

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XLIV.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1922

2291

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

Copyrighted 1922 by Seumas MacManus

A LOSS IRREPARABLE

When a middling great, or even a near great, man passes away the newspaper writers are always sure to say that the loss is irreparable. The passing of Arthur Griffith, however, is one of the rare occasions on which the word may justifiably be used. Though personally I differed from him much upon some of his recent policies I very readily pay him this small tribute. His loss to Ireland is irreparable because he was pre-eminently the greatest minded man that looked above the Irish political horizon—not only through the recent few most troubled years—but during the past quarter of a century. Griffith was so singularly reticent—and so little given to public speaking—that the crowd did not know him. Very few outside a small circle of intimates knew the real bigness of the man.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MIND

He had an extraordinary mind, cool, calculating, far-reaching, logical. He had a wonderful grasp of Irish problems, political and economic. Into the mazy minds of the English politicians who tried to rule Ireland, he was far-seeing to an extent that seemed almost uncanny—and he could foretell the moves on the Imperial chess-board with an intuition that was startling.

Combined with these qualities he had that moral heroism which would suffer the hand to be burned off in the fire before flinching from just and big principle; and he had the self-abnegation, and the pertinacity, which enables the one man with right upon his side to fight, and wear down the hundred thousand men who deny right.

A commendable peculiarity in Arthur Griffith's mental make up and one that served to lift his head and shoulders above other men who might be termed great—was a rare blend of radicalism, and conservatism. There were no scales on his eyes when he looked at a wrong which all other men had for so long accepted that it seemed to them to be a right. But when he sternly proceeded to rout out that wrong he never let his natural indignation carry him to the destroying of any thread of right that was with it. He had discrimination, and moderation, in his passion—if you can conceive of such. The average radical would call Griffith a reactionary. The average conservative would call him a red revolutionist. He was neither one nor the other. He was a pre-eminently judicious reformer.

FIRST MEETING WITH GRIFFITH

I first met Griffith at the very outset of his Irish political career. It was when he, with the lamented William Rooney, had launched their little National organ, The United Irishman. It was in the spring of '99, when I was returning from my first visit to the United States. To Griffith, and Rooney, I carried with me one hundred pounds from Miss Inaud Gonne who was then on a lecture tour through the States. To the two poor struggling fellows who were writing and printing the little paper themselves—Griffith generally composing his National articles out of the type-font—actually type-setting instead of writing—this hundred pounds looked as big as a million. Griffith, by that very reticence which usually got him overlooked, impressed me as a strong character which poverty, lack of appreciation, and apparent failure would never down. As their National principles coincided with my own I began to help them with contributions to their little paper. It is characteristic of the man Griffith that though I began to contribute to, and supported, his efforts at the very outset, and continued such throughout all his long struggle, and that though I was associated closely with him, both in the management of his various papers, and in our various organizations—and that from time to time I personally associated with him, walked together, talked together, cycled on some long rides together, I could hardly say that I was intimate with him. Very few of his many associates could say so.

At that time, which he, and Willie Rooney, began the publication of The United Irishman, he had returned from the Transvaal, and had many stories of Oom Paul with whom, on whose front stoop, he had often sat and drank beer, and discussed the designs of the English. Uncle Paul was always delighted when any of the handful of good Irishmen there dropped in on his stoop of an evening to join him in pipe and coin—an exchange of stories about the greed of England.

HEROIC PERSISTENCE AND HEROIC FAITH

When poor Rooney, to the deep sorrow of the young Nationalists of Ireland, and to the lasting grief of

Griffith, died, Griffith shouldered the burden of The United Irishman. Only those who knew him in those days can realize the sacrifices he made. In a dingy little two-by-four office, in a back street in Dublin, the poor fellow, usually in elbowless coat, frayed pants, and broken shoes, worked ten to twelve hours a day—and went home to work three, four, five, and six, hours of the night. How he subsisted God only knows. And he also knows how The United Irishman, teeming with splendid National articles—a voice crying in a pitiless wilderness!—was successfully got out from week to week, never missing a week for years. And be it remembered that this genius, who sweated and starved that the Irish nation might be fed, was as a brilliant journalist that had he cared to forget Ireland, and go to London, he would in quick time have come to the top there, and been rolling in wealth, and revelling in fame. And, at the same time that this noble creature was thus sacrificing himself for his country's good, he was contemptuously disparaged and abused, not only by Mr. Redmond and all the politicians, but by the newspapers, and by a great many of the very same people who are noisier in their grief for his loss, today—

"When the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied."

