

western front have been of such a character as to confirm an opinion that has long been growing, that man for man, gun for gun, the Allies are far superior to Germany and that in the end we will beat her. However, behind all calculations there stands the impressive figure of America and unless there comes a sudden and unexpected break-up of Germany, the inner feeling today is that we in Europe will have to mark time until America's million soldiers arrive on the firing line to deliver the final and decisive blow.

IRISH WIN HIGH HONORS

NATIONALISTS AND ULSTERMEN FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE IN RIVALRY

By Philip Gibbs in The New York Times

Press Headquarters in France June 8.—I have never seen the spirit of victory so real and so visible among great bodies of British troops since this war began. It shines in the eyes of the officers and men today up in the fighting zone and the fields and woods below Wytschaete and Messines, where they are resting and sleeping after the battle, regardless of the great noise of gunfire which still is about them.

The men have a sense of the great achievement—something big and definite and complete in their capture of Messines Ridge. They know how formidable it was to attack, and they count their cost—the price of victory—as extraordinarily light. Many brave men have fallen, and along the roads come many ambulances where prone figures lie with their soles up as a reminder that no battle may be fought without this traffic flowing back, but the proportion of the lightly wounded is high and the number of wounded amazingly low among most battalions.

I met one company of Irish today who took their goal without a single casualty and marched into Wytschaete without firing a shot. That was a rare episode, but on all sides I hear with astonishment that the British losses were so small considering the immensity of the task. It is this which makes the men glad of victory—not having it clouded by such heavy sacrifices of life as in the battle of the Somme. All along the way to Wytschaete, where I went through places which two days ago still lived up to the reputation of evil names—Suicide Corner, Shell Farm—and in the woods like the Bois de Rossignol, where death birds came screaming until the moment before yesterday's dawn officers and men, Generals, Brigadiers, Sergeants, and privates spoke of the victory with enthusiasm that made their eyes light. An officer reined in his horse and leaned over the saddle to speak to me.

"It was a great day for Ireland," he said. Yesterday another man with his arm in a sling also used the words "a great day" but said:

"It is a great day for New Zealand," and another officer, speaking of the way in which all the men went forward to victory, the English troops advancing with the old unbroken courage, in spite of hard fighting through a year of war, said:

"This is the best thing our armies have ever done, the most complete and absolute success. It all went like clockwork." One great proof of victory is the relief of some of those deadly places in the salient under direct observation from Messines Ridge. The screens of foliage which I passed today are no longer needed, and one may walk openly in places where German eyes have been watching for men to kill for two years and a half. And another proof, written in human figures, is one huge mass after another of German prisoners, a thousand or more in each assembling place in the fields along the roadsides. They were lying and standing today in the sunshine, with colored handkerchiefs tied about their heads.

Many of them were stripped to the waist to air their shirts. Some were still wearing heavy shrapnel helmets. All drowsed with fatigue and the prolonged strain of the British shell fire, so that they sleep with their heads on their knees or lying as though dead in a hundred postures. They awake at intervals, asking for water, and then sleep again.

There were such crowds of these field gray men that they astounded by their numbers. When questioned they speak gloomily of the doom that is upon their faces.

"What do you think of it all?" asked an Irish officer of a German officer whom he captured in Wytschaete Village. The man shook his head and said in good English:

"We are done for."

Another officer taken by English troops on the northern sector of attack was frank in revealing his tragic thoughts. When he heard the mines go up, he thought, so he says: "Thank Heaven, the British are attacking. Now I can surrender. Yesterday my division had three good regiments, now they do not exist. This attack ought to end the war."

Let us not base too much optimistic belief on such words by German prisoners. In that northern part of attack by the English troops, who started near Triangle Wood, there was bad ground for the assembly before the battle, known as Mud Patch.

There were no trenches there, and the British had to lie out all night in the open without any cover from

shellfire. It seemed the Germans saw them, and their commanding officer was in a fever of anxiety, thinking they would be discovered and would be shelled to death. But as though expecting a raid from one point the enemy only barraged around a group of mine craters, from which the British had been withdrawn because their shafts, packed with explosive, were ready to be touched off at dawn.

In one mine crater held by the Germans a shaft ran underneath called Berlin Shaft—the way to Berlin, according to the Australians who dug it months ago. Above it was a company of Germans, and when the mine was blown at dawn not a man escaped.

