

incidents. Whatever the issue, both sides alike are compelled after a few days to pause. The lines must be readjusted and consolidated; fresh troops brought up to fill the gaps in the ranks; supplies of ammunition renewed and time is needed for removal of the dead, dying and maimed from the battlefield.

The losses have been great on our side as well as the Germans. In no action during the war have so many men fallen in the same period of time as in the last few days. If a survey is taken of the whole length of the battle line the allies have good reason for congratulation, confidence and hope.

Furious and determined attacks by the Germans have repeatedly been launched at the British lines. All have been repulsed with heavy slaughter. But the determination to drive the allies out of the last acre of Belgium seems no whit abated and the pressure upon the British lines at Ypres is still tremendous, if unavailing.

It is in heavy artillery that the enemy have a marked superiority. The German heavy guns knock the trenches to pieces and deprive the infantry of shelter. Describing the check to the British army at Fromelles, when, after gaining a footing in the enemy's trenches, the infantry were forced to retire. "We lacked high explosives to level the enemy's parapets. Until we are thoroughly equipped for this trench warfare we attack under grave disadvantages. If we can break through the hard outer crust of German defences, we believe we can scatter the German armies, but to break this crust we need more explosives, more heavy howitzers and more men." The cry from all parts of the British lines is the same. Big guns and the unlimited use of high explosives will alone dislodge the enemy. That having been accomplished, the field artillery of the Allies will aid mightily in keeping him moving.

While the Russian victory in eastern Galicia and Bukovina is not to be compared in importance with that of the Germans in western Galicia, it is, nevertheless, a most substantial one. On Tuesday, after having been badly defeated, with the loss of thousands of men taken prisoners in an action on the south bank of the Dniester, the Austrians retreated rapidly. A Petrograd official statement issued last night says: "The Austrian army evacuated on the eleventh a strongly fortified position, extending from the Bistrica River (near Stanislaw) to the Roumanian frontier, in length about 94 miles, and fell back precipitately on the twelfth, beyond the River Pruth. The enemy's cavalry, which was sacrificed in repeated charges to protect the general retreat, was dispersed by our fire. Our cavalry divisions broke through the enemy's front at various points, and by successful charges threw the enemy's columns which were on the march into disorder. Our vigorous pursuit continues under conditions particularly favorable to us. The great number of prisoners we already have taken is being rapidly increased."—Globe, May 15.

## DEATH OF RIGHT REV. BISHOP COLTON

When the press Monday morning conveyed the sad news of the sudden death of Right Reverend Charles Henry Colton, fourth Bishop of Buffalo, Catholics and non-Catholics alike were profoundly shocked. The end came with no lingering illness or serious indisposition to prepare the general public and particularly his faithful flock for the news of his demise. It came suddenly, like a thunderbolt from the clear skies, and brought consternation to all. Rallying from the effects of the staggering blow inflicted by the first announcement of his sudden death, Buffalo Catholics are by degrees beginning to feel keenly the reality of his death and the magnitude of the bereavement.

On Friday morning the solemn liturgy of the Church was witnessed for the first time by the public in the new St. Joseph's Cathedral. His Eminence John Cardinal Farley and other distinguished prelates graced the occasion by their presence. Buffalo Catholics had looked forward to the first exercises in the new Cathedral with such joyous anticipation. But on Friday morning that magnificent house of worship was the scene of a demonstration of grief. The Church dignitaries came not to honour a living Bishop in the ceremonies of dedicating the Cathedral, which was the crowning effort of his labors, but to celebrate a solemn pontifical Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of a dead Bishop, for whom it was not reserved to participate in a celebration in which he was in justice to have been the central figure.

The prelate who had been selected to occupy the pulpit on the occasion of the dedicatory exercises, was summoned a fortnight in advance to perform his task, but his theme was altered. Life and joy were to have been the dominant keynotes, but death and sorrow have interposed.

### "THE WORKING BISHOP"

In the lives of men of distinction we find that they often received appellations that expressed some striking phase of their character or life work. This practice has also been observed in the case of many American bishops.

Thus we have had "The Fighting Bishop," "The Eloquent Bishop" and the like, but the name of Bishop Colton, the fourth Bishop of Buffalo, will go down in the history of the diocese as "The Working Bishop."

