

Since February 24, when the attack on the Turkish defenses at Kut-el-Amara began, over four thousand prisoners have been taken. On Tuesday last the Turks, utterly disorganized, passed through Azizia, half way between Kut and Bagdad. In their flight the Turks have abandoned a considerable quantity of arms and equipment.—Globe, Mar. 8.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

INTEREST IN THIS WEEK'S IRISH DEBATE

EXTRAORDINARY TRANSFORMATION OF OPINION BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE WAR

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News) London, March 8.—The torpedoing of the Lusitania, the consequent loss of American lives, has naturally brought to an acute stage throughout England the feeling of anxiety as to the attitude America will take. There is a determination evident, however, to avoid even a suggestion of an attempt on the part of the British press to influence American opinion upon the outrage. Every responsible paper in the kingdom maintains an unbroken reticence about it, not a single article appearing that pretends to tell what the United States should do under the circumstances. What appears consists only of cables reports from the British correspondents in America, and they give only the news, without color.

There is a feeling, however, that sooner or later Germany will provoke the United States to armed intervention in the War, since she is determined to maintain her campaign of ruthlessness upon the seas.

In England we are more concerned at the moment in the important debate on the Irish question which will open next week in the House of Commons. Everybody feels a growing concern as to the result, because it certainly means a parting of the ways for more parties and more personalities than for a long time. It is generally recognized that the condition of Ireland is growing worse, and that it will continue to grow worse until some strong plan of statesmanship, that can check the deterioration, is developed.

All the party leaders, including Mr. Asquith, who has returned from Brighton after a short visit made to recover from a severe cold, are consulting their followers as to the best method to pursue. Redmond is still out of action because of a severe attack of influenza, but it is expected that he will return ready for work in a few days. Lloyd George, immersed in the problem of the War, is also out of the Irish picture. The situation is peculiarly critical for him, since if he has no bold plan to propose he will come into direct hostility not only with the Irish party, but with the Liberals as well, while, on the other hand, he has great difficulties with some of the members of his own cabinet. The preliminary reconnaissance that took place this week in the debate on the arrest of 28 Sinn Feiners, was remarkable for the fact that though Dillon, Devlin and other Irish speakers did not mince their words of denunciation of the policy of the present ministry, the ministerial answers were conciliatory in tone. In one, Chief Secretary Duke, who is known to be keenly desirous of settling the Irish question, gave a very vigorous hint to the reactionaries of his own party by declaring that a settlement had been too long delayed. Bonar Law, who is regarded as less friendly to the Irish question, also declared that it was his own desire, and that of every British party that a settlement should be arrived at soon.

There are immense difficulties in the way, and the failure of previous attempts do not encourage confidence, but it is certain that the universal sentiment throughout England is that a settlement be effected. Commons will find no opposition to definite action looking to this result except from an infinitesimal group of die-hards, and what before the War would have been considered revolutionary methods would now be accepted in ten minutes if advocated by Lloyd George.

As the names of railway stations are illegible when the express train flies past them, so it is very hard to keep count—it is sometimes even difficult to notice—the extraordinary transformations of opinion which are shaping themselves amid the burning crucible of the War. Many of these movements are going on unseen altogether; many of them are seen and written about and read extensively, and yet are but dimly realized. While we, at this present stage between war and peace, note down for present notice and future investigation some of these transformations.

First of all I take the Land question. There was no subject, as your readers will know, on which opinion was so strongly and so passionately divided in the pre-War period. Mr. Lloyd George on the one hand was raising shouts of violent hatred against some of the most prominent figures in the world—the squiresarchy and of the landlords of town properties. While on the other hand the representatives of the squirearchy were pouring upon the heads of the eloquent tribune all the vials of their wrath and scorn. I never will forget a scene in the House of Com-

mons which, though it lasted only about fifteen minutes was perhaps one of the most passionate I ever observed. It was the Land Question. Man after man from the Tory benches poured hot shot on Mr. Lloyd George, but it was not until he got up to reply and return with hotter shot still that the whole House seemed to lose its head—all, of course, except the Irish members who looked calmly on at the repetition in England of the struggle for the land which they had already successfully carried through. Men literally rocked in their seats, grew hoarse with shouts of rage and insult, and language was heard which made one almost imagine that he was in the midst of a row between drunken and eloquent sailors instead of the august House of Commons.

