

northern France, and force the Germans to use the roads for the withdrawal of their heavy guns, thus delaying to a dangerous extent the process of evacuation.

THE EFFECTIVE occupation of the Argonne forest by the American and French troops, who have been battering through it for the past two weeks, is announced in General Pershing's official report dealing with Wednesday's operations and amplified in press despatches. The French and Americans came into touch on the western edge of the forest, and a continuous front now exists to a point near Grand Pre, on the Aire River. Important heights south of Marcy, in the Grand Pre sector, have been captured, together with a number of villages between the forest and the Meuse. Over two thousand additional prisoners have been captured, which makes a total of more than 6,000 during the past week. The advance northward along the Meuse, where powerful defensive lines have been encountered, may now be continued without fear of a flank attack from the Argonne Forest, with its facilities for the concealment of large bodies of troops.

THE SERBIAN March up the Valley of the Morava into Old Serbia continues without a check. The Serbs are driving before them the remnants of the Ninth Austrian Division which they defeated a few days ago near Leskovatz. The Serbs now occupy a line about fifteen miles south of Nish, the ancient Capital of the Kingdom. At Nish the enemy will make a stand if Mackensen can put life into the Austrians, who form the greater part of the troops of the Central Powers in the Balkan sphere of operations. Nish is one hundred and fifty miles due north of the point on the mountains above the Cerna, where the Bulgarian front was broken and is the most important railway centre in Serbia. From Nish the Orient Railway runs north to the Danube at Belgrade and southeast to Sofia and Constantinople. The French, who advanced up the Vardar with the Serbs, have swung to the west, and are now approaching the Montenegrin border, where the men of the hills have risen against the Austrians.

THE TURKS are murdering and pillaging in Persian Armenia preparatory to holding out their blood-stained hands in an offer of peace. Despatches from Mesopotamia record the arrival within the British lines of 47,000 Armenian, Assyrian and Russian refugees from the city of Urmiah and the district round about, who broke through the Turkish front and made their escape. Ten thousand more are still wandering in the hills or are held by the Kurds in their towns. The Turks pursued the fugitives until driven back by British cavalry. Afterward they entered Urmiah and killed two hundred persons, mostly old men. It is reported that six hundred Christian women of Urmiah have been distributed among the Turkish troops and the Moslem population of the city. General Marshall's first task will be to rid the world of a lot of filthy brutes, who have turned Armenia into a vast charnel house and given over the women of the land to a fate worse than death.—Globe Oct. 11.

RUSSIAN ORTHODOX PRIEST AND LEON TROTZKY

Newark Star Eagle, Sept. 30

Nearly twenty months ago Leon Trotzky, the man who betrayed Russia for Russian gold, was kicked down the steps of St. Vladimir's Home, East Seventeenth St., by Rev. Alexander John Chechilla, pastor of St. Michael's Orthodox Church, Van Buren and Oliver streets.

In February, 1917, Father Chechilla was pastor of the home, which is the parish house for the church bearing that name. It was at services as St. Michael's Church Sunday that the priest recalled for the benefit of his parishioners his encounters with the man who became leader of the notorious "Reds," foes of the church of Russia.

Father Chechilla was on one of the upper floors of St. Vladimir's home late Thursday afternoon that February when an attendant told him some man had been trying to enter. The priest went downstairs to investigate.

"I'm Trotzky," said a runt of a man, whom the priest could hardly discern in the darkened hallway. "and I've come to talk things over."

The lights were turned on and the priest got his first good glimpse of the intruder, who was attired in "baby summer clothing, dirty linen, shoes that were much the worse for wear. He had no overcoat, looked nervous and unclean with the eye of a maniac. His black moustache and tiny goatee gave him a ludicrous appearance.

Calling attention of the priest to the fact that the czar had been deposed, Trotzky announced himself as a member of the people's party and demanded the keys to the building as well as the combination to the safe of the bank on the ground floor.

Convinced he was talking to a madman, the priest seized him by the nape of the neck, dragged him to the door and then kicked the future ruler of Russia down the steep steps to the street.

Snarling, Trotzky picked himself up and with his gleaming teeth loomed at the priest, said:

"I will be ruler of Russia soon and can wait for my revenge."

The priest saw him a few times after that, but he was more docile than on his first visit and would have been content had he been allowed to use the printing press, which the church owned, that he might publish a paper. He was willing to let the matter of turning over the keys and surrendering the edifice wait until later. He left hurriedly one afternoon when he heard the priest telephoning for the police. Never again, to the knowledge of Father Chechilla, did he visit Newark.