Beyond was Dam Strasse, where the enemy had deep trenches and strong emplacements in a hollow, so that the British Generals were afraid of trouble there, but when the men came to it they found nothing but a frightful ruin, obliterating all trenches and redoubts, and the men who still lived there shouted, "Don't shoot, kamaerd!"

GREEN AND ORANGE FIGHT TOGETHER

The taking of Wytschaete by Irish Nationalists, with Ulster men next to them, was one of the great episodes of the battle, vying with the exploit of the men of New Zealand in carrying Messines Ridge.

I went among them today up there by Wytschaete Wood, across the old British trenches and by the "Great Wall of China," built a few months ago as a barrier, a wonderful place of sandbag defenses and deep dugouts. There was not much left of Wytschaete Wood, once 800 yards square, now a pitiful wreckage of broken stumps and tattered tree trunks. The slopes of the ridge are all barren and tortured with shell fire like Vimy Ridge, and across it unceasingly went flights of heavy shells, droning loudly as they passed over the crest, and with all the heavy British howitzers firing with thunderous, ear-stunning strokes.

But the Irish soldiers paid no heed to this noise of gunfire, for the enemy was answering back hardly at all and the battle line had gone forward. An Irish Major was asleep under a little bit of corpse within a few yards of a six inch howitzer, splitting the heavens with its sharp crack of sound, and he slept in his socks, sweetly as a babe in a cradle, until awakened to speak to me, which made me sorry, because he had earned his rest. But he sat up smiling, glad to talk of his Irish boys, who had done gloriously.

Away off near the sinister little wood sat a Brigadier of Irish troops, the south and west country troops who went through Wytschaete Wood and took the village.

Go and see my boys up in their trenches," he said. They will tell you all they have done. Old Ireland has done great things."

The boys, as he called them, though some of them were old soldiers who fought at Suva Bay, and the youngest of them are old in war and remember far back in history of the days when they stormed through Guillemont and Guinchy, were sitting with German caps on their heads and examining German machine guns and sporting all their souvenirs of battle. I talked with many of them, and they told the adventures of yesterday with a touch of Irish humor and sparkle in their eyes. It was the little things of battle which they remembered most, the rations and soda water they found in German dugouts, the way they groped around for souvenirs as soon as they gained their ground. But stupendous still in their imagination was the drumfire of the British guns and the explosion of the mines.

"As soon as the barrage began," said an Irish Sergeant, "a mine only a few hundred yards away from us at Madeleine farm went up and we went down. The ground rocked under us and fire rushed up to the sky. The fumes came back on us and made us dizzy, but we went on to the Little Wood and then to Wytschaete Wood. Other Irish lads passed through us to attack the village."

The only trouble was in and about the wood. In the centre of it was a small body of Germans with machine guns, who held out stubbornly and swept the Irish with their fire, but they were destroyed. There was another post thereabouts in which a party of Germans held out with rifle fire. An Irish officer of a famous old family led the attack on this and fell dead with a bullet in his brain at five yards range. But the Sergeant with him helped to surround the enemy, and this hornet's nest was routed out. The German officer had climbed a tree and in the coolest possible way signalled with his hand to his men beyond. The Irishmen brought him down and made him a prisoner.

Wytschaete village was a fortress position with machine gun emplacements, made for defense on all sides, but the Irish closed round it and captured it easily. The garrison was demoralized by prolonged shellfire, which made a clean sweep of the hospice ruins and church and chateau and every blade of grass above their tunnel.

"I am an old soldier," said one of their officers, "and I hate to be a prisoner, but human nature cannot stand the strain of such bombardments."

On the right of the Irish Nationalists fought the Ulstermen, keeping in absolute line with their comrades in arms, in friendly rivalry with them to give glory to Ireland. They advanced through the Spanbeck

Molen Fortress position through Hell Wood to the top of Wytschaete Ridge, and it was curious that these two bodies of Irish troops had almost identical experiences.

The south and west country Irishmen of Dublin and Munster took 1,000 prisoners, so did the Ulstermen. When the ground in front of the Catholic Irishmen was shaken by a mine explosion a whole company of Germans were hurled high in its eruption and this awful fate happened to another company of Germans in front of the Ulstermen. Without a thought of the old strife at home these men fought side by side and are proud of each other.

