

MARCH 3, 1917

hopelessly involved. Finally he will give the decisive voice on the question of Ireland, on which question he and the nation can as little afford to delay as on that of the submarine blockade.

The Roscommon election, though unique in its conditions, is a symptom of growing unrest throughout all Ireland. In the delay in establishing Home Rule the responsibility is thrown, especially by faction agents and reactionary enemies of Home Rule posing as super patriots, upon the Irish party. Thus their position at the moment is considerably shaken and it may be that Lloyd George's answer to their demands will be the parting of the ways in his own career and the careers of all Irish leaders, for further delay must mean a growing tendency for sullen revolt developing into local disturbance rather than rebellion, and the goals of the old regime, perhaps even scaffolds, will be the answer of the British government.

It is still possible, and I should say comparatively easy for Lloyd George to find the solution which will save himself, Ireland and England as well from such a disastrous conflict, but this action must be prompt, decisive and fearless. In the meantime I give herewith a sketch of this remarkable man's form of oratory.

I have been asked by the editor to write an article on the oratory of Mr. Lloyd George. It is a subject with which I am familiar; and yet I do not know any harder subject to tackle than the oratory of any great speaker. Oratory is a combination of so many various factors; first, of course, the brain of the speaker; then the power and form of expression; then the temperament; and you must add to all these things of less intrinsic importance and yet equally necessary, namely, appearance, voice and gesture. Take away from the oratory of Gladstone the flashing black eyes, the melodious and perfectly tuned voice, the sweeping gesture, and above all, the noble and magnificent face, and you would have taken away a great deal of the effect which his mere words and thoughts conveyed.

So I might go on with other orators; suffice it for the moment to say that when you are trying to realize an orator you must take note of all the factors that go to make him. I will begin in Mr. Lloyd George's case by speaking of factors known better to his friends than to the general public. I put first among these a very keen sense of the dramatic. I have heard him give a description of a meeting as vivid, with character so well hit off, with incident so well told, that you might well imagine that you had been present yourself at the meeting. The second quality, not well known to the public, is a very remarkable power of mimicry. He can repeat not only the language of a speaker, but very often he can give you the voice, the accent, the gesture even.

Of course he is at his best with a Welsh speaker, but I have heard him imitate and reproduce personalities and accents far removed from his own. Thirdly, he has a marvellous memory, and memory is one of the great aids to oratory. If you have told Lloyd George a story once, you must never repeat it to him; he interrupts you before you have spoken a sentence, and repeats the whole story to you again. He can astound sometimes his secretaries by referring to some passages in a speech or incident in history by proving that he has recollected what they all had forgotten. I don't know that he is very good at dates, but he is extraordinary about faces and personalities. Somehow or other his quick eye, quick apprehension of character, dramatic sense seem to enable him to observe, and then to remember the features, the language and dimly to realize the character of everybody with whom he comes in contact—often even when they are in a big crowd. A trick of voice, a manner of speech, a prominent feature of an individual stamp itself on that photographic brain, so that often you get the idea of a whole character when the mimetic and humorous observer reproduces it.

One more of the qualifications of the orator I must mention, for it is one of the essentials, namely, the voice. This is one of Mr. Lloyd George's most powerful instruments in influencing audiences. It has the softness of the typical Celt, but it has also the deep thunderous note that can menace and even cow. These deeper notes are so natural to Mr. Lloyd George that often you hear them even in private conversation. Simple, unaffected, easy going in private life, even pleasantly discursive and interested in the small personal as well as the big public things of life, Mr. Lloyd George nevertheless becomes dramatic and even rhetorical, often quite unexpectedly. I breakfasted with him once during a critical moment since the opening of the War when the question under discussion was the supply of ammunition. I need not go into the now well known ghastly story; but suffice it to say that Mr. Lloyd George suddenly burst into Mr. Churchill's, in some respects his finer passages, resemble Lord Morley's great moments more than those of any other contemporary orator. But before he gets to one of these wonderful outbursts Mr. Lloyd George labours often very heavily. It is part of a nature, which though daring, yet has all the ups and downs of a nervous temperament, that Mr. Lloyd George rarely begins well, except when he is forced to utter brief impromptu. He himself has often said to me—equally applicable to his oratory and to his golf—"I'm a

emergency if it had not been that the even and easy flow of ordinary converse had not been interrupted by this sudden and devastating outburst of vehement speech vehemently delivered.

