

OLIVER PLUNKETT

IRISH BISHOP AND MARTYR
RECENTLY BEATIFIED

By Rev. J. Scannell, D. D., M. A.

The Confederation of Kilkenny (October, 1642) marked the fusion temporary as it proved, of old Irish and Anglo-Irish in the struggle for religious liberty. A notable figure at the meetings was that of Father Scarampo, who attended as Delegate of the Holy See. On his return to Rome in 1645—Rinuccini had succeeded him as Nunzio—Father Scarampo was accompanied by five young Irish aspirants to the priesthood. One of these was Oliver Plunkett, then a lad of fifteen years, a member of one of the most notable Catholic families in Ireland. Oliver's father, who resided at Loughcrew, Oldcastle, Co. Meath, was nearly related to the Earl of Fingall, the Earl of Roscommon, the Baron of Lonto and the Baron of Dunsany. Shortly after his arrival in the Eternal City three of Father Scarampo's proteges entered the Irish College, Plunkett, Brennan (afterwards Archbishop of Cashel), and Walsh, who became an Oratorian. The beatified Irish College had been founded in 1628 by Cardinal Ludovisi to provide Irish levites with the education denied them in their own country in those days of persecution. The number of students rarely exceeded eight, yet, before the close of the 17th century, the Ludovician College had given to Ireland two martyrs, (Philip Clery, executed in 1642, and Oliver Plunkett, six Archbishops (among them Peter Cragh, consecrated Bishop of Cork in 1676, and promoted Archbishop of Dublin in 1695), three bishops and a host of apostolic priests. In the Irish College Oliver applied himself with diligence to the study of mathematics, philosophy and theology; his special course in Canon Law, a subject for which he displayed a particular aptitude, was taken at the Roman University. In 1664 he was ordained priest. The oath demanded of students of the Irish College bound him to return to Ireland at once, but it was impossible to enter that country. Owen Roe's victory at Berbur in 1646 had raised the hopes of the Irish; they were soon shattered by the treachery of Ormond. King Charles had been beheaded in 1649; Cromwell was master now. The Catholic soldiers had taken service abroad. Many of the defenceless wives and children had been shipped to the Barbadoes to be sold there as slaves. Famine had decimated the country; the survivors had been given the alternative of "Hell or Connaught." The bishops were martyred or in exile. Some priests remained to minister to their flocks, whom they visited in the disguise of carter or herdsman, or gathered round them in the woods or mountains. A substantial reward was offered for information leading to the arrest of priest, monk or nun; those who harboured them did so at the risk of their life and the confiscation of their property. Spies were busy in Ireland and on the ports on each side of the English Channel. Under those circumstances Father Plunkett was dispensed from the immediate fulfilment of his missionary oath and ordered to await in Rome the arrival of a favorable opportunity. In the meantime he was to devote himself to study and pastoral work with the Oratorian Father at the Church of San Girolamo della Carita. Three years later he was appointed Professor of Theology at Propaganda, which position he filled with distinction for twelve years. Meanwhile he had been named Confessor of some of the Sacred Congregations, and had become a prominent figure in official circles. It is clear, however, that, despite his academic success, he considered himself that he was merely marking time, and had a contemporary of his, who has much to say of that success, insists much more on the simple piety of the professor, his love of the poor, and his ardent desire to devote his life to the spiritual consolation of his fellow-countrymen. Meanwhile the hopes of Irish Catholics which had been raised by the accession of Charles II. were shattered again by the duplicity of Ormond. Through his machinations Dr. Edward O'Reilly, Archbishop of Armagh, was arrested in 1666, sent as a prisoner to London, tried and banished. The exiled Primate died in Paris in 1669, and the question of a successor arose. Several names were suggested to the Holy See, but the Pope, intervening personally, appointed Oliver Plunkett to be Archbishop of Armagh.

