

since its foundation, your organization would amply make it up during the generation in which it has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I do not hesitate to assert that you have been one of the most helpful influences during this period toward binding our scattered populations in civic unity, in broader and larger harmony of thought and action, and in asserting the common ties of American citizenship which bind us so closely together over this vast expanse of territory, otherwise separated by many facts of nature, sectional interests and local peculiarities. You have crowned your honorable history by the unprecedented generosity with which you took up the social and religious welfare of our American youth in the new cantonments, and for your first and dearest reward you have the gratitude of countless parents and relatives.

The Catholic clergy are deeply indebted to you for your anxiety to aid them in ministering to the religious needs of our boys and the whole army and navy are indebted to you for your kindly co-operation in every good work carried on for the common welfare. Our beloved country itself is your debtor eternally for your splendid example, which operated at once in all directions as a slogan of loyalty and a bugle call to the whole nation. Few acts could better reveal the profound unity of our national mind, or bring out more clearly the resolution of all true American citizens to see their beloved country successfully through the mighty war in which she has entered, a unique act of national chivalry, for no material or selfish purpose, but for the highest interests of mankind as they now stand revealed to the whole world.—Intermountain Catholic.

SOME IRISH, OLD AND NEW

Like all Irish priests, the late Canon Sheehan was deeply interested in the Church in the United States. Fully appreciating her strong vitality, manifested particularly in works of education and charity, the Canon was by no means blind to the fact that, because of worldly prosperity, some were falling away from the Faith of their Irish ancestors, and losing their "attachment to the Church which they had helped to build up." In his exceedingly interesting volume, "Canon Sheehan of Doneraile," just published by Longmans, Father H. J. Heuser records how in conversation, the Canon expressed his fear that many "children of the Saints" were setting up new gods:

"The wealthy Irish-American is raising a generation that learns not merely to forget the old land of their fathers but to become ashamed of it; to imitate the manners and fashions, and last of all, the vices and infidelity of a great body of Americans who recognize no definite faith, and who make civic virtue their sole religion, secular training their sole education, and worldly success the standard of all their attainments."

The words ring, but they are true, every one of them, and there is scarcely a large city in the United States in which they have not been verified, to the scandal of all decent non-Catholics and the eternal ruin of many souls. What some call "the Irish," by which they mean the second and third generation of Irish emigrants, are probably the only people in this mixed United States among whom are found, in notable numbers, individuals ashamed of the stock from which they have sprung. The descendants of English, German, French, Italian, Polish, and Hungarian settlers, all confess to a certain love for the home of their ancestors. Only the "prominent" Irish are ashamed of martyred Ireland, a nation that has nobly suffered far beyond all others in the high and holy cause of love of country and love of God.

When men fall to that depth of degradation, they have fallen beneath all contempt. The grandson of the hardy peasant, type of a faith undaunted after centuries of persecution, dances attendance upon an unclean crew of sneering money-grubbers, who despise him for his craven spirit, while they use him as a plant tool. His sister, separated in time by a brief span of years, has nothing in common with the old Irish grandmother, one of a congregation, as Dooley writes, that heard Mass devoutly with their prayer-books upside down, because in her day in Ireland the price of an education was denial of the Faith. Granddaughter has what some consider an "education"; her Faith is of the dead kind that knows nothing of good works. Her brother, graduate of non-Catholic schools and mephitic drawing-rooms, might be a heretic, if he had enough religion left in him to make a respectable heresy. As it is, he is only an uninteresting apostate.

What changes has time wrought! Seventy-five years ago, the Irish in this country built the roads, dug the trenches, filled the churches, blessed God when the little girl went off to the convent, and wondered why God was so good to them when the boy was called to the altar. Today an uncomfortable percentage of their descendants are doing none of these things. The Irish of those times were poor and ignorant and Catholic, and when the last moment came, they went to God confident that while their sins were great and their merits small, His mercy was infinite. Their modern representatives are

wealthy, ignorant, too, but not Catholic, to any noticeable extent; and when their last moment comes, our best hopes are founded on the widest extension of the Church's merciful teaching on invincible ignorance. And the reason! These degenerate descendants from noble sires have made "civic virtue their sole religion, secular training their sole education, and worldly success the standard of all their attainments." They are not many, happily, and for this country may be thankful. Few perils are so pernicious as Irishmen warped out of their Faith, ashamed of the loyal fighting race that for centuries has done battle for all the things that are true and good in every clime of the earth.—America.

