

that most uncertain of all British problems—the Irish question.

There is one most ancient and most important institution which threatens to be thrown out of business by the war. Everybody knows the word "whip" in our Parliamentary proceedings. The origin of the word is hard to trace; but I have a strong impression that it came from the days of Sir Robert Walpole who was one of the first of the really Parliamentary Ministers; who was also a great sportsman, and who would naturally apply to the proceedings and personages of the House of Commons a figure of speech drawn from the hunting field. Just as the whip on the hunting field keeps the hounds together, so the Parliamentary whip keeps watch and ward over the supporters of the Ministry. When you enter the inner lobby of the House of Commons your eye is caught by two short benches which are just inside the door through which every member has to enter the House—unless he be a Minister who has a special private entrance of his own. On these benches sit the whips. It is their point of vantage, for they are able to tell who comes and who goes. They have a very strong organization behind them to help in this work. You see around the inner lobby a corps of clerks with printed lists of the members of the House; and on these lists is checked off the name of every member as he comes and as he goes. There are besides two large offices with several rooms in which the Whips of the two great parties do their work. All kinds of machinery contrived to keep a close watch on the goings and comings and even on the resorts of the members. Most of them are on the telephone; and those who are really conscientious leave the telephone number of the place they are going to during the dinner hour. In short, no head of a military staff has means more complete for organizing and mobilizing forces than these men who are responsible for the attendance of members; for it is the attendance of members which decides the fate of bills and of Ministries.

All this went on quite smoothly in the days of peace and of a Liberal Ministry; but with the Coalition Government an entire change came over the scene. The Tory whips used to confront the Liberals in the old days; one set of the two benches belonged to them, the other to the other side; and each whip addressed only the members of his own Party. Personally, the whips were very civil to each other; but their civility did not prevent them from keeping a watchful eye on each other. There are tricks in the trade of whips as in other trades. One of them, of course, is to keep studiously from the knowledge of the other the exact amount of their forces. There is a well-known story of two old whips of pre-historic days who were always trying to outwit each other. One was George Glyn later Lord Wolverton, a great banker—and the other a genial but reactionary old Irishman called Colonel Taylor. One day after a great and narrow division the two were strolling in a friendly walk over Westminster Bridge. "Well," said the Liberal whip, "one of my men was dying in bed." "Ah," said Colonel Taylor, pointing to a funeral that was passing, "one of my men is in that coffin."

All this is, of course, now changed; the Liberal whip in the old days always had the Tory whip opposite to him; nowadays you often see the "door," as the whip's department is summarily described, kept in turn by a Tory or a Liberal whip. It is sometimes startling to see an incorrigible and unteachable but charming old Irish Tory like Viscount Valentia humbly ask the narrowest Radical to come back after dinner so as to preserve the Government from a snap division; and it is equally a contradiction of all former conditions to see a strong Radical like Mr. Geoffrey Howard appeal to a good old Tory Squire to come back and help the Government. The Coalition in fact, like an earthquake, is so transforming the whole face of the political world that it is almost impossible to trace the old landmarks.

While, thus, the task of the whips has been made comparatively easier than ever it was before, it has become in other respects much more difficult. A division has hitherto been regarded by the ordinary member of Parliament as the most sacred of his duties. The constituencies have also held the same opinion. Whenever a member came before a constituency for re-election his political opponents always looked up the record of his divisions and if it should turn out to be bad, it was used as a very powerful argument against his re-election. As a rule the member of Parliament performs this duty, accordingly, with great conscientiousness; but there have been extraordinary exceptions. The House of Commons, consisting of so large a body of men as 670, is really more of a mob than of a deliberative assembly, and in such a gathering there must be all sorts and conditions of men. Things were worse when I first entered Parliament than they are now, for at that time there was no means by which you could get rid of certain members, as no member of Parliament is allowed to resign; he must accept an office of profit under the Crown, and the usual form, as everybody knows, is that he accepts the stewardship of the Children Hundreds, an office at one time which had duties and emoluments, but has now become a mere name. There was one case