Of course the land question in England has always been very much complicated by the fact that land, as distinct from all other form of property, gives a great social and political position as well as a gigantic return. The House of Lords is mainly a House of land owners. County society, which is considered the best in the land, belongs mainly to the land owners. If a man in the old days who had amassed a fortune by business and wished to advance in the social scale, he bought a large landed estate, and if he did not succeed in entering the highest circle of the county families, his sons and daughters did. Curiously enough, the first break in this great tradition was made by the newspaper. Literally it may be said today that the ownership of a newspaper is a far surer guide to power and social distinction in England than any other form of investment. That, however, is by the way.

It looked then as if it were quite hopeless to make any real reform in the admittedly bad Land system of England, so bound up was the whole question with the deepest political problems and passions. As in the twinkling of an eye, all this has disappeared. The German submarine is the great apostle of this new reformation. The strain on the Empire of the food question has compelled on the attention of everybody the necessity of liberating from idle pleasure grounds or too extensive pasturage all the great spaces of the English soil. Everybody is about seeking or offering even the smallest catch of land for food production. Bits of public parks, golf courses, even the patches by the side of railway lines or railway stations; the Government have taken compulsory powers, and the omnipotence of the old owner of the soil has gone without a murmur. It is clear that the Land question will never be the same again.

The main line of cleavage between Socialist proposals and general middle class opinion in England has disappeared in the same marvellous and almost unobserved way. The Socialist ideal of the acquisition and working of most forms of production has already taken shape in the control of railways, of mines and, as has been said, of the land. It is more than doubtful if the railways will ever get back again to the uncontrolled government of their Directors and shareholders. The control of the mines will certainly remain, so far as such necessary factors in national defence as smokeless coal is concerned, under the control of the government.

A further more remarkable change is in the whole attitude of the national English mind towards the relations between Capital and Labour. Even the agricultural labourer, with a wife and large family and an unhealthy cottage, has disappeared in the trenches. There is now talk which would sound strange in any other conditions of a minimum wage for working people, going up to 24 or 25 shillings a week; for the agricultural labourer double what he used to get in pre War times in some of the most backward counties. Co-partnership is very unpopular with working men, largely because of the feeling, well or ill founded, that it has in many cases been worked for the exploitation of the working people. Whatever the solution may ultimately be, it is quite clear that there will be a far more open ear to the question of a larger share for labour to the combined production of labour and capital to anything which existed in pre-War days.

Finally, on top of all these leveling conditions, is come perhaps the greatest leveller of all namely, the gigantic taxation which the War has involved. It is clear that capital, which has been salted so heavily during the War, will continue to be drawn upon freely after the War when the big war bill has to be footed. It looks to me as if after the War England will for ever have ceased to be a country of such wide divergencies of fortune, and the very rich and the very poor will no longer confront one another in the old passionate class hatred of the pre-War period, for there will be fewer very rich and fewer very poor.

In Ireland there has been similar transformation of feeling. Nationalist writers are recalling the days forty or fifty years ago when the whole tendency of British legislation was to substitute the wide stretches of pasture lands with cattle and sheep for the crowding cottages full of men and women tilling small patches. The land reformers have of course made the old eviction system impossible, and the rootless house which was so conspicuous a feature of the Irish landscape is disappearing; but the large tracts, familiarly called in Irish political vernacular, the ranches,

with success there is no reason to doubt. But there are undoubtedly some, perhaps many, who still cling to the theory of non-participation.

