

matic experts on Parliament Hill, or none, the fact remains that we have nothing to say in reality, and only "a consultative voice" in theory, on all the questions of England's relations with other nations; and that whilst we are expected to build a navy and to put it, when built, at the command of the English Government, we are to be as completely impotent as we were fifty years ago, in the determining of the issues which will in the future bring peace or war.

Russia; Persia; Poland; Egypt; Turkey; Fiume; Jugoslavia; Germany; Mesopotamia; India; Japan; in regard to every one of these, the most delicate questions of "foreign policy" have been for 18 months past, and still are, under consideration at London; and in regard to not one of them has Canada been asked to say one word; much less to give a vote. So much for "the sisterhood of British States," and so much for "a consultative voice."

There are, in the affairs of Europe, the makings of a dozen wars yet to come; and in the affairs of the far East, the makings of an upheaval the results of which no man can even guess at. Canada has joined the League of Nations, it seems; and is expected to fight when required. But most of the member nations of the League expect to be consulted. Does Canada expect to be consulted? Who will consult her when her own "predominant partner," or "sister," or whatever you may choose to call her, England, has not the smallest notion of consulting her?

Mr. Asquith says we have only "a consultative voice" in regard to the attitude of the British Empire in foreign affairs; and yet there are some people in Canada who expect Canada to be taken seriously in the League of Nations!

Well, it is a very comforting and comfortable thing to be optimistic.

But perhaps true optimism would be to hope that we may be left out, and frankly shape our course accordingly.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE RAISING of a Fund for the restoration and preservation of Westminster Abbey, to which allusion was made in these columns some weeks ago, gives special interest to an article in the current Strand Magazine on the incongruities in regard to those buried or commemorated there, which are forced upon the attention of every discerning visitor.

THE ABBEY is a Christian temple, though far removed for some centuries now from the original purpose of its founders, and re-echoing no more the solemn strains of the Church's office, as it was so long wont to do. It is also often called the "Valhalla" of the English people, without regard to the fact that the term is essentially pagan, and, as applied to this Christian temple, is the first and greatest incongruity thrust upon its great storehouse of holy memories.

BUT WHILE the Abbey is in its foundation, its original designation, its traditions, and still in part its associations, a Christian temple, it has in its more recent history undergone many melancholy changes. What first obtrudes itself upon the Catholic visitor, is the interminable array of monstrosities in the shape of monuments erected, to every conceivable sort of individual, Christian or non-Christian, who, themselves or their friends, happened in their day to have had sufficient "influence" in the right quarter to obtain admission to the charmed circle. Hence it is that, in the nave especially, and the transepts, the venerable edifice takes on the appearance of a museum or gallery of sculpture. This is the second incongruity, and while it is not the greatest, it is the most readily apparent.

THE THIRD has to do with the various types of individuals who have found sepulture within the Abbey walls, and this it is that is the text of the Strand writer. It is true that perhaps after St. Peter's, Rome, there is no other church in Christendom—among them some (as St. Edward, King and Confessor), who are on the Church's calendar; many Kings and Queens (mostly Catholic) who have left an enduring mark on English history; statesmen, poets, philosophers, scientists, explorers, warriors, who have contributed each his or her share to the service of humanity. But there rest there also the bones of an astonishing collection of nonenti-

ties, possessing no claim whatever to distinction beyond the fact that their bones are there. In this motley assemblage are included a butler, a plumber, a prize fighter, a grafter, and a would-be murderer. In this it is, as well as in its essential secularization, that the Abbey is so far removed from the purpose of its founders, and its former preeminence as a shrine of the Most High.

Of so motley a character is this assemblage, that as the Strand writer puts it, "if the ghosts of the Abbey should assemble some night to take stock of one another, there would be (unless sojourn in the other world begets much greater charity than is usually found in this) much sniffling and tilting of distinguished phantoms noses, and disgusted exclamations of, 'How the deuce came you here.' Wilberforce might find himself insulted by a pugilist; Pitt might be moved to denounce a swindling Secretary of State; Wolfe might be confronted by a spy; Tennyson might find himself confronted by a writer of scurrilous verses," and, it might be added, (what does not, however, come within the purview of the writer under review) bishops and abbots, and holy men of the old order, monks and nuns and devout Catholic laymen, whose mortal bodies had been laid to rest in the sacred precincts with solemn Catholic rites, might find themselves jeered at and mocked by truculent heretics of the new. There is, indeed, no limit to the jarring contrasts between the Westminster Abbey of today, and the Christian temple of pre-Reformation times.

