

well as Bulgaria, were of such a nature as to have compromised them with the two Governments, and to have put the United States to unusual embarrassment in correcting the evils worked thereby. It is not the Catholic way to prejudice or to prejudice. That is for the proper authorities. Well will it be for the individuals concerned and for the body that employed them if they can appeal to their Government tribunal with as much confidence as Catholics everywhere can look the verdict of history in the face as to the attitude of the Church and their own conduct throughout the period of hostilities.

ST. JOAN OF ARC

John C. Reville, S. J., in America

The news that Blessed Joan of Arc has received from the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff the highest honors which the Catholic Church can give, and has been enrolled among her canonized Saints, will thrill the whole Catholic world. In this solemn act the world will recognize the loftiest tribute that can be paid to the memory of the Warrior Maid of Orleans and Patsy, the Martyr of Rouen. By the act in virtue of which Benedict XV. completes the work of Pius X., who enrolled the Maid of France among the Blessed, the Pope enshrines on the altars of the Catholic Church patriotism and faith in the person of the Virgin-Warrior who saved France and died a martyr's death for her fidelity to the heavenly voices which guided her in her tragic mission.

To the universal hymn of enthusiasm which will welcome the act of the Sovereign Pontiff, our own country adds its voice in no unmistakable manner. For nowhere, perhaps, outside of her own beloved France, is the story of the Maid of Domremy more popular; nowhere have her ideals and her romantic daring met with keener and more sympathetic understanding. Our soldiers, men of her own Faith and of creeds which the simple Lorraine peasant girl could not have understood, have gone to battle with her name upon their lips and her ideals in their hearts. They have stood bareheaded before the place of her agony in Rouen, and marched "eyes right" before her humble home, and pitched their tents amid the forest aisles where she heard her mystic voices. They have brought home from the field of battle a clearer admiration of her story, a higher understanding for her purity, her heroism and her faith.

But the heart of France especially will feel in this crowning act of the career of the Maid that a special homage is paid to the patriotism and the martyr-heroism of the one being in all the splendid epic of the history of France which perhaps is the most characteristically French, the one individual which unites in itself the sturdiest and noblest of the French qualities. In her native village, by her simplicity, naïveté and sprightly gaiety, in her straightforwardness and sincerity at Vaucouleurs with that rude old soldier, Messire de Baudricourt, whom she wins over to her plans; by her reckless bravery before the walls of Orleans and Paris, and by the bridge of Jargeau, she is absolutely French. Before her unjust judges, at the bar of her accusers, she displays all the splendid qualities of her race. She does not know how to read or write. But her mind is quick and penetrating. She is not to be entrapped by the quibbles of Cauchon, that unworthy bishop, or by the logical pitfalls spread before her by his henchmen and his tools. She reads their wiles and tears away the mask of their maneuvers in a few simple words which put them to shame. Her language, the language of this unlettered girl, is stamped with that simplicity, clearness, directness, that vital power of painting facts and men which are distinctly French. Her language is the gold coin of truth, minted pure and unalloyed from the treasury of her virgin heart. To get anything like it we have to go to the simple and noble pages of the best masters of French prose. To her judges her words are like the flaming brands of indignant archangels. On her scaffold at Rouen they are the feeble cry of a helpless girl around whose frame the billows waves of the funeral pyre are slowly creeping. To King Charles she speaks like a queen; to the Duke d'Alençon, to La Hire and Dunois on the field of battle, like a soldier and a knight. She is French in her enthusiasms, in her unshaken belief in the destinies of her country and her king, in the ultimate triumph of her cause. She is French above all things in her Faith.

Everything in the Maid is profoundly and absolutely Catholic. She is the embodiment of the Faith and the religion of her country. St. Louis, the Crusader, was not more Catholic in his language, his thought and ideals than the peasant girl of the Marches of Lorraine. In the Chronicles of the good Sire Jean, which lay bare the soul of the saintly monarch, we catch the same atmosphere which hovers around the Maid of Domremy. God for both is the supreme Lord and Master; France is the kingdom of Christ; the King is but the Lieutenant of My Lord Christ. King and peasant maid are steeped in an atmosphere of the purest mysticism. But they are not idle dreamers; they are practical doers of things. Louis battles all

day in a saddle armed cap-a-pie against his rebellious vassals at the Bridge of Taillebourg. Joan rises from her prayer before the altar and rides like a flaming archangel over the field of conflict to rally knights and captains and men at arms to hold fast, for "By the Lord, victory would be theirs!"