BREAKING NEW GROUND

Particularly interesting, and instructive, it would be for any student of Irish, or even human, affairs, to read the editorials mourning his death in the Freeman, Independent, etc., and then go back on the files of these papers and read, say, the editorials written on the morning after the memorable night of Mr. Redmond's great convention in the Dublin rotunda when Arthur Griffith, supported by four others of us, suddenly appeared on the platform, bearing Mr. Redmond in his den, and putting to him some acid test National questions which he refused, however, to answer—and ended the convention in a dreadful pandemonium. Next morning the "National" papers of the land pilloried Griffith as the arch-traitor, and the rest of us as secondary traitors—all of us, of course, in the paid service of England.

THE SINN FEIN DOCTRINE FORMULATED

With the few of us secondary traitors the arch-traitor, Griffith, six days later formed the National Council—which National Council became, within a year, the Sinn Fein organization. For, in the meantime Griffith had formulated his Sinn Fein doctrine, and had written, and circulated his famous Resurrection of Hungary. So Sinn Fein, and his recent successes in Ireland, first struck root on that night on which the "National" papers, and the "National" leaders, showed Ireland, and the world, that this nonentity, an insignificant adventurer, Griffith, and his equally insignificant satellites, had irreparably ruined, and betrayed, Ireland's cause.

The United Irishman about this time changed its title to Sinn Fein—and became the official organ of the Sinn Fein organization. The paper was mostly supported by the thinkers among the young men, and young women, of the country. Since the body of thinkers in any country is very small it may well be imagined that the keeping alive of the paper was still a struggle. Yet such was the spirit of these young people, and such was the indomitable faith of Arthur Griffith, that he very soon ventured to launch it as a daily paper—instead of the weekly organ which it had formerly been. The Directors of the daily Sinn Fein were the same band who had for ever betrayed their country on the night that they exposed Mr. Redmond, and broke up his convention. The daily was a tremendous venture, and met with astonishing success so far as circulation was concerned. Also it set to Ireland the example of what an ideal newspaper, and a National newspaper, ought to be. But we had not the commercial people or moneyed people with us. We had not advertisers. Consequently, after a brief, but brilliant, career, the daily Sinn Fein had to shrink back into a Weekly once more. The political leaders laughed scornfully, telling Ireland that it was the end of Sinn Fein, and of Irish traitorism.

UNDIMAYED BY FAILURE

Griffith, indomitable creature that he was, was not one whit discouraged by this seeming retreat. Nor for that matter was there a single individual of us discouraged. Nor one of us who grieved for a moment for the little money that we had thrown away in the venture. The small body of National thinkers, and workers, throughout the country proceeded calmly with their National business. Griffith calmly proceeded, both sapping and mining, and building—to destroy what was ruinously bad and dangerous in the Irish structure, and to erect what should be worthy, and

permanently. The politicians, and the great mass of unthinking ones who followed them, now ignoring Griffith as being no longer of importance, also proceeded on the old-way which never brought them anywhere. From then Griffith was either ignored, or forgotten, till, at the psychological moment, the noble structure that, through years of patient struggle and toil, he had been erecting, stood up in a bright dawn, the very sight of it instantly paralysing his enemies, and electrifying the world.

SINCERITY OF GRIFFITH'S PATRIOTISM AND SOUNDNESS OF HIS JUDGMENT

From the day on which Sinn Fein became one of the great, and world-recognized forces Griffith's history is fairly well known to the multitude. He who had been denounced as the betrayer of Ireland was soon to be thrown into a dungeon as a traitor of the British Empire. And, finally doffing his convict garb in the dungeon, he was transferred to the Downing Street parlour where he wrestled with the British Empire's biggest men, and with the most astute politician that the world at the present day knows. However Irishmen may differ regarding his triumph, part triumph or failure, at the London conference, no sincere Irishman will deny that he did a big man's part against overwhelming odds, and that he did get what he sincerely believed to be the most that could, under the circumstances and at the time, be obtained. Griffith had on his shoulders a fearful responsibility when finally asked to sign the Treaty or go back to Ireland to face a renewed, and terribly intensified, war of the British Empire against the little island. He unquestionably concluded that Ireland, bleeding to death, could not face a new war, and he signed the Treaty. Irishmen to-day differ violently regarding the right or the wrong of his conclusion and decision. And this difference of opinion will probably go down to posterity. But no true Irishman will deny that the man who loved Ireland as Griffith did, who worked for Ireland as Griffith did, and who ungrudgingly gave up all the pleasures of youth, and all the joys of manhood, that he might sacrifice himself for Ireland, deliberately forewent one single shred of Ireland's right that he, in his conscience, believed possible to wring from English statesmen.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Mount Charles,
County Donegal.