JERUSALEM AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

WHERE EASTERN CAMPAIGN IS PROGRESSING

Outside the walls of Jerusalem the ground falls steeply away into the narrow ravine through which, in winter time, the Brook of Cedron flows. Beyond the river-bed, which is dry for the greater part of the year, the Mount of Olives rises up. Even today there are parts of it that do not belie its name,—parts where, grey, snarled, low-growing, the olive-trees stand. A great block of buildings belonging to the Russians, and a tract given to the burying of pilgrims of that nation, take up a wide stretch of the lower slopes, but between these there is a strip of land that belongs to the Franciscans,—an olive garden, beginning at the place where our Blessed Saviour wept over the city, and ending near the brook in the Garden of Gethsemane.

The Garden is walled in; and for its better protection the only entrance is made so small and low, with masonry as thick above as at its sides, that one must bend down to enter. Only a toddling child could pass upright through that little gate. There is barely a quarter of an acre inside. It slopes slightly down toward Cedron. A gravel path encircles the enclosure, and against the walls there are Stations of the Cross in bas-relief of marble. To the right of the entrance there is a Pietà, protected by a roofed case with a front of glass. The centre of the Garden, shut in again by high iron railings, is filled with flowers,—marigolds and pansies, wallflowers, anemones, and under the great old olive tree the ground is carpeted with violets of sweetest scent. It is too bright, too full of peace, too lovingly tended, to bring before the mind the Agony that was suffered there. It is only by leaving the Garden and crossing the rough path which climbs Mount Olivet that one comes to a fit setting for the first mystery of the Rosary.

A narrow street passing between two high walls separates the court of Pilate, where Jesus was condemned, from the place of scourging. The court is high above the level of the street; and a steep, stony slope leading from it has replaced the stairs down which our Lord was led,—the Holy Stairs that are now venerated in Rome.

The Grotto of Agony is low and dark and gloomy. Some shallow steps lead down to it. Its rocky walls have remained untouched through all these centuries. What light there is comes down the steps or through a fissure in the mountain-side. The walls and roof are outlined roughly in the gloom. The floor, worn to hollows by the passing of hundreds of thousands of feet, is bare and uncovered now as it ever was. Two altars stand in the Grotto, where Mass is said at break of day. No sound comes from the outside. The world is very far away. Only the tinkle of the server's bell tells through the dimness of the grey dawn that Jesus Christ has come again on the altar, to the place where once on earth "being in an agony, He prayed the longer."

But lower again is the Chapel of the Flagellation. A double doorway in the wall opens onto a courtyard, where flowers struggle through pieces of broken masonry, through pillars of yellow stone like all around of a fallen balustrade, and a strip of flagging lies between the crumbling flight of steps at the gate, and the cloister arches of the Franciscan monastery. To the right, more flagging extends to the door of the little old chapel. It is small—twenty feet or little more in length—and wide, with open doors that let in the sunshine. There is matting on the floor, prie-dieux here and there; statues, rather tawdry it may be; and pictures with artificial flowers in vases set before them. It strikes one altogether as being full, yet poor.

Under the high altar is a small piece of porphyry pillar, grey, blackened and shining places. This is what remains of the pillar at which Jesus was scourged. Smaller portions of it are venerated in the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre, also in the church of St. Pudenciana in Rome; and away across the little court, yet another fragment of the same pillar is shown. It also lies under an altar; for a new, more empty yet richer and more costly church has been erected in recent years on old foundations that were discovered to the left of the gate of entrance. One visits this new church, but it is the old Franciscan chapel that draws one back. Poor, tawdry, it has seen many holy souls kneeling before its shrine; and in the passing of the long years the prayers that have risen from it have

followed its poverty and its age.