REPRESENTATION AND TAXATION

It would indeed have been surprising if the population of the Province of Quebec had been able entirely to resist the influence of the Conservative-Nationalist campaign in 1911, when the doctrine "that Canada is under no obligation to participate in the Empire's wars was the principal theme for impassioned addresses. Sir Robert Borden, setting the tone for his followers, insisted that the people of Canada, if they had no voice in the councils of the Empire touching the issues of peace or war, would not for one moment submit to taking part in the defence of the Empire; and the Minister of Justice, in his clear and forcible style explaining the doctrine "No obligation without representation," said: "What I desire to point out is that under our constitution there is no obligation on the part of Canada, legally or constitutionally speaking, to contribute to the naval forces of the Empire, and that position will continue as long as the United Kingdom alone has exclusive control of the foreign affairs of the Empire."

QUEBEC AND THE WAR

To the Editor of The Globe: An article that appeared recently in the magazine section of The New York Sunday Times, entitled "Canada in the Throes of Acute Politics," is so frankly partisan in character that an answer would be superfluous were it not for the grave injustice it does to our French fellow-citizens.

The author of that article states that "the Province of Quebec, with more than 25% of the entire population of the Dominion, is utterly opposed to recruiting, and has been from the start" "the French are almost unanimously opposed to Canadian participation in the War"—"conscription is the only way to make Quebec do her share." While it must be admitted that recruiting in the Province of Quebec has not reached the standard set by Ontario, and that Ontario, in turn, lags behind the western Provinces, the fantastic exaggeration of the statements just quoted must not be allowed to pass uncontradicted. Fortunately, although we have no definite figures of proportionate enlistment throughout the Dominion, it is quite easy for any fair-minded person to explain the present ready response of the young men from the West, and in order that the people of Ontario may do justice to their brothers of Quebec it may be pertinent to direct their attention to a series of figures that are within reach of every one in the "Canada Year Book."

THE OVERSEAS FORCES

It must, first of all, be pointed out that a very large part of our overseas force is composed of British-born recruits. Although the Canadian born have been enlisting in great numbers in the later battalions, and the startling preponderance of British-born that characterized the first contingent is a condition of the past, it is still true that there is in all units a very large percentage of that class. If then the British-born be eliminated, there is every reason to believe, and many of us will, until the Government gives out authentic figures to the contrary, continue to believe, that the Province of Quebec has contributed her full proportion of Canadian-born recruits.

It may be unhesitatingly asserted that the only reason Ontario and the western Provinces have enlisted larger numbers than has Quebec is because they have a very much greater number of British-born residents. The following figures are taken from the census of 1911, and if later figures were available the balance would be still more favorable to Quebec:

Province	British-born	Percentage British-born
Quebec	68,000	17
Ontario	348,000	37
Manitoba	21,000	34
Saskatchewan	77,000	29
Alberta	86,000	46
British Columbia	167,000	66

ILLUMINATING FIGURES

As everyone knows, the Northwest is a country of young men, of young unmarried men, and even in Ontario the proportion of young men is much higher than in Quebec. A third element that should also be taken into consideration is the excess of males, and there again our Province is very much behind Ontario and the West.

Province	Percentage of males between the ages of 20-40 to total male pop.	Excess of males over 20,000
Quebec	44	75,000
Ontario	36	45,000
Manitoba	35	40,000
Saskatchewan	41	91,000
Alberta	44	78,000
British Columbia	50	110,000

We have in these figures direct and illuminating explanations of the greater success that has met the efforts of the recruiting sergeant in the Western Provinces, and we who live side by side, and in daily intercourse, with French-Canadians know that no Canadian-born citizen of any Province whatever can with fairness criticize the Province of Quebec, or pretend that we have not enlisted a quota as great as, or even greater than, any other group of native Canadians.

IS QUEBEC DISLOYAL?