It was deemed expedient that the Archbishop-elect should be consecrated in Rome, and Dr. Plunkett, keeping his departure from the Eternal City as quiet as possible, arrived in Belgium early in November. Despite his presentations, the authorities in England and Ireland were already on the watch for him, and Lord Conway, writing from London to his brother-in-law, Sir George Rawdon, in Lieburn, warns him that an Italian named Agnelli, and Plunkett, designated Archbishop of Armagh, "is talking in Ireland to do mischief." If you can detect only find them out and apprehend them, "it will be an acceptable service." As a matter of fact, when that letter was written Dr. Plunkett was in Ghent awaiting his consecration, which took place on 30th November, 1669. Shortly afterwards the new Archbishop crossed in disguise to England. Early in 1670 a peculiar individual, wearing a military uniform, seeking hat and a stylish wig,

was seen in the precincts of St. James'. He answered to the name of Captain Brown; his real title was Oliver, Archbishop of Armagh. In March he crossed to Ireland, and was cordially received by Sir Nicholas Plunkett, the Earl of Fingall, and others of his numerous relatives. At first he moved about only in disguise, but when, towards the end of May, Berkeley was appointed Viceroy, much to the relief of Catholics, such precautions were considered unnecessary. The Archbishop now devoted himself wholeheartedly to his pastoral work. Having consecrated the Holy Oils with the assistance of only two priests, instead of the number prescribed by the liturgy—a privilege conceded to him by the Holy See, in view of the scarcity of clergy in Ireland—he set out at once on the visitation of his archdiocese, and in six weeks administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to ten thousand persons. On June 17th he held a General Synod in Dublin, which was attended by the six Bishops then in occupation of their sees, and the Vicars General of the other dioceses. In defiance of the Statute on Education, he founded a college for Catholics, which he placed under the direction of six Jesuit priests. The authorities at first shut their eyes to this infringement of the law, and the venture seemed likely to succeed. Monetary assistance was sent from Rome, but as the resistances were sometimes intercepted, the maintenance of the establishment was a severe tax on the slender resources of the Archbishop. For three years the college continued to provide Catholic boys with the education forbidden them by the letter of the law, and many of the more liberal among the Protestant gentry, attracted by the excellence of the teaching, placed their sons under the direction of the Jesuits. On the renewal of the persecution, Dr. Plunkett saw his college, the fruit of so much labor and self-sacrifice, levelled to the ground. Berkeley's aversion to injustice and persecution was gall and wormwood to the Ascendency Party. Accordingly, in 1671, while the Viceroy was in London, a report was industriously circulated in Armagh that the Catholics had conspired to murder all the Protestants. The result of the exposure of that imaginary plot was, as was intended, an outburst of anti-Catholic bigotry, and for some time the Catholic population was in imminent peril. The Primate had to burn all his foreign correspondence, even the brief of his appointment. Berkeley's return to Ireland was the signal for the cessation of hostilities, but the Ascendency Party continued their intrigue against the Viceroy and succeeded in obtaining his removal in 1672. His successor, the Earl of Essex, seemed at first disposed to continue the conciliatory policy of Berkeley, but it soon became apparent that there were dark, bitter days in store for Catholics. Dr. Plunkett continued his missionary labors, and the accounts sent by him to Rome, as an illuminating to the student of Irish history, are almost without exception those letters to the Pope conclude with an appeal for financial aid. In one we read that the Primate of All-Ireland enjoys a revenue of sixty-six pounds a year; in another, that during the preceding twelve months his income has been five pounds ten shillings; in a third, that he will probably be forced to pawn his episcopal ring. Towards the close of 1673, Essex, yielding to the continued pressure of the anti-Catholics, signed an edict banishing from Ireland all Papist Bishops and Regular clergy. Dr. Brennan, Bishop of Waterford, journeyed in disguise to Armagh, and he and Dr. Plunkett decided to take to the hills. Writing to Rome in December, 1673, the Primate says: "I find it difficult to procure a safe haven for my person where Dr. Brennan and I are in hiding in the straw and covered or thatched in such a manner that from our bed we may see the stars, and at the head of our bed every slightest shower refreshes us; but we are resolved to die from hunger and cold rather than abandon our flocks." Even in this poor retreat they were not left undisturbed. Spies got on their track, and in January (1674) the Bishops had to take their heels. The weather was very severe, and in their wanderings through the mountains and valleys they more than once narrowly escaped being lost in the snow. For several months the Primate had to keep continually changing his place of hiding; yet, even with the human bloodhounds on his track, he managed now and then to bring the consolation of religion to his persecuted flock. At the end of 1674 the storm of bigotry seemed to have spent itself, and Dr. Plunkett returned to Armagh. For the next few years he was permitted to exercise his apostolic ministry in comparative peace. Besides attending to the affairs of his own diocese, he made visitations of several others, and on one occasion journeyed to Waterford, where he collected statistics regarding the Province of Cashel for transmission to the Holy See. In 1678 was held the Provincial Synod of Armagh. This was the second Provincial Synod convened by Dr. Plunkett; it was also destined to be the last public exercise of his Archiepiscopal jurisdiction; the storm was already brewing which was to claim him as its most illustrious victim. The perjured Titus Oates had told his story to the English people and was enriching himself at the price of innocent Catholic blood. As was to be expected, such another "plot" was soon "discovered" in Ireland. In