where a member of Parliament became insane within a short time after his entry to the House and, being insane, his signature to any document could not be accepted; with the result that for many years, while the member was locked up in an asylum, the constituency had to remain unrepresented. New provisions were made which prevented the recurrence of that state of things; but there are idle and selfish men in every large body, and plenty of men get into parliament and fail to take much further notice of the assembly. I remember meeting a young member of Parliament of aristocratic family in a public park; he had not put his foot in the Chamber for two or three years. He asked me with a smile if the old ship was still going! But this, as I have said, is exceptional. I have known men travel three or four days, sometimes a week or end, in order to record a vote. Sometimes it was quite common in the old days for a man in the middle of a cure at Carlsbad or Marienbad to rush off at his whip's appeal. I have seen men frequently brought into the House on chairs, because they were too ill to come to vote; and some of them have then had to be wheeled back to the nursing home, and some died within a few hours of this last effort to discharge their duties, on account of the excitement. It is to me a subject of constant wonder and admiration to see a number of men with large fortunes, comfortable homes and great businesses, who travel regularly every week-end backwards and forwards to their cities rather than lose a single division. I remember during the Home Rule struggle that a member confined to bed during an important by-election in his own constituency wrote to me that he would come up to cast a vote for Home Rule even though he had to be brought there on a stretcher.

The Coalition Ministry has changed all this. In the first place nobody now can be got to realize that the Ministry is ever in danger. They take it for granted that as their opponents are few and far between and as the main bulk of the rank and file of both parties are equally interested in maintaining the Government in power, a division that will put them out of office must be regarded as a creation or a bogey of the active imagination of whips. People, besides, have got accustomed to the much saner and healthier hours which the Coalition and the war have brought into the House of Commons. During the first six years I was a member of the House I was always quite satisfied if I got to bed at 4 o'clock. Nowadays, it is rarely that the House sits beyond 8 or 9. In old days the dining rooms of the House of Commons used to contain a fair number of men; nowadays most men think it a grievance if they cannot take dinner at home. This relaxation of habit and of discipline has come simultaneously with a growing lack of confidence in the Government. I do not propose to discuss whether this lack of confidence is well founded or not. Any Ministry in war time that does not bring big and prompt victories becomes discredited. An unsuccessful battle or a bad defeat in the field has more influence on the votes of the Chamber now than a speech or any political consideration, and these are things that after all Ministries cannot control. It may be that the turn of the tide which has come on all the frosts may help to restore the prestige of the Ministers within the next month or two, but for the moment undoubtedly their stock is very low. They are held accountable for any little mishap or any grievance. Conspicuous, of course, has brought a plentiful crop of these grievances, because it is impossible to toothcomb a whole nation without inflicting many grievances and committing many mistakes.

For instance, numberless cases of men hopelessly unfit by the state of their health for active service have been dragged from their work and undergone great suffering. Sometimes a man is summoned away from the seaside or the country where he is staying with his wife and children, only to be told when he reports himself to the military authorities that it is a mistake and what is wanted is another man of the same name. This brings me back again to the whips' department. They find it now almost impossible to get members of Parliament back to the old habits of punctuality and discipline. Members will insist on going home to dinner and equally insist on not returning. Attendance at the House of Commons, after 8 or 9, is going down to vanishing point. There is scarcely a night between 9 and 10, when the House sits so late, that the Government could not be defeated.

#### THE MEXICAN COMMISSION

At last the Mexican Commission has been appointed, three Mexicans and three Americans. As was to be expected the former are radicals of the most pronounced type, and the latter, propaganda to say, are Protestants, one of them a militant evangelist. Three radicals, two mild-mannered Protestants and an evangelist are to sit in judgment upon affairs that intimately concern the Catholic Church to which over 90% of the Mexicans profess allegiance. This is perhaps the most remarkable phase of the whole Mexican problem more striking in many ways than the arming of brutal, vengeance and those other lust passions which ultimately

found vent in blasphemy and rape and murder and the desecration of holy places and things. Time alone will reveal the motives that led to these extraordinary appointments; at present one thing only is certain, the "gates of hell" shall not prevail against the Church.—America.