Their Irish blood has mingled, and out of it some spirit of healing and brotherhood should come. Because of this remembrance an Irish soldier-poet has made a new version of the "Wearin' of the Green," inspired by guns that wear green jackets of foliage and cover the advance. I heard some of the verses this morning:

They love the old division in the land the boys come from, And they're proud of what they did at Loos and on the Somme, And Messines, They'll know the guns that strafe the Huns were wearin' of the green.

Wytschaete and Messines are safe in British hands and the troops are far on the other side. A party of the enemy is holding out in Battle Wood, but that will not be for long and is only a small episode. Today and yesterday the German troops massed at Wanneton as though for a counterattack, but each time they were scattered by British guns. From the new lodge the British have observation on them and the tables are turned.

HOLY FATHER URGES ALL TO PRAY FOR PEACE

EMPHASIZES IMPORTANCE OF AFFLICTED HUMAN FAMILY BEING PURIFIED BY CONFESSION

From the Vatican, under date of May 5, the following letter has been sent by the Holy Father to the Cardinal Secretaries of State:

"Lord Cardinal: On the 27th of April, 1914, in a letter to the Rev. Father Crawley-Bovey, we extended to all those who should consecrate their house to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus the indulgences granted two years before for such act of piety by our predecessor, Pius X., of venerated and holy memory, to families in the Republic of Chili. There smiled on us then the hope, clear and serene, that the Divine Redeemer, called to reign visibly on the domestic hearth, would diffuse there the infinite treasures of gentleness and humility of His most loving Heart and prepare all souls to greet the paternal appeal for peace which we proposed to direct in His august name to the peoples fighting and their rulers on the first anniversary of the outbreak of the present terrible war. The ardor with which the Christian families and also the soldiers fighting in the various armies offered to Jesus from that day the homage of loving obedience so acceptable to His Divine Heart increased our hope and encouraged us to lift higher our paternal call for peace.

"We showed then to the peoples the only way to settle their differences—with honor and advantage to each one of them—and tracing the bases on which the future condition of the states should rest in order to be lasting, we conjured them in the name of God and of humanity to lay aside their purposes of mutual destruction and come to a just and fair agreement.

"But our voice, raised in grief and pain, calling for the cessation of the awful conflict, suicide of civil Europe, and then for the future remained unheard. It seemed that the dark tide of hatred broken out in flood among the warring nations must rise still higher, and the war, overflowing other countries with its awful torrent, multiplied ruins and disasters.

"Still, confidence did not fail us. You know, Lord Cardinal, how it has remained and remains with us the anxious time of waiting for the long desired peace. In the inexpressible anguish of our soul and amid the bitter tears that we shed over the atrocious sufferings heaped on the fighting peoples by this terrible calamity, we love to hope that now not far off is the longed-for day on which all men, sons of the same Heavenly Father, will once more think of one another as brothers. The sufferings of the peoples, now become almost insupportable, have made ever more keen and strong the general desire for peace. May the Divine Redeemer in the infinite goodness of His Heart bring about that councils of gentleness may prevail in the minds also of those who govern, and that conscious of their own responsibility before God and before humanity they may not further resist the voice of the people invoking peace.

PEACE PRAYERS AND SACRAMENTS

"To this end may there rise to Jesus, more humbly, more frequently and more trustfully, especially in the month dedicated to His Most Sacred Heart, the prayer of the afflicted human family imploring of Him the cessation of the terrible scourge. May each one purify himself more often in the healing waters of sacramental confession and raise his supplications with loving insist-

ence to the most loving Heart of Jesus united to His own in Holy Communion. And inasmuch as all the graces which the Author of all good may deign to bestow on the poor children of Adam are, by loving counsel of His Divine Providence, dispensed through the hands of the Most Blessed Virgin, we desire that more than ever in this terrible time may the prayer of her afflicted children rise ardent and trustful to the great Mother of God. Wherefore we charge you, Lord Cardinal, to make known to all the Bishops of the world our ardent desire that recourse should be had to the Heart of Jesus, throne of graces—recourse through Mary. To which end we ordain that, beginning from the first day of this next month of June, there be established in the Litany of Loreto the invocation, 'Regina Pacis, Ora pro nobis,' which we allowed the Ordinaries to add temporarily by the decree of the S. Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs dated November 16, 1915.

