

cleave, the circumambient waters of discussion.

Though young, Gratian O'Leary has long adorned the parliamentary gallery. Old heads at the game, like Dufresne, of the Manitoba Free Press, sometimes mourn over what they call a decline in the gallery's quality. They said, for instance, about the time the Union Government was formed, that while the gallery was full of good reporters, it had very few political writers. The truth about that probably is that the gallery men have thought that the desk men have been afraid to print the sort of good stuff the gallery men would like to write. Some gallery men have felt themselves condemned to be mute, foghorned Miltons. If you think of Milton only as a Paradise Lost sort of poet, you are grandly mistaken. Milton wrote magnificent political prose. His appeal to the electorate at the general election which followed Robert Charles' restoration is one of the boldest things ever penned.

Gratian O'Leary doesn't pretend to be a Milton, or even an image of the great orator after whom he was named. But he would like to see a more articulate Canadian Parliament and press. If he had all the chance he deserves he would fill as large a place as his British despatches will entitle him to. These brief and restrained rays are meant to throw just enough light on his quality as a Meighen-interpreter-in-chief for the time being, to help the wise reader to appreciate the wisdom of the Canadian Press in detailing him, and to get rid of the occasional idea that Canadian newspaper men seldom appreciate each other.

"SUCH A LITTLE POPE"

AN INTIMATE STUDY OF THE SUPREME PONTIFF

By Charles Phillips
For N. C. W. C. News Service

"Such a Little Pope"

The words sprang involuntarily to my lips; I almost spoke them aloud, that morning in the private chapel of the Pontiff, when Benedict XV. entered. He came through the rear door of the chapel, instead of directly into the sanctuary from one of the ornate side entrances, as I had expected. My back was turned; I faced the altar. Suddenly there was the gentlest sort of a hushed commotion, the double doors were opened wide, three Noble Guards appeared, then three purple cassocked attendants—and there was Benedict XV, scarcely two feet away from me. "Such a little Pope!"

I had had the good fortune the night before to receive one of those most coveted of all Roman invitations, beside which an audience in St. Peter's Basilica would be no more than a "pardon" to assist at the Pope's Mass in his private chapel and to receive Holy Communion from his hands. The invitation had come quite unexpectedly and unthought, and at a late hour. How I rode up and down Rome in a cab until midnight that night trying to get to confession; how I started out again the next morning at five o'clock—for the Pope's Mass was to begin at seven—to find an English speaking confessor; and how I managed in the end to arrive at the Vatican prompt and shivering—that is a story in itself.

I could not help wondering as I saw Pope Benedict enter what he would have said had he heard the tale of the adventures of one of the worshippers in his private chapel that morning. I know now, at least, how he would have smiled; for I have since seen his face lit up with a smile that gave an unforgettable warmth to the pallor of his sharp-cut features. His smile—but that like-wise is another story. I shall come to it in a moment.

SMALL BUT GRACEFUL

"Such a little Pope!"

The Holy Father passed through the chapel doors and paused so long at the foot of the altar, turning this way and that to give his blessing, very sweetly and freely, to all about him, without a sign of hurry, that I could easily study him where I knelt within reach of his hand. I do not know his exact height; not more, I should guess, than five feet six or seven. He is no, however, like many small men who are merely short. The Pope is small, but with a figure perfectly proportioned, which gives him that odd little quick grace which characterizes people built on a diminutive but symmetrical scale. I noticed this grace of motion a few minutes later when he was celebrating Mass, in his hands especially, which are beautifully little and graceful. When he lifted those hands up at the altar they swept a man's heart strings with a swift emotion.

And yet, after the first surprise of finding "such a little Pope," the thing that impressed me most about Benedict XV. was that his face is not old and drawn, as so many pictures show it, but has an astonishing fullness and lack of age. Most of the photographs of Pope Benedict put painfully haggard lines into his countenance. The trouble is, it is a strong face, and the sensitive lens of the camera registers relentlessly all its delicate, deep sculpturing. Besides, I think the Holy Father must be one of that type of men who "never take a good picture"—whose faces "set" before the camera. It is so with all fine grained, nervous, temperamental.

Pope Benedict is sixty-three years of age. But his hair is black and

thick; there is no sign of its thinning. Well, perhaps a little at the temples; others have said so, and have spoken of finding him this year graying a little. But I failed to see it.

