The Immigration Problem at the present time is acute all over the United States. A few Dioceses have kept pace with the tide of immigration but only a few. When we remember too that Catholic immigrants are coming here at the rate of almost a million a year we can form some idea of the task that confronts the Church. Many Dioceses are handicapped by a scarcity of priests and particularly of priests who know the language of those newly arrived Catholics. Bishops and clergy are unanimous in the opinion that immediate steps must be taken but the obstacles are almost innumerable. Churches must be built at once and priests supplied. The Catholic Church Extension Society could devote all its energies to this work alone and find more than enough to do. It has been organized to save our own Catholic people and here is a work ready to hand. The Italians are filling the villages, towns and hamlets of New England and the middle Atlantic states. They are to be found all along the lines of the Transcontinental Railways doing a work which the Irish immigrants did fifty years ago. If the Society could afford to pay a priest in every Diocese to do nothing but look after the welfare of these colonies of workmen who move about from place to place, it would do a work of good. During a recent visit to a little New England town the writer found over five hundred Italians working in a marble quarry and was assured on good authority that not a single one of them went to Mass on Sundays or showed any external evidences of Catholic faith and piety. Yet these people are Catholics and would practice their religion if means and facilities for taking care of them were provided. There are hundreds of cities and towns in which these newly arrived Europeans are to be found and because no steps are being taken to save them they are slowly drifting away from the Faith.

The Church Extension Society is preparing to aid the Bishops of the country in this all important work. It is one of the hopes of its founders to supply priests here and there throughout the country who will do nothing else but take care of the scattered immigrants. The Bishops are bending all of their energies to this great work but many of them are destitute of means. They are engaged in the task of building institutions that are absolutely necessary, and for the present the immigrant must be left to take care of himself as best he can. This is a work in which every earnest American Catholic should take the deepest interest. Here is where the Church in America wins or loses. If we take care of the Catholics who are coming here it is a safe prophecy, that in twenty-five years, the United States will be more than half Catholic. If we are faithful to our trust and let them go by default it simply means that the Church misses a great opportunity to strengthen itself by holding those who belong to it by right. The Catholic immigrant of today is moral, law-abiding and willing to work. His presence is not a menace but a blessing to the country. Fifty years from now his children will be the brain and bone and sinew of the land. Let us put forth every effort to save him and the future glory of the Catholic Church in America is assured.

By an arrangement encouraged and adopted by the Right Reverend Bishop of Cleveland a plan has been formed whereby the Society hopes to help solve this momentous problem. It is a plan which could be adopted with profit in every Diocese in the country. It makes provision for a united effort on the part of the priests and people of the Diocese to take care of all those who, whether born here or elsewhere, still call themselves Catholics and who desire to live up to the teachings of our holy Faith. Already this plan has met with the approval of other Bishops East and West. Probably the Diocese of Trenton will be the first Eastern Diocese to adopt it. A full account of its workings will be given in the next issue of Extension.

THE EDITOR.
Always welcomes articles, stories, photographs, or other material in line with the purposes of our work.
the English language, as he could find. As the young men came from the Seminaries, he planted them in towns, villages and at road crossings. The largest rural Catholic population in the United States today is in the territory he governed. It is worthy of note, too, that the principal city in Iowa today is practically a Catholic city. The pioneer priests suffered untold hardships, even hunger; but they did a work out of their devotion for which they have received all too little credit. If money had followed them and they had been enabled to build up little churches and support themselves for a few years, they would have doubled the work which they accomplished.

When I said that the principal city in Iowa is practically Catholic today, I meant to introduce another phase of the question. Cities do not reproduce themselves. They need constant new blood in order to give new life. The strenuous life of the city does not breed the strength to keep up the pace indefinitely, hence the city is always drawing to itself. In this country immigration has made up the increase for the most part, but mark you, immigration will not always make it up. The time has now come when the rapid increase in immigration alarms statesmen. Within another generation immigration will practically have ceased by force of adverse legislation. Then will come the call to the country districts and the farmer boys will troop in to take their places in city life. These farmer boys are the ones we are neglecting. They are even leaders in city life today. The result of it all you will read in the half empty pews of your city churches of the future. How much better would be now to spend some of our surplus in caring for our neglected missions, than in what may be termed the luxuries of our city parishes.

