THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1889.

ALL matter for publication in the HERALD should be in this office by noon on Tuesday. Persons wishing their advertisements changed *must* advise us Saturday forenoon.

Our readers will not forget that we are now located in our new offices in the building occupied as a store by the late Owen Connolly, Esq., where we are prepared to execute with the greatest despatch all kinds of Job Printing. We will be pleased to have our friends call and inspect our new premises.

FATHER DOYLE'S SILVER JUBILEE.

On Thursday last, the 24th inst., Rev. P. Doyle, of Summerside, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The good people of Seven Mile Bay, Kinkora and Summerside, among whom Father Doyle has labored so long and zealously, could not allow the opportunity to pass without testifying in a suitable manner their high appreciation of his character, and manifesting their veneration for him as the good pastor who had constantly and devotedly ministered to their spiritual wants.

His Lordship the Bishop and a large number of priests arrived at Summerside on Wednesday afternoon, and the Jubilee Celebration was inaugurated on Wednesday evening by a grand concert given by the pupils of St. Mary's Convent in the hall of that institution. The concert room was beautifully and tastefully decorated; the walls were hung with floral wreaths and appropriate mottoes.

Among those in attendance at the concert were His Lordship the Bishop, Revds. P. Doyle, James Æ. McDonald, M. J. McMillan, A. J. McDonald, S. T. Phelan, E. Walker, D. D.; J. Chaisson, D. D; A. J. McIntyre and J. C. McLean; Hon. John Lefurgey and wife; Judge Kelly, wife and daughter; W. D. Hunt and wife; Messrs. Richard Hunt, Pierce Doyle, W. A. Brennan, W. S. Green, J. A. Gourlie, J. D. Enman, and many other prominent citizens of Summerside. The following programme was excellently rendered by the performers:

PART I.

Music.....Thoughts of the Past
Song.....Wishes
Presentation of Gifts by the Ladies and the Children of Mary.....
Patricia's Flower Basket.....
Duet.....St. Patrick's Day
Operetta.....Charity
Music.....Ordination Bells
Dialogue.....The Magic Wand with Pupils' Floral Offering and Address.
Music Solo.....A Thornless Path

PART II.

Sacred Music.....Lur Orta Est
Tableaux.....Thanksgiving, and Erin
Finale.....Ad Multos Annos

When the curtain rose the seventy or eighty young misses, dressed in white, who took part in the concert, were grouped in such a way as to form the numerals XXV. The vocal and instrumental music was well rendered and the tableaux were exceedingly fine.

Among the most pleasing features of the entertainment were the presentations made to Father Doyle by the ladies, the Children of Mary and the pupils of the Convent. The addresses accompanying these presentations were expressive, in the highest degree, of the esteem in which the recipient was held. At the conclusion of the programme Father Doyle briefly addressed the performers, thanking them for their handsome presents and for the splendid manner in which they had acquitted themselves in their different parts during the evening.

The special train from Charlottetown on Thursday morning brought several visitors to the Jubilee, in addition to those already named. This train also brought St. Dunstan's College Brass Band, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the day.

St. Paul's Church was beautifully decorated exteriorly and interiorly for the celebration. Red, white and blue streamers hung from the ceiling. The lower ends of these were twirled round the different pillars, thus forming graceful festoons. In addition to these, numerous banners, bearing appropriate inscriptions, were suspended beside the pillars. Over the high altar, and around the walls of the sanctuary, there were suitable Latin inscriptions, and on either side of the altar were the figures 1864—1889, indicating the years of Father Doyle's ordination and Silver Jubilee Celebration. The High Altar was tastefully adorned with appropriate ornaments, gold lace, and numerous tapers. The decorations outside the Church were also most appropriate. The main entrance was arched over with evergreen branches, and two strings of bunting depended from the top of the steeple to the ground on either side of the entrance.

SERVICE IN THE CHURCH.