IT MAY NOT be amiss to tabulate a few of the "worthies" whose bones are in this "Valhalla of the Anglo-Saxon race." A few are sufficient to emphasize its far removal from its glorious past. First, there is John Broughton, the prize-fighter who, after a life of strenuous endeavor, crowned with success in his chosen "profession," ended his days as a verger in the Abbey, and when the end came, found sepulture there. John Broughton was a worthy enough man in his way, and in character infinitely superior to others who affected to despise him. But to rest with England's greatest is surely an incongruity of a grotesque kind. Then, as if to keep John company, Philip Clarke, the plumber, whose mission in life was to repair the pipes and keep the drains in order at Westminster School, rests nearby.

OF ANOTHER kind, however, are James Craggs, Secretary of State, and Thomas Thynn, a court favorite in the reign of Charles II. Of the former, who as Secretary of State had made a reputation for honor and probity and of whom the poet Pope could write:

"Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept and honoured by the Muse he lov'd."

It is related that when the South Sea Bubble burst, and its books were overhauled, this same Craggs was discovered to be an ardent rogue, his name appearing on the subscription list for the fictitious sum of three hundred and thirty thousand pounds, the price of his "influence." Thynn, on the other hand, made no special pretension to virtue, but was an out-and-out scoundrel, and a would-be murderer. Having forced a child widow of property to marry him, who afterwards fled to Holland to escape his brutalities, and was befriended there by a certain Count Konigsmark, Thynn despatched six men to the Continent to murder the pair of them. That he should himself have shortly afterwards been murdered—was a fitting climax. But his bones lie in Westminster Abbey, under a pretentious monument, and—of all incongruities—close to the tombs of John and Charles Wesley, the founders of Methodism.

In judging others, a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins; but, in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed.—Thomas à Kempis.

It is not to be imagined that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess; for he only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely greater.—Pascal.

THE TIMES' COMMENTS

THE NAME OF ENGLAND SULLIED BY SAVAGERY IN IRELAND

London Times, Sept. 20th

Day by day the tidings from Ireland grow worse. The accounts of the arson and destruction by the military at Mallow in County Cork as revenge for a Sinn Féin raid which caught the 17th Lancashire on Tuesday must fill English readers with a sense of shame. Despite the efforts of the local police force, whose members, our Correspondent reports, "spared no efforts to try to check the soldiers in their mad orgy of destruction," the town hall and a number of houses and business premises were burned, the population being driven to seek safety in flight or to camp in the open fields. The authorities would have been fully entitled, after the raid on the military barracks, which cost the life of a British sergeant, to arrest on suspicion of complicity any townsfolk against whom a *prima facie* case could be established. No complaint could have been made had they dealt summarily with any insurgents caught in possession of arms. But they were not entitled to reduce to ruins the chief buildings of the township and to destroy the property of the inhabitants merely as an act of terrorism. The name of England is being sullied throughout the Empire and throughout the world by this savagery, for which the Government can no longer escape, however much they may seek to disclaim responsibility.

