The *Volsunga* reeks with animal lust; but the passion of Sigurd and Brunhilde, surviving hostile arts and only thwarted by fate, strikes the key-note of all brave efforts—for the world is ever the battle-ground of contrary forces, and heroes are called for to-day as they were in Iceland and Norway ages ago.

Modern fiction, availing itself of the new knowledge concerning winds and tides, currents and icefields, deep-sea soundings and wireless telegraphy, enhances the glamor of the sailor's life. Mr. Bullen and Mr. Conrad have enchanted countless readers with their tales of adventure. The youthful fancy goes out with unabated ardour to strange lands and

seas under such guidance. Will the time ever come when the surge of the unresting waves will lose its allurements? It arouses primitive instincts, stirs buried memories, projects visions which respond gladly to the call of Nature. Eternity and infinity are hinted to the yearning, striving soul by the blue sky above and the far horizon that melts and vanishes as thought pursues its pathless way. The unsubdued and forever inviolate ocean kingdom still abides our question, still provokes our quenchless desire to fathom its relation to the timeless and unseen realm.

The true singers of the later time have bowed before the might and charm of the sea. Verses echo and re-echo with praise, some clamorous and others soft as summer air, of our mastery in naval craft and commercial achievement in all latitudes. Though facing possible disaster by day and night, our heroes of the sea have few craven fears. They are braced up by ageless traditions of courageous endurance, and often by a simple faith that rests upon intuitions of a Power that controls even the raging winds and waves.

Nor is it in the least likely that the sea will cease to fascinate the minds and hearts of the later born of our race. Our lot has been providentially cast near it. We have been, so to speak, moulded by its influences. Skye currents and tossing billows echo themselves in our blood. Our nerves respond to its quick changes of motion. Our imaginations are inflamed and thrilled by the sights and sounds which raise or depress our spirits, according as our shipmen out-ride the storms which vex our coasts or perish on the cruel rocks that help to defend us against invasion.

Some of our great thinkers behold in the sea a symbol of the illimitable reach of the human mind and the unsatiable hunger of spiritual desire. Power and restraint, liberty and law, greatness and insignificance—these seeming contraries are the very stuff of our calling. Also "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea" enleaves us from one another; our souls exist in a mystery, infinity wrapping us round. They who go down to the sea in ships feel this more keenly than those who stay at home in ease. These our heroes of the quarter deck and the trading fleets that glide and fro like the shuttles in a mighty loom, weaving ever more closely the strands that bind nations together in a web of mutual dependence, have faith in the working of Nature's constant laws. They need no prophet to tell them what the voices of the deep proclaim.

BELGIANS FOIL ENEMY PLAN

The repulse of the enemy by the Belgians, briefly reported at the time, has since been warmly acknowledged to have been a victory of great importance. Follows Philip Gibbs' graphic account of the action:

Another blow to them was their bloody repulse by the Belgians on April 17. They had pressed the attack in force. Besides three regiments of the 1st Landwehr Division usually holding this sector, between the Ypres-Staden railway and Kippe, they brought up from Dixmude—poor Dixmude into whose flaming ruins I went when it was first bombarded in October, 1914—two regiments of the 6th Bavarian Division, and from the coast the 5th Matrosen Regiment of the 2d Naval Division, with a regiment of the 58th Saxons. It was a heavy force, and they hoped to surprise and annihilate the Belgian resistance by their weight and quickness of attack.

The Belgians were waiting for them, standing in those swampy fields which they have held against the enemy for three and a half years, always shelled, always paying daily a toll of life and limb, not getting much glory or recognition because of the great battles elsewhere, but patient and enduring as when I knew them on the Yser in the first dreadful winter of the War, and their little regular army fought to a finish.

Even before the battle the German marines, Saxon troops, and Landwehr suffered misery and lost many men. They lay out in the flat, wet fields two nights previously and were very cold, and scared by the Belgian gunfire which burst among them. They had no great artillery behind them, and the Saxons and German sailors now prisoners of the Belgians curse bitterly because they were expected

to get through easily in spite of this.

The enemy's intention was to take Bixchoote and advance across the Yser Canal, driving south to Poperinghe. What they did by their massed attacks was to penetrate to a point near Hoekske, southeast of Merckem, the main weight of their pressure being directed along the Bixchoote road. The Belgians delivered a quick counterattack, with wonderful enthusiasm among officers and men. They had perfect knowledge of the country, and used this fully by striking up from a place called Luylhem in such a way that the enemy was driven toward the swamp, where any who went in sank up to his neck in the ice cool water.