Oct. 1678, a proclamation was issued banishing from Ireland all Bishops, Jesuits and other Regulars. All Catholic societies, convents, seminaries and schools were suppressed. The Catholics were disarmed. All "Mass-houses and meetings for Popish Services" were suppressed in the cities and suburbs of Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Kinsale, Wexford, Athlone, Ross, Galway, Drogheda, Clonmel, Youghal, and Kilkenny. A reward of ten pounds was offered for the capture of a Bishop. The Archbishop of Dublin was arrested and thrown into Dublin Castle, where he died two years later. The other Bishops fled to the bogs, woods and mountains. Several places in County Louth are still pointed to as the hiding-places of the Primate. In November, 1679, word was conveyed to him that his death was imminent. Dr. Plunkett immediately decided to take the risk: he succeeded in reaching the capital, and administered the Last Sacraments to the dying Bishop. The authorities soon got wind of his presence in Dublin, and on December 6th a body of militia, under the command of a Wharfedale, an ex-convict, surrounded the house in which Dr. Plunkett, had taken refuge, arrested him, and marched him to Dublin Castle, where he was kept in close confinement for six months without any definite charge being made against him. It was generally understood that the only crime which could be alleged against him was that of remaining in his own country in defiance of a royal edict and of exercising the functions of a Catholic Bishop. Not until June, 1680, did the Government show its hand. They had taken into their pay three apostates—MacMoyler, Duffy and Murphy—and an Irish "Popish plot" had been invented on the approved lines. The Viceroy fixed the trial for July 23rd in Dundalk, but MacMoyler and his associates thought it more prudent not to put in an appearance as their characters were too well known in Ireland. A new trial was fixed for the following year. In London, in October, 1680 Dr. Plunkett was taken to London and lodged in Newgate, where he was kept in strict confinement for another six months. The trial opened on the 3rd May 1681. The illustrious prisoner was denied legal assistance, and his application for sufficient time to procure the attendance of witnesses from Ireland, and for the production of certain documents was also refused. Among the fantastic charges made against him were the following: That he had solicited aid from foreign princes to destroy the Protestants in Ireland; that he had enrolled an Irish Army of 70,000 men; that he had explored all the seaports of the Kingdom in order to supply the French with detailed information which would enable them to make a successful descent on the Irish coast; the evidence of MacMoyler and his friends, though carefully rehearsed broke down at several points. That fact and the general tone of the address to the jury by the Solicitor-General, and the Judge's charge, make it abundantly clear that the real issue was the religious one. The jury took only a few minutes to decide on their verdict. On June 14th the Primate was again brought to the bar. The Chief Justice in passing the sentence of death, addressed Dr. Plunkett in these words: "You're a traitor of the highest nature; it is treason in truth against God and your King and the country where you lived. You have done as much as you could to dishonor God in this case, for the bottom of your treason was your setting up your false religion, than which there is not anything more displeasing to God or more pernicious to mankind in the world. A greater crime there cannot be committed against God than for a man to endeavour to propagate that religion." On the conclusion of the Lord Justice's discourse Dr. Plunkett said: "If I were a man that had no care on my conscience in this matter and did not think of God Almighty, or conscience, or heaven, or hell, I might have saved my life, for I was offered it by divers of my here, so I would not confess my own guilt and accuse others. I might easily have saved my life, but I had rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully to take away one farthing of any man's goods, one day of his liberty, or one moment of his life." The saintly prelate's preparation for death was in keeping with his life of holy fortitude. Several of his letters to the Holy See, to the members of the Plunkett family and to his friends in Ireland are still extant. All of them breathe of the same resignation to the Divine Will, the same attachment to the faith for which he suffered, the same joy at being chosen for the martyr's crown. On the morning of July 11th, 1681, Captain Richardson, Governor of Newgate, went to the Primate's cell and found him absorbed in prayer. The brave Bishop greeted his English gaoler courteously, thanked him for little kindnesses he had shown him, and, without betraying the least emotion, walked with him to the gallows. There he was thrown on a hurdle, the cords closed in, and the journey to Tyburn began. The crowds who lined the streets had come to see; the calm serenity of the Bishop's countenance, the lustre of his eyes, his lips moving in silent prayer moved the hearts of many who were not altogether insensible to a touch of nature; spell-bound they closed around the living hier and followed on to see the end. The spot where the scaffold stood can be recognized to-day; it is marked by an inscription in brass, inset in the

