

earlier said, "the little life I have not seen," born soon after he stood, as he expressed it,

"In a nation free
The fettered slave of destiny.
Self ransomed by a woe-filled flight,
That robbed his heaven of half its light."

Of his renewed home life in the United States we know very little. Mrs. Skelton's admirable book deals more particularly with the phases of his marvelous public career. But knowing what we do of McGee's genial character and the intensity of his devotion to his country and his wife, it is not hard to imagine that their home must have been a very happy home. But the angel of death crossed the threshold and removed the first fruit of their love, the daughter born in Ireland. They had, of course, the consolation afforded by their faith. Another separation followed. McGee saw in Canada a land of greater promise for himself and his countrymen than the United States, and he came hither, leaving his wife in New York. After a few months she rejoined him, bringing with her a daughter born, like the child they had lost, soon after their separation. Then was established their final residence at Montreal.

With fancy's magic power we can picture that home and family, say at night, when the little ones gathered around their parents and begged for another of the old, old stories, learned in the land where the old is always new—stories that such of us as were lucky enough to have had Irish Mothers will remember while life is left us—of kindly fairies, mischievous pookas or elusive leprechauns, of rath and round tower, holy well and Celtic cross, of kinsmen and soldiers. With loved and loving wife and children, McGee there found sanctuary from the sorrow and passion of the outer world. His daughters—one in distant California and the other in Montreal—cherish no doubt many fragrant memories of those happy evenings. Owing to a miracle of physical science they both may be hearing every word said in this hall and the applause which follows every mention of their great father's name. May they live long to share in the honors accorded his memory.

Another one-time member of the household at Montreal, while not with us in person is yet within hearing of our voices; I refer to the venerable and respected John J. McGee.

I remember well, and you too, Mr. Chairman, may remember, the time now remote when we had for a year or two as neighbors on the Richmond Road, John J. McGee and his gracious lady, with a few small and very lively children, one of whom, no longer small, but still lively, sits at this table tonight. During the quarter of a century that Mr. McGee occupied the responsible and confidential position of Clerk of the Privy Council of the confederation established by the genius of his brother, it was my privilege to have the honor of his friendship, and to be acquainted with several of his sons, and with that saintly and accomplished daughter who is a member of the order conducting the famous school for girls at Sault-au-Récollet. Another daughter, Miss Lillian, is present tonight, and of her I shall say no more than that she does honor to both her Christian and her family name.

A dutiful son and brother—James—cast in heroic mould, met with a fatal accident when he had but entered on a bright career. Am what shall I say of Frank? "Corn of the Hundred Battles" never engaged in as many strenuous contests. In all Canada there was no player of our national winter game more speedy, courageous or intelligent. When the call to arms came, Frank McGee and two of his brothers were among the first to answer it. Charles, who had previously served in South Africa, died like Frank on the field of battle; and the third, Walter, who happily survived, though seriously wounded, was decorated for bravery with the Military Cross. All fought as they lived—fought like my own sons under Your Excellency's most capable command, and those who fell died, as so many of their race and clan died of old in France and Flanders, upholding the name and fame of the fighting Irish.

"Sons of a race of Soldiers
Who never learned to yield."

The surviving brothers with their wives are here tonight. It has been well said that:

"The fighting races don't die out,
Though they seldom die in bed,"

and the McGee family is already well advanced in the process of perpetuation. One of the brothers is here to represent his parents and the other members of the family. I refer to the distinguished barrister of this city, Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He is a worthy nephew of the famous statesman whose memory we are assembled to honor. This morning, at the statue referred to so feelingly by Mr. Lemieux, I saw another Thomas D'Arcy McGee and I am sure that the best traditions of their ancient sept will be handed on from sire to son. No doubt that that son and others, if there should be others, will be taught the sentiment which the statesman McGee was so fond of quoting from the works of his great associate, Thomas Davis, embodying a concept

too seldom expressed in this country. It runs:

"And oh! it were a glorious deed
To show before mankind,
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined—
Might be combined, yet not forget
The fountain whence they rose,
As, fed by many a rivulet
The stately Shannon flows."

