

promotion, for judgment, if they be wrong. No man in the world has perhaps a higher responsibility, larger powers over the destinies of so many millions of men.

It was no shock to anybody that Lord Kitchener should get such a job. He was then the soldier with the biggest reputation in the British Empire—save and except Lord Roberts, of course, who was too old for so gigantic a job. He had been a soldier from his boyhood upwards; he had conducted great campaigns; he had won gigantic victories; he was known to have all the stern powers of command which are required in a great leader of soldiers; and there wasn't a prejudice, no practice, a need of the soldier with which he had not become acquainted during a life, most of which had been spent in a barracks unless when it had been passed in a tent. It was all in the natural order of things. Lord Kitchener was besides the son of a soldier; he belonged to the soldier caste by tradition, education, family; in that sense he was born in the purple and trained in the camp. But Mr. Lloyd George began in poverty, in obscurity, in a Welsh village; he came from Nonconformists and Radicals, and his life had been spent either in his office as a lawyer or in the Parliament House or on the platform; and during all its years until the great War came, he had been among the foremost champions of the hated gospel of Pacifism. It was certainly the strangest transformation of fortune that England had ever known, and could only find its analogy in the strange topsy-turvy of the careers of the French Revolution, when a Limoges linen draper was improvised into a great General, and priests became great Ministers or diplomats. But then France turned everything upside down in those days of earthquake and eclipse; and in England we have had no Revolution in our institutions. We go stolidly along so far as our methods of government are concerned on the century-old lines of uninterrupted and slow political development.

Yet again there comes this paradox. Not only was nobody shocked by this appointment of the little Welsh attorney—the Nonconformist village Radical—to the greatest of offices in the greatest of Wars, but Mr. Lloyd George was taken to the War Office by acclamation; the voice of the whole nation called for him, and nobody else could have been appointed without producing something like a popular revolt. What was the quality in the man that produced this most remarkable result? And how was it that Mr. Lloyd George has become the darling precisely in those classes which formerly hated and despised him so that they could scarcely be civil to him when they met him, and at the dinner table and in the smoke room poured out on him larger quantities of personal vituperation than any public man of his time has had to encounter. I can speak from personal experience of what Mr. Lloyd George had to endure in those pre-war days. Often in travelling I have seen men turn their backs when he appeared; and once I got sight of a man—it was around the Lake of Como who shook his stick at him as he turned round the corner. Mr. Lloyd George is a sensitive, though a courageous man, and he much prefers to be liked than hated. He bears no malice; he is absolutely free from vindictiveness. One of the most striking things I ever heard him say was that personal dislike or the appetite for revenge were among the most disturbing and refracting emotions of public life; and that he felt this so strongly that if ever he found any such feeling rising in his heart he stamped it out with an iron heel. And thus it was that even in the midst of the furious conflict over his historic budget you were not surprised to find a good old Tory like Colonel Mark Lockwood taking with him a friendly cup of tea, or munching the rye-bread which it will be remembered was one of the pieces of resistance in the great tariff controversy.

The secret of the hold Mr. Lloyd George has on the popular imagination is the impression he gives to everybody of that iron and inflexible courage which makes him never count the cost whenever he has convinced himself that he ought to take a certain course. He told me once that when he was making up his mind about anything he passed through a hard, an anxious and an unhappy time; but when once he had made up his mind, all care dropped from him as a mantle, and he then went on without any further worry wherever the course he adopted might lead him. This was the kind of courage the man in the street knew was especially necessary in one who had to take the chief responsibility for the conduct of the war.

Another secret of the hold which Mr. Lloyd George has got, is that almost from the first hour of the war he seemed to be the first, and except for Lord Kitchener the only one who grasped its gigantic difficulties. I do not know whether he began the war like that—few people did, especially few civilians. Mr. Lloyd George's hour of conversion came, I think, during his first visit to the front. I remember well the first time he returned from that expedition. His companions were Lord Reading and Sir Charles Henry. I remember that all three spoke of this adventure—now sufficiently repeated as to have become commonplace—in a whisper as if it were something so new, so terrible, so unexampled, as not to be mentioned

above a breath. Lord Reading, who has seen much of the world, began to see the world by running away to sea, like so many another adventurous and high spirited English boy; but he avowed that never had he gathered so many strange, memorable, striking impressions as he had during this visit. One little incident I may now repeat without immoderation. When Lord Reading got into the motor car that was to take him to some point in the front, the chauffeur—grumpy, I have no doubt and in overalls, of whom doubtless he would have taken little notice—dropped the observation that they had met before in very different surroundings. "I am Bernstein," said the grumpy chauffeur—Bernstein, one of the greatest of modern French dramatists—now taking the duty of a chauffeur!

