

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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NEVER ALONE

Fact and fantasy are so mingled in our daily experience that our powers of sane thinking are sometimes strained to the utmost. "We live in dreams," says the poet, but the use and abuse of our imagination make up a large part of life's tragedy. Who can sound the abysses of memory or decide how it is related to that individuality which persists in spite of all circumstantial changes? At the slightest stimulus away our spirits go on the wings of reminiscence; we are with those from whom we parted long since. Though their bodily presence is withdrawn and they are under alien skies, we clasp them close and spiritually hold converse with them as inextricably bound in the same bundle of life.

MOULDS US

Each of us has an innermost room, a study of imagination into which none may intrude without our consent. It is no guest-house of common call, save where personality is unvalued, but a sanctuary to which only dearly- prized guests are welcomed, and they on terms. A sweet privacy pervades it, yet there are ghosts that gain admittance, "dream-children," who have never materialized, and disembodied friends remembered so well that nothing of life or death can separate them from us. Love knows no diminution when it fastens on what is indestructible and pure; it is only the material that is perishable and corruptible. Our customary dwelling-place catches something from us as years go on. The scene of our successes and failures, it savours of our habitual temper and outlook. Its arrangement reflects our growing mind or our moral declension. Its rooms are haunted by sad or happy recollections; they murmur echoes of voices gone silent, and raise pictures that weave themselves into our hourly experience with exhilarating or elevating effect. The aura of a home has a perceptible influence on a guest; it is delightful to inhale the fragrance of a beautifully-ordered circle, wherein kindness and charity bear continual sway. Evil spirits shun such reserved enclosures; the holy water distilled there exorcises tempters and scoffers at ideals. As the incense of devotion lay turbulent passion to rest when men and women enter sacred precincts, so the same grace infects the house in which high aims and considerate tempers prevail. Even the ghosts of dead sins cannot permanently harass the souls of those who seek each other's good.

OUR SAFEGUARD

The dead past lies heavily on the world to-day. Never was it so full of spectral horrors; never so like a graveyard in which the best and bravest lie buried. Griety phantoms flit across devastated cities and provinces; gaunt spectres, creatures that were once men, women and children, stalk about behind the thunder and lightning of war; the earth rocks with hellish outbreaks of destructive forces. "Can the end of all things be near?" The weary, the bereaved, the homeless feel that they are only half alive; they echo the saying of Burke: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" Happily, there is another side to this dreary reality. All has not gone into the melting-pot; indeed this latest, and perhaps last, demoniacal outburst from the pit of selfishness has released wondrous recuperative powers—spiritual wickedness is judged and will be punished in due course. Meanwhile, Dives and Lazarus are still with us. Would we banish evil memories, lay the ghost of duties shirked and evil ambitions indulged? To day offers a fresh opportunity to better the past. Let us be wise in this day of retribution, else our mummied self may threaten a day of wrath from which none can deliver. For we are our own to save or destroy in the last resort. Judgment awaits each one, and the books are always open. One of the saddest of Matthew Arnold's poems is entitled "Growing Old." He finds the most pathetic

signs of old age to be—not the loss of the eyes' lustre, nor the stiffening "joints," and increasing weariness. These can be borne when the heart still lives and retains its clear outlook and generous sympathies. No; the curse wrought by profitless years lies heavily upon those who are haunted by memories of wasted opportunities and selfish aims that dry up the spirit. We age fast when "deep in our hidden heart festers the dull remembrance of a change, but no emotion—none."

SAD

Can a sadder fate overtake man or woman than to be haunted by the sense of unfulfilled obligations, despised privileges, mercies scorned and moral death chosen before life? From such ghostly terrors may we be shielded, so that memory and hope may combine to open up horizons which prefigure the dawn of a new day, in the radiance of which we may discern our loved and vanished heroes transmuted by the grace of divine purpose and safe against the shocks of time and earthly change.

A DANGER

Along with our material progress there seems to be a growing insensibility to the evil of sin. From the beginning the Church's fight has been against iniquity. She proclaims God's rights, death and the judgment. But many worldlings, after the fashion of their forebears the pagans, insist that there cannot be anything wrong, provided you don't hurt your fellowmen, in obeying the dictates of vanity, pride and selfishness. These people aim at decency; they garb sin in purple and fine linen. The greatest evil is poverty and the greatest happiness is to sit on moneybags and to exude bromides as to the achievement of success. There is no genuine human religion where there is no deep sense of sin. "It is not enough that we know God; we must know also our own wretchedness and unworthiness, our need of a mediator through whom we may draw nigh to God."