The author of this article makes a further charge that is even more unjust and unfounded. He says: "Quebec is not pro-British; she is even less pro-France. And she is much less pro-Canada than she is pro-Quebec." It may be admitted that in the Nationalists we have an element opposed to participation in the war, but that group is not now, and never has been, representative of the great body of public opinion in this Province. It must be remembered, moreover, that, with two notable exceptions, all the leaders of the Nationalist party have completely identified themselves with the Governments, and have on many occasions publicly and finally abandoned their former opinions. That their efforts to carry with them their followers has met

with success there is no reason to doubt. But there are undoubtedly some, perhaps many, who still cling to the theory of non-participation.

The laboring and agricultural classes are not trained in verbal subtleties, and to their minds the qualification "legally and constitutionally speaking" meant nothing. What they understood, and what they believed the speakers meant them to understand, was simply that Canada was under no obligation to participate in the Empire's wars. For eighteen months this doctrine was earnestly propagated throughout the Province, and, on the approach of the elections in 1911, as Mr. Bourassa's organ, Le Devoir, was its most eloquent and influential exponent, the leaders of the Conservative party in Montreal ordered copies of that journal to be sent to thousands of electors throughout the duration of the campaign.

It would, therefore, have been a miracle had this assault on the pro-British sentiment of the French-Canadian been without effect. Nevertheless it influenced only a minority. The united efforts of Conservatives and Nationalists succeeded in winning only twenty-seven out of sixty-five constituencies, and of those twenty-seven four were historic English speaking Tory strongholds.

FOR A CANADIAN NAVY

The great majority of French-Canadians remained pro-British, and cordially accepted the idea of a Canadian navy, that would at any time—whether or not Canada was given representation—be ready to participate in the Empire's wars.

Since that campaign, however, Sir Robert Borden has not insisted on our legal and constitutional rights, and it may be confidently asserted that his Nationalist colleagues, having by their conspicuous conversion become ardent Imperialists, have carried with them many of their adherents, and have left to the old Nationalist-No-Participation-Party but a sorry remnant of French-Canadian electors.

PRO-BRITISH IN SENTIMENT

The great majority of our fellow-citizens of French origin are, therefore, pro-British. They have enlisted as freely as any other group of native-born Canadians, and not only has Quebec sent to the front battalions exclusively French, but in many if not all other battalions raised here, and in no small number of those from Eastern Ontario, there have been considerable numbers of French-Canadians.

In justice to those brave men who, side by side with other valiant Canadians, faced the agonizing clouds of gas, and saved the day at Ypres, who covered themselves with glory at Courcouette, and whose names are to be read daily in the casualty reports, we must protest against the fantastic fables we have ventured here to expose.

Montreal. A. RIVES HALL.

THE REVIVAL OF SACRED DRAMA

Among the unsuspected and unforeseen results of the war is a revival of the old mystery play and of the sacred drama. Quite recently, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, expressed his high approval of the movement in a letter addressed to M. Emile Rochard, the author of "Le Berceau de Jésus." The Cardinal praised this fine Christmas play as the work of a great poet and of a Christian inspired by the noblest faith. He noted that the text of the Gospel is brought out in striking relief, that the structure of the play shows an intimate acquaintance with all the resources of the theatre and that this sacred drama is calculated to give the spectator a profoundly religious impression. The Cardinal concludes his letter with these words: "I am, therefore, happy to encourage and bless this work which is calculated to make the mysteries of our holy religion better known and better loved." M. Narfon, of the Figaro, who is well acquainted with the ideals and the work of M. Emile Rochard, tells us that "Le Berceau de Jésus," the first play of the eminent poet, is the first of a series of Gospel plays in which the author intends to portray the life of Our Lord. "Le Berceau" is to be followed on the public stage by "The Public Life," "The Passion," and "The Resurrection." This last play has already been performed before Mgr. Chapon, Bishop of Nice. M. Emile

is, of course, an unusual class of work in modern times; indeed, it is a revival of an almost lost art. The last tapestry woven in Ireland by foreigners in the early eighteenth century is, it is pleasant to know, preserved in the old house of parliament, College Green.

