

would be carried by virtual unanimity.

"I am not prepared to face the prospects of a military decision, which means a war of attrition, unless I am convinced there is no other way out. I believe in the security scheme by which the nations agree together each to guarantee all and all guarantee each. An attempt to hold the central empires down by a military decision, followed by economic strangulation, would mean carrying forward into peace all hostilities and hatreds of the War. It would divide Europe into two hostile camps and would make war more inevitable and deadly than ever and would fasten conscription and militarism forever on all nations."

Evidently, in Mr. Smith's opinion, it is not the brave men fighting other brave men at the front who think that the only good German is a dead German. That blood-thirsty creed is more in favor with the man whose ardent patriotism makes him, like the American humorist, willing to sacrifice on the altar of his country all his wife's relations.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

LLOYD GEORGE EMBODIES THE NATION'S WILL

HIS ILLNESS DELAYED SOLUTION OF IRISH QUESTION. HAS SURMOUNTED DIFFICULTIES INCREDIBLE. NOW DICTATOR

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, Dec. 28.—The narrow partisanship of former Premier Herbert Asquith who had been denouncing Premier Lloyd George as a selfish intriguer, were grievously disappointed on Tuesday, when Asquith rose in the House of Commons and after congratulating Lloyd George on his address volunteered the statement that there had never been a personal quarrel between the two men. During their long years of association, further heartbreaks were caused when the former Premier pledged his hearty support to the Lloyd George Ministry.

The speech of the new Premier was everywhere regarded as a splendid exposition of England's case, the passage in his address rejecting Germany's overtures being especially applauded, except by a small group of pacifists. There was scarcely even a ripple of excitement when Premier George announced that the Government would take over the control of all the mining and shipping resources of the country and would proceed to enroll all the civil as well as the military life of Great Britain in one final effort to bring the struggle to a victorious end. It is now perfectly evident that the country has regained its self confidence under the magic spell wrought by a small, but united and energetic Ministry, and that the determination of the British public to go on and on, until victory is won, has grown stronger and stronger with each succeeding day.

The only mistake in Premier Lloyd George's speech was the lack of definiteness in his announcement of a determination on the part of the government to settle the Irish question. The real truth of the situation is that Premier George was more ill than was generally known and was unable to leave his bed or see any body for several days. He particularly wanted time to consult with such discordant elements as Sir Edward Carson before making a definite announcement as to the Irish situation. Just what form this announcement will take is somewhat obscure but it is believed the next few days will do much to clear the air. In the meantime, in Tory speeches, and in Tory newspapers as well as Liberal, with the single exception of the Morning Post, there is expressed a fervent desire that a settlement of the question be hastened.

I have already informed you of the curious state of relations which existed between the two most powerful figures in the Ministry—Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. As I anticipated, these relations ended in the Ministerial earthquake which we have had. Up to the last moment—indeed almost up to midnight—on the fateful Sunday which was to decide the fate of the Ministry, the separation of the two seemed inevitable. Lloyd George was his extraordinary position—apart from his gifts as orator, his powers as a negotiator, his instinctive knowledge of political work—Lloyd George owes his position to a courage that is always ready to face any dangers or difficulties, to go out into the wilderness of opposition if that were necessary. And he had got to such a state of exasperation and despair with regard to the dilatoriness with which the War was conducted, that if he had not got his way he made up his mind not only to leave office, but also to go to the country and plead before them for a more vigorous prosecution of the War.

His position in the Cabinet has been peculiar and unhappy for some time. In this particular moment of British history you had one of those paradoxes which so often occur in human history—that is to say, that while the mass of the people of the country were one way, the men who had the control and the power were in another way. Lloyd George is looked upon by all the masses as the embodiment of the energy, the cour-

age and the promptitude with which the War should be carried on; and if it had been left to a plebiscite, there is little doubt but that he would be the choice of the masses. But on the other hand, he has many enemies among the rulers; and in the House of Commons he is looked upon with some suspicion by many Liberals—especially by the anti-conscriptionist group—by many Labor men, by of course the little knot of pacifists; and the attitude of the Irish towards him, though personally friendly, is one of vigilant observation. With this result—which explains how all his energies have been obstructed and embarrassed—that any policy of his, if opposed by the military or other authorities, was turned down; and he was left helpless.

