

very success of our democracy must come from the sacrifice of our personal likes and tendencies into the good of the whole body politic—and is not sacrifice the supreme test of all religion? We can also affirm that our ideal democracy must ultimately depend upon the developed sense of personal responsibility in each individual making up the nation, for as the individuals are, so will be the nation. Every man, no matter of what estate, must take his place; he must do all that falls to his lot, and in particular, he must, with wise appreciation, and without hope of personal advantage, choose the men whom he places in authority over his fellow men. This must mean a high appreciation of man's personal dignity, a clear insight into the value of liberty, a knowledge of the checks necessary because of man's frailty, and the willingness to sacrifice every personal interest that would stand in the way of the great good of the larger group. Here again, it is man's deep religious convictions which make him appreciate his dignity, and his God given freedom, and force him to forget his private, personal interests, that the higher rights and privileges of his brothers may rest secure.

INSPIRATIONS TO HIGHEST IDEALS OF DEMOCRACY

In the ideal democracy, where the people really rule, religion must ever be a directing, energizing power, and if we hope for such a democracy in the future, the Church which represents religion, and bears unto the world the message and the power of Christ, will ever be democracy's greatest bulwark.

It has ever been the boast of democracies, especially in our age, that they mean naive solicitude for the welfare of man because they are men; that they mean anxiety for the equal rights of our fellows before the law, no matter what may be their station, that they mean care for those who because of their circumstances in life, are least able to care for themselves—in a word, "a benevolent movement in behalf of the people." In this, too, history teaches us that religion has been effective. Christ, when He came unto our estate, was born on the wayside; His early life was one of exile in a foreign land; He was a Nazareth boy among the poor; He came with His bread with the sweat of His brow, and when He came forth unto the light of public gaze, He astounded the world by His simplicity of life; by His attitude towards the rich and powerful; by His championship of the cause of the weak, the poor, the down-trodden; and through the ages, the religion of Christ, as personified by the Church, has ever been the champion and the advocate of the cause of the people. I need not recall the early Christian Church, whose democratic spirit has passed into proverb. I need not tell the story of the organizations for relief, that under the leadership of the Bishops, lifted the awful burden of hunger and sickness from the poor, in the time of Constantine, and during the reign of the Emperors that followed him. Did not Julian, the bitterest of foes, exhort his pagan priests to emulate the Christian Aged, in the field of popular action? And when the empire fell, and the feudal lords began their sway, the Catholic Church continued to advocate the claims of the masses; and in the laws of Charlemagne, her impress is marked to a high degree. Is not the great rule of St. Benedict the charter for popular action? Did not the crusades in which men fought for God and not for gold, bring in an age of democratic feeling, such as was never known before? The great Franciscan movement is democratic, surely, and the guilds of Medieval Europe, under the guidance and leadership of the Church, taught the people the power of organized effort, and taught them, too, that they could gain for themselves much greater advantage than they could hope for from kings and princes, who promised much and did so little. And the highest places in the gifts of the Church, went unto the men who rose from the poorest and lowliest of places, while her theologians, from Thomas to Suarez, spoke with uncommon clearness, of the inborn rights of the people, even in an age when the privileges of caste were not questioned. Surely, too, the monasteries, in all time, have been the center of democratic action, and the Church celebrates the deeds and the prowess of one, who with organized effort, did more to help the social fabric, did more to champion the cause of the poor than any man since the days of Christ—and his spirit today, marches triumphant through the land. Nor was the interest in the people's cause ever asserted with stronger emphasis, than in the great Leo, whose pronouncements on democracy, and on the rights and duties of States and of peoples, form the Greater Charter of all our modern Christian Sociology. To many of the modern democrats, these things indeed sound strange, to them religion seemingly has no place in advancing the people's cause, for they have abandoned the God of their Fathers, they have forgotten that the laws made of men, must reflect the truth, and the justice which are God Himself; they have, by asserting too great a freedom, thrown off the yoke of authority which is from God, or they have robbed man of his own individual dignity, by making him a slave, a plaything of the Dominant State; they have weakened the force of conscience in the life of man, and forgetting that they must give to God an account of their gifts and