BEHOLD THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF

I want to make him as clear and plain to you as words can. I want you to see him as I saw him first, entering his chapel, his head, with its small, round white skull cap, scarcely reaching the shoulders of the strapping guards around him. (They are all handsome fellows, these Noble Guards, all picked and chosen—not, of course, for their good looks though they might well have been—from old Roman aristocracy.) He wore the customary white soutane of the Pope, which has been the traditional garb for centuries, since the first Dominicans sat in Peter's Chair. But the short circular cape around his shoulders was scarlet, trimmed with lamb's wool—a bit of color remaining from the ancient days when the Supreme Pontiff dressed altogether in red. Over this cape was a richly embroidered robe of scarlet and gold.

The blessings given at the entrance, the Holy Father went up to the altar, the Noble Guards preceding him, and taking their station in the sanctuary, two at the Gospel side, one at the Epistle. The chapel itself is a small plain room which looks as if it may not have been originally designed for services. Around the walls are glass-fronted cabinets containing various crucifixes, pious, and other sacred mementoes, presented during different papal reigns. The sanctuary is the same level as the main floor, being simply cut off by a communion railing. But the altar is raised three steps up—a very beautiful mosaic altar, square and rich in its multi-colored loveliness and simple lines, and without any of the florid baroque beading that too often makes altars in Catholic churches too heavy with architecture. Against the scarlet brocade of the wall stood six plain gold candlesticks. Above hung a copy of Raphael's Madonna. That was all.

Pope's chair and predilection of crimson and gold, at the Gospel side, were simple and plain—not a throne, not raised from the floor; a place, it could be seen, for private devotion, nothing else. Many a bishop has as fine. To this the Holy Father now went, first kneeling for some moments absorbed in his preparation for Mass before he began to vest. For the vesting after removing his scarlet shoulder cape, which was folded and left on the prie-dieu, he went to the foot of the altar, where his attendants assisting him as he robed for the celebration. The lace of his dalmatic was exquisite, "the work, very likely," I said to myself, "of some happy nun in a far-off corner of the world who would rejoice indeed did they but know, as they worship in their own little chapel, that every morning the Holy Father is vested in their handiwork as he celebrates the Divine Sacrifice." (Perhaps they do know!) The Pope's chasuble was of scarlet satin, stiff with its gold embroidery of grapes and passion flowers.

THE PERSONIFICATION OF POWER

The Holy Father read Mass slowly and with the gravest absorption. This was, of course, only a Low Mass, and there was just a simple tinkling bell, such as you hear in any country parish, to warn us of Consecration and Elevation. (The Noble Guards saluted then with their swords.) But the whole effect was tremendously impressive, deeply devotional. The slight little figure at the altar, smaller than ever, it seemed, in his vestments, was the very personification of prayer. And those little hands!—they seemed to plead and supplicate, came into one's eyes then . . . and God present on our altars was very near.

When I look back now on the Holy Communion in the Pope's chapel, I remember only two things: the hushed orderliness of the solemn waiting as we were ushered by the scarlet-liveried attendants to the altar railing to enjoy our great privilege; and the touching surprise when the Pope, before he gave one the Sacred Host, offered the happy guest at the Table his right to kiss. I do not remember anything else. That is rather wonderful—that there was no excitement, no curiosity, no distraction. Of course, we know the reason. The thing was all so very great and so very real that these other everyday human sentiments fell away from us like trifles, and we rose, for once in our lives, to the full stature of our immortal souls. He was not "such a little Pope" then, but a great, pure, compelling spiritual force acting upon each one of us, lifting us up because he had shown us himself lifted up, communing with God. For all of us that was indeed a real Communion.

When he had finished his Mass the Pope went to his prie-dieu, his cape was put about his shoulders again, and he knelt to make his thanksgiving, which consisted not only in the silent recital of his own prayers, but the hearing of another Mass. A priest, already vested, entered from the Epistle side of the sanctuary, from behind the scarlet draperies which hid the doorway; and except that the book was brought to the Holy Father at the gospel for him to kiss, and that the altar cruets were presented for his blessing before being used, this Mass that followed was no different from the Pope's

Mass, or from any other Mass heard around the world that same Sunday morning. At the Consecration, the Pope's skull cap was removed. It was not replaced until after the priest's communion.

