

greater inspiration than the epic of her martial story. She teaches that the battle is to the clean and the pure, that the pure are the strong, that victory cannot be won without suffering, that those who would be faithful to duty, to country and to God must, by some mysterious decree, be purified by suffering, and tried as by fire. Joan the Warrior Maid, passed through the fiery furnace of tribulation after she had felt the thrill of victory. She was as dauntless in her awful agony as she was restless on the field of glory where her banner had gleamed in the forefront of the fray. Yet we love her more amid the billowing flames of Rouen than in the midst of the coronation glorious and the jubilant anthems of Reims.

While her countrymen were singing her praises at Orleans a few days ago, the children of New York were crowning her statue on Riverside Drive with flowers. They were laying the homage of the great Republic of the West at her feet. For the Maid of Domremy, they know, represents the ideals for which their fathers and their brothers are now fighting with her countrymen. As they looked up to the Virgin of Arc, sturdy yet gracefully poised on her charger, her sword drawn in her superb gesture of leadership and command, their hearts prayed that she might go with those they love to fight for the liberty of the world. From her pedestal the Maid sees a ceaseless tide of humanity passing at her feet. Before her stretches the fair river whose waters, as they broaden into the ocean, bear the ships that are carrying the soldiers of the New World to help in the redemption of the Old. As with the passing throng, we see the image of the Blessed Maid poised there, harnessed for the battle task, we dream at times that horse and warrior have sprung to life again, leaped from the pedestal and are riding through the fields of France in the vanguard of the fight for justice and freedom. It is not all a dream, for we know that the spirit and the soul of the Maid are with us in the fight. If the soldiers of America have faith in her, her unwavering loyalty to country and to God, they will surely conquer.—America.

CLEMENCEAU UNBENDS

BECOMES VERY FRIENDLY WITH THE "WHITE BISHOP" FROM AFRICA

(Catholic Press Association)

Paris, May 2.—A remarkable entente has been established in France between Mons. Clemenceau, the "Tiger," who was once such a virulent persecutor of the Church, and a representative of that Church, Clemenceau is anxious to assist the native troops employed by the French who have responded so magnificently to the call of the country of their adoption. He finds that they labor under many disadvantages, cannot communicate with their families and have many special wants of their own which, owing to their slight acquaintance with the French language it is impossible for them to make known.

Hearing that one of the White Fathers, a Bishop of the Sudan, was in Paris, the president of the council sent for him and asked his advice and help for the black troops. Mons. Clemenceau and the "Tiger" were mutually delighted with each other. Clemenceau listened with tears in his eyes to the Bishop's tales of the generosity of these "savages," who refused money for their services when the War called them to France's aid. He rushed from the interview direct to the president of the republic, and as a result the Bishop of Sittif is commissioned by the French government to visit all the native camps in France and Africa and ascertain the reforms needed to aid the morale of the soldiers and reward their fidelity.

The Bishop is at present at Ferjus, where he journeyed daily in the general's auto to the various camps in the vicinity of the Cote d'Azur. There the "White Bishop," as he is called by reason of his garb, converses with the men in their own language, pagan as well as Christian. Already these visits have resulted in several reforms, for Mons. Clemenceau is no stickler. The natives are now allowed to discard their boots, which irritate them in hours of leisure, and to dance occasionally the "bamboula," which delights them greatly.

THE SACRED HEART

Golden June is again upon us and with it the tender devotion to the Sacred Heart. At a time when the whole world is plunged in the madness of racial hatred, when the nights are lit by the flare of battle and the days are gloomed by its smoke, how consoling it is to turn to our Lord and lay our bewildered head upon His breast. How many a mother's heart is aching to-day for the son that was torn from her bosom: how many a soldier's heart "over there" is actually bleeding in the cause of Freedom or figuratively bleeding for the home he has left! These are truly days of affliction: the voracious maw of Moloch is still demanding his red victims with insatiable cruelty.

What a relief to turn in those turbulent times to the Sacred Heart of Jesus! He knows the miseries of human life, for He has experienced them; He understands the heart of

Heart suffered beyond the sufferings of any of His children; even before it was pierced by the spear, it had been rent by anguish. That Sacred Heart, symbolizing the love of God for us, tells us again and again of the outrages heaped upon it by the guilty hands of men.

