

## WHIT-SUNDAY.

Fifty days have now elapsed since we kept the Feast of Easter, and we now come to the Feast which celebrates the consummation of the divine work in favour of man, the descent of the Holy Ghost. After the Ascension of our Saviour, the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, and the Disciples returned from Mount Olivet to Jerusalem, a distance that is described in the Bible as being a Sabbath day's journey, and there they continued persevering in prayer. Our Saviour having ordained that there should be twelve Apostles, and one of them, Judas Iscariot, having been false and a traitor, it was necessary that a successor should be chosen. Doubtless the right of naming this new Apostle rested with St. Peter, the divinely appointed Head of the newly-born Church, but he, through humility, declined exercising this prerogative, and after having addressed those assembled and explained the necessity of selecting one of the disciples "to take the place of this ministry and apostleship, from which Judas hath by transgression fallen" (Acts 1: 25), he ordained an election to be made, and by that election Matthias was chosen to complete the number of the College of Apostles.

In the *Cenaculum* there were assembled those who had been present at our Saviour's Ascension, numbering about one hundred and twenty, among whom were Mary Magdalene and other pious women. It was again on a Sunday that God saw fit to manifest Himself, thus once more consecrating that day for weekly observance in preference to the Jewish Sabbath or Saturday. The hour was that of Terce (nine o'clock of our present time), "and suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a mighty wind" (Acts 2: 2). This sound was heard at the exterior as well as in the interior of the building, and brought together a crowd of Jews and Gentiles who at that time had flocked to Jerusalem to celebrate the Feast of Weeks. The august assembly within the great chamber remained in an attitude of expectation awaiting what was to come. Suddenly fire commenced to rain down silently, a fire which was "not to burn them, but to enlighten them, not to devour but to illuminate them" (Responsory for Whit-Thursdays), and which in the form of tongues rested on the heads of those there assembled. The Holy Ghost was thus taking possession of them, and had assumed the form of tongues in order to show that it was by means of words spoken by tongues, i.e. preaching, that the fire of divine love was to be communicated to the whole world. Before His Ascension our Saviour had commissioned His Apostles to go forth and preach, and had invested them with all the priestly powers which the Church has ever recognized; now, by the Descent of the Holy Ghost, they are enabled to publish the wonders and mercies of our holy Faith in all languages and to all the nations of the earth, and thus spread those flames of love for God and man with which their own hearts were on fire. The woe worked by the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel was here remedied by the Holy Ghost, who conferred the power of understanding and speaking all tongues upon those chosen by Him to go forth and preach, and the burning words pronounced by these Apostles are at once understood by the groups assembled outside the *Cenaculum* consisting of strangers who have flocked to Jerusalem from all parts of the known world. In the Catholic Church the Feast of Pentecost bears the same rank as that of Easter, and this is just and reasonable. At Easter man was the price of Christ's victory, at Pentecost the Holy Ghost takes possession of him whom Christ had purchased with His Blood. Ascension comes in as an intermediary Feast, shewing us the Man God who had triumphed over death, seated at the right hand of His Father and with the Father, sending down the Holy Spirit to sanctify us.

In the Middle Ages the graceful name of Rose Easter was bestowed on the Feast of Pentecost, in the same way as the name of Rose Sunday was given to Sunday in the Octave of the Ascension. The name of Whit-Sunday, by which the Feast of Pentecost is commonly known in the English language, was given it in commemoration of the white garments worn by the newly baptised neophytes;

for catechumens were as frequently baptised at Pentecost as at Easter.

Red is the colour appointed for the vestments to be worn by the clergy on this day, and during the Octave, which Octave closes on the following Saturday.

In the thirteenth century there existed a custom of letting doves loose during the High Mass that they might hover over the faithful in remembrance of the first manifestation of the Holy Ghost at the river Jordan, whilst flowers and particles of lighted tow were scattered from the vault or ceiling of the church in remembrance of the second descent in the *Cenaculum*.

The office of this day is singularly sublime, and the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*, as well as the Sequence *Veni Sancte Spiritus* are some of the most beautiful specimens of our noble liturgy.

Pentecost has been kept as a great festival from very early times.

G. M. WARD.

## MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The appointment of the Rev. Curé Labelle to the position of Deputy Minister of Agriculture and Colonization, and his acceptance of the same, is a new departure in the history of Canadian politics. Father Labelle, who left for Quebec on Monday to enter upon his duties, has declined the salary of two thousand dollars a year, and will accept nothing from the Government but the payment of his expenses. He will retain the parish of St. Jerome, so closely associated with his name and good works. There is probably no man in Canada who has so indefatigably worked for colonization as the Curé Labelle, and there few with more practical knowledge of agriculture. "If he remain in his present position for ten years the Province will be greatly benefitted and its credit improved abroad," said a prominent Montrealer on hearing of the appointment. There is no doubt about his being able to fill the position. And if the Government platform be, as the Tories say, rotten, why the Curé will simply go through it. He is in truth a man of great weight.

The news of the death of Archbishop Lynch was received here with profound regret. A valiant sentinel has gone from the watch towers of Israel. What a grand old soldier he was! What a jealous guardian of his people's rights. Twenty-three years in the "true and tender north," then Paris, and minor orders there, from the holy hands of the Martyr of the Barricades. The eternal priesthood in Dublin, and then over the ocean for mission work on the Texan prairies. To New Orleans, Paris, and then Toronto. Twenty-nine years there full of duty, self-sacrifice, abstemiousness and hard, hard work, and now the crown, the well-earned crown of the good and faithful servant resting from his labours in the joy of the Lord. Perhaps the thought is irreverent, but if the spirit of the dead prelate has cognizance of earthly doings, what must be his feeling at hearing himself extolled by such men as Dr. Wild and Rev. Macdonnell, who would do better to hold their peace and respect the sorrow that they cannot share than feign a sympathy which from them, the brawlers of the winter of 1886-87, is little short of an insult.

Doubtless you have seen in the papers that a meeting of the Protestant Ministerial Association was held here on Monday, to discuss the advisability of passing a resolution of thanks to Archbishop Fabre for his action respecting the proposed statue of the Blessed Virgin in Mount Royal Park. It was suggested that a copy of the motion be forwarded to his Grace, which gave rise to a curious discussion. One man "asked on scriptural grounds that the word *blessed* precede the word *virgin*," "but," says the report, "very little notice was taken of the suggestion." Another, a mild dominie, thought "it would not be kind simply to print their appreciation in the papers, and that it would tend to closer and more friendly relations if a copy of the resolution were sent to the Archbishop." A "Bishop"—he who once preached to prove that the Blessed Virgin "was only a woman," "did not see why they could not do a graceful thing without going to extremes"—but one Reverend Bond, of what sect I know not, made the speech of