

## DIOCESE OF LONDON.

## CHURCH OF ST. PHILIP THE APOSTLE.

## A Memorable Day for Petrols.

Sunday last took place the laying of the corner stone and dedicating to God the Church of St. Philip, Petrols. The new church will bear, in dimensions and appearance, much resemblance to the new church just completed at Woodstock. The area is 100x42, the body rising about 50 feet and the steeple about 90 feet. The architect is Mr. Geo. Durand, of this city, the contractor Mr. Reath, of St. Thomas. The edifice will cost when completed over \$5,000. The church is under the pastorate of Rev. P. Gamm. It is beautifully situated in the most valuable and quietest part of the town, remote from the derelict, oil and mining districts.

The Bishop and Father Murphy celebrated early masses at Wyoming in the morning. His Lordship having preached a most earnest sermon to those who were gathered to assist at mass. Father Gamm celebrated mass in the old church, Petrols, at eleven o'clock, after which the bishop and clergy proceeded to the site of the new church. There were gathered nearly three thousand people of all denominations to witness the ceremonies and to hear His Lordship preach. Proceedings began by the presentation of an address to the Bishop by the St. Patrick's Society. We regret that we have not at present the document for publication. His Lordship then preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The sermon lasted about three-quarters of an hour. The Bishop addressed such a large multitude of people, so orderly, respectful and attentive. We give below a synopsis of the discourse delivered on the occasion:

He was, he said, glad to be with them to-day to bless the great undertaking they had in hand. They were about erecting a temple for the honor and glory of our great God, for God is our Creator and Sovereign Lord. By Him all things were made, and without Him was made nothing that was made. He upholds all things by the word of His power. We are His creatures and the works of His hands. We have received from Him our bodies with their senses and our souls with their faculties. God is not only our Creator and Sovereign Lord and Master, but He is also our Preserver and our Redeemer. We belong to Him by the titles of creation, preservation and redemption, and from this threefold title arises for us the obligation of adoring and worshipping God and of giving Him the most perfect homage of our whole being; so that the law of nature as well as of revelation commands us to love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul, with all our mind and with all our strength. Now the obligation of adoring and worshipping God implies the existence of special places, in other words, of Churches for that purpose. We are bound to worship God not only as individuals, but also as a common body, and again the necessity of this public duty of divine worship may be fulfilled.

It is true the whole creation may be said to be one vast temple raised to the worship and glory of God. The heavens announce the glory of God and the firmament proclaims the work of His hands. All the grandeur of the material creation and all the beauty of the spiritual world, all the beauties of His goodness, the vast extent, the infinitude of space, the immensity, the enduring mountains tell us of His eternal existence, the solemn sea is but His mirror, the universe is but a looking glass that reflects in a dim and imperfect manner the perfection of our Creator, and all the creation with a million voices bespeak His praises.

And yet this great temple of the heaven of heaven cannot contain, has condescended to dwell in temples made with hands, and to manifest himself therein by special acts of mercy and love. Men have at all times felt the need of localizing God, if I may say so. They have always felt the need of an Emmanuel or God residing with them, and the great God who has put in the human breast that imperishable and indestructible desire of having God with man in a special manner, has met that want by condescending to honor and sanctify certain places by His special presence, and even commanded the erection of tabernacles and of temples, wherein He might be worshipped and adored and invoked. Hence He commanded Solomon to build a temple in His honor. Even pagans felt the need of temples for their divinities. In Greece and Rome temples were built and endowed for divine service. Even in distant India, the most magnificent temples, beautiful in design, rich in material and replete with gold and precious stones, have been raised to the worship of false divinities. The existence of this universal practice amongst mankind proves that the building of temples is at once the outcome of a divine law and a consequence of that need for divine worship that exists in the human heart.

