

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

TWO GREAT LEADERS CONTRASTED

ASQUITH AND GLADSTONE
Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD
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London, September 28.—This week has been one of curiously mingled feelings. The death at the front of Raymond Asquith, eldest son of the British Premier, admitted by the most brilliant young man of his time, who threatened to surpass in both his public and professional life as he already had during his university career, the achievements of his gifted father, together with the death, also at the front, of Pike Pease, the son of another minister, has brought home more keenly and more hideous than ever, the price that must be paid for a crushing victory over Germany.

However, despite these conspicuous losses, especially in the ranks of men who gave up brilliant civil careers for the perils of military life, I fail to see that the least sign of any diminution of the national determination to push right on to the finish. On the contrary such sacrifices only serve to stimulate and enlighten the nation to the necessity of removing once and for all time the horrors and dangers attendant upon German militarism.

The news from the battle fronts continues excellent with the possible exception of Dobruja, in Roumania. This condition of affairs naturally adds to the patriotic fervor, and the grim resolution of confidence in ultimate victory which has never for a moment been absent from the minds of the Allies even in the darkest hours, has now passed to a new stage of certainty, and a belief that the victory may perhaps come earlier than has been anticipated. Soldiers on the triumphant Somme front already talk of coming home for Christmas, but skilled opinion, however, remains that another year at least will be required to win the war.

Apparently the character of the war is undergoing an entire change. The Germans will now be satisfied with such defensive warfare as will keep in their hands sufficient soil to force moderate terms of peace on a victorious enemy. However, according to present appearances, the terms of peace offered by either England or France, will not be moderate, for the undeniable effect of the prolongation of the war has been to harden the hearts of these two countries against Germany.

The real hero of the week has been the new land dreadnought which played such a conspicuous part in the recent British attacks. Pages have been given to it in the newspapers. Submerged politics continue to be interlarded by the increasing interest in the battlefields. The roar of the big guns has silenced the orators everywhere with the possible exception of the railway world where as elsewhere the high prices for food have exasperated the working class, and resulted in a demand for higher wages.

There is but little news from Ireland where the leaders still maintain reticence, but Chief Secretary Duke made an auspicious start on his career by announcing his determination to push a big building scheme in Dublin, wipe out the haunts of squalor and disease, where Larkin and other Sinn Fein propagandists found their best material.

As I look on Mr. Asquith, I often recall the figure of Mr. Gladstone; there could not be two figures more unlike. Mr. Gladstone was not only volcanic in temperament, but was volcanic in look, in physique, and volcanic even when he seemed to be in repose. I can still see him as he used to enter the House, just a few minutes before his questions were reached on the order paper, after the long walk which he took every day, breathless, with his great black eyes almost wild in expression, and his thin and scattered hair looking as if it had been touched by every wind of heaven. His look upon the House of Commons appeared almost like a glare, and as he sat down his breast heaved; at once you felt there had come to the Treasury Bench a great new force which left nothing at rest—not the House, not the business, not his colleagues, not even the humblest member of the House. Gladstone never seemed to remain still for a moment; he spoke to his colleagues incessantly, and when he spoke it was with vivid and frequent gesture. He seemed to want to do not only his own business but the business of every other man. At question time he was almost constantly on his legs, and his answers always elicited other questions, for he was copious and sometimes involved in his replies. The smallest member of the House could always attract his attention by even a casual reference to some of the multitudinous utterances in his long political career, and as for the old man was ready with an interruption which, even when it pretended to be a whisper, resounded like a bell through the House of Commons. Except indeed when he returned to the House after dinner, and sat for the most time alone with his eyes closed and apparently in slumber, he never could be said to be at rest.

I have often seen Mr. Gladstone, even in the Division lobby, raising his hands to heaven with as much vehemence as if he were addressing an impassioned audience in the House of Commons or on the platform. The vitality of the man

indeed seemed perfectly inexhaustible. Sometimes I met him at dinner during a sitting of the House; even then he was not a moment at rest. It is a mistake to suppose that he was not a good listener; he could listen very well; but everybody, of course, preferred to hear him talk, and if he had the proper kind of audience he talked right through the dinner, usually, however, avoiding the subjects which were that particular moment were pressing most on his attention in the House of Commons. If ever there was a being in human history who lived every second of his life to the very fullest, it was Gladstone.

