

passing down Great St. James street about 9 a.m., to the keen wonderment of a group of Yankee tourists in front of St. Lawrence Hall, who were hazarding all kinds of conjectures as to the signification of the ceremony.

Rev. T. T. Kirwan lived many years in Toronto; he was sent to London by Bishop Charbonnel, built there the Presbytery and Parish Church of St. Peter, had charge of St. Thomas, Port Stanley and the surrounding country, went afterwards to Barmia, passed off to the Western States, and was there lost sight of.

My acquaintance with St. Thomas goes back into the "forties." I was then connected with the extensive commission house of H. Jones & Co., Montreal, and made a journey through Upper Canada every winter. I know all the old firms in St. Thomas, then a very different place from what it is now. The greater part of the town lay west of the Port Stanley road and extended down the hill. Those were the days of James Blackwood, a leading merchant and great sportsman, whose place of business was at the foot of the hill, near the bridge on the London Road. J. & W. Coyne, A. Hodge & Co. (corner of Port Stanley Road) and Murdoch McKenzie were also men of note. So likewise was S. McIvor, popularly known as "Sammy," who kept the chief hotel and was said to fulfil not only the duties of landlord, but also those of hostler, barkeeper and cook; in short, to be a regular *factotum*. One Sunday morning I left Port Stanley to attend mass at St. Thomas, it being the day for Father Kirwan's visit from London. On the road I overtook many people walking the entire distance (9 miles); for aught I know, they walked back again, fasting. Truly there was faith in those days, enough to show some of our city folk, who think themselves worthy of praise if, after a good breakfast, they crawl a few blocks to church, and while there are carefully provided with every comfort. On the occasion referred to, I played the aristocrat, and rode in "my own hired conveyance." The church, a modest frame building, stood on or near the sight of the present one, and was, as might be said, "away in the country." Vespers were sung by Father Kirwan to his own accompaniment,—there was no instrument of any kind, and no other voice: he sat alongside the altar and sang the entire service, while I looked on from the gallery, lost in admiration. "Had I known you were there," said he afterward, "I would have had you down to help me"—Father Kirwan might have thought differently had he known my singing abilities. Then came the catechism class; one boy, in particular, answered very correctly: to show my appreciation, I bestowed upon him the magnificent sum of a "York shilling."—how his eyes glistened, and with what glee he showed it to his less fortunate, but perhaps equally deserving companions. I wonder if that boy still lives, and if he remembers the transaction.

In the township of Yarmouth, 10 miles south-east of St. Thomas, is the almost forgotten village of Jamestown, in bygone times a place of some note, being the residence of Mr. O'Keefe (his Christian name was, I think, Joseph), a whole-souled Irishman, with a most interesting family. Mr. O'Keefe had extensive mills, and similar works; he opened roads through the surrounding woods, all converging at Jamestown, and placarded at the further end, "To O'Keefe's mills," etc, or words to that effect. All this, I am told, has now disappeared; in fact, Father Flannery, the present incumbent of St. Thomas, whose praise is not only among his own people, but wherever he is known, told me last winter, that having been asked sometime before to point out the place of Mr. O'Keefe's burial he was unable to do so. In the course of my wanderings, I had once the pleasure to spend an evening with Mr. O'Keefe and his family; I shall never forget their kindness and hospitality; but, "so goes the world."

Your endeavours to rescue from oblivion the early records of the Church in Upper Canada, deserve every encouragement; you might take for your motto the text, "Gather the fragments, lest they be lost."

Nov. 5th. 1887.

W. J. MacDONELL.

#### THE HOUSE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

An excellent story is told by Father Damen, the Jesuit missionary, of an incident that occurred to him during his missionary labours. While giving a mission once in

Indiana, he invited any Protestant who chose to visit him after the instructions, and question him as they pleased. Accordingly, one day a stalwart Indiana farmer called on Father Damen for the purpose of putting a few questions to him. The Father asked him was he a Protestant. "Well, yes." "To what denomination did he belong?" "Well, I belong to the Church of the Twelve Apostles." Father Damen immediately rose and shook hands with him. "Excellent. My dear sir, I am happy to make your acquaintance. I belong to the Church of the Twelve Apostles. Stick to that. It is a most excellent religion. But, come now, let us understand each other. Who are your twelve apostles?" "Well," said the visitor, "they are twelve Indiana farmers, and I am one of them. You see we were dissatisfied with our minister. He didn't teach what we wanted him to. So we sent him about his business, and set up a church of our own. There were twelve of us, so we called ourselves the twelve apostles. We bought a building, where we go every Sunday to meeting, and have prayers and preaching and so on quite regular." Some time after Father Damen happened to be in the same place and he inquired of the pastor, "What has become of the Church of the Twelve Apostles?" The pastor took him over to the window, and pointed out a small building some short distance off with a sign over the door. "There is your Church of the Twelve Apostles." On the sign was written, "Wines and cigars. Good entertainment for Man and Beast." The Church of the Twelve Apostles had proved a failure; so the twelve apostles had turned it into a wine-shop.

#### CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Cardinal Pellegrini, the last cardinal created by Pope Pius IX. is dead.

Mgr. O'Bryen, Papal Ablegate, sailed in the Parisian on Wednesday from Montreal *en route* to Rome.

The congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer has in the United States and Canada about 500 priests and 75 professed Brothers.

Mr. Maurice F. Egan will have an important article on the public school question in a coming issue of the *North American Review*.

Lady Dufferin is giving a great deal of practical help to the Little Sisters of the Poor, who are constructing a large convent at Calcutta.

The Jesuits will publish, on the occasion of the coming canonizations, the lives of B. Peter Claver, the Apostle of the Negroes, and B. Alphonsus Rodriguez.

Harper & Brothers have sent to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. a magnificent addition of "Ben Hur," with their congratulations on his approaching jubilee.

The Holy Father has been pleased to name Cardinal Angelo Bianchi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in replacement of the late Cardinal Bartolini.

The Xavier Union, one of the largest Catholic clubs in New York, are preparing to build a new club house to cost over a quarter of a million dollars.

We are informed authoritatively that Detroit will not be made an Archbishopric. The Bishop of Detroit will probably be appointed in December.

Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, is in Halifax, the guest of Archbishop O'Brien. He leaves by the Parisian, from Quebec, on Thursday, *en route* to Rome.

Dr. Aubrey will lecture on Friday night in Shattisbury Hall on "Gladstone, the Greatest English Statesman." Hon. Attorney-General Mowat will preside.

The Marquis of Bute contemplates the erection and endow.