their stewardship, they have used the vast opportunities of freedom for selfish aggrandizement, and for imposing upon their fellows burdens more onerous than were known in the days of the tyranny of kings and of feudal lords—of these things, the traditional doctrine of the Church is the corrective; against this impiety, in all its forms, the Church has been, and must be, the safeguard. She teaches man's subjection to God's behests; she teaches man's high estate, and that he must not be a slave; she teaches man's obligation to listen to the voice of conscience, speaking with the authority of God; she tells of justice and judgment before God's august tribunal; she detests greed and dishonesty; she defines the obligations of wealth, and the rights of the poor; she inspires unto highest ideals of justice, and purity, and truth; she ministers strength unto men, that in spite of inborn weakness, they may stand valiantly for the things that contribute most unto the great purpose of our life here and hereafter.

RELIGION THE BULWARK OF IDEAL DEMOCRACY

Religion, then, will be the great bulwark of our ideal democracy, religion provides, and has provided ever for the betterment of the masses, and for increasing the measure of men's happiness here below, while it always avails itself of the chance to fashion minds and hearts to things which are everlasting. You who gather here, are representatives of religion in a very high sense; you speak as others may not, for the Catholic cause; your deliberations shadow forth the Catholic mind, as others do not, cannot, and of a consequence upon your utterance, your own people will stand, while those outside the pale of the Church will listen, at least, with that respect which is due to the great institution, the wisdom of which, you so honorably represent.

What, then, is your message to the American Nation in these awful days of ruin and bloodshed? What word of strengthening, of hope and of consolation, do you send forth from the city of St. Francis? Watchman, what of the night! And the answer rings clear—with banners unfurled you call us to battle, to battle for God, to battle for Christ, to battle for truth, to battle for justice, to battle for our fellows may be truly free, to battle for the highest national ideals that have ever been set before a people to battle for the inheritance of light and of power, which has been transmitted to us adown the centuries, to battle that our children may live in peace, and may grow unto the fullness of the age which is in Christ. More efficacious than the crash of cannon and the clang of arms, will be the Christian teacher, at whose feet we can learn the answer to the questions that vex our age, and can learn the cause of the desolation, which has come upon us; more efficacious than embattled militarism will be the Christian School wherein the children of our great Republic will learn that there is a God in Heaven to whose behests they must bow, and before whose judgment seat they must stand—wherein they will be taught the place of Christ in the economy of Divine Providence, and that He lives and teaches in the Church against which the Gates of Hell cannot prevail. The Christian School wherein they will know the great moral sanction of the law unto the children of men—wherein they will on the counsel of Christ, and from His lips take their rule of life—wherein they may find that man is God's image, and of more worth than all earth's possessions, wherein they will learn the love of their kind, and that mercy must ever season justice—wherein they will be taught to make sacrifice of personal interests for the higher things of the Spirit—wherein they will be taught to recognize the higher code taught by Christ, in accordance with which men are ruled by moral force, not by armed power—wherein they will search out the mystery of man's weakness, and learn God's way of strength—wherein they will know the power of humble prayer, and the moral strength that flows from the heavenly Sacraments—wherein they will be trained unto self-conquest, and be made, verily great by becoming verily humble, where, in a word, mind and heart, in the School of Christ, will be made to reflect Him, who, in the end, must reign, "yes, until He "puts His enemies under His feet." Thus will you fulfill your great task, and through education and through its mighty force, place our Republic on a foundation so strong and so deep that it may rise majestic through the years to come, to the unto men, of every clime, a refuge from danger, and a home of peace: to be unto all men, the opportunity to develop what is best and noblest in them, while they journey here below; to be in very deed the City of God here, that ever leads to the City of God, which is everlasting.—San Francisco Monitor.

BENEFIT OF BEING QUICK-WITTED

The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a well-known proprietor was severely tested one day. He sent in his card by the office boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting room by a ground-glass partition. When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it in the

waste-basket the boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card; the boy brought back five cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying: "Tell your boss I sell two cards for five cents."

