

at Gibra, first destroying their tents and ammunition. Pursued by the British, the fleeing enemy was ambushed in the Munassib Pass by another British force that had previously been sent ahead to lie in wait and cut off the retreat. At the head of his main body, Seyd Ahmed was forced to make a dash for safety southward into a waterless desert. The casualties among the enemy numbered 200, and included several Turkish officers. The enlistment of this powerful Moslem sect on their side was regarded by the Turks and Germans as a powerful blow at British power and prestige in Egypt. With the flight of Seyd Ahmed the menace from the Senussi is removed.

A British destroyer of an obsolete type was sunk by a mine in the English Channel on Thursday night. Out of the total complement of fifty men five were saved. All the officers were lost.

The submarine menace shrunk yesterday to smaller proportions. Six vessels, totalling ten thousand tons, was the day's result—less than half of the tonnage sunk on the previous day. If this shrinkage in losses is maintained it will bear out the Admiralty's assurance that decreasing losses may be regarded as a proof that the effective steps taken to minimize the danger have proved successful. The fleet of mo-quoito cruisers that proved so effective in previous submarine attacks has increased considerably in numerical strength. The next few days will show whether the latest German undersea plans are more successful than the previous efforts to destroy British shipping and cut off supplies.—Globe, Feb. 10.

## P. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

### OPTIMISTIC AS TO THE WAR

PARLIAMENT LIKELY TO DEAL WITH IRLAND—COUNT PLUNKETT, LLOYD GEORGE AT HOME

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

London, Feb. 10th.—It is impossible to exaggerate the thrill of surprised relief and delight with which all here especially those who love America most, received the news that America had broken with Germany and had joined hands with civilized nations in the enterprise of breaking forever the savage reign of militarism.

His impression was greatly encouraged and strengthened by cable extracts from American speeches and newspapers with their unbroken chorus of rallying American opinion behind the President, including even the hyphenates whose American patriotism so easily conquered old racial affiliations.

Never since the War started has optimism been so rampant among the Allies as today and in addition there is the growing opinion that they will defeat the Germans on the Western front and news that each day brings near the approach of actual famine in Germany. On top of all this comes the entrance of America, which is felt to be the coup de grace. The chief anxiety is whether Germany will withdraw her bluff and avoid war with America or rush with mad dog fury into an encounter with the last and most formidable enemy.

Up to the moment that War is declared the British people here will restrain any demonstrative expression of their feelings but if that dread eventuality comes, there will be a national outburst here which may bring the American and British peoples nearer than at any moment since the capture in the Eighteenth Century. All the Americans in London are enthused, though as the cables say of the people in America, they meet the situation with a calmness and self-control worthy of so great an occasion.

The Parliamentary session is likely to be interesting and perhaps exciting. Ireland will soon again claim the attention of politicians of all parties. The Roscommon election was one of those ridiculous paradoxes which is possible in every democracy. Count Plunkett, who stood as an extremist opponent of the constitutional party, was doing his duty as a government official while his unhappy but brave sons were in the post office or in one case dying in a gaol yard, is known to have constantly applied to John Redmond for official promotion to a better office with higher pay. The people gave the father their votes not for himself but in pity and sympathy for his children.

Every factionist and every secret enemy of Home Rule, are masking as super-patriots and all factionist newspapers have joined forces. These are not the chief factor but Ireland still hotly resents the savage executions and instead of soothing her exasperation, Dublin Castle with characteristic stupidity aggravated it by petty acts of tyranny. These things will have to be brought up in the House of Commons. They may force a reopening of the Irish settlement. The entrance of America into the arena has exerted a profound influence upon the Irish as well as the military situation. Thus everything points to a session of Parliament fraught with possible momentous new developments.

Poor old Campbell Bannerman, when by a series of accidents he became Prime Minister, addressing a meeting said they might be anxious to know what it felt like being a Prime Minister. It is the thought that occurs to everybody about a man when he has reached to the

giddy elevation of the highest place it is possible for him to attain. I have read some very interesting studies in self-knowledge by President Wilson when he was addressing the frank and unillusioned audience of newspaper men at Washington. I have talked with Rufus Isaacs—as he is still known to his friends—after he had become Lord Chief Justice, the highest judicial office, as everybody knows, in the British Empire, on how it felt to be a Lord Chief Justice. He first made the general observation that a mellow or other after any great advance in life, one felt a day or two after as if it had always been like that; surprise and gratification die almost immediately. As to the Lord Chief Justiceship, he felt at home and as if he had been doing the job all his life, within five minutes after he had taken his seat for the first time.

