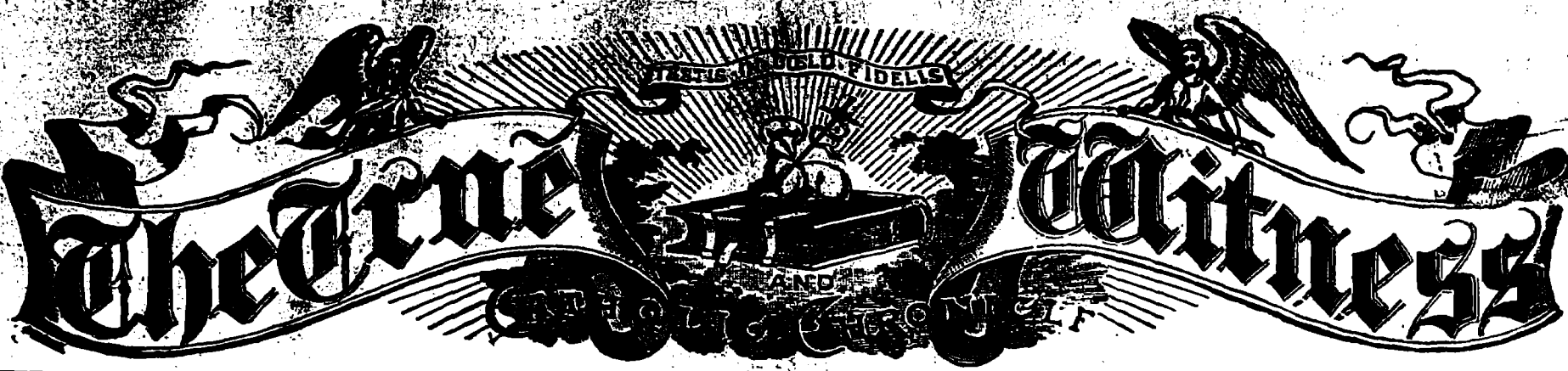


"Mind moves matter." Therefore, exercise your mind to advertise so as to stir the gray matter of the brains of the people and affect the body.



If you have something that you wish to advertise with courage and confidence, the people at home and abroad will respond to your profit.

VOL. XLV., NO. 46.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

**A GOLDEN JUBILEE**

OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY OF NEW YORK CITY.

AN ELOQUENT AND TOUCHING TRIBUTE DELIVERED BY FATHER DOYLE OF THE PAULISTS.

The Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the Order of the Paulists, and well-known in this city through having preached missions at St. Patrick's Church, was the preacher on the occasion of the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Sisters of Mercy in the City of New York. We now publish the leading portions of the eloquent and admirable sermon delivered by the reverend preacher.

What more joyful thing than to see Moses, the great leader and law-giver in Israel, after forty years of anxious wandering in the dreary desert, ascending to the top of Mt. Nebo to catch a glimpse of the Promised Land? Forty years ago he had crossed the sea with his people. They were driven out from the land of their birth, exiled by the cruel hand of the oppressor that had reduced them to a bondage deep and galling, in which hunger and persecution were their only lot. As he toils up the steep slope of the mountain, in memory he goes back over the years. Every year of those forty, as he looked down the dim vista, was consecrated by unwonted trials from a thousand different sources. One time it is the sharp pang of hunger, and God by special miracle fed them by sweet manna from heaven; another it is the aimless wanderings in the unbroken desert, with hot, coppery sky overhead, and parched, burning sands under foot; still again, it is the sharp contention with the fierce nomadic tribes in bloody warfare, and once more it is the rebellious murmurings and harsh threatenings of the people he was laboring to save. His memory recalled it all. But through it all the Lord was with him, in the cloud by day and the

**PILLAR OF FIRE BY NIGHT.**

The God of every comfort sustained him in his despondencies. The God of victory gave him power to triumph over his enemies. Through it all he held the hosts of Israel together. He kept alive among them the fear of God, and when they went out after strange gods he called them back. He instructed them in the word of the law given amidst the terrors of Sinai. He remembers the sweet bounty of the strengthening manna—the strong arm of Divine help when human strength was at an end. So he reaches the top. Before him, stretching away into the dim distance, are the vine-clad hills of the land flowing with milk and honey which the Lord had promised to their children's children as long as they would be faithful to His word.

