

freely heralded from sectarian pulpits, is but a bald scheme of humanitarianism designed to make the most of this life with little practical regard for the world to come.

THE ULTIMATE working out of the creedless "union" which bids fair to become an assured fact within a few years (if, at least, we may believe the denominational journals) may be seen by an experience of the past, graphically recalled by the Mail's correspondent. At the risk of being tedious we extract rather a lengthy paragraph:

"8. Do the people know that the Presbyterian Church in England furnishes an exact historical example of what is possible under the union proposed?"

The record will be found in a "History of the Presbyterian Churches in England. Their Rise, Decline and Revival," by A. N. Drysdale (Publication Committee of the Presbyterian Church in England, London, 1889). The author states that after the Act of Toleration in 1689 Presbyterian congregations in England numbered 500, they were by far the most influential non-conformist body in the kingdom, and "to speak of Presbyterianism in England is to use no exaggerated language." (page 304.) But there was failure to require ministers to teach in harmony with the doctrinal articles. This condition reached a crisis at the Salter's Hall Synod in February, 1719, when subscription was left an open question, and the Exeter Hall assembly in the following May failed to deal effectually with the matter. (page 502). By and by, "Ministers seem to have largely forgotten that the Church was not made for the ministry, but the ministry for the Church, and the members and adherents of the Church require guarantees not at ordination only, but that shall be continually operative." (page 509). Hence in 1770, the author states, "Arianism had been the avowed and fixed doctrinal position, much of the preaching became a dull and listless platitudinizing about religion and virtue that was but a poor echo of Seneca and Epictetus." The result was that many ministers, with their congregations, became Unitarian, with a strong drift to deism or atheism, and many congregations were dissolved. Thus it came about that Presbyterianism in England made a large contribution to 18th century deism with its denouncing effects on spiritual life of the congregations that remained Unitarian.

IN VIEW of the foregoing, the anxious questioning of many earnest Presbyterians may be seen to be well founded, and the Mail correspondent's summing up of the case be considered but the expression of the spreading feeling of dissent from a scheme of union which could not but hasten the dissolution of elective Christianity and bring ruin to the hopes of a not inconsiderable multitude.

## ON THE BATTLE LINE

The German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, on Sept. 1, submitted to the Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, the substance of the German Government's answer to President Wilson's last submarine note. It consisted of an acceptance of the American demands.

"Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of non-combatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance," was the written statement of the Ambassador.

In effect, said Mr. Lansing, all American demands were agreed to with reference to warning enemy merchant ships before attacking them and to the requirements for visit and search and for the safety of passengers.

The communication, in the form in which it was delivered, related to future submarine activities. It left open for future discussion all matters of fact in connection with past references. It was taken for granted that this was because questions of reparation would have to be settled and that diplomatic negotiations would have to be conducted to agree on a basis. No difficulty was expected in adjusting them.

## SINK FIFTY GERMAN SUBS

It is reported that fifty German submarines have been sunk by the British within the last sixty days. In the Dardanelles war zone, it is reported that five Turkish transports laden with soldiers, have been sunk by British submarines.

## GERMANS ARE UNEASY

The Germans are becoming distinctly uneasy over the delay in forcing the Russian lines on the Niemen and the Dvina. The rainy season will soon be on them, and in the marshy region between Vilna and Kovels an advance will become extremely difficult. The Berlin military critics begin to point out that the campaign can be continued much later in the season in southern Russia, and that this climatic advantage has probably led to the decision to make Kiev rather than Petrograd the immediate German objective.

## THE GLOBE GIVES A TIP

Another bit of gossip from Berlin which may have foundation in fact is that Great Britain and France are prepared to assist Russia by detailing expert strategists to assist at the Grand Duke Nicholas' headquarters. That might cause friction, but there is no doubt at all that Russia would welcome airmen, artillery officers, transportation experts and men of other technical service in which the Germans have proved their superiority. In all seriousness, the Globe would suggest that the greatest help the Allies could give to Russia would be the assistance of a group of railway builders like Sir Donald Mann, a corps of railway engineers and thousands of tons of rails. A few hundred miles of strategic railways built behind the Russian lines during the winter would be of tremendous value when they resume their advance. Big guns and railways are Russia's supreme need.