By ten o'clock St. Paul's Church was filled to its utmost capacity by members of the Summerside congregation, deputations from Kinkora and Seven Mile Bay, and many visitors from Charlottetown and other places, who had assembled to witness the beautiful and solemn religious ceremonies of the Jubilee Celebration. Shortly after ten the clergy, preceded by the altar boys, filed into the Sanctuary. They were followed by His Lordship the Bishop, who assumed his seat on a throne prepared for him on the Gospel side of the altar. Lastly came the celebrant and his assistants; these were Revds. P. Doyle, celebrant; Revds. D. M. McDonald, Tignish, and D. F. McDonald, Souris, deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Solemn High Mass was then commenced. The other officiating clergymen were Rev. A. E. Burke, master of ceremonies; and Revd. Dr. Chaisson, Thurifer. His Lordship was assisted at the throne by Revds. J. Æ. and J. C. McDonald. Among the priests who occupied seats in the Sanctuary or outside the rail were Revds. F. Von Black, M. J. McMillan, A. J. McDonald, S. T. Phelan, E. Walker, D. D., G. A. Piette, J. Corbett, A. J. McIntyre, J. A. McDonald and J. C. McLean.

The music on the occasion was grand. Mr. W. C. Dunbrisy presided at the organ, and excellently carried out his part. The choir was assisted by Revd. F. X. Gallant; Messrs. C. Hermans and C. Bell, of St. Dunstan's Choir, Charlottetown; and Mr. McDougall, of St. Dunstan's College; all under the leadership of Mr. McInnis. It is needless to say that the singing was most beautifully rendered.

After the Communion Revd. D. J. G. McDonald, of St. Margaret's, ascended the pulpit and preached the following

SERMON:

"Let a man so account of us as of the Ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." (1 Cor., iv., 1.)

Wherever you cast your eye the most prominent figure that arrests attention is the Priest of the Church of God. It matters not in what age or in what country the survey is made. Every age, every country bears the same testimony. In the far East, by the Ganges and Euphrates, is he to be found. The stone wall of China has presented no insuperable barrier to his onward march. The dusky continent has heard his voice, and the negro has learned to love him with the overflowing affection of a child. The boundless prairies of the West and the trackless wilds of Northern Alaska have been trodden by his weary steps, and the historian proudly points to the Black Robe as the great and successful civilizer of the blood-stained Indian who there roamed at large, the fancied monarch of all he surveyed.

Among the civilized nations the Priest still retains his pre-eminent position—always first in the affections of his people. In France his family name is lost sight of—he is simply M. le Cure. In English-speaking countries he is the Pastor, the Father, the Priest, the *Soggarth Aroon*—all indicative of the great love and esteem that seem his by right, and which a religious people invariably concede to him.

How account for this universal, unalterable, enduring sentiment of the Catholic world? The answer is to be found in the exalted but correct and true estimate of the sublime dignity of the Priesthood which all good Catholics entertain.

Speak not to me, says the great Chrysostom, of the purple, of a diadem, or gold-embroidered garments. These are but shadows in my eyes. The Priesthood is more venerable and greater than any regal grandeur or magnificence; for the Priest occupies a middle place between God, on the one side, and human nature on the other, receiving for us the blessings and favors coming down from the Throne of the Most High, and presenting our petitions before the Throne of Mercy.

Pope St. Clement says in this regard: The Priesthood is as far above the splendor of kingly state as the soul is more excellent than the body. St. Ambrose presents to us the same state of contrast: As lead is inferior to gold, as the dignity of kings, yet more despicable when put side by side with the dignity of the Priest of God.

