

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

CORPORAL DWYER, V. C.'S RECRUITING SPEECH

Lance-Corporal Dwyer, the Fulham youth of nineteen who has the distinction of being the youngest V. C., headed a recruiting march through the City and West End at the week-end, and his appearance evoked a remarkable demonstration of enthusiasm. At Trafalgar Square, standing on the plinth of the base of the Nelson Column, he made a pointed recruiting speech amid the cheers of the crowd:

Why do you want so much asking to join? You always shouted out at the top of your voice before the war that you are British. There is no asking for any of you not joining. I said to a fellow the other day, "Why don't you join?" and he replied, "I am only sixteen." I was only sixteen when I ran away from home to join. I told the recruiting officer that I was eighteen years and one month. I didn't look at him when I said it; I was looking at a paper on the wall. Now I promise you this, a drink and a cigar for the first ten recruits to come up here. Age is nothing. I have a young brother fighting in the Dardanelles, and he is only seventeen years of age. He joined as a man. Doesn't it shame you? Out at the front there are men who are grey-headed.

HOW THE MUNSTERS PREPARED FOR BATTLE

A soldier in the Royal Munster Fusiliers in a letter to his brother, Mr. Leahy, of Monkstown, which has appeared in the Freeman's Journal, has given an account of the glorious work of the regiment on May 9:

We have had a fearful time. No doubt you saw in the papers the glorious name again earned by the regiment. Well, it ever heroes were born the fellows were. I have seen in some dirty work since I started, but my God! the 9th of May will ever live in my memory. It was the spirit of everyone that was so astonishing. Several days before we knew that at 5.37 a.m. on May 9—it was death or glory—that the German trenches, which were impregnable since October, were to be assaulted; yet there was never such a happy, laughing crowd. The day previous to the charge close on 800 men received Holy Communion, and wrote their names and home addresses on their hymnbooks. I have seen sights, but the faith, piety, and sincerity of that congregation, each man knowing that death was staring him in the face, would make anyone in this world proud to be a Catholic. The night before the charge, as we lay on the road a short way from the trenches, Father Gleeson went down the ranks, saying words of comfort, bidding good-bye to the officers, and telling the men to keep up the honour of the regiment. At dawn, then, on that lonely dark roadside, lit up now and then by intermittent flashes from our own or German flares, rose to heaven the voices of 800 men singing that glorious hymn, "Hail, Queen of Heaven." There were no ribald jests or coarse raucous words, but a none of the faintest pictures which imagination conjures up of soldiers going to a desperate charge; no, there were brave hearts without fear, only hope that God would bring them through, and if the end—well, only a little shortened of the allotted span. Every man had his rosary out reciting the prayers in response to Father Gleeson, just as if at the Confraternity at home, instead of having to face death in a thousand hideous forms the following morning.

THE GREEN FLAG ON A GERMAN TRENCH

The writer then goes on to describe how the green flag was planted on the parapet of a German trench. Five minutes before the bombardment the order was given by the officers: "Are you ready, lads?" "Yes," came the cry. Then over and over the parapet like one man leaped 800 forms, the four green company flags leading. The first trench was taken in no time, then on to the second. But what a hail of lead met those gallant men. The ground was dotted with brave Irish soldiers, yet on they went. The green flag was raised on the parapet of the German trench, and in they went. The numbers to reach the objective were too few to hold the position, and eventually and with reluctance they had to retire.

A BOY HERO

Finally we have the following account of a young soldier's heroism: I could not individualize the bravery. Every man was willing and happy when the hour came, officers and men were heroes, but I feel I must tell you about one man—I can't very well call him a man, as he was more a boy, but with the heart of a lion beating within his Irish breast. The man I refer to is Private Barry, whose poor mother resides in Douglas Street. He was absolutely fearless, never happy unless running the most dangerous risks. He appeared in orders for bravery during the operations in December. Now his name has gone forward for the V. C. If he is granted same it will be a most unique honour. In fact I don't know another instance of the grant of the two. Captain Hawkes was lying in the open badly wounded; Barry was also wounded. He struggled over, got Captain Hawkes, and started back with him again; he was wounded, but still struggled on, gaining the parapet. With all his remaining strength he pushed the officer over

into safety as a third bullet got him, and extinguished the life of one of the most daring and bravest men in this or any other regiment. He lies in a little grave close to the Commanding Officer, and the sincere wish of all is that the V. C. will be granted to the poor old mother, and that she may get some pecuniary gain to help her in her declining years for rearing one who is the pride and talk of the regiment.