The next characteristic which lies behind the oratory of Mr. Lloyd George is his keen sense of the beauty and the value of words, and I should add the virtue of melody of words. This is perhaps due in part to that love and talent for music which is so common among Welshmen. With Mr. Lloyd George Welsh music extends from the organ recital to the Welsh or the Scotch ballad, down to even a silly but humorous music-hall song. He rushes with eagerness—even across country and in busy times—to hear a Welsh sermon; he said to me that he preferred listening to a good sermon even to going to a good play, and the volume of Welsh sermons, and often he will spend half an afternoon in repeating to you passages from Welsh sermons—especially passages full of that striking imagery which is akin to the Celtic temperament and so often colours his own perorations. I remember the emphasis and enjoyment with which I have heard him repeat such a passage as this—the Welsh preacher was talking of the greed and shortsightedness of the avaricious rich, "while," he said, "the sun is drying the wood for their coffins." As pronounced by Mr. Lloyd George the words had something of the dreadful ring of the apocalypse.

Then comes another of the secrets of Mr. Lloyd George's effectiveness. That is his intense power and irresistible tendency to seek the generalization in the individual and the concrete. I am told by his countrymen that as he and they wander about the neighborhood of his Welsh home, Mr. Lloyd George will point to this cottage and then to that, and will tell not merely the name but the domestic conditions of each of the inhabitants; and the poorer they are, the more difficult their circumstances, the more intimately he knows their story, and the more he feels about them. It was thus he used to speak when he was carrying through his Insurance Act. It was not to him a collection of statistical tables and bloodless figures; behind these things stood the shadows of the individual poor he had known, and the ghosts of hunger, sickness and unemployment which in turn torment and tend to individualize that accounts at once for the wrath and the admiration which some of his best known speeches have produced. When he started his Land Campaign he illustrated most of his points by individual reference; the wrath and the admiration equalled each other; and in that way were equal proof of the directness and power of the oratorical appeal. I give one instance—I don't choose it willingly because it recalls one of those violent moments of domestic conflict which we all want to forget; it occurred at a stage of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. That measure was pursuing its listless way through the House of Commons, nobody very much interested in it outside the Welsh members; when Mr. Lloyd George intervened, and dealing with the charge of confiscation and sacrilege, spoke of the great families which had been given by Henry VIII, the Abbey lands, and suiting the action to the word of Mr. Lloyd George spoke of their descendants in the House of Commons at that moment as having their hands "dripping with the fat of sacrilege." It is difficult to describe the tumult of the words produced in the House; but what is more important, it was that sentence which for the first time brought behind the Welsh Bill some passionate excitement among the British masses. It was the dramatization of the general principle which reached the popular mind.

If you peruse his speeches with this clue, you will find the explanation of their extraordinary appeal to the masses. It is also the explanation of another fact little known as yet even to Mr. Lloyd George's countrymen; and that is the extraordinary popularity of his speeches in other countries. No orator of his time has been so often translated, so abundantly read by Continental countries. Their appeals to the conditions of the "under dog" have made some of his speeches handbooks in a new gospel of Democracy to the democrats of many other nations beside his own. Every continental paper has looked eagerly for a speech of his and produced them often in full in their columns. This is one of the many reasons why his name is so much better than that of any other British speaker of his times.

And now for the defects. He is often a jagged and ragged speaker. Until he gets to his particular moment of inspiration he is apparently quite formless and careless of form. There is in his oratory none of the chiselled and perfect symmetry of Mr. Asquith's classic speech; there is none of the even literary elegance of the speeches of Mr. Winston Churchill; in some respects his finer passages, resemble Lord Morley's great moments more than those of any other contemporary orator. But before he gets to one of these wonderful outbursts Mr. Lloyd George labours often very heavily. It is part of a nature, which though daring, yet has all the ups and downs of a nervous temperament, that Mr. Lloyd George rarely begins well, except when he is forced to utter brief impromptu. He himself has often said to me—equally applicable to his oratory and to his golf—"I'm a