He got his interview and sold a large bill of goods.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SILENT KHAKI LINE

Preaching at a military Mass before thousands of officers and men and in the presence of the Governor of the State at Newport Camp, the Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J., president of Holy Cross College, paid a worthy tribute to the exceptional heroism and humanity of the American navy. Looking out then over the cantonments and navy yards of the nation, each a "crucible of sacrifice," he asked the pertinent question:

To me as I visited Camp Bartlett and Camp Devens, Newport and Charlestown, and saw the fusing process in action, the overwhelming, crushing thought that seemed to buffet and benumb me was: Why this annihilation of the individual? Personal ambitions, past experiences, individual talents—all all were swallowed up in the military routine of the present.

At the call of duty every man had laid aside his toils, his pen, his books, his bright hopes, future success, the affection of dear ones, the very center of his heart's love, home, all were forgotten as each boy contributed his best and his all to the crucible of sacrifice. As he stood in that silent, strong, khaki line, each man, no matter what his qualities, his studies, his influence, his race, his creed, was "one," "two," "three," or "four" when the order was given. This was the mystery of Bartlett and Devens to me, and what is the mystery of Bartlett and Devens to the mystery of Upton, Dix, and every camp clear across to Lewis on the Pacific.

Is it not a crime against reason? Is it not folly and madness of national pride to demand such sacrifice, so utterly to crush and seemingly annihilate the individual? Every man in that line is a living breathing witness of sacrifice. Was it for this service uniform and hat that the college man exchanged his academic cap and gown? Was it for this service rifle he exchanged the parchment of his degree? Was it to fit him for a commission in a camp that his Alma Mater gave of her life, her talents, her years of toil?

Shall the mystery of Bartlett, Devens, Upton, Dix, and Lewis be solved when before the bow of the transiting mist-clouds of ocean shall lift and, revealed in clear vision, shall be seen the outline of the shores of France? The man who stands beneath that emblem of our liberties, the man who takes that sacred standard in his hand, can never, according to our American mind, be too worthy of it, whatever be his education, his environment, his character. When his country's honor is at stake, when her safety is to be guarded, her preservation maintained, no sacrifice is too heroic, no obedience too irksome, no labor too difficult, no annihilation too profound. "Sacrifice" is the call from the soul of America; "Service" is the reply from the heart of the people.

HENRY SOMERVILLE COMES TO ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE

Henry Somerville, M. A., the well-known writer and authority on social problems, will join the staff of St. Francis Xavier's College, Apt. 1, N. S., in September next. Though only a young man of twenty-eight years, Mr. Somerville has had a great deal of experience in social work both in England and in Canada. Some years ago he won a scholarship at Ruskin College, Oxford, where he spent two years, devoting himself exclusively to the study of Political Science, including History and Economics. He received the University Diploma in this department with the highest honours. Before coming to Canada Mr. Somerville was sub-editor of The Manchester Guardian. He is a contributor to the Dublin Review, The Month, Studies, The Spectator, American and other periodicals. He has also written much during the last six months for the Toronto Star. Before coming to Canada he lectured extensively for the Catholic Social Guild and was one of the founders of Catholic Social Study Clubs. Mr. Somerville in his lectures at St. Francis Xavier's College will deal with the following:

THE SPIRIT OF EVIL

The Church does not put forth decisions without good reason. When she speaks, no matter what the subject, we listen attentively. A few months ago she spoke in no uncertain tones about the present dangers of Spiritualism. Those dangers, as we know, have increased through the War. How great they have become is evident alone from the fact that the Church with so many serious subjects ever holding her attention has deemed it necessary to call the attention of her children to the evils of Spiritualism and the dangers to those who even play with it.

Twenty circles looking for business. We even find one "ordained medium," whatever an ordained medium may be. We find, too, a "Reverend Mrs.," medium. So, down the line through all sorts of promises—psychic healing, free fibbers and even "circles and supper."

Where there are so many advertised mediums there must be a great number of patrons. It is terrifying when one thinks of it. Let one read Benson's "Necromancers," so filled as it is with the conviction that Spiritualism is essentially diabolical and then run down the list of advertised mediums in Boston, and thought arises that the devil is still the roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour.

