

minutes his resignation would be in the hands of the King. The reactionaries would have come to heel rather than face the Irish situation. But he yielded, and the negotiations were killed. Though he did not then realize it, Mr. Asquith in killing the Irish agreement signed his own death warrant at the same time. His authority, assailed from outside and from inside, had stood the shock of attack after attack, and he seemed indispensable and unconquerable up to that hour. But his strength rested largely on the consistent support he had received from the united battalions of the Irish party. In the first big division after his abandonment of the Irish compromise the Irish voted against him. And then his enemies felt they could strike at him, and soon they did so, and brought him down.

But in the meantime Mr. Redmond also received a deadly blow. The Irish people, convinced more than ever that England could not make and could not keep a bargain, turned from the constitutional agitation and flopped over to Sinn Fein as representing the Revolutionary ideas. For the second time the obduracy of the English reactionaries and the weakness and bad faith of the British Government helped to undermine the authority of the Irish constitutional leaders. For the second time British blunders were the recruiting sergeants of the Revolutionary forces.

With the rise of Mr. Lloyd George to the place of Mr. Asquith, there came a third golden opportunity of settling the Irish question. This opportunity was made the more important by the fact of America's intervention in the war. The messages of President Wilson with their eloquent appeals for democracy and the self-determination of small nations and the consent of the governed as the true foundation for all government ought to have made things easier for Mr. Lloyd George. I put down immediately on the notice paper of the House of Commons a motion in favor of the immediate grant of Home Rule, bringing into the resolution the words of President Wilson's address as to the consent of the governed. For three weeks I attempted to persuade Mr. Lloyd George to accept my resolution and to tackle boldly the Irish problem. I was convinced then as I am now that it was well within his power to have done so; for he was then, like most Prime Ministers and most British Administrations, at that first day which is always the strongest day of his power. The Orange Party had been much discredited; for even Tory England began to realize that hateful and disastrous heritage of enmity which the proceedings of that party had produced. Even Mr. Duke, an able and amiable man, who had succeeded Mr. Birrell as Chief Secretary, had privately forsworn all the prejudices of the high and dry school of Toryism in which he had been brought up, and had come around to a full acceptance of the Irish claim for self-government and, curiously enough, was particularly vehement against any attempt to partition Ireland after the fashion named by Carson and the Orangemen. At least a third of the Tory Party—perhaps even two thirds—would have accepted Home Rule for an undivided Ireland if Mr. Lloyd George had proposed it then; and of course all the Liberal and Labor forces would have been at his back.

WILLIE REDMOND'S SWAN SONG

But great as was the opportunity before the debate came on my motion, it was greater during the debate; for there occurred an incident, one of the most moving and one of the most astonishing ever recorded in the House of Commons. Willie Redmond had asked to second my motion. He stood up, dressed in khaki, a middle aged, stout and manly man, with his hair cut in soldier-fashion, grizzled to bronzed thinness, and the face deep with lines from the hard work and the horrors of the trenches in which he had fought for months. For a quarter of a century Willie Redmond had been a stormy petrel in the Irish movement; making speeches of almost extravagant vehemence, and glorious flamboyant; as for instance, when he declared this—that he did not care if the Cossacks were stabbing their horses in the halls of Westminster. And there he was now, a new Willie Redmond wearing the uniform of a British officer, and already with a record of gallant bravery, and above all, for the tenacity with which, rejecting all real means efforts to get him to the rear as already having done more than his duty, he stuck to his post. Already in the pinched face, in the grizzled hair and a certain wistfulness of the face, one could see the shadow of the death which he so bravely faced not many months afterward. His speech was an appeal addressed especially to Irishmen and begging them to forget in the Parliament House all their past differences in this tragic hour, as they had forgotten them in the trenches where Orange and Nationalist soldiers were fighting as warm comrades by each other's sides.