KNIGHTS MAY FORM JUNIOR ORDER

Atlantic City, Aug. 5.—Rededicated to the ideals on which the order was founded, and pledged to the carrying forward of a four-fold program in behalf of God and country as well as the exploration of new fields of service, delegates to the fortieth supreme convention of the Knights of Columbus brought their annual sessions to a close yesterday.

The new work of the order will be in behalf of the Catholic boy. Inspired by an eloquent plea by the Right Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, Bishop of Trenton, that the order turn its attention to such work, a resolution endorsing the establishment of a junior order of the Knights of Columbus was favorably received by the convention and will be made the subject of investigation by a special committee.

In addition to this new and distinctive field which will be explored, the convention went on record as favoring the continuation of the religious and patriotic works to which it has already set its hand. These include:

Knights of Columbus welfare work in Rome as requested by the late Pope Benedict XV, and on which a report was submitted by former Supreme Knight Edward L. Hearn.

The work of the K. of C. historical commission, whose report showed that the first prize in the national historical contest was won by Samuel L. Bemis, professor of history in Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., a Presbyterian institution.

The establishment of a national correspondence school, open to all.

K. of C. free schools for veterans and hospitalization work.

The resolution proposing the establishment of the junior order was introduced by William C. Prout of Boston, elected a supreme director at the convention, as chairman of the committee on the good of the order. It read:

"Realizing the obligations which rest upon us as good Americans and good Catholics to do our share in giving proper direction to the aims and activities of the citizens of tomorrow, this committee recommends in the strongest possible manner the appointment of a special committee to examine the question of a junior order of the Knights of Columbus, or an organization of a like nature."

COLLINS IS BURIED NATION MOURNS

WHOLE COUNTRY JOINS IN FINAL TRIBUTE TO LOVED LEADER

Dublin, Aug. 28.—Michael Collins was buried today by the Dublin Guards, as he asked to be when he lay dying by the roadside at Ballinacath. He was buried with the most solemn rites of the Catholic Church and with the imposing ceremonies accorded to a personage of State, but there was no moment more impressive than that at the graveside when the men of the regiment he loved paid a soldier's last tribute to their dead comrade in arms. The coffin was lowered into the grave, the last post was sounded and a volley fired. So in simple military fashion the Dublin Regiment and the Imperial Yeomanry young soldier and statesman whose thoughts were with them to the end.

They laid him to rest on the slopes of Glasnevin Cemetery, in the centre of the place set apart for soldiers who have given their lives for Ireland. Not far away are the graves of Parnell and Arthur Griffith and others of Collins' great fellow-countrymen.

All Ireland mourned his passing. In Dublin countless thousands thronged the seven miles of silent streets through which the funeral procession slowly passed. Everywhere in the city blinds were drawn and shops were shut. No work was done other than that which was vitally essential, and even guests in hotels were left for hours without food or drink while the staffs joined in the great army of mourners.

In the gloomy pro-cathedral a requiem Mass for the soul of the dead General was celebrated by high church dignitaries, and a great body of assistant clergy, but even more moving than any of the high religious rites was one little human incident, so touching in its very simplicity. As the great congregation was bowed in prayer a private soldier carrying in his hand a single white lily, walked down the aisle to the place where General Mulcahy sat with officers of his staff. He whispered a few words to the General and then went slowly on to the catafalque before the high altar, where the coffin rested draped with a green, white and yellow flag. He reverently placed the flower on it. It was from Miss Kitty Kiernan, a pale slender girl in black, who sat in the first row of the mourners with the two sisters of Michael Collins. It was she to whom the young soldier-statesman was engaged.