CROWNED WITH THORNS

In the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre there is a chapel dedicated to the Crowning of Thorns, and in it is a piece of rock on which, according to tradition, our Lord was seated when they circled His brow with a crown of thorns, and placed the mockery of a reed sceptre in His hands. It is well to have this chapel, bare and underground as it is, in which to venerate these sacred memories; for the place itself where our Lord was thus crowned with thorns is now-days no place of prayer. It is not a part of that Turkish barrack occupying the spot where once stood the tribunal of Pilate, through whose courtyard one must pass to visit the site of the temple and to which one is admitted without a special permit only on Friday afternoons, when a procession is formed there to make the first Station of the Cross in the place where Jesus was condemned by Pilate, and whence He was led forth carrying His cross to Calvary.

Inside the guarded doorway of the barrack square there is an archway leading to a smaller court, where a little fountain plays. The ground is paved with yellowish flags, and the walls of the high houses that surround it are dazzling white. The pilgrim is not allowed to cross the threshold, but so much can be seen from the outer square. In early days the Christians built a shrine on the place of the Crowning, and the walls that still surround it are the work of Christian hands. A cupola distinguishes it externally from the houses that press round it; it is used as a draper's shop; and, as he can not pray there, the pilgrim does not regret the order which forbids him to witness the pagan secularization of a place that calls for so deep a veneration.

THE VIA DOLOROSA

In the Fourth Sorrowful Mystery is included the whole of the Via Dolorosa, from the time that Jesus, bearing the cross, descended the Holy Stairs from Pilate's Court until He mounted the last step of Calvary. For a few hundred yards that way is straight, but rough underfoot, and sloping down unevenly until it reaches the place of the first fall.

On one side is the convent of Our Lady of Zion, and between this and the Austrian pilgrim hospice is a block of Russian buildings. A high wall edges the other side of the street, broken only by a few shop fronts little more than stalls, where beans and other eatables are set. The church of the First Fall and of the meeting of Our Lady and her Son stands at the corner of a street wide and more sunny than the first and narrow part. To the right of the doorway of this church two slabs of stone let into the wall indicate the third and fourth Stations.

Turning again to the right; and beginning at once to mount another narrow roadway begins with the chapel of the meeting with Simon of Cyrene. A life-sized representation of the scene stands in this low little room. There is space only for the priest and two or three of his following to enter. A Russian peasant woman had taken advantage of the open door and was standing close against the statue, motionless, her hands upraised. This seemed to be a gesture of prayer; but, drawing nearer, we saw the hands were strained against the cross that bowed the Figure down. It was as though with physical force she would have lifted the load that sin had made; but then the hands fell with a movement of despair, and their owner turned to join her waiting companions. Only something brilliant sparkled on the sculptured shoulder of our Lord—a diamond her love had left behind—a single tear.

Beyond this chapel the street is broken by low, shallow steps, that help the passerby to mount the incline which now becomes much steeper. There are dwelling houses on either side, and here and there they meet above the passage and form a darkened tunnel. The chapel of St. Veronica, small and lying lower than the level of the street, possess also its life-sized figure; and higher again is the last small chapel—that of the Second Fall of our Saviour. It stands at the juncture of four ways, three of them being busy commercial thoroughfares, but very narrow. Two are covered with awnings; one emerges from a tunnel; and the fourth has a little more light than the others, shut in as it is between the high walls of houses. The tiny chapel is merely a shrine for the modern realistic picture that sends one shuddering on one's way.

The place where Jesus met the women of Jerusalem is reached through a maze of narrow passages like streets, rough, steep, evil-smelling; and the third and last fall under the cross is commemorated on Mount Calvary itself, against a part of the basilica wall. It is close to the place where Jesus was stripped of His garments; but no Latin Catholics are allowed to cross the threshold, and the procession must go back on its way, traversing again the dirty street beside the chapel of the Seventh Station. Passing thence through a short piece of modern street along the buttressed walls of the German church, one enters the court of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. Going through its great, iron-gated door, one has reached what is left of Calvary; and mounting in the darkness, the summit is quickly reached. The cross was carried no farther—the journey of pain was ended. Here, on this most hallowed space, the last three acts of divine

expiation for mankind were endured. Here Jesus died.

CALVARY

The first impression of Calvary is surprise that one roof can cover the mountain of one's mortal pictures, and the tomb that was hewn in the rock in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. Close inside the doorway of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre are the steep, twisting steps that lead up to all that has been left of the place of our Lord's consummation.