The temple of Solomon was the first and grandest temple ever raised to the worship of the true God. The magnificence of its proportions, the beauty of its design, the richness of its material, the splendor and wealth of the gold and precious stones that adorned it—its world, the majesty of the whole structure, the praise and glory of the Jewish people, and was considered the wonder of the world. This temple was desecrated and overturned by the enemies of God's people, and the children of Israel were carried into captivity. However, on their return home after their long exile they set to work under Zerubbabel to construct another temple, and it was whilst occupied in that work so dear to their hearts, that Aggeus, the Prophet, encouraged them in their labors by these words: "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, I will move all nations: and the Desired of all nations shall come, and will fill this house with glory—great shall be the glory of this house more than that of the first, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Aggeus II, 7-10). The Prophet for the encouragement of the builders assured them that though the temple they

were constructing might be in every way inferior to the former temple, both in design, in size and wealth of material, yet would it be honored with a greater dignity and would shine with a greater glory than ever shone on the former temple for the reason that the "Desired of Nations," that is the eternal Son of God incarnate would visit it in person and would sanctify it by His adorable presence. It was in this temple that the child Jesus was offered to His Father, it was in it that He sat in the midst of the doctors, startling them by His wisdom and His teachings, such as never before had fallen on human ears; it was from its pinnacles that He was tempted by the devil to fling Himself down on the ground below; it was in it that He taught and revealed things hidden from the constitution of the world. Now, my dear brethren, this is the consideration that makes the Catholic Church more holy, more glorious and more dear to the heart than the most magnificent temples of antiquity. The Catholic Church is where Jesus, our God and Redeemer, renews every day the awful sacrifice of Calvary for our salvation and sanctification. It is the abiding place of His Eucharistic Presence, His mercy seat on earth and the place where the ordinance of His religion are administered.

The temple in the old dispensation was a place of sacrifice. On its altars was offered up the blood of animals to acknowledge God's supreme dominion over man, to propitiate his justice and to deprecate his wrath. On Calvary's hill Jesus Christ offered Himself once for all in a bloody manner, to satisfy the justice of God for our sins; to redeem mankind from the curse and the guilt of the Fall, and restore them their lost spiritual privileges. But the merits of the atonement of Calvary must be applied to our individual souls; and so Jesus instituted this sacrifice of the Mass—the sacrifice of His body and blood to continue and represent the sacrifice of the Cross; to give God infinite honor and glory, and to apply to our souls the saving merits of His sufferings and death. On every Catholic altar Jesus Christ offers Himself daily by the hands of his priests, in a mystic manner. In this sacrifice He offers to His eternal Father, in our behalf, His body and blood, soul and divinity, in an unbloody manner, and thus gives infinite honor and glory to God. In this sacrifice the blood of Jesus is offered up for the remission of our sins, it is offered up as a thanksgiving for mercies and graces received; it is offered up to plead at the divine mercy seat for all the graces and blessings which we need; it is offered up to apply to our souls the merits of that great atonement which blotted out the handwriting of death that was against us, and purchased us with a great price.

The holy Mass is most certainly the most dread and august mystery in our holy religion. The sacrifices of the old law were but figures and shadows of the good things to come; the holy sacrifice of the Mass is a most blessed and merciful reality. When we consider the infinite value of the Victim offered, the unapproachable and essential holiness of Jesus Christ, the High Priest who offers it; the infinite honor and glory it gives to God; the untold and inestimable blessings it communicates to man; the peace and light and refreshment it brings to the souls in Purgatory, we can only bow down in humblest adoration before God, and earnestly thank Him for His infinite goodness for having given His Church this great and sublime sacrifice and exclaim in a transport of love and wonder with St. Paul, "O the depths of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God. How incomprehensible are his judgments and unsearchable his ways." (Romans xi, 33.) Now the Catholic temple is the proper place for the oblation of this saving and tremendous sacrifice, and it is for this purpose that it is primarily intended and built. Everything in a Catholic Church has reference to the sanctuary, the sanctuary has reference to the altar, and the altar to the august sacrifice that is offered upon it, so that it is, and it alone that gives a meaning and a value to the style and beauty and all the glory of Catholic ecclesiastical architecture and ceremonial.