In virtue of that mysterious law of suffering under whose yoke the noblest must pass, the Maid of Domremy, the Conqueror of Patsy and Orleans, under the royal arches of Reims, then unshorn of their splendor, had her passion to undergo. It may be doubted whether even the annals of the early martyrs can show such a hypocrisy, heartlessness, low cunning and cruelty as we find in the judges before whom she was arraigned. Before that court, whose presiding officer was a bishop unworthy of his sacred calling, Joan was like a dove trapped by uncanny birds of prey. But her innocence, her purity, her heroic constancy, though they could not save her life, have won for her a place in every generous heart and a shrine and an altar in the Catholic Church of which she was to the last the devoted child. A Catholic bishop, Catholic ecclesiastics betrayed her. The Catholic Church has ever guarded her memory and now gives her the highest honors and places again in a more solemn manner the triple crown of virginity, patriotism and martyrdom upon her brow.

Joan of Arc by her victory at Orleans almost five hundred years ago actually saved the French nation from the yoke of the stranger. Her victory thrust the invader practically out of the whole of France. Only a foothold was left to the English in northern France. Calais alone remained to them out of the vast conquests formerly made. But the victory of the Maid entailed consequences which neither Jeanne nor the men of her days who fought side by side with her could even dimly foresee. Thanks to her, France was rescued from the clutch of the stranger. France was providentially dragged from the gulf of national ruin yawning at her feet. She was freed at last from the endless quarrels and strifes which had so long divided Armagnacs and Bourguignons. With her own kings firmly seated upon the throne, with her finances and commerce restored and her trade flourishing, France saw peace, prosperity, order coming back after an exile of a hundred years. She could thus calmly prepare for the great destiny awaiting her when she would soon be called upon to lead the nations of the world.

But Jeanne not only freed France from the yoke of the stranger; she was an instrument in the hands of God to save the Faith of the French people. A little more than a hundred years after the death of the Maid, Henry VIII., the heir and successor of the Edwards and the Henrys, who in the days of Jeanne and her immediate forbears had claimed the throne and the kingdom of France as theirs, was dragging England into schism. But for Jeanne and her victories at Orleans, Jargeau and Beaugency, and her triumphant but tragic martyrdom on the market square at Rouen, Henry VIII., in virtue of the iniquitous Treaty of Troyes (1420), which betrayed the rights of the legitimate Kings of France and sold them to England, would have been master and king of France. With him schism, and with his successors heresy, would have been seated upon the throne of Charles-seventh and St. Louis. Had they then driven Charles from the throne, England would have been driven, one of the strongest bulwarks of Rome and Catholicism against the rising tide of the Reformation would have been swept away and Western Europe undoubtedly covered with the flood. The splendid Catholic life of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would have been impossible. Jean of Arc saved France from the grasp of the foe; she kept France as a distinct nation upon the map of Europe. That solemn fact France can never forget. In the strictest sense of the word the Maid of Domremy is the savior of French nationality. Her banner planted upon the ramparts of the Tourelles at Orleans had but one meaning to French and English alike. It plainly said: "This soil is the soil of France. It must remain hers forever." But Joan did more. She preserved France for the fold of Peter. She kept it for the Catholic Church. Out of that fold the French nation seems at times inclined to wander. It is never at rest; it is never itself until it comes back to its ordered quiet and peace.

During the world war men whose sires fought under Talbot, Gladsdale and Bedford against the Maid, the sons of the men-at-arms and knights who fought with Joan, and soldiers from beyond the seas who saw in Joan the symbol of purity and heroism, have rallied to the sound of her name. In them the Maid has continued her mission. That mission is not yet ended. Enthroned in glory now, with the highest title and honors that the world knows bestowed upon her, and armed with spiritual weapons from celestial armories, the Maid of Domremy, the Virgin of Patsy and Jargeau, the Martyr of Rouen, has one more task to accomplish. No longer with the sword of battle, but with that irresistible influence which comes from the depths of her pure heart, she must rescue her beloved France from the hands of those unnatural children, aliens in ideals and aspirations, who have sold it into the hands of falsehood,

license, atheism and infidelity. She must again gather around her white standard the brave, the pure, the true. Her silver armor must once more flash like a meteor in the fray, and her war cry, "Jesu! Jesu!" find an echo in every heart. If so, under her standard the hosts of evil will melt away, and again the Warrior-Saint will deliver France.