For devotion, for security, to meet the demands of a growing town—numberless are the reasons that have caused the cutting away of Mount Calvary. In the time of St. Helena a great deal of the Mount was levelled in order to allow the holy Empress to build a church over that part of the mountain that nature itself proclaimed to be that on which the Cross of our Lord was set. The rent, deep, deep into the rock, is bound at its upper edges with brass plates; but below these the fissure is rough and black, untouched by the hand of man since God Himself rent the rock in twain. The light is very dim at the top of the stone steps. There are pillars supporting the roof, from which numbers of lamps are hung. Walls and roof together produce a subdued effect of gloom and ornamentation. At the farther end the altars stand side by side. The first commemorates the tenth and eleventh stations. Here the Cross was taken from Jesus, and His garments were roughly torn from His bruised and bleeding Body. Here He was stretched upon the Cross, nailed to it, raised up, and here He died.

The high Greek altar that stands over the place which a round disc marks that whereon the Cross was planted, commemorates not the most grievous but the most comforting of these scenes. At the first altar all is sadness and horror. Even at the second, the altar of Our Lady's Dolors, her sorrow when the dead Body of her Son as laid in her arms is upon us; but the Crucifixion did not consist of agony alone; Calvary was the door through which Jesus passed to His Father, leaving suffering behind Him. His death was and is His supreme victory. And Calvary, approached with thoughts of dread and sorrow, left with peace and thanksgiving, and a wondrous feeling of the nearness and the glory of God.—The Ave Maria.

CHRISTMAS

If there is one thing that stands out boldly on Christmas morning it is the fact that the Prince of Peace has come to us. Before His coming the world was ravaged with ceaseless wars. Men lived but to fight. When however, He appeared in our midst, men learned another art of warfare, which was the warfare of the spirit. This brings with it, not bodily wounds and scars, but spiritual joy and peace. He taught us to love every one but ourselves. Against self everyone was to wage a ceaseless battle in order to put down the evil passions of the heart. He came in poverty, so as to teach men detachment; He came unheralded by men, so as to teach the world to be satisfied with the praise of God alone; He came to a foreign country, in order to remind us that this world is but a passing stage in our pilgrimage to eternity; He was wrapped in swaddling clothes to show us that the luxuries of the world are the least desirable goods that men may strive after; He was blessed by the company of Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph, though He was the Son of God, in order to make it clear to us that the company of the lowly ought to be sufficient for us; He was looked upon by the dumb oxen of the field, and was laid upon the coarse straw of the manger, so that we might realize once for all that everything in this world can be made to minister to our soul's good; He was adored by the simple shepherd folk of the field, so as to stamp it indelibly on our minds that not the proud and haughty of this world, not the sought-after and the acclaimed, but the holy and the unadorned are the true friends of God.

But in the heavens above, where it was not necessary to teach such lessons, there was great rejoicing and a wild riot of singing. The angels, seeing the lowliness of the King's coming, from sheer admiration and surprise broke out in joyous singing: "Glory be to God in the highest." Surely a God Who so humbled Himself must be glorified; only a God could in His love stoop so far to win men's hearts. And the angels, in order to impress on men's minds the full significance of the Babe's birth, sang: "Peace on earth to men of good will." By His coming in the guise of man, Christ bound the whole human family together. And just because all men are brothers, there should reign amongst them good will, which is the foundation of all peace. In the present juncture of the world's history let us pray that this good will may soon be established among men, so that the long desired peace for which the world is hungry may be restored, never to be broken. On Christmas morning let us ask the Prince of Peace to give us a true, lasting peace that will help to win the world to Christ, and Him alone.—Rosary Magazine.

Be active in many ways; be a sower of good seed, a distributor of good things, but look within thy own spirit for refreshment and joy. Unless all is well there an applauding universe would be of no help to thee.

