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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STRONG MEN

The tendency towards self-assertion is not peculiar to any class, though favoring circumstances may develop it more fully. Doubtless it was implanted by nature, and ensured the continuance of tribal mankind in the struggle with savage beasts and determined foes. All through the ages the Will to Power, as certain modern philosophers style it, has enabled the strong to rule over the weak—not in the mass only, but in family and personal affairs.

That it has never been positively identified with Virtue or Freedom is notorious. Even in the higher spheres of religion, power has never been accepted as equivalent to truth. Authority has often had to bow to fresh revelations and acknowledge the findings of riper experience. If governments were power-houses for the evolution and diffusion of spiritual energy the life of the nation might flourish; but it is too much to expect—had they been so, prophets and singers and saints would not have played such momentous parts on the world stage. Only blind folly and crass selfishness can ignore the higher calling of mankind, rushing to a tragic fate which is preordained in the nature of things.

Good and bad people crave the desire to acquire power for quite different ends. Also there are naturally weak men and women who long to wield control over others, and innately strong natures that have no ambition of that sort. These qualities are markedly displayed in a time like this, when scribblers of no weight put forth insolent claims to dictate to statesmen and administrators whose posts could be filled to perfection by their hasty nominees. The best qualified leaders are often singularly devoid of self assertiveness. The strong, silent rulers of history have usually carried states over great crises.

We hope and believe that our victory in the present struggle would make for the world's peace and good order. Germany's abuse of power for cruel and selfish purposes must now be clear to all impartial judges. From the most rigorously practical point of view, apart from sentiment and the spiritual outlook, the triumph of Teutonism would be anything but "the survival of the fittest."

On the whole we may perhaps assume that we are still bound to walk warily, remembering that national self-consciousness is now highly developed, even among the smaller states and peoples. Absolutism in its more open forms is in its last agony; in more subtle and evasive ones it has still to be reckoned with. The author of a new study of China and its problems points out that even in that home of intense conservatism a new dynamic factor has to be reckoned with—emperors and courtiers and priests can no longer make puppets of the common folk; even military and diplomatic forces have to wait on another despotic ruler—Finance is the power that overrides all. We are finding out by degrees that money rules in most things at home as well as abroad. Banking and exchange reach further than royal or parliamentary or presidential decrees. Our age has to deal with the double-edged problem of Wealth and Welfare before it can grapple successfully with the social and international difficulties that lie in the path of progress.

LEARNING AND GROWING

We have all to learn, and the sooner the better, that action and reaction make the warp and woof of this human life of ours. The common saying that "when things are at the worst they will mend" is grounded in the common experience, for, though it is not always literally true, it hints at that unseen mandate, "Thus far and no farther," which limits all excess in the realms of both mind and matter. The race has to conform to this law. The grand old monarchies rose to great heights of power and magnificence; each in turn declined and made way for its successor—the Orient passed under the sway of Alexander and his heirs, then the Roman swept aside the Greek, in due course falling under barbarian assaults. The Saracen climbed Mount Zion, and the Turk enthroned himself in the City of Constantine. So light and darkness go on for the moulding of mankind. New births of civilization seem to go down in obscurity; but evermore progress reveals the underlying purpose of the whole in personal lives and on the grand scale. Treachery and hatred, selfish ambition, and greed of power, appear to be triumphant over weakness in all climes and epochs; but judgment follows crime, and Time's wheel brings round the avenging forces with startling results.

The tide of pleasure was at the full in August, 1914; then the ebb began. The stream runs thinly and turbidly now, for youth gives the impetus to enjoyment, and today our young men and maidens have to toil terribly at tasks which involve painful endurance or horrors that will not bear analysis. It may be long before the returning tide will fill the channels of our cheerful activity again.