I had the opportunity the other day of seeing how another of the greatest personal triumphs of modern times felt on reaching his giddy eminence. It was the first time I had seen Lloyd George since he became Prime Minister. I make it a rule not to go and see men in high office unless I have something to say that must be said, or unless they send for me; partly because I think it is inconsiderate to tax the time and attention of men who have such terrific responsibilities; partly because their doorsteps are sufficiently crowded already with the people that want something from them; and I want nothing.

Mr. Lloyd George, as everybody knows, lives when he is not at Downing Street at a house in Walton Heath. It is a smallish house, with a pleasant balcony looking out on a couple of acres of land. To me it is uncomfortable in winter time; for Walton Heath is seven hundred feet up and a wide exposed common; but Lloyd George doesn't seem to mind the cold, and the garden is a source of unending joy to him. Probably it recalls that little garden he cultivated when he was a child in a Welsh village, and the productions of which, though small and due entirely to his labour and skill, helped to equalize the family budget. In spring and summer time he occasionally works at it; though as a rule he prefers to spend every moment he can spare on the very fine golf links which are within a few minutes of his house.

Close by is the House of Mr. Robert Donald, the editor and director of the two powerful papers—the Daily Chronicle and Lloyd's Weekly—the one with a circulation of nearly a million daily, the other with a weekly circulation of more than a million. Mr. Donald asked me to pay this visit; when I arrived I was whisked up to Mr. Lloyd George's house; but the Premier was starting off to see the scene of the big explosion, and we had only a few minutes to talk. But as he wanted to have a chat with me he invited me to breakfast with him on Tuesday. He laughed like a boy when he saw my face fall, for he breakfasts at nine, and I have an old journalist's unconquerable hatred of getting up early in the morning. "Well, it shall be half past nine for you," he said, "on this morning," and I assented, glad of even that little concession. But as a matter of fact, what happened was that when he returned from the scene of the explosion, he found it too cold in the snowy weather to go back to Walton, and resolved to dine at the National Liberal Club; and his secretary, Mr. Sutherland, rang me up and asked me to join the party. The National Liberal Club is no longer in the palatial buildings it occupied on the Thames Embankment; that building like so many others has been commandeered by the Government. Its abode now is the Westminster Palace Hotel—the nearest big hotel to the House of Commons, and therefore, in olden days, the favorite resort of lawyers from the country and all people interested in the doings of the House of Parliament. It was in the not far distant, when we had constant all-night sittings, the favorite residence also of the most active members of the Irish Party. Parnell, Justin McCarthy and myself were once all resident there together and often we had to rush over from the House of Commons to snatch a few hours sleep so as to be able to keep on our then merciless warfare against all parties in the House of Commons.

I observe that Mr. Dillon had a contradict—he did it playfully as he deserved—a statement that he had a champagne breakfast with Mr. Lloyd George. Champagne at breakfast is a sort of enjoyment unknown in England—or anywhere else as I would say; but champagne with Lloyd George at breakfast, or almost any other time, is a curious and amusing antithesis to his tastes and habits. He is quite willing to give champagne or anything else to his friends if he thinks they want it; for he is no stern and narrow puritan who likes to be a kill joy to his friends. But he doesn't know the difference between one wine and another; and whenever he tastes wine he sips it like a young lady at her wedding who has never touched it before. He is equally indifferent to what he eats. I found him surrounded by his wife and children—all of them, except one, the young lady universally known as Oliver; and I do not know that in any working man's house in England you could find a simpler table or a simpler environment. A little cold chicken, a little apple tart—that was the lordly fare, enjoyed I am glad to say, with quite a respectable appetite. All the family are testotaters; Mrs.

Lloyd George is a strict Methodist; has never, I believe, touched wine of any sort in her life. Little Megan, that weird reproduction in short petticoats of her father, of course touches no alcohol. "What are you taking Dick?" Lloyd George said to his son. "Tonic water," said the son. "Give me some!" Lloyd George touched it; made a wry face, but said it was as good as anything else, and consumed a bottle. Ginger ale or lemonade was the beverage of the rest of the party—including William Sutherland, his secretary, and Edmond Browne, a great big Tipperary man, now a highly prosperous barrister in London who, asking nothing and expecting nothing from Lloyd George, is one of his most devoted friends.