USES OF ADVERSITY

We know the pat phrase that lauded adversity. It was of a part with so many fixed consolations that fall into lifeless categories. It was the nice thing to say. The amenities of life soon steal the worth of a repeated formula. It becomes a bit of politeness. It is no use of disparaging social usages. But in the presence of realities we can readily dispense with them. Now the greatest reality that has come on this earth is this War. It is so real that we do not quite believe it yet. Little by little we are reminded that it is coming home to us. First it was three killed, then five, then fifteen taken captive. But the news will soon burst from the paper that hundreds, even thousands, have died. Then the patent condolence will fall those whose own have fallen. It will need more than human consolation to reach broken hearts. If ever there was a time in this world when the need of God and His holy faith was urgent, it will be then. The blackness of death, the resting in a foreign land, the tortures of uncertainty, these will be the crowding companions of grief. To the Catholic there will be the consolation, over, and above the human, the abiding love that death cannot sunder. The chasm is so easily bridged through the golden chain of prayer. To us death would be the most frightful of evils were we not able to reach our own through the channel of prayer. More than ever before will we realize that ours is a faith for life, but it is of slight value. In the best of meanings we will come to understand that he who loses his life will find it. Adversity will wipe out a cowardly dread of death, and will impress on us the great discovery that some things are really worth dying for, and death alone can purchase them.—New World.

SILENCES BIGOTS

GLAD THAT HE CONTRIBUTED TO K. OF C. FUND DEVOTED TO A NOBLE PURPOSE

The Christian Science Monitor of Boston, which has been very bitterly opposed to the privilege granted the Knights of Columbus by the Government to erect recreation halls in the army camps and cantonments, was disturbed recently over the fact that William Jennings Bryan, a Mason, had signed the Knights of Columbus War Camp Fund appeal advertised throughout the country. Inquiries directed to its Western Bureau brought two replies from Mr. Bryan, one of which was a dictated statement as follows:

"Mr. Bryan reiterated what he said to the newspapermen at Lincoln. He is perfectly willing that any of these organizations (Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Knights of Columbus) shall make known the fact that he contributed to them. He believes that the soldier needs spiritual nourishment no less than food for his body. The Roman Catholics are putting their lives at the service of their country just the same as the Protestants, and there is as much reason why the Roman Catholics should raise money for the moral welfare of the Roman Catholics as that Protestants should for the Protestant boys. The Knights of Columbus organization is a great religious society and it is to its credit that it has undertaken the work."

Mr. Bryan appeared surprised, says the correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, that Masons should criticize his contributions to the Knights of Columbus or that organization's use of his name.—Buffalo Echo.

TIME HAS VERIFIED PROPHECY OF PROTESTANT MINISTER

WHEN PHILIPPINE ISLANDS CAME INTO OUR POSSESSION

Rev. Algernon S. Crapney
"My reason for deprecating the establishment of a Protestant Episcopal diocese in those islands arises from the fact that the people of the islands are Christians, and have been Christians for generations. In every village is a Christian congregation with its Christian pastors, and Christian bishops have oversight of the churches. Our entrance into that field will be of the nature of an intrusion. We will not be preaching the Gospel to the heathen but to Christians, which, in the present state of affairs, is both useless and dangerous. If we say that the form of Christianity in those islands is corrupt and must be destroyed, we make ourselves judges of other men's lives, and are trying to cast the mote out of our own brother's eye, altogether regardless of the beam that is in our own eye. Is our commercial religion so pure, so Christlike, that we can afford to look down upon and despise the religion of our Roman Catholic fellow-Christians?"

"We Americans are in the Philippine Islands by virtue of our military power. The people do not want us there, a very large number of our

own people do not think we ought to be there, and the occupation and government of the islands present the gravest problems that our government has ever had to deal with. Now, if we add to these complications religious rivalry and bitterness—if every Protestant denomination rushes in there not to build up the Kingdom of God but to secure denominational advantage and prestige,—then we make a bad condition worse, and the work of pacification much more difficult than it is at present. Surely the people of those islands have suffered enough without having forced upon them all the evils and discords of sectarian Protestantism.

"It seems to many of us that we should leave the schools and other agencies of our civilization free to do their work; and when that work is done, leave the Philippine Islands to develop their religious life naturally along the lines of their history. It is impossible that any new form of Christianity should take root in that soil. Experience teaches that the seed of the Reformation is sterile in lands that have been long under the influence of the Latin race. Our missions have been barren in Mexico and in South America; and they will be barren in the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

OUR ACTIVITIES

The Catholic Church Extension Society gives aid to all the missionary dioceses in Canada. The Archbishops, Bishops and Vicars Apostolic inform us regularly of their chief needs and in as far as we are able we respond generously. The generosity of our response depends entirely on the Catholic Charity of people throughout Canada.