ADMIRAL BENSON HONORED

CATHOLIC SAILOR GETS NAVY DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

Washington, April 21.—Admiral William S. Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, has been awarded the Navy Distinguished Service Medal by direction of President Wilson. Admiral Benson is now in Paris, and presentation of the medal probably will not be made until his return to the United States, as the naval medals have not yet been completed.

Acting Secretary Roosevelt today sent this telegram to the Admiral: "The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting to you the Navy Distinguished Service Medal for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service as chief of naval operations throughout the War with the Central Powers."

THE PERILS OF POLITICS

Michael William in America

Before going to California for the first time, some twelve years ago, I had often heard the admiring tributes that were paid to the Golden State by progressives, liberals, radicals and all the varied types of social reformers, because California was so fecund and inventive and daring in the great matter of progressive legislation—and progressive legislation, of course, was the agency through which the reformers were certain they would make, if not a new heaven, at least a brand new earth. In England, too, and in Germany, and in the United States, still they play politics; still they trust to words and "acts" and "bills" and "treaties" and "covenants" and legislation of all kinds; and still they neglect the one thing without which all other things are of no avail: they will not listen to Jesus Christ. He came down upon earth to tell us that the end of life, the thing toward which all social action, all true politics, all art, science, government, personal and national ideals must tend, and must strive to attain, if they are to be worthy of human effort, is the salvation of the individual soul. He founded a Church, indefectible and infallible, by which and through which the end of mankind might be achieved. Today, in the midst of the world-war, even as in the days of Napoleon, of Bismarck, and of other super-politicians and world-heroes, you find here and there a statesman or politician who patronizingly descends to religion, who looks upon it, perhaps, as a useful agency for keeping the people contented with their lot; but where are the statesmen who consider religion first, and who look upon politics as a sacred trust and duty, the temporal means for the attainment of as large a measure of human justice, and peace, and happiness, as is possible?

There are many such? There are many statesmen and politicians who can talk glibly enough, and indeed in many cases sincerely enough, and indeed in many cases sincerely enough, about social justice and spiritual betterment, and uplift and enlightenment; but mostly what they really mean is the religion of the new paganism; of State-worship. And they form the most powerful peril in politics today, for unless the dissatisfaction with legislative methods which is indirectly expressed in Bolshevism, the I. W. W., Syndicalism, Spartanism, and anarchy, all succeed in overwhelming government of all kinds—save the self-imposed rule of the oligarchy which in all cases control these movements—there is reason to fear that the fever of legislative madness now at work will before long come to a crisis, and achieve permanency in State Socialism, which is the servile State. Only Christianity, only the Catholic Church, can save us from one or other disaster.

I remember with especial vividness one week during the night of which it was my duty to sit from eight o'clock until ten or eleven listening to and reporting the evidence taken in the rooms of the Board of Election Commissioners, in an investigation of a real petition. A certain politician had been duly elected to the State legislature from a certain district. Another—a defeated politician, by the by—circulated a petition for the recall of the person elected, who was charged with grave dereliction of duty. The petition was signed by the requisite number of voters, men and women of all sorts and conditions, but all alike in the possession and enjoyment of the potent sniff of nobles citizens all. The women were not—as Mr. Brisbane would put "punch" in the words—slaves of the men, but their noble ayes before the law. And the men were exercising the right only newly won to recall from office an unfaithful servant. Beautiful example of progressive legislation!

Unfortunately, some scores of fraudulent signatures happened to have obtained themselves upon this great document, the real petition. The case was taken to the proper authorities; there was a public hearing; the newspapers devoted space to the controversy, and night after night I heard the evidence given by perhaps seventy-five or one hundred witnesses, men and women, signers of the petition. There were doctors and lawyers and street sweepers, and house-wives, and business women. And the evidence usually went something like this:

"Your name is John Jones, or Mary Jones?" "It is." "Is this your signature?" "Yes." "Did you read the petition when you signed it?" "Did you know exactly what it was you signed?" "No." "Why, then, did you sign it?" At this point the answers greatly varied. One would say, "Well, Joe Jenkins (one of the paid circulators of the petition) is a good fellow; he asked me to sign, so I did." Another: "Why, I thought it was a petition for more street cars in our district; that's what B. L. Cummings told me, and I let it go at that." Still another: "I was too busy to read the thing. If you stop to read all the petitions that come around nowadays, you'd have no time for work; so I just signed it anyhow."

In short, hardly two or three of all the witnesses possessed any knowledge of the wording of the petition;

or considered it to have been their duty to read it before signing it; and if those who circulated the petition had not tried to make their work easier by slipping on a number of the names of dead persons and people who long ago had left the district, they could have put it through.