Even these halting words may give some idea of the effect which such a speech made in the highly emotional atmosphere of war time. You could almost feel the quickened throbs of men's hearts around you; in the galleries I am told that men sobbed aloud. In the mood of the House Mr. Lloyd George could have proposed and carried anything. Ireland stood emboldened before this audience,

even of Englishmen, in a guise in which she never stood before generous fighting for England as well as for Ireland; reaching out her hand to England for a shake that might have marked the end in an hour of all the hate, rage, misunderstanding that had kept the two countries at each other's throats for seven long centuries—a golden moment, indeed; a golden opportunity.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S FIASCO

If I were writing an essay on Parliamentary methods, I would illustrate the immense peril of the manuscript to a Parliamentary orator by telling what happened to Mr. Lloyd George in this debate. For days he had his secretaries working on quotations from previous utterances of Mr. Asquith and other Parliamentary debaters. If he had come to the House free from the shackles of the House of Commons, his quick and sensitive pores would have taken in this atmosphere and he would have spoken differently. As it was, he astounded everybody by a speech which took up the Orange position more extremely than even Carson had ever done. Soon, of course, he was in angry conflict with the speakers of his own party, and when at him the epithets which such astounding recency to all the principles of his lifetime too well justified; he answering back as angrily and becoming more extreme with every new sentence.

The House looked on appalled, shocked; this scene of raucous discord succeeding to the solemn hush and the profound harmonies produced by the speech of Willie Redmond was ghastly. And Mr. Asquith gave utterance in a slight and most casual sentence to the disgust and disappointment of the House in some such words as these: "I will not follow the general observations of my right honorable friend. I prefer to bring back the House to the temper in which it was left by the speech of my honorable and gallant friend, the member for East Clare," meaning Willie Redmond. The very reserve of the language added to its crushing condemnation. The Irish members rose and left the House in disgust and in protest, and every speech except one from an Orange Tory, that followed, deplored Mr. Lloyd George's extraordinary and unfortunate outburst.

THE CONVENTION

Things obviously could not be left as they were; and after some weeks another attempt was made to tackle the problem. Lloyd George proposed the calling of a convention in which all parties would be represented and where an attempt might be made to find a compromise between the Orange minority and the Nationalist majority. Except that the Sinn Feiners and the small following of Mr. William O'Brien refused to take any part, the convention was very representative. All the Chairmen of the County Councils, of the Chambers of Commerce, the professors in universities, four Catholic Bishops, two Protestant Bishops, a Presbyterian clergyman, several Irish peers, several labor representatives were in it; what was perhaps as important an element—some of the finest minds in Ireland, including perhaps Ireland's most brilliant spirit to day, Mr. George Russell, known by his nom de guerre, A. E.

The convention sat for close upon a year and the reports and the work was conducted with a great good feeling, toleration and brilliant debate. Its report was as anticipated, signed by about three-fourths; the Orange one fourth held out. The recommendations of this three-fourths majority were remarkable and seemed to give all the elements of compromise; all but the Orange irremediable. Ireland was to have one Parliament for all Ireland. But there were ample, indeed astonishingly generous, provisions for the security of the minority against perils to their civil or religious rights, whether real or imaginary. The Senate was to have a Unionist majority, while in the popular and elected chamber, the House of Commons, where by more numbers and by electors the Unionist representation would have been at most 20 per cent., it was to be made up of 40 per cent., in the case of Ulster, the nominated members were to be nominated by Ulster. Here was a scheme which Mr. Lloyd George could have carried. Here was another golden hour, another golden opportunity.

CONSCRIPTION

It is difficult to believe that instead of embracing this opportunity of sending a message of peace to Ireland, Mr. Lloyd George chose this hour of all hours to send Ireland a message of war. For, instead of taking up the report of the convention, he astounded the House of Commons by proposing the application of conscription to Ireland.