So also with the suspended flow of happiness, that deeper and more complex gift which is our "being's end and aim"—it will come back, but in a purer form. The bright joys of the fleeting hours are wont to fade quickly, and happiness itself is often doomed to sudden blank eclipse. How well many are realizing this now! Even as our heroic champions are rolling back the foes of the worlds, in the desolated fields of France and Flanders, so are we in the way of finding increased resources wherewith to overcome the dark forces of error and unfaith. We are learning more truly and deeply that happiness is not solitary, that it cleaves to lives that are blended in mutual service. It is not a new revelation that we need in our despairing hours, but fresh light on the old gospel of sacrifice and redemptive suffering. Every new lesson, every unexpected reverse, every loss that prunes our personality of false growths, makes for spiritual illumination—they are letters in the alphabet of celestial knowledge, whispers of divine counsel from the void we have moved in too long. As for the dilemma that sometimes arrests our judgment—shall not life and sweetness once more prevail over the confusions of the time?

The shock of bereavement should liberate hidden powers. Virtue goes out from those who have fallen in the strife for freedom and progress; indeed even now our hearts crave the fulfilment of the yearning that looks for fruition "where beyond these voices there is peace." The tide of being will return. The season of revival matches that of wintry gloom.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Lloyd George is a busy man; but in spare moments he must concern himself with the Church of England as by law established.

Lord William Cecil, late rector of Hatfield, has recently been made a Bishop and Mr. Lloyd George has to appoint a successor. Whereupon the Tablet remarks:

"Mr. George Russell, to point a moral in the interests of Disestablishment, tells how this living has been bestowed in comparatively recent times. In the winter of 1835 Hatfield House was nearly destroyed by fire, and one wing of the building was completely burnt down. "The rest was saved by the exertions of family, household, friends and neighbors, among whom one of the most active was a young Mr. Talbot, a cousin of Lord Salisbury. When the fire was extinguished, the thankful owner called young Talbot to him and said, "You have worked right well, and have helped to save a great disaster. I will show my gratitude in a practical way. If you will take Holy Orders I will make you Rector of Hatfield, which is worth £1,500 a year, with a capital house.' The offer was accepted: Mr. Talbot was ordained, and retained the rectory of Hatfield till he died, at a good old age, in 1888. He was succeeded by Lord William Cecil. Lord William now becomes a Bishop, and the right of presenting to Hatfield lapses to the Prime Minister. Here, indeed, is an instructive object lesson.

Mr. Russell, who is chairman of "the Churchman's Liberation League," goes on to rub in the point: "An undergraduate helps to extinguish a fire; he becomes the incumbent on an important parish for fifty years. He goes the way of all flesh—even clerical flesh; which is proverbially enduring—and he is succeeded by the son, a curate of twenty-five, who holds the same benefice for twenty-eight years. A barrister-Premier who is a Dissenter if he is anything, turns the Rector into a bishop; and the fiery apostle of Welsh Disestablishment—the suddenly chosen head of a War Cabinet—must appoint a pastor for the flock which the Bishop resigns. Surely the force of anomaly could no further go." But if the control of the State and the Royal Supremacy are to be abolished—what becomes of the Blessed Reformation?

ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW

By A. M. Nolan in Ireland

There is a clergyman in a certain Irish market town who refused a Carnegie library for his parishioners. His reason was the stereotyped one, "tainted money." He is a progressive man this clergyman. He has been instrumental in the building of good roads and better bridges for the county. He has caused bogs to be drained and useless ornamented lakes to be filled. And there are some splendid laborers' cottages to his credit. He has even turned the dark little street called Main Street, into a lighted thoroughfare at night by virtue of acetelyne gas. He has, in fact, put his little town on the map.

But one must travel by rail just twenty-five miles from that town in order to get a book or magazine. The only reading matter one finds in the average home of that town is the Freeman's Journal or the Dublin Independent, according to the politics of the subscriber. And of course the Key of Heaven.

With no pretense at dovetailing ideas be it said that the immigrants from that town are seldom to be found in high-salaried positions in the United States. One seldom finds this among the progressive Irish settlers in America. Their children with but few exceptions, are not receiving the full benefit of American education. These are facts.

There was a school teacher in another Irish town, or rather, a village. He was a man, by all the evidence which I found while visiting that little Roscommon village, of superior talents. He had brought with him a wonderful library, and he had distributed the books among the homes of the countryside. He is dead and gone these many years, but he has left the stamp of his own scholarship upon the community. In other Irish villages, when one drops into a farmer's cottage for an evening's social time, one hears only acrimonious attacks upon neighbors, threats of "having the law" on this man or that because his cattle are trespassing on the complainant's property, and always the pessimistic "Ireland is a poor place, indeed." The only enthusiasm that can be aroused is that of an election contest.