Thus do the Fathers seek to instruct us on the dignity of the Priesthood by way of contrast; but the great Chrysostom, already quoted, enters thus into the subject by itself: "Our Priestly office we do indeed discharge here on earth, but it is to be placed in the category and rank of things heavenly." Thus does this great Doctor of the Church translate the Priest from earth to heaven, in order to have him realize his true position and dignity. And his place there, we plainly infer, is above, away above angel and archangel, and all other ministering spirits. Thus we see that St. Denys is following the same train of ideas when he says that the dignity of the Priest is more than angelic—*angelicus imo et divino est.* And St. Ephraim, lost in thought, tries to express himself by saying that the sacerdotal dignity transcends all thought; and Cassian, to give this same idea some kind of shape, exclaims, O Priest of God, if thou viewest the height of the heavens, thou art higher still; if thou dost contemplate the grandeur of princes, grander art thou—inferior only art thou to thy God and thy Creator.

Here some cool, calculating one, worldly, wise might perhaps discredit these claims, because, forsooth, the aberration of genius, though possibly well meaning minds; yet not so. All that has been set forth is freely substantiated by the emphatic language of the Apostle, who tersely describes the office of the Priest as that of an Ambassador of Christ. *Pro Christo legatione fungimur.* (II Cor., v. 20.) Duly accredited from the court of high heaven to his special sphere of action, the Priest enjoys the powers and privileges of a plenipotentiary, so that in this regard he is all, and even more, than I claimed for him. He represents Christ as really as did ever earthly ambassador his temporal sovereign, and he has the assurance that his acts will always be sanctioned, a privilege earthly ambassadors do not enjoy to the same unlimited extent. As the Father hath sent me, so I send you.

More emphatic still are the words of my text, whose sound is still lingering in your ears: "Let a man so account of us as the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God."

The sacrifice which Christ consummated on Calvary was not brought to a termination by His ignominious death. No; it endures forever. Christ bears in His human nature the marks of redemption, which are a continuous pledge to His Eternal Father of that sacrifice. Thus that sacrifice, by reason of His "everlasting Priesthood," goes on forever in heaven. But Christ wished that we should have a visible remembrance of it, and, in consequence, a veritable sacrifice on earth to plead our daily wants. Hence we have in the Church the institution of the Priesthood, whose office it is to perpetuate that remembrance and renew that sacrifice in the Adorable Mystery of the Mass. In this way, and in this way alone, do the words of the Prophet Malachy find their verification: "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation." (Mal. 12.) Yes, in this Adorable Sacrifice, our Lord, in His own flesh and blood, really and truly comes down upon our Altars, and there, before our eyes, offers to His Father the same testimony of adoration, obedience and love, the same thanksgiving for all His gifts to creatures, the same atonement for the sins of men, the same supplication for new favors and renewed mercy, which He once sealed with His death on the Cross. Thus we verily, and perhaps for the first time, see what a high office the Priest's is, since he has so large a share in continuing to the world the fruits of redemption. Thus we see the Holy Fathers were far from exaggerating when they spoke as they did. We ourselves, looking at the office even superficially, find we are unable to grasp its full intent and purpose. We are forced to conclude with St. Ephraim, that it transcends all thought. Nor need we feel surprised. The Priest, by his ordination, has been placed in the Ministry of the Church. Now that Ministry is Christ's own Ministry, to which He has transmitted His own power, to continue His own work, for in the new dispensation there is but one Priesthood, the Eternal Priesthood of Him who has been declared Priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech; and he is of that Priesthood. A truly more than angelic office: if not divine, tell me what is it?

(The Rev. preacher here gave a most interesting summary of the beautiful and touching ceremonies connected with an ordination service, which, for want of space, we are obliged to leave out.)

There are epochs in our lives we gladly take note of as they annually recur. Every Christian welcomes with pleasure the annual recurrence of his baptism, of his first communion, of his confirmation, of his marriage. The priest has no event in his life so cherished and full of hope as his ordination. And to no other anniversary does he look forward to with so much interest. He recalls again and again the scenes of that eventful morning until they stand out in all the bold outlines of a recent event: the vows he then registered in face of High Heaven, are renewed and strengthened with the force and power that have accrued to him from accumulated merits; the different ceremonies of the service are piously pondered o'er to renew a sense of the responsibilities of the office assumed and the necessity of obtaining the requisite worthy manner. Whilst these annually recurring events pass by at first unnoticed by the public, still the time eventually arrives when they claim attention. In the course of years what was simply a private event in the life of an individual becomes invested with a public character, because affecting the public welfare. The happiness of the people is bound up in an ordination with that of the priest. Very appropriately therefore do we find priest and people making common joy on such anniversaries.