Of course a man so exuberant was at once the greatest and the most disturbing leader the House of Commons could have. A personality so vivid, so dominating and so restless absolutely commanded the whole place. The fact that his face was the window of his soul, which reflected every mood of his mind—and indeed every mood of the House—as faithfully as a mirror, as well as the striking beauty of his face and his figure, made him always a sort of blazing electric lamp which dimmed every other personality round him. Sitting on the Irish Benches exactly opposite him for years, I never could take my eyes off his face for any length of time. One might say without exaggeration that if a stranger in one of the galleries of the House of Commons were deaf and only fastened his eyes on Mr. Gladstone's face, he would have a fair idea of everything that was going on. Disraeli had the same power of attracting every eye to him; but from a very different reason. He would sit on the Treasury Bench, with his pallid yellow face, his strongly marked Jewish features, his hair black and curly—and in ringlets in his early days—thin and dyed in his later, with a look of impassiveness that made him resemble the sphinx. There was never a change of expression upon the face: whether he was angry or pleased or amused, the face remained always the same. The figure indeed was so immovable that it was almost with a gasp you saw him occasionally crossing one leg over the other. With his disappearance from the House of Commons, however, Gladstone reigned alone as the central figure of attraction, and so remained to the end of his Parliamentary career.

Having spoken of the great gifts of Gladstone as a leader, I must refer to the defects. He spoke far too much; he spoke far too long; instead of curtailing his prolonged proceedings; instead of assuaging his excited passions; and though he carried a number of intensely contentious and gigantic measures, I dare say the records would show that he got through less business than a less restless and a less eloquent man. Sir Charles Dilke, who was a perfect master of the art of answering questions briefly and cryptically, as Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, used to fret constantly under the lengthy answers which Mr. Gladstone insisted in making himself with regard to Foreign Affairs, and I am sure felt in his heart very often that his great leader put his foot in it.

Coming to Mr. Asquith, he has none of the special gifts of Mr. Gladstone either physically or intellectually. Physically, he is a man of middle height; though he has a fine, well chiselled face and the broad forehead that usually goes with great intelligence, he is not physically a striking figure and yet his physique is remarkable. He has a constitution of iron. After 10 minutes' reading in his bed at night can sleep his regular 8 hours, even in the most critical times; never seems tired; never seems excited, just goes phlegmatically on. The only thing that seems to disturb him is divisions in his own Cabinet, when he is apt to look worried and nervous. But even in this kind of thing he seems to have got used since the creation of the Coalition Cabinet. He is not a man who seems to love speaking for speaking's sake; words do not come from his lips in a great torrent as in the case of Mr. Gladstone; he never seems anxious to take the answering of questions or other work out of the hands of his subordinates. And yet—daring as it may seem—I regard him in many respects as a more effective leader of the House of Commons than even Gladstone was. This is mainly due to an incomparable power of a certain style of speech. I have heard that Mr. Balfour says that never since the days of Demosthenes was there a speaker who had such an unerring power of using exactly the right word, and I might add, of saying the right thing. He is no more like Gladstone in speech than Cicero was like Demosthenes. It may be partly his devotion to the Greek classics, but probably it is more largely because of his own natural tendencies and gifts that the style of Mr. Asquith is in the stern and chaste simplicity of a Greek speaker or of a French classic. Now and then he does use a retund and resounding phrase, but as a rule his words are as simple as those of Addison or Goldsmith or other great masters of pure and simple English prose. You take time to discover the splendid art that conceals the art so consummately. He seems to be using the language of every-day life, the short and simple words and the blunt and unadorned phrase. It is only when he sits down that you realize that he has put his case with such simplicity and such lucidity, that it appears to be so reasonable and so simple as to be unanswerable; it looks as if there were nothing more to be said. In speaking he

does not exhaust or even put forward the great physical accompaniments of speech as Gladstone used to do. He speaks in rather a low voice; he rarely uses a gesture; his body remains quiescent; whereas when Gladstone was speaking you saw the legs moving into picturesque attitudes as well as the arms into vigorous and descriptive gestures. There is no impression of dominating physical energy as in the case of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Asquith speaks very often indeed as if he were physically tired, and rarely if ever does he raise his voice. On the box which stands on the Speaker's table, in front of a Ministerial speaker, you can still see the dints that were made by the ring of Mr. Gladstone in the course of his impatient rhetoric. Mr. Asquith has been seen to thump the box in moments of excitement when some bitter and undesired personal attack was made on him; but as a rule he delivers his speeches as if they were quiet and friendly and unadorned conversations between him and the House.