"So may be raised to Mary, Mother of Pity and all-powerful for forgiveness, from every corner of the earth, in majestic temples and in the tiniest chapels, from thrones and from the poorest huts, wherever rests a faithful soul, from the blood-stained fields and seas, the pious, devoted invocation, carrying to her the cry of anguish of mothers and wives, the wail of innocent children, the sigh, arising from every good heart; may they move her tender benign love to obtain for the devastated world the longed-for peace and be a record for the ages to come of the efficacy of her intercession and the magnitude of the favor granted us by her.

"With this trust in our heart we implore of God for all the peoples, whom we embrace with equal affection, the most exact graces, and we impart to you, Lord Cardinal, and to all our children the Apostolic Benediction.

"From the Vatican, May 5, 1917.

"BENEDICT XV., Pope."

O'CONNELLITE VIEW OF IRELAND

Siourney W. Fay, S. T. D., in America

No one of Irish blood could fail to have taken an intense interest in the articles that have been appearing in America on the Irish problem during these last few weeks. They are only one of the many evidences of the urgency of the Irish question, of the absolute need of a settlement which will satisfy the just demands of Ireland and of Irish-Americans. Indeed upon the Irish question Americans of Irish descent yield nothing in the intensity of their feelings to the Irish living in Ireland, for in this country we feel that America was largely colonized by Irishmen, that our Revolution could never have been accomplished without the great numbers of Irishmen who served in the Continental armies, and that the Irish strain in the American blood is the most vital, the most energetic element which goes to make up the American character.

Ireland is far more the mother country of the United States than is England. There can be no doubt, then, of the great urgency of the Irish problem, and of the desire, not only of Ireland and of Irish-Americans, but of all good men everywhere, to see justice done to a nation to which every western European country, as well as the United States of America, owes so much.

The only question which can divide Irishmen is a question of what is practicable, and in deciding this it seems to the present writer that we should judge the present by the past. Among all those great men who have led the Irish in the last two hundred years, who were those who succeeded in accomplishing anything? The moment we ask this, it becomes apparent that for accomplishment we must look to those Irish statesmen who took what is called the constitutional line, and who were content if they could obtain for Ireland an honorable position within the British Empire.

Grattan accomplished something; Flood accomplished something; Parnell accomplished something; Redmond has accomplished a great deal; but before all and above all, the man to whom the Irish owe most, the man who not only raised the Irish Catholics from a position of intolerable servitude, but who taught Ireland and men of Irish blood everywhere to be proud of their Gaelic inheritance, was Daniel O'Connell. Never has the Irish race produced a man so typical of itself as in the case of the Liberator.

In the present crisis, then, if there is any character in Irish history whom the Irish people would wish to consult if they were able, that person would be Daniel O'Connell, and fortunately for us he has left us his statesmanship in his speeches as in a testament. Let us open his speeches anywhere at random, and we shall find two ideas always present in his mind. First, that Irishmen must be free; and secondly, that Irish freedom can only be attained within and not without the British Empire. In one of his famous speeches on the Repeal of the Union, the one delivered on June 29, 1813, he spoke of himself as follows:

"Your enemies say, and let them say it, that I wish for a separation between England and Ireland. The charge is false; it is to use a modern quotation, as 'false as hell!' And the men who originated and those who seek to inculcate it, know it to be a falsehood. There lives not a man less

desirous of a separation between the two countries, there lives not a man more deeply convinced that the connection between them, established upon the basis of one king and separate parliaments, would be of the utmost value to the peace and happiness of both countries, and to the liberties of the civilized world.

"Next, your enemies accuse me of a desire for the independence of Ireland. I admit the charge, and let them make the most of it. I have seen Ireland a kingdom; I reproach myself with having lived to behold her a province! Yes, I confess it, I will ever be candid upon the subject, I have an ulterior object, the Repeal of the Union, and the restoration to old Ireland of her independence."

Later on in the speech he told his auditors what was to him his only fear, that they would not succeed in obtaining the object of Repeal. He said:

"Your enemies cannot put you down unless you yourselves lend them assistance. Your cause must triumph, unless you yourselves crush it. You have the fate of Ireland in your hands; upon you, and upon you alone does it depend. Alas for poor Ireland! Her liberties depend upon the prudence of a people of the most inflammable passions, goaded almost to madness on the one hand by Orange insults and oppressions, and exposed at the same time to the secret seductions of the agents and emissaries of those very Orange oppressors. Do you wish to gratify the Orangemen? If you do, the way is before you. You have only to enter into some illegal or traitorous association; you have only to break out into turbulence or violence, and the Orangemen will be delighted, because it will afford them the wished-for opportunity of rioting in your blood. Do you desire to afflict and disgust your friends? If you do the way is open to you. You need only form illegal or seditious societies. You have only to commit some outrage against the public peace, and against your sworn allegiance, and your friends must abandon your cause with contempt and abhorrence.