#### LETTER FROM CHINA

Church of Our Lady of the Rosary.  
Dear Friends,—The town of Sinkomen and surrounding villages have a Catholic population of over a thousand but no church yet. Just opposite, a few miles distant, is the Island of Pootoo, the Rome, if I may so speak, of pagan China, the great citadel where paganism profligates at the feet of the devil the homage and incense of its worshippers. There are some hundred temples on the island, some of which are really magnificent and all built in the most delightful situations, some on the sea shore, others on the slopes of the mountains or in verdant valleys. More than a thousand two hundred pagan priests are in charge of them, perform their pagan rites therein and minister to the pilgrims who come in tens of thousands from all parts of China. Nothing is more sad and yet more striking than this beautiful island given up to such excessive idolatry, especially on the occasions of the great pilgrimages. The countless vessels that convey the pilgrims are decorated with a thousand flags of various shapes and colors and at night prettily illuminated. Myriads of floating lights cover the water and are carried far out to sea on the receding tide. Volley after volley of fire-crackers, whole bunches at a time, are discharged, whilst the devout pilgrims approach chanting prayers to their false gods. The temples are filled with worshippers. One temple is visited after another and in each the same prayers, prostrations and burning of incense is repeated. Some of the pilgrims, dressed in red, wearing chains about their necks like criminals and covered with inscriptions that express their petitions, crimes or promises, have come from a great distance to fulfil vows made in some great danger or affliction. Others are busy buying the merits of the pagans priests. These latter inscribe their prayers on sheets of paper, stamp them with various seals and sell them at a good price. Great quantities of imitation money are burnt and supposed to be changed into real money in the other world for the relief of the departed. These superstitions are more specially multiplied before the Chinese favorite idol Kwan-in, "the goddess with a thousand eyes to watch over men and a thousand hands to help them." Satan's poor counterfeit of our own dear Queen and Mistress of Heaven and earth who not only has a thousand eyes and hands to protect her children but also a thousand hearts to love and bless them. And again it is during the third moon, which corresponds nearly with our sweet month of May, that the pilgrims are more numerous and these gross superstitions a thousand times renewed in honor of the devil. Alas! how much for Satan how little for God! How little for the false goddess, how little for our dear Virgin Queen! Not a solitary church for miles and miles around though a thousand pious Christians are badly in need of one. They desire to erect in honor of Our Lady of the most Holy Rosary to whom they are very devoted saying the rosary every day. They are persuaded that Our Lady will crush the head of the devil who reigns supreme in the island opposite. Who knows but that this sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin may in time become a place of pilgrimage for our converts throughout the province; perhaps even the means of drawing away the pagans from their false worship in the island nearby. It is also the ardent desire of our bishop and priests to see a shrine erected to our Lady on this spot, feeling sure that that would do more than anything else to overthrow paganism in Pootoo its fountainhead. When a missionary visits this citadel of the devil he feels sad and discouraged beholding the sight offered by this unfortunate island, gazing at those rich temples, counting the swarms of pagan priests and the legions of poor dupes prostrated at the feet of gods of wood and stone. I felt so myself when I went there. Yet to be discouraged is not becoming of a missionary. But could he alone and without means undertake to struggle with such a foe, expel the pagan priests who defile the island, turn into churches all those fine temples and bring to the feet of God these pilgrims who know Him not? Certainly no missionary would aspire to do so much, and yet a beginning must be made, and no better nor surer means could be adapted than erect a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin on the opposite shore. To build it on the island of Pootoo itself is out of the question as the whole island belongs to the pagan priests having been given to them hundreds of years ago by the Emperor of China. The Christians of Sinkomen are too poor to expect anything from them towards the erection of this church. To earn a living they must man small fishing boats and at the peril of their lives put out to sea even when the waves are mountains high. Then when the fish are caught they have to go very far to sell them. Others make salt, but can only sell it after paying a heavy duty which carries off half their profit. A number of them are farmers who lead a very

laborious life and dwell in miserable huts where cattle and fowl pass the night in the same room with them.

May the desire of our bishop, of the missionaries and faithful of Sinkomen be realized. May a church dedicated to Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary be speedily erected and may it draw the attention of the thousands of pagan pilgrims who will pass close by on their voyage to Pootoo and be to them a beacon to lead them away from the gates of hell into the port of salvation. If I succeed in getting enough to build the church the bishop intends to arrange pilgrimages of Christians and display all the pomp in our power to offset and counteract those of the pagans.  
Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary,  
J. M. FRASER,  
Taichowfu, China.  
July 11, 1916.

#### CARDINAL GIBBONS

A SECULAR DAILY'S EULOGY OF HIM

The Cleveland Leader, July 30, 1916

"Cardinal Gibbons is held by Americans generally in affectionate admiration and profound respect. He is venerated not alone as an exalted dignitary of a great church but as well as a man distinguished for great wisdom, goodness and public spirit. Americans have become accustomed to receiving from this Cardinal, when public questions demand right decision, advice characterized by both common sense and far-sighted perception. This advice, as many have noted, stands the test of time and is proved correct by events."