Custom has now given the 25th anniversary of events such prominence that the parties interested gladly seize the occasion as a day of special rejoicing. Such are the circumstances that have led to this celebration, the occasion being the 25th anniversary of your pastor's ordination to holy priesthood—his Silver Jubilee, as we now term it. Truly a day of rejoicing for you and him, and I need not say how glad I am to see the day honored in full regulation style.

Gifts are presented, not for their intrinsic worth, but rather as a graceful testimony of the high esteem you cherish towards him. The pastor in accepting adds another link to the already existing chain of obligations binding him to his people. Thus may we say that such gifts are doubly blessed—they bless them that give and him who receives.

Addresses are presented, but they contain no exaggerated expressions of fulsome praise. A congregation frankly and honestly probes their confidence in their pastor and their attachment to him—they beg God's blessing on his work and wish him long years of usefulness in their midst. Another tie to strengthen the bond uniting both together.

Friends meet and share in the common joy, take their places in the ceremonies, enter into the festivities and leave again; but their presence has gladdened a good priest's heart and their good wishes, like angels' whispers, make sweet music in his ears long after they have reached their homes. A truly refreshing spirit of edification for the world!

Reviewing the past twenty-five years of the ministry of your good pastor I find ample material for high eulogy, but I will not offend his modesty by singing his well deserved praises, though no more opportune time could I have, and the circumstances are such as to warrant any liberty I would take. I would refer instead to the happy days of long ago—away back among the 50's—when we were schoolmates together in that institution that has long since laid aside its swaddling clothes of infancy for the toga of ripe years—I mean St. Dunstan's College. If St. Dunstan's College, (and who will dare gainsay it?) it is because it has lent its influence and done its share in moulding the character of many youths who have since become a crown of glory to their old *Alma Mater*. I had her children ruling in the Episcopal See of Halifax; I had my new taste to the already illustrious Order of the Jesuits; carrying in their hands the duties of our country; taking high places in the learned professions; and, not to speak even of her benign influence over the other portals of life, I find her quietly supplying the ranks of our Island Priesthood, as circumstances require. Foremost amongst these do I find the good, indeed venerable, and, I may add, talented Father Doyle, to whom we all look with pride as the central figure in this day's proceedings. Twenty years ago, I, too, an humble, but interested companion, have all along followed with pleasure. As a boy, still in its teens, I saw at old St. Dunstan's College, shining amongst brilliant talents and a kindly disposition, which augured well for the future success of the young student, who, being his school-fellow, then Father, now Bishop McIntyre, took not pleasure to recognize his starting, when, some years after, I joyfully greeted him priest to Christ's Sanctuary, where alone he could find a congenial atmosphere for the exercise of his high and noble aspirations. He was ordained just twenty-five years ago, and the sequel has proved how prudent was the choice, how wise the counsels.

The young Priest of that day has since ripened into the beloved and trusty missionary. He has proved a credit to his *Alma Mater*, and she is proud of him. He has been an invaluable assistant to his dear Bishop in pastoral work in the diocese, and now he looks on approvingly; he has shown himself a successful financier, and you praise his able administration of the temporalities of the parish; he has been an indefatigable promoter of Convent education in this town, and the young ladies who have shared its benefits testify their gratitude by contributing their share—and no small share it is—to the success of this celebration; he has unceasingly waged war against that hydra-headed monster, Intemperance, and the full ranks of his Temperance Societies show how successful has been his combat; he has built Presbyteries, enlarged and completed Churches, purchased lands for the missions he served, and now the people of these places look to them as evidences of his energy and activity; he has been, in a word, a self-denying, hard-working Priest, ministering to your wants in season and out of season, and has realized for you the very words of my text, having proved himself a Minister of Christ and a dispenser of God's mysteries. And this good work is still to go on, thanks be to God. An epoch truly has been marked in his career.