MARKS OF HUMAN SORROW

It was while he knelt there, absorbed in his devotions, that one could best see the man himself, the Chief Shepherd, the Father of Christendom, at close range. I think he was quite unconscious of the little congregation gathered there the other side of the Communion railing, or of the eyes of reverent attention observing him. His face was sad. Just a little while ago death had taken from him his brother, very dear and very close to him, the companion of his daily walk in the Vatican gardens. The mark of that fresh human sorrow, added to the burdens and worries of his trying office, was unmistakably on him. He still takes his daily walks in the lovely garden paths of the Vatican enclosure; but even that small green space where the Prisoner of the Vatican can breathe his only breath of the open air, must seem very large and very solitary to him now, he walks alone. Sad undoubtedly is the face of Benedict; yet if I were to put into one word the characteristic expression of the Holy Father I would say that it is one of gentle keenness and sweet reasonableness.

Mass over, the Pope went once more to the altar, and mounting the steps, turned to give us his benediction. I had a feeling that he truly blessed us; that "virtue went out of him"; that he gave us something of himself as he stood there and raised his hands above us. Then the little procession of half a dozen moved down the chapel aisle to the door, where an attendant waited with a broad-brimmed round-crowned hat of crimson satin and a long crimson cloak, the cape of which was trimmed with fine gold cording. This cloak was placed about the Pope's shoulder to protect him from the chill of the long stone corridors; and in a few seconds the Pontiff disappeared down the great marble aisle that lead to his apartments. "Such a little Pope!" more diminutive than ever, it seemed to me, as his small figure vanished, surrounded by his stalwart guards.

He seemed smaller still the next time I saw him. Because this time he sat on his throne—and he has to sit on the edge of it to keep his feet on the floor. Yes; this is quite true. But then, even a six footer would be dwarfed in that great towering scarlet chair set high on its dais in the Hall of the Consistory.

FORCEFUL AS A SPEAKER

It was on this same occasion that I first heard Pope Benedict speak. There was a surprise for any man who might have imagined there was fealty in the make-up of "such a little Pope." He is one of the most forceful and dramatic speakers I have ever listened to, and I doubt if there is his superior anywhere in the Church when it comes to delivering a moving impassioned address. I shall never forget that allocation of Pope Benedict in the Consistory Hall.

He began, as is the papal custom, speaking from the throne, where he sat with one small foot with its pontifical cross-embroidered slipper just showing from underneath his white soutane. He was pleading for world peace, world adjustment, world justice. His voice grew clearer, stronger, his gestures more and more animated and eloquent. In the end he rose suddenly to his feet, swept away by his own emotion, first with his hands outstretched as if he would beg the whole world to hear him; then clasped—those fine little elegant hands that had moved me so at Mass as they were raised above the chalice—clapped and almost wringing in the fervor of his pleading. His face was alight, his dark eyes glowed, his voice vibrated through the chamber with an arresting power. It was an unforgettable moment.

But it had been only a few seconds before that I had seen quite a different light in the Holy Father's eyes, the light of humor playing over the pallor of his face with a memorable human touch in the midst of formal ceremonial. It was just a flash, a sudden passing incident that may have escaped the eyes of many present; yet it gave a glimpse of the man behind the pontifical throne. The new Cardinal of Cologne was kneeling at the pontifical throne to receive the so-called benediction. His master of ceremonies was placing the golden chain and cross about the neck of His Eminence. The chain stuck on the Cardinal's ear. The master of ceremonies tugged. The Pope, waiting to go on with the ritual, could not escape the wee comedy of it all. His lips twitched into a humorous smile; then his little hand went out and patted the new Cardinal on the shoulder, as if to reassure him against embarrassment.

BIS INFORMAL CORDIALITY

After the ceremony, when the Pope passed about among the small group gathered for the occasion, greeting friends and acquaintances in the most informal manner, he always managed it seemed to me, to turn the salute to his ring into a cordial handshake.

It was the day of the public consistory, when our new American Cardinal received the Red Hat that the sight of Pope Benedict touched me most. It was then that he seemed to me most of all "such a little Pope."