I feel certain, Mr. Chairman, that what has been emphasized so much tonight, the necessity of union among our people, will be impressed upon the minds of the children of Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and that to them he will, in the words of Tennyson,

"Teach high thoughts and amiable deeds
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth and all that makes a man."

I ask you to pledge the health, prosperity and long life of the McGee family.

THE MARTYRS OF BOLLENE

BEATIFICATION OF SIXTEEN
URSULINE MARTYRS OF
ORANGE, MAY 10, 1925

By The Countess De Courson

II.

The work of extermination carried on at Arras by Lebon and at Nantes by Carrier, was directed at Orange by Maignet. He created a mock tribunal, called the "Commission populaire," that in the space of two months, sent three hundred victims to the guillotine. Among them were priests, nuns, old women, young girls, cripples and a large proportion of peasants and workmen. The President was Fauvety, a Protestant; the public accuser, a man named Viot, whose thirst for blood amounted to mania; the judges, ignorant and cowardly, followed the lead given to them by their chiefs. There was no attempt to observe legal forms; the victims were not allowed to defend themselves, and were ruthlessly and invariably sentenced to immediate execution.

Six buildings had been turned into prisons at Orange, and were filled with overflowing when the Bolleone nuns arrived. They were lodged in a house that still stands, called "La Cure," because it once was the presbytery of the Church of Notre Dame, against which it is built. Here the newcomers found other nuns belonging to different Orders; more continued to arrive till, at last, "La Cure" held fifty-five religious women and about two hundred of all ranks and ages, some of whom were mothers and sisters of the nuns. We wonder, given the very ordinary size of the house, how so many people can have been squeezed into its narrow precincts and we realize the suffering caused by this crowding during the hottest days of the year.

The fall of Robespierre, at the end of July, saved the lives of the few Sisters that remained in prison, who had shared during three months the martyr's daily life. These survivors wrote a simple, but scrupulously accurate account of the weary weeks during which they and their companions prepared for death. This is a rare occurrence in the history of the martyrs of the Revolution. As regards the Carmelites of Compiègne, the Ursulines of Valenciennes and the Sisters of Charity of Arras, we have the testimony of outsiders who met the prisoners and noted certain details; for the nuns of Bolleone, we have the story of their long wait for death, written by their close companions, only a few months after their martyrdom. The sight of the precious manuscript, one of the convent treasures, brings one very close to the martyrs themselves.

It tells us that, on starting, the Sacramentines, Ursulines, Cistercians and Bernardines, put in common the money and linen they had brought, and decided to form one community, and to follow a common rule. This rule was a severe one; they began their day with five hours of meditation, followed by the recitation together of the Office of Our Lady. At 7, they were given some food; at 8, they recited the Litany of the Saints, the prayers for confession, Communion and Extreme Unction and renewed their vows. At 9, the public accuser, Viot, entered, a drawn sword in his hand, and read out the names of the day's victims. The nuns answered the summons with smiling eagerness. "Is it not my turn today?" asked Agnes de Romillon; and her sister, Jeanne, burst into tears when Agnes was called, because she thought herself forgotten.

The adieu between those who remained and the chosen ones was brief. "They knew that they would soon meet again," says our manuscript; "but the sound of prayers now ascended without a break from the prostrate women in the prison. On their knees, they recited a thousand Aves, besides many invocations to the Holy Ghost, that He would inspire their Sisters, who were even then confessing their faith. The whole day was practically spent in intercession, that intensified towards six in the evening, when the sound of an excited crowd in the street below informed prisoners that the martyrs were on their way to death. After reciting the prayers for the dying,

the nuns remained in silence, till hurried steps and loud voices told them that all was over. Then they rose to their feet, sang the *Te Deum* and the *Laudate*; and the Sisters belonging to the same Order as those that had been executed, received the congratulations of the others."