Anybody outside the inner life of politics might well think such a state of things impossible—especially in the midst of a great war. But human nature with its jealousies, its appetites, its narrowness—prevails even in war time; and small men are constantly able to overcome the best efforts of the biggest men. I'll give an extraordinary example from an earlier stage of this war. Within a couple of months after the opening of the War, Lloyd George expressed to me the opinion that this war would be ultimately won by big guns and big shells. He preached that gospel in vain for months; one morning when I was breakfasting with him, he expressed it again with such vehemence, that I went down to my constituency to a St. Patrick's Day banquet and raised the note of alarm in a speech, the heading of which was "Shells, Shells, Shells." The warnings of Lloyd George once again remained without answer; the little men and the stupid men resisted him.

At last there came the Coalition Ministry, which I now believe was brought about by Lloyd George, among others, in order to meet this shells difficulty. The first result was the creation of the Ministry of Munitions. Do you suppose that Lloyd George's difficulties were now ended? Not a bit of it. As the scheme was originally planned, the Ministry of Munitions had the right to manufacture but not to invent shells or any other weapon of war; they simply awaited the orders of the War Office. Lloyd George wanted this or that kind of weapon, which his instinct for war problems recommended to him; he asked for them in vain; until he again contemplated resignation and consulted his friends as to whether he was not bound to do so. But he gained his way in the end. After weeks, if not months, of unnecessary delay, he became master of the whole munitions problem. The thousands of munition works all over the United Kingdom and the cyclones of shells on the Somme front are the best justification of his action.

It will probably be asked why it is that Lloyd George, being thus the darling of the masses, did not ask for the Premiership. I say sincerely and confidently that I don't believe he would have been a fool if he had. First, he would have had against him all the friends of Mr. Asquith; and Mr. Asquith has few enemies outside the violent press. Once at a banquet at which Mr. Asquith was present, I made the observation that he and I were always on good terms because like Goethe and his mother, we had been young together; for I have known him since he was a slim, fair-haired young man at the time he was brought to London by his respects but loves him; though he is not a man easy to get near, he is aloof, he never sees journalists, he hates deputations; if you seek to penetrate through the thick armour-proof reserve and shyness with which he guards his inner self you cannot penetrate a little bit. I once asked him to write a chapter of autobiography for a publication of mine; he said that he would just as soon run against Adam's vesture before the Fall, through Hyde Park, or words to that effect.

In addition, Lloyd George, therefore, if he had striven to force himself into the Premiership, would have been confronted by the feeling—the unjust feeling doubtless—that he had intruded to drive out of office one of the most honorable, high-minded and ablest men that ever held the British Premiership. If he could have formed a Ministry at all—which is doubtful—he would have had to fight for his life constantly; in short he would have been so beset and so worried that he could not have given his whole mind to the War.

Mr. Asquith has the finest mind in public life to-day. When it comes to weighing arguments, there is no brain has such a wondrous power of getting at once to the central issues and of pronouncing a judgment upon them. In addition, there is no man who has the incomparable gift of reconciling men and opinions, and in a war it is as necessary to maintain a united front as much as on the battlefield. To have substituted for such a man even so powerful a genius as Mr. Lloyd George would have been a very perilous adventure. Thus it was that he had to arrive at the compromise which has eventuated.

Both men are held to be equally indispensable; but each man has been left to the department for which his gifts best suit him, and more or less removed from the department for which his special temperament unfits him. The one man has still the leadership which composes and unites; the other man

is given practically dictatorial powers in the active conduct of the War. It is not an ideal arrangement; it is contrary to all the traditions of our methods of Government and our theories of Ministerial responsibility; but it is far and away the best settlement that could have been arrived at in the very difficult conditions.