He is deadlier, however, when he is most quiet in manner and softest in voice. It is on such occasions that you see crumple and disappear before him the craters of difficulty which his opponents have raised and fortified against him; he sits down after these little speeches—rarely more than 20 to 30 minutes in length—and at once the whole scene has disappeared as completely as the German trenches before our present bombardment, as you wake up to find that this quietly delivered terse little speech has transformed the situation and blown up the crisis.

In this respect he is perhaps the greatest leader in modern times that the House of Commons has seen. In private he has the same extraordinary power of summing up and saving the situation. He listens until those who want to speak have delivered their souls, and then in a few sentences he gets to the very kernel of the question; sums up as if he were a judge the pros and cons with the perfect balance of them both, and then reaches his conclusion. It may be perhaps this extraordinary equality of temper and of mind that subjects him to criticism as a man of action: a mind so well-balanced is supposed not to have the power of rapid thought and of prompt and resolute action. But we want to see the records before we can quite decide this question.

MISSIONARY NOTES AND NEWS FROM AFRICA

GENEROSITY OF THE BLACK CATECHIST

(Extract of a letter of Mgr. Wolf, now at Steyl, dated Jan. 25th, 1916)

"In the Togo our missionaries have been obliged, with much sorrow, to close more than 150 schools both on account of political causes, and for want of funds. It is only by drawing on all their resources that they are able to keep up the few schools that remain. Many masters and catechists continue at their posts and look only to God for their salaries. Others are satisfied with half pay or even with a third or fourth part of what they formerly received. In many places thank God the Apostolic work goes on as happily as in peace times. Thus during the year 1915, 1,106 solemn baptisms were administered here and 627 at the hour of death. During the same period 133 marriages were contracted."

FROM S. W. AFRICA

For the first time since the beginning of the war, the V. Rev. Prof. Ap. of Namaland, V. Father Krokowski has been able to send news to our Directress General. His letter, dated Jan. 3rd, runs thus: His Lordship, the Bishop Simon, sent me with the last mail your letter of 31. X. 1915, with the good news that he had L14.14 at my disposal.

It is the first money I received from Europe for the last two years, so you will understand, madam, that I wanted it very badly.

We suffered very much during this war, only the Missions in Keetmanshoop and in Duvishib have nothing to complain of. The amount of my losses in other missions, through damages done, thefts, etc., is L2,600.

From this amount the Mission in Heirachabis with L1,920 has its biggest part in damages.

You ask me news about our Mission in Maltahobe, the Sacred Heart of Jesus mission and church. As yet nothing has been done. I have no money and no priest for same. After the war is over, I shall see what and when I shall be able to begin there.

GRASSHOPPERS AND FAMINE

Rev. Father Gruson of Altifonia in Abyssinia writes, on Nov. 30th, 1915, to Countess Ledochowska: "Please remember our poor mission occasionally. The grasshoppers have destroyed everything; within the memory of man, so many have not been seen. The famine is terrible."

TWO THIRDS OF THE MISSIONARIES IN SERVICE OF THE FATHERLAND

Mgr. Cenez, Roma, Basutoland, Dec. 9th, 1915, writes: "The war makes its terrible influence felt even in these parts. Our personnel is reduced to a third by death and other causes. And while the Contributions of the 'Propagation of the Faith' and 'Holy Childhood societies' are diminished by one half, everything we need is doubled in price, we are obliged to multiply ourselves to keep up with our work. During the year we have held out by means of the greatest privations and by utilizing

everything we could find. But the work threatens to become too heavy for many. This and many other reasons urge us to pray daily for the cessation of the terrible calamity that is ravaging Europe."

Address subscriptions for the "Echo from Africa" 50 cents a year and the "Negro Child" 25 cents a year, cancelled stamps of rare denominations 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, etc., (write for directions), tinfoil, old jewelry and other donations to American Headquarters of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African Missions, Fullerton Building, St. Louis Mo.