"If it can be said of any living man, it can be said of Cardinal Gibbons that his words to his fellow citizens are comparable in authority to the counsels of an old and affectionate friend, left to us by General Washington.  
"So it was no more than natural that, upon reading the other day that Baltimore's famous cardinal had celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of his birth, millions of Americans should rejoice in the assurance that the day found him in fine spirits and excellent health and should look with keen interest for any message he might have sent them. They were not disappointed.  
"Cardinal Gibbons said universal military training in the United States would 'keep the nation at peace with the world' and would be 'the best possible thing for America.' He added: 'Order is the first law of heaven and order comes from authority and obedience.'"

"The fanatic few who urge that, with war raging all about her, our country not only can with safety neglect the means of defending herself but should do so as an example to other countries have so often made use of religion's appeal to bolster their advocacy of Chinese non-resistance that it seems odd to hear heaven cited in support of a contrary view. Yet even the anti-armament zealots among the clergy, whatever their sect, must admit that the aged prelate who advocates universal military training knows as much about heaven as any of them and more about this earth than most of them.  
"This message from a man so old so wise and so good, so justly revered by so many citizens of his native land, cannot fail to carry great weight. It commands belief. It is significant that, as General Washington said more than a century ago, 'A free people needs to be not only armed but disciplined.' Cardinal Gibbons tells us now, 'Order comes from authority and obedience.'"

#### ARCHBISHOP SPALDING

Archbishop John Lancaster Spalding, who died at Peoria, Ill., August 25, was one of the most widely known of all American prelates. He was descended from a family conspicuous in the annals of the Church from the days of the Middle Ages, when Spalding Abbey was founded in Lincolnshire, England. His writings and his interest in public events made of him a national figure. In 1902 he was appointed a member of the anthracite coal-strike commission by President Roosevelt. Though the two men had never met each other, it was said that the then President had been attracted to Bishop Spalding by the intense patriotism expressed in his writings. The future Archbishop was born in Lebanon, Ky., June 2, 1840. He studied at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, at Louvain in Belgium, and at the American College in Rome. Only a few months after his ordination he was chosen by Archbishop Blanchet as his theologian at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. At his own request he later took charge of the work of founding a church for negroes in Louisville, Ky., and served as its pastor. When the death of his uncle, Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore, occurred, Father Spalding took up his residence in New York and there wrote his first book, "The Life of Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, Archbishop." He remained in New York City until May, 1877, when he was consecrated first Bishop of Peoria. His small diocese soon grew into a large and powerful see, which he ruled with success until illness induced him to resign his bishopric in 1908. The following year he was created titular Archbishop of Scythopolis. The dead prelate lived a busy life. He was intimately connected with

the founding of the Catholic University at Washington, and interested in social and educational movements. He wrote many volumes of prose and poetry, and the late Edmund Clarence Stedman referred to him as "one of the most refined and imaginative of latter-day meditative poets."  
—America.

#### CARDINAL BOURNE

CALLS FOR MORE PRAYER

In a recent pastoral letter Cardinal Bourne of Westminster referred as follows to the present crisis in the world's history and the need of prayer—as a help to the solution of the problem now before mankind:  
"The great issues still at stake throughout the world, dear children in Jesus Christ, call insistently for our continued supplications before the throne of God. There are those who tell us that men are praying less, and thinking less of God, than they did in the first months that followed the outbreak of the war. We do not know if this be true of our country generally; we have no accurate means of judging if it be true of Catholics. There can be no doubt, however, as to the urgent need of constant and repeated prayer. The issues depend, ultimately, on God alone, and we have no promise of His help and protection except in answer to our prayers. The days pass, and sorrow succeeds to sorrow and some new anxiety follows on the many that have gone before. Turn, then, with confidence to God through the intercession and under the guidance of her who by her life-long anxieties and unsurpassed compassion was privileged to share as no other creature can ever do, in the all-atoning sacrifice of her Divine Son. She gave to Him all that creature could give, as He bestowed upon her gifts transcending all other gifts that He gave to creature. Ask her by the unexampled sorrows of her Immaculate Heart, and by her spotless Purity, to show us the way to profit by the immense cross that God has allowed to come upon the world, to unite all our sufferings small and great to those of Jesus Crucified, and to draw down upon ourselves and upon the whole earth the peace of God which the world can not give, to be found only in full and entire acceptance of His most Holy Will. We want to all those who, with this intention, shall devoutly say, 'Sorrowful and Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us,' an indulgence of one hundred days for each such prayer. May Our Divine Master hear and help us."—Sacred Heart Review.