When we remember the weariness, discomfort, uncertainty, suspense and nervous tension entailed by these long, hot weeks of waiting, we marvel at the cheerfulness and serenity that, without a break or a flaw, reigned during three months among women, some of whom were over seventy, others under twenty-five. Their religious life in the past must have been unusually fervent to have raised them to such heights of heroism.

Owing to the fact that the Sacramentines were able after the Revolution to return to their convent and to collect testimonies and traditions touching on their martyrs, we are informed of what passed when the chosen victims left "La Cure." They were taken to the Church of St. John, used as a tribunal, briefly questioned, and invariably required to take the oath. In every case, the nuns refused to do so, and often gave the reason of their rejection. "I am a nun and shall remain a nun till I die," said Claire Dubac. "Who are you?" was asked of Therese Consolin. "I am a daughter of the Church! I have twice refused to take the oath; my conscience forbids me to do so."

Once only did Fauvety, the man of iron, seem moved. It was when a young Sacramentine, Henriette Faurie, was brought forward. She, like Marguerite de Rocher, had refused to conceal herself when her Sisters were arrested. "You are so young," he said; "just make a sign, it will mean that you have taken the oath, and tomorrow you shall go back to your mother." He had touched a tender point. Madame Faurie's husband was in prison, and her sons fighting at the frontier; it was under her roof that Henriette had been arrested. The little nun quietly answered: "I have taken an oath promising fidelity to God; I can not take another." Then, turning to the five Sisters who were being judged with her: "Courage," she said; "the gates of paradise are open to receive us."

Some of the condemned prisoners courteously, not ironically, thanked the men who were the means of giving them the martyr's crown. Gertrude d'Alanzier, an Ursuline, whose father, the Marquis d'Alanzier, was one of the notable citizens of Bolleone, expressed her gratitude to the unjust judges; so did Madeleine de Justamond, a Cistercian nun from Avignon, who was born at Bolleone and whose aunt and two sisters were executed during the same month.

The motives of the condemnation to death of these women, most of whom had spent their lives in the cloister, reads like a hideous farce. They were found guilty of having endangered the safety of the Republic, excited a civil war, "corrupted public spirit," and invoked the power of "the tyrant wearing a tiara," an illusion to the gracious rule of the former sovereigns of the Comtat.

On leaving the Court, the prisoners were removed to the ancient Roman circus, where they spent the hours between their condemnation and the execution, which took place at six o'clock. The nuns were not inactive. They found in the great amphitheatre all the prisoners who were to share their fate and mingling with them, closely disguised, some faithful priests, from whom they could receive absolute assurance of their faith, and the Sisters spent their time, we hear from eye-witnesses, in comforting and enlightening their fellow sufferers. One remained half an hour in prayer with outstretched arms to obtain that the father of a family should accept his unjust sentence, and submit to the will of God. Her prayer was granted. Others went to and fro, bringing hope and strength to women less prepared than they were to meet a hideous death; one, a Sacramentine, even consented to sing a hymn of her own composition to the motley crowd of prisoners and guards that filled the great circus.

In happier days, when it was known that Sister Elizabeth Pelissier was to sing in the chapel of Bolleone, the faithful came in crowds to hear her wonderful voice. Although she was then over fifty, her voice was still remarkable, and when the guards asked her to sing to them while waiting for the signal for leaving the circus, she graciously and simply consented to do so. Standing up, she sang a hymn to the guillotine, which she had composed in prison. The pilgrim who, knowing less incident, visits the great Roman circus of Orange, thinks little of the dramatic representations that are often given in this unique environment; he is fascinated by the picture of a woman singing to an audience of condemned prisoners, singing words so simple, so sweet, so full of faith and courage, while her finger points to a spot beyond the houses, where the guillotine stands waiting for the singer and her audience.

When the time came to start, the nuns led the hymns; the *Magnificat* and the *Laudate* echoed through the narrow streets. At the corner of the Rue de Tourne, many prisoners bowed their heads; here, in a house of which only the outer wall remains, two brave priests were concealed during the

whole of the Reign of Terror; and, at the peril of their lives, absolved the victims.