YOUNG IRELAND MOURNS

With her in the cathedral were representatives of every section of Irish life. There were Dail Ministers, all young men—not much older than Collins himself, then army leaders, most of them even younger, with General Mulcahy, the new Commander-in-Chief, occupying the same seat where not more than a week ago Collins himself sat mourning for Griffith. Ireland's destinies are today in the hands of youth and it was young Ireland that one saw in the cathedral praying for their dead young leader.

Around the altar were high church dignitaries, the Archbishop of Dublin robed in purple and sitting on his papal throne, Bishops in their rich vestments and hundreds of priests and monks in so great numbers that they overflowed into the nave. For an hour the solemn service continued and then the Archbishop in cope and miter approached the catafalque to pronounce the final absolution, passing through rows of clergy holding lighted candles.

The officers of the staff then lifted the coffin and carried it from the cathedral to the waiting gun carriage and soon it moved slowly off, preceded by a party of Dublin Guards who marched in slow time with bowed heads and rifles reversed.

Every inch of the long route to the cemetery was thickly lined with people, and as the cortege passed men and women sank down on their knees in prayer. In places the crowds were twelve to fifteen deep and about half a million people must have been distributed along the seven miles of the route.

The mourners included the clergy, Government Ministers and officials, soldiers, police and representatives of public societies and national organizations. Hundreds of wreaths from all parts of the country were carried in twelve large motor cars. General Mulcahy, who for years was Collins' chief lieutenant, delivered the funeral oration at the graveside and the last scene of all was when the Dublin Guards paid their military tribute to the commander they loved so well.

WHOLE NATION IN MOURNING

Dublin, Aug. 28.—Michael Collins rests in the soil of the Irish Free State, for which he died fighting. He was buried today in Glasnevin Cemetery, where lies the bodies of Arthur Griffith, Parnell and other

patriots, and many of his comrades in the struggle for Irish freedom.

The whole nation mourned; the thousands at the graveside and those who sorrowed in Dublin were but a fraction of the whole. Dublin might have been a city of the dead; a great hush was everywhere, yet almost a million of people were there, standing or kneeling on the streets—gentry from the fine houses in the suburbs and the poor from the slums, women wrapped in their shawls carrying their infants or leading their awe-stricken children.

A multitude were grouped in windows and assembled on rooftops, clung uncertainly to chimneys and climbed stone walls and monuments—all to catch a glimpse of Ireland's greatest cortege and pray for one of Ireland's greatest patriots.

An Irish bard while they carried Michael Collins' body through the streets of Dublin sang:

Bear him to that hallowed place,
Where our deathless dead are resting,
Where the spokesmen of the race
Gather for the final questing.

Chivalrous he fought his fight,
Kindly, patient, unreviling,
Hopeful that the dawning light
Would reveal a nation smiling.

Lay his body in the earth,
Giant frame and soul are riven;
Think of Collins in his mirth
And his prayer, "Be they forgiven."

This was but one of a thousand tributes to this young man and remarkable Irish genius, who in the short thirty years of his life had given Ireland her place among the nations of the earth, but who, like Griffith and Parnell, was cut down before his work was crowned with complete victory.

At the graveside Richard Mulcahy, who succeeds as Commander-in-Chief of the National Army, speaking of the life-work and the ideals of Michael Collins for Irish freedom said solemnly:

"Michael Collins can never be buried, for his spirit will live to guide to achievement his ideals." "It was more than a great funeral," said Father Williams when giving his impressions to The Associated Press. "It was a wonderful, spontaneous national tribute of affection. And who would fail to be impressed at that moment of the Mass when the priest turned to the congregation and, speaking the language of Ireland, asked prayers for the repose of the soul of Michael Collins?"

The cortege will ever live in my memory. I can see the vast multitudes standing with uncovered heads, and can see the serried ranks of Ireland's fine young army as they walked slowly behind the coffin of their inspired leader. I hear the murmured prayers of the people and feel somehow that these prayers will save Ireland and that Michael Collins has not died in vain."

Ireland is a land of the unexpected, and the future is uncertain if, however one may judge by the expressions of the average citizen and the opinions of the newspapers, the tragic removal of the nation's two great figures, Griffith and Collins, will not weaken the course of the Free State, but, on the contrary, will strengthen it, first, because it is backed by public opinion, and, second, what is called the martyrdom of Griffith and Collins has rallied the people around the banner of patriotism.