A CONVERT TO HOME RULE

The Liverpool Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion, one of the most logical and steadfast upholders of the just demands of the Irish people, believes that the signs which portend the establishment of an Irish Parliament are becoming more and more numerous. And one of the most remarkable of these signs it adds, is the "conversion" of Lord Derby. After the speech recently delivered by him at a meeting of the Lancashire Division of the National Unionist Association, there will be few, it says, except among the most irreconcilable enemies of Home Rule, who can imagine that it is possible to prevent the concession of self-government to Ireland. Lord Derby, whatever may have been his views in the past, seems now to entertain no such illusion. He spoke as a Home Ruler: "The bill is on the Statute-book and I do not think that we will have a man to fight to wipe it off. Therefore I ask you whether we cannot now arrange some terms which will be acceptable to both parties."

According to the Liverpool journal, there are few men in public life in England who have a better knowledge of the views of the English people than Lord Derby. He is alive to the trend of public opinion and when he asserts that he will support Sir Edward Carson in any other move he may make to find a solution of the Irish question, it may be safely assumed that he is convinced that a settlement is earnestly desired by the majority of Englishmen. The Catholic Times says in conclusion: "Perhaps after all, Sir Edward is working for the best solution of the problem, Home Rule for the whole of Ireland without the exclusion of any part of it. If he is, and should succeed, he will prove a benefactor to Ulster as well as to the other provinces."—America.

HIGHEST NAVAL HONORS TO NOTED CATHOLIC ADMIRAL BENSON

Rear Admiral William S. Benson, chief of naval operations, with rank of Rear Admiral, has been promoted to the rank of Admiral, in accordance with the provisions of the naval bill, which President Wilson signed on Aug. 29. This will give him the same rank as Admiral Dewey, the only two officers of the United Navy who enjoy the distinction of having that high rank.

As chief of naval operations Admiral Benson holds one of the most important positions under the government, as he has to do with the assignment and movement of all the ships of the navy. He is one of the best known and most popular of all our Catholic officers in both arms of the service. He is a native of Georgia, and will retire on account of age on Sept. 23, 1917.

During the recent debate on the naval appropriation bill he was called before Congress to give some important data relative to the United States navy.—Catholic Columbian.

CROSSES OR BRASS TABLETS

The London Athenaeum (Protestant) publishes the following in the August number, just to hand:

A proposal is afoot to erect in this country, in memory of the fallen, wayside Crosses or Calvaries such as are seen on the continent. We have received from the Protestant Alliance the text of a strongly worded remonstrance addressed by them to the Prime Minister, together with the suggestion—as if it were novel—that a better way to show respect to our dead would be to put up their names on brass tablets in or on public buildings. This strikes us as yet another recrudescence of the old iconoclastic spirit, and it is curious to notice that, whether in the eighth or the seventeenth century, whether among Albigenses or English Protestants, it utters always the same peculiarly strident outcry—the burden of which is a horror of idolatry. We doubt whether idolatry—in the sense of definite religious worship offered to a graven image as if it were a divinity—is even possible to a Western European in the twentieth century. Even if it were so, the abuse of a good is not sufficient reason for abolishing its use. The trouble we have to meet in our day and country is not that people fail to practice their religion rightly, but that they tend to have no religion at all. To look for a moment at Christ upon His Cross, remembering as one does so those fallen in battle, striving to emulate His spirit of sacrifice, is at least to have a glimpse of the "sub specie eternitatis," as the old phrase has it. Less than that will hardly satisfy, and we do not think that can be achieved by the brass tablet in a public building.

REFUSES CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS

There is further dissatisfaction in England regarding the chaplain question, so much so that a committee has been appointed to deal with complaints. It is said that certain corps have none, but church of England chaplains among them, notably the Royal Field Artillery, the Royal Army Medical Corps and some others.

It is demanded that Catholics and Non-conformists should be ministered to by their own priests and ministers. The committee has already been curiously told, however that the chaplain-general, who is an Anglican Bishop, has the sole right of making appointments and not even they can interfere with this right. The Australians have also been in a bad plight and it is only within the last few days that four head chaplains have been appointed to this contingent, one for each of three denominations and one Catholic.