Such then, is a characteristic day in the life of Lloyd George. It will give an indication of that Spartan simplicity of the greatest figure in the British Empire, and it explains the appeal he makes to the masses of the people, and the strict self-discipline which reserves all his strength for his gigantic task.

## KETTLE'S MEMORY IN VERSE

Printed in Dublin upon fine imperishable paper the verses of the late Professor Kettle have been put by for another generation to treasure. We welcome the first copy which has reached this country—stamped with what must have been among his last lines to those whom he loved—"Memorial I would have . . . a constant presence with those that love me."

It is all the memorial for which he craved, a large circle of friends can look round and say "si quaeris monumentum circumspice." For his friends who knew and treasured his presence will never allow it to pass out of this world except with themselves. One at least has endeavored to set down as much of that bitter fragrance as three pages of print can hold. Mr. Dawson speaks in his introduction of the "genial, calm, pleasant pessimist, earnest trifler," whose "prototypes were Hamlet or the melancholy Jacques." The sketch he appends is taken from life.

"He was a great talker in the Johnsonian sense. As a story-teller, it was not so much the point of his tale that counted as his telling of it. The deviations from the text in which he loved to indulge were the delight of his auditors. With truth it may be said that his rich humor, his brilliant, mordant wit caused his listeners to hang upon his words. And his outlook was so wide, his soul so big, his mind so broad, and a deep love of humanity so permeated him that his talk, or one might more fittingly say, his discourse was educating and uplifting. But he was a man of moods, descending from heights of Homeric humor to the depths of a divine despair."

And now come the poems so richly Irish, yet so utterly unlike the conventional bleatings and musings of the green muse. There is tenderness and there is sentiment, but he stirs his wine with an iron spoon and drops a drop of gall on the sweet froth. As a professional pessimist and amateur optimist he has probed the depths that the ordinary reader and certainly the ordinary conversation alist in Ireland was a little disinclined to hear. Themes of doom, disaster and wreck pursued him. He could endure tragedy but not ennui. For ennui fogged his life with pessimism, just at the moment when he would have enjoyed it most. As he sang in his "Lady of Life":

"When lo! inked clouds and absolute eclipse,  
Courteous, but unmistakable ennui."

But sheer darkness was a comfort to him compared to crepuscular boredom, when even the elements seemed middle rate:

"And the moon said to the sun:  
—Another day to irk us!  
The sun to the tormented moon,  
—Imagine it a circus."

There is a stronger and more virile note in the epigram:

"If grief like fire, smoked up against  
our sight,  
The earth were scarred in eternal night."

He was better content with an epical tragedy in the past than the hopes of little bourgeois improvements in the present. He always asked for things to be done in the big way. He was quite right. Nothing in Ireland can be done except in the big way. All that was not big fell under his irony and biting scorn, tempered with that pity which hides itself under humor. In 1890 he came into the Irish arena with his generous cry "To Young Ireland" in the stagnant years following the fall of Parnell:

"Land of the sword and lyre!  
Thy waxen lips are silent, thy brow  
is bound with rime,  
Hast thou laid wed with winter, child  
of earth's primal fire?"

Then he wrote his self-mocking song of "Sowing."

"Weak, trusting fool!  
Old Time shall fill thee i' his school.  
I know not Time, his last or first;  
With master hands I despoil all  
His hoarded sweetness and his gall.  
I crush the acorns for my thirst,  
And so am mad."

"In Dreams and Duty" Tom Kettle seemed to be playing between the

delights of scholarship and the sterner work of an Irish patriot. Already he knew that politics could never give him such keen pleasure as his studies. He lingered for a moment.

Let us twine a wreath of science, let us play our play,  
Ere we fight the fight of ages, one sweet prelude-day."

In entering his work for Ireland he braced himself against the old enemy and dreamed a whisper of encouragement from God:

"For He has whispered to us, 'The secret shuttles fly,  
Ye know not warp or weaver, yet neither serve nor sigh,  
The eater of hearts shall wither, the drinker of blood shall die.'"

Then follow his political poems. His devotion for Parnell expressed itself in lines written for the unveiling of the Dublin statue:

"Fewness of words is best; he was too great  
For ours or any phrase.  
Love could not guess, nor the slipped hound of hate  
Track that soul's secret ways."