Arthur Griffith was buried with all the honor due a great leader; Collins went to the grave amid the tears of a nation that worshipped him personally as a gallant young patriot in whom were combined all those traits which Irishmen hold dear. Good humor, the power of oratory and a laughing disregard for death—all were his, and while immense throngs filled the great Cathedral and lined the route to Glasnevin, congregations gathered in every city, town and hamlet throughout the land to mourn his passing.

BENEDICTINE MONKS IN ENGLAND

London, Eng.—Dr. Joseph Oswald Smith, Abbot of Ampleforth in Yorkshire, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his profession as a monk in the English Benedictine Congregation.

The Benedictine Fathers of Ampleforth managed to get home from their various missions to take part in the celebrations, which were attended by Cardinal Bourne and the Archbishop of Liverpool. The most significant function of this jubilee celebration is the laying of the foundation stone of the new abbey church by Cardinal Bourne.

The county of Yorkshire, which is the largest in the whole of England, is famous for its monastic ruins, and at one time it must have contained more monastic houses than any other English county. Yorkshire has also its own Saints, both of ancient days, and those English Martyrs of the Reformation

period. Two of the great Cistercian Saints, St. Aelred of Rievaulx, and St. Stephen Harding were Yorkshiremen, as was St. Robert of Knaresborough.

Apart from his writings and his learning, Abbot Smith has the distinction of being the first territorial Benedictine Abbot in England to be blessed and enthroned since Abbot Feckenham was installed and restored as Abbot of Westminster in the reign of Mary Tudor.

Y. M. C. A. PROSELYTISM DEFEATED IN INDIA

Calcutta, July 1.—Catholics of Trichur, in the Cochin State have taught one Y. M. C. A. secretary a well-deserved lesson and have thereby given their brethren of the faith an example that might well be followed in many parts of the world where Catholics are perhaps better organized than in India.

Trichur is practically a Christian town, the inhabitants comprising representatives of all the denominations known in Southern India. The Catholics form the great majority of the population, but their attention during the past two or three decades have been chiefly centered in conducting a Civil Suit against the Schismatics over their possession of a church originally built for Catholic worship but now in Schismatic occupation.

Taking advantage of this fact the Protestants of the place felt encouraged to engineer anti-Catholic propaganda financing a high school and some Mission Stations. These helped to undermine Catholic belief in several families and the Catholic authorities here had uphill work to prevent proselytism.

Then came the opening of a branch of the Y. M. C. A. at Trichur, which attracted many Catholic young men to it on account of its recreational facilities. The Y. M. C. A. at first did not give evidence of its anti-Catholic proclivities, but Protestant prayers and the distribution of Protestant leaflets soon followed, notwithstanding vigorous protests from Catholic quarters.

This state of affairs lasted for a few months and the Catholics were roused to action. Representative Catholics asked the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. to run his concern on non-sectarian and cosmopolitan lines. He paid no heed to their appeal. Then the Catholics forged their own hammers to strike the Y. M. C. A. out of existence. A Catholic Young Men's Association was organized under the direction of ecclesiastical authorities and the Y. M. C. A. Secretary shortly found to his chagrin that attendance at his office and functions was falling off at quick pace. Within a few months nobody attended for the Y. M. C. A. and the Secretary devoid of support and hope had to pack up, close the building and dispose of the furniture at public auction. The incident is instructive enough and is sure to help Catholics in other localities to realize the fact that well organized Catholic Associations are more than a match for Protestant combinations.

WOMAN FRANCHISE IS THE HOPE OF EUROPE

Monsignor Geisswein, chairman of the Hungarian Peace Society and a member of the Hungarian Parliament, has been attending the International Peace Congress, and during his visit was entertained at a banquet given in his honor by the Catholic Women's Suffrage Society.

One of the Monsignor's heroes is the late Archbishop Ireland, from whom the Monsignor quoted a telling passage in which Catholic America's great orator spoke of the value of the women's vote in the promotion of morality.

Mgr. Geisswein maintained that the great disasters of the past have been entirely due to the fact that women have been shut off from the vote, and in the fact that women now have their place in the parliaments he saw the hope of the future for Europe at all events.