So much for that particular example of progressive legislation. And as it was in this case, so I discovered it to be in innumerable others. At election time in California there are so many scores of proposals on the ballot that not one average citizen in a thousand—indeed, I would dare to say, in ten thousand—ever stops to read them, still less to study them. This proposal or that one is defeated, or adopted, as the case may be, because this new paper or that one, or some particular class of the population, conducts an agitation for it, or against it. But as for the electorate exercising its native wit, there is none of that, none at all.

And so today we see on the one hand a determined, energetic group, such as the Prohibitionists or the Woman Suffragists, doing just what they will to do; and they are the types and examples of other groups, science, government, personal and national ideals must tend, and must strive to attain, if they are to be worthy of human effort, is the salvation of the individual soul. He founded a Church, indefectible and infallible, by which and through which the end of mankind might be achieved. Today, in the midst of the world-war, even as in the days of Napoleon, of Bismarck, and of other super-politicians and world-heroes, you find here and there a statesman or politician who patronizingly descends to religion, who looks upon it, perhaps, as a useful agency for keeping the people contented with their lot; but where are the statesmen who consider religion first, and who look upon politics as a sacred trust and duty, the temporal means for the attainment of as large a measure of human justice, and peace, and happiness, as is possible?

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FATHER NORTHGRAVES

At 6 p. m., on Friday, the 26th instant, there passed peacefully away at St. Joseph's Hospital, a venerable priest of the Diocese of London, one noted for his outstanding scholarship, his amiable character and at the same time for his simple, child-like piety. The Rev. George Richard Northgraves, for it is he of whom we speak, was born at Ottawa, then called Bytown, on February 25th, 1834. His father, William Northgraves, a Jeweller by trade, was a member of an old English Catholic family, one of that glorious remnant who, despite persecution and penal laws, never lost the faith. His mother, Theresa Prussien, was a native of Quebec.

At the early age of five years, Father Northgraves began his studies, attending first a Catholic private school in Kingston and subsequently the Grammar School of Belleville. At eighteen years of age he became a pupil of St. Michael's College, Toronto, just two weeks after that institution had been opened in St. Michael's Palace by the Basilians Fathers of Annonay, France. There he had for professors, such men as Fathers Soulerin and Flannery, and for fellow students, Archbishop O'Connor, Bishop R. A. O'Connor of Peterborough, Fathers Ferguson, Walsh and others.

In 1854, as a fitting recognition of his brilliant talents, he was requested to act as professor, which he did, at the same time pursuing his studies for the priesthood, to which rank he was raised in Toronto, August 30th, 1857, by Bishop Farrell of Hamilton, as Bishop De Charbonnel was absent in Rome.

Father Northgraves' ordination did not occasion his removal from St. Michael's, for, at the earnest request of Father Soulerin, he continued as professor until 1860, receiving the humble salary of \$80.00 per annum. For the next few years he was Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, during which time he played an important part in championing the Catholic cause at the time of the passing of the Separate School Act of 1860.

He was fond of recounting how on that occasion he quietly helped to thwart the designs of the Orange Party. They had called a meeting to discuss the question of Separate Schools, and a resolution unfavorable to them and memorializing the Government on the result of the de-liberations of their meeting. Father Northgraves quietly notified all the Catholic men to attend the meeting and to be there at least one hour before the appointed time. Thus when the assembly was called to order, the hall was filled for the most part by Catholics, there being no room for the others to enter. After a somewhat lively meeting, to the chagrin and astonishment of the officers on the platform, a resolution favorable to Separate Schools was passed. Not without the agitation to spread all over the Province, the Government gave the resolution passed at this meeting as its reason for speedily passing the Separate School Bill.

About this same time, Father Northgraves, who had established a name for himself as an astronomer and mathematician, was offered the Chair of Mathematics at Toronto University, but Bishop Lynch would not allow him to accept the tempting offer. In the same year, he attended the Council of Quebec with Bishop Lynch and at the request of the Fathers of the Council added the scriptural references to Butler's Catechism.

For six years, he was Dean of Barrie, that is, until his departure for Rome in 1869, when he attended the Vatican Council as theologian of Bishop Lynch. At the time of death he enjoyed the distinction of being along with Cardinal Gibbons, one of the two surviving North American members of that memorable assembly.