THE WORLD'S STORY

Once more the thoughts of the world are turning towards Bethlehem and its stable. The growing complexity of its problems have failed to deafen its inner ear to the music of Christmas tide already pealing its unwelcome message to the children of men. "The heavens are telling the glory of God," sang the psalmist in his hymn of praise. The music of the spheres, the rhythmic swing of countless millions of worlds throbbing in limitless space, is creation's vast hymns of tribute to its Creator, yet to the great heart of humanity which responds to love rather than to power, the music of the spheres is but a whisper compared to that evangel of Bethlehem's midnight and the sob of the night wind through the cave where the Son of Man was born bears a message more appealing than the thunders of the myriads of worlds that swing through space.

Christmas, the world feast, it is the summing up of a world ideal not attained yet, but always attainable for to all the world it bears the message of true fraternity, founded on no empty shibboleth of human device, but upon the firm ground of Divine Compassion. So the festival as it passes, transfuses the world heart with charity, which is fraternity, divinely interpreted, and self is no longer deified, for the horizon of self is broadened unto its own effacement in the conscious presence of all-embracing humanity, a universal brotherhood in the bonds of Christ.

Divinely eloquent in its simplicity, intense in its appeal, stupendous in the force of the lesson it conveys, what wonder that the story of Bethlehem has permeated the current of human thought. In drama, in poetry, in music, in art, it has found glorious expression at the hands of the great masters of every century. Truly the prophet of ancient Israel spoke when he said of Bethlehem: "And thou Bethlehem art a little one among the thousands of Judea, yet out of thee shall He come forth, that is to be the ruler of Israel, and His going forth is from the beginning—From the days of Eternity."

It was a four days' journey on foot from Nazareth to Bethlehem. The peasant carpenter and his spouse were too poor to afford the luxury of conveyance. We of to-day, living as we are in an age of luxury, enjoying every facility of transportation and unaccustomed to inconvenience, can scarcely appreciate the dread which the prospect of such a journey must have instilled in the minds of the aged carpenter and of the expectant Mother. It was a journey that lay over vast stretches of undulating hills, a journey, one may well imagine, replete with privation, with hunger, with cold, with physical and mental torture. Hour after hour dragged wearily by. Mile after mile they tramped. The sun rose and sank again behind the western hills, and darkness fell upon the earth. Dawn came again to light the travelers along their road. Still the way stretched interminably before them. At last the lights of Bethlehem glowed beneath them in the valley. The thought of shelter and warmth and food gave strength to their faltering footsteps. They were penniless but surely they would not be turned away. Mother of Sorrows! That night in Bethlehem confirmed her title. They had no room for her; they had yet to learn from the lips of the Child Who had come into their midst, the new gospel of humanity: "Whatsoever you do unto the least of My brethren you do unto Me." The last petition was made, and the stable refusal given. The stable offered little comfort, but at least it sheltered one from the raw night air. On its earthen floor the straw was spread. Its brightness intensified and broadens till each hill and valley around is bathed in its radiance. The faint throb of music swells into a chorus of joy.

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth peace to men of good will. The midnight is past and the eternal dawn of divine compassion is upon the earth. It is Christmas day, the birthday of the Elder Brother of mankind, of Him Who has assumed human nature and transformed it by the touch of the Divine, Who will free the slave, Who will enrich poverty by a wealth imperishable, Who will place upon the brow of sorrow the diadem of a Divine nobility, Who will "lift up the lowly and set the mighty down from their seats." Who will exalt the mother and enoble the universal womanhood in His own Blessed Mother.

This dignity and the appeal of motherhood is the echo of the motherhood of Mary. The mothers of the world are so many Marys; their cause is strong to move the great world heart because the world has not yet forgotten Bethlehem. When they cry for peace their cry finds responsive chords because the world is still kneeling, though it may not admit its reverence, before the Mother of Bethlehem. If the image of God is upon the human soul, the image of the Divine Motherhood of Mary is upon our civilization; and until religion shall have finally effaced it, will motherhood relinquish its dignity and its tenderness.—The Catholic Vigil.

CARDINAL BOURNE

SAYS WAR WILL HELP TO OBLITERATE RELIGIOUS PREJUDICES

In a sermon recently preached by His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne, at the centenary celebrations of the Church of St. Mary, Holly Place, Hampstead, England, he took for his text, "Fear not, little flock, for it hath pleased your Father to give you a kingdom." (Luke xii.)