And it should be remembered that in that Sacred Heart of Christ the eternal love of God throbbeth with infinite tenderness. The love that runs so sweetly through all the years of His sorrowful life and that finally brought Him to the gibbet of Calvary was imprisoned, as it were, in that Sacred Heart, to overflow in mercies on us. The love of God is there—that is enough. The sad heart of humanity can turn to Him to-day and find rest from turmoil and solace for affliction.—Catholic Union and Times.

CHURCH SHOWING IN THE WAR

One must accept with great reserve many of the statements on all manner of subjects made in the newspapers nowadays. Not long ago a brief report of an address by Secretary of the Navy Daniels appeared in the daily press throughout the country. Here is what Mr. Daniels was represented as having said:

"God bless the Methodist Church. I will say here, not to the discredit of any other church, the Methodists have sent more men into the army, more nurses to the front and more prayers ascend to heaven from its worshippers than any other."

We do not desire to minimize the part our Methodist friends are taking as sturdy Americans in our country's fight today. We believe that, as the most numerous body among the Protestant Churches, Methodists are very largely represented among Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors. But we do not believe the Methodists under arms outnumber the Catholics, and we confess we were surprised to read that Secretary Daniels said they do. But investigation shows that Mr. Daniels said nothing of the kind. In a letter to one who inquired as to the basis for the statement attributed to him, and which letter we find published in Our Sunday Visitor, the Secretary of the Navy says:

"I have received your letter of April 8, and in reply I am writing to say that I make no statement whatever on my own authority with regard to the part which the Methodists had taken in the War. I merely quoted from Lincoln, who made the following statement to a committee of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1864, with reference to the part which the Methodists had taken in the Civil War. President Lincoln's words were as follows:

"Nobly sustained as the government has been by all Churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is by its greater numbers the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any other. Bless the Methodist Church. God bless all the churches, and blessed be God, Who in this our great trial gives us the Churches."

"I am sorry that the newspaper reports made it appear that I had made this statement on my own authority with reference to the present war, which, of course, I did not do."

At the time of the Civil War Methodists were more numerous in our country than Catholics, and it was only natural that they should have a larger representation in the army. But now there are more Catholics here than Methodists, and no one says American Catholics are holding back when the nation calls. Naturally, then, we expect to find more Catholics than Methodists in our fighting forces. But Methodists or Catholics or Baptists or Presbyterians, we're all one as thorough Americans, and when any of us raises the question as to which Church is most largely represented in our army and navy we do so in a friendly spirit. We Catholics are glad to accept Lincoln's tribute to the Civil War Methodists, and we feel sure our Methodist friends will recognize the fact that the Catholic Church is more numerous represented than any other Church now in our armed forces.—N. Y. News.

MOTHERS TO MOTHERS

TOUCHING LETTER SENT BY MME. JOFFRE AND MME. POINCARÉ

A tribute from the mothers of France to mothers of the United States—and especially those whose sons are fighting alongside the French and British armies overseas and with the allied naval forces—has been received from Mme. Joffre, wife of the famous commander, and Mme. Poincaré, wife of the president of France, by Miss Anna Jarvis, founder of Mother's Day, which was celebrated May 12.

"Our hearts are with yours, American mothers, in this day set apart to consecrate motherly love and this sweet name of 'Mother,'" says Mme. Joffre's letter, which also assures the mothers of this country that "our maternal hearts beat in unison with yours notwithstanding the distance."

The letter from Mme. Poincaré

says: "At the moment when the United States, true to their very touching custom, are about to celebrate Mother's Day, allow me to say, in the name of the three societies of the French Red Cross, how earnestly we wish to share in this demonstration of gratitude toward the valiant mothers who have reared the children of noble America, and how deeply our sentiments are in unison with theirs on this holy occasion. From the very beginning of the War the American mothers with tender care sent our own sons in that country. Then they themselves came among us and enlisted, and now they see their husbands, brothers and sons cross the ocean to France in order to fight under the Star-Spangled Banner. In spite of distance, French women will henceforth feel that they are near to American women. For both are closely united in the same duties and the same patriotic aspiration."

FORTY THOUSAND AT MILITARY MASS

MOST IMPRESSIVE SPECTACLE WITNESSED OUT-OF-DOORS IN NEW ENGLAND

(Boston Pilot)

The celebration of the Solemn High Military Mass in the Fenway Park, Boston, at which His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, presided, was a veritable storming of the gates of Heaven in propitiation for the souls of the brave soldiers and sailors who have offered the supreme sacrifice on the altar of their country.