There is an idea in America that conscription was defeated and denounced by Irishmen alone. I wish everybody in America could read the full reports in the Times newspaper of the debates; I did not find in these reports any support for conscription except by a Home Rule Parliament in any speech except in those made by the colleagues of Mr. Lloyd George. Some of them, even—Mr. George Barnes, the Labor member of the War Cabinet—went out of their way to declare that conscription could not come an hour before Home Rule. Mr. Duke, the then Chief Secretary, made similar declarations. The opposition, indeed, grew to a storm on the English benches. Mr. Asquith made so powerful an indictment of the proposal that Mr. Bonar

Law had to spring immediately to his feet to declare that if the Government were defeated then Mr. Asquith would have to take their place; and as the great German drive was at its most perilous and most successful moment, Mr. Asquith naturally sprang from leaving England without a Ministry for 2 or 3 weeks, the usual time occupied in England in creating a new Government.

Two speeches deserve particular notice. One was Mr. Arthur Henderson, the leader of the Labor Party, and until quite recently a member of the War Cabinet. He said: "Conscription in Ireland has been supported in speeches by right honorable gentlemen on the front bench, which, having regard to the seriousness of the position, displayed more reckless courage than wisdom. If the Government did not say something to modify the position the situation in Ireland, and not in Ireland alone, contained the elements of the greatest disaster that has befallen this country during the last four years. If the warning from Ireland were ignored it would only have the effect of placing Sinn Feinism in an ascendancy in Ireland as Bolshevism had been placed in the ascendancy in Russia. The consequences might be as disastrous in the second case as in the first."

Even more remarkable was the speech of Sir Mark Sykes, who is one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of Tories. Nobody could have put the case of Ireland better. Here is what he said:

"If the Administration by this measure precipitated a catastrophe it would only be a fitting pinnacle to the monument of folly we built up in the last few years."

Even in the House of Lords—the last place in the world to expect sympathy for Ireland—there was an equally strong protest, and again from the most diverse quarters. Lord Crews, the Liberal leader in that body, said he "could not forget that in the earlier stages of the War the relations between Ireland, and the army were grossly and wilfully mismanaged; neither could he forget that the aspirations of Ireland for self-government had been deferred." In his judgment the wisest course the Government would have been to have kept Ireland out altogether. Lord Buckmaster, recently Lord Chancellor, said conscription in Ireland "might prove a grave disaster." Finally Lord Lansdowne, the last of the great Tories though it "doubtful wisdom" to apply conscription to Ireland.

The Liberal press was equally unanimous in condemnation. One quotation from the Manchester Guardian, the greatest Liberal organ, will suffice. "We don't think," it wrote, "the masses of the people are that hard-hearted—the murder of a nation—is atrocious."

THE IRISH UPRISING

Meaning the attempt to enforce conscription in Ireland, brought forth an immediate and a very remarkable response. The scene up to a short time before of apparently irreconcilable conflicts, it suddenly became a unit in the determination to resist this attempt of another nation and of another Parliament to impose conscription upon her. The Catholic Bishops, the most cautious of politicians, put themselves at the head of the revolt; men gathered at the church doors, made a solemn vow of resistance, labor abstained from all work on an appointed day, excepting in Orange Ulster, and it was palpable to everybody that if any attempt to enforce conscription were made, it must be over the dead bodies of women as well as of men, and against the organized passive resistance of a nation exasperated beyond all further endurance.

I wonder if the few shallow-minded people in this country who called for conscription in Ireland with the zeal of an English or a German jurist realize what effect it would have on the opinion of America, if in the middle of the War in Ireland were drenched in blood for the purpose of forcing her to fight for freedom.

I have written this narrative in vain if I have not convinced my readers that the source and the origin of Sinn Feinism in Ireland, of the rebellion, of the rejection of conscription, of all the other tragic happenings in that unhappy country, has been and still is the refusal of England to give Ireland self-government; and that this refusal again is not in obedience to the will of the British people or of the majority of the House of Commons. I pray men of my race in this country not to yield to the insensate clamor which hounded up all Englishmen together as arrogant and inflexible enemies of Irish self-government. That conception of the situation is grossly and grotesquely untrue. The real obstacle to Home Rule was familiarly put by Mr. Dillon when he shouted across the floor of the House of Commons, "Carson won't let you." It is the sinister group represented by that gentleman and by men like him in the Cabinet who alone stand in the way.