DUBLIN'S WELCOME TO SERGEANT O'LEARY, V. C.

Sergeant O'Leary, V. C., was given a civic welcome at the Dublin Mansion House on Friday in last week. Mr. John Dillon, M. P., in the course of a speech said:

We welcome him also because that valour has been exhibited in the vindication of a cause which we believe in our hearts as Irishmen is a just cause—is the cause of liberty and freedom throughout the world. And because Sergeant O'Leary and his comrades have been fighting for justice, for human liberty, and for the rights of small nationalities not to be wiped out of existence, this valour appeals with tenfold greater force to the masses of the people of Ireland.

SAVING UP FOR A MASS

A curé in Anjou has received a moving letter from one of his parishioners at the front:

I have been wanting to write to you for some time, but have kept putting off because I wanted to send you five francs, and in order to get that sum I had to wait a hundred days, as I wanted it to be my pay. Will you be good enough to take out of it the price of a Mass for my poor comrades who died in the fights of February 14, 15 and 16. I should like to be given to the poor, that they may pray for those poor soldiers who, in spite of what they see, still hold out against God.

A CHAPLAIN'S WITNESS

A French chaplain at the front, in a letter home, bears strong witness to the goodness of the soldiers. He says:

Hostility towards religion has almost entirely disappeared. Generally speaking, it is a sympathy, a growing sympathy, that is everywhere evident. The chaplain is always saluted, and his visits are warmly welcomed. There are no conversions in Mass, but they are very numerous. On Sundays, our churches are generally full of soldiers—400, 600, 800. A chaplain told me that he would on Sunday have from 1,000 to 1,500 men, and that from a regiment which was somewhat indifferent to religion. One may say, therefore, that the great majority come to Mass. . . . What is especially consoling is that a large number of young men are not only believers themselves, but are acting the part of apostles with others.

A PRIEST-SOLDIER'S DEATH

In the Semaine Religieuse de Montpellier is an account of a brave priest soldier, Sergeant Mas, who, when the war broke out, was cure of Pegarolles de Buzes, Herault. When, on May 12, the signal for attack was given, the men in the trench fell on their knees, and Sergeant Mas raised his hand and gave them absolution. Then all, with the Sergeant at their head, rushed out against the enemy. Well away from the trench, he was stricken down, not two hundred yards from a ruined factory where he had said Mass the Sunday before. He fell, struck in the chest with a bullet, with his face to the foe. Carried back to the dressing station, he suffered very much from fever and exhaustion. He could scarcely speak, and his last words were, "Jesus, Mary, take me."

A TRIBUTE PAID TO MOTHER CHURCH

PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN CAN NOT SHUT HIS EYES TO VIRTUE OF ANCIENT CHURCH

That the Catholic Church has her admirers and defenders among non-Catholic clergymen is evidenced by the following excerpt from a sermon preached by Rev. J. S. Thompson of the Independent Church, Los Angeles, Cal.:

"The providential purpose of the Roman Catholic denomination is unity and continuity. The Catholic Church is the grandest organization in the world. It has a place of consecrated duty for all types or groups of mind."

"The poor, the common, and the rich people meet together in that Church, as children of the same common Father. The poor, hard-working man and woman are found in that Church. It is an ancient Church. It was the ancient Church before the birth of Protestantism. It has cohesion and unity and continuity. The very fact of its great age is a proof of its providential purpose. It is the common Christianity. The gates of Hades have not been able to destroy it. It stands a victor over the opposition of centuries. It is the strongest religious force in Christendom. Many reasons might be given for the success and power of this wonderful organization. That Church believes sincerely and profoundly in the necessity for the salvation and happiness of men and women in this world and the next. It preaches this necessity and it acts accordingly. It does not neglect the religious education of its children, expecting them to grow up some way or other to be religious mem-

bers of society. The keys of knowledge which that Church possesses are wisely used to admit the worthy into the kingdom of heaven, and to prepare them to seek that kingdom with consecrated hearts. Religious knowledge frees and strengthens the soul; but a religion that cannot command loyalty and consecration is worthless."—N. W. Review.