The Catholic church is for us the house of God and the gate of heaven, because it is here, principally and usually, that the ordinance instituted by Christ, for our salvation and sanctification, are carried out. Christ perpetually lives and works in the Catholic temple for our salvation. In the sermons preached therein He is the abiding teacher; in the sacraments administered therein He constantly exercises the office of our redeemer. In baptism He rescues children into His holy communion, and incorporates them into His mystic body. In confirmation He strengthens and equips them for the Christian conflict. In penance He pardons the repentant sinner and receives the prodigal son back again into his father's house. In the Eucharist He feeds the weary pilgrims of the world, the travelers through the desert of life, with the bread of Heaven, and gives them strength to reach the promised land. In matrimony He blesses and sanctifies the nuptial union, and consecrates the human family as the foundation of Christian society. In holy orders He ordains priests, blesses and sanctifies them and appoints them His ambassadors and the dispensers of His mysteries of grace. Into the church the poor dead body is brought by loving hands, and the holy sacrifice is offered up for the repose of the soul that is gone, and the Requiem and the Libera ascend in plaintive accents before God, pleading for pity and pardon and the last offices of religious respect and of Christian charity are performed for it as it is committed to the keeping of the grave.

Thus in all the relations of our mortal life, in all the great events that make epochs in our history, in our joys and in our sorrows, the Catholic Church is for us the house of God, the gate of heaven and the soul's earthly paradise. Now it is the conviction that the Catholic temple is the house of God and the gate of heaven, that it is the home of the Blessed Sacrament, the place where the great saving ordinance of the Christian religion are administered, the holy place whence those fountains of the Saviour, the holy sacraments, send abroad the waters of life for the spiritual regeneration and salvation of man, and that it

contains the altar on which the august sacrifice of the mass is offered up for the living and the dead. This is the conviction, we repeat that in every age has induced Catholics to make the greatest sacrifices in building and beautifying churches, and in showing their love for the beauty of God's house and the place where his glory dwelleth. It was this belief that laid the foundations and raised the superstructures of the immortal old cathedrals of Europe, that it was it that inspired all the arts that have adorned those glorious and imperishable creations of Catholic faith and Catholic genius. Architecture unsurpassable in beauty and perfection; stained glass windows that like the heavens announced the glory of God, and in all the varied colors of the rainbow emblazoned the images of Christ and his saints; sacred music that seemed but the echo of the heavenly strains which rejoice the blest, that swept all the cords of human feeling and emotion, now melting the soul into sorrow and compunction, now subduing it as if with the dread presence of the divine majesty it invoked, and anon lifting it up on the wings of hope and in transports of joy to heaven; painting that made the canvas breathe and live; sculpture that took the rough stones of the quarry and chiselled them into life; engraving, embroidering, the arts of the gold and silversmith and of the lapidary—all the gifts of human genius inspired by faith were employed by our Catholic ancestors to adorn the house of God, to embellish the sanctuary and the altar, to dignify Catholic worship and express their profound adoration and their ardent love of the crucified Lord, offered up in a mystic manner in the august sacrifice of the new law.

But not only did our Catholic fathers—the men of the ages of faith—offer their gifts and lavish their means in the construction and adornment of the house of God, but they gave their lives, and as it were, expended their lives in the great and holy work. Old and young, gentle and simple, the monk and the layman, the prince and the laborer, the baron and his retainer, the high-born dame and the peasant woman, all worked gratuitously for years in the construction of their churches. It was to them a labor of faith and love undertaken for Christ's dear sake, for the love of His blessed mother, and for the salvation of their souls.

Such was the faith, such the motives that wrought those miracles in ancient churches and cathedrals of the middle ages. And indeed, dearly beloved brethren, have we not witnessed the operation of a like faith and kindred motives on this continent in modern times, and the marvels which they have wrought? In this country we had no royal convert like a Constantine, or a Clovis, to build our churches; no government reached out its arm to help in this great work. To the hard-worked sons of toil the glory and the merit of raising temples to the God of their fathers have been reserved. The poor laboring men who dug our canals and built our railroads, and hewed down our forests, laid also the foundations of our churches and the altars of our altars. The poor, the ragged, the scanty earnings of the servant maids, the tardy gains of the farmer and the savings of the shopkeeper, these were the means that built our churches in our cities, towns and villages in the prairies of the west, amid the half-forested forests, and along the shores of our great lakes and rivers, and as long as these churches shall stand, as long as their open doors will invite the weary and heavy burdened to seek refreshment of soul within their precincts, as long as the cross shall gleam from their steeples, an emblem of the everlasting covenant of divine mercy and pardon between the Redeemer and the redeemed, so long shall they be enduring monuments of the faith and hope and charity of the apostolic people. We have seen the seed of the Catholic faith in this country, watered it with their sweat and tears until it has grown up into a mighty tree overshadowing the whole land.