When Mr. Lloyd George was taken to the front he set to work to find out things for himself with that extraordinary promptitude which is part of his character. He met all kinds and sorts and conditions of men; he spoke to General after General. By the way, I may here interject the remark that Mr. Lloyd George knows French very well; you remember how he learned—from a French dictionary with his old master, marking out the words they didn't know with a piece of chalk on sole leather. He devours French novels—especially when he is tired; and can repeat every scene and almost every word in them if they strike his imagination. But in conversation the uncomfortable shyness of the Britisher overcomes him until he gets to know a man; and then he gets on all right. A few words are sufficient for him indeed in any language, such is the extraordinary quickness of his intelligence. He got quite easily through a trip in Germany with a knowledge of fewer than a hundred German words. Some of the questions he asked must have been a bit embarrassing to his French friends; for he grasped the difficulty of trench warfare on the spot; and he saw all it would mean in delay, in difficulty, in finding men and munitions. And when he came back he said at once to all his friends that it was going to be a long war and a difficult war, and that we must put all our strength into it if we were going to win it. "Yes," I said, "we must set our teeth." "Ay," was his reply, "and perhaps tighten our belts."

This conversation took place in the November of 1914. I was shocked; I was even a little incredulous when Mr. Lloyd George spoke to me like that—remember I am talking of nearly two years ago.

Probably he perceived that, for he reminded me that by temperament he was a sanguine man, an incurable optimist, and that if he spoke thus pessimistically—if a realization of fact can be truly described as pessimistic—it was because he had professed of what he said. It was as far back as that, too, that Mr. Lloyd George spoke to me of the part that big guns played in the war. But the big guns were not coming nor the big shells. In these tones he spoke to me whenever I saw him; until at last one morning in the month of March, 1915, he drew such a picture of what part munitions would play in this war, that I could stand it no longer; and at a St. Patrick's Day celebration among my own constituents, I made a speech to which I gave myself the title, "Shells, Shells, Shells." How commonplace, how obvious, it all seems now; yet how hard it was to get it into the mind of her rulers—a year ago. The story of the Ministry of Munitions will let the world know the shameful and affrighting truth some day; but this is not the moment to wash our dirty linen.

Another of the reasons why Mr. Lloyd George was called to the War Office by the voice of the nation, was that the people realized that he had a full grasp and conception of the war from every point of view. Indeed he had him talk about the war is an almost uncanny experience. For you will listen to a lesson in strategy, a lesson in geography, a lesson in military history, a lesson in political warfare which might do credit to a man who had spent all his life in a military school and had been lecturing to young soldiers for years. And this from the little Welsh attorney! I cannot account for it; but there it is. Others have formed the same impression of this strange and unexpected genius for grasping war problems, which I had formed independently.

What sort of a life does this man lead who has responsibilities so heavy? It is a life of continuous work. It begins early in the morning, sometimes too early—for now and then over-work and over-anxiety interfere with his sleep, and at 5 or 6 o'clock he is staring awake. He then turns to some of the papers beside his bed, and begins his work when he ought to be asleep. In older days he had always his Saturday and Sunday at Walton Heath; and on Saturdays he played golf all day long with the same keenness as he gives to every other occupation. I have often said that though I like his company always, I prefer any other partner at golf to him; he is so keen that he makes his partner nervous—especially when a match depends on a short putt. Now he rarely gets to Walton Heath till late on Saturday. Sometimes he is very tired; sometimes that extraordinary power of recuperation he has finds him fresh even at the end of a week. He sees his friends at certain hours; at others he throws himself into a hammock or sits across two chairs,

and makes up for his arrears in sleep. If you want to see him at his best you must go to Walton Heath and watch him among his friends. The simplicity and modesty which he retains amid all his dazzling changes of fortune have left him the same pleasant, unpretentious, genial companion he was in the days of his obscurity; and accounts largely for the personal popularity he enjoys. Walton Heath is one of the best places for sleep in the United Kingdom, and even the day and a half he spends there weekly make a great difference to him.