#### TEARS

The tears that trickled down our eyes,  
They do not touch the earth today;  
But soar like angels to the skies,  
And, like the angels, may not die;  
For ah! our immortality  
Flows thro' each tear—sounds in each sigh.  
What waves of tears surge o'er the deep  
Of sorrow in our restless souls!  
And they are strong, not weak, who weep  
Those drops from out the sea that roll  
Within their hearts forevermore,  
Without a depth—without a shore.  
But ah! the tears that are not wept,  
The tears that never outward fall;  
The tears that grief for years has kept  
Within us—they are best of all:  
The tears our eyes shall never know,  
Are dearer than the tears that flow.  
Each night upon earth's flowers below,  
The dew comes down from darkest skies,  
And every night our tears of woe  
Go up like dew to Paradise.  
To keep in bloom, and make more fair,  
The flowers of crowns we yet shall wear.  
For ah! the surest way to God  
Is up the lonely streams of tears,  
That flow when bending 'neath His rod,  
And fill the tide of earthly years.  
On laughter's billows hearts are tossed  
On waves of tears no heart is lost.  
Flow on, ye tears! and bear me home;  
Flow on, ye tears! of deeper woe;  
Flow on, ye tears! that are but foam  
Of deeper waves that will not flow.  
A little while—I reach the shore  
Where tears flow not forevermore!"  
—ABRAHAM J. RYAN

#### THE CATECHISM

To know the Catechism from cover to cover may seem a modest achievement, but the possessor of the knowledge has acquired something that will stand him in good stead all his life. Cardinal Newman, in his "Idea of a University," tells how a little Irish boy who knew his Catechism put three learned gentlemen to shame.  
"I recollect," says the Cardinal, "some twenty-five years ago, three friends of my own, as they then were, clergymen of the establishment, making a tour through Ireland. In the west or south they had occasion to become pedestrians for the day, and they took a boy of thirteen to be their guide. They amused themselves by putting questions to him on the subject of his religion; and one of them confessed to me, on his

return, that the poor child put them all to silence. How? Not, of course, by any train of arguments, or refined theological disquisition but merely by knowing and understanding the answers in his Catechism."—Sacred Heart Review.

#### THE CLERGY OF

FRANCE AND THE WAR

Charles Bausson, in the September Catholic World

In spite of its oftentimes hostile government, in spite of much evidence to the contrary, France has never ceased to be a Catholic nation; but because of its foremost position since the Reformation it has been the seat of the religious war of the world. Following upon Protestantism came the attack of the philosophers; and, ever since, the war against Catholicism has continued, till towards the end of the nineteenth century it took the form of anti-clericalism. If in certain intellectual circles the teachings of Kant and Nietzsche poisoned the minds and wills of many, the principal adversaries of Catholicism throughout the country did not wage their war in the region of ideas; they did not seek directly to root out Christianity by intellectual difficulties, they sought to suppress it; to abolish it as a public worship; to wipe out the clergy. They did not attack religion; they attacked "the curés." Their whole plan of campaign, deliberately planned and faithfully adhered to, was to put the priest and the nation in opposition; to separate them; to make the latter hate the former. These tactics employed, as a seemingly secure basis for attack, a sentiment deeply imbedded in the heart of France, at least since the Revolution, and to which that heart was most susceptible, namely, the sentiment of equality.

The French citizen wishes nothing but equality. Precisely because of his character and the sacred office which he exercises, the priest is a superior. He commands, it is true, in the name of Christ; but he commands, "Our master is our enemy," said La Fontaine. The anti-clericals exploit this pride of equality in order to make the priest a suspect or unpopular, and to persuade the laborer and the peasant that the priest aims to extend his spiritual authority into the domain of the temporal. They picture the bughar of "a government of curés." To listen to them one would suppose that nobody but themselves respected liberty of conscience, and that all they wished was to defend the State against the encroachments of the Church.