THE LATE JAMES CORCORAN

There are not many men in Ontario who, when their time comes, will be more missed than the late James Corcoran, whose death in Toronto last week and burial in Stratford has been duly chronicled in the daily papers. Mr. Corcoran was active in many spheres of life, and while always a keen and alert man of affairs, success never spoiled him any more than reverses disheartened him. He was progressive and he was good, and above all, whether in success or in adversity was a true friend to all who came into association with him.

James Corcoran was born at Ballagley, County Kerry, in 1880 and received his early education in the school of his native village. Realizing that in the Ireland of that period but little opportunity was afforded for making his way in life, he came to Canada in 1898 and settled, first in Toronto where he was employed by Mr. S. G. Lynn, father of the late Rev. Mother Ignatia of Loretto Abbey. In 1895 he came to London, where, however, he remained but a short time, when he removed to Stratford, and embarked in the grocery business on his own account. From the first this business prospered, and when, in 1907, he sold out it had grown to be one of the most extensive in Western Ontario, and its founder had established for himself a reputation for progressiveness and fair-dealing not excelled by any. In the same year he entered into partnership with John McBride and Maurice O'Connor and started a distillery in Windsor, which, in 1908, they sold out to Hiram Walker, and which has since developed into the great plant at Walkerville now known over the whole continent.

In 1908 Mr. Corcoran returned to Stratford, and re-purchasing his old business, his name is thenceforward, until his retirement in 1909, identified with that city as one of its most enterprising and influential merchants and public men. Mr. Corcoran never did things by halves, and in whatever he undertook, exemplified the scriptural maxim that what the hand findeth to do should be done with one's whole strength and capacity. The business again prospered under his management, and by means of it he acquired a considerable fortune. He also engaged extensively in the lumber and other pioneer industries of the Province. His advice was much sought by other business men and he was never known to refuse either counsel or practical assistance to those less fortunate than himself. His word was in very truth his bond and it is related of him that it was frequently accepted by banks and others in lieu of his signature. He never shirked his obligations, and such a contingency, whether legally bound or not. A notable instance of his high sense of honor in this respect was his reimbursement to the town of Stratford of \$190,000 lost through guaranteeing the bonds of an implement works which had failed. It was mainly through Mr. Corcoran's advice that this obligation had been incurred, and although he was liable in law for not more than \$80,000, he immediately assumed the entire liability, and discharged it. Mr. Corcoran had become wealthy, but this heavy loss crippled him, and other reverses which followed, brought about mainly through the same sense of loyalty to principle and to friends completely wrecked his fortune. He retired from business, and two years later, (in 1902) was appointed Bursar of the Mimico Asylum for the Insane. This appointment necessitated his removal to Toronto, and his active connection with Stratford which had extended over a period of thirty-five years, thus terminated. In 1904 Mr. Corcoran was transferred to the same office at the Queen Street Asylum, the duties of which he continued to discharge with characteristic energy and thoroughness, until within a few weeks of his death. He was then probably the oldest public official in active service in Canada.

Mr. Corcoran had always taken an active interest in politics. He was an enthusiastic Liberal, and, in 1874, contested the riding of North Perth in that interest. He was a warm personal friend of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie who greatly esteemed him, and was on terms of close political and personal intimacy also with the Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. C. F. Fraser, and other leading members of his Party. He had displayed his interest in public affairs early in life, and when quite a youth had joined the Repeal Association under O'Connell. Of that momentous national movement, Mr. Corcoran was among the very last survivors, and was justly proud of this distinction. He considered his association with it to have been one of the greatest privileges of his life. His interest in Irish affairs was always ardent, and possessing as he did a retentive memory, his recollections of the struggles inherent to the great cause of sixty and seventy years ago were most entertaining and instructive.