To how many dioceses do we give assistance?

To about sixteen.

What is the nature of the assistance given?

We give money for educational purposes; we educate young men for the missionary life; we assist in the building of churches; vestments, linens, etc., are sent to those in need of them; Mass intentions are supplied to the priests through their ordinaries; and last but not least, we send toys to the institutions of the West and North for the children under the care of the good nuns.

To give you some idea of the help given for example by "intentions," it is only necessary to say that during the two months, October and November, we have given the missionary Bishops about \$3,500.00. This amount is a great help to the priests when you understand that they depend in many cases on this assistance for their entire support. Another example: a short time since the Catholic Ruthenian paper was in difficulties, so great indeed that failure was imminent. The Extension Society was called on for aid. We had the happiness of giving to Bishop Budka \$2,500.00 and saved the situation for the time being. The necessity of this Ruthenian publication cannot be over-estimated. There are in active opposition to it eight non-Catholic and anti-Catholic papers well subsidized by the anti-Catholic forces in the West. We have been informed that the Renek, the Presbyterian Ruthenian paper, received last year support to the amount of \$7,500.00.

We have a hard battle to fight and without your support we cannot expect anything but failure. Give us a generous and regular "lift" and you will be doing much for the Kingdom of God on earth.

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

SHE WANTED TO GO WHERE JESUS IS

A Protestant minister, the father of a family, already attracted and drawn toward Catholicism by grace, came to London one day, with his little five-year-old child. As they walked through the streets, they stopped to enter a Catholic church. The little child's attention was quickly drawn to the sanctuary lamp.

"Father," she asked, "why is that lamp burning there?"

"Why, child, to tell people that Jesus is there behind the tabernacle door."

"O father," replied the child, "how I would like to see Jesus!"

"But child, the door is not open and even if it were you could not see Him, since He is hidden beneath a white veil."

So they left the church and con-

tinued their walk till they came to another church—and again they entered. No lamp, no tabernacle here.

"Father," queried the child, "why is there no lamp here?"

"Because, child, Jesus is not here."

"Well, then," said the little one, "I want to go where Jesus is." And thenceforward she refused to go to any but the Catholic church. The father was deeply impressed. He, too, felt that he must be where Jesus is. And in due time he was received into the Catholic Church.—The Monitor.

THE ANGELS' STORY

Through the blue and frosty heavens Christmas stars were shining bright; Glistening lamps throughout the City

Almost matched their gleaming light; While the winter snow was lying, And the winter winds were sighing, Long ago, one Christmas night.

While from every tower and steeple Pealing bells were sounding clear, (Never with such tones of gladness Save when Christmas time is near), Many a one that night was merry Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven, Friends, long parted, reconciled; Voices all unused to laughter, Mournful eyes that rarely smiled, Trembling hearts that feared the morrow.

From their anxious thoughts beguiled,

Rich and poor felt love and blessing From the gracious season fall; Joy and plenty in the cottage, Peace and feasting in the hall; And the voices of the children Ringing clear above it all!

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

One blessed song the future ages sing, A song Heaven sent, to sound for evermore; Including all of music on earth's shore

And much of archangelic carolling, "Peace! Peace on earth!"—That strain shall ever ring

Through war and bloodshed; going on before, Blazing the way to calm that shall restore

All things in Christ, our lowly Christmas king.

We hear it through the roar of battle strife,

Clear, silver-voiced, supreme above it all;

It lands the triumph of an endless life

Begun in Bethlehem. Its full notes fall

In Paradisal glow—how glad our cry Of answering love, "Glory to God on high!"

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Spirit is the highest element in man's nature, says Origen; that which is immediately divine; that whereby man is connected with a higher order of things; the organ through which alone he is capable of understanding divine things.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagnit, O. S. M., 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

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Mrs. James McCormick, Little Harbor, 1 00
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M. T. K., 5 00
League of the Cross, Iona, N. S., 15 00

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