History repeats itself and gives us many striking parallels. It does not require any very great hand to trace out the striking similitudes between the exodus from Egypt and the going out in our own day of that other vast nation of the chosen people of God from poor plague-stricken, famine-stricken Ireland. As in Egypt the master hand of a ruthless tyrant kept them in slavery, so, too, in Ireland, as in Egypt they went out from the land, crossing the sea, so, too, from Ireland the stricken people sailed away to England, to America, to distant Australia. And as with the chosen people of old, God did not leave His people to wander alone, but sent with them their leaders and advisers. In this latter-day exodus, too, there were found the noble bands of priests and Sisters, who for love of the people's souls, cast their lots with them so that they would not be left to wander alone in the deserts a prey to the wild beasts of error, that the people would have some one especially consecrated to console them in their moments of

**WEAKNESS AND DESPAIR.**  
and some one who would pick up the poor wanderings who in their wanderings had fallen by the way-side some one who would be near at hand in the fevered hospitals, to raise the cooling draught to parched lips, to whisper the sweet name of salvation as the dying breath came thick and fast. God raised up a Catherine McAuley and made her children as numerous as the stars in the heavens. It was to the sweet spirit of Mercy that He has given this sublime vocation—to leave all for His name's sake and follow the chosen people in their wanderings; to be with them in their needs, and to minister to them in their sorrows. We may well conceive the devoted spirit that animated that intrepid band of the seven first Sisters of Mercy who came to the city of New York, the field of their future labors, at the request of Archbishop Hughes fifty years ago to-day. Since then their work has been for the people and among the people, and their lives are well known to the people. They have sown the seed and have gathered the harvest; and to-day they have all but one gone to their reward, leaving the rich sheaves. It is not my duty to-day to tell the story of those fifty years of heroic endeavor—not mine to tell the story of the love that made the God Who made him, and owes all he has in this world, and all he hopes for the next, to the loving ministrations of a devoted friend. And many a soul now in heaven enjoying the fruition of the beatific vision, would in

them into the barred dungeon, where the condemned criminal is separated from his race, forsaken by friends, scorned by society, plunged into the gulf of despair, and hear them tell him how his Saviour, too, died a criminal, an outcast of society, and bid him have good cheer, look beyond the grave for that glorious resurrection where his poor body, though it be sown in corruption, will rise in incorruption, though it be sown in dishonor will rise in glory, though it be sown in weakness will rise in strength, that it may walk and faint not, that it may run and weary not,—not mine is it to see them gather about them the poor waifs of humanity and instill into their young minds the love of God and tenderly and carefully twine the little tendrils of their heart about the great eternal principles of morality—not mine is it to see them glide through the hospital wards or stand on the field of battle where the iron fire is the hottest, and bind up the wounds that the cruel steel hath made, or to follow them to the death-bed of the poor wretch who, having struggled with the world, has been defeated again and again, until at last, given up in despair, he welcomes the releasing hand of death and is ready as a manna of relief to take his plunge into the dark beyond. Nor is it mine to tell of their glorious deaths, one after another, like heroes faithfully serving at their post of duty. All this another has done and done well.