It was the most sublimely inspiring spectacle of any sort that has ever been witnessed out of doors in New England.

About all that finite man could do to add impressiveness to the solemn majesty of the sacred ceremony was done.

Humanity assembled in numbers aggregating nearly forty thousand in this vast amphitheatre, about every seat of which in the boxes and on the stands was occupied, while those who comprised the significant military procession were grouped by scores of platoons forming a tremendous hollow square in which the beautiful altar was the central point.

A sea of faces greeted one in whatever direction one might look.

Then art and nature were in evident competition to fascinate the senses and take the minds of the thousands present from earthly things to those of the spiritual realm.

The presence of God, the great Creator of all things beautiful, was almost felt so potent was His handiwork of light, color, movement, sound, the spoken word of the preacher, and above all, and beyond all by the mystery of the unbloody sacrifice of Calvary.

One might sing out of the fulness of the heart, as this most awe-inspiring ceremonial advanced from its "Introito ad altare Dei" to the "Ite Missa Est," that the Heavens were telling of the glory of God and of His infinite love and mercy.

The senses were enkindled at the awful minute of the Consecration, when the coming of the Son of Man was announced by the three sharp reports of the rifles of the firing squad and by the wonderful harmonies of the bugler as he sounded "taps," which echoed and reechoed in its sad consoling sweetness, its message of the life eternal beyond the grave.

"Kyrie Eleison," "Credo," "Gloria" and "Sanctus" were lost in the all-consuming act of the Consecration and Communion; the mystery of the Advent, "the moving of the water," in supplication, in propitiation with the certainty of the knowledge of the efficacy of this Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the intention for which it was offered to the Most High God, with such a wealth of beauty of environment, such a sublimity of sacred harmonies of hymns of praise and prayer by vestal choir, such an assemblage of Church and State dignitaries and such a multitude of souls of every race and color and sex, all in sympathetic union with the thought and spirit of the celebrant of the Mass.

Sense was lost in mystery and from countless lips came the supplication: "O Lord Have Mercy on the souls of the Brave Soldiers and Sailors who Have Lost Their Lives in This War; may perpetual light shine upon them" and "grant peace and consolation to their sorely bereaved relatives and friends."

The whole spirit and intention of the wonderful ceremony which so many were privileged to witness and to participate in were beautifully epitomized by His Eminence, when at the close of the Mass with his hands uplifted to Heaven he invoked God and making the sign of the cross in Papal Benediction, used these words:

"May the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered up here today for the glory of God bring to the souls of those who have died for their country, rest in God and eternal peace, and may it enlarge in the hearts of everyone throughout the nation, the love, the sanctified love of God and country. May the blessing of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost rest upon us all and abide with us forever."

SERMON BY FATHER HAYES

At the end of the First Gospel, the preacher of the day, Very Rev. James Hayes, C. S. S. R., rector of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (the Mission Church of Roxbury) advanced to the head of the steps and preached an eloquent sermon on "Patriotism."

Father Hayes spoke as follows: "What means this wondrous outburst of enthusiasm, these countless throngs, these martial strains, these men in khaki, blue and white? What means these gorgeous vestments, this fragrant incense, these solemn tones of priest and people? Ah, you know its meaning well. It is the grateful outburst of a loving mother's heart for her loyal children; it is the priceless tribute of a mighty country to those who in the day of trial stood by her valiantly and cheerfully poured forth for her the last measure of their heart's devotion."

CHAMPIONS OF LIBERTY

"It is a nation's grateful remembrance of those men and women, through whose heroic sacrifices she stands today the peerless queen of nations, the admiration of the world. Hail, glorious champions of liberty and independence! Hail mighty heroes, defenders of our nation and our flag! We salute you today; and though your bodies are sleeping in death, we pray the great God of Nations to take your generous souls to His bosom, to grant you the wreath of unfading glory, the emblem of which we place upon your graves."

"Well indeed it is for us to gather here and learn the lesson which these heroic souls have taught, and still are teaching from out their silent graves. And what is that lesson? It is a lesson of obedience, a lesson of generosity, a lesson of sacrifice, a lesson of true patriotism. Patriotism! Oh, beautiful virtue which welds the minds, the hearts, the hopes, the lives of countless millions into pure love for their country. Make no mistake; patriotism is not an ephemeral outburst of enthusiasm, nor does it consist in waving flags or impassioned speech. It is a virtue, as truly a virtue as the love of God, Our Father in Heaven. And hence, like every other virtue, it cannot be acquired in a day or a week; it must be the result of repeated acts of devotion to country, which in the aggregate are called patriotism."