INTERESTING YOUNG IRISH INDUSTRY

The following article of Maire ni Dubaill (Mary MacDougal) is a well-deserved tribute to one of the most interesting of the young industries of Irish Ireland. The products of Evelyn Gleeson's studio and work-rooms at Dun Emer Guild, Hardwicke street, Dublin, are too little known in America. One of the palace hotels of a great Canadian railway has some of its most beautiful rooms furnished with rugs and hangings from the guild, and in beauty of coloring, in design and texture these are not easily rivalled.

Such works as these not only help to revive Ireland's ancient superiority in crafts and decorative art, but they keep at home in Ireland young Irish girls who would otherwise be compelled to go into domestic service on this side of the ocean—each group that comes helping to depopulate the most stricken of all the little nations of Europe. They leave behind, too,—these groups of Irish girls,—heart-broken Irish mothers who have few illusions left of the life before their daughters as waitresses in hotels and cafes or "generals" in homes, with the streets and their attendant dangers as their playground.

The Irish-American or Irish-Canadian, who for house or church purchases Irish rugs, hangings, stained-glass, tapestry or the pictures done by the young Irish artists of Dublin and Belfast, is helping his mother-land in the most practical way open to him. Moreover, as the products of the Dublin and Belfast studios of decorative art are always as artistic as they are Celtic in motif, the purchaser does not run the risk of glaringly inharmonious rooms and the shiny vulgarities of furnishing only too apparent in many homes of this continent.

"I was brought up in ancient virtues, in lawful behavior, in the keeping of chastity, in stateliness of form, in the rank of a queen, in all noble ways among the women of Ireland."

In such naive and simple fashion did Emer, one of the loveliest heroines of old pagan Eire boast of her womanly virtues and accomplishments, to her gallant lover, Cuculain, when he came a-wooing of her to her father's house. And he came because she had the six great gifts—"the gift of beauty, the gift of voice, the gift of sweet speech, the gift of needfulwork, the gift of wisdom, the gift of chastity." So that we know that in those far-off days to be skillful with her needle was one of the things a woman was proud of. And it is a quaint fancy of mine that her gentle spirit, together with the spirits of the saintly Christian women, Brigit and Ita, must sometimes hover over that workroom in the old fashioned Dublin house, so fittingly called after her, inspiring the minds with beautiful ideals, and bestowing artistic skill on the fingers of the twentieth century Irish girls, who spend so many happy, busy hours there, spinning, weaving, and embroidering. And I almost wished that her fair face and form had been portrayed by the exquisite art of needlework, by the side of the two great women saints of Ireland, Brigit and Ita, on the altar frontal.

Nothing more beautiful, or perfectly finished, has ever come from the hands of woman than the Church requires for the Homan Hostel Chapel, Cork, which were exhibited in Mill's Hall a few weeks back—sanctuary carpet, altar rugs and mats, banner and tabernacle screen. A perfect glory of color and design, in which I revelled and then there myself away, only half satisfied. Rich old world reds and blues, purples and greens, with here and there gleams of vivid gold, mingled in exquisite harmony, with the more delicate shades of each.

THE CARPET

The carpet is a massive piece of work, I should say (having forgotten to ask the exact size) about six or seven yards square, at least three inches deep, and its weight must be prodigious, as one would know by just lifting a corner.

One marvels, indeed, that it is the work of slender girlish fingers, done on a hand loom, in a private house. To look at it one would think it could only be done by powerful machinery, guided by strong men. The wool for it was hand spun and dyed by an old peasant woman in Gweedore, who wept tears of pride when she was told her handiwork was to adorn God's house.