**THESE ARE THE DAYS OF BUILDING UP OF THE GREAT CITIES.**

when thousands are leaving the quiet, rural lives of the country and plunging into the seething vortex of city life, where a terrific struggle for life and pre-eminence is going on. In this fierce contention the strong cope with the strong; the weak are thrown down and trampled under foot, and a bitter cry is going up to God in heaven. In darkest New York this blessed day when the good Lord went up into heaven, there were thousands of His creatures to whom to live is but a damning fate—there are thousands of whom it might be said: "It were better they had never been born." The slums of this great city are as a huge morass, inhabited only by noxious reptiles whose lives begin in vice and end in a curse; to whom life is but a Dante's hell, over the door of which is written, "Who enter here leave hope behind." Often have you and I seen the young and the beautiful and the innocent go down into this dreadful marsh, soon to be lost to all sense of decency and virtue, trampled under the iron hoof of stern alternative, Sin or Starve. Young and beautiful girls whose souls washed white in the purifying waters of baptism, made whiter still as they fed on the bread of angels; girls who have struggled for a decent livelihood in our huge department stores, in our restaurants, in our sweating shops, contending day by day against the grasping avarice of modern wealth until overworked and under-ried their weakened frames can stand it no longer, and then with one despairing cry they plunged down into the dark ravine.

**ALL IS LOST.**

Oh! who is there that will stand by and with warning voice tell them of the danger, and with consecrated hands snatch them from the brink before the plunge is made, and with devoted heart that beats in sympathy with poor, weak human nature will pour out the wealth of love that only a woman's heart is big enough to hold, lead them back to the paths of rectitude? Oh! devoted Sisters of Mercy, on this your jubilee day, in the promised land you see from afar I restate again for you your old vocation, and under altered circumstances and newer conditions I point out the pressing duties at your hand.

If religion desires to thoroughly commend itself to the masses of the people, while it saves souls from that hell beyond the grave it must make the world this side of the grave less of a hell to live in. While it lifts humanity up to heaven, by strong, powerful arms it must bring heaven down to this earth. I would have you study more and more the deep, mysterious significance of our symbolic picture of Our Lady of Mercy. Seated on a throne with the Infant Jesus in her lap, pointing down to the world of pain and misery, and by her side the staff surmounted by a cross. The world wants more of Jesus—the Infant Jesus, to teach it love, sacrifice and redemption. It wants a deeper intuition of the sweet spirit of religion, that religion that comes through devoted, consecrated work by going in and out among the poor and bringing to them all that the Cross signifies. In it is strength for despairing souls, in it is balm for bleeding wounds, in it is joy for burdened hearts. In it is salvation for the lost sheep of Israel.

**RIGHT NOBLY HAS YOUR WORK OF FIFTY YEARS BEEN DONE.**

The promise of the fervor of your early years has been well kept. Many a girl has braved the dangers of the icy deep, and with stouter heart bade goodbye to friends and home, because she knew in the new land of her adoption mercy had set up her throne and opened wide the door of her heart. Many an innocent soul has been guided into a harbor of refuge because she hath found the good friend to warn her of the dangers that beset her path. Many a child of ill-favored parents has been brought up to know the God Who made him, and owes all he has in this world, and all he hopes for the next, to the loving ministrations of a devoted friend. And many a soul now in heaven enjoying the fruition of the beatific vision, would in

all ordinary circumstances have been lost forever had it not been for a woman's tact, a woman's sympathy, a woman's voice and a woman's prayer.

These are the days with which we crown you to-day. A host of redeemed souls join with us in our jubilation, and a cloud of witnesses testify to the arduous and zealous devotion of the years that are gone.

FOR THE YEARS THAT ARE TO COME, it needs no prophetic voice to tell of triumphs yet to be, of victories yet to be won. The work is at your hand. Better equipped are you for it to-day than were the seven of fifty years ago: a riper experience, many more devoted hearts, convent and school and house of industry and institution of mercy, all duly organized and facile for the best work, and what is far more important than anything else, a spirit of zeal and devotion that is as strong as ever burned in the intrepid hearts of those who fifty years ago crossed the seas. Let others who have less heroism and are unwilling to make the greater sacrifice, look after the children of the less necessitous class. It is a grander vocation to be devoted to God's poor, to go down, if need be, into the depths and snatch from perdition the poor waifs of the world; to do as the priest at the altar after he has consumed the sacred elements and thus strengthened his own soul will with painstaking patience scrape the corporal, lest perchance the minor fragments of the sacred body may be lost so far holier is the duty of gathering the little Christs in the person of the poor and the weak and the sinful. Fifty years of devoted work have not as yet traced the lines of time on thy cheek, nor is there any mark of decrepitude in thy gait. The first flush of youth and strength is still on thy face, and the on-flowing years have taught thy hand the greater cunning.