It was under this pretext of equality that compulsory military service was imposed upon priests. Through the claim of preserving the independence of the civil power, the separation by law of Church and State was effected. In the thought of the anti-clericals, and of many who allowed themselves to be contaminated by it, the priest was a citizen who wished to fly from the common nest. It was necessary to defy him, if one wished to remain free, for he was not "as the others." Such was the view that many Frenchmen who were not practical Catholics had, little by little, accustomed themselves to take of the priest; then came the clarion call sounding the mobilization of the army. At that solemn moment it became very evident to all that the priest was like others. He was a Frenchman with Frenchmen. Never was anything proved more clearly. All the prejudice that had been aroused against him suddenly fell to pieces. Those who of old would not even salute, now applauded him. "At the North station," says Le Journal de Genève, "some reservists were leaving Paris. Two sentances appeared in the crowd. At once a soldier went up to one of the priests and said: 'To-day you and I are brothers.'"

In the month of October, 1914, before the combat, only two steps from the "battleground," a priest flag-bearer gave absolute to the men of his regiment, section by section. The men all knelt and recited the act of contrition, while the soldier-priest, his left hand resting on the flag, raised his right to give absolute. When, on the morrow of the cataclysm that is shaking the earth, the impartial historian will have carefully studied the character of the Great War and its consequences from the religious point of view, it is in this syncretical attitude, where patriotic duty and the sacred ministry are found closely united, that he will have to consider the French priest. It is here that history must take its picture of him and transmit it for the study and the gratitude of future generations.

#### CATHEDRALS TO PRAY IN

The London Times recently called attention to the fact that the people of England, sobered and chastened by the war, have begun to frequent in larger numbers the fine old Cathedrals of the country and that too not only when services are going on, and not merely in the spirit of sight-seers, but for purposes of private devotion, slipping in for quiet prayer at all hours of the day. The Times in warmly commending the practice remarks that it is highly gratifying to see a good old custom being restored, for in former ages the Cathedrals of England were the people's houses of prayer all through the day.

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The writer neglected to point out, however, what it was that made the Englishmen of the fifteenth century, say, through their Cathedrals even when services were not taking place. But every Catholic understands what the attraction was. It was not merely the graceful Gothic architecture of the Minsters or their glowing windows that drew the worshippers but it was the Real Presence of Our Blessed Lord, as God and Man, in the Holy Eucharist which was of course reserved in the tabernacle of each of the Cathedrals. That was what then made England's Minsters such desirable places to pray in. But since the lamentable day when the Blessed Sacrament was removed for the last time from those tabernacles, the Cathedrals have become at best only splendid mausoleums, for in losing the Real Presence the religion of the English people lost its soul.—America.

#### AN ENGLISH WAYSIDE CROSS

The Very Rev. Prior Hugh Pope, O. P., writes as follows from the Dominican priory, Woodchester, Gloucestershire, England to the Catholic Universe, London.

"May I, through your columns" draw the attention of Catholics to the wayside cross which we are erecting at the foot of Monastery Hill? The neighborhood was—until the war drove some much-needed lessons home—exceedingly anti-Catholic. The erection of a wayside crucifix would, in the pre-war days which seem so long ago, have provoked a storm of indignant protest, and it is hardly likely that the Sacred Figure would have long survived. Hooligans would have wrecked it. Now all is changed, and the only opponents are the local clergy, whose protests have signally failed, perhaps by reason of their vindictive tone and the unmistakable jealousy which characterized them. A sermon on the subject was preached in the streets of Stroud recently, and when the preacher remarked that he hoped that all who passed that way would salute the Crucifix by raising their hats, and that the sight of that Figure of suffering would evoke many acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition, he was greeted with applause. The only man who protested was vigorously denounced as 'having no religion at all!'

"We are erecting a Crucifix, then, which will, we trust, be worthy of the site and the occasion both as a work of art and as an incentive to a devotion. The cross will stand in a rocky knoll into the four sides of which will be let stone panels, on which will be carved, by request, and irrespective of creed, the names of those from the district who have given up their lives in the war. It will dominate the high road for a considerable distance either way, and will form a striking landmark. Rich and poor have contributed to its erection with enthusiasm, and non-Catholics have been as eager as Catholics."

When you do a good action, have the intention of first pleasing God, and then of giving good example to your neighbor.—St. Alphonsus.

#### FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1916.  
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, 30 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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