I have only one word to say to Father Doyle, and then I shall have done. The Royal Psalmist puts it in my mouth: *Prospere procedit*—proceed; go on prosperously; continue as you have done in the past; continue to stand before God's Altar, where you have stood with so much honor for the past twenty and five years offering Sacrifice to the Most High for the sins and offences of the people, thereby redeeming the world from its lapsed condition; continue a minister to the needy, the disconsolate, the sick and the dying, as you have so faithfully done during the past twenty and five years, thereby showing how closely you follow in the footsteps of your Divine Master; continue to exercise your benign power over sin as you have unceasingly done for the past twenty and five years, thereby breaking the chains of Satan—those accursed signs of bondage—and restoring prodigal children to the glad embrace of a forgiving Father; continue to make known your high end and ideal Life, and always on the lines of the Cross, as you have so well and fearlessly done for the past twenty and five years, thereby instructing the ignorant, confirming the wavering, perfecting the saints, edifying the Body of Christ. (Eph. iv.) Continue, I say, as you have begun. The Prophet's words are inspiriting. Your work is as yet only partly accomplished. Souls yet to be saved through your instrumentality look up imploringly to you; the reign of God's love and his justice must be still further extended in men's hearts by your labors and your efforts. The work is great, almost appalling; but its very magnitude will cause you to lean all the more securely on the Giver of all Gifts for timely aid. Take fresh courage, and rest assured that in the future, as in the past, angels will strike for you a refreshing and vivifying dew in the smallest as well as the greatest works of your ministry. These are the years to be filled in the way in which the good pastor must consume himself for the good of the flock entrusted to his care. Many those works stand out in bold relief as precious settings on the golden background of a ripe old age, when a jubilant people will be gathered around the same Altar twenty and five years hence to celebrate the Golden Nuptials of their aged Pastor.

At the conclusion of Mass, Father Doyle, having laid aside his chasuble, advanced to the middle of the Sanctuary and turned towards the congregation; then the committee whose names appear below approached the altar rail, when Judge Kelly, on behalf of the congregations of Seven Mile Bay, Kinkora and Summerside, read the following

ADDRESS.

REV. DEAR FATHER,—The noiseless flight of time brings us face to face this morning with a notable event in your life and ministry. In the historic city of Quebec, twenty-five years ago, you were ordained to the Christian Priesthood; and from that year down to the day we celebrate you have exercised, in the Diocese of Charlottetown, the functions of your sacred office;—how zealously and with what ability those in whose midst, and for whose especial welfare you have labored, can bear ample and willing testimony.

We are told—and few can dispute it—that pride in religion is man's highest praise. Influenced by that sentiment, as well as by a sense of duty, on this, the Silver Jubilee of your ordination, your parishioners of Seven Mile Bay, Kinkora and Summerside desire, through me, to unite with our venerated Bishop and Rev. Brethren of the Clergy in commemorating and doing honor to this joyous festival. With sentiments, therefore, of profound gratitude to Almighty God that you have been spared to the Church and to us, and that we have been privileged to be present on this auspicious occasion, we tender you the full and fervent expression of our congratulations.

Under any circumstances, a period of twenty-five years constitutes a large portion of man's alloted span, and, it may be remarked, seldom fails to leave its impress on the fairest brow, or to remove from church congregations, as well as from domestic circles, companions and loved ones who can never be restored. But a quarter of a century of sacerdotal life may well be regarded as an epoch in the career of a Catholic pastor. That it is so recognized in your case by those who know you best, is certainly made apparent by the presence within this temple of such a large concourse of devout and respectable spectators, many of them attending from remote parts of the Province, and not a few professing a different religious belief from ourselves.