"In short, your enemies are on the alert. They throw out the language of irritation, and they adopt every measure of oppression to goad you to a violation of the law, to a departure from your loyalty and peaceable demeanor. But it does not rest there. They send round their agents with money, and with pardon for themselves, to preach in private circles the doctrine of insurrection, to form secret knots and associations, to seduce you into crime and then betray you. These miscreants endeavor to obtain your confidence, that they may sell your lives. In the meantime, the Orangemen stand to their arms, ready prepared, primed and loaded; they stand with the triangle and the gibbet, to torture, to plunder, and to massacre.

"Alas! Alas! my countrymen, see you not the fatal snare? Do you not comprehend the cruel purposes of your betrayers? Yes; my countrymen were never deficient in intellect, they never wanted ready comprehension. They do, and they must perceive that if a single parish, if a single village, nay, if a single individual, exhibits the symptoms of political crime, if a single wish, inconsistent with loyalty, allegiance, peace, be expressed, our enemies will have an excuse, and a justification for their crimes and oppressions. The Habeas Corpus act will again be suspended, the reign of torture will again be renewed, and the cause of Ireland will be lost, and lost for ever.

"I am deeply anxious to impress upon those who hear me, or may chance to read a report of what I utter, I am most deeply anxious to impress upon the minds and understandings of every true Irishman that disloyalty to his sovereign would be double treason to his country; it would be perjury, aggravated by folly, and followed by the eternal extinction of the liberties of Ireland. And what prospect could there possibly be of aught besides destruction? You would have no friends, no supporters. We, who row join you in bearing down upon our oppressors, we, who expose the hypocrites that cover their bigotry in the stolen garments of religion, we, who are ready to run every danger, to sustain every calumny, and every loss and personal inconvenience in your cause, so long as you conduct that cause within the limits of the Constitution, we, in whom you confide, would, and must, be found, if you violate the law, in the ranks of your enemies, and in arms!

"For myself, I tell you honestly, that if ever that fatal day arrive, you will find me arrayed against you. There will not be so heavy a heart, but there will not be a more ready hand to sustain the Constitution against every enemy."

I have quoted at length from this speech of the Liberator because never in his life did he express his mind more fully or clearly, and what he said at this very early date remained his settled opinion during the whole of his life. In his great work of emancipation he succeeded; his work for repeal was ruined, as the work of Grattan and Flood was ruined in '98, by the impatience of younger men.

The only question for Irishmen and Irish-Americans to ask themselves in the present crisis is: Whom shall we follow—those who have done great things for Ireland and could have done still greater, or those who have undone what their more patient and more far-seeing countrymen had accomplished?

THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

In the "Spiritual Colloquies" of Giosue Borsi, the brilliant young Italian who met death on the Isonzo front in November, 1915, we find this remarkable passage:

"I pray also with all my heart for our enemies and brothers, whose dear and precious blood perhaps I will have to shed. Take away from their hearts every sentiment of hatred and rancor. Among so many fighters there are so many that love Thee, who are good, intelligent, affectionate to their homes, to their parents, to their wives, to their little children! Grant me to remember this always, so that I will not rush upon them in cruelty, in barbarity, in ferocity."

Reflect for a moment upon the words. They were written by no coward. Borsi was a lieutenant in the army of his country; one who, on the testimony of those who served with him, neither shirked duty nor quailed in the face of danger. But he was also a Christian and being a Christian he recognized war in its two-fold aspect; as a struggle for the right, and to use his own words, "the bloody sign by which Thou recallest them to Thee when they have strayed from Thee."

Whatever lessons of courage and of mercy war has to teach it gains from Calvary. If it is to accomplish a work of chastisement and purification, for conquering as well as conquered, it must be freed, so far as may be, from abusive speech and wanton act.

The thrust of the soldier's lance, bringing forth water and blood from the Saviour's Side, opened a Fountain that for two thousand years has never ceased to flow. The nations of the world, our own among them, are being plunged beneath that crimson flood. Cleansed by it we may be brought nearer to its source, exclaiming with the centurion who stood by the Cross and marveled at the wonders of Good Friday, that "indeed this man was the Son of God."