And the moral that he drew:  
"He taught us more, this best as it was last:  
When comrades go apart  
They shall go greatly cancelling the past,  
Staying the kindlier heart."

Friendship and love, all clean things and unclean,  
Shall be as drifted leaves,  
Spurned by our Ireland's feet, that queenliest queen,  
Who gives but not receives!"

It was the finest wreath laid at the foot of the St. Gauden's statue that week and its savor was stronger and more virile than the tear-logged articles and often hypocritical speeches that were offered to the memory of the unhearing dead.

"The House of Lords," Mr. Asquith in Dublin and bitter parodies of Watson and Kipling, the Imperialist bards, cover the range of his political hostilities. The strong triumphant spirit upon which Redmond was once buoyed as he advanced to tear down the privilege of the Lords is well caught in the fierce stanzas:

"So you prescribe and you forbid  
Peace and the trooping ghosts of hate,  
Enfranchise of the coffin lid,  
Your lordship's lordship speaks too late

The poor who are the lords of death,  
To you were mud in foundered ways;  
Your sun was red Elizabeth,  
Your noon, the Datehman's penal days.

This Ireland whom my lords despised,  
Languid behind inverted thumbs,  
She who believed and agonized,  
Leads on the loud, victorious drums."

Good political balladry, but the replies to Watson and Kipling were magnificent, perhaps too full of rippling thought to be heard carefully in those days of flabby delirium when all Nationalists (except a few) believed in Asquith. There was much talk of cancelling the past and bringing out the dregs of history into the political gutter for ever. But Kettle could keep his head and write:

"Bond, from the toil of hate we may not cease:  
Free, we are free to be your friend.  
When you make your banquet,  
and we come,  
Soldier with equal soldier must we sit,  
Closing a battle, not forgetting it.

We keep the past for pride:  
No deepest pence shall strike our poets dumb;  
No rawest squad of all Death's volunteers  
No rudest man who died,  
To tear your flag down in the bitter years,  
But shall have praise and three times thrice again,  
When at that table men shall drink with men."

It was this refusal to surrender a title of the Nationalist memory that would not allow him to wipe out the past as history, however wise and strong the line he took in Constitutionalism. During those last years of expectation and suspense not unminged with suspicion at times and dismay at the last, when Home Rule was dangling, unguiling, dangling to her own gibbet some said, Kettle's pen was one that could always strike a new note. His verses or speeches were bright spots in the journalistic of the time. He replied to Kipling's reactionary and dangerous appeal to Ulster with a mixture of sarcasm, parody and real sublimity.

"So now, when Lenten years  
Burgeon, at last, to bless  
This Land of Faith and Tears  
With fruitful nobleness,  
The poet, for a coin,  
Hands to the gabbling rout,  
A bucketful of Boyne  
To put the sunrise out."

The strength and subtlety of the last two lines form a perfect example of how controversial verse should be written. For weeks and weeks everybody in Ireland who loved the incommunicable charm of phrase went lifting over and over to themselves—

"A bucketful of Boyne  
To put the sun-blue out."

Asquith's visit to Dublin in August, 1912, did not fill him with over-exaltation. In a mood of bitterness he watched the torch-light and heard the music in the streets, "the little English went by." And all his love and memory were of the dead leader whom Asquith's master had once betrayed—

"Of Him and the wintry swords and the closing gloom—  
Of Him going forth alone to his lonely doom.  
No shouts, my Dublin then! Not a light nor a cry—  
You keep them all till now, when the little English go by!"

Then came the War and Kettle was one of those who flung themselves with a cry of good faith upon the side of the small nations. One thought only seemed to haunt his enthusiasm and embitter his noble indignation. Was Ireland to be freed well? From Belgium he wrote in August, 1914—

"The trumpets summon to death and Ireland rallies—  
Tool or free? We have paid, and overpaid the price . . .  
The days draw in and the ways narrow down to decision—  
Will they chaffer and cheapen and ruin or yield to be great?"

From the atmosphere of mean intrigue, petty lying, deceit, conceit and littleness, which characterized bureaucratic conduct to Ireland and Ireland's leaders during those months Kettle was glad to get away into the cleaner winds of battle, where men at least sought to undo each other with iron and not with treacherous words—

"'Twas 'Murphy of the Munsters' when the blast of battle blew,  
It was Burke, and Shea, and Kelly when we marched to Waterloo."