**"BELLS OF CORNEVILLE"**

THREE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL PERFORMANCES AT THE OPERA HOUSE, OTTAWA.

The rendition of this popular opera during the past week at the Opera House, in aid of St. Patrick's Asylum, and under the management of the Ladies' association of that institution, was one of the most successful in the annals of amateur opera in this city. The appreciation evinced by the visiting delegates of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, for whom the first performance was especially given, and of the general public, by the crowded houses on each occasion, were a sufficient index of the success of the opera.

As pianist, Mrs. M. C. McGarr sustained her difficult part in such a manner as to call for the admiration of all who were present, and, indeed, to this lady is due in no small degree the success which attended the production of the opera. To Mr. J. C. Bonner, as musical director, too much praise cannot be given, and as a musical event, it adds one more laurel to that gentleman's well earned and widespread reputation. The instrumental portions were carried out by the full orchestra of the G. G. F. G. with their usual and well known ability. The service rendered by Mr. W. F. Boardman, as an energetic and accomplished stage manager, were evidenced by the able and successful manner in which the whole of the performances were carried out.

As to the cast it is difficult to particularize; the excellent singing and acting of Miss Honorine St. Jean as the vivacious "Seipollette," or the pathetic acting and musical ability of Miss Lizette Jean as Germaine, deserves mention. Mr. J. Grandjean, as "Henri," played the character of perfection, his fine baritone voice and expressive rendering bringing out to great advantage the beauties of the musical composition.

Mr. Adolphe Leclair, as Jean Grenacheux, was justly admired, his tenor solos, rendered with great power and feeling, and graceful acting throughout, showing careful study and a thorough conception of his role. Mr. T. Caldwell, as "Gaspard," could not be surpassed by a professional; his song "The Clank of Gold" being especially admired. Mr. E. Bonner, who made his first appearance on the stage, sustained the role of "The Bailiff" in an admirable manner, and was fully deserving of the applause which greeted him at each performance. Mr. E. T. Smith, as "The Notary," sustained his part "with all the dignity of his office." The choruses throughout were well rendered and showed the effects of careful training and earnest study.

The Electric May Pole Dance, introduced between the second and third acts, was one of the great events of the entertainments, and reflected the greatest possible credit on Mr. A. A. Dion, who designed and carried out the beautiful electric effects, and Mr. Sage, who so kindly gave his services gratuitously, was most wonderfully successful considering the very short time at his disposal in instructing and training the young ladies who executed the dance in such an admirable manner. Miss Pauline Martin, who chaperoned the young ladies, was untiring in her exertions and has every reason to feel proud of the success of her efforts.

The ladies who organized the opera deserve to be congratulated on the success of their undertaking. It is to be hoped that their expectations of a good financial result for the benefit of the aged and orphans may be fully realized.

**AN ELOQUENT SERMON**

DELIVERED BY REV. DR. CONATY AT ST. PATRICK'S.

MAN NEEDS A TEACHER—THE WORK OF THE CHURCH IN THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMANITY—ONE OF THE GREAT AGENCIES IN THE PROMOTION OF HIGHER CULTURE—THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

AS was announced some time ago in the TRUE WITNESS, the Rev. Dr. Conaty president of the Catholic Summer School of Plattsburgh, preached last Sunday at St. Patrick's Church, and we now have very much pleasure in giving our readers a report of the eloquent discourse. The rev. preacher took for his text— "Go ye, therefore, teach all nations," St. MATTHEW, 28, 19.