Such is the man on whose shoulders is borne the heavy burden of this war. The energy, the cheerfulness and the courage which he has retained through all these trying years, justify the confidence the nation has in his power to win through. He is fortune's favourite child; and it is just like his luck—though luck has had little to do with it—that from the moment he entered the War Office the turn of the military tide has come; and we all take up our papers with the hope and almost the certainty that it will bring us news of another milestone passed on the road to resounding victory.

20,000 CATHOLICS MET IN NEW YORK

PATRIOTISM THE KEYNOTE OF ASSEMBLY

THAT FILLED MADISON SQUARE GARDEN TO ITS DOORS

New York Times, Aug. 21

A demand for complete religious liberty in return for loyalty to America, brought 20,000 cheering Catholics to their feet in Madison Square Garden last night.

The note of loyalty to America that dominated the first big public meeting of "Catholic Week" was suggested in the use of the stars and stripes as the sole decoration, and was reiterated in patriotic songs and speeches which met with hearty response from the great audience. The appearance of the frail, aged prelate, Cardinal Gibbons, had brought a warm tribute of affection. Cardinal Farley's successful administration of the Archdiocese of New York was praised heartily also.

It seemed when Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, in slow and solemn tones, and speaking as he said, out of his acquaintance with the minds and purposes of three Popes and the whole American hierarchy, had denounced "once and for all" those who asserted that the Church conspired for temporal control, the highest pitch of enthusiasm had been reached.

But a moment later Cardinal O'Connell struck even closer to the hearts of his hearers as he warned America of her need of her 20,000,000 loyal Catholic citizens and demanded that she keep her side of the contract and return for their readiness to bleed and die for her. Seldom has a New York audience been so deeply affected than was the multitude in the Garden when the Cardinal, in a voice that reached every man, woman and child, said:

DENONCES INSULTS TO THE CHURCH

"If you stand by inactive while under your very eyes, yes, through your very mails, which we pay for, we are insulted, scurrilously maligned and openly vilified, in filthy journals and nasty indecent literature, unfit to be printed or read, spread broadcast that dupes and bigots may be poisoned against us, so that we may be robbed even of our public rights—then you are not keeping your contract—this is not liberty."

"You are only wounding the hand, the strongest hand held out to help you; you are spurning the aid of those who again and again you have found in your hour of direst need the most willing to die for you."

Time and again Cardinal Gibbons' thin hand, stretched out over the people, had still their tumult in an instant. This time even his quiet authority was powerless. The Boston delegation's noisy band thumped its drum and sent crashing chords of brass to swell the din, the sombre, purple-garbed Papal Delegate, Archbishop Bonzano, nodded and clapped his hands; Cardinal Farley leaned out of his chair and beamed with gratification, Governor Whitman sat with his eyes glued on the heavy, lined face of the Cardinal from New England—and the audience climbed on chairs, waved hats and handkerchiefs, and sent out deafening roars of "Bravo!" and "Long live O'Connell!"

Even before the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner had suggested the patriotic motif of the gathering under the auspices of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, observers commented upon the lack of decorations directly identified with the church to differentiate this from any other large gathering of American citizens. On the platform there was the little splotch of red with a fringe of purple, where sat the three American Cardinals and the Papal Delegate, and throughout the audience there was a sprinkling of the black-robed priests, but that was the only thing to mark the meeting as being connected with a religious organization.

The Catholic faith was mentioned reverently by each of the speakers and dwelt upon particularly by Cardinal Farley, but the general tenor of the speeches was more like those at the "preparedness" meetings of the last few months than like the usual utterances in a religious convention.

GARDEN THROUGED TO ITS CAPACITY

The Garden was crowded to its capacity and the Fire Department closed the doors after disappointed thousands outside had made a vain rush for the few seats remaining after the ticket holders had been admitted.