SOME EDITORIAL TRIBUTES

TO THE LATE JOHN IRELAND

N. Y. Herald

Born in Ireland, reared from boyhood in this country and making his theological studies in France, there was no truer or more patriotic American than Archbishop John Ireland, of St. Paul, who has passed away only a few days after the death of Cardinal Farley.

At the outbreak of the civil war he hurried from France to be ordained, when he at once joined the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers as chaplain, and in that service was distinguished for personal bravery. Returning to St. Paul, he found it a turbulent frontier town and was so much impressed with what he saw of the evils of excessive drinking that he organized a temperance society and began the work which spread far and wide, winning for him the title of "the Father Matthew of the West."

The initiative, courage, capacity and wide human sympathy evinced in these earlier experiences marked his subsequent career, which was devoted to advocating "reason, education, liberty and the amelioration of the masses." His exhortation to a mass meeting of fifty thousand persons in St. Paul a year ago to defend their country—the greatest on earth—was vividly remembered.

John Ireland was not only a great churchman but a great and patriotic American.

THE GREAT FIGURE IN AMERICAN LIFE

N. Y. Times

Another great figure of the Church, a great figure of American life for two generations, is gone. When the young priest, John Ireland, went to Minnesota it was a community, to the Eastern imagination at least, of pioneers and Indians. He lived to see it prosperous and populous, advanced in education, in charity and the arts of civilization, with famous cities whose growth almost from a village he had watched. He had an active part in all that growth and construction. There was no worthy cause which he did not serve. And if the Cathedral of St. Paul is often spoken of as his monument, there are other and far-spread memorials, material and immaterial, of his long career.

The young chaplain of the 5th Minnesota, who tossed cartridges into the soldiers' haversacks when they were short of ammunition, was always an eager and ardent patriot. A man of salient and impressive personality, he had strong opinions, and he was not afraid to express them when he thought the well-being of the United States was threatened. His vigorous common sense was impatient of the silver dreams of Mr. Bryan, and he smote the 16 to 1 delusion with no sparing hand. A great friend of Mr. Roosevelt, he denounced the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, especially the judicial recall.

Let us pray the God of nations that there be no sacrilegious hand laid upon the courts, impairing their independence or lowering their majesty.

He was a Republican. It was through him that Mr. Taft was enabled to arrive at his settlement of the thorny question of the friars' lands in the Philippines.

It was sometimes said by those who disagreed with him in politics, or whose toes he had trodden on otherwise, that Archbishop Ireland was too much of a politician. He was a politician, so far as he was one, because he was a good and wise and patriotic American. He was a good American when he opposed German parochial public schools long before most of us saw the danger of German propaganda in the United States. He was a good American in his readiness for every public service, in his noble public spirit. Who can forget his speech to the Belgian War Mission a year ago last Fourth of July?

If need be, the one hundred million people of the United States are ready to lay down their lives for the cause of humanity and restoration of the rights of these devastated people.

He was on the verge of his eightieth year, but his fire was undimmed. "The man should not live," he told the Minnesota naval recruits, "who does not love and cherish his country, and our country is that great assembly of men running from the Atlantic to the Pacific who call themselves Americans."

For whatever reason, Archbishop Ireland, whose influence, position, talents, and services to the Church made his promotion to be Cardinal seem natural, died without that honor. Without reference to a curious episode of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, it is enough to say that from Leo XI. it is time that red hat seemed destined for the great Minnesota. It was not to be. He was worthy of any honor. He was justly honored by Americans, irrespective of origin or creed.

SEVERE LOSS TO COUNTRY AS WELL AS TO CHURCH

N. Y. World

Church and country sustain another severe loss in the death of Archbishop Ireland. A fighting young chaplain in Civil War days, he continued throughout his long life a militant priest, a natural leader of men and a powerful administrator. Exerting his intellectual and moral influence far beyond the limits of his own diocese and his own faith as the head of a see which in his childhood was on the frontier of civilization, he gained world-wide fame.

It is reported that Archbishop Ireland had already been named to the Cardinalate and that the announcement of that high honor awaited only the observance of certain formalities. Whether this be true or not, it is practically certain that he would have been made a prince of the Church long ago if Mr. Roosevelt, when President, had not unwisely attempted, through Mr. Bellamy Storer, to bring pressure to bear upon the Vatican in his behalf.