After depicting the scene on Mount Olivet on Ascension Day, when Christ gave his last instructions to his Apostles, Rev. Dr. Conaty said:— "Those words of the Gospel of Trinity Sunday constitute the greatest commission ever given to man. He who, on Calvary, had conquered the world and redeemed man from sin now gives the power over to sinful man, that he may bring to all men the benefits of redemption. Christ came to teach man the truth of God, and He willed that the institution which was to continue and complete His work should consist of men redeemed by Him and clothed by Him with His own authority. As the Father sent Me, so also I send you; go ye, therefore, teach all nations, and I am with you all days, until the consummation of the world." To the Apostles whom He had chosen and instructed, to the men who were to abandon Him in the trying moments of His Passion, to men not learned in the books—to them Christ said: "Go, teach whatsoever I have commanded you, who hears you hears Me." Never did commander of armies give such orders to his generals. Never did the ambition of man conceive such a mission. None but a God could give such a commission and invest such men with the power by which they did what He had commanded. This conquest could not be effected by the Apostles themselves, this power could not be for them and their generation alone; for their lives ended with the first century and their travels were limited to Roman and bordering provinces. It must, therefore, have meant a permanent, perpetual institution, which was never to cease until time should end and the world should be no more. Hence we see the Apostles selecting Matthias to replace Judas, and we find him going forth with the eleven to begin the work of the conversion of the world to the truth of Jesus Christ. Hence the teacher is never to cease, but his authority passed on from Apostles to Apostles through all the ages of man, while the voice of those to whom has come the great commission is ever the voice of Christ, teaching all nations through His accredited agents, the successors of the Apostolic men who went forth at His command to teach and to die for Him. Man needs a teacher. The words of the learned Ethiopian eunuch are the words of humanity—"How can I understand unless some one show it to me?" How can man understand his relations to God and God's will toward him? What can reason do more than to lead man to the great First Cause and make him realize that there is a Supreme Being who demands adoration and allegiance? A writer has said that religion is like the Colossus of Rhodes—"It has one foot in heaven and the other on earth." Yes, religion is the link that binds to God. And how can man know the duties it requires unless he know himself and God and how can man, who does not fully know himself, expect to know God unless God make himself known? The natural can never reach the supernatural of its own strength, as the water reaches only to its source. It will always be the purely natural until it is supernaturalized by the supernatural itself. Christ came to supernaturalize our nature, to lift us into union with God, to engrave us upon the true tree of life and send into our minds and hearts the sap of true knowledge, by which we might grow into the understanding not only of God but also of ourselves. In the history of mankind we may see how men have wandered into the wilderness of darkness and error when they separated themselves from God. How pitiable to hear the ravings of the broken and disordered mind, to see the loss of reason and hear the mutterings of idiocy. All this is as nothing compared with the idiocy of self constituted reason, which would lead man through all the mazes of life and which ends in denying God or represents him in most fantastic shapes. Reason alone cannot answer its own questions concerning the life about it. Will it appeal to science? But science can only touch the seen and the known. What can it tell of the unseen and the unknown—what can it tell of the spirit within us, of the spirit who made all things; the First Cause the Be All and the End All of Creation? During the lifetime of human nature it has been struggling to define existence, to account for man without God, and after 6000 years it reached conclusions from premises which it cannot prove but boldly assumes. No; reason and science must go to Religion to obtain the fullness of the truth which both would possess, and Religion has its perfection in Jesus Christ, who came to guide reason and illumine the

way of science, to teach man's mind and man's heart the whole truth of God. The Church of God, which Christ built upon Peter and the Apostles, to which He gave the perpetual commission, has gone through the world teaching as Christ taught and what Christ taught, and telling Pagan and Jew alike that man's destiny could not be attained and truth could not be possessed, and God could not be understood, unless the one whom God sent would teach him. Christ came as a minister and a teacher, with a sacrifice and a Gospel and His Church received the commission to sacrifice and to teach. The work of teaching began and has continued. Her preaching and her schools have brought the Gospel into the lives of the nations of the earth. Her mission was to educate and to save—and what a glorious record belongs to her! the missionaries erected the chapel and the college and university, and the word which Paganism had taught in culture with idolatry was Christianized and became a cultured education. The Church has met every demand of humanity; it has soiled all its doubts, smoothed away its wrinkles, dried its tears, and let it in the enjoyment of truth. It has used all agencies that would help in the cause of education and ever been ready to fit its children to possess the abundance of knowledge.