Bishop Charles Warren Currier from Cuba was the first dignitary of the church to appear. He came in while a chorus, composed of the Catholic Saengerbund of New York directed by Emil Reyl and the Catholic Maennerchor of Brooklyn directed by Frank Gross, were singing "The Heavens Are Telling."

He took his seat in a box in the midst of the cheers of many who recognized him. A moment later Cardinals Farley and Gibbons passed through the members of the Legion of Honor and the cordon of policemen surrounding the building and entered the Garden. Escorted through a standing, cheering lane by a Lieutenant of police and a half dozen young men, they mounted to the platform, where Cardinal Farley insisted that Cardinal Gibbons should take the chair in the centre.

The Church Mission Band of Boston sent forth a noisy welcome when Cardinal O'Connell and Archbishop Bonzano followed.

Behind the Cardinals sat a guard of honor of Knights of St. Gregory, among them John D. Crimins, Conde Pallen, Justice Eugene Philbin, Joseph Frey, President of the German Catholic Central Verein, and Henry Heide. Back of them were leaders of various societies joining in the convention.

Governor Whitman, unavoidably delayed, hadn't arrived when Frank W. Smith, President of the New York County branch of the federation, introduced National President John Whalen, Chairman of the meeting, who called upon Acting Mayor Dowling for the city's welcome.

GREETING FOR THE GOVERNOR

The Governor came while Cardinal Gibbons was responding to an ovation. The Chief Executive heartily greeted when he passed down the aisle after Cardinal Gibbons had finished, came in for his share of the enthusiasm that characterized the audience. He laughed heartily when he was introduced as "one unfortunately for himself not of our faith," and earned a bow of appreciation from Cardinal Farley by his plea for goodness through men's souls and not through laws.

President Whalen of the federation paid tribute to the eminent divines who had lent dignity and weight to the convention, and added:

"Whatever may be the land of our origin, there is not a single stranger nor foreigner among us. We are all brothers and sisters, bound heart and hand to hand by the ties of Catholicity that has sanctified as well as civilized twenty centuries; and by the fervent American patriotism which loves, lives and dies for this land, the freest, the happiest, the most beautiful, the most glorious on which the sun has ever shone."

The Governor was then introduced, and said:

"No intelligent student of history, it seems to me, can escape the conviction that religion is the one mighty driving force upon which mankind, in the fight to gain the heights, must place chief reliance. America, more peculiarly than any other land, declares this faith. Those who first put foot upon these shores were less driven by demands of the body than by passionate compulsions of the soul. It is not the nation that makes a people free, but the people that make the nation free. Just so it is not the government that can make people good, but the people that can make government good."

Cardinal O'Connell's topic was, "Our Country." He said in part:

"Not once, but a hundred times, have even the modern Christian nations learned the awful cost of that lack of eternal vigilance which alone can safeguard liberty. And even today, poor blood-drenched Europe, though she strive to hide even from her own eyes the true cause of this suicidal war is at last thoroughly convinced that the Voltaires and the Vivians, the Haeckels and the Nietzsches, the Tolstoy and the Huxleys, the Kants, and all the rest of that monstrous brood, who for now many years have imposed the thought and embittered the heart of the student youth are now reaping their terrible but abundant harvest."

"Oh, yes, we know very well the whole litany of accusations against us. We give only a dividend allegiance. We are scheming for government. These are all lies so patent that they need no answer. Indeed, those who fling them will never listen to any answer. But I am going to answer them once and forever here tonight."

"As a Cardinal I may be supposed to know what I am saying on this subject. And, on my word as a gentleman of honor, I am speaking the simple, absolute truth. I have known intimately, personally, and officially three Sovereign Pontiffs—three Popes of the Catholic Church. I am a priest now thirty-two years; I am a Bishop fifteen years, and a Cardinal five years. I have had the closest relations with not only the Pope, but the whole Roman Curia; I know very well every priest in my diocese and every Bishop in this country. Yet never, never in all that experience, have I ever heard spoken, hisped or whispered, or even hinted by any or all of these any thing concerning America and American institutions but words of affection, of tender and kindest soli-

litude for her welfare; never a syllable that could not be printed in the boldest type and distributed throughout the land; neither plot nor scheme nor plan, but only sentiments of admiration and love. If there is plotting I ought to know it. Yet, absolutely and honestly, of such things I have never heard even a whisper.