After the sermon His Lordship proceeded to bless the foundation stone and the foundations of the contemplated church. A collection was taken up at the termination of the proceedings, amounting to \$350, one hundred dollars of which were contributed by His Lordship to encourage pastor and people to bring the undertaking to a successful issue. We wish the rev. pastor every success in his praiseworthy undertaking.

His Lordship and clergy were the guests of Mr. and the Misses Gleeson.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

We see by the Peterboro Review that Rev. Father Kelly of Ennismore assisted, May 23rd, at the laying of a corner stone for the new church of Prescott, his native place.

Rev. Dr. Potts writes to the *Christian Guardian* that he wishes it to be distinctly understood that he was not present at the Governor General's ball recently given in Toronto. We regret Dr. Potts has not written at greater length on this subject. He was certainly invited. Why did he not go? Was it because he was converted to Home Rule principles by Wm. O'Brien? Was it because he did not wish to be with those who would be ordered to "Salute your partners, right and left—all hands round—promenade all?" Was it because he considered dancing wrong and sinful, and did not wish to encourage it by his presence? If this latter reason, many would commend him for his manliness were he to speak out on the subject with no uncertain sound. For ourselves we doubt not the Dr. considers dancing very sinful, but it would be naughty, you know to criticize the actions of Her Majesty's representative in Canada.

Staff editor of the Toronto *Mail* loses no opportunity to take a fling at the French

and the faith of the French. In an article concerning the alleged retirement of Mr. Blake from active political life, he sets forth, amongst other obstacles to our advancement, the following: "Can we hope to prosper whilst an *imperium in imperio* is law established in Quebec, is permitted to impoverish one-fourth of our population and keep it in a condition of intellectual twilight?" The vast majority of the people of Quebec are French and Catholic, and if they prefer the State Church system to any other, that is a matter that concerns themselves alone. They do not ask their separated brethren to contribute to the support of their Church or their priests. What thunders of condemnation would not our friend of the *Mail* howl at them were they to dare propose such a scheme! But yet it has not one word to say in denunciation of the system which forces the people of Wales to pay tribute to a church which embraces within its fold but a mere fraction of the population. Nor would it venture to say, place on record its disapproval if the Catholic people of Ireland were again to have placed about their necks the horrid yoke of supporting a church, by law established, but by the people repudiated.

In the same issue of the *Mail* appears a long letter from a correspondent residing at Sturgeon Falls, bewailing the advance of the French on the line of the C.P.R. The writer, although evidently in the right mood, concedingly admits that they have a right to so advance, but takes exception to their *cannibals*. They have, it would seem, wherever and whenever they form a majority of residents in any particular locality, exhibited the bad taste to select persons of their own creed and nationality to fill positions of trust and responsibility. In pursuing this course they are, after all, but following the example set by all other peoples in every section of the globe, and by none so offensively and so unfeelingly as by the very constituency of which the *Mail* is the organ. The Macons, Orangemen and the Sons of England are masters of all they survey in Toronto, and unless one is a member of one of these societies he loses time by seeking employment in the gift of the corporation.