pavement, where Edgeware Road cuts into Oxford Street. Around there, the Primate rose from the hurdle and ascended the scaffold unaided. He looked around and saw an endless sea of faces. A hush fell upon the throng. The Primate spoke. He reviewed his trial, the injustice of refusing to give sufficient time for his witnesses to arrive from Ireland, and denying him the documents he called for. He recounted the charges made against him, and denied before God that he was guilty of any of them. He told of the offer made him to save his life by accusing others, and for the last time rejected it with scorn. He admitted that he had tried to do his duty as a Catholic Bishop and said he was prepared to accept the verdict of heaven on his work. He concluded with these words: "As holy Stephen did pray for those who stoned him, so do I for those who, with perjuries, spill my innocent blood, saying, as St. Stephen did, 'Lord, lay not this sin to them.' I do heartily forgive them, and also the judges. . . . I do, finally forgive all who did conspire, directly or indirectly to take away my life; and I ask forgiveness of all those whom I ever offended by thought, or word, or deed." The Primate then knelt and recited an Act of Contrition, and added this prayer: "If I should or could live a thousand years I have a firm resolution and a strong purpose, by Your Grace, O My God, never to offend You; and I beseech Your Divine Majesty, by the merits of Christ and by the intercession of His Blessed Mother and of all the holy angels and saints, to forgive me my sins, and to grant my soul eternal rest." The executioner then stepped forward and drew the cap over the Primate's eyes. The rope was placed around his neck—and still the firm prayerful voice was heard to say: "Into Thy hands, O Lord I commend my spirit." A sharp word from the executioner, and the body of Oliver, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All-Ireland, was dangling in the air. The body was then cut down and dismembered, the head was cut off, four horses were yoked to the limbs and the carcass was torn asunder.