In July 1916, after the curtains of tragedy had fallen upon the comedy of ineptitude in his own country, Kettle left Ireland forever. He wrote home—

"I never felt my own essay 'on saying Good-bye' so profoundly 'aux trefonds de coeur.' The sun was a clear globe of blood which we caught hanging over Ben Adair, with a trail of pure blood vibrating to us across the waves. It dropped into darkness before we left the deck."

Lines arose to catch and seal his grief and the rhythm of song stole his heart against the doom foreseen—

"But I against the great sun's burial  
Thought only of bayonet-flash and bugle call,  
And saw him as God's eye upon the deep,  
Closed in the dream in which no women weep  
And knew that even I shall fall on sleep."

Then followed silence and the battle of the Somme. But a few days before he was killed Kettle penned his last lines for his little daughter—full of the bitterness of life, full of the sweetness of death

"And oh! they'll give you rhyme  
And reason: some will call the thing sublime,  
And some decry it in a knowing tone,  
So here, while the mad guns curse overhead,  
And tired men sigh with mud for couch and floor,  
Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,  
Died not for flag, nor King, nor Emperor,  
But for a dream, born in a herdman's shed,  
And for the secret Scripture of the poor."

Perhaps one of the truest pieces of writing that has come to us yet out of the trenches, one for which "the foolish dead" will many of them be not ungrateful. It is true, because of its irony and because the tender strength of the close is preceded by a torch of wild laughter, of genuine mockery. Politics, Imperialism, all the shams and disappointments of life had slipped away from his little soul. He had put away small things and his last and only demand was that great things should be done in a great way in Ireland. The failure of the little ways was so complete. He did not resent the littleness that had dogged his life and left him lonely at the end—but he looked back and hated the pettiness and meanness which had injured Ireland—which had taken every advantage of Ireland, which had fooled her leaders and shuffled off her children on feeble promises. He asked for that touch of greatness by which alone great things are achieved. Like a thousand ardent spirits in Ireland at the time he was ready to leap to a new era by the bridge of great things greatly done, even if the bridge was to be the bridge of death. English statesmen offered them a bridge of paper and an insecure footing at that, but many rushed forward, hopeful of the future. Others turned bitterly back. All who died, whether they died in Ireland or France, died bitterly.

Disappointed but undismayed Kettle stood with naught but a mystic dream between himself and the Great Horror. He felt afraid for Ireland, but not for himself. Then the irony of his life and the bitterness of his death must have come home to him . . . stripped of all, his career, his ambitions, his friends, and lovers, with his back turned to Ireland and his heart turned against England he threw himself over the mighty Gulf, where at least he could

be sure that all things good or evil were on the great scale his soul had always required. With earth's littleness he was done.—S. L., in Ireland

## TWO DISTINGUISHED EDUCATORS

Twice within a week the Catholics of New York have assisted at the obsequies of noted educators, Brothers Potamian and Chrysostom. Both were Christian Brothers, scholarly and devout men, such as St. John Baptist de la Salle dreamed of, two centuries and more ago, when he was founding, mid great trials and difficulties, the company of educators to whom, in many lands, is to be attributed a large share in preserving the integrity of the Faith. Brother Potamian was a scientist of international reputation, the holder of degrees won at home and abroad, by the British and American Governments, but withal a simple, unassuming man who fled fame and gave himself to the humble work of the classroom. Scarcely less capable was Brother Chrysostom, author of books, teacher of men, a Christian gentleman, indefatigable in duty to the pupils who through thirty years and more, came under his inspiring direction.

The influence, combined and individual, of these two Christian Brothers, has done more for Catholicism in New York than can be estimated. Though not laymen, for they had bound themselves to a life of Christian perfection by the vows of religion, nevertheless they were not priests; and for that very reason, because they did not have the consolation of offering at the altar the Holy Sacrifice, they were able to give an example of what men, not priests, could be and should be. Consistently and courageously, for the life of the Christian Brother calls for a degree of heroism that only those who know it intimately are able to appreciate, these two Brothers, unobtrusively molded the boys entrusted to them into strong, ardent citizens devoted to those high ideals which distinguish Christian gentlemen from others less fortunate. New York can ill afford to lose two such men as Brothers Potamian and Chrysostom, but perhaps God is already filling their places with two others, a new Potamian and a new Chrysostom, quite as devoted and as those who have gone home signed with the mark of faith and stamped with the seal of salvation.—America.