bad starter." Sometimes his style is loosely conversational almost to an exasperating degree. I have heard him begin a dozen sentences in succession with "well now." And he is never really good at exposition. He gathers fire and strength only as he goes along, and as a rule the endings of his speech are ever so much better than the beginnings. He prepares more than people think; though in the fierce hurry of his life he often has to speak with very little preparation; and often he is then at his best. In the midst of these ragged sentences he gradually bursts out into one of those passages which become household words the very next day and will never be forgotten. I warned my readers that it is difficult to analyze the qualities of an orator—especially for those to whom his bodily presence is not familiar, and I feel rather as if I had been an anatomical lecturer trying to build up from a skeleton the idea of the living being of flesh and blood. Perhaps I may correct that impression by substituting for my own language that of my subject. Here is a passage which I think is Mr. Lloyd George at his best and also in his most characteristic mood; it is from the speech on the War and its issues which he delivered on Sept. 19, 1914.

"We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation, the great peaks we had forgotten—of Honour, Duty, Patriotism, and clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again; but as long as the men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of those mighty peaks whose foundations are not shaken, though Europe rock and shewn in the convulsions of a great War."

THE NUNS

WINTER IN A FLEMISH BARN

London, (Eng.) Times

A barn stands in a field, a few yards back from the chaussee which leads to the trenches. Flemish barns are small, thin-roofed structures, usually thatched with the winter straw, how dolefully the ground floor usually accommodates the pigs, which no peasant, however poor, is without, the poultry, and the garners of the field—potatoes, beans, onions, and cabbage. The loft contains the fodder which keeps the cow through the winter.

This particular barn at one time contained similar farm-stock. On grey winter mornings, when the fog clung to the trees and spread over the stunted shrubberies, the peasant wife would stand inside its open door threshing the beans with a great unwieldy flail. In the sty, hard by, the pigs grunted. Before the door the fowls gossiped. In the summer the scene was much the same, except for the absence of the greyness and fog and the increased size of the pigs and fowls. A monotonous contentment held the place until one day, when the sun blazed down on the plains and the barges on the canal basked in the heat, word came to the peasant wife that all was not well with her country.

That was the beginning of the change. The barn was desolate during the early autumn months after that August day. The peasant wife was safe in France when the new occupants arrived hurriedly and settled in the cottage. And soon all the cottages round about were filled, and still new occupants arrived.

One night, when the fields lay brown beneath the harvest moon, a dozen homeless stragglers stopped before the door, where the peasant wife used to stand. Their journey had been long and tortuous. Through clumps of forest, over ploughed fields, across streams, and past solemn rows of barges which everywhere dot the canals in Flanders, came this strange human procession, their eyes wide in wonderment at the sights which met them. They walked with difficulty, for their long black skirts trailed heavily in the sodden fields. One of them had seen eighty-three winters. She could not walk, and had not walked for many months. Her journey was made in a wheelbarrow, which the others in turn trundled.

This was part of a colony of nuns who about near Bruges had to be abandoned when the enemy marched into Belgium. Their first glimpse of the world outside their sacred walls was when their own countrymen were brought to Bruges wounded. They were obliged to pass by the convent, and many received their first dressings from the hands of the black-robed sisters. Others, too, on their way to battle, stopped at the gate to receive refreshment. Some four or five hundred came every day, or weeks, and were looked after by the nineteen nuns—for, although prosperous, the colony was small.

The nineteen left their home together the night they started out to find a new lodging in the part of the country where the enemy had not yet penetrated. Seven became separated, and wandered aimlessly about the fields. They never reached the small corner which has been kept free from the German heel, and

are now somewhere within the area from which no news comes. These were the 12 refugees who passed before the barn door. They occupied the barn for many weary months. For a bed, they had the bare loft, with a thin layer of straw; for a coverlet, a strip of carpet from their chapel. The Government allowed each 30 centimes a day for the purchase of such food as could be purchased. It was mainly potatoes. Their neighbours were mostly refugees like themselves, and could give them but little help. But they managed to exist through the first winter months, even the old Marie, who was carried in the wheelbarrow. These months brought more unaccustomed sights to their eyes. For that part in Flanders, though not actually invaded, was within range of the enemy's guns and within the airman's radius. The barn escaped both bombs and shells, though the fields round about were ploughed with them. In the spring the nuns were discovered by an Englishwoman who motored up and soon afterwards established a depot a stone's throw away.