## SILENT AS THE SPHINX

It is certain that as far as western operations are concerned, the lid is on tight. The French reports become more laconic, and only once in a fortnight or so does Sir John French break silence. The artillery actions continue along the front. Yesterday's cannonading was most intense along the Aisne, in Champagne and between the Somme and the Oise, in which latter sector, the French official report says, the German batteries were silenced. The enemy threw some incendiary shells against Soissons and its environs.

## FRENCH ARE SUPERIOR

In Belgium, too, there is a renewal of big gun fire along the line of Yser Canal. The Germans shelled Neuport and the region about Boesinghe, whereupon the French directed an effective fire against the German mortars and batteries as well as their camps. The French have evidently a superior artillery which is local, but general all along the front held by them.

## TAKE AUSTRIAN TRENCHES

An unofficial despatch from Rome announces the evacuation of Rovereto by the Austrians. The official Italian report makes no mention of this, merely stating that in the Sugana Valley the Austrians have renewed their bombardment of Borgo and have begun bombarding Ronciglione, where their shells started a fire. If Rovereto is evacuated, and the Austrians in the Sugana Valley are able to secure control of the Adige Valley between Rovereto and Trent, the last chance of an Austrian invasion of Venetia by way of the Adige Valley will be gone. In the Val Grande and in the Carso region the Italian official report announces the capture of Austrian trenches and of important quantities of arms and ammunition.

## SINKING OF TRANSPORTS

The French war office announcement that five Turkish transports have recently been sunk in the Dardanelles, one by a French aviator and four by British submarines, two of them between the Narrows and Gallipoli, may be an echo of the recent British Admiralty report, but it looks like news. A French aeroplane sank a transport on August 20, and the form of the report conveys the impression that the four others sunk by the British were sent to the bottom later. The Turks state that the mine-sweepers of the Allies are again busy in the Straits. This may be preliminary to another combined attack on the Turkish positions from sea and land.

## LULL IN THE BALKANS

The silence in the Balkans is disquieting. It is the lull before the storm. The attack on Serbia is in course of preparation, and the tempest will break soon in the region south of Orsova. Lord Crewe is once more at the Foreign Office, and Sir Edward Grey is taking another "holiday." Does that mean a last-minute attempt to detach Bulgaria from the German group?—Toronto Globe, Sept. 3.

## WHENCE THE PHRASE:

"FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM," ETC., IN OUR FATHER?

In the King James version of the Bible—the one used by English-speaking Protestants for nearly four hundred years—the conclusion of the Lord's Prayer (Matt. vi, 13) reads as follows: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

The Catholic Bible omits the words, "For thine is the kingdom, etc., and every now and then some Catholic editor is asked which is the correct version, the Catholic or the Protestant.

The stereotyped answer to this query is: Evidently, the Protestant translators of the authorized version were guilty of interpolating the words, "For thine is the kingdom," etc., because the learned compilers of the revised version, which was published in 1885, omitted the words from (Matt. vi, 13) leaving the text just as it stands in the Catholic version, thus showing their conviction that the words added in the King James Bible are an interpolation.

virtus et gloria" are found in many ancient codices, both Greek and Latin, of St. Matthew's Gospel, in the writings of St. John Chrysostom, and in those of St. Gregory of Nyssa. Hence, if there is an interpolation, it cannot be charged against the editors of the King James or any other Protestant version, because the interpolated passage antedates Protestantism by more than a thousand years.

The origin of what is clearly a "doxology" in the Protestant version of (Matt. vi, 13) is not yet, we believe, fully cleared up; but our best authorities hold that the phrase is a liturgical addition, which at an early period slipped into the sacred text through some copyist's error. Such doxologies were recited in the early days after every prayer and sermon. Father Knabenbauer (Comment in Matt. Vol. I, ed. alt., p. 280, Paris, 1908) traces this custom to St. Paul. The meaning attached to the phrase "Thine is the kingdom," etc., in (Matt. vi, 13) by the Fathers was: Thou, O Lord, art able to grant us the things we have asked for in this prayer, because thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. "Kingdom," St. Thomas explains, refers to the first and second petitions of the Lord's Prayer, "power" to the third, and "glory" to the rest. (Op. Imp. S. Thom., quoted by Knabenbauer, l. c.) The Fortnightly Review.