Amongst the hundreds of visitors who came to inspect the exhibits during the all too short time they were on view, were the illustrious French prelates who are staying in Dublin lately. They were most enthusiastic in their admiration; and the altar frontal, a perfect gem of art needlework, was peculiarly interesting to Mgr. Fouchet, as he said he had one almost similar in his own church. The faces on his were, however, painted, those on the Dun Emer one were worked like the rest of the figures, but the outlines and the tinting are as exquisite as if painted on ivory. This in itself is a triumph. Most people have noticed the angular wooden doll faces that stolidly stare from the framed needlework pictures of our grandmothers' days.

THE TAPESTRY

The tapestry for the altar back-ground excited great interest, as it

is, of course, an unusual class of work in modern times; indeed, it is a revival of an almost lost art. The last tapestry woven in Ireland by foreigners in the early eighteenth century is, it is pleasant to know, preserved in the old house of parliament, College Green.

The banner of St Finbar is a very fine piece of work. The portrait of the saint (after whom the chapel is named) is worked on it, and his gloved hand (the hand which his Divine Master once touched, and which he ever after kept covered) shows conspicuously. Even the rope of gold thread was made in the work-room.

The tabernacle screen was not quite finished; indeed, visitors had the privilege of seeing the young lady working at it each day. It is a beautiful Celtic design in many lovely colors, on a ground of glittering gold.

CELTIC DESIGN

The design for all is Celtic through and through, by Miss MacCormac, but much of the gifted young artist's own individuality appears in it.

There are two missals, as fine specimens of hand-binding and tooling as one could wish to see, by Miss Elinor Kelly. The two altar charts, gems of illuminating art, are the work of J. Tierney, the only man's work in the collection. Unfortunately, I did not see the stained windows from the studios of Miss Purser and Harry Clarke, but I have been told that they are wondrously beautiful, that, indeed, they vie with the best of the middle age produced. It is a strange but fortunate coincidence that in the very year when so many of these splendid art treasures have been destroyed by the ravages of War that the secret of their wonderful coloring should seem to be rediscovered in our own land. St. Finbar's Chapel is nearly a perfect replica in architecture and decoration of Teampull Na Cormac (Cormac's Chapel), one of the Rock of Cashel group—that wonderful relic of Ireland's ancient glory, and is almost gasterly simple in coloring, so that the rich and varied hues in windows, furnishing, etc., will show to all the better advantage.

The architect and builder were J. MacMullin and Messrs. Sisk, and the stone carver is Mr. Emery, all of Cork.

ONLY IRISH MATERIAL

To comply with the conditions of the bequest, made by Miss Isabel Honan, who, apparently, loved her country in a thoroughly practical manner and which have been carried out with the most scrupulous exactitude by Sir John O'Connell, only Irish materials, except in the case of unobtainable essentials, have been employed, either in the building, decoration, or furnishing of the chapel. The result has justified the confidence of the patriotic and pious donor, in the capabilities of her countrymen and countrywomen and the possibilities of her country.

They were made, as they were bequeathed—"do cum gloire De, agus onora na hEireann"—words which stand out clearly on the altar frontal, and are worthy of the high purpose they are destined to fulfil.

At the back of this altar piece is a little square of linen on which the names of all, from the proprietress to the youngest worker who helped in the making of these articles, is woven, and, like the old Irish custom of long ago, the prayers of all who look on them are asked.

MISS GLEESON'S WORK

Miss Gleeson, the gifted "bean-a-tige" of Dun Emer, is doing a great and noble service for her country in training numbers of young Irish girls to do beautiful, refined, and holy womanly work. It is little short of a crime for anyone requiring work of any kind such as she turns out, but especially for church decoration or furnishing, to send abroad for the immeasurably inferior products of English or other foreign factories and sweating dens. What if the cost is a little greater? (and I am not so sure that it is, when all is considered.) The money is spent at home, the better workmanship is worth it, and, above all, it helps Irish girls to live the lives that all who love them wish for.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