But I must here admit that the situation cannot be allowed to rest where it is at the moment. Ireland does not shine in the eyes of America in not sending more of her sons to fight by the side of the men of all the freedom-loving races in the great world fight for freedom. If the position of Ireland were that while she wanted freedom she would still refuse to fight for freedom, then her position would be in my opinion, be

helpless. But anybody who represents that as the position of Ireland, to put it plain, just lies. To speak in the conscription debate evoked more attention or more universal praise than that of Mr. Devlin and one passage in particular aroused enthusiasm. I quote it:

"If you will let this Irish Parliament be brought into existence I make you this offer: At the beginning to allow me to join the colors before I asked anybody else to do so, but he put reasons before me and used arguments which made it impossible for me to do what I proposed. Now, if the Government will do this thing—although to go to war now is to gamble with your life and practically to lose it—I will be the first to join up as a private or in any other capacity. I will constitute myself the leader of the young and generous hearts who will be touched by the chivalry and justice of your acts, and I will do my best to rally them to your support at this time of bitter peril for you. What more can a man offer than that? It is for you to say."

THE WAY OUT

Here, then, is the way out: Freedom first and then as many men as Ireland can send. In no other way can the solution be found. Ireland points to tens of thousands of her sons who lie under the sands of Gallipoli or the poppies of Flanders. They died for freedom, but so far as Lloyd George and other Administrations are concerned, they died in vain. Another solution has been sought in voluntary enlistment in Ireland. And will anybody guess how the present British Administration prepared to get voluntary enlistment? Sir Ignatius O'Brien, a Catholic and a Nationalist, was allowed out of the Lord Chancellorship and Sir James Campbell was put in his place. This job was attempted before, in 1915, but it was so gross that the Liberal and Labor joined the Irish members in protest and threatened a debate and a division that would have meant the end of the Ministry, and the job was prevented; but it was only postponed, as it may be seen. Who is Sir James Campbell? He was second in command to Sir Edward Carson in the Ulster rebellion; he is known to be, if anything, a more venomous Orangeman than even Carson. And on almost the very day when their arch enemy was appointed as one of their chief rulers the Irish people were calmly asked to send more of their sons to fight for freedom by the power that thus trampled their liberties. If it were not so tragic it might well be regarded as a bad joke from a nation with a defective sense of humor.

Such, then, is the account between the Irish people and their rulers. To me it is one of the blackest pages in the annals of stupidity, blindness, recklessness. I do not dwell on what it means to England that she should have the friendship of America after the War. Just as the friendship of America now stands between her and defeat, so after the War America's friendship is essential to insure that the War will not have been fought in vain. I have worked all my life to bring about that friendship between the two great English-speaking democracies, as the surest and the greatest guarantee for freedom, for the protection for the good government of the world. But so long as Ireland is not reconciled, the Irish race will not be reconciled; and an un-reconciled Irish race, as every one in America knows, joined as it will after the War by the English-German race, must be an obstacle to the best relationship between the two countries. And when I think of all the mischief to England that this means, I do protest the rulers of England to day seem to me as insane, as blind, as fanatical as the rulers of the eighteenth century who provoked America into a revolution and rebelled against the British Empire of the most precious and the greatest of her heritages.

The way out, then, is a self-governed Ireland; England can give it; if she refuses, America can enforce it.