Archbishop Ireland was more than a priest and more than a prelate. He was a great patriotic character, dominant to the last. In any sphere of life he would have been successful. By his death the State no less than the Church is deprived of a commanding personality, strong in the support of both.

CATHOLIC IN EVERY FIBRE AMERICAN OF AMERICANS

N. Y. Sun

John Ireland was as distinctively American as if he had been the scion of successive American generations. His Irish infancy—in that diocese of Osceola which gave so many distinguished men to the Roman Catholic Church—and his education in France were but a small part of his long and useful life. From 1861, when he became a priest and went to the war as a chaplain of a Minnesota regiment, his work had been almost entirely concerned with Americans or Americans to be. He was still interested in Ireland, and the helping of its people to come here and be good Americans. He was devoted to his Church and particularly concerned in seeing that his flock, by his Catholics, added to the honor of State and Church.

Undoubtedly it was Ireland's deep admiration of the country of his adoption that caused him to feel, with Father Hecker, the importance of American Catholicism and its good example in the sight of the rest of Christendom. If he did ever "conceive and desire a church in America different from that which is the rest of the world," it was only in the sense that his zeal for the spiritual advancement and reputation of Catholic Americans made him strive to put them spiritually ahead of their coreligionists in other lands.

Archbishop Ireland belonged to the church militant and to America militant. As long ago as ten years he brought to Washington an eloquent appeal for his country's better preparedness: "Though I am in favor of peace and a firm believer in arbitration, I have never allowed myself through any illusion to believe through that source we can always avoid war." From the beginning of the present war the Archbishop was unwavering in his stand against the invader of Belgium and in his support of Cardinal Mercier.

Archbishop Ireland was a man who possessed great public influence and he never misused it. His power with Rome he exercised to found a great university here. His own wealth he spent to make the poor happy. It would be hard to name more than one Catholic prelate who has done so much in his generation, to help at once his country and his Church.

PATRIOTIC EMOTION

REQUIEM MASS GIVES SETTING IN WHICH THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BECOMES SUBLIME EXPRESSION OF PATRIOTISM

By Martin Green

Staff Correspondent of the N. Y. Evening World

During the funeral services over the remains of Cardinal Farley I heard the strains of the "The Star-Spangled Banner" rendered by a naval brass band reverberate through the vaulted interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral. With 20,000 others I stood and listened and it seemed to me that perhaps the playing of the anthem in St. Patrick's conveyed more to me in the way of an impression than to any other person present, for it brought to my mind the first time I ever heard the air played in a Catholic Church abroad and the first time I ever thought that the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was really music. I believe today, and I shall always believe, that the air of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the most heart-stirring and pulse-accelerating American air we have.

Up to the 30th of last May I shared the belief of many Americans that the music of our National Anthem was more or less on the order of alleged music. I had heard it sung by 10,000 men at a grand gala and by renowned tenors and by college glee clubs and by quartets and by great community choruses, and I had heard it played by all sorts of musical organizations and it had gone over my head. Perhaps the feeling of indifference I entertained was due in a measure to the fact that I couldn't sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" if I were to

be paid a million dollars for the accomplishment, and didn't know all the words, anyhow, and few Americans can sing it, at that. But I know now that to appreciate the anthem it is not necessary to be able to sing it. The sole necessity for unbounded appreciation is to hear it played and sung under circumstances calculated to give birth to realization that it is an undying anthem which will inflame and aid patriotism in the minds of lovers of freedom for ages to come.

The circumstances requisite to the awakening of any mind to the beauty and appeal of the American national anthem were all present in the beautiful church of the Madeleine in Paris on Memorial Day of this year. A Mass for the repose of the souls of Americans who had died fighting for France had been arranged by members of the American colony in Paris and officers of the United States army. Other memorial services were held in Paris and in other cities in France that day, but that in the Madeleine was the most impressive and held the widest appeal because, while it had been planned by Americans, the details and the execution were all in the hands of French clergy and laymen and the venerable Cardinal of Rouen, who had remained in his devastated city since the beginning of the war to watch over his ruined cathedral, had agreed to deliver the memorial address.