In the impressive ceremonies of to-day you are the central figure. The distinguished dignitaries grouped around you in the Sanctuary, religious from convents—"the world forgotten, by the world forgot"—and the vast assemblage of the laity—all have come, prelates, priests, nuns and people, before the Altar of the living God, to offer up thanks for the blessings of health and length of years vouchsafed to you in your holy calling, to implore a continuance of these favors, to manifest their gratitude for your efforts on their behalf, and to publicly proclaim their respect and appreciation for your person and character.

Many of us remember when you first came to these dioceses, charged with the administration of their spiritual and temporal interests. At that time we possessed scarcely any of the parochial institutions usually existing in older settlements, and but few of the accessories or external aids to the practice and propagation of our holy faith. In this respect our condition offered little attraction, save to the man ready to obey the call of duty, and inspired by the nobler motives of zeal for the welfare of his fellows. Skillful hands and a brave heart were, therefore, required for the successful performance of the pastoral duties then assigned to you; and subsequent events assuredly justified the confidence of your Ecclesiastical Superior in committing this work to your immediate direction. In you your parishioners found a man with "the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hands to execute" the solemn and responsible obligations of his position. Hence the difficulties which at first confronted you, gradually but surely, and in good time disappeared, so that now we can refer with a sense of just satisfaction to the prosperous condition, religiously, and indeed socially, at which, through your ministrations and guidance, we have arrived.

It were needless, in particulars here. The results of your pastorate are visible to us all, and demonstrate more eloquently than any words of ours the unquestioned measure of success that has rewarded your arduous labors in behalf of your flock. When those who succeed us shall be, as we now are, struggling through life's fitful fever, and long after the present generation shall have passed away, your name will remain associated with the progress of religion and education in this part of the Province.

But why shall recount the spiritual consolations imparted by your ministry, from the Altar, the Pulpit, the Confessional? Only in the Book of Life are these fully inscribed, and the reward which they merit awaits you in the kingdom of Him whose name and empire will endure for ever. The wide world over man, as an accountable, moral being, has his true friend and benefactor in the Catholic priest. From the hour in which the infant is brought to the portals of the church to receive the waters of regeneration, to that supreme and final moment when life is about to escape from the stricken body, and the farewell recommendation is pronounced—"Depart Christian soul!"—the priest is his earthly guardian angel. Literally, from the cradle to the grave, his mission is to elevate and enlighten man, to teach him the way he should live, to point out the way he should die, and so prepare him to properly realize and fulfil the duties of his alloted station. Not, indeed, for a day but for all time, and even beyond the bourns of time, do these sacred relations exist between the pastor and his flock. With a fidelity that no fulminate can subvert, the devoted priest responds to the injunctions of his sublime commission, and like another seraph in Paradise Lost—"faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he." No wonder, therefore, that the emotions of the human heart, tempered by religion, find apt expression in the magnificent scene before us, and no wonder, either, that this *fete* and its surroundings are all self-intelligible, and in an eminent degree consistent with true Christian sentiment.

Little more may here be said. Before I close, however, memory would fain revive earlier associations, and claim the privilege of a passing recognition. Some are present who recall a period in your career anterior to your ordination—a very mid-day in the morning of life, when fresh from a country fireside, and with parental benediction resting upon your head, you became enrolled as a student of St. Dunstan's College. Imbibing in that institution the sound and solid principles of an education which afterwards matured into ripe scholarship, you were enabled to attain and to hold with dignity a foremost rank among the first alumni of your *Alma Mater*—thus vindicating the truth of the renowned statesman's declaration, that "in the lexicon of youth, whom fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as FAIL." To various parts of the world many of your early classmates have gone forth and filled eminent positions in Church and State, while others of them, less fortunate than you, have been relegated to humbler walks in life. One of the latter, in order to express his feelings as the recollection of these cherished days is awakened, would appropriate the beautiful words of Ireland's poet:—

Long, long be my soul with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Pardon, Rev. Sir, this brief digression. We have assembled around you this morning, not to indulge in mere reminiscences, but to evince our appreciation of the noble work which, under God, you have performed in the interests of religion and society during the quarter of a century now completed. Coming, therefore, to the more substantial and not less agreeable part of my duty, permit me to request your acceptance of a gift representing the material tokens of your parishioners' personal esteem and affection. May its contents be an emblem of a future golden jubilee in your priesthood, to celebrate which we reverently invoke Divine Providence to prolong your life.