It cannot be dismissed with a smile at the utter silliness of it. It is one of the modern evils infecting society. It is a thing to be feared, to be guarded against, to pray against. There can be no dallying with it even if the forms which may seem but as appeals to curiosity. It is all of the devil and should inspire horror.—Boston Pilot.

THE CHAPLAIN

How often in the letters that come from France we see clear and impressive evidence of the love and esteem in which the Catholic chaplain is held by the soldiers. The priest is the real "pater" over there, and although others may appropriate the title, the soldiers know when the word rings true. And the priest, in turn, loves the men under him, and is happy in the continuous sacrifice which his position demands. In all his dangerous and exhausting trials he is amply consoled and rewarded by the strong attachment of "his boys."

It is some time since the following letter was written to the Chaplains' Aid Society by the Rev. John de Valles one of the chaplains with the Expeditionary Force; but we publish it now because the spiritual conditions it describes are continuous "over there" and because, too, of its interesting reference to the Little Flower:

"With my heart's desire fulfilled, here I am, right in the danger zone in a Massachusetts regiment of 3,700 men—70 per cent of which is Catholic. They had been clamoring for an English-speaking priest. You may then imagine what a royal welcome I received when I arrived and established myself in their midst. There are ten quarters along three neighboring villages, in which there are medieval style cold stone churches, without even the luxury of old fashioned stoves. The men do not, however, complain even after waiting three or four hours on confession nights for their turn. We are suffering hardships and privations, but I wouldn't exchange the experience for the best parish in the land. 'Tis an inspiring sight to see these churches filled to every inch of space with our soldiers in khaki. Every evening they file into the church for Rosary and night prayers. In these medieval inland villages, far from the theatres, dance halls and saloons, these men are closer to God than ever before.

"I believe I've already told you in my previous letter that I made a pilgrimage to Sister Theresa's convent and grave. Devotion to her has become very popular among the men. The Protestant boys have often asked me for medals and are wearing them. I gave a lecture on Lisieux and Sister Theresa in the Y. M. C. A. hut and the rush for medals and souvenirs was something to be remembered. You remember how troubled I was in New York and how I relied on prayer. Well, the Little Flower has been a great help to me in my work over here. The night before going into the trenches I am going to consecrate all my men to the Sacred Heart and to the protection of Sister Theresa."

Since this letter was written Father de Valles and his boys have gone into the trenches. Gold stars on the service flag of many a Catholic church in Boston, tell the story. And our readers doubtless know, many of the survivors, including Father de Valles, were decorated on the field of battle for conspicuous bravery.—Buffalo Union and Times.

DEFENDS THE POPE'S ATTITUDE IN THE WAR

The following letter was addressed to the London Tablet by Rev. Spencer Jones, an Anglican minister, who commended the protest made by the ministers against bigotry:

"Sir: May I say how overjoyed I was to read the protest in your paper of May 15th? Had I known of it before, I should have begged to be allowed to add my name, and I am sure there are many others in the same case. As it is, I salute the signatories and thank them for what they have done, for I am sure it is a step in the right direction. "I am as certain as I am of my own existence that from the very outset, the Pope and Cardinal Secretary of State have held themselves firmly, as it were, in the presence of God, in regard to this whole question, and have striven under a sense of awful responsibility to speak and to act justly in the matter of the War. There may have been others who have betrayed strong leanings towards the Central Powers—for the forces of German corruption are ubiquitous—but these, I believe, have diminished in number as the truth has come more and more to light. But I feel equally certain that the Rev. R. J. Campbell never willfully misrepresented any one or any body of men. I say this with out being able to claim the privilege of his acquaintance. It is easier to be carried away by a prejudice of this kind than by any other. "It would be easy to demonstrate the absurdity of stating that the Pope has sided with Germany. Here

is a passage I tore from one of our papers at the time: The Rheinisch Westfaelische Zeitung adds, 'It is natural that our Government should appreciate the Vatican's good intentions, but it is equally natural that the final reply of the Allied Governments should be framed in the most courteous but distinctly non-acquisitional form, because the Pope's proposal in effect is one-sided, and exhibits partiality in favor of our enemies.' "In other words the German journal is sure the Pope means well, but it is equally sure that he is partial to England and her Allies; and if English journals are equally sure that he is partial to Germany, that suggests that he has succeeded in securing his neutrality after all. No reader of the Tablet would respect any of us Anglicans if we rejoiced in posing as enemies to our own people; but the point is, that we should step forward as chivalrous gentlemen, and not leave to God alone the task of repudiating what we, equally with ourselves know to be a grave misunderstanding."