EMILE FAGUET

The death some months ago of Emile Faguet has again aroused in certain quarters the question of religion as applied to eminent writers. It is customary in certain quarters in the case of a great writer or scientist, to conceal the fact of his religion, if he be a Catholic, and to exalt the fact if he be an atheist. While it is true, as Mgr. Herscher says, that "the Christian faith of the illustrious deceased was not always active so far as external practice of religious duties went, still this eclipse of his faith was never total." The son of a French professor he himself became a professor of French literature at the Sorbonne. Faguet's interest in religious questions grew more acute with the years. When in his final illness he gave proof of the deep

faith which was his in early life and which he never lost. As even Roman was wont to say of himself that the sound of the Mass bell of his native Brittany followed him through life, so did the early piety of Faguet reassert itself strongly at death. When Mgr. Herscher visited Faguet a few weeks before the latter's death he found the patient in great pain. Throughout his sufferings Faguet held the crucifix firmly in his hand and kissed it repeatedly.

In conversation with Mgr. Herscher, Faguet showed no terror of death. "Death," he said, "is a tunnel. In front of this tunnel is the half-light in which we who live are standing, a half-light mixed with so many shadows that whilst feeling our way, we often knock against the walls. But, the tunnel once passed, we are in the full sunshine—the light—I have always loved the light!" He added that he had lived so simply here below, that he felt he would be quite happy in a little obscure corner of heaven. When Mgr. Herscher reminded him that he would soon be among the academicians of heaven, Faguet answered with a smile, "Naturally, in eternity we are all Immortals!" His last words were: "I have sought the light—I am going towards the light! I should have liked to live a few years longer, but God has decided otherwise: 'Thy will be done!'" His dying eyes lingered on the crucifix at the foot of his bed until death veiled it from his sight. Thus did the great French writer, the peer among dramatic critics, the renowned member of the French Academy, go into the presence of his Maker.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE GREY STREETS OF LONDON

The grey streets of London are greyer than the stone—  
The grey streets of London, where I must walk my lone;  
The stony city pavements are hard to tread, alas!  
My heart and feet are aching for the Irish grass.  
Far down the winding breen the grass is like silk,  
The wind is sweet as honey, the hedges white as milk,  
Grey dust and greyer houses are here, and skies like brass.  
The lark is singing, soaring o'er the Irish grass.

The grey streets of London stretch out a thousand miles—  
O dreary walls and windows, and never a song or smile;  
Heavy with money-getting, the sad grey people pass.  
There's gold in drifts and shallows in the Irish grass.  
God built the pleasant mountains and blessed the fertile plain;  
But in this sad grey London, God knows, I go in pain.  
O brown as any amber, and clear as any glass,  
The streams my heart hears calling from the Irish grass.

The grey streets of London, they say, are paved with gold;  
I'd rather have the cowslips that two small hands could hold.  
I'd give the yellow money the foolish folk amass  
For the dew that the grey as silver on the Irish grass.  
I think that I'll be going before I die of grief;  
The wind from over the mountains will give my heart relief.  
The cuckoo's calling sweetly—calling in dreams, alas!  
"Come home, come home, acushla, to the Irish grass."

—KATHARINE TYNAN

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

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

Previously acknowledged. \$9,703 46  
St. Barnaby's Church, Brewers Mills..... 3 00  
(per Miss Agnes Booth) .. 2 00  
A. M. D. G., Ottawa..... 10 00  
Wm. Gillis, Old Bridgeport .. 1 00  
Mrs. C. McDougall, Judique .. 1 00  
A Friend, Judique..... 1 00  
Mrs. W. Gorman, Mundare .. 1 00  
J. Gorman, Mundare..... 1 00  
F. Evans, Beechwood..... 50  
A Friend, Toronto..... 3 00  
Mrs. D. Bonang, Yarmouth .. 50  
Maude Jones, Grifith..... 2 00  
Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart..... 1 00  
In memory of Richard and Ellen Lockman, Sydney Mines..... 100 00  
Kearney, "St. Anthony's Bred"..... 2 00  
In memory of the Souls in Purgatory, St. Columban .. 2 00