We shall doubtless be told, with the inimitable cynicism of a leading Ministerial organ, that Irish towns are not really towns, but only villages; that, to quote its own words, "comparisons with a great and populous university city like Louvain are farcical." Or we may be assured once again that "it seems improbable that many innocent people have suffered" by the reprisals. Apologies of this description do but deepen the discredit of the Government, for they are written, not in any Irish police organ, but in London, and bear manifest traces of official magnification. Unless we are mistaken, the Government have not yet declared war upon the people of Ireland. Yet these "reprisals" are acts of war, and of very ugly war too. We are supposed to be engaged in maintaining law and order in Ireland with the aid of disciplined forces, but we are, in reality, employing lawlessness and disorder as a means of counter-terrorism. The wrecks at Balbriggan, Nam, Trim and Mallow are but the most flagrant instances of a system deliberately organized. We commend to our readers the striking letter we have received from Mr. Annan Bryce, a brother of Viscount Bryce, and member of Parliament for Inverness from 1906 to 1918. He writes from Glengarriff, County Cork. We imagine that the authorities will hardly take reprisals upon him or his for his courageous frankness. These reprisals are indeed, as our experienced and moderate Dublin Correspondent observes, "a counsel of despair." They are a confession that the Government are either unable to control their own forces, or that they have abandoned the duty of government altogether. Every fresh reprisal puts a new obstacle in the path of any real Irish settlement. We have independent reason to know the truth of our Correspondent's suggestion that this danger is actually appreciated by leading men on the civil side of the Irish Executive, and that some of them have not hesitated to express their opinions very strongly. We agree entirely with his statement that no moderate man of any Irish party will complain of rigour in the legitimate campaign against murder and outrages, but that, as matters stand today, with murder on one side and reprisals on the other, the conditions of terror and insecurity throughout the country are becoming almost intolerable.

Into this distressing and humiliating situation the manifesto issued by Viscount Grey through the Westminster Gazette comes with peculiar force as the honest opinion of an honest and experienced statesman. With his opening observation that "the Government of Ireland has never been such a reproach and discredit to British statesmanship as it is today," none can disagree, nor can any cavil at his verdict that "the British Administration, in fact, exhibits the helplessness of an extremely feeble Government while incurring all the odium of one that rules by force." He is right also in saying that "the permanent underlying cause of a failure as prolonged and persistent as that in Ireland is not to be found in the shortcomings of individual Governments, not even in those of the present Government." We doubt the entire accuracy of his further thesis that it has always been, and always will be, impossible to get Irishmen to agree to any British scheme for a settlement, though we believe his main conclusion, in so far as they apply to present circumstances, to be substantially sound. Fifteen months ago Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet might, we have reason to know, have solved the Irish problem by a bold, swift stroke. That moment passed unutilized. Now, nothing short of some policy of the kind which Lord Grey suggests can lead to a settlement. But if a settlement is ever to

be attained, and if the people of England are not to be permanently debauched from raising their voice in future against the lawless employment of force, a halt must speedily be called to the practices at which the Government now connive, if they have not explicitly authorized them. These practices have become a national disgrace. The good name of England and her moral credit throughout the world require that they should cease.

BRITISH PROTESTS

SHALL WE TOLERATE IN OUR OWN GOVERNMENT WHAT WE DENOUNCE AS THE BLACKEST CRIMES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES?

In its issue of September 29th, the great English journal, Truth, after referring to the sack of Balbriggan by a British force, says:

"Here we have the official guardians of law and order running amok and treating an Irish town to an exhibition of 'frightfulness' exactly in the spirit in which the German Army made examples of Belgians and Frenchmen, killing, wounding and burning indiscriminately, and setting the women and children flying from the place for their lives. But as if this were not enough, we find the Commander in Chief in Ireland publicly represented as having, in a press interview, extenuated and condoned these atrocities, pleading provocation as an excuse for reprisals, declaring that when an officer is 'killed' it is only human that the men should relieve their feelings at the expense of the civil population at large, and actually asserting that 'punishment for such acts is a delicate matter'—able to counteract the training that the officers have given to the men. You might have got such an apology for frightfulness from von Bismarck. . . . General Macready stands up and apologizes for the insubordination and crimes of the police, and informs them, as well as the rest of the world, that it is difficult to punish them, because it might weaken discipline further. Is this the way to keep your insubordinate spirits in hand as a difficult task? Why, it is as good as an official intimation to lawlessness and outrage. As such it throws a lurid light on all that has been going on during the last few months. The truth is that resort to reprisals has long been systematically winked at by the Government, and has grown in consequence to what we now see. If the first act of this kind had been adequately dealt with, it would probably have been the last. But the spirit in which General Macready now speaks has been at work all the time, and, as invariably happens, the policy of reprisals has been carried out more and more methodically and mercilessly, until we have reached a point that because a police officer has been shot a flourishing town is to be sacked, while the 'higher command' looks the other way and pleads that it would be risky to interfere."