Born in New York City, October 15, 1848, the late Bishop received his early education in Public School No. 5, there having been no available parochial schools at the time. Later he prepared for college at the Latin School of St. Stephen's Church, and in 1869 entered the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier, continuing his studies there for three years. In September, 1872, he entered St. Joseph's Theological Seminary at Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained to the priesthood, June 10, 1876. Immediately after his ordination he was appointed assistant pastor of St. Stephen's Church at the request of Rev. D. E. McGlynn, one of his former teachers, who was then the rector of the church.

For ten years he was an energetic assistant, performing his duties with a humility characteristic of the new curate in a parish. In the latter part of 1886 he was appointed pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, at Port Chester, N. Y. Shortly after he was called back to St. Stephen's to act as assistant once more, and within a few months Archbishop Corrigan appointed him to the pastorate. It was in this capacity that he displayed remarkable executive and business ability.

### CANCELS LARGE DEBT

When he assumed the pastorate of St. Stephen's the parish was encumbered with a debt of \$150,000 and the lack of a school. During his incumbency this debt was extinguished, \$185,000 was expended for the erection and site of a parish school house; two residence buildings were purchased for the Sisters of the parish at a cost of \$40,000, and the church property was improved and kept in good repair.

On March 5, 1894, Archbishop Corrigan, in recognition of his valuable services, appointed Father Colton Vice-Chancellor of the archdiocese; and in a short time was so pleased with his work and ability that he promoted him to the office of Chancellor.

In 1903, when Bishop Quigley was promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Chicago, Very Reverend M. P. Conboy, designated Administrator of the Diocese. Shortly after a meeting was called to select candidates for the vacant episcopacy, but the list of candidates chosen by the majority of the diocesan electors was not approved by the bishops of the province, and at a later meeting others were substituted with Father Colton as dignissimus. Father Colton, long and favorably known for his great work in New York City, was appointed by Rome to succeed Bishop Quigley, and was consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, August 24, 1908, by Archbishop Farley, assisted by Bishop McQuaid of Rochester and Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn.

No sketch of the activities of Bishop Colton would be complete without some mention being made of the new Cathedral. This magnificent edifice, costing nearly \$2,000,000, was the crowning effort of a man who wore himself out in the service of God and his fellow man. As long as the diocese of Buffalo exists, this wonderful building, with its graceful, gleaming spires, its beautiful windows, its wonderful altars and interior decorations, will stand as a great marble monument to the man who, to quote one of the diocesan consultants, was "The hardest working Bishop in America. He was charitable to a remarkable degree, and more than that, gentle, sweet, and kind and loving and beloved, winning his people and his clergy by his love, never by his authority; he literally worked himself to death, but—he made the diocese of Buffalo what it is to day."—The Buffalo Echo, May 13.

### THE FUNERAL

The funeral took place Friday morning, Cardinal Farley officiating. The procession was most imposing. Ecclesiastical students, priests, both secular and of various monastic orders, monsignors, bishops and archbishops moved in order of rank, preceding His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York.

Dignitaries in this remarkable line included the Most Rev. Dr. Neil McNeill, Archbishop of Toronto; the Most Rev. Dr. James J. Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque; the Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, Bishop of Rochester; the Rt. Rev. Dr. George W. Mundelein, Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn; the Rt. Rev. Edward Kozlowski, Bishop of Milwaukee; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Edward D. Kelly, Auxiliary Bishop of Detroit; the Right Rev. Dr. John E. Fitzmaurice, Bishop of Erie; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Michael John Heban, Bishop of Scranton; the Rt. Rev. Dr. James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton; the Rt. Rev. Dr. John Grimes Bishop of Syracuse; the Rt. Rev. Patrick James Donahue, Bishop of Wheeling; the Rev. Dr. Patrick Richard Heffron, Bishop of Winona; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Michael F. Fallon, Bishop of London, Ont.; the Rt. Rev. Dr. J. F. Canavan, Bishop of Pittsburgh; the Right Rev. Dr. F. H. Gabriels, Bishop of Ogdensburg; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Toledo; the Rt. Rev. M. F. Power, Bishop of St. George's, Newfoundland; the Rt. Rev. Dr. J. H. Conroy, Auxiliary Bishop of Ogdensburg; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John H. Swift, acting Bishop of Albany; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. A. O'Brien, LL. D., of Kalamazoo; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. H. J.