In the year 1778, said His Eminence, two Bishops were engaged in conversation here in London. One was the venerable Vice apostolic of the London District. He was then well over eighty years of age. The other was a Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland District of Scotland. The second of these two Bishops owed his encouragement to enter the episcopal state to Bishop Challoner, and he had come to London to confer with him on the work given him to do in Scotland. The humble lodging of the Vice apostolic of the London district their thoughts were said indeed. At no time since the reformation had the Catholic Church been at a lower ebb. There was internal misunderstanding, and the work of that Vicar Apostolic was being impaired even by those who ought to have given him the greatest encouragement.

BISHOP CHALLONER

The long life and episcopate of Bishop Challoner had witnessed the gradual decline of the numbers and the maintenance of the faith of his flock. There was nothing hopeful in the future; everything seemed to be on the decline; all round it was a case of losing ground. Then suddenly the aged Bishop uttered the words: "There shall be a new people." Knowing as we do the saintly character of Bishop Challoner, though he would have been the first to disclaim any right to prophetic foresight, we may well believe that in the moment God gave him supernatural intimation of the better days soon to open out before the Catholic Church in this country.

He himself was not destined to see even the first dawn of those better days. Two years later the Gordon riots broke out and devastated Catholic London.

CHURCHES DESERTED

Churches were deserted, priests were in hiding, and even the Bishop himself had to take refuge at Finchley, then a small village, and lie there in hiding till the fear was over. So insecure was his position at one moment that he had gathered a great mob on Hampstead Heath, and he was warned to go further into the country.

And then again God seems to have given him some knowledge of what would take place, and he told his own people that his service of danger was over. He returned to Gloucester street a broken man, and went to his reward in January, 1781.

THE CENTENARY OF HIS MISSION

Today we are celebrating the centenary of this mission and church which had their part, and that a glorious part indeed, in the growth of the new people of whom Bishop Challoner then spoke. And I think we may attribute our minds and hearts to give thanks heartily to Almighty God on such an occasion. We try to set before our minds how the growth of that new people has been brought about.

The one thing necessary for the Catholic Church, in order to do her duty to mankind, is to be able to come in contact with those who make up the nation in which her life is cast; and about one hundred and fifty years ago, at the sad death of Bishop Challoner, all contact with his fellow countrymen in this land was obstructed in every possible way. And once by one the Providence of God has gradually cast down those obstacles, so that at the present time we are able to go in and out among those who compose the nation and exercise an influence impossible to our forefathers of nearly a century ago.

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF PREJUDICE

One obstacle is prejudice, an unreasoning fear of studying the Catholic Church, which keeps so many Englishmen from even examining her claims. They are content that other nations should give their adhesion to the Catholic Church, but somehow are reluctant to admit that the Church has any claim upon themselves. Less than ten years after Bishop Challoner there came to this country a host of persecuted men driven from their country by the French Revolution.

Their coming awakened sympathy. Men were prepared to give them help and compassion and assistance and to listen to them in a way that they would not have listened to those who represented the Catholic Church in this country. Thousands of them came to our shores and were received with a charity that certainly has brought down great blessing upon us. They went their way among our people, and tried to elude out a scanty existence in our schools, both elementary schools and schools of every class. And in many cases the first kind of sign-post to the Catholic Church among school boys in those days was the fact that they had been taught French by an exiled priest of France.

From that day prejudice lessened. Those men became the apostles of the Faith. Another obstacle was the shutting out of Catholics from any part in the life of the country. That

barrier was broken down to a large extent, compared with the days that went before, by Catholic Emancipation, won by us almost entirely by the encouragement and devotion of O'Connell.

Then we have another obstacle, when men are shut out from the national culture of their country, which they cannot take part in the intellectual life which is found in other sections of society. A sort of blight rests upon those shut out. Among their number there are few members who have grown up in the traditional centres of teaching. So long as that is the case, such a body stands aside from the national life in great measure. Then, in the years from 1840 to 1850, there came that wonderful movement towards the Catholic Church which originated in the University of Oxford.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

When men of the intellectual standing of Cardinal Newman made their submission to the Catholic Church and accepted her teaching, and in turn became teachers in the ranks of her clergy, another obstacle was thrown down, and more and more we came in contact with all the nation and not merely one section of it. But neither the ceasing of persecutions nor the removal of civil disabilities is enough to give that strength to the Church which she ought to possess. She must have numbers. Not only in single missions, but all over the country, so that she may have influence felt everywhere when public questions arise. And it seemed in those days that the natural growth of the Catholic Church would never be of such considerable numbers.