After comparing the sack of Balbriggan to the Amritsar holocaust as having less excuse than that offered for General Dyer, the article concludes:

"If these acts and words are to be condoned, and if the policy which they express is to be continued, I trust that protests will be heard in this country [England] as loud as any that have been raised in the past against the calculated atrocities of Turks or Germans. If not we shall be branded for all time as the most shameless race of hypocrites that ever walked the earth. Whether we choose or not, we shall certainly deserve to be regarded with tolerance in our own Government what we denounce as the blackest crimes in the Governments of foreign countries."

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE

Toronto Daily Star, Oct. 29

At the solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in St. Michael's today both His Excellency the Reverend Pietro di Maria and Archbishop McNeil were empowered by the Pope to bestow upon the congregation and flock the Apostolic Blessing.

Before the service an awe-inspiring silence lay over the cathedral. In the shadowy darkness, the rich reds and the vivid blues of the great stained window behind the high altar glowed like a vision from a nobler and a kinder world. Tall tapers rose in stately whiteness and with their steady and gently burning tongues of flame offered up humble worship. Small jewels of ruby red glowed amid great banks of white chrysanthemums and shell-white roses. At length the shadows were slowly dispelled and the cathedral flooded with light. The gold and white pinnacles of the Papal See, the pale greens and the burnt orange colors of the cathedral itself, the stone-groined Gothic windows with their colorful panes, all gave an atmosphere of mediaeval splendor that approached almost to Byzantine gorgeousness. Finally, the great organ burst forth with a triumphant paean of praise as the long procession of two hundred acolytes moved up the aisle with slow and solemn dignity. The snowy white surplices of the choristers, the sombre black soutanes of the priests, the scarlet robes and the heavily brocaded white and gold vestments of the archbishops, bishops and other prelates followed one by one. Last

of all, with the scarlet train of his scarlet robe borne by two small acolytes came His Excellency Monsignor Pietro di Maria, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland. Tall and powerful, with a firm but not unkindly mouth and with eyes deep-set beneath heavy brows and a beaming forehead, Monsignor gave an impression of almost majestic dignity and of driving power that was softened by a very human smile. Led to the canopied throne in the sanctuary of the church, His Excellency took up the position of honor, surrounded by dignitaries of the Church.

On the other side of the sanctuary sat Archbishop Neil McNeil, the silver jubilee of whose consecration to the office of bishop was the occasion of this ceremony. After the celebration of Pontifical Solemn Mass, and while the odor of incense was still heavy in the air, Monsignor di Maria bestowed the Apostolic blessing on the congregation. Following this, Rev. A. O'Leary, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, and a large deputation of the clergy of the archdiocese presented an address to Archbishop McNeil, in which his services to the Church were loudly extolled. A committee of the laity, headed by Mr. J. F. Power, inspector of Separate schools for Toronto, read these sentiments on their own behalf, and heartily congratulated His Grace on this silver jubilee.

Archbishop McNeil, in replying, referred to the gratification which had been caused him by the whole-hearted and spontaneous expressions of good-will which had been showered upon him from all quarters during the past few days. He expressed his great indebtedness to the thousands of pious souls who had been combining to say prayers, communions and Masses on the occasion of his silver jubilee. His Grace said that he felt that the Holy Father in designating to remember him with a special message had intended that it should also be shared with his flock. This message which was signed by Pope Benedict XV, himself, expressed high appreciation of the work which was being done by the Archbishop in the discharge of his office and in advancing the welfare of his flock. In order that the congratulations of His Holiness might be the more productive on this occasion, he empowered Archbishop McNeil to bestow upon his flock the Apostolic blessing. The jubilee sermon, which was delivered by the Right Rev. Michael O'Brien, Bishop of Peterboro, dealt eloquently with the duties of the bishops towards their flock and of the duty of the laity in the matter of obedience to their prelates.