The great auditorium of the church which is a windowless, rectangular structure, with a roof forming three graceful domes, was packed from the altar rails to the doors at 10 o'clock in the morning. Outside a crowd of thousands swarmed on the steps and spread out into the open space where the Rue Royale joins the Grand Boulevards. The congregation was made up largely of men in uniform and women in mourning. The uniforms were those of all the Allied armies, and there were present many high officers whose gold and silver insignia and decorations glittered in the flood of artificial light which streamed from elaborate candelabra suspended from the ceiling. The high altar, a magnificent work of art, gleamed softly in the glow of hundreds of candles, and it was so far away from those in the rear of the church that the figures of the priest and deacon and sub-deacons and acolytes engaged in the celebration of the Mass appeared almost diminutive.

The Church of the Madeleine has the best choir in Paris, the membership of the choir is a boy soprano who has a voice of remarkable sweetness and power.

Music is furnished by the great organ, which is equipped with an echo arrangement, and by an orchestra of violins, cellos, bass violins and harps. The orchestra and choir are stationed in a choir loft toward the front of the church.

LONG RANGE SHELLS FALL DURING THE SERVICE

The memorial Mass was a beautiful ceremony embellished with interpolated sacred music. The Germans were shelling Paris with their long distance gun on Memorial Day, and the ceremonies in the church were punctuated several times by the noise of the exploding shells arriving in the city from a gun placed sixty miles away. One of these dramatic interruptions took place during the elevation of the host. A shell exploded near the church as the officiating priest raised his arms to deliver the blessing. Not a bowed head was raised, not a movement of alarm was made in the tightly packed congregation or in the throng outside. Later in the day one of the German shells struck the rear of the church and decapitated the statue of a saint in a niche in the wall, but during the morning services the German explosives fell far enough away to convey to the worshippers only a message from the enemy.

The composition of the congregation under shell fire was in itself remarkable because on Good Friday, during the day one of the shells exploded in another part of Paris, great loss of life had been caused by a German shell which crashed through the roof. The quiet thousands bowed in prayer as missiles of death were hurled in their direction, furnished a striking illustration of the spirit of the Allies—a spirit undaunted and beyond the reach of the infuriated terror.

Toward the close of the Mass there was a pause in the proceedings. The congregation inside and outside the edifice was kneeling. Through the open door came the subdued hum of the street life of Paris.

Suddenly the organ began a soft prelude. There was something familiar in the rippling music which followed the passage of the hands of the organist over the keys. The orchestra in turn took up the melody and then the boy with the glorious voice, a white-clad little figure at the front of the organ loft, began to sing.

Instantly the worshippers arose, American officers stood at salute, their eyes directed toward an American flag which, touching the colors of France, hung suspended over the altar. French officers quickly raised their hands to their foreheads and British and Belgian and Italian soldiers joined in the tribute to the Stars and Stripes.

"Oh, say can you see," sang the boy, "by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hail at the twilight's gleaming."

There was a sympathetic, almost

exposition of the music that lies in our national anthem. But it was not until the notes of this vocal and instrumental effort had died away that we Americans received the real thrill of the day—a thrill which was shared by men and women of all bloods and nationalities in the standing, attentive throng.

The great organ took up the air of the anthem. The violins followed, then the harps; gradually the full strength of the orchestra was invoked and finally the organ chimed in, and the choir added its volume of boys' and men's voices and the very walls of the church vibrated with the crashing conclusion. "Oh, say, does the Star-Spangled Banner yet wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

Only the boy soprano sang in English. The others sang in French, but the words carried expression in that language. The master musician in charge had orchestrated the anthem in a way to bring to all who heard it the same feeling of introduction to something new in something long familiar that animated me.

At the conclusion of the tribute to the United States and the soldiers of the land who have given their lives for France I looked about me rather sadly, for I had been rubbing the back of my hand across my eyes. The men to my right were crying. Tears were streaming down the cheeks of the American to my left. Women all about held handkerchiefs to their eyes. Tears glistened on the lashes of an American girl in the crowd of American girls wearing the uniforms of war workers were sobbing without restraint. Not until the ceremony on the altar was resumed and the music of the Mass took the place of the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was the strain broken.