The nuns' attitude on the scaffold was in keeping with the rest of their story. They went to death "as to a *fête*," say eye witnesses, many of whom lived to a great age and were never weary of describing the "radiant happiness" of these "beautiful nuns." Gertrude d'Alanzier kissed the scaffold in her joy. Madeleine de Justamond was heard to exclaim: "What happiness! I shall soon be in heaven." The young Sister, Henriette Faurie, when standing on the bloody platform, caught sight of her sister Madeleine, a child of eleven, in the crowd below. "Good-bye," cried the little sister; "embrace our mother. We shall all meet in heaven."

No wonder that, startled and irritated by these "cheerful givers," the rough guards and the executioner complained that "These rascally women all die laughing!"

TO BE CONTINUED

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

IN THE CROSS WE CONQUER

Seeing, or hearing of the practice of the Way of the Cross in Chemia-tze, China, one is brought back in fancy to those days when the Faith of Christ was a living flame in the hearts of men, a flame that set other hearts too, on fire with love of Him.

Chemia-tze has long been Christian, and all its 500 people are Catholics. No one knows when the town first accepted the True Faith, probably at the end of the Ming period—more than three hundred years ago, but all know how the people have suffered for it, for since then, despite persecution after persecution, they have been true in their love for Christ Crucified. And who can say that their beautiful devotion of the Way of the Cross, which dates back to the seventeenth century when priests were few here and Christians scattered, is not responsible for the courage and fidelity displayed by their ancestors.

Years would pass between the visits of the missionaries, and in this absence, the Christians at certain intervals desired to make "a perfect act of contrition," to restore them to God's grace.

The devotion is still made by the Christians of Chemia-tze themselves. The priest never directs it and is seldom present at it. A boy starts it by carrying the Crucifix, with two others acting as acolytes. They make the first prostration—there are 42 prostrations altogether—and then a sort of meditative dialogue begins between the acolytes, which awakens conscience, makes the heart penitent, and rouses to contrition.

"My soul, my soul, how Jesus has suffered for thee . . ."

"Think of these sufferings . . . I have wounded Him . . . and so on till the end. These dialogues occur at each Station; and when the acolytes finish, the people prostrate themselves and chant aloud their acts of sorrow, which is repeated fourteen times. It is truly a touching sight.

THE PERSECUTIONS

It is well to mention some of the trials these good Christians of Chemia-tze faced to preserve their Faith and this touching devotion. In 1800, their priests visited them under cover of darkness and all religious ceremonies and instructions took place during the night. Again and again these brave people, mounted to heights of heroism in protecting these missionaries.

And in 1902 the Boxers, armed with lances and daggers descended upon the town. They did not massacre the inhabitants, but tormented them by singling out certain victims for their demonic rage.

Encountering a catechist they cast a crucifix on the ground before him and bade him trample on it. He refused, "Obey" commanded the chief, "or I shall cut off your right arm!"

The catechist stretched out his right arm. "Strike!" he said—and the arm was severed. Then he exclaimed, "Here is my left arm—and my two limbs! All are but a small sacrifice to make for my Saviour." They took him at his word, and he died blessing God.

A HOLY INNOCENT

A little boy of ten had seen his parents and his sisters—killed by these murderers. They had been kind to him however in an effort to persuade him to apostatize and worship Buddha. "Let me go to the pagoda," he said to them, and the Boxer chief thinking of easy victory, with his soldiers, brought the boy to the temple where Buddha was enthroned. Arrived in front of the idol, the boy suddenly stooped, took up a handful of dirt and threw it in the face of the god. Then turning to his persecutors he remarked calmly, "Now, send me to my father and mother." They crucified him at the entrance of the pagoda.

STORY OF THE MACHABEES REPEATED

And yet again we are reminded of the courage of Christians in pagan lands by another incident in the lives of these people. An old Christian with two dozen relatives lived in the mountains. At the beginning of the persecution he begged his

people to fly—"I am old," he said, "too old perhaps, for them to hurt. I will remain and guard the house." But his children and grandchildren refused to leave him.