—New World.

COLORED CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN KILLED ON FRENCH FRONT

London, May 17, 1917.—The first black Catholic chaplain with the Colonial troops in the field has laid down his life for his men. The Abbe Gabriel Sane was born in 1869 and was converted to Christianity. He made his studies in Senegal, his native country, and was ordained priest in 1902. When he saw his compatriots leaving in great numbers for the War he asked his Bishop the favor of going with them, if only as infirmier or interpreter; for he spoke six languages. Mgr. Le Roy, chief military chaplain, who received him in France in 1916, appointed him chaplain to the Senegalese Tirailleurs, who received him with enthusiasm. All Christians and Musselmans, were equally devoted to him. He has just been killed in Champagne by a bursting shell. His body was brought in by another missionary, Dr. Letavin, of the Holy Ghost order, who had come from the furthest wilds of the Amazon, Brazil, to serve the armies of France. R. I. P.

SPREADING THE FAITH IN ENGLAND

London, May 17.—A radiant burst of summer sunshine has brought our Catholics with a rush to their old methods of conversion of their fellow-countrymen. Outdoor processions in honor of Our Lady and open-air lectures on Catholic doctrine in the parks are the order of the day. The Catholic Federation is also marshaling its forces, and next week there is to be a great mass meeting of that body, which will be addressed by the Catholic Lord Mayor of London, Cardinal Bourne, and Sir Charles Russell. It is also hoped that there will be some of the Canadian representatives present. The Federation is making its power felt in the moral atmosphere of the country and has already suppressed two immoral plays and got certain unpleasant cinema exhibitions censured.

CATHOLIC SISTERS ARE THE MOST EFFICIENT TEACHERS IN THE WORLD

Catholic schools are the best schools in the world because they have the most efficient teaching corps in the world. The average teaching life of a teacher in the public schools is four and one-half years. A teacher in Catholic schools spends her entire life in teaching. It requires no emphasis to realize that those who have consecrated their whole careers to doing one thing, can do it better than those who intend to spend but a short time at it.

The nuns teaching in Catholic schools come from the best families in the land; they have all been highly educated; they are all cultured women, of gentle birth and refinement; they have all been trained in sound pedagogical methods; they have specialized in teaching institutes; they have been subjected to rigorous examinations for many years. They are not allowed to teach without a certificate of their fitness; many of them have college and university degrees; they keep alive in their own convents the noble and sacred traditions of teaching, a thing that is well nigh impossible without continuous teaching for many years.

All this native ability, added to laborious and expert training, plus the ripened experience of a lifetime, and the stimulus of constant association with lives devoted to the same occupation, and all sanctified by the supernatural motive of the pure love of God, make our Catholic schools the best in the United States.—Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D., Pittsburgh, Pa.

UNSPOKEN WORDS

The kindly words that rise within the heart And thrill it with their sympathetic tone, But die ere spoken, fail to play their part, And claim a merit that is not their own.

The kindly word unspoken is a sin, A sin that wraps itself in purest guise, And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within, That not a speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild— For that end word, prayed a well might burst From out the sand to save her parching child.

And loving eyes that cannot see the mind Will watch the expected movement of the lip, And can ye let its cutting silence wind Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mind, Are valueless until we give them birth, Like unadorned gold their hidden beauties shine, Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.

How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute! But, oh, what pain when, at God's own command, A heartstrings thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul— Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice, But let it like a shining river roll To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.

Oh, let the sympathy of kindly words Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak! And He will bless you; He who struck these chords Will strike another when in turn you seek.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

We need the science of the saints to form saints; and this science is learned during prayer, at holy Mass, in frequent and fervent Holy Communion, at the feet of Jesus Crucified, and from our visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

"Although it is a mere trifle that troubles and worries a soul," says St. Francis de Sales, "we should not, on that account, omit to console it. Some people are greatly disturbed by trifles; and, besides, it is not a little thing to calm a troubled soul."

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

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. 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 you laborers, 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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Subscriber, Harbor Maine..... 50
Repose of soul of deceased son..... 50
Peter Donovan, Poltimore..... 2 00
Rev. J. F. MacMaster, P. P. Mahou, N. S..... 600 00
(For the erection of a memorial church)
A Mother, Maidstone..... 1 00
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Mrs. P. Braceland, Ottawa..... 12 00
J. J. C. Winnipeg..... 10 00