BISHOP DE LA MORA TELLS OF ARREST

San Antonio, Feb. 9, 1917.—Bishop de la Mora has just arrived in San Antonio, where he received a hearty and joyous welcome from numerous friends of the clergy and laity whose friendship and high esteem he has won during his former sojourn in the city.

The following is a translation of his account of his arrest, imprisonment and subsequent exile. He has been supplied, in substance, by the Bishop himself: Some six months ago Bishop de la Mora had been driven into exile by the threats of the Carrancistas and had made his temporary home in San Antonio, determined to risk his liberty and even his life by visiting his diocese where, as he was reliably informed, his presence was greatly needed by his suffering flock, deprived, as many of them were, of the consolations of religion. Arrived at Zacatecas, he went quietly about the performance of his episcopal duties, preaching the Divine Word and administering the sacrament of confirmation to innumerable children. During his preaching and other ministrations, however, he was careful to avoid saying anything that might even wound the feelings of the Carrancistas or afford the government the slightest pretext for interfering with him or his work. On the contrary he sought, as far as possible, to inspire confidence in the honesty of his intentions, so that he might be allowed to carry on his spiritual labors without hindrance.

While thus engaged in the peaceful exercises of the ministry, Bishop de la Mora was arrested on January 4th in the town of Monte Escobedo. The report that reached this country stated that the town had been captured by the Carrancistas after a battle with Villista troops, and gave the impression that the Bishop had been consorting with and lending aid to the Villistas, hence his arrest. This story is entirely false; there was no battle, no capture, the town was quite peaceful and the Bishop was there in the ordinary course of his duty, the place being within his diocese. The pretext alleged for his arrest was that the Bishop had refused to pay that heavy "loan" that had been imposed upon him by representatives of a de facto government.

On the day of his arrest Bishop de la Mora was conducted by an armed guard of soldiers to Mesquite, where he was imprisoned in a half ruined room without door or pavement. Three days afterwards he was taken back to Monte Escobedo, and then to Colatlan where he was first immured in an unclean room of a barrack; afterwards upon the urgent solicitation of the Catholic people he was removed to a room somewhat better furnished at military headquarters. After eight days of confinement there, the Bishop was placed between files of soldiers and, with all the precautions usually taken to guard a dangerous criminal, was conveyed to the city of Zacatecas. After a painful journey of four days the Bishop entered his See city at noon on the 17th of January, surrounded by four hundred soldiers and with four armed guards on either side of him. General de Santiago, with his staff and other public officials, marched at the head of the procession, which transported the Bishop to his quarters. An immense crowd of Catholics accompanied and followed their chief pastor through the streets, filling the air with loud protests and lamentations, but making no hostile movement for fear of endangering the life of the Bishop. It was an

incredible scene, a day of mourning and desolation among the good Catholics of Zacatecas. For three days more the Bishop was confined strictly "incommunicado,"—that is, without being permitted any communication with the outside world. On Saturday, Jan. 20th, he was brought before the Governor of Zacatecas, who, after talking with the prelate, freely admitted that he was charged with no particular political offense, but declared that the mission of a Catholic Bishop, who was bound in the course of his duty to oppose divorce laws, laical (that is, infidel) teaching in the schools, etc., is directly opposed to the policy of the de facto government; that full liberty of speech cannot be permitted during the period of reconstruction, and for these reasons Bishop de la Mora must depart into exile.

The Bishop was then released, the Governor demanding of him no other guarantee than that he would leave the country than his own word of honor and his promise to send a message to the Governor on his arrival at Laredo, Texas. From the time when the news of the Bishop's arrest was spread abroad, up to the day of his release, many Catholic gentlemen of Mexico City, Zacatecas, Aguascalientes, Guadalajara, Queretaro and San Luis Potosi, as well as innumerable women, used all their influence to prevent the threatened execution of the Bishop, and finally secured a promise from the de facto government that his life would be spared. The people of his diocese of Zacatecas and countless others in the Mexican Republic and the United States constantly offered prayers in his behalf. To all these influences, and to the powerful intercession of the American Government in response to the numerous earnest appeals of clergy and people, the Bishop ascribes the preservation of his life and the restoration of his liberty.—New World.