Each of these heads will be responsible for the appointments of the chaplains of his particular belief. Still the cry is for more chaplains. There are none available for hospital ships or trains, as many regiments are without them, even whole divisions. I am now speaking of Catholics. So many deaths occur in the hospital trains and ships that priests are badly needed on these.—Church Progress.

IN MEMORY OF D. P. MCGARRITY, FAIRBANKS FARM, BRUCE CO.

KILLED IN ACTION, JUNE 3, 1916, AGED TWENTY YEARS

He loved the home, the little hills
His parents made. The woods and every place
From mighty Huron—to the swift Saugeen
He knew, snow-white or brave with emerald green;
And old and young were glad to see his face,
To meet him on the road a joke to pass
Or give him greetings coming home from Mass.

He loved his mother and his father gray
His ways their ways; he had learned it so,
To them it seems but one short yesterday
Since at their knees they taught him how to pray
Or trained his footsteps how they were to go.
He loved his brothers and his sisters all,
He loved his home and heard his country's call.

Why speak of sorrow when it only tends
To common usage? When his story's told
He fought and died for country, home and friends
What need has sorrow here to make amends?

At duty's call he nothing did withhold
And here's deeds in every land and clime,
Are sung with gladness, to the end of time.
The roaring guns and blasts of iron showers
That sang his requiem over old Ypres,
He hears them not in God's eternal hours

But Southern winds and Belgium's loveliest flowers
Will blow above him on a happier day.
And in our hearts his memory will be green
As maples growing by his own Saugeen.

—TOM J. FLYNN.

Syracuse, N. Y. Aug. 19, 1916.

LOOKING OUR WAY

The Living Church quotes with silent approval an article from the Springfield Churchman in which this question appears: "When a member of the Holy Catholic Church in America is asked why he is not a Roman Catholic because the services and the teaching of the Catholic Church, commonly called Episcopal, are like those of the Roman Catholics, he is very apt to answer, because we do not believe in their new doctrines."

It is admitted then that the question is commonly asked. The admission is compromising, so compromising that the answer given will hardly repair the damage done.

Why is such a question asked at all? Why should a member of the Holy Catholic Church be required to explain why he is not a member of the Roman Catholic Church? Is not the question itself a virtual contention that the Roman Catholics are the only real Catholics, and if one is to be a Catholic at all he ought to be a real one?

Roman Catholics are never asked why they are not affiliated with "the Holy Catholic Church in America," "commonly called Episcopal?" The reason they are not asked, even as the converse is asked of the Catholics commonly called Episcopalians, is not hard to divine. No one asks why the mountain does not go to Mohammed. The question is never put, for everybody knows that if the space intervening between the prophet and the mountain is to be covered at all, it will be covered by Mohammed and not by the mountain which is going to stay right where it is.

As to the new doctrines of the Catholic Church, they should not

phase the members of "the undivided Catholic Church," "commonly called Episcopal." Episcopalians have never blushed at new doctrines. This is specially true of "the Holy Catholic Church in America." We need not go beyond the columns of the Living Church of this week to establish our contention. We find in the current number a passage so apropos and so illuminating that we cannot refrain from quoting it at length. The contributor is speaking of the indissolubility of the marriage bond. He says:

"The national council of the whole English Church summoned by King Ethelred at Eanham, in 1009, and composed not only of bishops and abbots, but also of lay representatives, enacted that it should never be allowed for a Christian to marry a divorced woman, or to have more wives than one, but that he should be bound to her only, as long as she lived." Thus the law of Christ became part of the civil law of England.

"No change was made in this national law until the year 1857, but the Church's law remained. In the sixteenth century, indeed, foreign reformers who had taken refuge in England, following Luther's low teaching and practice, were strong advocates for lowering the character of the marriage laws, though in vain."

Luther was one of the earliest opponents of the Scriptural and Catholic doctrine of marriage. In his famous, or rather infamous, sermon at Wittenberg, in 1523, he openly advocated adultery under certain circumstances, and advised Henry VIII. not to divorce his wife but to take a second. Luther and the Wittenberg divines, Melancthon, Bucer, and five others, signed a dispensation giving Philip of Hesse permission to commit bigamy, and this "marriage" actually took place in presence of two of the signers. (See Professor Mozley's Essays, I. 401-404, and Hare, Mission of the Comforter, p. 854.) Among English Puritans, Milton, in his work on Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, allowed divorce by mutual consent, or even by the desire for divorce of either party. It was the refusal of the Presbyterian Assembly to grant him his request for an unlawful marriage, even according to the already debased standard of the Westminster Confession of that body, which occasioned his famous epigram that "New Presbyterian" was only old Priest writ large.