FOUNDATION OF PATRIOTISM

"The very foundation of true patriotism is submission to lawfully constituted authority. There can be no peace, no security in the land where there is no reverence for those who rule the nation. In our own glorious Republic we have it in our power to plant at the helm of government the man whom we deem best fitted for that exalted position, and once he has taken his stand at the helm it is our sacred duty before God to submit to his authority and to obey his commands. 'Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God,' says the illustrious Apostle of the Gentiles. The man whose citizenship is based upon beauty and conscience, the man who does right because it is right; who respects authority, not through servile fear or punishment, but through a sense of duty, stands upon a firm foundation and has a rule of civil conduct which makes him a true patriot."

"There are times, it is true, when our loyalty to our flag is put to the test, when our vision is obscured by the mist which our enemies cast about us, and we are tempted to deny to our rulers the confidence which is their due. But in such trying times it is well for us to remember that the voice of Congress and of the President is for us the voice of God, and though we do not understand the motive underlying their several enactments let us not forget that their horizon is all the more expansive by reason of their exalted position. Our own divine master has given us a sublime example of this virtue, ever insisting that we should render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's. Therefore, let us learn that lesson of obedience which these heroic souls are teaching from their graves, let us stand by our President and our Congress and give to them our whole-hearted, unswerving support."

"This is not the time for bitter criticism, party strife or personal interests. The crisis demands the union of head and heart and hand of every citizen in support of him upon whose shoulders rests the heaviest burden that human shoulders ever bore."

"The man who loves his country is ever ready to give of his best to his nation and his flag, and to give it with wholehearted generosity. Selfishness can find no lodgment in the heart of a true patriot. His country has been plenteous, generous mother to him, she has granted him liberty and opportunity unequalled in any other clime, and to protect that liberty, he is ready to make any sacrifice. He would be indeed an unnatural child were he to turn his back upon her when she sought his assistance."

LOVE OF COUNTRY

"Oh, Christian men and women, fellow citizens of this great nation, let us all learn this grand lesson of generosity from the heroes whose memory we are celebrating to-day. And you civilians, look out over this vast assembly of men in uniform and learn the lesson which they too are teaching. They have left home and friends, generously sacrificing the comfort of life and at the first call of their country came forth and offered to her their talent, their energy, yes, their very heart's blood, in her defence."

Love of country prompts the true patriot to deeds of noble sacrifice. It breaks forth into acts of the most sublime heroism. In a time of national crisis, such as the present, it becomes a ruling passion. It halts at no obstacle, brooks no opposition. It is stronger than death. It imparts to the patriot's soul a courage and virility which causes him to rise supreme and triumphant over every hardship and danger. Recall the matchless bravery of the 300 Spartan soldiers who defended with their lives the narrow pass of Thermopylae. With a part of his sword one of them wrote on the face of the rock, 'Ye that pass by, go and tell Sparta that we died for her sake.' Think you, in this day of test, this hour of sacrifice our nation shall fail? Think you the flames of devotion and loyalty burn lower in our breasts than in those of other lands? Let history give the answer."

HISTORY WILL ANSWER

"Summon the spirits of those who have gone before us, who bled for hearth and home. Do they not give the lie to such base suspicion? Our land has ever been the home of patriotism. Our past triumphs are glorious to recall. Please God, the inspiration of to-day's grand spectacle shall not be lost on us. Please God, the red blood of true patriotism, of obedience, generosity and willing sacrifices courses strongly as ever through our veins. Ye that pass by, go tell the world, we cherish our country, we love our flag. On land and sea we are ready to defend it with our heart's best blood. America is ready, her great and her lowly, her soldiers and her sailors at home and abroad, one and all, we stand united, undivided with brain and brawn to strive and struggle till victory crowns our arms."

"Eternal God of Heaven, look down with favor upon our nation. Grant courage to our hearts and strength to our arms."

CORPUS CHRISTI

THE LITTLE FLOWER STREWERS

Dear children, kiss your flowers, and fling them at His feet;

He comes, the Lord of flowers, of all things beautiful and sweet.

His glory all is hidden, but who He is you know;

Then throw your flowers before Him, and kiss them as you throw.

Yet envy not the flowers that die so sweet a death—

One heart's fond sigh is sweeter than a score's perfumed breath.