Knowing well that the attractions of human life are always tending to obscure eternal standards, the Church never ceases to proclaim that sin, despite pretence and pretext, is sin, and by her ministry and teaching to fight against it. Living in an atmosphere of indifference we are prone, if not to forget this teaching, to minimize it. In our ignorance and presumption we expose ourselves to its influences thinking that a few maxims picked out of books or off the lips of the unthinking justify us or will strengthen us in the hour of our testing. While we write this we have in mind some of the publications which are subservient to the vice of impurity. This is a bald statement, but it expresses our meaning. This printed stuff is always represented by the hired men of the publishers as instructive and timely and just the thing for the immature and morbid-minded who prefer to dress their mind with rags and refuse than with clean raiment. They suffer their souls to be pawed over by any scribbler who goes to corruption for inspiration.

NOTED PHYSICIAN OF LOURDES DEAD

Paris, July 19, 1917.—Many old pilgrims to Lourdes will learn with regret of the death of Dr. Boissarie, president of the Bureau of Medical Constations at Lourdes. His colleagues extol his merit from the medical point of view and all the pilgrims of Lourdes know his devotion to the sick and his love for the Blessed Virgin and the Blessed Sacrament. He had a very high idea of his office and was obstinately scrupulous in determining the supernatural character of a cure, despite his joy in verifying a miracle, for he felt that he had the honor of the Virgin of Lourdes to guard before a jealous world. Therefore, when he pledged his reputation, the renown of the bureau and the honor of God and Our Lady on a cure, his conferees and those about realized the gravity of the act. In 1904, when he had an audience with the Pope, Pius X. said to him: "The word miracle must never be lightly pronounced," and he never forgot that injunction. He died of a painful malady, from which he had been suffering since the International Eucharistic Congress of 1914.

THE TEXT OF THE POPE'S APPEAL

By the Associated Press

LONDON, August 15.—The foreign office to night issued the French text of the letter from the Pope to the King enclosing a copy of his appeal to the heads of the belligerent people.

"Your Majesty,

The Holy Father, anxious to do everything he can in order to put an end to the conflict which for the last three years has ravaged the civilized world, has decided to submit to the leaders of the belligerent peoples concrete peace proposals exposed in a document which I have the honor to attach to this letter.

"May God grant that the words of His Holiness will this time produce the desired effect for the good of the whole of humanity. "The Holy See, not having diplomatic relations with the French Government or with the Government of Italy or the United States, I very respectfully beg Your Majesty to be good enough to have handed a copy of His Holiness' appeal to the President of the French Republic, to His Majesty the King of Italy, and to the President of the United States. I also beg to add twelve other copies which I request Your Majesty to be good enough to hand to the leaders of the nations friendly to the Allies, with the exception, however, of Russia, Belgium and Brazil, to whom the document has been sent direct.

"In expressing to Your Majesty my sincere thanks for this extreme kindness I am happy to take the opportunity to offer you the homage of sentiment, a very profound respect with which I have the honor to sign myself your majesty's very humble and devoted servant.

(Signed) "GASPARELLI"

PLUNKETT A ZEALOT IN IRELAND'S CAUSE

HIS SELECTION AS CHAIRMAN IMPARTS NEW VIGOR TO HOPES FOR THE CONVENTION

By Charles H. Grady in New York Times
LONDON, July 26.—If I were asked to mention the Britisher whom I regarded as most familiar and sympathetic with America and her institutions and traditions, I think the name of Sir Horace Curzon Plunkett would come first into my mind.

I have happened to see something of him on both sides of the ocean, and he seems to me to be equally at home in Washington and London. He is a friend of President Wilson and an intimate of both Colonel House and Colonel Roosevelt. The latter found in him a most helpful adviser on agricultural and conservation subjects, which he made important concerns of his Administration. When recovering from the injuries received in the Irish rebellion a year ago, Sir Horace went to a sanitarium in Michigan for the period of his convalescence, and has but recently returned.

Sir Horace belongs to the family of which the Lord Dunsany is the head. I believe that his father, the late Baron, had some cattle interests in America. At all events, the present Sir Horace, a younger son, went to Wyoming in 1879 and remained in America ten years. Wherever he goes he makes friends through his gentle optimism and sturdy character, "the synthesis of the ideal and the practical," and when he came home to Ireland he left behind him associations which he has continued to cherish.