Quite different in tone was the conversation I heard before the turf fires of that Roscommon village. When the men would pull up their chairs to the blaze, invariably would somebody begin, "I was reading a queer (he usually gave the Gaelic vowel sound and pronounced it quare) thing today in———" And thus the symposium would open. Current events, past events, politics, poetry, science, co-operation, the advanced farming of the western country in the United States and Canada, the difference between home-grown and imported foodstuffs, the activities of the Irish Party in Parliament—everything worth while was threshed out by these Roscommon farmers, and threshed out intelligently.

Nor was this the most significant mark left by that old schoolmaster upon his pupils now grown to manhood and womanhood. It was rather to be found in their calm and judicial balancing of the facts of life. To be in the fields with them, "saving the hay," to be walking the roads with them to the market town or to be sitting among them at the fireside was like being in the classroom of a college. There was a certain stateliness and dignity of manner upon these men and women which distinguished them as ladies and gentlemen. It was the mark of scholarship left by that old school teacher who had brought his library to them.

One might have thought this knowledge of the world without, which they received from their reading would have made the young people of the village long for adventure in America. This was not so. There was, indeed, a certain restlessness among them, but it was a dissatisfaction with existing conditions and the beginning of progress, not a desire to escape responsibility.

"Why don't you go to America," I asked one young man, "and take up a profession. You could study at night and work by day."

We were in the meadow piling the hay into little cocks, and as I watched this big, handsome farmer with his slow but graceful movements pitching the light forkfuls into their place, I wondered how a man who read both economics and novels with the same zest could so content himself. Before replying he finished the last cock. Then leaning on the pitchfork he looked quizzically into my eyes.

"And you told me that you read "The Simple Life," he remarked.

"But you have a brilliant mind," I remonstrated. "Why not leave the manual labor to those who are less equipped with mentality."

"That is the trouble with the world," he replied. "We have been leaving the only real things of life with the stupid ones. What use would your professions, your doctors and lawyers and writers be if the people were educated back to the simple life, the life where one may rake hay and do his thinking at the same time? That would mean healthy bodies and minds too sane to get mixed up with the law. I am content here. I like this work. I have my books. I have my friends about me. I can go to a dance for a night's frolic. I have enough to eat, and—" he paused to point at the sun setting beyond Fairymount—"would your American doctors or lawyers or journalists get a better sunset than that?"

It was not the sunset, however, that I was looking at just then. It was the little thatched schoolhouse that lay between us and the rosy glow on Fairymount. Neither of us had included school teachers or books in the artificialities of the life this young farmer was foregoing.

And now, coming back to the other Irish community, whose pastor refused a "tainted money" library, one wonders just what the result would be were the two communities made one. Farmer proprietors, good roads, drained bog-land, modern laborers' cottages with slate roofs, books to give the Irish mentality a chance to develop . Considering what Irish brains have already given the world under the most adverse circumstances, one must, to be accurate and artistic, finish with a dash. There would be no end at all to it, Ireland's progress.

THE IMMIGRATION BILL VETO

President Wilson has vetoed for the second time an Immigration bill which, by the unsound and untenable literacy test, seeks to exclude foreign labor at the demand of organized labor. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Taft vetoed similar measures setting up a similar test. The present bill includes many desirable restrictions and provisions. Its framers have sought ingeniously but in vain to atone by these for its essential and fatal theory and principle. The unconquerable objections to a literacy test have been stated again and again in the last generation. Mr. Wilson summarizes them luminously and convincingly:

It is not a test of character, of quality, or of personal fitness, but would operate in most cases merely as a penalty for lack of opportunity in the country from which the alien seeking admission came.

The opportunity to gain an education is in many cases one of the chief opportunities sought by the immigrant in coming to the United States, and our experience in the past has not been that the illiterate immigrant is, as such, an undesirable immigrant. Tests of equality and of purpose cannot be objected to on principle, but tests of opportunity surely may be.