Then Providence found another way in the sufferings of a sister people and in bringing to our shores, to great cities and remote villages, hundreds and thousands of people driven by famine from Ireland. They brought the Faith with them, and at once new life from another source began to be felt in the country far in excess of the existing numbers of the Catholic Church already in the land.

They set up new centres, humble but strong in faith and devotion, when the influence of the Catholic Church went all over the country from beginning to end. Another obstacle was incomplete organization. The Bishops set to rule the Church of God are, and must be, the centres of spiritual life and influence, and with the establishment of the Hierarchy, was given the full form of active government. Since then the progress of the Church has been much quicker. So one by one obstacles were removed. First one difficulty disappeared; then another. There gradually rose up in our midst that new people foreseen by that Vicar Apostolic.

Your church and mission have had their part in that growth. From this hill those who have composed this mission and worshipped in this old church have looked down upon the vast city and seen the green fields and have been surrounded and surpassed by the growth of the city round them. So that what was once the centre of an immense district has now become but one of the many churches in the district.

This mission owes its origin and its existence, as you know, to one of those French priests. He began by ministering to his own people. And when the trouble was over and his fellow countrymen were back he, inspired by zeal for souls, was content to remain in our midst, and began to preach to the English people in the English language. And out of his work has grown up this mission which has had its part in the progress of Catholic work. Some of those who lived in this place and worshipped in this church and witnessed the gaining of Catholic Emancipation were soon able to take advantage of this emancipation and hold an honored place in the life of this country, and now some of you still represent that civic life in your midst.

Then this church had its part in the rejoicings at the restoration of the Hierarchy and every successive Archbishop of Westminster has taken part in the thanksgiving to God in connection with the various events in this place. And now we, too, are looking forward to a new people.

With no less truth than Bishop Challoner we may say there will be a new people among us. When these terrible days are over England will hardly be the same in her attitude towards the Catholic Church. The French Revolution was the means, under God, of establishing a new point of contact, and are not new points of contact being set up every day during this terrible war to an extent impossible hundreds of years ago? Think of the hundreds and thousands of our young men going across the sea and forming some conception of what the Catholic Church really is.

They have seen our magnificent churches consecrated hundreds of years ago still sanctified by the same old rites. They have seen those churches with ever open doors and people thronging them to daily Mass, men and women and children alike finding everything in their religion which Englishmen rarely find in their own churches at home. These young men of ours have had their eyes opened, their sympathies enlarged, their understanding made clear as to what the Catholic Church really is.

Then again, those same men in the stress of battle and in imminent danger of loss of life have seen what

the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church alone, can do for those passing into eternity. And think you, my brethren, those men will return to us with the same thoughts and prejudices with which they cross the sea, perhaps only some months ago?

So, as you look back and forward, pay thanks to God. Think of what these walls mean in the presence of Almighty God, on such a day as this, and in the mind of those who once worshipped within them, how they must be united with us, and thank God for work begun so long ago. Offer up your thanks, that this Catholic Church, set upon a hill, like the sea, perhaps only some months ago, may yet be a source of spiritual light to the glory of God and the salvation of men's souls.—Providence Visitor.

THE WATSON TRIAL

SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY HAD WATSON INDICTED

The Augusta Chronicle, Dec. 2, 1916

"The so-called acquittal, by a jury in the Federal Court, of Thomas E. Watson, on the charge of sending obscene matter through the mails, is, after all, perhaps, the best disposition that could have been made of an impossible prosecution.

"We do not know, of course, whether or not the jury that tried Watson really believes that the matter in question was not obscene, or whether it merely decided that this was the best way to end a nasty matter that had soiled the records of the federal court for the southern district of Georgia—as well as the columns of the public press—for too long a time already; but, whatever motive prompted the verdict, even though it was in direct conflict with the law and the facts, the public generally will accept it as a very good riddance of bad rubbish.