You may say, Reverend Fathers, that all this has nothing to do with Convert Making, but permit me to maintain that it has everything to do with Convert Making. It is one of the very first essentials of it, for parishes, no matter how small, are the surest guarantee of the stability of the church. The Apostles thought so and were careful to leave the churches behind them. Let me quote from the Missionary. After preaching a Mission to Non-Catholics an Apostolate Father wrote: "If some faithful and generous Catholic would erect a small church for us, it would not be long till Chuckey Valley had a congregation and not long until the congregation of Chuckey Valley would become another station to build a Mission Church." In other words the work of a Church Extension or Home Missionary Society taking care of the financial side is an absolute necessity to the success of the work of the Apostolate. The sermons impress, nay, they even go so far as to convert. They mark the beginning. Converts do not come in such numbers as to guarantee them a building at once; but the golden hour has struck. The time has come for organiza-
A Voice From the Southland

God has at all times kept a provident watch over His Church. He has never allowed men to forget those reassuring words, "Behold, I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world." When the Church's children are being torn from their mother's bosom in one land, God raises up others in another. When devotion is growing cold and zeal seems to wane toward carelessness, special deviations with the hall-mark of God's will upon them, spring up to inflame the hearts of men. The Rosary conquered heresies; the Sacred Heart fires its devotees with love.

Today on God's Church in France and Italy there is being waged an infernal warfare. Agents of Hell in human flesh are putting forth every effort to cripple the Spouse of Christ. They must, we know, suffer defeat sooner or later. Dark clouds may hover round God's Spouse today, but the time will come when the Catholic Church shall emerge from the struggle, conqueror, as she has done in every fight. Whilst the sounds of battle are being heard in sunny France, whilst the children of the Bridegroom are made to mourn in other parts of the Old World, here in the New the Catholic Church is fast becoming a power. She cares not for forms of government; she cares not what the temperament and nationality may be, she is Catholic; all she desires is liberty, freedom from restraint in doing God's work and she does it. She numbers at least fifteen million children in these United States. She should have more; she is going to have more; she is clamorous for them. For this was she founded, and for this was she placed in the world, to do God's work, to bring to men a knowledge of the pure, undiluted teachings of Jesus Christ, to sanctify, to purify, to elevate. She must extend. Her watchword is "Extension."

As a means to this end the "Church Extension Society" is admirably adapted. It is calculated to do a world of good, if it receive the support it deserves. There is not a single Catholic worthy of the name, to whom its object should not appeal. I read an article on the subject in the Ecclesiastical Review about a year ago, and perused with deep interest the first number of "Extension," when the question presented itself spontaneously: "If the enemies of God's Church, and those who are entangled in the meshes of heresy show such zeal, if I may so call it, in spreading enmity and heresy, why are we Catholics sleeping? Why are we quietly slumbering whilst the fold is being ravaged? Why do we not learn from outsiders, and give evidence of true Catholic zeal in the great and glorious cause of spreading the knowledge of Christ's teaching? Why are we busy gilding gold in large Catholic centers, whilst outside in the sunny South and far West, and amongst immigrants, God's children are anxiously waiting for the crumbs that fall from the table; waiting to receive the Light of true Faith, waiting and longingly peering into the dim distance to see if in the offing they cannot discern God's priest coming to speak to them of Jesus Christ, to renew, resuscitate perhaps, their Faith, dying for want of spiritual attention. No priest, no church, whilst millions are being spent enlarging and beautifying the sometimes already large and beautiful.

Out from the prairie home, up from the sunny South, and from the depths of the great cities, go voices which should ring on Catholic ears, as on Patrick's, the plaintive cries of Erin's sons and daughters. It is a cry of "Help! Help!"

There in the South while I write, very, very many have already lost, many are now gradually losing the priceless treasure of their Holy Faith, simply because the means are lacking to erect little churches, or when erected, to furnish and beautify them.

I am not conjuring up difficulties; I am not drawing on the resources of a Celtic imagination,—no, I am only stating, and can do that but very imperfectly, what I see before me. These few notes are being penned in Florida. God alone knows what the priest has to suffer in trying to keep the Faith alive in the scattered Catholics. His work should not stop here. What about the command, "Preach the gospel to every creature"? Yes, we know it, but we have not the means. Southern priests and Southern Catholics seem at times like forgotten children. Our Northern friends come here during the winter to pass the season in ease and sunshine. They see our difficulties, our little barn churches and kennel homes—they see and wonder, that is all. Amongst the tourists is generally a large number of Northern priests. If ever they happen to get outside the resort districts, such as Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Miami, and penetrate the Florida pine woods, they meet a brother priest, relegated to earthly oblivion and poverty, cheerfully trying to do God's work under the greatest of difficulties, and on seeing his little church and home, they many a time exclaim, "Well! Well! But how can a man live here? Per bacco come si puo vivere qua?" Be it remembered that those Florida priests, who have willingly buried themselves in Florida woods, for the love of God and human souls, are many of them, men whose talents are remembered by the most eminent professors in philosophy and theology in European universities. I know a young Irish priest fresh from his studies in Rome, who is at present in charge of a district one hundred and eighty miles in length and who does not yet know the comforts of a little