No relation of life was Mr. Corcoran more thorough and uncompromising than as a Catholic. Devotedly attached to his religion and consistent in its practice, he was also most generous in his support of the Church and her educational and charitable institutions. It was always a matter of pride and consolation to him that his first contribution to this character after coming to Canada was \$50 given, when a grocer's clerk to the building fund of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. Later in life he contributed largely to St. Peter's Cathedral, London, and to most of the older churches of the Diocese. He gave the land on which the church at Wingham stands, and is ranked as a founder of Loretto Academy, Stratford. He was especially generous to St. Joseph's church there, one of his gifts being the altar of St. Joseph which was erected as a memorial of his wife who died many years ago. To the poor he was an unfailing friend, and one of the most touching tributes to his memory in this regard was the gathering in Stratford station to meet his funeral train of a little group of old women whom he had befriended. He was on terms of close friendship with the late Archbishop Walsh, Bishop Crinford, and all the older priests of London Diocese.

In preparing for death Mr. Corcoran displayed the same thoroughness as had been his wont in business transactions. He left nothing to chance or to time, but from the day that his last illness began devoted his every thought to his last end. Throughout his illness he had the happiness of having with him almost his entire family, among them his youngest son, Dr. Joseph Corcoran, who some years ago abandoned a promising career as a physician to enter the Society of Jesus. Truly, "the blessing of the Lord is upon the head of the just," and "their path is as a shining light, going forward, and increasing even to perfect day." James Corcoran was a just man and what more can be said of any man.

The funeral Mass was celebrated at Holy Family Church, Toronto, the Very Rev. Dean McGee, of Stratford, celebrant; Rev. James Walsh, Toronto, deacon; Rev. John J. Blay, Walkerville, speaker of deceased, and Rev. P. J. Coyle, master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were Rev. Thos. McMahon, S. J., Rector of Loyola College, Montreal, Rev. Father Munkel, C. S. B., and the Rev. Bernard Doyle.

H. F. M.

NATURAL VERSUS SUPERNATURAL

The great religious thesis of modern times may be briefly expressed under the general formula—the natural versus the supernatural. The days are gone when the controversies between Catholics and non-Catholics centred on simple articles of faith, or the interpretation of passages of the Bible. On all sides it seems to be admitted that those whose intellects pre-eminence give weight to their words, that the Catholic Church is on the one hand the real and only Church of Christianity, and on the other that it is the only Church that can offer any effective opposition to the un-Christian development of modern thought. Professor Huxley, who cannot be suspected of undue bias in favor of the Church, admits this fact. In his lay sermons he says: "Our antagonist (I speak as a man of science) is the Roman Catholic Church, the one great spiritual organization, which is able to resist, and must as a matter of life and death, the progress of science and modern civilization, manages her affairs much better."

Here the professor candidly admits that the Catholic Church to be the great antagonist with which the scientists of his day have to struggle, and the only one spiritual organization which possesses power and strength to resist the wild and reckless march of the so-called modern science and civilization. The progress of the so-called scientists is therefore confessedly easy until they meet the Catholic Church, then they acknowledge that they have a mighty power to contend with. The Catholic Church then is recognized by the great leader of thought as the only exponent of whatever real Christianity exists in the world, and when she is represented as the deadly antagonist of what Professor Huxley is pleased to call modern civilization, the representation is true as far as these are based on naturalism, for the Church is the divinely constituted teacher and guardian of the supernatural, and therefore cannot reconcile herself with any system of progress or civilization that divorces the supernatural from the natural or looks only to man's temporary existence and natural wants, overlooking his supernatural needs and destiny after death.

The Church, through the light of reason and revelation teaches that man, bearing upon his soul the image of God, and being little less than angelic in his nature, is destined for a higher, nobler and more permanent sphere than that which he receives in this life, that his true end and aim is supernatural, beyond anything that nature has or can give, and therefore any system of civilization that does not tend to enable man to attain this great end of his being, that does not make the natural subservient and auxiliary to the supernatural, is not only false, but destructive of man's happiness here and hereafter.