But the correspondent would have us believe that the most scandalous and shameful procedure of all on the part of these French Catholics is the fact that they bring their priests and catechisms with them wherever they go. Quite natural is this. While they are making conquests in the material world, felling the wilderness, building railroads, erecting homes, and thus laying foundations of towns, they do not forget the creator of all things. They never neglect to pay Him due homage, and the priest and the catechism are ever at hand to point the way to the glorious hereafter when this life's pilgrimage is brought to a close. The catechism our friend would like to have them use would most probably read something like this: "Go forth, young man, be smart; make money—honestly if you can, but make money anyway. If you want to go into religion, build a church and hire a preacher—A wild one! let there be lots of Scripture reading interspersed with lively anecdotes; let the services be such as will 'bring down the house' with 'applause,' 'hear, hear,' 'bravo,' and kindred expressions; listen to your minister, but do not believe what he tells you unless it agrees with your own view." We hope our friend of the *Mail* and its correspondents both at home and abroad will possess their souls in peace. The priest and his people and the catechism were here centuries before they were born, and they will be here in our midst centuries after their names will be forgotten.

Wm. O'Brien has brought his American tour to a close, and it has, after all, been such as to bring shame to the cheeks of the anti-Home Rulers. The Toronto *Mail*, instead of being calm and judicial, has almost become passionate in speaking of Mr. O'Brien's utterances in regard to his treatment in Canada. His description of his reception in Toronto and Kingston doubles locked very awkward and embarrassing in cold print, and will be very complimentary impressions in the American mind as to the sort of people at least some of us are over here in Canada. But Mr. O'Brien's picture of the anti-Home Rule class is by no means overdrawn. Renter's agent, it may be said, gave descriptions of the rioting which would serve to prove Mr. O'Brien as nearly correct as it is possible to be. The *Mail* did not publish a report of the Toronto scrimmage, and our contemporary has thus fairly left itself open to the charge of purposely making light of the whole affair. In a city like Toronto, where thousands gathered to stone to death one unnamed man, and came very near doing so, it was truly a most unusual proceeding to read in the *Mail*, one of the leading dailies of the country, a half stick of bravado regarding the occurrence. Mr. O'Brien's reference to the volunteers was also quite true. They turned out in Kingston, with red coats on their backs and murder in their hearts, to kill O'Brien, and killed he would have been by them or their associates were they not balked by a clever manoeuvre on the part of Mr. O'Brien's friends. We are pleased to know our friend of the *Mail* concluded not to lose his temper and call hard names in speaking of O'Brien. Such a course would serve no good purpose. The cool calm style is always the best. We had ourselves often thought of calling the *Mail* "the organ of the cobblestonians," and such like, but we didn't. The cool calm way is always the best. Home Rule and fair play for Ireland is being fought on these lines, and by keeping on these lines victory will shortly perch on the banner of Parnell and the Grand Old Man.

## FATHER DOWD'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

In our report of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Rev. Father Dowd, at Montreal, we inadvertently omitted the address presented by the Congregation of St. Patrick's Church—the Church wherein the greater part of his life has been spent. The esteem, the love, the reverence of his faithful flock is therein shown in most unmistakable language; and strange, indeed, would the celebration of his Golden Jubilee seem were this address not on the programme. It is a heartfelt acknowledgment of fatherly kindness and thoughtfulness on the part of the great priest who has sacrificed much that he may be permitted to still labor amongst his faithful Irish people of St. Patrick's congregation.

The address, as follows, was read by Edward Murphy, Esq., one of Montreal's most prominent and respected citizens: REV. AND DEAR FATHER DOWD.—A half century ago you solemnly devoted yourself to the service of God, and were ordained a priest of His holy church.

The congregation of St. Patrick's church of Montreal, for whom you have labored incessantly during four-fifths of that long period, approach you to-day with deep veneration and affection to offer you their sincere congratulations on your attainment of the fiftieth anniversary of your priesthood, and the accomplishment of fifty years of good, wise and noble deeds for the glory of God and the benefit of your people.

Forty years ago you entered the venerable and learned order of St. Sulpice—an order which has rendered such innumerable services to the cause of religion in Canada, and has given to the Irish of Montreal such devoted pastors as Fathers Richards, Phelan, Morgan, Connolly, O'Brien, Bentley and Bakewell and others who have died in their service, and an order to which they are still indebted for those who now labor so zealously in their behalf.

The daily and nightly performance of your duties as a priest to which you devoted yourself with all the generous self-denial of your holy order, making light of fatigue and hardship, cheerfully bearing trials, disregarding danger from contagion or exposure, and combating obstacles in the way, have secured to you the confidence, esteem and affection of your people.