He made his entrance that day into the great Sa'a Regia, rich with its famous frescoes, its tribunes draped

with precious tapestries, on the famous Sedia Gestatoria, carried on the shoulders of the papal throne bearers, preceded, surrounded, and followed by the Noble Guards, the Swiss Guards, the Palace Guards, and with the great dalmatic or pontifical fans bearing his approach. He wore a high gold mitre and was enveloped in a cope of scarlet cloth of gold so rich and splendid that it beggars description. How tired, how worn, how little he seemed, away up there over the heads of the kneeling throng, on a level even with those in the upper tribunes—he who had barely come to the shoulders of his stalwart guards on Sunday morning! His arm dropped to his knees every few moments, weary with the weight of his great cope as he gave his blessing right and left. He had come a long journey from the pontifical vestries, through the double Sala Ducale, passing an endless file of spectators on the way. Now and then he moistened his lips. He was pale. But the same sweet agreeableness was in his dark eyes. He seemed to see everyone and to give each one, individually and personally, his blessing.

I felt that he looked straight down at me, straight into my eyes. And there was that about him at that moment while I knelt for his blessing that made my heart utter a little prayer, not only to him but for him. That heavy cope, that great mitre, all the solemn accessories of ceremonial and ritual surrounding him, seemed to me, symbols of the vast weight and pressure of his high tragic office—Head of the Church, Vice Regent of Christ, Father of Christendom. Yes, I prayed for him then. I think he wants, desires, our prayers. He is such a little Pope, the burden is so terrible on him, the world so uncomprehending, apparently so deaf to his pleading for peace and faith in God and Christian fellowship.

VIEWS ON CARSONIA

The correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writing from Belfast on the day of the Ulster elections for the Parliament of Northern Ireland, which resulted in an unexpectedly large majority for the Unionists, declares that the elections were unparalleled in Irish political history for ruthlessness, corruption and unfairness:

"It would be hard to find even in the rather corrupt history of Irish politics an election fought with such ruthlessness, such corruption and such unfairness as the election for the Northern Parliament which ended today. The result was never in doubt. The Unionist majority will be ample to enable the new Parliament to form its quorum and to constitute a Government and a Senate. That was all the more reason why consideration of fair play might have been raised, and a party that took its stand on 'liberty and freedom' and made the Union Jack its election symbol might have given its opponents the same opportunity of exercising their opinions through the ballot-box that is granted in most democratic countries. Instead the Unionists converted the election into a fair imitation of what one supposes the Silesian plebiscite to have been like."

The correspondent goes on to give details of the violence and intimidation to which those not in favor of the Unionists were subjected. Nationalists on their way to vote were strongly handled, beaten, and kicked. Sinn Féin personating agents were forcibly ejected from the voting booths, "because of their objection to Unionist agents helping people to vote, standing over them and even guiding the pencil."

"At Dumbo two personating agents were ejected early in the day by the police, in spite of the fact that their credentials were in order and their action proper. That booth is now in the hands of the Unionists, who will be able to poll the whole of the district—dead, absent, Nationalist, Sinn Féin, all will have their papers registered in the approved manner."

After stating that incidents like the foregoing could be extended indefinitely, the correspondent sums up the situation as follows:

"The result is that they terrorize the Catholic voter, and he steps away rather than run the gauntlet of the hostile crowd round the booths. But if he stays away his vote is not lost to the Anti-Partitionists, but given to the Unionists, because they personate him."

Mr. Joseph Devlin, M. P., is quoted as having said that he had never known an election more brazenly corrupt:

"Not only have we lost hundreds of votes by intimidation, but the Unionists have personated our voters and thus gained two for every man and woman they kept away. Ulster volunteers armed, were inside every booth and at the doors. Wherever we were strong there were military and police along with the volunteer special. Wherever we were weak there was nobody to protect our voters but the Unionist specials. Personating was common and organized."

In contrast with the conduct of the Unionists, the correspondent declares that he heard no complaint of intimidation or interference with Nationalist voters by Sinn Féin or Unionist agents in their strongest districts of Belfast.