"Even had this jury, as others have done, made a mistrial of the Watson case, The Chronicle was prepared to urge a discontinuance of the prosecution; not, however, because of any doubt as to Watson's guilt, but because he realized that there was no hope of convicting him—under the present system of selecting juries—and because, too, the continuance of the prosecution served no public good, but, rather, played into Watson's hands, by enabling him to cry 'persecution' and continue to pose as a martyr.

"Already he has used it to the limit to keep his followers inflamed with the idea that the combined forces of the Catholic Church and the government were to stifle free speech, and in an effort to arrest against him, in the person of a jury, neither of which, however, as Judge Landin explained to the jury, were at all involved in the case. To expect, however, that Watson's followers would take the word of a federal judge, or would accept the law and the evidence, as against the word of their hero, was too much; for not even a revelation from on high could convince some of them that he is anything less than the Lord's anointed.

"So, we say again, that for the benefit of that portion of the public which has been nauseated well nigh to death with this man's crazy vapors—his weekly assaults on everything and everybody that is good and worth while—even a verdict of 'acquittal' is a most happy, if not convincing end to a very nasty and unprofitable proceeding.

"No doubt, Watson will continue to offend the proprieties by his suggestive, if not downright filthy, publications—for which, unfortunately, there is always a market—but there is the consolation that these need go into the homes only of those who have the stomach for such things. As, for instance, these delectable sentences from some recent issues of his paper: (But, on second thought, and after re-reading the articles in question, we cannot offend our own readers by reproducing the language in question.)

"Perhaps, after all, it would be best for everyone, the press, the pulpit and the courts, to let this man go his way without further notice; for no amount of exposure, no sort of denunciation, not even his own misdeeds seem to weaken him with the people to whom he caters—and the other kind may be happier and hold a better opinion of mankind in general if they do not hear of him so often.

"That he has done, and is still doing, a frightful and devilish work in Georgia no right-thinking person can deny. But that such work, in the end, brings its own condemnation is a consolation upon which we may all rely.

"As showing that this estimate of Watson's work and influence is not entirely our own, we reproduce herewith some extracts from a sermon delivered in Marion last Sunday by Dr. W. N. Alsworth, one of the most able and distinguished ministers of the Southern Methodist Church: 'A publication of which we withheld while the Watson trial was on in Augusta, although it appeared in the columns of the other Georgia dailies: "Some men's thoughts and deeds make them veritable forces of infection, blasting with careless thought and wicked speech a vast population of people. In my judgment, the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, endowed by Almighty God with as brilliant a mind as any Georgian in this generation, has become so embittered, all the juices of his soul have turned to vinegar, until his writings and leadership constitute him the most dangerous man in Georgia today."

FAITH

I fancy trouble is a part Of life below. A sort of test by which the heart Its worth may show. And not by happy days and years Shall men be known, But by the strength through griefs and fears That they have shown.

Faith would be nothing but a word If never came The cares by which the heart is stirred— An empty name— But when by bitterness and woe The soul is moved The faith that men profess below May then be proved.

A filter is the mortal clay Through which may drain Into the soul from day to day Life's joy and pain, And each experience man knows, Though glad or grim, At some time brightly shall disclose The faith of him.

—Detroit Free Press

MUST KNOW CATHOLIC HISTORY

There is nothing like knowledge for removing prejudice and hazy conceptions. Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, professor of American History at the University of California, furnished an address to the students at Newman Hall. Speaking of the work of the Catholic pioneers in the southwest, Dr. Bolton insisted that students of history, and particularly of the history of California, should have a knowledge of the history and doctrines of the Catholic Church. Otherwise they could not understand much of the spirit that animated the early missionaries and colonizers.

The doctor spoke of his own experience, in a small town in the Middle West, where he had no contact with Catholics and small chance to learn about their church. But the study of history taught him to respect and reverence the Catholic Church. It would be well if more advice of this nature were given in centers of higher education.

"In no other state university in the country," Dr. Bolton said, "is it probable that the study of the Catholic Church receives as much attention as the University of California."—The Catholic Bulletin.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve fund diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers supporting two big catechumenates of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

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