PRISONERS QUAIL AT CRY OF WOMEN

The Germans were cut off from their own lines and trapped. Seven hundred of them surrendered, men of all the regiments I have mentioned, and they seemed to think themselves lucky at getting off so cheaply, though they quailed when they were brought back through the towns behind the lines and the Belgian women, remembering many things, raised a cry as their march passed. It was not a pleasant sound. I heard it once in France when a German officer passed through with an escort. It was a cry which made my blood run cold. But there is gladness among the Belgian troops, for they had long waited for their chance of striking, and made good.

WINNIPEG HONORS O'KELLY, V. C.

The Northwest Review

Someone has said: "If there be one thing upon this earth which mankind loves and admires better than another, it is a brave man—it is a man who dares look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil;" and the truth of the saying was exemplified in Winnipeg the other day when Capt. Chris O'Kelly, V. C., returned home wearing his most recent decoration. As soon as he stepped off the train he was greeted by admiring thousands, and when opportunity offered on Sunday evening last the auditorium in Columbus Hall was altogether too small to accommodate those who wanted to do him honor. The heart of Winnipeg was moved by the daring of his achievement, and representatives of Church and State vied with each other in paying tribute to his worth. They took their hats off to the man "who dared look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil."

The function, though flattering, was not enjoyed by the youthful hero. His innate modesty urged an ordered retreat. It was his sense of duty alone that held him at his post and nerved him to undergo the ordeal. What he said himself before repairing to the assembly hall: "I would rather go over the top any time than face the admiring gaze of my Winnipeg friends," epitomized his feelings at the time. His unassuming humility and distaste for publicity bespoke the man of deeds; his clear defiant eye and set determined jaw, a courage that knew no flinching, Chris O'Kelly, V. C., quite at home in the trenches, shrank from public honors; but he felt that it was a public duty to affirm in all sincerity: "What I have done is but a trifle of what our Canadian boys in France have done, and are doing."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS FROM THE SPEECHES

ARCHBISHOP SINNOTT having read the official statement of how Captain O'Kelly won the Victoria Cross declared it was a story which would never die or grow dim in the memory of those who are moved by heroic deeds of valor.

The Archbishop repeated what he had said in many public addresses of late, that he stood in awe and admiration before the young men who so nobly responded to the call of duty and offered themselves even to the supreme sacrifice in the cause of patriotism. One of the most hopeful signs of the age was the spirit of these young men, that spirit which found its truest exemplification in the young man they were honoring that evening. Addressing Captain O'Kelly, he assured him that the Catholic Church and the City of Winnipeg were proud to welcome him home.

Amidst loud applause the Archbishop declared that in the hour of danger the State had the absolute right to demand of every citizen the best service it was in his power to give.

His Grace concluded by charging Captain O'Kelly to take back to France the assurance that Canadians at home would unreservedly stand by the Canadians at the front until the end, until the gigantic task for which they had entered the War was accomplished.

The Archbishop resumed his seat amidst the tremendous enthusiasm of the crowd which evidently appreciated the sincerity and warmth of his admirably delivered address.

CAPTAIN O'KELLY replying to an address from the Catholic Club said:

"I thank you. But what I have done is but a trifle of what our Canadian boys in France have done and are still doing. The spirit of the boys is something the Hun can never beat. Words of mine can never express my admiration for the boys whom I met over there and who have gone out in the defence of their country to make the supreme sacrifice if necessary. This is the first speech I ever made. I feel like a new sentry on duty at the front for the first time."

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN HUGHES representing the military organization of M. D. 10, said: "I am proud, as a soldier, to welcome home a soldier who has so gallantly acquitted himself. I do not wonder that he won the V. C. I had Captain O'Kelly under my command at Camp Hughes in 1916, and I sized him up as a young man who had all the most valued soldierly qualities. My 'confidential' on Capt. O'Kelly was as good as that on any other officer at Camp Hughes that year. On behalf of the staff of M. D. 10 and the troops of M. D. 10, I am pleased, Captain O'Kelly, that you are receiving this well deserved reception. I congratulate you upon the honor you have won—an honor which you won for your father, mother and sisters, of the city of Winnipeg, and not only for the troops of M. D. 10 but for all the troops that have gone from Canada."

CHIEF JUSTICE MATHERS: "Captain O'Kelly has ceased to be private property," said his honor, "and has become one of the most cherished assets of not only the city of Winnipeg but the whole of Canada, and his comrades in France also hold him in the highest esteem. We need such men in France, these days, when France is bleeding at every pore—when our gallant men are fighting with their backs to the wall. We want O'Kellys in France."