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

### "AN EXAMPLE TO THE ARMY"

Father M. King, S. J., who is at a base depot "somewhere in France," in a letter printed in the Mountaineer, writes:

I have big church parades here every Sunday, and Communion for the men every day. I also say Mass at a hospital and look after five other hospitals—all camp affairs. The men are very good; many lead saintly lives, and all are under the influence of religion. Officers and men are absolutely free from human respect, and go on their knees for confession at the station, in the streets or anywhere. The R. C.'s are an example to the Army. I am glad to say that in no hospital which I attend has any Catholic died without the last sacraments. The wounds are fearful, the effects of the gas awful, and I am simply astonished at the patience and endurance of the men. They die like saints.

The war is taken very seriously here, and it makes us sick to hear of strikes, race trains, etc., at home, when we want every ounce of power to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion. Living at the advanced base, and seeing the men go to the front and seeing them return, what is left of them, gives quite a new idea of war. Incidentally it brings out the grand character of our men; they are simply splendid in their courage, cheerfulness, and determination. I would do anything for them. I only feel uncomfortable when I see the young chaps going so cheerfully to the front, knowing what is waiting for them, and then have to return to my comfortable quarters.

### IN A FRENCH HOUSEHOLD

Father A. B. Pardi, who is a chaplain with the British Forces on the Western front, writes in a letter given in the Edmundian:

We were in for a period of rest; as a matter of fact we stayed in the locality until April 4, Easter Sunday. We spent the time in collecting our selves, so to speak. I ran across several of my boys and said Mass a few times at a little village close by. I got there on horseback. After two days my man found a bed for me at Mrs. A's and we both settled down there for three days, drawing our daily rations from our unit. They were delightful folk and typical of their country; honest, simple and kind, a little dirty, but very good. (I am quite sure by now that cleanliness is not necessarily next to godliness.) They were a fairly numerous family—also typical—to which were added two adopted children. The spirit of Mrs. Wiggs reigned in the household. Let the names of Julien and Madeleine, little brother and little sister, be put down unto a memorial of them! Beauty and tenderness, simplicity and love—true children after God's own heart. On Good Friday we were inspected by Sir John French; in the evening I made the stations in the little village church which was well attended by the natives.

### "LE VOILA, LE BON DIEU!"

A Breton officer who was an eyewitness of the feat performed by a soldier from the South of France in saving the Blessed Sacrament from a burning presbytery, gives the following account of the incident in a letter home:

On June 16 the "Boches" threw incendiary bombs in the direction of the church of A—, setting fire to twenty-five buildings, among which was the church and the presbytery. The curé was in keen distress because the Blessed Sacrament was in a burning room on the first story of the presbytery. A brave little Basque of the 4th Regiment heard that and said simply, "I am going to fetch it, I, the Sacrament," and he rushed into the furnace. Everyone waited with the utmost anxiety. One minute, two minutes elapsed. They seemed ages. At last he reappeared, black with smoke, holding in his hands his precious burden. People congratulated him, but he seemed to think his act quite natural. He then handed the ciborium to the priest, uttering at the same time those words full of candour and of unconscious heroism, "Le voila, le bon Dieu!"

bon Dieu! I was unable to go down on both knees in front of him because the fire was too fierce, I simply genuflected in great haste. The brave boy is to be mentioned in despatches. . . . What do you think of this "polli" excusing himself for having been unable to genuflect properly? It is simply admirable.

### A BRAVE DOCTOR

Private J. McGrath, R. A. M. C., tells in a letter to us of a doctor's gallant deed during the fighting round Ypres in October. The officer was afterwards killed in March at Neuve Chapelle.

A lieutenant of the R— was shot and dangerously wounded, and was left behind by his men, who were forced to retire. Hearing of this, a surgeon of the R. A. M. C. tried to locate the wounded man. It was pitch dark, and a light was impossible, but the brave doctor crawled on over the rugged ground till he reached the wounded officer. Now he was badly more than ever. The officer was unconscious, and could not say where the wound was. To show any light meant that he would make himself an easy target to the enemy. But the brave man did not hesitate. He struck a match. Instantly a volley crashed out, and the bullets flew up around him. But he had seen what he wanted, and his fingers gripped a severed artery, and held the fast flowing blood. For many hours under heavy fire, and throughout the bitter cold night, the hero knelt there holding back the wounded man's life-blood. At last the firing ceased, and he managed to drag his still unconscious burden back to the lines, gripping tightly on the artery all the way. For hours afterwards the doctor's arms were cramped, but he had saved a life, and that to him was everything.