Sheridan, V. G., of Oil City; the Rev. August F. Schwartner, chancellor of the diocese of Toledo; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dr. J. H. Hartley of Rochester; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Denis J. Curran, V. G., of Rochester.

Accompanying His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who was celebrating of the Pontifical High Mass of Requiem, were his personal assistants, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Edwards, V. G., and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Michael J. Lavelle, V. G.; the assistant priest, the Rt. Rev. Nelson H. Baker, monsignor and administrator of the diocese of Buffalo; deacon of the Mass, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Donohue; sub-deacon, the Rev. Alexander Pitts; masters of ceremonies, the Rev. Thomas J. Carroll, secretary to the cardinal; the Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Walsh, chancellor of the diocese of Buffalo, and the Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons of Attica.

Scores of pews facing the high altar were pews occupied by nuns. Seats had been reserved for relatives of Bishop Colton, former parishioners of the bishop from New York, Knights of Columbus, city officials, headed by Mayor Louis F. Fichmann, and non-Catholic clergymen.

Among non-Catholic clergymen who attended the service are: the Rev. Dr. Cameron Davis, Trinity Episcopal church; the Rev. Dr. Frank S. Fitch, First Congregational church; the Rev. Albert L. Grein, Pilgrim Congregational church; the Rev. Louis J. Kopal, Temple Beth Zion; the Rev. L. O. Williams, church of the Messiah.—The Buffalo Evening Courier, May 15.

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

### A SEMINARIST SUBSTITUTE

Here is a moving story of a young seminarist, an only son, told in one of the French papers. "When I was sent out early in the war, he was sent back and discharged at Besancon. But scarcely had he recovered before he offered himself as a substitute for a man who was the father of a family of five children, and he has been in the firing line since September. He took part in the battles of the Marne and the Aisne, and is now in the trenches near Soissons, and he has been made first corporal and then sergeant on the field of battle. 'Three times,' he wrote home, 'death has passed so close to me that I regard it as a miracle to be still alive, a miracle due to your prayers for me, which I hope you will continue.'

### AN IRISH AMERICAN PRIEST AND THE WAR

The Rev. Francis J. McCabe, P. P., Pittsburg, Pa., who is a native of Co. Cavan, in the course of an interesting letter to his cousin, Mr. J. P. McCabe, vice-chairman of the Blackrock Urban Council, dealing with the position of Ireland and the war, says:

"My sympathies and the sympathies of every name, level-headed Irishman are with England alone, as for the sake of Ireland. If Germany won in this war, she would dictate to all Europe. She would even cross the Atlantic and dictate to us in this Western Hemisphere. She would annex Belgium and the Netherlands, and having done that, it would be but a matter of a short time until she would reduce England to a second or third rate power.

### NEITHER GOD NOR DEVIL

A French soldier has sent the following letter to his curé at Valence d'Aggen:

"I have every reason to recognize that war is a good school. A complete change has been worked in me, and you know how much room there was for it. When I left home I believed in neither God nor devil. I was a dirty sort. But now, I assure you, I am really and truly converted.

### A SEMINARIST SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE

Here is further testimony to the change that is coming over the men generally, given in a letter from a young seminarist soldier belonging to Vannes: "Nearly all our men have been to confession and Communion: it is wonderful. I had to come to war to see for the first time in my life such a wonderful sight—a whole congregation of men going to Communion together. I rejoiced as I saw the God in the Host giving Himself to these warriors with unkempt beards, in uniforms all covered with the mud of the trenches, but with hearts full of submission and tender love.

GOOD FRIDAY DINNER AT THE FRONT "A soldier writing on Good Friday to a priest friend, gives the following striking account of what happened among a body of men who were out of the trenches for four days' rest during Holy Week:

"To day, owing to some oversight on the part of the administrative, our comrades had meat as on other days, and I have just come from a little scene which will show you the general body. When the men of my section got to know that they had meat instead of the cod most of them had counted on having a dish of onion soup and calling the cooks they decided to manage a meagre meal. A party went off in search of bearings and vegetables and the meal was quickly prepared. The meat ration was left; no one wanted it. Some who boasted that they had believed in nothing did like the others and said that they had never had meat on this day, and that being on war service was no reason why they should now do otherwise.