THE HON. ED. BROWN representing the province of Manitoba: "The bravery of the boy over there cannot fail to form an inspiration for our people at home. There has never been a time in our history when we have been so proud to be called Canadians. While the outlook today is not so bright as it might be, there is a determination to stand behind our men in the great struggle until victory has been won."

CONTROLLER COCKBURN on behalf of the city: "The city of Winnipeg welcomes back this hero citizen. In the face of Captain O'Kelly you see the indication of honor, gallantry and bravery."

R. D. WAUGH: "I spoke to Captain O'Kelly yesterday, and he told me he would rather go through it all again, than face a public reception. I was also talking to a boy who served with Captain O'Kelly's unit, and he said, 'That fellow Kelly is O. K. I want to tell you he is the real stuff. Us boys won't follow him to hell and back again.' And you know many of them did, said Mr. Waugh, amid cheers. They should put the words 'For Liberty' on the other side of that little bronze cross," continued the speaker, "for it would be better that we should die fighting, every man, and woman, rather than live on in suffering and defeat."

LIEUT. COL. MULLINS, an old friend of the O'Kelly family, said that he had known the captain as a little youngster and ever since. "I want to tell you," said the colonel, "there isn't a man who receives the Victoria Cross who hasn't delivered the goods. You have been complimenting the boy on bringing home the V. C. I want to tell you that what helped him to bring it back was a mother's prayers. I know that Mrs. O'Kelly every morning placed her son reverently in the hands of God during the day. And at night she agonized committee him to the divine care during the hours of darkness and the prayers of that mother of his helped to deliver him back the hero that he is."

THE GUILD IDEA

Theodore Maynard, in the March Catholic World

What were the guilds? How did they arise? How did they decay? Upon our realization of the import of these questions and their answers the whole economic future depends.

Accordingly, though as industrial corporations the guilds set themselves to protect their members against unfair competition, by disabilities upon traders from abroad or even from other parts of England, the Christian abhorrence of usury lay at the core of their being. They regarded not only their rights but their duties.

Against usury the guildmen set their faces like flint. Did an individual member of the fraternity attempt to outdo his fellows by cut prices or by shoddy workmanship, by misrepresentation as to his goods, or by any other means? Then punishment swift and drastic descended, as when according to their record the "Pinner's" craft heavily fined one of its members for selling Flemish pins as English. The mysteries had a commercial conscience and, in the words of Professor W. J. Ashley, "the guild legislation kept steadily before itself the ideal of

combining good quality and a price that was fair to the consumer, with a fitting remuneration to the workman."

That the idea of the guilds is not dead in current economic thought, may be seen clearly enough by the eagerness with which one-time Socialists tumble over each other to declare themselves free from the taint of Collectivism!

Of course no one imagines that the ancient guilds could work successfully in the modern world without very vital modifications. They did not die because they had saved their day and were conquered by the industrial revolution which introduced steam machinery. They did not die on beds of disease but were slain in the open air. Had the Faith endured in England and the guilds with it, the crafts would unquestionably have adjusted themselves to new needs, using all that invention has introduced, not for mercenary profit but for human use. Capitalism was not (as the common theory runs) the child of machinery. The Reformation coming into a capitalist society enormously strengthened it, as it would just as certainly have strengthened the guild system had it found itself then in possession of the field. Can the guilds ever return? Well, I think not, until the world again accepts the Faith. Until then men seem likely to be ready for a purely materialistic contentment, and unlikely to show any readiness to sacrifice for the gaining of what is, in the last analysis, a spiritual life. The Creed is the only possible salvation for industrialism. The exhaustion of the acquired velocity of Catholic traditions is increasingly apparent, and we may with safety predict that unless some remedy be found and found quickly "society will inevitably harden itself into the capitalistic mould, legalizing what has, up to now, been only customary, and perfecting the Servile State."

AN IRISH MISSION TO AMERICA

By WILLIAM H. BRAYDEN

Special Cable to The Chicago News and The London Free Press

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Dublin, April 23.—Something must be done about Home Rule in Ireland before the end of the War, for there is a Home Rule Act on the statute book, which must come into operation unless it is amended before the War ends, but the Government, if it now fails to carry out its intentions, may postpone the decision till the end of the War can be more clearly foretold.

The decision to send the Lord Mayor of Dublin to America to present to President Wilson an authorized statement of Ireland's position, is evidence of the great importance attached by all Irish Nationalists to American opinion. Comments from England leave Ireland wholly unaffected, but the Irish are deeply anxious not to be misjudged by America.