His frequent visits to America have kept his friendships alive, and he has always felt the liveliest interest in all that concerned the great republic. Since the War broke out no other man has brought to bear a larger influence for confidence and understanding between the two branches of the English-speaking race. If out of this War there should arise differences, Horace Plunkett would be a mediator that both could trust, one as much as the other.

ARDENT WORKER FOR IRELAND

His unanimous selection as Chairman of the Irish Convention was a unique tribute, amid all the conflict of opinion, the Presidency went to Plunkett by common consent. He is certainly entitled to regard his choice as the crowning honor of a life devoted to Ireland. For British patriot that he is, he is an Irishman to his heart's core.

His life has been a labor of love for Ireland. And it was one of those rare instances in which high motive and practical success were combined. He came back from America in 1889, thirty-five years of age, with an irrepressible enthusiasm which had been molded into a grand purpose. It was to redeem Ireland from poverty to prosperity. With the pure zeal of a crusader he went about preaching co-operation, co-operation, co-operation—co-operation for the purchase of seed, so as to buy the best at the cheapest price; for the purchase of fertilizer and for the marketing of the crop. All of this

Pat had done in the happy-go-lucky way of his race.

The work went slowly at first; only a pure zealot would have held on. Having finally made a start in building a co-operative machine, Plunkett went after legislation, and at last secured the passage of laws that gave tenants rights of purchase on favorable terms.

Today the Ireland that groaned under its hardships thirty years ago is one of the most prosperous sections of Great Britain. It is said that while in politics representatives of the different Irish sections will beat each other's brains out with shillabhs on sight, the same representatives will sit down together in any one of Sir Horace Plunkett's agricultural meetings.

NEW HOPES OF SETTLEMENT

These facts will give some idea of the fitness of Sir Horace for the post to which he has been called and the momentum that his selection imparts to the cause of a pacified and united Ireland. In the first flush of the enthusiasm which this act of the convention has generated, there are new and strong hopes of settling problems hitherto regarded as insoluble. It is difficult to imagine any source more prolific of encouragement for the allied cause than such a settlement. Every influence in America that can be brought to bear ought to be counted on, for the United States is now irrevocably committed to this War and it is a case of "one for all and all for one."

Incidentally it may be mentioned that one of Sir Horace Plunkett's cherished ambitions has been to serve America in respect to her agricultural interests. The subject is one about which he has written, but I know that he has stood ready to give some such personal leadership as he gave to Ireland, if desired.

In the last year he has not been robust, and in such a cause as Irish reconciliation he will put the last ounce of his strength. May success bring him rejuvenation instead of exhaustion!

THE MOTHER OF THE KING

The bodily assumption of Our Lady into heaven after her death is not yet a defined dogma of Catholic Faith, but in the opinion of such eminent theologians as Melchior Cano, Suarez and Benedict XIV. it is so solidly grounded on Catholic tradition that it would be rashness to deny it. The heart of the Faithful has certainly not led them astray. During the centuries which have elapsed since the day of Our Lady's death, they have ever believed that if the virginal body which conceived and gave birth to the God-man was submitted like His to the sway of death, like His too it never felt the corruption of the grave. By His own power He rose from the dead. By His power and through His love He united the pure soul of His Mother to her sinless body and, crowning in its beauty and majesty, the double prerogative of motherhood and virginity bade His Angels bear it above the choirs of the blessed, the serried ranks of the angelic host, to the very throne of the Deity, where it is exalted above every other creature in dignity and power.

It was a day of triumph such as the courts of Heaven alone can witness when the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of Israel, its bloom unwithered and its beauty unimpaired, was transplanted from the earth, unworthy to preserve its fragrance, to the bowers of Paradise. "Who is this King of glory?" asked the wardens of the heavenly gates on the morning of Our Lord's Ascension. "Who is He that cometh from Edom . . . walking in the greatness of His strength?" When the Queen of Angels and of men, the Mother of God was borne aloft above the clouds of opal and of gold that made her footstool, "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" they exclaimed, dazzled at her beauty. It is the Virgin foretold by Isaiah, who hath conceived and brought forth the Babe of Bethlehem and the Redeemer of the World, the Woman of the Apocalypse whom St. John saw clothed with the sun, the Woman who has crushed the Serpent's head, the Judith whose maiden hands slew the enemy of her people and who exclaims to the watchmen on the heavenly battlements, "Open the gates, for God is with us who hath shown His power in Israel." It is the Esther who now "traverses the mansions of Heaven, passing through all the doors, into the court of the King." And a throne is set for the Mother of the King and she sits on His right hand.