THE REGISTER'S TRIBUTE

Toronto, since it became an episcopal see, has witnessed three silver jubilee celebrations of its spiritual rulers. The first was that of Archbishop Lynch, whose whole episcopal career was spent in Toronto, the second that of Archbishop Walsh, who for many years was Bishop of London, the third that of our present Archbishop, whose episcopal labours embraced the extremes of this North American Continent—Newfoundland and Vancouver—before he came to Toronto. From Newfoundland's fogs to Vancouver's flowers, and then to Ontario's fertile fields and Queen City—this is an experience which in point of latitude few bishops have enjoyed. Its social life has been greater than even its physical difficulties. From St. George, Newfoundland, with its fisher folk, to Vancouver with its Western breadth and breeziness and disregard of pretences, to Toronto with its deeply furrowed racial, political and sectarian prejudices, has been indeed a series of contrasts. The world conditions which have prevailed almost since His Grace's arrival in Toronto, have served to deepen these contrasts. Over four years of War compared with which all previous wars were trivial, served to bring out all that was best and worst in humanity. The best was seen in larger measure during the War; in the two years of feverish restlessness which have followed, the worst seems to be in the ascendancy, at least as far as surface indications go. This made the Toronto situation peculiarly hard. The embars of prejudice and bigotry which the present Archbishop sought to extinguish (as did his predecessors) were fanned into flame. The spirit of co-operation he has endeavored so sedulously to cultivate, has been seriously set back.

That very much more mischief of this kind has not been done is due to his persistent efforts. Whilst others have been discouraged he has not lost heart. Undismayed by the selfishness, Prussianism and hypocrisy which have come so prominently to the surface he has kept on his course. Because patriotism has been made in some quarters the ladder to prominence, plunder and power is no reason why patriotism of the right kind should not be cultivated. Because those who live and thrive by discord, masquerading under the name of religion, have been more than usually active in these disturbed times, does not in the slightest degree dampen the willingness of Archbishop McNeil to continue the policy of co-operation between all creeds and classes or shake his conviction of its success.

His unassuming kindness of manner, his aversion to everything in the line of pomp, his knowledge of

social questions and conditions, and readiness to discuss the same with all interested, have greatly helped to make his work of cultivating co-operation welcome. And despite the upheavals mentioned, a greater measure of success has been attained than appears on the surface whilst what has been done is but an earnest of what may be expected.

Coming to his ecclesiastical work, he has bent all his energies to two great objects—the supply of priests, the multiplication of parishes, and in this way the bringing of religious opportunities more closely home to the people. In this he has achieved much success and laid the foundation for much greater things in the future. He found a fine seminary, just completed through a princely act of individual generosity. The body was there, but it had not yet a soul. Archbishop McNeil breathed the soul into it, and today it is full of bounding life—life for which it is already too small.

This is just a sample of what has been done in more than one line. Another great object of the present Archbishop of Toronto is to unify the missionary work of the Catholic Church throughout Canada. He has fought localism and racialism quietly as he does all things, but persistently, and he has on the occasion of his episcopal Silver Jubilee the satisfaction of knowing that in this line also much has been done and the way prepared for far more.

May many years of health and undiminished intellectual powers be his! May he see his projects and plans crowned with success! If he does, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, will be far better socially and religiously because of his labours.—Catholic Register.

LOURDES MIRACLE CONFIRMED

RECOVERY OF A YOUNG BELGIAN WOMAN WHO WAS DYING OF CONSUMPTION

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Paris, Sept. 20. — Miss Martha Maton, a Belgian lady of twenty-one years, suffering from tuberculosis in its latest stage, weakened by a succession of illness since the age of fourteen, she had gone through the ordeal of forced evacuation from Furnes, her native town, in the first days of the War, and had been sent at last to the sanatorium erected for the Belgians at Charency (Ain) under the auspices of Queen Elizabeth.

Dr. Hottlet, director of the sanatorium, gives the following description of her condition since December 1918: "Her pains are so frequent and so sharp that it is useless to give her hypodermic injections of morphine each day to give her some relief. The case appears to be desperate; for nine months the patient has stood between life and death, fed only with milk, coffee and a few biscuits; her evening temperature often reaches 104. Our treatment aims only at reducing her pain; peritoneal effusions compress the diaphragm and the heart, determines slow and painful breathing, and never permits the patient to rest or sit in her bed. It is in this desperate condition that she was allowed on her express desire to start for Lourdes under the care of two Sisters. So intense was her suffering that she prayed not for the cure, but for death."