On behalf of your parishioners,

T. KELLY, Chairman,
P. T. FANNING,
JAMES KELLY,
D. H. MCDONALD,
JOHN MCKEEVER,
WILLIAM DEEGAN,
D. MCKINNON,
PATRICK MCBRIDE,
JOHN A. DRISCOLL.

This address was accompanied by a purse of $700. To this Father Doyle made the following

REPLY.

To the Parishioners of Seven Mile Bay, Kinkora and Summerside.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I thank you with all my heart for the beautiful and flattering address and princely gift with which you have just presented me.

I cannot ascribe to any merit of my own the grand demonstration you have prepared to honor an event great enough, indeed, because by it I was associated for ever with the priesthood of Christ, but which, on this happy anniversary, I would willingly have allowed to pass by unmarked by any other commemoration than a humble Mass of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings and graces vouchsafed during the twenty-five years I have ministered at His altar. You have, however, decided otherwise, and although deserving in no way the praise and congratulation so generously bestowed, my heart is deeply touched at the expression of filial love, respect, reverence and veneration which your address so eloquently breathes.

Shortly as may appear these years in retrospect, within their compass are counted many events of importance to our Diocesan Church and native Province. At my ordination, the number of priests laboring in this part of the Lord's vineyard was very small indeed, compared with that of to-day; the churches scattered at long intervals over the diocese, and unprovided with many of the requisites for the decent observance of the ceremonies prescribed by the rubrics. Under the enlightened and beneficient episcopate of our beloved and venerable Bishop, whose consecration preceded my ordination by but a few years, churches, convents and presbyteries have sprung up on every side, until to-day the golden symbol of our common redemption meets the eye from every point of prominence in the Island over. To these churches are attached congregations of devout Catholics, ready to listen to the voice of their pastors, and *doers*, not mere *hearers*, of His word who called priests into His sanctuary to be the dispensers of the mysteries of God. The good pastors who, under their beloved Bishop, administer the now well-equipped missions of the diocese, have all made noble sacrifices to bring about this happy result, and with the proofs of their great labors before me we should I look for praise for the little I have been able to accomplish? You have spoken with gratitude of my poor efforts to promote your spiritual welfare. Allow me to say that I have been but a feeble instrument in the hands of Providence, and that the good effected among you is due alone to the mercy and grace of God and to your generous co-operation. "Will the Royal Prophet, then, we will say: "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to thy name give glory." Ps. 113.

Be assured, my dear children, that my labor among you has been a labor of love. By your docility and your fervent and practical faith, you have made my burden light, and in a great measure, facilitated my work in the sacred ministry. I can cheerfully bear testimony that you have been at all times a source of great consolation to me, by your willingness to aid me in every good work undertaken for the promotion of God's glory and the salvation of souls—the two great objects for which I have been called to the Holy Priesthood.

True, I have always had the advancement of the spiritual and temporal interests of my people at heart; true, I have ever been desirous of securing to all every aid to the proper discharge of your religious duties, compatible with our limited means; true, I had the great happiness of freeing from debt the ecclesiastical institutions of my missions, and have been able to erect here in Summerside a Convent, within whose walls a self-mortificing sisterhood imparts to your children the inestimable blessing of a Christian education; but I could never have accomplished all, or any part of this work, had I not at every turn the generous and enthusiastic support of my parishioners. God has blessed the little mustard seed of our humble beginnings; He has planted in your hearts true Christian dispositions; He has united the straggling flock into one compact sheepfold; He has bestowed life and health and strength upon the unworthy shepherd, and to Him this day we joyfully offer the fullest measure of our thanksgiving.