More sweet than sweetest incense the tears of love that flow,

The thrill of faith that mingles with every flower you throw.

Yes, let your flowers be emblems of holy thoughts and prayers

That from your hearts are springing—for hearts alone He cares.

Oh! may your hearts before Him with loving worship glow,

While thus you throw your flowers and kiss them as you throw

Ah! soon the rose leaves wither—we, too, like flowers must die,

But in the heavenly springtime shall bloom again on high.

That God unveiled beholding whom 'neath these veils we knew,

And at whose feet, dear children, our flowers, our hearts, we throw.

—Intermountain Catholic

THE CATHOLIC WAY

Decoration Day is not a day of special religious observance. With the Catholic the true memorial day of the dead is All Souls' Day. But there is a reason why this holiday which has been set apart in order to do honor to those who fought for their country should not be sanctified and made a Catholic day as much as possible.

Remembrance of the dead is one of our most sacred duties. By justice and by charity we owe them much. How is this obligation fulfilled? The Catholic knows how to answer that question. All he has to do is think of the Church's manner of remembering the dead. She does not adorn her altars with flowers, she does not indulge in panegyrics, she does not build lifeless monuments on which to inscribe the names of the dead. Instead she resorts to prayer. Hers is a love of pity. She knows that nothing defiled can enter Heaven, that the soul must be purified wholly before coming into the presence of God. Thus she is always praying for the souls in Purgatory, and urging us to do likewise.

Hence the Catholic knows very well just what memorials he must pay to his dead. That knowledge is a very part of him; he has been familiar with it from childhood. He cannot excuse himself if he fails to do his duty. He cannot point to the manner in which those outside the Church remember their dead, imitate them and then declare that he has done his duty to the souls. Outside the Church there are no prayers for the dead. The doctrine of the existence in Purgatory has been derided. When men die nice things are said of them, flowers are placed upon their graves, and then they are forgotten as far as any real help to them is concerned. Such memorials are memorials of the dead body. They do not help the soul.

It would be a pity if any Catholic should confine his remembrance of the dead to this pagan system. Yet there are all too many Catholics who in the matter of death act like pagans. They are careful to have the finest possible funeral for their loved ones; they erect the finest monument they can afford; they do not let a Decoration Day go by without a visit to the cemetery to place flowers on the grave. And after they have done all

that they act as if there was nothing else to be done for the dead. If they had the real Catholic spirit, they would know that these external observances are of no avail to the dead whom they still really love. One little Hail Mary would be a greater act of love than the building of the most costly monument.

The true way then for the Catholic to keep Memorial Day is to make it a day of prayer. But bouquets on the grave if you will, but put a spiritual bouquet with them. Have Masses said for the dead, pray for them, go to Holy Communion for them. This year the Feast of Corpus Christi falls on the same date as Memorial Day. The Blessed Sacrament is God's greatest memorial to us. What better way to keep the day, sanctifying the Feast and at the same time helping the dead, than by receiving Holy Communion, for the poor souls?—Boston Pilot.

CATHOLIC INFLUENCES

REASONS WHY PRIEST SWAYS HEARTS AND MINDS OF ALL

Father Martindale contributes an interesting paper to the London Tablet in which he reviews the chief means through which the influence of the Catholic Church is brought to bear on non-Catholics at the front. He suggests that the War, plunging down to the elemental passions of manhood, also leaves exposed the more emotional part of the soul and disposes men to receive new influences. In this way a religious fact will be able to penetrate into the depths of a heart that at ordinary times it could never have touched.

The influences that may have such effects are chiefly the following: First, on the Western Front the men are in contact with a Catholic people and Catholic habits and practices are revealed to them in a new light. The wayside shrines, the crucifixes, are for the first time intelligible to men to whom their message is under the circumstances singularly direct. Secondly they become familiar with our devotions. Masses and prayers for the dead become significant for them, and the doctrine of Purgatory becomes an obvious truth. The teaching of a Church which holds that the comrades whom they loved are not only in Purgatory, but there may be actually helped by their friends on earth, appeals strongly to non-Catholic soldiers. Thirdly, with extraordinary eagerness non-Catholics ask for medals and pictures of the Sacred Heart and of our Lady. Many, too, have insisted on having with them Catholic men and officers merely because they are Catholics. Fourthly, the example of our chaplains appeals to the men in favor of the Catholic religion.