On the arrival of the brigands, the old man met them and said, "You are welcome if you are friends." The Boxers replied by taking the Crucifix from the wall and throwing it on the ground. "We are friends with those who trample upon this sign." No one moved. "Who wish to die first?" continued the murderers.

The mothers then, quietly brought forward their children. "These first," they answered, "Do not be afraid, little ones God wants us." First the children, then the women, and the men, and last of all the white-haired grandfather. What an epic for the Faith in China!

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, May 17.—St. Paschal Baylon, from early childhood was marked out for the service of God. Amidst his daily labors he found time to evangelize the rude herdsmen who kept their flocks on the hills of Arze. He entered the Franciscan Order but remained a lay-brother because of his humility. His distinguishing characteristic was an ardent love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Monday, May 18.—St. Venantius, Martyr, was born at Camerino in Italy. At the age of fifteen he was seized as a Christian and was carried before a magistrate and tortured in an effort to make him renounce his faith. After he had been miraculously saved from death several times he was beheaded on the orders of the Governor. His martyrdom occurred in the year 250.

Tuesday, May 19.—St. Peter Celestine, as a child was honored by visions of the Blessed Virgin and the angels and saints. At the age of twenty he took up a solitary life which he led for three years. At the end of that time disciples flocked to him and he gave them a rule of life which formed the foundation of the Celestine Order. He was unexpectedly elevated to the Papal Throne and took the name of Celestine but after a reign of four months he called his Cardinals about him and solemnly resigned his throne. He then built himself a cell in his palace in which he spent the remainder of his life.

Wednesday, May 20.—St. Bernardine of Siena, a Franciscan Friar of noble birth, who spent his youth in works of mercy and later through his great eloquence won many converts for the Church. Through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, he was cured of an impediment of speech. He died in 1444.

Thursday, May 21.—St. Hospitius, recluse, isolated himself in an old tower near Villafranca one league from Nice. He girded himself with a heavy iron chain and lived on bread and dates alone. During Lent he would rebuke these austerities. Because of his great virtues he was accorded the gift of prophecy. He died in 681.

Friday, May 22.—St. Yvo, Confessor, descended from a noble and virtuous family near Trequier in Brittany. He went to Paris when fourteen years old and later studied at Orleans. He made a private vow of perpetual chastity but since this was not known many honorable matches were proposed to him. He rejected them all as incompatible with his studious life. His great humility made him desire to remain in lesser orders but by express command of his Bishop he was ordained. He was named ecclesiastical judge at Rennes where he distinguished himself by his great solicitude for the poor. He died in 1303.

Saturday, May 23.—St. Julia, Virgin and Martyr, was sold as a slave to a Syrian merchant when her native Carthage was captured by Genseric in 439. Her virtue and fidelity gained the respect of her master who took her with him into Gaul. She was killed by order of the Governor of Corsica because she refused to be defiled by superstitious pagan ceremonies which she openly reviled.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE

The law of Charity is the law of the Catholic Church. Charity is the whole law and the prophets; it is the sign by which all adherents of Christ's teaching are known to be His disciples; when we are ushered into the presence of God to receive judgment it is by the law of charity we are condemned or exalted. Faith is necessary, hope is necessary, but greater than these three is the need of charity to the true follower of Christ.

The great outstanding exemplars of self-sacrifice are those followers of Christ who have learned to deny themselves, take up His Cross and follow Him. They are to be found in every sphere of Catholic life, but, as to be expected, in the mission fields of the Master are they to be seen at their best.

We have in our extensive Canadian mission fields hundreds of missionaries who think little of themselves, whose whole lives are but an exemplification of the poverty and sufferings of their Master. We have nuns who are the incarnation of Christian charity; who for more than sixty years have spent them-

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Charity is necessary for salvation. To say "O my God, I love You" is not enough. To go to Mass and Communion is not enough. Charity means a pure, a sincere love for God and man which makes us do the Divine Will in all things, which makes us sacrifice our time, our labor and our earthly possessions in testimony of love for God and our fellow man.