Finally the Cardinal of Rouen, clad in his purple robes of office, ascended to the pulpit and faced the congregation. He is a man in whose face is combined the expression of a soldier and a priest. In simple but eloquent words he voiced the gratitude of the French people to the United States. He paid a brief touching tribute to the heroes who had come across the sea to die for the cause of liberty. He stretched out his arms in blessing. The memorial service was over, and all who had attended the Star-Spangled Banner had been reborn.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

CATHOLICITY IN ACTION

"There are many other things which most justly keep me within the bosom of the Church, the succession of priests from the installation of Peter the Apostle, to whom Our Lord after His resurrection entrusted the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Last of all, there holds me the very name of Catholic which not without reason so closely attaches to the Church amid the heresies which surround it that although all heretics would fain be called Catholics, still if any stranger should ask where the Catholic service is held, not one of these heretics would dare to point to his own convective."

The very name of Catholic is a name of which we are proud. No other can justly claim it, no other has it. "Blessed I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world," said Christ. It is an evidence of the Holy Ghost who amidst the many follies of the world watches, protects, and extends on this earth the interests of Jesus Christ. The great St. Augustine in the above passage triumphantly pointed out that one momentous fact on which the Catholic faith is based, proof of right faith. We are therefore heirs of those heavenly treasures which Christ left in the world.

All this affords us without doubt, conclusions that are very real. But do we realize also that our position naturally carries with it very serious obligations? How is it that the Church extended herself among all nations? Was it not due to the fact that certain of her members realized the duties which Christ left to be fulfilled? Here and there the Apostles, the cost of their lives went that the truths which God gave them might be known, here and there energetic bishops, priests, yes—and the ordinary laity—carried faith, implanting the seed, the word of God, among those who did not possess it, and therefore gave evidence that the work of Christ was for all men.

But is it not equally a fact that there are very many who practically believe that beyond possessing the realities of Catholicity themselves nothing more is required of them? Are they not like the rich man who possessing much himself thinks nothing of the wants and needs of his neighbors? Each one of us should have some actual, every-day practice towards the spreading of the Gospel. Manifestly are the means we have in our parishes, the daily ever pressing needs for churches, church equipment, ordinary church expenditure; we have these practical devotions that are our daily sources of comfort and grace; we have our schools to keep up and improve; there is the call for the aged, the poor, the sick. All this is our work. Do we faithfully do what we are asked for these holy and very necessary means of consolidating

and spreading our faith? If we do not we certainly are neglecting our very first duties to the Church. How can we love that faith, that heavenly treasure, which God has entrusted to us if we do not interest ourselves in these great and pressing needs? But let us suppose that we do all these things willingly and cheerfully. What more is required? It is required of us that we think also of those who have no means such as these to help them? Perhaps they are without priests, without church, scattered and unorganized. Can we help them? Yes, absolutely! First of all by prayer—pray the Lord of the Vineyard that He send labourers into His Vineyard—pray that God may send on endowed with those special graces which are needed in the missionary life to minister to those who need His Holy Gifts. Say some small prayer each day for that purpose. Let it be a part, even if a small part of your morning and evening prayers. Secondly speak to your friends about this work, discuss it with them, read about the Church's work in those lands where the Church has barely a hold, talk over the needs of our own country. Catholics have the graces needed to save the souls that are around them. Some care nothing it is true about these heavenly gifts, but others do. Let us help those who are willing to share our blessings. Last week we brought to your notice the lot of the Ruthenians in the West. Do you not realize that something must be done? We of the Extension have brought forward the realities of the situation. Will you help us solve it? The scattered Catholics of the West, many of them growing careless for lack of clergy need our help.

What can you do? Last week a lady came to the Office and gave us One Thousand Dollars to educate one priest for the West. Surely God will bless the gift and the giver.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

DONATIONS

Previously acknowledged..... \$850 00

In honor of Infant Jesus and Blessed Mother..... 4 00

A. M. F. T..... 5 00

MASS INTENTIONS

E. G. P., Ottawa..... 2 00

SPANISH INFLUENZA

Effective methods of combating the Spanish influenza must be mainly personal. The Provincial health authorities are justified in advising that there should be a minimum of disturbance in the normal life of a community. Extreme measures such as the closing of schools, churches, and places of amusement and public resorts have had no appreciable effect in Boston, where the malady has been specially prevalent. In large cities precautions of this kind would be offset by the necessity of using street cars. Certainly in Toronto no other agency brings so many people into such close contact. But although it is not a time for panic, the situation is serious, owing to the highly epidemic character of the malady. Each person can aid in fighting it by taking particular care of his health and building up his powers of resistance. The best preventive is fresh air, combined with exercise. Those who are in good health should be able to avoid crowds as much as possible will stand a better chance of escaping the infection than those who pay no attention to the rules laid down by the medical authorities. The Surgeon General of the United States Army has issued the following set of terse instructions, useful as preventives and specifics:

- (1) Avoid needless crowding—Influenza is a crowd disease.
- (2) Smother your cough and sneeze—others do not want the germs which you would blow away.
- (3) Your nose, not your mouth, was made to breathe through—get the habit.
- (4) Remember the three C's—a clean mouth, clean skin, and clean clothes.
- (5) Try to keep cool when you walk and warm when you ride and sleep.
- (6) Open the windows—always at home at night; at the office when practicable.
- (7) Food will win the war if you give it a chance—help by choosing and chewing your food well.
- (8) Your fate may be in your own hands—wash your hands before eating.
- (9) Don't let the waste products of digestion accumulate—drink a glass or two of water on getting up.
- (10) Don't use a napkin, towel, spoon, fork, glass, or cup which has been used by another person and not washed.
- (11) Avoid tight clothes, tight shoes, tight gloves—seek to make nature your ally, not your prisoner.
- (12) When the air is pure breathe all of it you can—breathe deeply.

These rules have been published by the Health Department of New York city as an advertisement in the newspapers. They are applicable everywhere.—Globe.

A man who is governed by mild-

THOUSANDS MARCH IN PROCESSION

AT CATHOLIC CONGRESS

Special to The Advertiser

Windsor, Oct. 9.—Between 5,000 and 6,000 people, including nearly 100 church dignitaries, participated in the ceremonial procession here at 11:30 this morning, in connection with the opening of the seventh annual Eucharistic congress of the London Diocese. The gathering comprised children and adults, members of the Knights of Columbus, students of Assumption College, the Catholic Order of Foresters, C.M.B.A., Lullian, St. Joseph, Lesatians, and other Catholic organizations. The procession, a mile in length, started from the Immaculate Conception Church, where the congress is being held and proceeded through the streets to the various Catholic institutions located here. The route was lined with thousands; the Papal colors and Canadian emblems were greatly in evidence; the Blessed Sacrament was carried by Bishop Fallon.

BISHOP FALLON ASSISTS

Altar boys carried lighted candles and hundreds of flower girls dressed in spotless white, distributed flowers along the line of march. The procession stopped at both St. Joseph's and St. Edward's schools, where the benediction was pronounced by Monsignor Aylward of Saratoga. The congress was opened at 5:30 this morning with low Masses followed two hours later by services for the children, and at 9:30 by the pontifical Mass celebrated by Bishop Fallon, assisted by Dean McKee of London. The deacons of honor were Rev. Father John P. Brennan and Rev. Father Francis McDonnell.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon the 18th annual eucharistic conference of the Priests Eucharistic League opened in the Immaculate Conception Church at which addresses were given by Rev. Father Doe, Rev. Father Ford, Rev. Father Parent, Rev. Father Neville, Very Rev. Dean Downey. At 4 o'clock the children will visit the Blessed Sacrament and be addressed by the Bishop.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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:

1. Sacred Heart Bursar.
2. Blessed Sacrament Bursar.
3. Holy Name of Jesus Bursar.
4. Queen of Apostles Bursar.
5. Immaculate Conception Bursar.
6. Comforter of the Afflicted Bursar.
7. St. Francis Xavier Bursar.
8. St. Anthony Bursar.
9. Holy Souls Bursar.
10. Little Flower Bursar.

SACRED HEART BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$170 00
Mrs. Cassons, Sudbury..... 1 00
In memory of Rev. Fr. McCormack, Ashfield..... 10 00
Subscriber, Florence, N. S..... 5 00
Thos. O'Regan, Lakeland, N. S. 2 00
A. M. F. T..... 5 00
S. F. McDonald, Halifax..... 1 00

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE

Previously acknowledged \$1,005 00
M. A. Lane, Jersey City..... 10 00

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$15 00

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$10 00

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$5 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$10 00

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$5 00
J. F. X. Quinn, Uncalesville..... 10 00

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$17 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$11 00

LITTLE FLOWER BURSE

Previously acknowledged..... \$12 00

Pain and grief clear the mind and help man to know himself. Trouble sweeps away as a mist all doubts and false living, and leaves man to see himself just as he is. Hence, he can study his motives, his tendencies, his character honestly. When trouble comes, when loneliness or grief approaches, when a dark day dawns, be glad that there is a chance for self-study, for stock-taking, for clearing up, for a moral and spiritual house-cleaning.