But our advanced thinkers adopt the theory that nature suffices for each individual. What is naturalism? To the total aggregate of finite entities we give the name of nature. The whole finite universe, the entire collection of things created, existing in short that is not itself necessary and uncreated being is by the very fact natural. In strict metaphysical language the nature of any individual being is its essence, that which constitutes or makes it what it is, and nothing else. But when, instead of considering any individual part, we take the whole created universe and give it the general title of nature, the distinctive mark of that nature is, that it is contingent, finite, limited. Nature in this general sense includes every order of created being from the invisible atoms of material substance to the noblest spirit of the angelic host. Now, he who admits contingent or created existence as such, who believes that second causes had first and necessary cause without which they never could have existed, cannot, however, much he may wish it, rank himself with the disciples of pure naturalism. Why? Because admitting a first cause separate from nature and alone and independent of it, he has already stepped outside the bounds of the natural, and admitted the supernatural. The so-called scientists then cannot divorce the natural from the supernatural without denying the act of creation and the existence of God's creative power.

The only persons who can lay claim to the name of pure naturalists are on the one hand pure skeptics, who not only are unable to construct a system of any repute, but who are not entitled to a hearing at all, and on the other hand the pure pantheist who takes and adores all nature as his God and who gets so entangled in the meshes of the contingent and the necessary, the finite and the infinite, that he substitutes all these for God. With these there is no controversy, but only with those who admit creation, yet maintain that nature is fully capable of attaining its end by the exercise and development of those powers it received when created. This they maintain is true also of every individual part of nature.—Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

CIVILIZATION'S DEBT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Catholics are becoming accustomed to see old anti-Catholic fables discredited by non-Catholic writers and speakers. History is slowly becoming less partisan, although bigotry manages to snap and snarl through lesser mediums, and educated men are assuming a more candid attitude in their treatment of historical events. As an example of the newer viewpoint may be instanced some words on the time-worn theme of "papal aggression," which appears in a recently published volume on "The Sociological Value of Christianity," by Prof. George Chatterton Hill, an instructor in the University of Geneva. The author is not a Catholic, but he has come to appreciate the enormous debt which Western civilization owes to the Catholic Church, and he sets forth his conviction in these words: "It is a service for which humanity should be everlastingly grateful to the Catholic Church for having performed—the separation of the moral from the political power, and the consequent maintenance of the supreme dignity and independence of the moral power. For without such a separation western civilization would never have been able to develop. Assuredly it was no indifferent matter that the spiritual or the temporal power should succeed in the long struggle, of which the conflicts between Hildebrand and the Emperor Henry IV., between Alexander III. and the Emperor Frederick I., between Archbishop A. Becket and Henry II. of England, between Innocent XI. and Louis XIV. of France, between Pius VII. and Napoleon—of which the exile in Avignon and the sack of Rome by the troops of Emperor Charles V. were but episodes. For had the secular power succeeded in its persevering efforts to make of the papal see a mere fiat, then would western civilization have fallen a speedy prey to disintegration and disruption. In the long centuries that separated the downfall of the Roman Empire, in 476, from the dawn of the Renaissance, at the close of the fourteenth century—during all this long period the Church constituted the only basis whereon the fabric of the new civilization, that arose from the dust of the old one, could be reared; during these hundreds of years the Church alone stood between this growing civilization and a return to complete barbarism. Those who talk so glibly about 'papal aggression' and 'obscure' may be exceedingly deep in many things; assuredly they are not deep in history. Any one who is able to form even a remote conception of the tremendous labor required in order to build up a new civilization on the ruins of the old one—of the stupendous efforts necessary to impose order and discipline on a wild and barbarous agglomeration of peoples—will understand that, even at the summit of her power in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Church had but barely sufficient force for the carrying out of so herculean a task. When we contemplate the anarchy prevailing in Europe in the fifth century; when we take into adequate consideration the wild, uncouth and undisciplined nature of

the populations of Europe; when we see the economic, moral and intellectual conditions prevalent all over the western world after the abdication of the last Roman emperor; when we essay to penetrate the depths of economic, moral and intellectual misery to which such conditions had reduced western society—then must we marvel at the extraordinary power, at the incredible perseverance, thanks to which the Catholic Church caused a new civilization, a new culture, to arise out of the chaos—thanks to which the Catholic Church was able to cause the darkness to vanish, after many centuries, and to give place to the pure light of Christianity.—The Missionary.

Special for the Record

HOMESICK

Och, me poor old heart is weary,
Of the city streets so dreary,
And the tollin' an' the moolin' all the day;
And the memories that are throgin' Fill the days with hopeless longin' For a land that lies afar beyant the say.