The New York Freeman, writing in much the same sense, says, at the end of his article, which emphasizes "the remarkable victory of the 'loyalists,'" and declares that it is well known that the electoral results were made a foregone conclusion,

owing to the fact that the province had been delimited in such a way as "to prevent any possibility of a Nationalist majority which a straight election would have undoubtedly produced." Even on the basis of proportional representation, remarks the Freeman, which was introduced to prejudice all not favorable to the oligarchy at Belfast, the Nationalists on any fair estimate of voting power, should have received at least twenty out of the fifty-two allotted seats. Lloyd George's action in the North and South of Ireland is set in sharp contrast by the Freeman:

"It is an appropriate commentary upon the political morality now current in England that Mr. Lloyd George can invoke the right of self-determination for a political faction in Belfast, while his agents carry on like bachelors all over the rest of Ireland, because national opinion there has registered itself in favor of autonomy, by the election of 124 Sinn Féin members out of a total of 128. The British Government is making great play with the 'loyalist' majority in Ulster, but the Nationalist majority in the South seems to be regarded merely as a further justification of terrorism and coercion."—American.

FAMOUS LOUGH DERG PILGRIMAGE

HAS HISTORY OF GREAT INTEREST TO IRISH CATHOLICS

Dublin, June 30.—The season for the pilgrimage of "St. Patrick's Purgatory," Lough Derg, Ireland, is now on. The season was scheduled to open as usual this year on June 1, and is to close on August 15.

The Lough Derg pilgrimage is a historic event in Ireland, and has long attracted large numbers of pilgrims. St. Patrick's Purgatory, Lough Derg, is a famous sanctuary in Donegal. It is situated in the Diocese of Clogher, and dates from the days of St. Patrick himself. It is known as the Lough Derg pilgrimage from Lough Derg, a sheet of water covering some 2,200 acres, 450 feet above the sea level. In it are eleven islands, of which the main ones are Saints Island and Station Island.

In the days of the Middle Ages the so-called sanctuary lands on Saints Island were known as Termon Dabhecc, from the sixth century St. Dabhecc, who presided over the retreat. They were later referred to as Termon Magrath, from the family of Magrath, who were "carbs" or stewards of the place after 1290.

History makes the pilgrimage place one naturally very dear to the devout Irish Catholic. It is a vivid reminder of the early days of Christianity in Ireland. St. Patrick's connection with the "purgatory" which bears his name is not merely a constant tradition, but is supported by historical evidence.

In 1130 or 1134 the Canons Regular of St. Augustine were given charge of Lough Derg, it being constituted a dependent priory on the Abbey of St. Peter and Paul, Armagh. It won European fame after the visit of the knight Owen in 1150. It had previously been described in 1120 by David the Irish factor of Wurzburg. Many accounts of foreign pilgrimages to St. Patrick's Purgatory were given during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The cave on Saints Island was ordered closed, and the decree was executed on St. Patrick's Day in 1437. In 1502 the station was transferred to Station Island, where the Purgatory had originally existed. The cave was visited by the French Knight in 1510 and by the Papal Nuncio Chiericati in 1517.

Though it was formally suppressed by the English Government in 1632, the lay owner allowed the Austin Canons to resume their old priory. The Franciscan Friars were given charge of the Purgatory in 1710, but they did not acquire a permanent residence on the island until 1763, when they built a friary and an oratory dedicated to St. Mary of the Angels. In 1780 St. Patrick's Church was built. It was remodelled later. After 1785 the priory was governed by secular priests appointed by the Bishop of Clogher. In 1913 St. Mary's Church was rebuilt. It was replaced by the later Gothic church in 1870. A hospice was opened in 1882.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

HEROIC MISSIONARIES OF THE MACKENZIE

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

INDIAN CONDITIONS

Several weeks before Christmas the Indians began to come to the Mission. These poor people having enjoyed themselves, and having danced and sung through the whole summer, found that their supplies were exhausted when the winter season approached. No caribou and no fish. What could they do with families of six, seven, and eight children? You should have seen them visiting in all kinds of weather and at all periods the nets from which they did not get one quarter of the food necessary for their daily sustenance. They tried to obtain the rest from the charitable resources of the Mission or from the whites of the neighbourhood. But even we got very little from our nets. With our seven nets set continuously since we arrived, we have scarcely fifty

fresh fish in our larder. These poor Indians have been frightfully hungry, but they did not wish to take the chance of going elsewhere until the Feast of Christmas was over. Our Esquimaux, although they hold the Indians in great aversion, have, nevertheless, been very charitable towards them and have given them at times both food and clothing. Several Indian families, whom we were told were to come did not get here, hunger probably preventing them. However, after the Feast, two men came who had fasted so long they were nearly dead. These brought good news; they had at last found the caribou in considerable numbers and not very far off. All the Indians decamped in that direction, and with them went also the whites. This saved some of them for a time, but there are many from whom we have not heard.