From 1870 to 1874, Father Northgraves was again attached to St. Michael's Cathedral, bearing the title of Archdeacon. In 1874, Bishop Walsh, a great personal friend of his, requested him to come to London, naming him Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, in succession to Dr. Kilroy, who went to Stratford. In 1877 he had charge of Wyoming and in 1885, while in Parkhill, wrote his famous work, "Mistake of Modern Infidels." This book, an answer to the teachings of a well known atheist, Bob Ingersoll, received the universal approbation of all denominations.

From 1890 until 1910, this worthy priest acted as Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, residing with the late Father Concoran of Seaforth. Even after he ceased his journalistic labors, he continued to labor actively in the ranks of the priesthood. Advancing age, however, was beginning to tell and on the occasion of the last Priests' Retreat which he made in 1917, he remarked to the writer that he thought he would not attend any more. "It makes me feel pretty old," he said, "when I am making a Priests' Retreat with the son of a man whom I prepared for First Communion."

On April 10th, 1918, Father Northgraves retired and took up his residence at Mt. Hope. There he was accustomed to celebrate his daily Mass, the consolation of his declining years. On Easter Monday, he offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the last time, as that afternoon he fell, breaking a limb, the shock of which caused his death. Not realizing what had happened, he exclaimed to the Sister who picked him up, "Sister I am afraid I shall not be

able to say Mass tomorrow." This was the last message of that venerable and holy old priest, whose hair had grown white and his step feeble in the service of the Master, to his beloved Sisters of Mt. Hope.

He formed an interesting link with the past remembering as he did the first Bishop of Upper Canada, the Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonnell, whom he saw pontificate in Kingston Cathedral, Easter Sunday, 1839, R. I. P.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THOUGHTS AT EASTER

There is no denying the spirit of jubilation and triumph which animates the whole Church during these days of Easter. Christ risen from the dead dieth no more, death shall no more have dominion over Him. He is risen, He is not here. Fear not I have overcome the world. How well did not the apostles in the few succeeding months understand what our Divine Lord meant in these significant words of triumph, encouragement and for them eternal hope.

But the Church takes great care that we realize just what is the nature of that victory. No doubt for carnal and worldly minds this is difficult. But we must acknowledge that in the world it was always thus. The worldliness of the Jews, for example, deceived them with regard to the true nature of the Messiah. He was to be their king, the restorer of their nation, their wealth, their prestige, their exclusiveness. The Gentiles sat in the shadow of death without hope, they were the sons of the accursed, the idolatrous nations lost, departed from God and faith in Him never again to be restored to friendship. How their gross understanding of the true nature of Christ's work deceived them! Our Divine Lord made clear enough His mission. It was a message to souls: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? or what exchange would a man give for his soul?"

This was the vital problem, the only problem Christ came to solve, to Him all else was subservient. Those who live for themselves, their own satisfaction, the world about them, in a word for things of sense and time, do not readily grasp the importance of these truths in every day life. "But the sensual man perceiveth not these things that are of the spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him, and he cannot understand because it is spiritually examined." How well then to remind Christians of what this feast means for them that they be not deceived by the dangers about them. The Church therefore uses the exhortation of St. Paul to the Colossians: "If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, for Christ is sitting at the right hand of God; mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon earth; to recall her children to their proper relation to God and to Christ."

Having been clothed with Christ in baptism we find ourselves the objects of His tender care all our lives. The Christian is strengthened in Confirmation, cleansed in Penance and fed by God Himself in Holy Eucharist. "I am the bread of life." This is the bread which cometh down from heaven; that if any man eat of it he may not die.

Clearly there is no other way under ordinary circumstances to gain what Christ came to give us. All other sources but lead to these unless we think of the extraordinary gift given by God's own bounty under peculiar circumstances to some souls.

How important the sacraments! How important the minister of these gifts! Do our readers realize what it is for souls to lack these heavenly gifts granted them? Our work here for the Catholic missions in Canada is to know these truths and help all others to realize them. Pastors in parishes who labor in season and out of season are ever spurred on by the knowledge of them and through God's grace they have made fruitful, barren fields. With their example and success before us we are persuaded to push on and grant aid where needed. Above all we must educate and send priests to do the work of Christ among souls. This is our great work. We are so situated now that we must look to our own parishes, which are organized, for the church in districts not so favored. No other plan is possible. Knowing the appreciation of our readers for the gifts God has granted them we believe that they will continue to help Catholic Church Extension by prayer, by money, and by exhorting the young to missionary work so that others may be brought to Christ with God.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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How can we keep Jesus with us? By being courageous and resolved to suffer. Mary began a life overflowing with sorrows, the very moment the Incarnation was accomplished. The life of our Lord on earth was one long grief.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burses for subscription.

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