The Feast of the Assumption is the crowning jewel in our Mother's diadem. In this mystery, as an old liturgy says, we see virginity bearing a son, and a death that had no peer. The passing away of our Queen was no less wonderful than her child-bearing had been joyful. If she excites our wonder, because as a Virgin she brought forth a Son, she is perhaps still more wonderful in the way she goes to her God. She

knew no corruption, no stain in life, she knew not of the degradation and the dissolution of the tomb. A supreme miracle of God's power in her Immaculate Conception, in the priceless gift of the Divine Maternity, the masterpiece of grace in her sinless life, she conquers the laws of nature in her death. She had surpassed all men in love, in faith, in purity, she is lifted above all created natures by the undivided splendors of her reward.

On her glorious feast-day, some faint echoes of her triumph reach our ears, some dim ray of her unclouded glory fills our souls. And our hearts are glad, and our lips are full of praise. For she is also our Mother and our Queen. Through her it is easy to go to God, for it was through her that He chose to come to us. He, and He alone is our Redeemer, she is our Mediatrix with Him. Through her shall we find favor with Him who loved her so tenderly, and who in the joyous mystery of the Assumption set the seal to the countless favors with which He had so lavishly crowned her.—America.

WE TOLD YOU SO!

"I told you so" is an unappreciated way of, to phrase it commonly, "rubbing it in." Still we are inclined to say just that "We told you so." It might be more considerate to remain silent, and ordinarily we would, were the issue not so vital to the nation. We know that America is all too likely to forget entirely every lesson of history no matter how bitterly it was learned. So again we assert that we gave the warning, with us, of course, the whole of the Catholic press and Catholics and all men of thought.

Watson of Georgia has been in federal hands several times. These experiences served only to prove the clutch that Watson has on the citizens of Georgia, the state of lynchings and illiteracy, bigotry and—at present—anti draft riots. Then, too, the trials proved the truth of the boast that no Georgia jury would ever convict Watson. But Watson seems destined now to stand trial in a court that Georgia may not be able to control, or may not want to control, for Georgia has its redeeming element. The farmers of Georgia have armed and gathered, to voice their opposition to the draft in shotgun banks. And we know, respectable Georgians have confessed and the government is certain that responsible for this armed resistance is none other than Watson, who left off his un-American vituperation of the Church long enough to start an equally un-American propaganda against the draft. The same farmers who were once urged to arm against the threatened invasion of America by the forces of the Vatican were recently advised to refuse military service now when a real and immediate foe threatens us.

Unless the world changes materially with the coming of peace, a thing we are inclined to disbelieve, America will again at some future date have to face conditions similar to those of this moment. Will we suffer delay then again because of our laxity in the times of peace? Watson's game has been a profitable one and though he be silenced now, how long will it be before another seeks the coin that has been his, using identical methods? We cannot but imagine that when matters have sunk into their ordinary channels at the end of the conflict, immunity will be granted to those who start on the course that Watson has followed, coming naturally to the same openly traitorous end. And because of this, we now say that we have given the warning repeatedly, a warning that was ignored. Anti-Catholic and anti-draft propaganda are of the same species and each will strike at the opportune moment. The troubles the government is experiencing must be emphasized, for they are of the profitable lessons that history teaches. Perhaps if insisted upon they will be avoided. Perhaps! New World Chicago.

SAINT ANNE DE BEAUPE

The feast of Saint Anne de Beaupe was celebrated this year at her national shrine with extraordinary splendor and devotion. According to the correspondent of the Soleil of Quebec, who wrote from Beaupe on July 26, the day of the feast, a throng of 12,000 pilgrims came to the little village on the St. Lawrence not only from the Province of Quebec, but from every Province in Canada and from far-away districts in the United States. The spectacle at the Pontifical Mass at which His Eminence, Cardinal Begin, of Quebec, assisted, was deeply impressive. Almost every year, some extraordinary favor marks the solemnity, and well-authenticated cures attest the power of the mother of Our Lady. This year, five such instances, as yet however not officially confirmed, have been reported. Among them the most striking perhaps is the cure of a Syrian girl. The Church is proverbially slow to pronounce officially upon these facts, but there can scarcely be any doubt that the little Canadian village has been the scene of well-certified and extraordinary cures, which science can explain in no ordinary and natural way and which can be ascribed only to the power of God who in working them does honor to the mother of Our Lady and rewards the faith of her clients. The spiritual favors and graces conferred through St. Anne on thousands who visit her shrine cannot be reckoned. No one leaves Beaupe without having his faith enkindled and his devotion and piety deeply stirred.—America.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