A FINE TYPE

Lord Mayor O'Neill is an excellent specimen of the Irish public man. He has always been identified with the intellectual side of the Sinn Fein but he is not any sort of revolutionist. This did not prevent his arrest in a rebellion week, but he was released from prison on the representation of his son who is an officer in the army. He proved to be an excellent lord mayor and was re-elected to the position with the indorsement of every section of Dublin opinion, Unionist as well as Nationalist. The Mansion House, in which he lives, has been freely at the disposal of all citizens, and not least for purposes of war charities. That he, though a Sinn Feiner, gave his boy to the army, is only one example of many which prove the absence of any pro-German feeling among Irishmen of extreme Nationalist views.

Nobody expects that the Home Rule side of the Government's policy will change, the conscription situation for the better. No form of Home Rule, however extensive, would reconcile the people to conscription imposed from without.

WOULD EXCEED EXPECTATIONS

If an Irish Parliament were in being and the supply of men for the army were left to its determination, it probably would follow the historic example of Grattan's Parliament and exceed expectations in furnishing soldiers for the War, but no other method will procure the needed men.

There is, however, in the way of any Home Rule plan a serious difficulty. The Ulstermen have signed a covenant to resist Home Rule. Conscription hardly affects them, for thousands of them are in England and Belfast on urgent War work, a fact which might give weight to the power to enforce their own covenant. There are some shrewd judges who believe that the Government will be faced with such difficulties in apply-

ing conscription and Home Rule that it may drop both.

"SOLDIERS' PARENTS ORGANIZE

LEAGUE FOR NATIONAL UNITY CALLS MEETING TO FORM A NATION-WIDE BODY

N. Y. Times

The League for National Unity, of which Cardinal Gibbons is the honorary and Theodore N. Vail the active Chairman, has called a meeting of the representatives of organizations in all parts of the United States composed of the fathers, mothers, and other close kin of soldiers and sailors in the American services. It is pointed out that the "next of kin" organization in Wisconsin, which is known as the Loyalty Legion of Wisconsin, now has more than 100,000 members.

Mr. Vail is being assisted in arranging the conference by W. P. Bloodgood, the head of the Wisconsin Legion. It is the purpose of the National Unity League, which has been indorsed by President Wilson, to organize the parents and other close relatives of the fighting men of the country into a division of the organization, which, among other things, will co-operate with the "Win the War Congress," which is to be held next fall.

"There are many things," said Ralph M. Easley, a director of the league, yesterday, "which the organized parents, having a living interest in the War, can do in the way of supplementing the work being done by the Government and by civilian agencies, as, for instance, cooperating with them in all matters relating to the welfare and education of our fighting boys both at the front in Europe and in the cantonments at home."

"A special reason for organizing the parents is that, in the stress and strain of the forthcoming Congressional campaign, which, as has been seen in Wisconsin recently, is in danger of degenerating into a bitter partisan struggle for the control of the next House and Senate, a million or more fathers and mothers—the matter now being entitled to vote in thirteen States—will be most potent material to develop into a fighting army for a 'Win the War Congress,' irrespective of political affiliations. There are no people so vitally interested in preventing the election to Congress of men who will obstruct and paralyze the arm of our Government in its crucial trial as the fathers and mothers of the boys who are offering their lives to their country."

MUST DEFEAT ENEMIES AT HOME

"One of the serious conditions now confronting us is that our sons across the seas, and in the training camps here and abroad, are not satisfactorily instructed as to why we are at war. The foreign born boys, 30,000 of whom do not understand the English language, cannot, it is asserted, be reached by sporadic efforts, and, in any case, these efforts are no match for the cunning of the enemy within our gates, who, with tireless persistency, is promoting an insidious propaganda with pacifist arguments, especially devoted to attacks on England.

"Recently a thoroughly American boy, just returned from an aviation camp with his commission as Second Lieutenant, answering the question: 'How do the boys feel about the War?' replied: 'Why they are all against it, of course. Is any one for it? When surprise was expressed at this response and he was asked why he made such a statement, he continued: 'We are not stirred up about a conflict between autocracy and democracy, or any other abstract proposition. Besides, we are not keen about pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for England.' Asked where he got this idea, he said: 'Well, we have been taught in our school books that England has always used other nations to do her fighting for her.' To this he added the regulation arguments put forth by German propagandists.

Furthermore, such a body of patriotic men and women would be a most vital force in the nation to help stamp out the disloyal elements in all communities; for, as the struggle on the Western Front grows in intensity, so will the fomenters of sedition in the United States become more brazen.