### CARDINAL LUONON ON RHEIMS AND CANTERBURY

In acknowledging the sum of £8 10s. collected at a lecture at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, an expression of sympathy from some citizens of the metropolis of the city of Canterbury to the Metropolitan of France, Cardinal Luonon, the Archbishop of Rheims, has sent an interesting reply (says the Times):

"In the Cardinal Luonon dwelt upon the parallel between Canterbury, where St. Augustine baptized the first Christian King of England, Ethelbert, for which the way was prepared by his Christian wife, Bertha, and Rheims, where St. Remi baptized Clovis, the first Christian king of the Franks, whose wife, Clotilda, played a similar part of that of Bertha. He was also glad to hear of another interesting connexion between Rheims and St. Augustine's Abbey—namely, that it was at Rheims in 1046, where Leo IX. was holding a synod on the occasion of his visit there to dedicate the Abbey of St. Remi—which bears the same relation as St. Augustine's to Canterbury Cathedral—that Wulfic II. the Abbot of St. Augustine's—then on an embassy from King Edward the Confessor, received from the Pope the right to wear a mitre and to take precedence of all Benedictine Abbots except the Abbot of Monte Cassino. It was on this occasion, too, that Wulfic obtained the Pope's advice and blessing on his project for rebuilding his Abbey Church and translating the bodies of the saints—the foundations of which very reconstruction have just been discovered below the work of his successor Abbot Scotland.

### THE POPE'S PRAYER FOR BELGIUM

Pope Benedict XV. on Thursday last week, received Mgr. Depligne, President of the Institute of Philosophy at Louvain, who had said how much he wished to have a Belgian flag, bearing the inscription: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, save Belgium," blessed by His Holiness, in order that he might himself offer it at Paray-le-Monial. The Pope graciously acceded to this request and when the flag was brought to him said:

"I bless this flag with all my heart, and I pray the Sacred Heart not only to save Belgium but also to restore her in all her former prosperity and to make her more beautiful and fairer than ever.

## LIEUT.-COMMANDER HOWLEY, R. N.

### NEPHEW OF LATE ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY

A HERO OF 100 WOUNDS, BUT HAPPILY RECOVERING

The Daily News, St. John's, Nfld., April 29

Yesterday, James P. Howley, Esq., F. G. S., father of Engineer Lieutenant Commander Richard A. Howley, of H. M. S. Irresistible, received a letter from his son, then in hospital at Plymouth. He has kindly consented to the publication of some extracts from the letter, which will be read with pride and gratitude by the compatriots of the gallant young Commander; pride in the calm courage displayed, gratitude because a valuable life has been spared to his family and the Empire. That he may speedily be restored to health and vigour will be the general hope and prayer.

### THE EXTRACTS

R. N. Hospital, Plymouth, April 18th, 1915.

"After being some time at the Dardanelles, during which time the poor old Irresistible took part in the attacks on the outer forts, without casualties, and did a great deal of useful work, as our landing parties blew up no less than forty guns in the reduced forts, the 18th was selected for the great attack on the narrow, Kild Bahr and Chanak.

The fleet pounded away for about two hours, each ship at some particular fort, then two French ships and two of us were ordered to use in to shorten range and give it to them with our secondary guns, 6 inch quick-firers. We did this for a bit, but just about 4 o'clock either a mine or a torpedo struck the ship starboard side of engine room. The Chief and myself were in port engine room. A terrific explosion threw the ship over to port. All lights went out, and then she heeled over to starboard. The starboard engine rooms had flooded. We sent the men on deck, and the Chief and myself tried to stop water coming into port engine room, but it was no use, water gained, and when it got to our midline, we gave it up and started up the ladder used by officers. The heavy armoured grating was down, and I tried to lift it and couldn't, and I remember saying to him, 'My God, we are trapped,' but fortunately two men overhead either saw or heard us and came to our rescue. We were, of course, wet through and a bit shaken. I then had to do what I could to prevent an internal explosion generally caused by sudden rush of cold water on to guns and boilers under pressure, so I went to each of the three boiler rooms in turn, shut the main steam valves, opened the safety valves to relieve the pressure and ordered all hands on deck. One of my men was most devoted to me during all this and would not leave me, and when I went down the first boiler room he said most pathetically, 'don't go down too far, Sir.'