INSPIRING ATTITUDE OF CHAPLAINS

The attitude of our military chaplains has been noticed more than once as deserving the highest praise; both among the British and French troops, many of these devoted priests and religious have laid down their lives in the discharge of their sacred duties. A Capuchin soldier-priest, Father L., who since the month of August, 1914, has been attached to a certain infantry regiment, recruited chiefly among the men of La Rochelle, in the west of France. Father L. was about 35 years of age, so far, the shells have spared him, though daily, even hourly, he risks his life. He is a short, slight, dark man, dressed as a soldier to all intents and purposes; only, at close quarters, his cassock may be noticed under his faded blue "capote." He knows all his men, their history, their character, their difficulties, their virtues and vices. Except when, like other fighting men, he takes his regular leave of absence, he never has been away from the regiment. "I am there to serve the living and the dead," he says, and true to this program, he is always prompt to assist and absolve the wounded and comfort the dying, whose last messages he receives and transmits to their families. When he has some his best for the living, he buries the dead, and carefully marks each cross, so that the mourner at home may know where their loved ones rest.

To one who met him in the trenches, where he lives with his men, Father L., although he is an enemy to anything resembling "bluff," consented to relate something of his experiences. His ministry with regard to the dying consists, he explains, in leading them to accept their sufferings and sacrifices and to bring their souls, by absolution, close to God. "In the case of the fighting men who are not wounded," he says, "nothing serves but example. I am a priest and a soldier; my duty to God and my duty to my country are bound up together, I must be everywhere during the battle—in the trenches and in the cantonments, where the men rest between two engagements. Some of our men, who would throw stones at me if I were only a priest, shake my hand warmly because I am a soldier and a comrade. Even from a religious standpoint, I can be more useful to them because I am a soldier; they accept from me advice and reproaches because I am one of them. . . . I am often able to bring them Holy Communion in the trenches, and I say Mass as often as I can do so, in difficult places where the men are able to assemble with a little fatigue and risk as possible. When we are in cantonments, I say Mass in the parish church, at the hour that is most convenient for the soldiers, and it is then their turn to come after me." Father L.—gives these explanations in a matter-of-fact tone. "My task is quite simple," he adds. "My days are very full, my health excellent, and I hope to go on to the end." From the men my informant heard many instances of the heroism of this son of St. Francis, how day and night he works for the soldiers; how after every great battle he may be seen on the first line, to rescue and relieve the wounded. All the stretcher bearers who come near him are inspired by his activity and courage to do likewise, and the colonel of the regiment has sent up his name for the Legion of Honor.

The loss of many promising young priests is a subject of some anxiety for the future, and the diocese of Paris has been much tried in this respect. Only a few days ago the Abbe Richard, curate at Ivry, who was a sergeant in an infantry regiment was killed in Belgium; the Abbe Noye, a young ecclesiastical student fell on May 4; and during the offensive of March, in the Somme, the Abbe Barner, professor at the "Petit Seminaire" of Comblans, near Paris, was mortally wounded. He was only thirty-one, and was, in every way singularly gifted. His letters from the 369th Infantry Regiment, to which he was attached in 1915, are full of joy. Till then he had been simply a soldier priest, with the rank of a sergeant, and in the violent battles of Lorraine he had bravely done his part. In April, 1915, he was named second chaplain to the regiment and he then felt that, his influence being greater, he might win more souls to God. He writes how warmly the dying embrace his crucifix, how he is able, as a priest, to assist and absolve them and thus carry out the duties of his vocation. His wish to remain close to his men led to his death on April 18; at the moment of a violent engagement he kept as near to them as possible in order to lose no time in assisting the wounded and a shell having burst over his dugout, he was crushed to death. The colonel publicly praised the generosity and high-mindedness of this admirable priest, whose loss, he added, "nothing could replace." Providence Visitor.

HONORABLE PEACE

"The Pope will not at all times seek to promote honorable peace, and, if not peace, at least civilized and humane methods of warfare. But he cannot in wisdom or equity, make war making or the use of punitive methods, claimed to be justified by military need, a matter proved to be intrinsically immoral."

If Catholics in England are praying for the victory of the Allies, and German Catholics are praying for the victory of the Central powers, what becomes of the unity of thought among Catholics?