## HOW THE ENGLISHMAN MIGHT UNDERSTAND

"An Ulster Imperialist" writing in the Manchester Guardian about the Dublin insurrection, offers Englishmen the following explanation of what happened.

"Perhaps the easiest method by which an Englishman may come to understand an Irish rebel is to think how he himself would act under similar circumstances. Suppose England were to be broken, invaded, and crushed in the present War; suppose Germany were to uproot English laws and English customs, trample on English forms of religion, stomp English education, confiscate English property; in short, act as we all know Germany intended to act if she had been able. How if this kind of thing were to be repeated over and over again, for centuries? Which of us would not be a few Englishmen who would refuse to submit? Would not a few thousand Englishmen remain who would learn English, not German (and make their children learn it) in spite of all the Prussian schoolmasters in the world? Would not some Englishmen refuse to join the German army? Would not a good few of them be willing to be shot against a wall rather than do so? Would not a handful of Englishmen cling to every device they could think of, reasonable or unreasonable, by which they might maintain their English nationality, in the teeth of everything that German laws and German money and German police could do to stop them?

You English people that may chance to read this, do not your hearts burn with a curious sense of pride to know that your descendants would act in this very way? For have you not yourselves lately been near enough to the fiery furnace of national destruction to have looked into it? Please God, we shall all come out safely together on the other side of this journey by the mouth of the pit; but the smell of the fire has passed upon your garments, and it may be—I cannot tell if it is so—it may be that by your sacrifice and sorrow in these present times you English will henceforth be enabled to see with the eyes, to think with the minds, to understand the ideas of nations over whom you yourselves have trampled. And the

touchstone by which you will be able to tell whether God is giving you this new power—the test of your sincerity in your honorable claim that you are fighting today for the rights of small nations—will be the way you find yourselves thinking of those Irishmen who still hate you, the way you look upon Ireland (more especially the way you look upon 'rebel' Ireland), and the nature of your plans for her future. For if you have understood this, you hold the key by which you can unlock the secret of every Irish rebellion in history, including the one which took place last Easter.—Ireland.

## VENERABLE GARACOITS AND COTTOLENGO

In a solemn pontifical audience recently presided over by the Holy Father, two decrees were read and approved. The first was the decree preparatory to the beatification of the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo, the saintly priest of Turin, who has been called the modern Vincent de Paul. The second proclaimed the heroic virtues of the Venerable Michael Garacoits, the Founder of the Congregation of the Fathers of Betharram, a shrine of Our Lady a few miles from her more celebrated shrine of Lourdes. The second cause had for its pious Eminence Cardinal Billot. After the reading of the decrees and the address made to him by the Very Rev. Father Hippolyte Pailles, Superior General to the Fathers of Betharram, the Holy Father addressed the assembly and spoke of the virtues of the two distinguished servants of God. He dwelt at length on the virtues of the Venerable Michael Garacoits, especially praising the respect and reverence he had always shown to authority.

"We wish to address ourselves in a particular manner to the children of Catholic France, whose many representatives we are glad to welcome at the present moment. Beloved sons, you are soon to return to your country. Carry to your brethren the assurance of Our love towards your country as well as of Our interest in its welfare. But do not forget to tell them all that We have considered it our duty to proclaim before you the heroic virtues of the Venerable Michael Garacoits, because we earnestly desire that France, through the example of her illustrious son, may learn at last that there can be a life worthy of a Christian without the love of God, and that the love of God has no more solid foundation than respect of authority."

The ceremony brought home to all present the fact that the official roster of the Saints is ever growing, and that the Holy Father, like the good householder, is bringing out of the treasury of the Church and his own wisdom good things, old and new, for the needs of the times.—America.

## WHAT GOSSIP CAN DO

"A recent writer informs us that gossip is drunkenness of the tongue, that it runs the scale from mere ignorance into the limit of assassination of reputation," says the Catholic Bulletin. "If facts do not exist it creates them. If they be innocent, it transforms them into evidence of black guilt by ingenious perversion. In interpretation it always chooses the worse of two possible motives."

## FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. 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. \$9,445 90  
Mrs. J. E. Plamondon. . . . . 1 00  
Wentworth. . . . . 2 50  
M. J. O'Neil, Bay de Verde  
Thos. Moore of A. Bay de Verde . . . . . 1 00  
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