Such are the salient facts of the life of Oliver Plunkett told dispassionately and without comment. They can be verified by the study of the history of the period and more particularly by the minute "Memoir of Oliver Plunkett," compiled by Cardinal Moran, another alumnus of the Venerable Irish College. Popular lives of the martyr-bishop have appeared from time to time; especially noteworthy are those edited by the Catholic Truth Society and by the "Messenger" Office.

Many relics of the martyr are still preserved. The trunk which was first buried in the churchyard of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London, lies now in the Chapel of the Benedictine Monastery of Downside, Bath; the history of the period and more particularly by the minute "Memoir of Oliver Plunkett," compiled by Cardinal Moran, another alumnus of the Venerable Irish College. Popular lives of the martyr-bishop have appeared from time to time; especially noteworthy are those edited by the Catholic Truth Society and by the "Messenger" Office.

Once there was a young Irish student priest residing in Rome. It was his custom when he had leisure to wander among the ruins of the imperial Palatine. There, leaning on some fragment of a column, a relic of Roman luxury and Gothic vengeance, he dreamed those dreams which many an Irishman has dreamt since then. Around him the silence and the ruins of decay and death, all that remained of Pagan Rome. To the south lay Campagna's weary waste; there, somewhere beneath the rank and weedy growths lay the bones of the early Church. Imperial Rome had crushed them beneath its iron wheels; where was it now? And there to the north the mighty cupola, the mausoleum of the Vicar of the persecuted Christ, rose resplendent and victorious. And then the dreamer's thoughts wandered far away, to a little land set in the western sea, to home, to friends, to fatherland. For there the same old fight was raging now, and, as he dreamed, he thought he heard the clashing of arms, the moans of dying heroes, the piteous cry of widows and of orphans, he thought he saw the shattered altar, the ruined shrine, the priest led forth to death—and as he roused him from his reverie he prayed it might be given him to help his suffering country, to spend himself for faith and fatherland even unto torture and to death.

That was nearly three centuries ago. On next Sunday in the Church of St. Peter, Rome, almost within whose shadow that young priest dreamed his day-dreams, the Vicar of Christ will proclaim to Universal Church that Oliver Plunkett, Bishop and Martyr, is enrolled in the Calendar of the Beatified, and may be publicly venerated by the faithful. Soli Deo summa gloria, but honor also to the Irish martyr and the land that bore him.

MASS DURING VACATION

The warm weather usually starts vacation thoughts. When you were away last year did you attend Mass on Sunday? Did you have a chance to attend Mass? Was there a church near the place where you lived? And if there was no church within easy reaching distance, did you think yourself excused from the obligation?

Is this Sunday commandment something you can shed like your winter clothes when you go away for the summer? Please remember that you cannot avoid the obligation. Catholics, therefore, should not select out of the way places where Mass cannot be heard. In making inquiries about the food, board, fishing and other desirable features about the summer resort where you plan to go, don't forget to ask if there is a church nearby, and if there is none, make another selection. There are many resorts where there are churches; make your selection from amongst them.—Chicago New World.

ONE THOUSAND CONVERTS
CONFIRMED

One of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, was that of Monday morning, May 31st, when over one thousand persons of all ages and of many races received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of Rt. Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese who officiated because of the absence of His Eminence, the Cardinal, who is in Rome.

It was the largest class of converts ever assembled at one time in the history of the Diocese. One unusual feature was the fact that there were more men confirmed than women. Many negroes and several Chinese were among the candidates. There were a few aged persons but the majority were young men and young women. They occupied all of the pews on both sides of the centre aisle of the great auditorium while their relatives and friends thronged the rest of the Cathedral. Two converts, Mr. Harry Dodge and Mrs. Martha Moore Avery were the sponsors, respectively, for the men and the women.

It was a most inspiring spectacle when such a vast number who had been members of other than the Catholic Church, or indeed many of them no church or religious faith at all, repeated in unison the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary" and "The Apostles' Creed" at the close of the ceremonies and then went forth into the world strong and faithful soldiers of Christ.—Boston Pilot.