"We have seen what German espionage accomplished in Italy and Russia, in France and England, and we know what it is doing in this country in the way of promoting dissensions among races, industrial disturbances, and pacifism. We know, too, that we are almost powerless to stop it, because the physical impossibility of less than 1,000 Government agents in the Secret Service to cope with the many thousands of German agents. But 1,000,000 or more determined fathers and mothers could render valuable aid to the Government in this situation. Our boys have shown that they can take care of themselves when fighting the enemy in France; they cannot defend themselves from the traitorous foes who would strike them from the rear at home. That is for the fathers and mothers to do."

CATHOLIC NOTES

The number of Catholics in Zurich, Switzerland, "the city of Zwingli," in 1840 was 4,000. In 1870 it was 8,000; in 1880 there were 16,000 Catholics in Zurich, and at present the Catholic population is 60,000.

The Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John in London has received from Sir John Arnott, a check for \$30,000 the "One day" contribution of the Irish provinces of Leitner, Munster, and Connaught, collected through the Irish Times.

The regular clergy in Ireland have furnished the army with chaplains as follows: Jesuits, 30; Vincentians, 8, from Dublin; Franciscans, 9; Capuchins, 6; Dominicans, 6; Passionists, 14; Sanguinists, or Order of the Holy Ghost, 35; Oblates, 4; Marists, 2, and Carmelites, 2.

A statue to the memory of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, has been erected in Algeria. It is placed in what was formerly the city of Circa and which was destroyed by pagan hordes early in the fourth century. In 313 Constantine restored it and it was afterward known by the name of the great defender of the Cross.

"The Mystery of Life," a drama with music, the work of J. F. X. O'Conor of St. Francis Xavier College, will begin an engagement at the Lexington Theatre on Saturday night, May 4. The play, which enlists the services of more than 150 actors, singers, and dancers, has a religious background, and has already been produced successfully.

An ancient See has been restored in Portugal by special bull of the Holy Father. It is that of Lieria, founded by Pope Paul V. in 1541, and suppressed in 1881. It has now been provisionally conferred to the administration of the Archbishop of Lisbon, who will govern it as Apostolic Administrator until the appointment of a Bishop.

Mrs. Priscilla H. Goethals was baptized a Catholic recently by Mgr. O'Keefe, pastor of the Garrison church at West Point, N. Y., and made her first Holy Communion. She is the daughter-in-law of Major-General Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal and present head of the War Board at Washington. Mrs. Goethals was formerly an Episcopalian, and is the first of the family to become a Catholic.

Captain, the Rev. Father Crochette, who was killed whilst visiting a French-Canadian battalion's dressing station, was buried "over there" with full military honors. A Protestant army chaplain tells the Associated Press that the solemn burial service chanted by war-tired French Canadian soldiers was the most impressive and moving incident he ever witnessed at the front.

The board of directors of the Knights of Columbus held its quarterly meeting in New York on April 14. The supreme knight, James A. Flaherty of Philadelphia, announced that the work of the order for the benefit of our soldiers and sailors would require an expenditure of approximately \$25,000,000 up to July 1, 1919. He said that nearly \$6,000,000 was now on hand, and it was believed that \$12,000,000 would be available by June 1 of this year.

The will of the late Mrs. Anna Matthews Webb, of Glendale, Ohio, a convert to Catholicity, and relative by marriage of President and Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, bequeaths the notable sum of \$10,000 to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, Baltimore; also \$5,000 to the Little Sisters of the Assumption, Nursing Sisters of the Poor, New York; \$5,000 to the Home for the Aged, Cincinnati; \$5,000 to the Catholic Missionary Union, and \$1,000 to the Ladies' Literary Institute, of St. Mary of the Springs, near Columbus, Ohio; and \$2,000 to the Ursuline Academy, Brown County.

The London Tablet announces the death of Mr. Ambrose Willis, who was killed in action in Palestine. For some years Mr. Willis was the publisher and manager of The Tablet, but when the War came he felt it his duty to volunteer for the front and went. Mr. Willis was widely known in America, having made many friends here upon the occasion of his visit in 1913, when he addressed the members of the Catholic Federation. Mr. Willis was born in London, in 1885, the son of Thomas Frederick Willis, a convert from the Anglican ministry. He was baptized by the late Cardinal Manning.

Catholic chaplains are mentioned in latest dispatches for distinguished conduct and particular personal bravery. They are Father Noblet, Father Evans, S. J., Father Vincent Schully, C. R. L., and Father Whitfield. Another priest, Father MacLaurin, has given his life in the cause of duty. After serving in France and being badly gassed, he was invalided home and, insisting on going out again, was attached for a time to a hospital ship. It happened to be the *Glencart Castle*, and he went down with it. He came from the Glasgow Archdiocese, where his loss is deplored.