There is nothing to be added to that. The proposers of the test are aware of its weakness. It was the avowed means of the unavowed purpose of keeping out foreign labor and keeping up the price of the domestic supply so curtailed.

Furthermore, Mr. Wilson turns against the makers of the bill a provision adroitly inserted to dull the edge of the literacy test and to appeal to the generous sympathies of himself and all Americans with the victims of religious persecution. That provision exempts from the literacy test aliens "who shall prove to the satisfaction of the proper immigration officer or the Secretary of Labor" that they have come to the United States

to avoid religious persecution in the country of their permanent residence whether such persecution be evidenced by overt acts or by laws and governmental regulations that discriminate against the alien or the race to which he belongs because of his religious faith.

Mr. Wilson points out that the application of this exemption would require the immigration officers "to pass judgment upon the laws and practices of a foreign Government," and would probably raise "very serious questions of international justice and comity between this Government and the Government or Governments thus officially condemned." The immigration officials cause personal irritation enough now. Made impromptu judges and interpreters of foreign laws, history, fact, heated and heating religious and ethnic questions, what international disputes, what straining of international relations, what exacerbation of foreign nerves might their zealous, floundering execution of their duties under this exemption cause?

The bill comes up in the House tomorrow. The attempt to pass it over the veto should fail as it failed in the case of the veto of its predecessor in 1915. The large majorities which passed the bill last year, 308 to 87 in the House, 61 to 7 in the Senate, are curious and artificial. They are a sign, rather, of the effective discipline exercised by the American Federation of Labor and of a readiness of Congress to yield to the propaganda and demands of a minority of public opinion with an overestimated batch of votes behind it. It is true that there is a strong and general wish, grown greatly in the last few years, for an honest regulation of immigration, for restriction of immigration.

The old easy faith in never barring the door has gone. A belated wisdom, a soberer view, has taken the place of the sentimental optimism that ruled so long. The literacy test is dishonest and unintelligent. History and daily life and everybody's experience tell him that. He knows that literacy is no guarantee of good morals, no certificate of the strong hands, the willing hearts, the industry, energy, integrity which the country needs. Some time, perhaps, the United States will approach this question, so vital to its growth and welfare, as Canada approaches it, coldly, sensibly, with no political intention; will ask of an Immigration bill not "Are there votes in it?" but "Is it for the best interests of the United States, will it give us workers of the kind we need and keep out the other kind?"

It is usually difficult, it ought to be difficult, to override the President's veto. Mr. Wilson's veto of the Immigration bill rests on irrefragable reasons. It is sustained we believe, by the intelligence, the sense of fair play and justice of the country. It should be sustained by Congress.—N. Y. Times.

OPTIMISTIC SPEECH

BY MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., AT THE PERKINS BULL HOSPITAL

The Canadian News, (London, Eng.)

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., dined with forty-five Canadian officers at the Perkins Bull Hospital on Monday, January 15.

Sir Edwin Cornwall, M. P., Controller of the Household, was also present.

In proposing the health of the guests, Mr. Perkins Bull said that Mr. O'Connor had come from Ireland to London in 1870 in search of work. This was the year in which he, Mr Perkins Bull, was born. He referred to the illustrious career Mr. O'Connor had since carved for himself, to the great influence he wielded not only in the United Kingdom and Ireland, but throughout the Colonies and the Anglo-Saxon world.

Mr. O'Connor on rising was greeted with cheers and frequently applauded during the course of a brilliant speech: "I have come gladly here to night first because of my warm affection for Canada, the greatest triumph, as I have many a time said, of the greatest institutions in our Empire.

"I have come here to recognize the more than splendid contribution of Canada, whose sons have gained such imperishable laurels by their bravery on the battlefield. I have come here to recognize the noble work done by my friend, Mr. Perkins Bull, in organizing this well-equipped hospital at expense in money and at the larger expenditure of time and superintendence, to supply good cheer and a warm and affectionate surrounding to all who have come from the battlefield, and one welcomes the information that not only Canada's sons but also those from Newfoundland, New Zealand, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales have already enjoyed imperial hospitality here.