Among the educational agencies of our age is found the Summer School movement, by which effort is made to bring to the masses of the people something of the higher culture, something of the university education. Error is found using all agencies for the propagation of falsehood, for the detouring of Christ, and for the minimizing of the truth as religion gives to us. The Church meets this agency by a movement in the Summer School also, giving to men and women an opportunity to discuss the practical questions of the day in an atmosphere of Catholic Faith and under the direction of the teachers whom the Church commissions to teach. Our age is full of difficulty and danger for self culture and improvement. The intellectualism which prevails is largely in intellectualism without God. You must have principles of philosophy, false theories of society, false ideas of life; religion is made to appear as superstition and science as the only fact that can be proved. Literature, instead of being the handmaid of truth, is too often the purveyor of evil, picturing virtue as weakness and vice as strength and grandeur. The learning that prevails is so devoid of sound religious principles that it soon leads to agnosticism, infidelity, doubt and immorality. How can the busy man and woman meet all the difficulties—where find answers to the readings of the hour? A great popular university, which opens its doors to all, stands ready to practically meet the practical questions and develop fully the relations of reason and revelation, religion and science, truth and the moral life. That is the idea which underlies the Catholic Summer School and the Church has blessed it, and our Catholic people who know it feel accordingly blessed. Your interest in the work of education and in the glory of the education should create an interest in this great educational agency which appeals for your cooperation. Here, again, the Church in this intellectual age, in this age of popular instruction, stands in the front to give to the people the best there is in learning, and, while doing so, to protect their children from the danger of irreligion, that thus the sacred deposit of truth may be transmitted from us to the ages to come as the most precious inheritance of our lives.

In the evening, Rev. Dr. Conaty preached the closing sermon in the devotions of the month of May, from the text: "Behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call Me blessed," St. LUKE, 1, 48. His sermon was a defence of the Catholic for his devotion to Mary justified in the words: "Mary, from whom was born Jesus." He answered many of the common objections against the Blessed Virgin and showed how it was based upon the relations of Mary to Jesus, as His Mother, and said: "If we cast out Mary we must cast out Jesus, as in the providence of redemption she was made necessary to the human nature which Christ took from her. Much of non-Catholic opposition comes from ignorance of the Church's true teaching, as also from misunderstanding of the incarnation of Jesus Christ. He spoke of the way Jesus honored her, and asked that all honor Mary as God had honored her, and closed with an appeal to the true Children of Mary to give the love of their hearts to the Mother of Jesus and thus obtain her advocacy with Jesus for their lives.

**ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH NOTES.**

The following gentlemen have been appointed to take up the collection for the next three Sundays:—Messrs. Michael Kavanagh, Daniel Furlong, Michael O'Sullivan and Samuel Dobby.

Each evening during the Octave of Corpus Christi there will be Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 7.30.

C. M. B. A.

At the last meeting of Branch No. 1, it was earnestly resolved that the Secretary be requested to convey their sincere sympathy to Mrs. A. White and family, in their sad bereavement, by the death of her late husband, Amos White, and late a member of this Branch for the past four years.

**AN IMPOSING CEREMONY.**

FIRST COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION SERVICES.

FORTY FIVE ADULT PROTESTANTS EMBRACE THE CATHOLIC FAITH AND BECOME MEMBERS OF ST. PATRICK'S PARISH—BEAUTIFUL CHORAL SERVICE BY THE PEOPLE OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS SCHOOLS.