This must have taken me about half an hour, so I thought I had

better go and see how things were. I went on deck and found that the men had got orders to leave the ship and get to a destroyer close by, and only a few men and the officers were left on deck, and they were all quickly preparing to leave too, so I started to blow up my swimming collar, and at that instant a shell fell on the deck just behind me, and burst. It was terrific, my legs felt as if they were both broken, and my back as if it had been flayed. I fell on the spot, and thought I was done for. I had a little Rosary, Nora gave me when leaving, in my pocket. I took it out, kissed the Crucifix and crossed myself. I immediately experienced an extraordinary change, something forcing me to action, and the one idea in my head became to get into the water. I managed to crawl to the ship's side where several men were still standing on the netting. They wanted to swim with me to the destroyer when they saw I was badly mauled, but I refused and told them to drop me in the water, which they eventually did. I thought I was done for, and told them not to risk their valuable lives, as I was no more good to anybody. I fell into the water, and fell on a log of wood which I held. I couldn't swim, and so drifted with the tide away from the rescuing destroyer, all the time watching people swimming from the ship to the destroyer. I drifted, picking my wounds, for nearly half an hour, when a steamboat from another ship swept round behind me and picked me up. I was taken aboard the Albion—it was her boat—and my wounds were first aided. I was kept here until midnight when I was removed to the hospital ship Soudan. I spent a night of awful agony. They gave me injection of morphia, but it didn't have much effect. Next four days I spent most of the time under chloroform, having pieces of shell taken out of me. One doctor commenced to count the number of wounds, and gave up when he got to 70. They reckon there were over a hundred wounds on my body, fortunately mostly small. A few big ones, and a very bad one in my right foot; from outside ankle the whole of the instep was taken away.

The Soudan arrived at Malta on the 25th March, and I was transferred to the naval hospital, where I spent a week. They were awfully good to me there and took great care of me, with the result that I was well enough to be transferred to the hospital ship, Plassy, which left for Plymouth on April 1st. We arrived on the morning of the 8th, and I was again transferred to Plymouth hospital.

I am progressing very rapidly now, and hope by the end of next week to be able to get about in a bath chair. I fear it will be a couple of months before I can put my right foot to the ground, but I have had a most miraculous escape. I am able now to sit up on a sofa, but I don't find it very comfortable for writing.

I had only been in hospital one day when I had a visitor. A man came in to see me, and I didn't know who he was. He said I would never guess who he was, and I would not have. It was Frank Pinsent. He is living in Plymouth, married and has some Government job.

I had a small operation yesterday, another piece of shell taken out of my right foot, but it feels much better to day. A week from now I shall be well enough to move, and will probably be sent to Haslar.

The only other Howley in the service, Major Jasper of the Lincoln shires, was killed in action the same day as I was wounded.

### SO LET IT BE!

So let it be! The prayer that Christ enjoins  
Live ever in our soul and on our tongue.  
So let it be! The worship He assigns—  
Our great Creator—with thanks-giving song,  
From hearths in temples, yes, wild woods among,  
Pour forth, so let it be! As drooping vines  
Drink the reviving shower so sink into  
Our hearts His precepts! Lo, one word enshrines  
Full attestation of our faith! "Amen!"  
Includes the sum of our assent, and bears  
The seal of truth; it is the wing of prayers  
Speeding the voice of millions not in vain,  
To God's high throne, borne on seraphic airs,  
To ratify in heaven our glorious gain!

—SIR ANDREW DE VERA.

### AN UNPREJUDICED TRIBUTE

The Booklover's Magazine pays this unprejudiced and sterling tribute to the Catholic Church. It is a common sense view often expressed by Americans. It remains that these same sentiments shall be expressed in terms of the heart and conscience. "The growth of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is one of the most striking facts of history and she has also gained the popular good will, or at least a favorable possession, and she has conquered respect. At present those who look upon her most favorably are that large and influential class of men whose antecedents were Protestants, but whose actual connection with a Protestant church is little more than nominal. They knew enough of Protestantism to make them alive to

its faults, and they know just enough of Catholicism to make them admire its excellence. These men care little for the theological and ecclesiastical questions which separate Rome and Protestantism. They are legislators, city officials, railroad men, editors, managers of large business interests. Whenever their dealings bring them in contact with a Roman Catholic institution, they find an organization which knows its own mind, knows what it wants, has some one who can speak for it officially and finally. They can see that it maintains discipline among its own members, and seems at the same time to retain their affection. They are attracted, in a word, by its practical, business-like efficiency, and are repelled by the opposite qualities in Protestantism.—The Republic.