Home and heaven—priceless gifts of a God who strangely loves us—to the Christian, are not the words synonymous? It's given to us to speak only in crude, anthropomorphic fashion; we measure, in word and in thought, the infinitudes of worlds beyond according to human standards, grotesque, even unto absurdity, in the light that is to be. And thus, heaven is home.

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WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH IRELAND

(Published by request of a dear and esteemed friend)

"O Soggarth Aroon! sure I know life is fleeting; Soon, soon, in the strange earth my poor bones will lie; I have said my last prayer, and received my last blessing, And if the Lord's willing I'm ready to die. But, Soggarth Aroon, can I never again see The valleys and hills of my dear native land? When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow, Will it pass through old Ireland to join the blest band?"

"O Soggarth Aroon, sure I know that in heaven The loved ones are waiting and watching for me, And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them, In those realms of joy, 'mid souls pure and free; Yes, Soggarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever, Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul, Whose hope, next to God, is to know that when leaving 'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way to its goal."

"O Soggarth Aroon, I have kept through all changes The thrice-blessed shamrock to lay on my clay; And, oh! it has minded me often and often, Of that bright smiling valley, so far, far away. Then tell me, I pray you, will I never again see The place where it grew on my own native sod? When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger, Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to our God?"

CELTCIC MONUMENT

ERECTED TO THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN ROCHE

The Daily News (St. John's, Nfld.)

On Wednesday last, Feb. 7th, one more tribute of respect and filial devotedness was paid to the memory of the late Very Rev. Dean Roche, deeply regretted and much beloved Pastor of Witless Bay, when a beautiful Celtic monument was placed over his remains. In the order of things, this is the last mark of affection placed over the grave of a departed friend. In this case, though last in order, it is by no means so in the fitness of things. It is right that a monument—this outward symbol of devotedness—and one after his own heart, should mark the earthly remains of one who worked so untrigingly, and so disinterestedly in the interests of his people. Yet this is only a passing testimony, because it is well known that he has already erected a monument imperishable—one which shall never succumb to decay—in the hearts of his people.

The monument was selected by Rev. C. A. McCarthy, P. P. Tor's Cove—the Dean's friend, who was his curate for twelve years. The inscription and finishing touches were put on it by John T. Kelly, Muir's Monumental Works, who imported it. There were present at its erection Rev. Father McCarthy, P. P. Tor's Cove; John T. Kelly, Sculptor, and a host of friends. At Father McCarthy's request, willing hands came and ably assisted Mr. Kelly in the work of erection. The monument is of Irish granite, 9 feet 6 inches high, beautifully executed and suitably inscribed. It is of ancient Celtic design. The front of the cross is enhanced by the inclusion of ornamental work, known as "Irish interlacing." The monument is an exquisite work of art and reflects the highest credit on those whose work it is.

The inscription is as follows:

FRONT "In loving memory of Very Rev. Nicholas Roche, Parish Priest of Witless Bay, and Dean of the archdiocese of St. John's, who died June 14th, 1916, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and forty-ninth of his sacred ministry."

RIGHT SIDE "He was born in Livinstown, Parish of Balthangan, County Wexford, Ireland; was educated at St. Patrick's College, Carlow, and St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's; was ordained on December 8th, 1867, and came to Witless Bay immediately after his ordination."

LEFT SIDE "He was the last priest ordained by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Mullock, and lived under four bishops. He was a zealous pastor; a wise counsellor; a kind father; a faithful friend; and a great lover of his people."

The Venerable Dean now lies side by side with Dean Cleary, his illustrious predecessor, and Father Michael O'Driscoll, his faithful and zealous co-worker—all three life-long friends. United in life they no less fitfully sleep together in death. May they rest in peace.

CHICAGO IN A BAD LIGHT

Chicago's fairminded and grateful citizens must feel ashamed of the attitude of the bigots on the Board of Education of that city who refused to name a new school after Dr. John B. Murphy. The city was deeply in the doctor's debt for services that he rendered as a citizen and as a surgeon of great ability. When his skill was needed he never asked what belief the patient professed, nor was he concerned about a fee. Dr. Clemen-

sen, a non-Catholic, in an address to the Board, told the members what he thought of their conduct: "Protestants and Catholics were united in paying tribute to the skill and ability of Dr. Murphy, as a surgeon and scientist," he said. "I did not think anybody could be so petty and small as to protest against giving his name to that of a Chicago school."

