

spirited. A beautiful stone church 100 ft. long has been erected by them since last June and is now open to divine service. The more we know them the more we esteem them. We are delighted to find a father in our new Bishop, priests and people have a good word to say of him and we are confirmed in our old Protestant idea that a Bishop is a father to his clergy.

Before this reaches our readers The Daily "Post" will be in full circulation. We rejoice that the Rev. Father Salmon is one of its directors. To this Catholic and national institution the energetic pastor of St. Gabriel's parish has been generous beyond his means and we are well convinced that his wise counsels will do much for "The Daily Post."

For the furnishing of our presbytery, we return most sincere thanks to a certain number of good Irish ladies in Montreal, from whom, we received great assistance and with the greatest kindness possible, and with a pressing invitation to return, if necessary.

THE SACRED HEART.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Two lights on a lowly Altar ;
 Two snowy cloths for a feast ;—
 Two vases of dying roses,—
 The Morning comes from the East,—
 With a gleam for the folds of the vestments
 And a grace for the face of the priest.

The sound of a low, sweet Whisper
 Floats over a little Bread,—
 And trembles around a chalice,
 And the Priest bows down his head !
 O'er a Sign of White on the Altar,—
 In the cup—o'er a sign of Red.

As red as the Red of roses
 As white as the white of snows !—
 But the red is the red of a surface,
 Beneath which a God's blood flows ;
 And the white is the white of a sunlight
 Within which a God's flesh glows.

Ah ! Words of the olden Thursday
 Ye come from the Far-away !—
 Ye bring us the Friday's victim
 In his own love's golden way ?—
 In the hand of the Priest at the altar
 His heart finds a home each day.

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