"I am glad that Mr. Perkins Bull is now delivering a series of lectures throughout the United Kingdom, echoing the voice of all Canada in demanding that when Peace comes it shall be a decisive Peace and not a premature Peace.

"Canada and the other Colonies cannot send to England too many men like your chairman; we like the strong Imperial sentiments which emanate from his vigorous and generous Canadian heart. We are passing through terrible times, through heart-breaking times; let no man underrate the horrors of this War, and least of all should I do it in the presence of men who have passed through the hell of the battlefield. I pray—we all pray—that the gigantic tragedy may soon be brought to an end. But we want the future of the world, of civilisation, of democracy, of Christianity, to reap some adequate harvest from all this sowing in the blood of millions of gallant and self-sacrificing men. Across the bloody gulf which still stretches between the world and peace I look to that harvest; and, therefore, I feel that these terrible times are also sublime and ennobling times. It seems again as if the progress of humanity should be purchased in blood and in tears: but the fact remains that humanity does grow and rise steadily from lower to higher things. The naked savage that roamed the untilled places of the world, fighting each with his own club and finding no means of securing food except by the murder of his rival, is replaced in the teeming cities and the fertile fields of civilised countries nearly all the world over. But to-day we have, by the strange atavism in one nation, a standard of government and of international relations which is in essence the restoration of the armed savage for the civilised and peaceful man.

"That gospel challenged the world; the world has given its response; the Allies by their swords, the majority of the neutral countries—and especially the greatest of all the neutrals—by the overwhelming support of their opinion and moral forces. In our own Empire the challenge to civilization has elicited such a knitting together of all the different components of a world-scattered Empire such as no man ever expected to see in his day. That knitting together of the Empire has been one of the many visions of my life to which I have steadily adhered, in season and out of season.

"Is it not an inevitable consequence of this brotherhood of arms that there should be another knitting together by the participation of all parts of the Empire in the discussion and the decision of its Imperial councils and Imperial resolves?

"The answer is given by the Home Government in the summoning together of the Imperial Council for next month. What a spectacle we shall then present to the world—of this Empire united together to her last corner and to her last man in the united decisions and in united action; and all this tremendous instrument, forged, not for aggression, not for war, nor for plunder, but for the peaceful development of our immeasurable resources and the upholding of those principles of law and liberty and democracy for which our Empire, if true to its spirit and its mission, ought always to stand. If there be among my old opponents and my friends on the Irish question anybody who expects that this federation of our Empire can be consummated without the close of the struggle between England and Ireland by the concession to Ireland of the autonomy which has proved the salvation of the spiritual cement of the Empire, then I have to say that all the world cannot become free and Ireland remain bound. Ireland's claim for autonomy has already won in England; there is no section that counts in any of the English schools of thought which is not convinced that such a measure of Irish self-government is not an appeal to justice also to Imperial interest and Imperial repute. What stands in the way is not English opinion—it is united and is convinced and favourable—but the relics of those old divisions in Ireland herself, which come from the dark and distant ages of ignorant and unwise government. I cannot think that in face of the great world tragedy and this final Armageddon between the forces of light and darkness, any true Irishman can put the maintenance of these unhappy divisions above the interests of justice, democracy and the British Empire; and I speak in well-founded hope that this year will not have passed without seeing England and Ireland completely reconciled. I see in that reconciliation also promise of another and even a more dazzling vision on which the eyes of my inner soul have also always been bent. By the side of your glorious country there lies, with nothing more than an imaginary boundary, the most powerful democracy the world has ever seen. That democracy speaks the same language, obeys the same laws in its soul, worships the same ideals of liberty, democracy and justice as we do and you do. Its President has recently given expression to the instinctive hatred of every free nation for the settlement of international differences by the stupid and cruel arbitrament of the sword.

"It is not we who drew the sword: it was not we who chose that arbiter; it was not British writers or British statesmen who preached the gospel of the sword. But that issue is now before the world; we shall not stop till that issue is decided, and when it is decided, then not only all the parts of the British Empire, but I do pray and hope the democracy of America will be united in safeguarding the verdict of the battlefield. Which shall win—the machine-gun shattering the human body, or the imperishable and free soul of man appealing to conscience, to justice, to freedom: which shall win?