"This is my answer to all these insinuations. That I know the truth I think no one will deny; that after such a pledge I am still concealing the truth, that I must leave to those who, I repeat, will never listen to my answer."

CATHOLICS IN EUROPE LOYAL

"The Catholic civil allegiance divided? Why, look across the sea, to where all Europe is in arms. Every Catholic is fighting loyally, giving his very life for his own country. And, though some of these countries have merited little gratitude from any Catholic, still the very priests are in the trenches, each a defender of his native land. Where, I ask of any honest witness of these facts under his very eyes, where is this divided civil allegiance? And the Pope—is there one in this country who, after this war, will ever dare to accuse the Pope of interference in civil affairs or of weakening the loyalty of citizens?"

"Our country—the land which above all others we love most—God keep you free from such enemies, the worst of all that confront you, whose hate would rob your most faithful sons of that for which they love you—liberty, true liberty, blessed, holy liberty—the freedom to worship God. Beyond our lives we love our faith, and with these same lives we stand ready to defend the land which gives us liberty."

"These are the sentiments of every Catholic throughout the land, these are the sentiments of every member of the Catholic Federation of America. It is that these sentiments may be better understood and more widely known that the federation exists and works and strives."

GIBBONS CALLS FOR PATRIOTISM

Cardinal Gibbons, who was the next speaker, said:

"You live in a Republic where there is liberty without license, and authority without despotism, and where the civil rulers hold over you the aegis of its protection without interfering with the God-given rights of conscience."

"In view of the signal blessings you enjoy, it is your duty to take an active, personal, vital interest in the welfare of your country. You should glory in her prosperity and be concerned at every adversity that may befall her. You should hold up the arms of those who are charged with the administration of public affairs, as the children of Israel held up the hands of Moses while he interceded for them before the Lord."

"The inspired word of God enjoins this loyalty to country, and reverence for its rulers, this fealty. The profane demands of our respective constitutions of your respective societies uphold it; and I am sure that there is not a single fibre of your heart which does not pulsate with a genuine, undivided love for the Republic, and its sacred traditions."

"I venture to say that every member of your society is a loyal citizen. Every citizen a patriot; every patriot a soldier; every soldier a hero; and every hero would be a martyr, to die if need be for his country."

"There are some pessimistic prophets who are in the habit of predicting the downfall of our Republic. They are more frequently heard on the eve of a Presidential election. I have been listening to these dire forebodings for over fifty years; but on the morning after election we find the prophets sounded a false alarm, that the country is safe, and that the Government is transacting business at the same old stand."

"For my part, I have an abiding faith in the endurance of the Republic. I might base my hope on the intelligence and patriotism of the American people. I might base my confidence on the wisdom of our statesmen and the heroism of our soldiers. I might place my reliance on our standing armies and dreadnoughts. And surely these are all elements of strength to be reckoned with."

"But, my friends, if the Republic is to endure it must rest on a stronger foundation than the intelligence and patriotism of our citizens, the wisdom of our statesmen, the heroism of our soldiers, our armies, and dreadnoughts. It must rest on the eternal principles of truth and justice and righteousness and downright honesty in our relations with foreign nations. It must rely in our firm belief in an overruling Providence who created all things by His power, governs all things by His wisdom, and who controls the affairs of nations as well as of man."

SOLIDARITY AMONG CATHOLICS

Cardinal Farley dwelt upon the meaning of solidarity as expressed by the purposes of the federation. Solidarity to Catholics, he said, was a matter of supernatural revelation. He urged that the principle of solidarity be extended throughout the social service work of the bodies assembled.

pander to indecency and low tastes and urged the federation to promote the Catholic movement for the improvement of the stage.

"The press, too, could stand considerable cleaning," he continued. "The public mind undergoes a sort of unconscious debauching process, by having the details of evil-living served up to it in the public prints. It is very doubtful if this description of crime in minute and suggestive detail has any social value. Fully as many, perhaps, are attracted by such descriptions, as repelled, and certainly there is nothing uplifting in the process."