## APOSTOLIC DELEGATE WELCOMED IN AUSTRALIA

Australian Catholic papers tell of the splendid welcome given by Sydney to Australasia's first Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Cerratti, Archbishop of Corinth. His Excellency, even after his experiences in Washington, must have been surprised when he stepped on board the government launch Premier at Archbishop's Wharf, Manly, en route for his first official visit to Sydney.

It was a glorious summer day; air, earth, sky and sea were full of light and color; the Delegate, surrounded by the Archbishop of Sydney, the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Coadjutor Archbishops of Brisbane and Adelaide, the Bishops of Armidale, Maitland, Goulburn and Wilcannia and many of the distinguished prelates, priests and laymen of Sydney, set out on his triumphal journey accompanied by a flotilla of steamers, gay with bunting and vibrant with bands and cheering.

On landing at Sydney Mons. Cerratti was met by representatives of the State and Commonwealth governments and by the Mayor of the city, who said: "May it please Your Excellency, as Lord Mayor, and on behalf of the aldermen and citizens of Sydney, I desire to extend to you a respectful and hearty welcome as Apostolic Delegate to Australasia."

Moreover, since your official residence has been located in our metropolis by the Holy See, I rejoice in saluting Your Excellency as a fellow citizen. A magnificent procession was then formed and the delegate received a continuous ovation along the route between the wharf and St. Mary's Cathedral. Here addresses from the hierarchy, and from the clergy and laity of Sydney were presented, to which the Delegate replied.—Intermountain Catholic.

### GLADSTONE'S GRANDSON

#### KILLED AT THE FRONT

The news from the front last week-end that Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, M. P., had been killed in battle was received with a sense of shock, for it seemed only a few days before that he had volunteered for service and been given a commission in the Welsh Fusiliers. To the Irish people in all lands young Gladstone, by reason of his name and lineage, was a figure of sympathetic interest. He had served for a time in the junior ranks of British diplomacy in America, and afterwards as a secretary to Lord Aberdeen in Dublin—both environments calculated to deepen the Home Rule sentiments which he professed fervently, even in undergraduate days. When he was President of the Union at Oxford, he invited Mr. Redmond to speak there on Home Rule, which the Irish leader did with happiest results. In Scotland he was fairly well known since he became Liberal M. P. for Kilmarnock Burghs. He was a good deal in the Liberal Club in Glasgow, usually in company with his agent, Basil More, of Kilmarnock, and he made there a very favourable impression, having

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a gravity and dignity reminiscent of his grandfather, but without the suggestion of uppishness or pomp, and showing clearly great promise of political ability. It is said that he went to the war with a premonition that he was not to return. He could have no finer epitaph than his own words in his last letter to his mother from the front—"It is not length of existence that counts, but what is achieved."—Glasgow Observer, April 24.

### THE HAPPIEST OF MEN

St. Francis expresses in loftier and bolder language than any earthly thinker the conception that laughter is as divine as tears. He called his monks the mountebanks of God. He never forgot to take pleasure in a bird as it flashed past him, or a drop of water as it fell from his finger. He was, perhaps, the happiest of all the sons of men. Yet this man, undoubtedly, founded his whole polity on the negation of what we think the most imperious necessities. Of his lovable character, thus reflects Gilbert K. Chesterton: "Why was it that the most large-hearted and poetic spirits of that age found their most congenial atmosphere in these awful renunciations? Why did he who loved where all men were blind seek to blind himself where all men loved? Why was he a monk, and not a troubadour? We have a suspicion that, if these questions were answered, we should suddenly find that much of the enigma of this sullen time of ours was answered also.—The Republic.

### DRUGGING THE MIND

"Habitual novel reading," says the Fortnightly Review, "often destroys the taste for serious literature; and few things tend so much to impair a sound literary perception as to vulgarize the character as the habit of constantly saturating the mind with inferior literature, even when that literature is not immoral."

### FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. May God be praised who designs to open months to his praises in the Far East to replace those skilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary,  
J. M. FRASER.

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