The man who is free from the ties of wife and children is far more often in the fore front of danger. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred when a chaplain is found in the front line he is a Roman Catholic padre. One has only to go through a hospital among the returned men to ascertain their view on this point. Other chaplains find themselves reduced to the role of good-fellowship, presiding at canteens, distributing cigarettes, writing letters, organizing concerts; in a word, they cheer the living but are able to do little for the dying.

On the other hand our priests stand frankly for the supernatural: "I have known conversions entirely due to a comparison between the clergyman who, before an attack, went among the men giving out tobacco, and the priest who, to the kneeling rows of Catholics, imparted Absolution; between the Presbyterian who cheered his men to courage by the jest that even if they didn't all come back—well, Glasgow was overcrowded, and the Catholic priest who could make his men exult even in the prospect of dying now that they carried Christ within them."

In a word, the men now recognize that the Catholic Church is a "going concern," a "working proposition." It is surely a cause of joy to our brave chaplains that their heroism has had such a reward as this. Those who mourn for dead friends among the soldier priests have their consolation. The harvest is great; how great we shall not know yet. But who can doubt that its greatness—all that has already been reaped, and all that the future will bring—is in a very full measure due to the heroic devotion to their duty which was so conspicuous in our padres as to win them the admiration of men who were trained from their youth to hate the Catholic Church. Do we not already see some signs that others besides ourselves are beginning to awaken to the fact that after the War the Catholic Church will be a danger, not to civilization, not to truth, not to religion, but precisely to those whose cardinal doctrine is to be anti-Catholic?—St. Paul Bulletin.

Be careful what you say, but be still more careful what you think. A man's thoughts, springing from his present character, and reacting upon it, prepare for him a future character of intense shades. Now, a man's thoughts are more in a man's power than most people seem to imagine. He can change them very often, he can suppress them some times, he can always modify them. Faith in man is a great natural gift, and like other of God's gifts, it grows larger and more valuable by proper use. Believe in the existence of nobility, and worth, and lofty purpose, and disinterested motive, for such belief is an indispensable condition of your ever having any of

these fine qualities to adorn your own life.—Rev. Joseph Farrell.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

SELFISH CATHOLICITY

We have placed these two words "Selfish Catholicity" side by side so that their relation to each other may be realized more clearly. Our intention is not at all to make you think that there is a species of Catholicity named selfish, but, rather to emphasize the fact, that CATHOLICITY and SELFISHNESS are contradictory terms.

Selfishness is a vice against which Catholicity strives. Catholicity tries to destroy it with the arm of Charity. Very often success crowns the effort. But from very many Catholics the virtues, unselfishness and self-denial, receive little attention and cultivation.

Consider the attitude of the everyday Catholic. How many of them think, besides going to Mass and their "Duty" and giving to the support of the parish in proportion to their fellowmen, that they have other very serious obligations to meet in their religious life? Very few, in our opinion.

In return for the support they give to religion they expect a comfortable church and good service. Their aim seems to be to get something necessary for life and Eternity and to give nothing except a little money, the amount of which will depend largely on the value they place upon what they consider they get.

The idea far too prevalent is, that the church is a place for services of various kinds, long and short. You go there for Mass, for the Sacraments, etc., but that you go there as to a power-house where you are to be electrified to do good to someone else besides yourself is entirely forgotten by the majority. Just on this point we think Catholicity must insist and reconstruct the mentality of many of its children.

Our Catholic people, religious minded as they are, must be brought to a realization of the Great Truth that they are not mere receptacles into which so much grace is to be poured in order that they be saved. It must be brought home to them that they are rather channels through which the Grace of God flows purifying and is brought to bear upon the lives of others.

Catholicity and "going to Church" are not synonymous terms. The test of a man's Catholicity must be, not how many times he goes to Church for his own good, but how much his "going to Church" makes him do for the Kingdom of God upon Earth.

To sum up. A good Catholic is not one who merely goes to Mass, receives the Sacraments and gives generously on Sundays, but one whose Catholicity is a blessing to others, and whose life is, in so far as he can make it, an imitation of Jesus Christ Who went about doing good.

Donations may be addressed to: REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

Dear Readers of THE CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrina F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

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Cardinal Newman once declared: "I say deliberately, and have means of knowing what I say, having once been a Protestant, and being now a Catholic . . . that no conceivable absurdities can surpass the absurdities which are firmly believed of Catholics by sensible, kind-hearted non-Catholics of Book and Pen."