CHRISTMAS AT THE MISSION

For the Feast of Christmas, the house and chapel were filled. This is not wonderful when they are so small and neither of them could be called at all suitable for the solemnities. If we could fittingly picture the conditions of Bethlehem we would say that ours here are little different. Your Lordship will judge from the description. The chapel recently erected is exactly eight by ten feet. It opens into the house, but cannot yet boast of a door. There is no floor, caribou skins in their rough state supply instead. The walls are of trunks of trees faced on two sides and chinked with a sort of clay mixture. Their only ornament is a single picture of the Sacred Heart, framed, and the picture catechism of Père Lacombe reproducing an abbreviation of the Old and New Testaments. A little table attached to the wall serves to support my portable altar, while a packing case near it has the honour of being my vesting place. Such is the tiny corner in the Arctic regions into which Our Divine Saviour has deigned to come on Christmas night to commemorate the Feast of His Nativity. There were neither High Mass nor beautiful music, only a few canticles sung in a barbarous tongue. But these, nevertheless, were given with much fervour, and with the exception of one white, all the adults approached Holy Communion. In many places, no doubt, the celebrations in honour of the Divine Infant were more brilliant and more solemn, but did He have from them more consolation? After the last Mass, three adults and two children received Holy Baptism. These consoling circumstances made us forget many a suffering in our ministry.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont. DONATIONS

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MASS INTENTIONS

Mrs. C. F. McGillivray, Reserve Mines..... 2 00

A Friend, North Sydney..... 8 00

Mrs. D. H. McGillivray, Reserve Mines..... 2 00

Mrs. C. McGillivray, Reserve Mines..... 2 00

DIOCESAN COMMUNITY FOR PEMBROKE

LAFRENIER FARM BOUGHT FOR SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

From the foundation of the diocese of Pembroke, as for many years before, the teaching in the urban Catholic Separate Schools has been carried on by Sisters of different extra-diocesan religious communities. These communities gave generously of their subjects for the staffing of the schools and won for themselves a high place in diocesan educational work. For some years past, however, so great has been the demand on them for teachers in the newer parts of Ontario and the West that they have found themselves quite unable to meet the increasing needs of Pembroke diocese. Today in the diocese several parochial centres are calling for religious teachers. In response to this call the Sisters of St. Joseph of Pembroke, who have already charge of the

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schools of Douglas, Killaloe and Mount St. Patrick, have decided to open a diocesan Mother House and Novitiate in Pembroke. Their opening up of these foundations, while placing them in immediate touch with their teaching work, enables them to contribute their best efforts to the educational upbuilding of the diocese. In furtherance of this undertaking the new diocesan community has purchased the handsome property of Mr. James Lafrenier in the western limits of the town. This property, land and building, once the home of Mr. Christopher O'Kelly, comprises one hundred and fifty acres on the banks of the Ottawa. Here in the midst of stretches of lake shore loveliness, verdant meadows and sylvan shades, will be established a sweet retreat of study and self consecration, under the patronage and title of St. Joseph on the Lake. The new Community will continue its quiet avocation of training for the higher life and of doing its humble part in helping the other religious communities of the diocese to carry on the noble work of the religious education of youth.

Repairs and additions to the present buildings necessary to adapt them to their new destination, are being now made, and everything will be ready for the opening of the Novitiate on Sept. 8th of the present year.

The Sisters announce that, for the present, applications from prospective postulants and other correspondents in connection with their new diocesan work may be addressed to Rev. Mother Dorothy, St. Joseph's Convent, Douglas, Ont.—Pembroke Observer, June 1921.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

There are four hundred millions of pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them are daily unbaptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue.

China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already twenty-two students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them? The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for them daily.

A Bursar of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Bursar.

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

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