This is not a question of religion. It is a question of whether John B. Murphy was a great scientist, surgeon and humanitarian. I know from personal experience that he was a great surgeon, that he was recognized as such the world over. "Only small-minded people would find fault with the plan to name a school after Dr. Murphy in this community where he had spent his life. When I was abroad I found Protestants and Catholics united in their love and admiration for this surgeon and I believe this community should be equally broadminded."

The New World tells us that seven of the great dailies suppressed the doctor's speech.—Sacred Heart Review.

A FRIENDLY SETTLEMENT

Good sense and good humor go a long way in settling a vexed question. A case in point is related in the biography of Booker T. Washington, just published. We quote:

An old negro was accompanying Dr. Washington on one of his Southern educational tours. At a certain city they were obliged to wait several hours between trains, so this old man took advantage of the opportunity to stroll about and see the sights of the place. After a while he pulled out his watch and found he had barely time to get back to the station before the train was due to leave. Accordingly, he rushed to a back-stand and called out to the first driver he came to, who happened to be a white man:

"Hurry up an' take me to the station! I's gotta get the 4:34 train!" To which the white back-driver replied, "I ain't never drove a nigger in my hick yit, an' I ain't goin' ter begin now. You can git a nigger driver ter take ye down!" To this the old colored man replied with perfect good nature: "All right, my friend, we wo't have no misunderstanding or trouble; I'll tell you how we'll settle it: you jest hop in on der back seat an' do der ridin' and I'll set in front and do der drivin'." In this way they reached the station amicably.—Sacred Heart Review.

The world never neglects the man who can do things—and does them, "Arrah! bless you, my child! sure I thought it was heaven You wanted to go to the moment you died; And such is the place on the ticket I'm giving, But a coupon to Ireland I'll stick to its side; Your soul shall be free as the wind o'er the prairies, And I'll land you at Cork, on the banks of the Lee, And two little angels I'll give you, like fairies, To guide you all right over mountains and leas."

"Arrah, Soggarth Aroon! can't you do any better? I know that my feelings may peril your grace; But, if you allowed me a voice in the matter, I won't make a landing at any such place. The spot that I long for is sweet County Derry; Among its fair people I was born and bred; That Corkies I never much fancied while living, And I don't want to visit them after I'm dead."

"Let me fly to the hills, where my soul can make merry In the North, where the shamrock more plentiful grows; In Counties of Cavan, Fermanagh and Derry I'll linger till called to a better repose. And the angels you give me will find it inviting To visit the shrines in the Island of saints; If they bring from St. Patrick a small bit of writing, They'll never have reason for any complaints."

"A soul, my dear child, that has pinions upon it Need not be confined to a province so small; Through Ulster and Munster and Leinster and Connacht, In less than a jiffy you're over it all. Then visit sweet Cork where your Soggarth was born; No doubt many new things have come into vogue— But one thing you'll find—that both night, noon and morn, As for centuries back, there's no change in the brogue."

"Good Mother, assist me in this, my last hour; And Soggarth Aroon, lay your hand on my head. Sure, you're Soggarth for all, and for all you have power, And I take it for penance for what I have said. And now, since you tell me through Ireland I'm passing, And finding the place so remarkably small, I'll never let on to the angels while crossing, That we know a distinction in counties at all."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: 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. 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, \$9,663 20 Miss N. Sinnott, Port aux Basques..... 2 00 Mrs. M. Green, Pt. Verde 50 "Gaston River," Plaquemine 50 Mrs. H. Glendon, Windsor 2 00 M. A. M., Charlottetown..... 5 00 Agnes, King, Ont..... 1 00 Walter Casey, Holmesville A Friend, Cheseterville..... 2 00 Rev. A. J. Leves, Hamilton 5 00 Subscriber, Gull Lake..... 2 00 J. A. Chisholm, Anacosta A Friend, Paris..... 2 00 For a friend in Shorn-cliffe Camp..... 5 00 E. McCormac, Ottawa..... 1 00 T. J. Morrison, Durham..... 2 75 "Port Hope"..... 5 00

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