Catholic unity consists in the fact that Catholics all the world over have the same faith, the same worship, and are united in obedience to the same spiritual authority. Outside the dogmas of faith and morality and the sphere of religion Catholics are as free as any others to have their own opinions and to differ from one another as much as they please.

Thus, in matters of secular knowledge, science, history, politics, Catholics differ widely and hold various or opposite views. It is precisely this fact that makes their religious unity all the more significant. Although they number more than 300 millions of people and are in all nations, no one can point out a single Catholic church in which the teaching and belief in matters of religion are different from the rest.

WIDE LATITUDE

"Hence what is found in the Catholic Church is not unity of thought, if by that may be meant unity in all that they think about, but unity of faith, viz, unity in all that they think about in the sphere of revealed religion.

English Catholics and German Catholics believe in God as the Father of all good gifts; they both believe in the duty of prayer; they both believe that victory is a gift which is in the hands of God. All that is a matter of religion, and both are in complete agreement on it. But English Catholics wish that the gift should be given to them and not to the Germans, while German Catholics wish it should be given to them and not to the English.

That, of course, is not matter of faith, but matter of national wish or interest, for which each has a perfect right to pray. If several candidates are seeking the same post, their friends may be wholly united in the religious truth that God is the giver of all things and that He may be supplicated for the success of their can-

didate. This is matter of faith. "But that some will pray for A and another for B is not at all matter of faith, but of personal preference or friendship, which can in no wise mar the unity of religion."—Catholic Transcript.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

HELP! HELP!
July 12th, 1918.
Very Rev. and dear Father O'Donnell: Our missions in Mackenzie never experienced before a disaster such as struck us lately. The greater portion of all our provisions for the winter was destroyed by a sudden rise of the Athabasca River. The loss to us will be about \$15,000. At the present moment, filled with anxiety, I am looking about me trying to see where to find the bare necessities for our missions. The winter approaches and it is needful that I act quickly.

In addition to our great loss we had to bear also the news that our fishing nets were suddenly frozen in and are now rotten and broken in Great Slave Lake. To overwhelm us entirely an epidemic broke out among our dogs. We lost them all and will have a hard job replacing them. Dogs are worth about \$40.00 each in our North Land.

In a word, provisions for our priests, nuns, brothers, orphans and aged, all destroyed; our dogs gone; our nets destroyed. What can I do to repair all this? Where can I procure the necessary money? Can we count on you to aid in this terrible predicament? We appeal to you with confidence as you have helped us so well and frequently before in our dire necessities.

No matter dear Father what may be your answer to my request, I feel sure it will be governed by circumstances and by the means at your disposal. We will pray the Divine Heart of Jesus to bless you and the apostolic work of Extension. May it grow day after day greater and greater till it embraces every place in Canada!

Believe me, Very Reverend and dear Father, Humbly and thankfully in N. S. and M. I.
G. BREYNAU, O. M. I.
Vicar Apostolic of Mackenzie.

The circumstances mentioned in the above letter by the zealous and apostolic Bishop Breynau will, we are sure, compel our charitable Catholics to open their hearts to this devoted missionary Bishop.

The Extension Society, already working overtime and unable to answer all demands, could not turn a deaf ear to this appeal from the heroic servants of the Master in the Far North.

The Executive of the Extension Society met and unanimously decided to give Bishop Breynau \$1,000. This good news was wired to him and it is easy to imagine his joy and thankfulness. In giving this \$1,000, the missionaries in distress, we are doing so without expectation of reward. We know too, that God will inspire our generous friends throughout Canada to pour at least double the amount into our depleted treasure-box.

Friend, may we hope to hear from you?

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.

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Previously acknowledged..... \$667 60
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frew..... 1 00

MASS INTENTIONS
A Friend, Osgoode..... 1 00

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION
Tainchow, 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. Peregrina 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 missionaries 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 be assured of 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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J. J. O'Donnell..... 10 00
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