On the countless passin' faces
Sure you never see the traces
Of the kindly Irish friendship that you knew;

And not wan has time to neighbor
As they do their daily labor
Och, I think they must be pagans through and through.

Sure their talk is all of money,
To an Irishman 'tis funny
That they never seem to think of God at all;

Faix 'tis strange must be the lesson
That their cruel masters teach them whin they're small.

Throth I often sit an' ponder,
For 'tis strange how thoughts will wander,
Of the way we lived in Ireland long ago;

Sure at home in sweet Tipperary
We thought more of van Hall Mary
Than of all this foolish pride an' empty show.

Though we toiled both late an' airy,
To my thinkin' now 'tis quarely
How, like childre, all our hearts were young an' gay;

An' the sun was always shinin',
And you heard no vain repinin',
And you never thought the skies were dour and gray.

Och, me poor old heart is weary,
Of the city streets so dreary,
And the tollin' an' the moolin' all the day;

So, please God and Holy Mary,
I'll go back to Tipperary,
Where the neighbors still remember how to pray.

—REV. D. A. CASEY.

OUR ONE BIG OMISSION

"There is one big omission in our Catholic system," says the Brooklyn Tablet, "and it is in the failure to look after the boy when, in long trousers and with an exaggerated sense of his own importance, he starts off to become a working boy. Then it is that the devil gets a strong hold upon him. He is now too big for the 'Kids' Sodality and too young for the parish club. Consequently he is an outcast or in defense he joins a 'social club' at the street corner and his undoing has already begun. When he most needs help he gets it the least."

THE BIBLE AND CATHOLICS

The Church existed before the Bible and it knew how to read the Bible before a hint of them was written. The Church existed from the time that God laid down His divine law to the first family of the human race. Whatever exists to-day in leaf and flower and fruit existed from the beginning in stem and root—not merely potentially but essentially as well. It is an old axiom that says: "Nothing can give that which it has not," and this holds good for things in the spiritual as well as in the physical order. Now, the Holy Ghost being the soul and mind of the Church in all things pertaining to faith and morals, it necessarily follows that He had at all times the knowledge that the Church has received from the beginning; and unless the true pastors of the Church had received that knowledge they could neither preach in His name nor write books worthy to be accounted the word of God, as we must regard the Bible. The following passage is sufficient proof of this for all who believe the Bible to be the

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Word of God: "I will ask the Father, and He will give you another Paraclete that He may abide with you forever; the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you and shall be in you. But the Paraclete—the Holy Ghost—whom the Father shall send you in My name. He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I shall have said unto you." (John xiv, 16-26)—The Missionary.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER ON POPE'S PEACE ENCICLICAL

The Reverend E. Ellsworth Shumaker, of Cambridge, addressing a Union Ministers' meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, in the interests of peace, had this to say of the Encyclical of Pope Benedict XV.:

"The appeal of the Pope was a beautiful appeal, and for one with sincere appreciation I read that appeal to the world for peace, and I thought it was a beautiful thing in Pope Benedict to extend, as he terms it, his apostolic benediction to those non-members of the Roman Church who are working for peace. It seems to me that such an expression on the part of the great leader of the Roman Catholic Church is something which everyone of us should, in a large spirit and in a large minded way, and with all the magnanimity of our being, rejoice and co-work in." Mr. Shumaker regrets that the Protestant churches should not have been foremost in this, as he thinks they easily might have been: "Protestantism being less 'bound up with governments than is the Catholic Church.' But the two nations whose quarrel is now the red hot core of the European war, are both officially Protestant, England and Germany, each with its State religion by law established."

Nevertheless, it is pleasant to note the appreciation of the spirit and the strength of the Catholic Church on the part of the various Protestant denominations, which we see more and more frequently, in spite of certain bigoted short-sighted efforts to array the latter against the former. The war has made the Catholic Church known and respected by many who before had for her the distrust with which the unknown is commonly viewed.—The Republic.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowin, March 22, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Paschen Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowin. 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 designs to open months to His praises in the Far East to replace those still 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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Our customs and habits are like the ruts in the roads; the wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

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