Have you this charity? Have you this spirit of sacrifice? Contributions through this office should be addressed:

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HOLY NAME MEN TO PROTEST

New York, April 17.—By unanimous vote, members of the Holy Name Society meeting in the Holy Name Parochial school here Sunday night adopted a resolution pledging themselves to patronize only those theatrical productions which are placed on the "white list."

The resolution was a measure of protest against immorality, obscenity, and profanity as exploited in current Broadway productions. Adoption of the resolution followed an address by the Right Rev. John J. Dunn, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, in which members of the Society were urged to make emphatic protests against objectionable plays and to urge all of their friends, irrespective of creeds, to do likewise. It was pointed out by Dr. John T. Walsh, president of the Holy Name Parish Branch, that the Holy Name Society now has a membership of 150,000 in the New York Archdiocese and that a concerted protest from so large a body of men could not be ignored by producers seeking to capitalize filth on the stage.

MOTOR TOURISTS' CAMP FOR NEW YORK CITY

Automobile tourists of this section will be gratified to know that at last New York City has a motorists' camp.

Known as Camp New York it is established well within the city limits, being but thirty minutes from Times Square by rapid transit with a station directly at the camp entrance.

Its forty beautiful acres of high ground are situated at the junction of Boston Post road and Baychester avenue, with ample room for a thousand cars, or a daily accommodation for five thousand people. Developed by a group of experts, nationally known in motor touring circles, nothing in equipment has been overlooked in this camp to add to the comforts of the visitor.

Among the conveniences included are a general store, restaurant, American Automobile Association Information Bureau, spacious community house, city water, sanitary toilets, shower baths, day and night police protection, electric lights, telephone, telegraph, a twenty-four hour laundry service, daily post office delivery and newspaper service, milk, bread, meat and vegetable service, tent platforms and bungalows.

There are also a children's play ground, library, dancing pavilion, motion picture and radio entertainment.

The camp overlooks Long Island Sound, and Pelham Bay is but a mile distant and famous for its salt water bathing, boating and fishing. Bronx Park, with its renowned Zoological Gardens and Botanical Gardens is near by.

The establishment of Camp New York now enables the visiting motorist to economically visit New York, the Wonder City of the World, and with his entire family inspect its museums, parks, libraries and historical places of interest. It assures him comfortable, safe and hygienic living conditions with police protection for his family and car at no extra cost, aside from the small daily camp fee.

On May 2, Camp New York will be officially opened with befitting civic ceremonies.

OMINOUS MEETING OF MOSLEM CHIEFS

By Dr. Alexander Mombelli
Jerusalem Correspondent, N. C. W. C.

Jerusalem, March 16.—A conference has taken place at Mecca between Ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd, and Sidi Ahmad, head of the fanatical Senoussi tribes of Tripoli. This meeting is an event of the importance of which it would be useless to minimize.

These two chiefs, who are regarded as the most fanatical Moslem rulers, have had several conversations on the future of the Arabian Peninsula. Considerable importance is attached to the possible union of the two chieftains, for the Egyptian Government is very favorably inclined towards both the Senoussi and Ibn Saud. Such combination cannot be desired by Great Britain, because it is a link in the chain of solidarity between the Moslem of Arabia, India, Egypt and the North African countries. Whether it will comprehend Palestine, Syria, Iraq, Afghanistan and Turkey as well, depends on the policy of Great Britain and France in the Middle East.

CHINESE MISSION BURSSES

How many excellent young men have you known who were debarred from the priesthood because they were unable to meet the expenses of a college and seminary education? The Chinese Mission Burses provide a way to the Priesthood for such young men. The interest on each completed bursse provides a sum sufficient to pay for the yearly education of one student at our seminary at Scarborough Bluffs, Ont. When he has gone forth as a priest to the Mission Fields another student will take his place, the bursse providing a permanent fund to educate those who otherwise may never have been priests.

Will you help us send a priest to the Missions of China? Address:

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Verde 5 00

Generosity creates a kindly feeling among men. It brings sunshine on rainy days, almost like magic. It makes a man want to go a little further in being kind, in giving. And so it is a decided medium of our social progress.