## THE WAR AND THE ANTI-CATHOLIC PROPAGANDA

Have you heard the story of the Five Dominican Friars of Bari? If you follow the despatches, particularly those muddled over by the Associated Press, you have doubtless read the sorry tale of how these Five Dominican Friars of Bari, instead of preaching the Gospel and chanting the Office as their holy Founder bids them, fled much time from the service of God to employ it in wiggling signals from the topmost pinnacle of the convent, to the enemies of their country. What a romantic tale, what vigorous action, what picturesque costuming, admirably fitting the scene for a "movie"! Doubtless reflects the Ordinary Reader, one of these Friars was a German in disguise. Perhaps in his youth, he ardently loved the beautiful heiress of Katzenellenbogen am Rhein, and had been requested by this flaxen-haired damsel of a baronial house to betake himself and his pleadings far beyond the Alps. And so here we find him, hiding his broken heart under the white habit of a Preaching Friar; with deep set eyes, telling but too plainly of years of life's deepest sacrifice; something of a heretic, too, no doubt, for he is high minded and decent, and in novels, a monk endowed with these strange qualities is always a bit of a Protestant. But we may picture him as always retaining a deep and hopeless love for the land of his erstwhile lady, and wearing, very likely, a lock of her golden hair over his heart. Why, didn't the monk or the priest in "The Cloister and the Hearth," do something of the kind, i. e., not wig-wag, but most unmonastically bear about with him a lock of hair that was not his own?

Well, if we rate, continues the Ordinary Reader, doesn't this story show you what any country may expect that harbors priests and Jesuits, and even Dominican Friars? Soon as you turn your back, they're up to tricks. Look at Mrs. Suratt. Wasn't she a Jesuit or something? And didn't John Wilkes Booth wear a scapular? And I'll bet if you go back far enough, you would find that Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr had a lot to do with these priests, and Jeff Davis, too. Stonewall Jackson was a Jesuit, and John B. Floyd used to write to the Pope.

Yes, this incident of the Five Dominicans of Bari does show us a great deal. It seems to show, among other things, that there is a force somewhere which has a particular interest in blackening the reputation of the Continental priests and nuns, and indirectly of bringing the whole Catholic system into discredit. Priests and nuns had suffered much in France, and in Germany, too, for that matter, before the outbreak of the war. Their magnificent heroism in returning to their country to serve in the trenches and the hospitals, is a fact that cannot be denied or concealed. They are becoming popular; they are drawing many to the Church; they form a strange contrast to the group of petty French politicians, who when not engaged in persecuting women or protesting their own patriotism, are either dodging indictments for defrauding their country or trying to escape trial by flying to parts unknown. There is not an army in Europe which does not boast of its heroic priests and nuns; and while many sovereigns have had their good intentions, the Pope is the only power in the world whose efforts have made this war a little less like hell. A kindly feeling towards the Church of Rome is actually becoming common.

This will never do. Is it not our interest to "make her always absurd, always imbecile, always malicious, always tyrannical?" Therefore spread the story of how German soldiers gouged out the eyes of French soldiers, wounded on the field of battle, or make the nuns French and the soldiers German, if this variety of the lie serves your purpose better. Tell how Belgian priests skulked about the hospitals and murdered wounded Germans, while pretending to hear their confessions; relate at length, with every slimy detail that your foul brain can conjure up from the rotten mass that you call your soul, how Catholic priests have advised and encouraged the most unfortunate among the victims of the war's barbarity, to murder the tiny babe that nestles on their bosom. Make this most piteous story pornography, thus stirring up violence as well as hatred. Tell how under cover of religion, the Dominicans of Bari tried to betray their country; represent Catholics as immoral, traitorous wretches, unworthy the countenance of any civilized government. Lie bravely, and lie at once; few will read the refutation, for a lie is more interesting than the truth. Do all these things, and you shall undoubtedly receive the praise of "well done, good and faithful servant," from your master, the devil.