While various reasons are given for the high cost of living a report sent out by the Federal Department of Agriculture furnishes the interesting information that the cold storage planters are bursting with food. In one instance 173 warehouses report that the amount of butter held July 1 this year was almost seven times greater than on July 1 last year. Other items are as follows: "Frozen beef: 243 storages report a total of 105,174,204 pounds. 171 storages report 88,078,061, as compared with 55,109,049 pounds on July 1, 1916, an increase 59.8%. 221 storages report an increase of 4,642,361 pounds, or 4.6% during June, 1917. 136 storages report a decrease of 18,478,422 pounds, or 25.4% during June, 1916.

"Cured beef: 268 storages report a total of 34,560,293 pounds. 202 storages report 31,342,078 pounds, as compared with 18,915,105 pounds on July 1, 1916, an increase of 65.7%. 239 storages report an increase of 2,600,848 pounds, or 8.7% during

June, 1917. 171 storages report an increase of 9,157 pounds, or 0.1% during June, 1916.

"Frozen lamb and mutton: 121 storages report a total of 8,995,888 pounds. 81 storages report 8,143,744 pounds, as compared with 1,939,175 pounds on July 1, 1916, an increase of 62.1%. 107 storages report an increase of 730,486 pounds, or 22.4% during June, 1917. 67 storages report a decrease of 357,738 pounds, or 15.8% during June, 1916."

There is much to be said on the high cost of living, and something too on the cost of high living. The high cost of profiteers, greedy speculators and price manipulators is the most pressing question for the Government to settle.—America.

THE SUBJECT OF SERMONS

After thumbing through Monday morning's papers with their synopses of Sunday sermons in Protestant pulpits, one is thankful for the recent letter of the Holy Father to the Bishops of the World. For in that communication Pope Benedict insists again upon the one sacred purpose of the pulpit and the necessity of safeguarding it from every misuse. From the pulpit, he warns, only one voice may be heard and that the voice of God: His Word preached by those best fitted and best trained.

A letter of such import is never written without good cause. And the moment is opportune for the warning. Great problems agitate men's minds and stir their innermost natures. This might beget the temptation to use the pulpit for a more worldly discourse. The Pontiff's voice is quick with the warning against such dangerous practice.

But there is another motive, too, that we can imagine prompts our Holy Father. Of what good are the pulpit orations that are the rule in American Protestant churches? They may be timely, they may be on grave political subjects and vital business questions. But the diplomat does not go to church to have his policy outlined for him, nor the merchant to seek light on commercial matters. Nor will nations lay down their arms because a surprised minister announces that he has found a common ground upon which all combatants can come to peace terms. The sins of Germany are not atoned for, nor the weaknesses of the Allies amended by the preachings in a boulevard church. But with all the pulpits of Christendom preaching again that Christ died for us, repeating the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount, who can measure the effect? We can appreciate the diplomat coming from the church after such a sermon with the realization that his judgment is subordinate to a higher, and the business man with the consciousness of his responsibility to his brother, though he be but a laborer. And when men have come to a sincere practice of religion, what will be the nature of international relations?

We have said before that the best way to work for the restoration of peace is individual right living. And individual virtue is the fruit of the pulpit that repeats the words of the little Catechism.—New World.

SAINT ANNE DE BEAUPE

The feast of Saint Anne de Beaupe was celebrated this year at her national shrine with extraordinary splendor and devotion. According to the correspondent of the Soleil of Quebec, who wrote from Beaupe on July 26, the day of the feast, a throng of 12,000 pilgrims came to the little village on the St. Lawrence not only from the Province of Quebec, but from every Province in Canada and from far-away districts in the United States. The spectacle at the Pontifical Mass at which His Eminence, Cardinal Begin, of Quebec, assisted, was deeply impressive. Almost every year, some extraordinary favor marks the solemnity, and well-authenticated cures attest the power of the mother of Our Lady. This year, five such instances, as yet however not officially confirmed, have been reported. Among them the most striking perhaps is the cure of a Syrian girl. The Church is proverbially slow to pronounce officially upon these facts, but there can scarcely be any doubt that the little Canadian village has been the scene of well-certified and extraordinary cures, which science can explain in no ordinary and natural way and which can be ascribed only to the power of God who in working them does honor to the mother of Our Lady and rewards the faith of her clients. The spiritual favors and graces conferred through St. Anne on thousands who visit her shrine cannot be reckoned. No one leaves Beaupe without having his faith enkindled and his devotion and piety deeply stirred.—America.