"THE BELLS OF MAUREPAS"

The Rev. Thomas Tipiady, a Methodist chaplain, describes in his recent book, "The Cross at the Front," how he found nothing left of the church at Maurepas but two great bells which lay just where they fell when the steeply tumbled down under shell fire. He writes: "The church had gone, but its music lingered. In peace time, the music of the bells had floated over the rolling valleys that lie around the village. As the people ploughed the land, gathered in the corn, or fed their stock, the sound of the bells came to them as a voice from heaven. Daily, like the peasants in Millet's picture, 'The Angels,' they had, at the call of the bells bowed their heads and said an evening prayer ere the passing of the sun brought on the night, with its train of stars. On the first day of each new week they had left their fields at the sound of the music, and, donning their best garb, had sought in the church the absolution of their sins, and a fresh start. Mothers looking on the picture of the Virgin and Child had felt a new sacredness in the duties of motherhood. Fathers had gazed upon the crucifix and become reconciled to a life of self-renouncing labor for their offspring. Children, with wondering eyes, had looked upon the picture of the Angels surrounding the ascending Lord, and felt the power and glory of the world to come. All had listened to the simple words of the village priest and been reminded that they were but pilgrims, and must not set their affections too deeply on farmstead or field, but on things which are eternal and beyond the chances and changes of this mortal life. When Christmas had come the bells had rung merrily, calling to the farmers as aforetime the Angels of Bethlehem had called to the shepherds, 'O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.' Holy days had come and gone, but never without the bells calling the people from the toil of the fields to rest and rejoicings in home and church. When the children went to First Communion, or when the Church's blessing was given to a bridal pair, how happily the bells rang! And how sadly, when some old man finished his journey and went to his long home! Back home in England old people and young children often die without any notice being taken of their passing. They just slip away like the birds in autumn. But in the district about Maurepas neither man nor child could pass away unnoticed and unlamented. The bells toll the news to all, and expressed the sorrow of all. Now the church in which the old and young had prayed, bridal parties rejoiced, and mourners wept, was no more. Only the bells remained. But as 'Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory,' so there abide the spiritual experiences to which the bells called. "May the bells of Maurepas soon again ring forth a jubilate peal in resurrected France!—America.

THE KAISER PRAYED

The little birds were flying north, And on Cathedral spires They stayed their homing flight As white as snow.

To hear a King's desires, The birds that sing the love of God At dusk and break of day Folded their little wings and stood To hear the Kaiser pray.

"Now, God, send fear to children, Let none be comforted, And give my great guns power To scatter death," he said. "Forget the promises you made To those who weep or are afraid."

The swallow said: "My wings are strong, I come from sun-warm palace walls Across blue seas. The way is long And I have stopped and heard men pray By wayside shrines and in great halls, In houses and hovels by the way; But I have not heard anywhere A prayer that was like this man's prayer."

The sparrow said: "No sparrow falls Without God's pity! Does he know This man who prays—on Whom he calls?" The King of Prussia stood below In the Cathedral nave and said: "Now let their harvests be their dead. Let gas and shell go tear and kill! Until the world bends to my will!"

The birds on the Cathedral spires Waited to see the prayer go by. (The little birds can see your prayers, White-winged, ascending to the sky!) Pale lilies on the marble grew. Carved saints were on the walls, and through The flower windows shone the sun. The sparrow said: "His prayer is done!" The swallow said: "Where did it go? It is a strange prayer, flying low! They rose and scarched the larkspur sky. They asked the clouds that drifted by, But the prayer had no wings and stayed In the dark heart where it was made. —LOUISE DRISCOLL.