Archbishop Bonzano, introduced next, said that much as he congratulated the federation on the already apparent success of its convention he had before him the sad vision of the striking contrast of the beautiful scene of peace and harmony and the destructive war waging in Europe.

"What is the cause of this tremendous catastrophe? Has Christ failed?" he asked. "No; I think men have failed. They were too proud of their material progress and cast aside God."

"Two years ago to-night Pope Pius closed his eyes to the terrors of Europe because he could no longer look upon them. So now our present Holy Father is turning to happy America eyes tired of the bloodshed and carnage of the battle-fields abroad."

W. Bourke Cockran, the last speaker, said that only the Pope can end the present war. "I don't know just how he can do it," he said, "but I am convinced that no other power so universal as his exists, and that the representative on earth of him who established constitutional law is the most appropriate and best equipped agency for the restoration of reason and justice and love."

ONE BY ONE

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one the duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain.
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—ADELAIDE A. P-OCTER

WANT RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN MEXICO

THE MEXICAN RESOLUTION

The resolution, which Federation leaders at the New York Congress said represented the exact attitude of 20,000,000 American lay and ecclesiastical Catholics, read:

"Ever anxious to place before our fellow-citizens the truth regarding the Catholic Church and all the aims and purposes of its members, this Federation hereby places on record and invites thoughtful attention to the following statements regarding the attitude of American Catholics toward their persecuted co-religionists and toward those who are not their co-religionists in Mexico:

First—At no time since the beginning of the sad outrages against religion in Mexico has the Church or any official body of the Church or any of her leaders lent aid, financial or otherwise, to the stirring up of strife, either here or elsewhere, against any person or group claiming to be a Government or even a faction in Mexico.

Second—The only money raised by American Catholics to aid Mexicans in their present sad plight was raised and expended for charitable purposes, to wit: The relief of the refugees, the establishment of a seminary for Mexican ecclesiastical students in Castroville, Texas, trans-

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portation and appeals for further charity.

Third—At no time and under no circumstances have the exiled Archbishops and Bishops asked their fellow-Catholics in the United States to aid in revolutionary movements or to agitate for the bringing about of American intervention.

Fourth—What the Catholics of the United States ask in connection with Mexico is that, whatever form of Government be established in Mexico, with the aid and friendship of our own country, it shall grant and guarantee liberty of conscience and freedom of worship as they exist in our United States and which are denied in Mexico by unjust laws.

GREAT MEN AND THE CHURCH

Canon Sheehan writes in "Under the Cedars and the Stars":

"It is strange how great minds invariably turn, by some instinct or attraction, towards, this eternal miracle—the Church. Carlyle admits in his extreme old age that the Mass is the most genuine relic of religious belief left in the world. Goethe was forever introducing the Church into his ideas of power, massive strength, and ubiquitous influence. Byron would insist that his daughter Allegra should be educated in a convent, and brought up a Catholic, and nothing else. And Ruskin, although he did say some bitter things about us, tells us what a strong leaning he had towards monks and monasteries; how he pensively shivered with Augustinians at St. Bernard; happily made hay with Franciscans, at Fiesole, sat silent with the Carthusians in their little garden south of Florence, and mourned through many a day-dream at Bolton and Melrose."

CAN ANYTHING BE NOBLER THAN THIS?

Here is a letter which should be read over and over again. The writer explains her position, which makes her gift nothing short of heroic:

"Enclosed find a dollar for the missions. I am a poor, sickly, practically homeless woman, without any means of earning my living and without an income, but I do want to help those who know what suffering is. Our priests in foreign lands are dear to God's heart, and I feel that His great Heart is pained to see their distress. Poor and struggling as they are, God loves them, and I love them, and all who are filled with God's spirit must love them. Although my outlook is dark and I have no one to look to for my needs, I believe that it is 'more blessed to give than to receive,' and that 'they who give to the poor lend to the Lord.' Who pays some thirty, some sixty, some a hundredfold."

The letter was unsigned; otherwise the offering would have been returned to the good woman, with a little for good measure.—The Field Afar.

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, 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.

Previously acknowledged... \$7,710 00

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Friend, Whitney... 5 00
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Cove Chapel, N. S. 2 00

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