

or Rodetski, or Deplehve she will reduce Sinn Fein to silence. It is curious that English politicians knowing Ireland imagine that coercion will be efficacious and rely so foolishly on the brutality of martial law. Never did British repression show itself more violent in the Isle which is named one knows not why, the "Sister Isle."

Following this, comes *L'Echo* of Nantes, which says: "The cause of Irish independence gains fresh ground every day in England. This cause has gained with us, and for a long time, as well with the Left as with the Right, as well with the non-religious, *areligieux*, as with the Catholics. Neither the one nor the other can assist without emotion and, let us say it, without indignation, at the martyrdom of a people which has as much right to live as Esthonia and Georgia, the two States the independence of which the Allies have just recognised. That the entire world is sympathetic to Ireland no one doubts; the United States, amongst others, with Wilson, was so desirous of obtaining for Ireland her national liberties, that it required the threat of a quarrel *la menace d'une brouille* with England to prevent the explicit insertion of the Act of Irish resurrection in the charter of Versailles, side by side with the Act of Polish resurrection."

In Italy, too, many of the better papers are outspoken in their advocacy of Erin. Such are, for instance, *Arte e Vita*, *Vita e Pensiero*, and *Conquista Popolare*, which lately observed:

"We find ourselves . . . we mean to say that our very good faith as citizens and as Catholics is played upon by the diabolical malice of a nation, whose most certain and uninterrupted tradition is hypocrisy. The tyrant has her agents and her dupes spread everywhere—spread even here: some lend their services very probably for cash; others through servile and credulous toadyism. But not to bother about those who belong to the Liberals, to the Democrats, or to the Socialists, it remains for us still to ask how on earth Catholics and *popolari*, who surely should have far more ties with Ireland than Socialists with Russia or with Hungary, have not borne themselves, have not acted as the gravity and the sacredness of the matter demanded. Perhaps the answer is more difficult than impossible; perhaps certain English diplomatic novelties could furnish some data for the enigma, just as certain other French diplomatic novelties would succeed in explaining, in some degree, the extraordinary fervor of Italian Catholic circles for the battles of Poland."

Recently, also, the Secretary of the Czecho-Slovak Popular Party said: "We are for the independence of Ireland, for which some days ago we made a great demonstration of solidarity."

And so the story runs: the whole world, except Great Britain, is denouncing a Government that is proving itself more callous than the late Prussian machine.

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CARDINAL GIBBONS, AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST

(By JOHN O. REVILLE, S.J., in America.)

In *The Ambassador of Christ*, published in 1896 by the dead Cardinal, whom the whole country is mourning, he unconsciously drew his own picture, and wrote with his own hands the noblest epitaph to be carved on the Cross which marks his last resting place. From the moment he was robed in priest's vestments, James Gibbons lived and spoke as an envoy of God to the Catholics of the wide fields in which he labored. In the truest sense of the word, he was Christ's Ambassador, in North Carolina and Virginia, to his beloved fold of Baltimore, and to that still larger flock which listened to his words and admired his ideals and life, in every Catholic diocese and parish in the United States. Thousands who did not acknowledge his spiritual sway or bow before his pastoral staff, recognised in him the qualities which, with a Catholic instinct, they realised as the marks of a true priest of Christ. The credentials of his ambassadorship, the dead Cardinal received in all their fulness from the Pontiff who raised him to the episcopate, later dignified by the purple of the Princes of the Church of Christ. These credentials lifted him to a position of jurisdiction and dignity which even in the eyes of the world is exalted to a wonderful degree. By his office he was officially and formally a successor to the Apostles, duly commissioned Ambassador of the Divine Founder of Christianity.

If these credentials honored the venerable old man, the Nestor of ecclesiastics and of statesmen in the United States, he in turn conferred upon them an added lustre by his own virtues. He had a wide field on which to display them. We knew from every word he spoke that he was pre-eminently a man of his own times. We realise that there was not a problem of the day in which he did not take a lively interest, not a virtue he did not praise, not a crime he did not condemn. The United States eagerly awaited the sane and cautious verdict of this octogenarian, the clear-voiced spokesman, the calm, temperate, far-visions Cardinal of Baltimore. Here lived the man of the day, who understood the needs of the hour, was proud of his country's greatness, but was not afraid to point out its evils, and like the prophets of old, spoke burning words to rouse the moral sense of his people.

But if he was essentially a man of his times, thoroughly sensitive to every current and vibration in the national life, he enhaled around him something of the simple but glorious attributes of Church and State of well-nigh a century ago.

In the year 1834, Baltimore, the city in which he was born, had not fully outgrown the limits of a colonial town. The United States, which at the beginning of the Civil War, when Father Gibbons was beginning his ministry, had not quite 32,000,000 inhabitants, now counts 116,000,000. When the future Cardinal was born the Catholics in this country numbered 600,000 under one Archbishop and 10 bishops; they now number 18,000,000 under two Cardinals, an Apostolic-Delegate, 15 archbishops, and a hundred bishops. He watched with pride the growth of our empire. He was but a child when Andrew Jackson was sending United States veterans to the savannahs of the South to fight the treacherous Osceola. In his early manhood he saw North and South locked in deadly strife, he went to his grave broken-hearted over the tragedy of the most titanic war of history. He lived under 22 Presidents of the United States. His sturdy father, Thomas Gibbons, lifted him, a mere infant in his arms, to look upon "Old Hickory" when the hero of New Orleans met with a triumphal reception from the loyal Democrats of Baltimore. Of the five Popes who succeeded each other on the Throne of Peter during his lifetime, four knew him personally, revered and loved him. In all that concerned the interests of Church and country in the United States, Leo XIII. never failed to consult him and to yield to his intimate knowledge of the needs and the ideals of the Republic of the West. At the Vatican Council in 1870, Bishop Gibbons, then Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina, and only 36 years old, was the youngest Bishop present. The eminent men of that assembly have passed away. James Cardinal Gibbons survived them all. He saw them