TRIBUTE TO THE CONFESSIONAL

The late Rev. Dr. Watson, under his pen name of "Jan Maclaren," contributed an article to the British Weekly, shortly before he died. In the course of his article he writes: "One thing I have learned, and it has kept me from criticizing the Roman confessional with the high spirit of many Protestant writers. There are certain situations where a man or woman must confide in some person to obtain advice or sympathy, or simply to unload the soul, and there is no one to whom it is more becoming they should turn than a sincere and honorable minister of Christ. For one thing he knows more of life, if he has been a receptive person, than even a lawyer or a doctor, and he is bound by every sacred consideration to absolute secrecy. During the course of his life he has become the depository of many hidden sorrows and family tragedies. He has been with people through many a cruel trial of which the world knows nothing, and has suffered with them in ways even his nearest friend does not suspect."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

PERSONAL INTEREST

To do the will of God as expressed by "Thy Kingdom Come" means missionary work or the extension of the Catholic Church. Every member of the Church is called to this work and expected to use his energies in some measure for the propagation of the Faith. Personal service, much prayer and large material gifts are the instruments of toil in this holy vocation of the service of the Master. It is a remarkable disposition of Divine Providence that God saves humanity by man. The second person of the Holy Trinity was made man, assumed a body and soul by the operation of the Holy Spirit, in

order that salvation might be wrought. The continuation of this salutary work is given by Christ to other men. So we really carry in our hands the Eternal fate of others! How seldom however, does it ever strike us or influence us that some sacrifice, some act of self-denial, some prayer of ours, is the very means upon which depends, by the dispensation of God, some souls glorious immortality! So true, we are each one of us our brother's keeper, more than we suspect or reckon.

When God, without any merit of ours, gave us the true Faith, it was not that we should take it and greedily relish it in private and wrap it up in the napkin of self-sufficiency and selfishness. Far from it! Our precious gift was bestowed for a purpose, for the honor and glory of God, for our own salvation and for the benefit of our less favoured brethren.

By taking an active part in mission work we are doing the will of God, fulfilling our obligations as members of the Church and meriting the "Well done" of the Lord.

As citizens of the Kingdom of God we have privileges, but we have, too, responsibilities. The supreme law of the Kingdom is obedience to the King's mandate. This mandate says: "Go forth and teach My doctrine to every creature, make My word known to the uttermost parts of the earth."

The mission-field of the Church is of vast dimensions. The Vicar of Christ and the successors of the Apostles are the directors of the sowing and reaping of the harvest. We are the labourers under their direction. Without our co-operation, our prayers and sacrifices, the field will not be tilled and sown; without our aid the harvest will not be garnered into the storehouse of the Lord and the field will remain barren and hateful to the Master's eyes.

Why do not Catholics give personal service and material gifts to missions more than Protestants do? Protestants have more money, Catholics are poor. Again, Catholics have so many urgent needs at home that they are to be excused from their seeming lack of interest in mission work.

These explanations are not to be admitted. The reason for Catholic indifference—to call it by an honest name—is that Protestants look upon mission work as something peculiarly their own, a work for individual church-goers. Catholic look upon mission work as something belonging to the ecclesiastical authorities. Why is this? Just a matter of training. Once upon a time our people were well trained in mission work. They had the mission habit. Persecution, poverty and the resulting ignorance destroyed the habit. We must commence all over again and by frequent missionary actions acquire gradually the salutary practice, once ours, and lost by no fault of ours.

When will this happen? When we learn and realize the meaning of our daily prayers, for example, "Thy Kingdom Come" "I believe in the Communion of Saints" and that the gift of Faith begets with it not only privileges but also responsibilities.

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.

MISSIONS

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED

Friend, London.....	50
J. T. W.....	5 00
Conroy, St. Catharines.....	1 00
Edw. Tufty, Cobden.....	5 00
Reader, London.....	5 00
Friend, Dundas.....	1 00
Thos. Richards, Mundare, Alta.....	2 50
Love of Sacred Heart.....	10 00

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowin, China, Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$13,063 58

Friend, London.....	50
J. J. Savay, Cochrane.....	1 00
John Brick, Fisherville.....	2 50
Edw. Tufty, Cobden.....	5 00
Reader, Penetanguishene.....	1 00
Devoted Catholic, Rimby, Alta.....	1 00
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