The visible monuments of your labors are numerous:—The orphan children of Irish parentage first received (in 1849) your parental care, and the St. Patrick's Orphan asylum from a modest beginning gradually assumed its present proportions, and its continued support has been the object of your constant solicitude.

The old and infirm were the next to receive your fostering care, and the inmates of St. Bridget's home have daily invoked the blessing of God upon their kind and thoughtful protector. The homeless, by night, were not left by you to wander and unroofed for; and St. Bridget's refuge for destitute poor has, for the past twenty-three years, opened its portals and afforded shelter and food to persons of all creeds and nationalities.

It was long felt that schools more in harmony with the wants of the people should be provided, and the St. Patrick's school for girls established by you has fully met that requirement. While providing ample accommodation for others, you neglected—too long neglected—your own comfort and that of your co-laborers. The parochial residence was totally inadequate to house you comfortably. At length you have been compelled to give attention to yourselves. The presbytery now being built will afford you better—although still modest—accommodation.

When it was judged necessary to divide the old parish of Notre Dame into several, you, reverend and dear sir, ever watchful over the interests of your flock, obtained conditions which have smoothed the difficulties pertaining to that division. Twice during your ministrations at St. Patrick's you have given unusual evidence not only of humility but of deep attachment to your people.

Your unaffected piety, ripe learning, mature judgment, great administrative ability and untiring zeal and devotion, long ago, marked you as qualified for the arduous and responsible function of bishop; but the coadjutorship to Toronto, to which His Holiness named you had to be otherwise filled.

At a later period, designated for the bishopric of the diocese of Kingston, you again declined the dignity which would involve separation from your people. To stimulate the ardor and zeal of your flock, you organized a pilgrimage to the centre of Catholicity, and to Lourdes, and the eyes of the devout have for many years been turned. It was accomplished, but not without misadventure; and the thoughts of those remaining behind were strained in your direction when the intelligence of possible disaster reached Canada. The citizens as a whole, and your own congregation especially, offered up prayers for your safe return, and when news of your safety came later, the joy expressed was general.

Who among your people has not had, on questions of difficulty, the advantage of your advice, and who has not recognized—though, perhaps, not at the moment—that the advice was in accordance with the unchangeable principles of right and justice.

Your wise counsel and guidance on questions of the general good have entitled you to public gratitude, and the citizens of Montreal, by the mouth of their divic representatives, have embodied it in their address. The maintenance of the institution you have founded has, in a great measure, ceased to give anxiety; the church, however, in which you have so long officiated, and to which your congregation are so strongly attached, has been recently transferred to them—from tenants they have become proprietors—and the amount of the obligation incurred is large, and can only be met gradually. But your past wisdom, energy and devotion are a guarantee of future accomplishment aided by that hearty co-operation on the part of the con-

gregation which you have a right to expect.

Beloved pastor, desirous of expressing in tangible form the respect, veneration and affection which they entertain for you, your congregation beg your acceptance of the accompanying purse, subscribed for the purpose of lessening the debt which you have assumed on the church, trusting, to use your own words, that "God will open new sources of revenue by inspiring many to remember the church of their dear apostle when making their last will and preparing for eternity;" and they fervently hope that the Almighty may be pleased to prolong your life for the interest of religion and for the good of society.

On behalf of St. Patrick's congregation, EDWARD MURPHY, Chairman. W. J. O'HARA, Secretary.

Mr. Murphy then presented to the Rev. Father Dowd a cheque for \$17,206.21 as an offering from the congregation to pay off the debt on the church.