"MALIGNANT GROWTH"

OF ENGLISH DOMINION IN
IRELAND

By Frederick Palmer, Famous American War Correspondent

Mr. Frederick Palmer, the famous American war correspondent, has visited Ireland on behalf of Collier's Weekly, and his impressions and conclusions are published in a recent issue of that journal. They form a striking indictment of English tyranny in Ireland, and for that reason will be entirely ignored by the English press.

At the outset Mr. Palmer unerringly points to the sore spot in the malignant growth of English dominion in Ireland.

"Britons do not talk," he says, "of ruling the white men of Canada, Australia, and South Africa, which are self-governing dominions; but they do talk of ruling the brown, black, and yellow races and the white men of Ireland."

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO AMERICA
And he realizes that this affront to justice makes the Irish question of vital importance to America. America can as little afford to ignore Ireland's demand for fair play as can England, the country immediately concerned.

America's reputation for fair dealing, her honor, and her internal peace are all at stake, and with Irishmen forming a large and influential part of her population it is inevitable that America should desire to see justice done.

Mr. Palmer makes a masterly survey of the problem. He sees on the one side the native Irish—Catholic to the backbone—and on the other the Protestant Irish, whom he describes in this pungent way: "Their associations are with England, which is Protestant; their position as a majority is due to British rule. Their blood is alien—do not forget that."

MISGOVERNMENT HAS BEGGARED IRELAND
Mr. Palmer shows how English misgovernment has beggared and ruined Ireland. You who read in English sheets that Ireland was never more prosperous than she now is, read this:

"Ireland had eight million people to Great Britain's sixteen million at the beginning of the last century. Today she has four million and Great Britain over forty million. It is a monstrous thought for the world."

And this:
"I looked at a map of the British Isles. All the steamship routes went round Ireland, touching at either extremity, to England."

On the west coast of Ireland is the magnificent Blackrock Bay, looking westward as the outpost harbor of the British Isles.
"It ought by its location to be as thriving as Liverpool, but its trade is only local."

THE IRISH IN A FREE COUNTRY
Mr. Palmer dismisses the old fiction that the success of the Irish in America is due to its more stimulating climate: "In America the Irish took on the spirit of their

surroundings under the conviction that they were in a free country where the best man won."

SOME PEN PICTURES

Asquith he designates an "opportunist," and Carson as "a thin-lipped, hawk-faced lawyer and Covenanter who, if he had been born in America, would have been a corporation attorney."

Mr. Palmer refrains from describing Lloyd George other than by implication, and the implication is not flattering.

Lord French he describes thus: "French is an Irishman of the Protestant alien class." Speaking of the Viceroy's failure in Ireland, he says: "Lord French was trying practically to rule a united white population against their will—a hard thing to do in the twentieth century."

Mr. Palmer's name is a household word in America. During the late War, as the doyen of correspondents at the Front, much was made of him by the English Government. His courageous article on Ireland will hardly increase his popularity in English Governmental circles, but it will intensify the Irish agitation in America.

IRISH WEEK IN ROME

(By M. C. W. C. News Service)

Rome, May 29.—In ecclesiastical Rome this has been Irish week. It began at St. Peter's Sunday with the beatification of Oliver Plunkett, Irish martyr, and finishes Saturday (today) with closing ceremonies, triduum of thanksgiving at Irish College Church where Cardinals have been celebrating early Mass and pontificating at Solemn High Mass and giving Benediction each day. Every intervening day has been filled with ecclesiastical functions or celebrations.

One of the two outstanding days of the week was Monday, when Cardinal Logue, Bishops, clerical and lay visitors, and many of the resident clergy and students went on pilgrimage to attend Solemn Mass at the tomb of the Irish patriot prince, O'Neill and O'Donnell, who are buried in the Church of San Pietro in Monterio, having ended their days in Rome after fighting gallantly for Ireland. The second big day was Wednesday, when the Pope received in audience the Irish visitors and Irish residents. Four hundred were present.