Miss Maton was plunged in the piscine of the Grotto on her arrival at Lourdes and came out extremely weak. The next day she was taken to the Grotto to assist at Mass, but she was so weak and worn out that the Sisters did not bring her to the piscine till the afternoon. She had hardly touched the miraculous water when she experienced sharp abdominal pains and lost consciousness. When, however, she came back to her senses, ignoring the warnings of the ladies in attendance and moved by an irresistible power, she stood up and started to walk. At the Bureau des Constations, where she was carried, she rose again on her feet and walked without any difficulty. One of the doctors who examined her affirmed that at that very moment all peritoneal effusions and abdominal pains had disappeared.

The next day at a supplementary examination of the patient expert doctors noted some hard spots in the right lung and frictions in the iliac region, but all pain had left the right hip, and the right leg, which was ten centimeters short, had gained seven.

Miss Maton returned to the Charency sanatorium, her strength returning so very rapidly, whilst her organs and functions came back to normal, that at the end of six weeks she was able to take up some work. She went back to Belgium, and on June 24th, of this year, she wrote to the Lourdes bureau to report the completeness of her recovery and her entrance into the Franciscan community of Poperinghe.

Of the extraordinary character of the cure Dr. Marchand, vice-president of the Bureau des Constations, wrote as follows: "This young lady had her lungs and peritonium eaten up by the bacillus of tuberculosis; coxalgia had reduced her right limb to complete incapacity; she was in the last stage of cachexy and she never left her bed for nine months. Now she suddenly starts to walk and to show a return to life: in two weeks, after two baths in the piscine at Lourdes all her lung and abdominal lesions disappear and within six weeks she resumes her normal existence. We can but humbly bow our heads and recognize that such a cure is not the result of natural pro-

cesses, but is beyond the limits of science, and that nothing outside of a supernatural intervention can explain it."

SONG OF THE BLESSED ONES

Soul of humanity,
Fire and clod!
We are akin to thee,
Saints of one family
Blessed of God.
In His infinity,
Calm evermore,
Patient, we wait for thee.
"Come!" we cry lovingly,
"Come and adore!"
Worship and bow with us,
Children of earth!
Praise Him all glorious,
In whom, victorious,
Love has its birth!
Sing of His holiness,
Sing of His grace;
Sharing our joy's impress,
Bending in lowliness,
Seeing His Face.
Learning, O wifed one,
Clamor's sureness,
Salutis is unison;
Earth would have benison;
Bids her have peace.
Loving eyes bend on her,
Salutis eyes yearn;
Mindful, above, of her
Burning with love of her
Till she return.
Children of vanity,
Look up and live;
Savior, exalted high,
Answer their loving cry,
"Jesus, forgive!"

—CAROLINE D. SWAN

THE FIRST BURSE COMPLETED

FATHER FRASER'S HEART OVERFLOWS WITH JOY

China Mission College
Almonte, Ontario, Canada.
Friends of the Sacred Heart:
Rejoice with me and all the members of China Mission College that the Sacred Heart Bourse, to which you so generously contributed, is completed. This is certainly a victory—a victory of the Sacred Heart over Satan. With this Bourse on hand, that is a sum of \$5,000 solidly invested, is more than sufficient for the missionary life will be accepted and supported in China Mission College, and when he has been trained and ordained and finally goes off to China to spend his life in the evangelization of the heathen, another student will be taken in and educated on the same Bourse and so on indefinitely.

What a glorious work, therefore, has been accomplished in completing this Bourse! What glory will be given to the Sacred Heart, what praise to Our Blessed Lady by all the priests to be educated, and one after another, on this Bourse, and by the thousands of souls whom they will deliver from the clutches of Satan and introduce to the bright light of the Gospel.

There is no telling what far-reaching effect this Bourse will have in christianizing China. Will not the priests educated on this Bourse raise other vocations to the priesthood among the Chinese youth and will not these in turn induce others to enter the holy state? Truly this Bourse will be like a vine growing and spreading in every direction, radiating the love of the Sacred Heart, until that great nation will fall at His feet, in loving adoration and be borne a willing captive to His eternal mansion.

I cannot find words to thank all who have contributed towards this Sacred Heart Bourse. All I can do is to promise them my prayers and a daily remembrance in the prayers of our students, but especially a daily remembrance in the Masses and prayers of all the young men ordained by means of this Bourse, and this as an act of gratitude to the benefactors who under God procured them the grace of ordination.

Yours gratefully in the Sacred Heart,
J. M. FRASER.

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