"Can any man doubt who has seen enslaved nations rise after centuries of defeat and oceans of blood to full freedom—the Poles, the Irish, soon I hope, the Armenians. And when that victory comes, to you, gentle men, and to all like you who have crossed the seas to fight for freedom, I can say confidently the generations will arise and call blessings upon you and your work."

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Barre Wool Combing Company, of South Barre, Mass., recently donated to the diocese of Springfield, Mass., a plot of land, to be used for the erection of a Catholic Church in South Barre.

Dr Calvin S. White, head of the Oregon State Health Department, in an address said: "Where can you get together such a band of noble, devoted, self-sacrificing women as the Sisters of the Good Shepherd?"

In the year 1522, when Venice was threatened by the Turks, St. Cajetan established the continual exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in different churches. It was then a new devotion, and the Republic of Venice was saved.

Joyce Kilmer, convert and lecturer, poetry editor of the Literary Digest and contributor to the Sunday Magazine section of the New York Times, will teach a class in the present session in the School of Journalism of New York University.

Regarding Count de Salis, the newly appointed British minister to the Vatican, it is worth adding another to the several details already published about this person. Count de Salis is an Irish landlord, his estate being in County Limerick.

With the hearty approval of Cardinal Gibbons, the campaign arranged to raise $100,000 for the erection of a parochial school and High school for girls, to take the place of the old Notre Dame Academy in Washington, D. C., has been launched. It will open Thursday evening, February 8, and continue for eight consecutive working days, the formal closing to be Sunday evening, February 18.

At St. Boniface, Manitoba, Rev. Demase Dandurand celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his ordination as a priest. He is past ninety-eight years of age and is the oldest priest in North America. He was a missionary in the Northwest Territory in his early days and is still active as assistant at the cathedral of St. Boniface.

Bishop Shahan, rector of the Catholic University, Washington, has organized a movement to establish a Celtic Museum in Chicago. A committee of nine, headed by Judge John McGoorty, will undertake the carrying out of the project. Bishop Shahan says that Chicago is a particularly desirable spot for such a museum, which, he believes, could be made the most complete repository of Celtic historical data in the world.

Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P., who was widely known both as a missionary and an author, having exercised the ministry in the United States, Argentina, Chili and England died recently in the hospice of the Irish Sisters of Charity, London. He was a native of England and the son of an Anglican clergyman. While residing at the University of Cambridge he became a Catholic, and not long afterwards came to the United States. Here he joined the order of Passionists.

Vincennes, Indiana, took a prominent part in the recent centenary celebration of the State. The Knights of Columbus had an active part in the programme. The work of Father Gibault and of other Catholic pioneers was fittingly commemorated. It is said that the Knights are arranging for a worthy monument to Father Gibault's memory in the form of a school for neglected boys.

Advice received in Mexico City from Querotaro state that Archbishop Orozco Jiminez of Guadalajara who was arrested recently at Zacatecas on a charge of conspiracy against the government has been ordered deported. The reports say also that Right Rev. Miguel de la Mora, Bishop of Zacatecas, who was arrested at the same time, has been released and is in America. Representations were made to the Mexican Government by our state department.

A unique little chapel has been erected at La Panne, Belgium, near Queen Elizabeth's residence. It is known as the Relic Church, and many of its furnishings are part of the wreckage of bombarded churches. Beautiful old sacred pictures and crucifixes are to be seen here, some of them marred by shells. In one corner is a heap of stone cannon balls, dug up by the soldiers in making trenches near Neupert. It is supposed that these balls had been used centuries ago in the Battle of the Dunes.

Bids have been asked for a hall of philosophy to be erected on the grounds of the St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y. The new building will be more than 200 feet in length and five stories high. The architecture will be a combination of Renaissance, Italian and Gothic. The interior will be the last word in modern equipment. It is estimated that the cost will be about $750,000, which will be made through the gift of a person whose name has not yet been revealed. The work will be done under the direct supervision of of Cardinal Farley.