The Bishop of Raphoe read an address of thanks to the Holy Father who replied in an allocution which went to the hearts of all. His Holiness spoke of the happiness it gave him to be God's instrument in raising Oliver Plunkett to the honors of the altar, and of the certainty that the newly Blessed will intercede powerfully in heaven for his own people. His Holiness said: "For is not the present moment one in which Ireland is most in need of help from on high that she may realize her legitimate desires without, however, neglecting any part of her duties?"

As queen of virtues, charity helps in natural order first those nearest, so surely Blessed Plunkett's intercession will be first for his own people, the Pope said.

His Holiness concluded by blessing Cardinal Logue and all present and all Irish people. He was cheered enthusiastically as he left consistorial hall.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
EXTENSION SOCIETY
OF CANADA

KEEP THE TRADITIONS

The History of early Canada is in great part concerned with the activities of the missionaries of the Catholic Church. These heroic men of old France played an important part in the religious and civil life of the inhabitants of our country and left to us a noble example worthy of our best endeavors.

The Franciscans, the Jesuits and the Sulpicians, not to speak of their co-laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, the valiant women of la belle France, gave to the world such an example of disinterestedness and unselfish labor that it remains to this day an incentive to self-abnegation and sacrifice of worldly things in the discharge of our duties in favor of humanity.

Who can read of the missionary labors of the pioneer priests of Canada and not feel a little of their zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls! But, mark you, these learned and devout men were not only the "qui vive" for the spiritual welfare of the people committed to their care but they took, too, the most active and practical interest in the temporal cares of the pioneers of this country.

As the population increased in numbers so also did the shepherds of Christ. Wherever the hardy settlers went to seek their fortune, we find the priest bearing his share of the toil and suffering and his wise words and influence reconciling the settlers to their lot and fixing them to the soil.

In latter days the great prairie provinces of the West and the coast provinces, British Columbia, attracted many Catholics of different nationalities. The demand for priests was just as urgent and their steady influence just as needful as in the days gone by. Many priests responded to the command of the Master to go forth and to seek and to protect His sheep, scattered as they were over immense districts and liable to less their greatest possession, Catholic faith. One circumstance hindered

in a great measure the success of the Church. While in the olden days the increase of population was gradual and the increase in the number of priests adequate, this no longer was the case in Western Canada. The influx of population was sudden and great. The transition from primeval prairie and a few settlers, to busy towns and a large but scattered rural population was so quick that the Church was unable to cope with the situation. To add to this, thousands upon thousands of the new comers were from Austria, Germany and Russia, in fact, from every nation under heaven and priests able to speak many languages were required. They were not to be found. The demand was greater than the supply.

Many other circumstances helped to complicate matters, such as different rites and customs, national antipathy, Protestant activity, etc., etc. Sad to say, most of these difficulties still remain and they must be overcome if the Catholic Church is to hold even her own in this Canada of ours.

We need priests capable and willing to grapple with the situation and to stay with the task till the Lord calls them to their reward. We are not lacking in young men eager to give themselves to missionary labors. Where then is the difficulty? The Catholic Church Extension Society is in need of funds to educate such young men. The solution of this great problem rests with you. We ask you, then, with confidence, to aid us generously so that the Church may do the work so well done in former times for the sheep of Christ.

Your donations give you a right to participate in every good work done by the priests who help to raise the Altar of God. Surely this should be reward enough. But even your return shall be greater than this. God promises that you shall shine in heaven as the stars shine in the firmament because you helped to instruct others unto salvation.

Donations may be addressed to:
REV. T. O'DONNELL, President,
Catholic Church Extension Society,
67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

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APPEAL FOR FUNDS

There are four hundred million pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them die daily unchristianized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue.

China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already fourteen students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them? The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His Holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for them daily.

A Bursar of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses.
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