PRIEST AND NUN ON HONORS LIST

Calcutta, July 1.—The Emperor's Birthday honors list in India includes the names of two religious, the Rev. Father Bertram, S. J., late Principal of the St. Joseph's College, Trichunopoly, and Rev. Mother Naomi of Nagapore, Superior of the Sisters of Mary Immaculate.

Father Bertram's activities in connection with the proposed Catholic University College are well known. He has been awarded the gold medal of the "Kaiser-i-Hind," while the silver medal of the same order is bestowed upon the Nagapore Nun, whose works of charity and self-sacrifice are well known to Catholics and pagans of Central India.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris, Aug. 10.—The medal "Bene Merentia" has been awarded to Mr. Constantin Louchez, who has been in the service of the church as altar boy, singer and church warden in the parish of Audrethet-Clergues, diocese of Arras, for ninety years. Despite his ninety-seven years of age, he still sings in the choir every Sunday. Mr. Louchez is probably the oldest church servant in the world.

John Williams, a familiar figure about the large estates in the Bergen Section of New Jersey for many years, has left all his savings to Catholic charity. The will was filed for probate in the Bergen County Court a few days ago. It is understood that the estate will amount to more than \$10,000. Williams lived a frugal life so that he could give as much as possible to aid the poor and destitute. He occupied a simple room and for twenty-five years he worked daily around the large estates nearby.

St. John, N. B., August 16.—Laying of the cornerstone of the Acadian Memorial at Grand Pre today was celebrated by a solemn pontifical High Mass sung by the Right Rev. Edward A. LeBlanc, Bishop of St. John. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Albert, D. D., of Grand Falls, N. B. The movement to secure funds for the erection of the Memorial has been led by the Rev. A. D. Cormier, and has received support from both the French and English elements in the population.

Buckfast, Eng., Aug. 24.—Once again the monks of Buckfast Abbey have taken up the labor of the choir and the sanctuary just where their predecessors of 1587 laid it down when they were turned out homeless and penniless. The erection of the new abbey church, which was dedicated this month, was completed without the expenditure of a single penny for wages. The monks were the laborers, the masons, the carpenters and the sculptors, and only occasionally was professional advice sought from architects. The cost of erection was about \$150,000.

The heroism of a Catholic priest was the outstanding feature of one of the most sensational jail riots in India in recent years, when prisoners in the Presidency jail at Alipore, nearly two thousand in number, attacked the wardens, drove them into the veranda and tried to force an exit. The Rev. A. de Staercke, a member of the Jesuit Order and chaplain of the jail, stepped into the midst of a hail of bullets, attended the wounded and dying, calmed the prisoners and saved scores of lives. He did this unarmed, despite the statement of the authorities that it was not safe even for armed men to venture into the jail.

Penetanguishene, Ont., August 12.—The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in what is now the province of Ontario 307 years ago today and a monument commemorating that event has been unveiled recently upon the site of this early manifestation of Catholic life in America. Pere le Caron, a companion of Champlain, celebrated this first Mass at Caraghoutha, August 12, 1615. A monument in the form of a great granite cross was unveiled at Caraghoutha August 7, by Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto. The Archbishop celebrated Mass in commemoration of the first time the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in Ontario.

Tokio, Aug. 24.—Desirous of permitting the great Japanese family to participate in the signal favors which the Sacred Heart of Jesus has promised to families consecrated to It, the Catholic youth of Tokio have conceived the project of solemnly pronouncing in the name of all Japanese an Act of Consecration in presence of His Grace, Msgr. Rey, Archbishop of Tokio, and to send to Paray-le-Monial a banner commemorating this action. The banner is large, of white silk, embroidered in colors, and shows the image of the Sacred Heart encircled by rays of gold, and the emblem of the rising sun with these words: "The Japanese People to the Most Sacred Heart."

Paris, Aug. 24.—His Eminence Cardinal Lucon, Archbishop of Rheims, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor, receiving this highest distinction which is awarded to him for his spiritual ministry in the Liberated Regions. Cardinal Lucon lived in Rheims during the entire War, and despite the violent bombardments, he sustained the morale of the population and protested many times against the systematic destruction by the Germans of the city and the Cathedral, and moreover, contributed materially to the rebuilding of the city. He personifies the population of the devastated regions, which after having endured heroically the ravages of the War, turned its energies to rebuilding towns and villages and restoring the country. The decoration is a merited reward of the patriot's faith and devotion of the Cardinal.