How well these imps of Satan are succeeding, depends upon the degree of credence you are giving these anti-Catholic war-stories. How many American newspapers have taken the trouble to retract the lie concerning the mutilation of helpless wounded soldiers by priests and nuns? Of the thousands that published the arrest of the Dominicans of Bari, did a dozen care to relate the second chapter in which the absolute innocence of the Friars was legally established? A dozen is an estimate far too large. They know that Catholics are too timid to resent these stories, and they therefore hold them in a contempt which has some justification. But there is deeper calumny than this. Most persons who have arrived at the age of any knowledge of the subject, are perfectly well aware that the Catholic Church is the only body in the world which has taken a decided stand against any interference with the laws of nature and against infanticide, no matter by what name it is dignified. She says that the first is a crime against nature, that the second is murder and that each is a mortal sin. Except upon serious promise of amendment there are no Sacraments for those who fall into those sins; and she says very plainly that all who persevere in these horrible practices until death, will most certainly spend their eternity in hell. She makes no exceptions; she has the same law for all alike. Last spring, some nameless member of the anti-Catholic propaganda originated the story that the Belgian priests had openly advocated infanticide. To those who know the position of the Catholic Church the tale was incredible; and Bishop De Wachter, Coadjutor of Mechlin, set all doubts at rest by a vigorous denial. But did the story die? Of course not. The latest variety of this calumny recently appeared in the pages of a clap trap magazine, which unfortunately for the morals of the country, has a fairly large circulation. This time the accusation was made against the French clergy; and inquiry brought out the fact that the author had taken his matter from the newspapers, which he quoted with as much assurance as if they had been Holy Writ. His chief reliance seems to have been the New York Times, a journal which, apparently, specializes in anti-Catholic war-stories. Years ago, "I seed it in print," was an argument for which no philosopher, seated on a cracker barrel in the country store, had a reply. If it was printed, it was true; and it is interesting to note how the cracker barrel philosopher, writing for this metropolitan magazine, reverts to the argument of his legitimate ancestors. He is a guileless soul, this writer; he forgets that the world has moved. "I saw it in the New York Times," he writes, "and in some foreign newspapers in the Public Library." And with this, in his estimation, the evidence is in, the case is closed, and judgment has been rendered.

To disprove these stories is usually not difficult; but it is always difficult and frequently impossible to remove the impression which the first telling has left. "Men forget the process by which they receive it," writes Newman, "but there it is, clear and indelible. Their mind is already made up, they have no stomach for entering into a long controversy about it." Perhaps the story might ultimately be put to the publication of these calumnies by a vigorous protest from the Catholics of the communities in which they are circulated. Publishing a newspaper, is, after all, a matter of business. Your "yellow" editor dearly loves a sensational story; but the owners of the paper, and of the editor, love money still more dearly. Convince the editor that the publication of calumny is bad for business, and amendment will follow hard upon the heels of conviction.—John Wiltbye, in America.

## A BOUQUET FOR "COLUMBA"

JOYCE KILMER EULOGIZES FATHER CASEY'S "BEREFT"

Our readers will, we are sure, read with pleasure the following high tribute to Father Casey's verse. It appears in the Literary Digest for August 14th, and is from the pen of Joyce Kilmer, the distinguished poet, who, by the way, is a convert to the Church. Mr. Kilmer writes:

One of the most affecting pieces of dialect verse to be printed on this continent for many a day is D. A. Casey's "Bereft," which appears in his book, "At the Gate of the Temple," (Catholic Record Office, London, Ont., Price \$1.00). This poet has proved, as Burns proved before him, that the rough colloquialism of the outcast may be the material of a thing of beauty. The dialect in this poem is more convincing than that in the plays of John Synge and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows it better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes.

### BEREFT

BY D. A. CASEY

It's me that's sad an' lonesome since the white ship sailed away; I miss the red veins o' me heart, my youngest, Willie bawn. My self here by the fire-side all the long hours o' the day. Me thoughts in foreign places, or beyant wid him that's gone.

Whin first the ocean called to thim, altho' I missed thim sore, Yet whillet himself was left to me I wasn't all alone; But since the day whin, cold an' stark, he passed beyant the door, There's none but God an' Mary left to spake to now, ochone?

But praised be God, he's sleepin' there beside the abbey wall; 'Tis lonesome by the winter's fire, but why should I complain? For lyin' there so nigh to me I think I hear him call, But ne'er a whisper comes to me across the cruel main.

'Tis sad to see, above the grave, a weepin' mother kneel; To know her heart is breakin' at the rattle o' the clay; But ah? my grief, tho' death be hard, 'Tis more than that I feel, A hundred times the lonesome night, a thousand times the day.