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CATHOLIC NOTES

This year's Diocesan Eucharistic Congress of London, Ontario, will be held at St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, on Tuesday, October 9th.

President Wilson recently nominated Constantine J. Smyth, of Nebraska, to be Chief Justice of the District of Columbia. Mr. Smyth is a native of Ireland and one of the leading Catholics of the West.

The general convention of the Knights of Columbus opened in Chicago, Aug. 7. The most important business before it is the promotion of the war work undertaken by the order. The million dollar fund that the Knights planned to raise has been over-subscribed, and at a meeting of the Supreme Council it was decided to extend the amount to \$3,000,000.

The Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis University have turned over to the Government, for training stations, two large islands in Lake Neulash near Lake Michigan. Each island has buildings and equipment to care for 2,000 men. The islands were formerly used by the Jesuits of the middle West for summer vacations for their students.

Figures from Washington show that the United States has more than 800,000 men ready for military service, and will soon reach above the million mark. In four months the army has grown from 150,000 to the present figure, and the navy has increased almost as rapidly. The new National Army, composed of 688,000 conscripts, will soon be in camp, and this addition will bring the total military force to about 1,500,000.

Under the auspices of La Salle Assembly, Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, Chicago, a shelter home for boys will be opened in that city. Archbishop Mundein, shortly after assuming charge of the archdiocese of Chicago, suggested this work to the Knights. Fifteen thousand dollars towards the fund was subscribed at a meeting and 5,000 members of the Fourth Degree in Cook County promised \$100 each towards the home.

Right Rev. Nicholas C. Matz, D. D., Bishop of Denver, died Thursday, August 9. The Right Rev. Nicholas Chrysostom Matz was born April 6, 1850, at Munster, Lorraine, France. His native land later passed under German domination. He came as a young man to America, and studied in Ohio. He was ordained in Denver on May 31, 1874, by the Right Rev. Joseph Projectus Machebeuf, first bishop of Denver, whom he later succeeded.

The Holy Father's name-day—the feast of St. James, the Apostle, was quietly celebrated. Representatives of all the departments in the Vatican, the Pontifical court, and members of his family, tendered their congratulations. A private reception was held for the Cardinals now in Rome, and Cardinal Vanutelli, the dean of the Sacred College, expressed the felicitations of that body and their devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff. On that day also the foundation-stone of a new museum was blessed and laid.

The lordly white people who believe that the only good Indian is a dead Indian are having coils of fire heaped on their memory by reason of the action of some of the Indian tribes of to-day. Such patriotism as that shown by the Menominee Reservation braves is rare. They give their all to the cause of national honor. They give a huge sawmill and lumber plant at Neopit, \$100,000 in cash and their own persons to the United States as fighters. Not only the braves, but their squaws, so come forward. They are being instructed in Red Cross work and first aid. A noble retaliation for old-time wrongs.

The first Colored order of religious women instituted in this country was the Oblate Sisters of Providence. From 1827 to 1917, these saintly heroines have struggled valiantly against odds and have won the crown of success. Poverty, distrust from their own, indifference from authority, even personal violence from bigots, are only a few of the obstacles which made their naturally unpopular mission more difficult. Yet they have succeeded. These holy women deserve well of the charity of the Catholic people of the United States. Not only for the lesson their lives teach, but also for the works of pure charity they are accomplishing.

Now that Alaska has risen to the dignity of a vicariate apostolic, interest in its religious history is re-awakened. Christianity was introduced there more than one hundred years ago by Russian traders, and various missions were established. It was not the Catholic religion, however, but the Russian orthodox faith. The Catholic missionaries eventually began work there, and it has resulted in bringing into the Church 11,500 converts, who constitute the present Catholic population. All the missions are in charge of Jesuit Fathers, to whom was assigned the difficult work of building up the Church among the natives. In 1916 there were 23 Jesuit priests, 10 Jesuit brothers and 57 nuns of different communities. The Sisters conduct 4 boarding schools, 5 day schools, 6 hospitals and 1 orphanage.