One of the most interesting features in connection with the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Rev. Fathers Dowd and Toupin, and one which will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of being present, was the entertainment given by the pupils of St. Patrick's School, on Wednesday afternoon, the 13th ult. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and banners bearing appropriate mottoes. As Fathers Dowd and Toupin entered, accompanied by their Lordships Bishop Walsh, of London; Bishop Dowling, of Peterboro; Rev. Fathers Conway (of Peterboro), Duggan, Hartly, (Hartford, Conn.), Quilivan, James (Hartford, Conn.), Arnold and a number of lay gentlemen, ten of the young ladies executed an instrumental duet, entitled "Golden Strains," on five grand pianos, with a violin accompaniment, the latter being furnished by Rev. Martin Callaghan. As the last notes died away one of the junior pupils stepped forward and presented a floral tribute to the distinguished prelate who had honored their festival with their presence. Then followed the "Jubilee Commemorative Poem," (composed for the occasion by Mr. W. O. Farmer) and which was read in an admirable manner by Miss Frances Donahoe. The Angel Viaticans, Patricia, Joseph and Maria, then claimed the attention of the audience and quite charmed their hearers. The Patries with their Gifts and Song here made their appearance, having danced across the seas to do honor to the Golden Wedding of their beloved Father; they brought with them a bouquet of wild flowers gathered from around his childhood's home, and also a blackthorn from the banks of the river Dee, which they presented and were duly appreciated by Father Dowd.

The next on the programme was "La Fiancee de nos Coeurs" by fifteen of the smaller children. This was followed by a French address read by Miss Mary Monette, and a presentation to Father Toupin. The "Good Old Days" recalled by former pupils, was heartily acknowledged by the rev. Fathers. They were represented by the Misses R. and M. McNally, Lillian Morgan and Katie McCall. The following address was read by Miss Rose McNally, in a style which betrayed no ordinary degree of elocutionary skill: THE PINCH OF SNUFF IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

The programme is almost over of music, of song, of play; The notes of solo and chorus have floated forever away. We've listened, but all in vain for a sound or a word of praise. Awarded to our dear school-time. Oh, they were the good old days! So, feeling that we've been slighted, a gentle protest I bring. And crave but a moment's hearing, while by these old days I sing. 'Twas then that we worked and studied, at play, too, we laid our share. A smile from our loving pastor would banish our every care. These cares more heavy at times, if scanty the sheaf we'd reap. "Philosophy" we were called, and the word had a meaning deep. So deep that we never dared to boast of our new lore. That title's extinct, I'm told or now held by a very few. But then there were joyful days that we knew we shall long recall: Days marked by a special record for great as well as for small. Our marks had been all perfection, therefore we were good enough. To get from our dear Father no less than a pinch of snuff! Oh precious that pinch to us! A diploma of merit rare. Could hardly be higher prized, brought home with more tender care. 'Twas then that in the kitchen's corner, or placed between leaves of book, While other lessons came upon it would readily look. So, for sake of the good old days, we have brought you a pinch of snuff. Of the joy it so oft has caused us, we never could say enough. And we are sure no medical friend your taking it will prevent. 'Tis our old time which we cherish, and "fairies" that old time you have sent. And with it we have brought a gift, from the friends of those good old days. Of the days we recall so often with sweetest of unused lays—As you've earned the right to rest there's a tallman in this chair. Just as soon as you're seated in it will vanish all anxious care.

The pinch of snuff was contained in a very pretty floral box and assumed the form of \$100 in gold. Miss May Curran read to Father Dowd an address which concluded with a wish that all present would be privileged to celebrate his Diamond Wedding. Every countenance reflected the sincerity and earnestness of the wish. The address was accompanied with the presentation of a magnificent gold Chalice, entwined in flowers and containing \$300 from the present pupils of the school.

In replying the Rev. Father said, that he had often spoken to them on different things; sometimes on their studies, on their sewing, knitting and domestic economy in general, as he was quite experienced in those various branches, but to-day he had to treat a subject which he thought was a very indifferent one—himself. When he was a young priest just beginning his ministry, fifty years was a long time to look forward to, but now that it had passed it seemed to have slipped through his fingers and he had done very little during that time. He asked the children to pray for him that his future years might be spent in doing good among the people with whom he had spent such a long period of his life. He then thanked them for the generosity they had shown in trying to aid him to pay off the debt of the church. He could prove his gratitude only in praying for them that they would always continue true to their faith and worthy children of their holy patron. In conclusion Father Dowd bestowed his blessing upon all present, which example was followed by their Lordships. MARGUERITE.