For death is kinder than the ships that bear thim o'er the foam, The grave is nearer than the land that lies beyant the West; And tho' they're gone, yet, praised be God, they're sleepin' near to home, And 'tis no stranger's hand, ashore, that lays thim down to rest.

If only Willie bawn were here to lay me in the clay, To place me poor old bones to rest alongside him that's gone, His hand in mine—I'd welcome thim the breakin' o' the day, And I'd not fear the long boreen that leads beyant the dawn.

This poem, like most of the contents of Father Casey's volume, appeared originally in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

### A LESSON TO CATHOLICS

At a recent investigation held in New York to determine the value of a noted newspaper for the purpose of taxation, it was brought out by the owners of the leading papers of the country that it is hard work to make a paper pay. It was stated by one man who is an authority on the subject that only three New York papers are making profit to day. The fact is not without its lesson to Catholics. The Catholic press is an avowed necessity. But it cannot live without the co-operation of the Catholic people. They must be

five basis five great Catholic Societies—the Popular Union, the Premier, the Socio-Economic Union, the Electrical Union, and the Catholic Youth and Catholic Women—thus completing the work of Pope Pius X. All these societies are now governed by one Supreme Directing Council. Of the minor organizations working under, and with them, is the Circolo San Pietro, which is rated as by far the best managed and most effective charitable organization in Rome. It did much for the refugees from Abruzzi, after the earthquake, and is now caring for the families whose breadwinners are at the front.—Sacred Heart Review.

## STRIKING LETTER OF NEPHEW OF TIM HEALY

A fine expression of loyalty and at the same time a sane and witty bit of reasoning as to the motives impelling Irishmen to take up arms for the empire is contained in a letter from Maurice Healy, nephew of the noted Tim Healy, the Nationalist agitator and fiery parliamentarian of the old days, to a friend in New York. Healy, fighting as second lieutenant in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, wrote: "We are all in this battle—Unionists and Nationalists. If England is beaten in this war there will be no Ireland left to fight for. And yet I do not think we are in it for that reason. I am not. I am in it, and I think all Irishmen are in it because we think it cowardly and criminal to stand by when an attempt is made to subvert all principles of liberty and honor, merely because our ancient enemy happens to be fighting on the right side."

"When our fellow-countrymen now in America left Ireland things were very different from what they are now. They have utterly failed to grasp what has happened in the last fifteen years. It seems to be of no import to them that every Irish leader to-day advises the Irish people that they must throw their lot in loyalty with England if they wish to continue to exist at all, otherwise they are a set of slaves. Why do they think the Germans will treat them any better than they have treated the Belgians?"

"So I am trying to do my little part, a faltering soldier, a powerful blood-spiller; hating the whole thing, literally, not in the slang sense, like hell; fearing death and pain and discomfort and trusting that God will deal with me as He thinks best, and will deal with my country as a gentle and loving Father. I am not fighting for the British empire or for world power or for territorial expansion; but I hope that any sufferings allotted to me and the thousands like me will purchase for Ireland a term of peace and prosperity in which she will bind up her wounds and once again be happy."

### Anything that proves a dissipation to you though seemingly harmless to others, you must shun. You cannot afford to destroy yourself by trying to be as callous as somebody else.

### FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowai, March 22, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowai. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

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ready even to make sacrifices to carry on the work which is so vital at the present time.—The Pilot, Boston.

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"When our fellow-countrymen now in America left Ireland things were very different from what they are now. They have utterly failed to grasp what has happened in the last fifteen years. It seems to be of no import to them that every Irish leader to-day advises the Irish people that they must throw their lot in loyalty with England if they wish to continue to exist at all, otherwise they are a set of slaves. Why do they think the Germans will treat them any better than they have treated the Belgians?"

"So I am trying to do my little part, a faltering soldier, a powerful blood-spiller; hating the whole thing, literally, not in the slang sense, like hell; fearing death and pain and discomfort and trusting that God will deal with me as He thinks best, and will deal with my country as a gentle and loving Father. I am not fighting for the British empire or for world power or for territorial expansion; but I hope that any sufferings allotted to me and the thousands like me will purchase for Ireland a term of peace and prosperity in which she will bind up her wounds and once again be happy."

### Anything that proves a dissipation to you though seemingly harmless to others, you must shun. You cannot afford to destroy yourself by trying to be as callous as somebody else.

### FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowai, March 22, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowai. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every