Such was the depth of degradation to which the foreign Protestant reformers and some of their Puritan sympathizers, would have brought the Church of England, if their efforts to change her Prayer Book and her discipline had succeeded. Happily they failed completely, and the whole Anglican communion except this American Church (since 1808 only) stands where the Church of the first three centuries stood, and where all the Western Church has stood since the fourth century.

"So this 'American Church' fell down at last, and in 1808 departed from 'the law of Christ' and accepted in its stead the 'infamous' innovations of 'foreign Protestant reformers.'"

Now if the "Holy Catholic Church in America," can stretch a point in favor of "foreign Protestant" innovators and accept a law of marriage which is known to be the exact opposite of that taught by Christ, why not yield another and less essential point in favor of Roman Catholics and their new doctrines?

Roman Catholics do not admit that they have any new doctrines, for a Papal dogma does not pretend to create a new doctrine. It simply emphasizes an old doctrine. And this is particularly true respecting the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, to which reference is made in the article first mentioned above. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was not proclaimed till the Bishops of the Christian world had implored the Supreme Pontiff to the point where resistance was next to impossible. In the preamble to the bull which made the Immaculate Conception a dogma of Catholic faith, Pius IX. recalled how incessantly petitions had come in from every source—from Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, heads of religious orders, parish priests, and simple faithful, praying that the doctrine held by the Universal Church be raised to the dignity of an article of Catholic faith. When he did issue the bull, Catholics accepted it as nothing new but the crystallization of a doctrine long and lovingly held by all Catholics from the rising to the setting of the sun.

It is really significant that members of the "Holy Catholic Church in America" should be called upon to explain why they are not real Catholics. It is also significant that a real Catholic Church should be "commonly called Episcopal." It is also significant that a church after laying claim to the name of Catholic should likewise strive to return to the real Catholic doctrine respecting marriage and divorce. The journey is a hard one for the reason pointed out by Virgil: "Easy is the descent to Avernus, but to retrace one's steps and regain the upper air, that's labor, that's work."—Catholic Transcript.

DO COMMON THINGS WELL TO SUCCEED

Very often the large things of life come to people who are zealous in the performance of humble duties; whereas, those who go about seeking high dignities and vain applause, die in discontent and obscurity.

St. Bonaventure fled from Rome when he heard that the Pope intend-

THE LIVING CORPSE.

It is reported that a posthumous drama by Count Lee Tolstoy is to be produced in New York this fall. It bears the catching title, "The Living Corpse," and its power is drawn from the fact that it is a story from real life.

After reading the story we can only hope that it will not meet with success. It is an appeal to the animal, a justification of an adulterous love and the glorification of suicide when it stands in the way. This Russian iconoclast used his great talent to do immeasurable harm. Our people have been led to believe him a great reformer and the savior of his people. The mind that conceived "Kreutzer Sonata," "The Resurrection" and "The Living Corpse," all of which are grossly immoral, could never guide a people to a higher life. He was a monument of pride. He was not a constructive genius. He created discontent and bitterness among the people and in proclaiming their heartaches to the world he offered no comfort or no remedy. He pandered to the lowest instincts in his novels and dramas and beyond a talent in the use of word images he cannot be classed among the world's immortals. His supreme self-consciousness and utter contempt for the demands of social and family obligations mark him as supremely selfish. He drove his wife to insanity and had no affection for any ties of blood or kindred.

His whole life and effort were spent in teaching the lesson of dark hopelessness. He did little good but very much harm.—Intermountain Catholic.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915, Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

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

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| Previously acknowledged..... | \$7,838 75 |
| A Friend, St. Thomas..... | 10 00 |
| J. P. Schnitzler, Walkerton | 1 00 |
| S. A. Halifax..... | 1 00 |
| A Friend, Ottawa..... | 5 00 |
| A Friend..... | 2 00 |
| D. S. Barnaby River..... | 1 00 |
| Mrs. F. Cameron, Mabou..... | 2 50 |
| A. F. Campbell, Mabou..... | 2 50 |
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