There is no period in the career of a Catholic which leaves such a lasting impression as that associated with the days of a First Communion. In the kaleidoscopic changes of the after-life of a young communicant, the memories of these impressive exercises of the three days of the preliminary retreat, and those of the joyful day of receiving Holy Communion, remain indelibly imprinted in the mind. Neither is there any spectacle in connection with the services of our holy religion which is more calculated to awaken the enthusiasm and touch the tender chord of the heart of a Catholic of mature years, than that of an assemblage of boys and girls at a First Communion.

St. Patrick's, the old and time-honored temple of the Irish Catholics of this city, where for some generations these solemn and imposing religious ceremonies have taken place, was again the scene of another of these beautiful services. Seldom, if ever, was such a splendid degree of success achieved as was attained on Thursday last, when nearly two hundred and fifty boys and girls approached the Holy Table for the first time. Father Martin Callaghan, the solicitous and enthusiastic guardian and guide of the children of the parish for many years, must have experienced a just degree of that true sentiment of pride as he directed the movements of his little flock during the proceedings. This zealous and devoted priest, whose energy is tireless in all that concerns the spiritual welfare and happiness of the youth of the parish, was evidently happy in enjoying the edifying picture presented to his gaze on that memorable morning. While Father Callaghan has been unsuccessful in his efforts to inculcate the principles of our holy religion into the minds and hearts of the rising generation, he has nevertheless, in the midst of his labors, found the leisure to carry on the good work in the ranks of a number of adults who were arching after the truth. The services on Thursday were therefore enhanced by the fact that 45 of these adults, who joined the Church, received the Sacrament on their first time. These new soldiers in our ranks, many of whom occupy leading positions in the commercial circles of this city, bear further testimony to the good work which he is doing in our midst.

In the evening, His Grace Archbishop Fahey, attended by Father McFallen, Father James Callaghan and Father Fahey, administered Confirmation to the children and adults.

Mr. Justice C. J. Donohy and Mrs. Donohy acted as sponsors. Immediately after the conclusion of the Confirmation, Father Quinn, the pastor of the parish, ascended the pulpit and delivered a very touching instruction. The Reverend Father said that he was especially pleased with the demeanor of the boys and girls of the parish who had assembled to make their First Communion. He reminded them that it was the happiest day of their lives and one ever to be remembered, and in concluding exhorted them to be grateful to God for the great blessing which He had conferred on them.

The musical portion of the service was rendered by a choir of boys of the Christian Brothers schools, which had been organized some time ago for the special purpose of singing on all occasions where the pupils of their schools were receiving their First Communion. The choristers were composed of the pupils of St. Lawrence, St. James, and other schools under the direction of the Brothers. In addition to the choir there was also an excellent orchestra composed of several Christian Brothers. The singing of the solos and choruses was superb, and reflects very great credit upon the good Brothers who have so keenly and so zealously to organize such a splendid choir from the ranks of the youths under their care. The following boys took part in the several solos:—Joseph Lynch, N. Larkin, G. Chateaufort, V. Rolland, A. Gravel, E. Gagnier, E. St. Germain, and others whose names we could not ascertain. Miss Nellie Kennedy also sang a beautiful hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. During the evening Father James Callaghan rendered with excellent effect a solo, specially dedicated to His Holiness the Pope. Father James Callaghan possesses a powerful and melodious baritone voice and it was heard in every portion of the church.

Fr. J. A. Fowler presided at the organ, and previous to the entrance of His Grace the Archbishop he played several selections which served to show the power and wealth of tone of the new organ.

The girls who made their first communion were in charge of the Superioress of St. Patrick's Academy, Mother St. Aloysius, assisted by Mother St. Patrick's teacher of the first division of the Academy, while the boys were under the supervision of the Christian Brothers. A very charming feature of the musical service was the congregational singing, as was also the impressive manner in which the young communicants chanted the prayers in measured and powerful tones.