You speak with appreciation of the treasure of true faith which you possess, and with gratitude to God for the consolations of religion imparted by my ministry. Guard intact that Holy Faith; vindicate at all times those moral principles which underlie the whole structure of Christian society; participate in the fruits of the ministry which Christ has committed to His Church; and by these religious influences alone will you be enabled to conquer in your fight with the world, the devil and the flesh. Be assured my sympathy shall always go out to you. As your pastor, your joys are my joys; your sorrows are my sorrows. I earnestly hope to labor on in the holy priesthood for your welfare, so that you and your children may ever remain faithful members of God's Holy Church, by the practice to the end of your earthly career, of all the sacred duties required of you by our holy religion. In this consists your earthly and eternal happiness. Even those who revile the Christian religion are forced to acknowledge its beneficient influence upon society. "Marvellous thing," says a great philosopher, "the Christian religion which appears to have no other object than our happiness in the other life, assures us also happiness on earth." May you participate at all times in the joys of Christianity. May you ever remain a consolation to the Holy Church, an honor to your Island home, and an example to all of faithful and law-abiding citizens of this great Dominion. May you always remain steadfast in the glorious faith we possess, the same faith for which the Apostles died, our forefathers bled and suffered, and which has come down to us pure and unsullied by any stain or error. I have always endeavored to increase your proper appreciation of this glorious birthright; if I have succeeded, my ministry has not been in vain. To-day, as your pastor, I address to you the words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles to the Phillipians: "Therefore, my brethren, dearly beloved and most desired, my joy and my crown, so stand fast in the Lord."

But the spiritual interests of the diocese have not alone prospered during the years that this day fill up the measure of a quarter of a century. Great strides have been made for the material advancement of the people. Twenty-five years ago and we were far behind in the race with the world. We had no railway, we were under landlord rule; we had no decimal currency, and an isolated Province without any interests in common with our neighbors; we had no national aspirations nor any national future before us. Our towns were towns in name only; this busy Summerside was still almost in the green sward. Then came Confederation making us part of the promising young Dominion we love to designate, "This Canada of ours," and the beneficial results of that union, I need not here detail. We are citizens to-day of a country of which we may feel proud, a country possessing all the elements requisite for the formation of a great nation, and what my eyes have seen since I began active work in the ministry over twenty summers ago, gives me undoubted confidence in our future. The extraordinary progress we have made is but an earnest of that greater progress which, blessed by God, under a constitution better than which no country on the face of the earth can boast, we must necessarily look forward to, that happy future when Canada will have outgrown her girlhood and proudly taken her place amongst the nations, the compeer, if not the mistress of them all. To accomplish this end should all true Canadians bend their energies, full of faith in their country's destiny:

"Let other nations sing the past,
And ancient glories dead,
Their sons their glance must backward cast,
While ours shall look ahead;
Republics rot and kingdoms fall,
Time other states devours,
But thou shall spread time's funeral pall,
Sweet Canada of ours."

The reader of this too flattering address has made allusion to the happy days when we were students together within the classic walls of old St. Dunstan's. I deem it, indeed, a precious privilege to have around me here to-day not only one but many of these school companions, all of whom, together with our venerated Bishop and my other brother Priests, have thought fit to honor this humble feast with their presence. All of those beloved class-mates are filling high and honorable places in life, and it is the joy of my jubilee to see them at my side this morning united with me in thanking God for all His favors. It is to me also a source of great happiness to behold gathered together in this Church my parishioners from all my missions, many of whom I have baptized, prepared for first communion, and married, and for whom I hope to be spared to labor in the future with greater zeal and perseverance than I have been enabled to do in the past. I recognize, here, too, many of our separated brethren whose good will and friendship I am proud to possess. I have always striven conformably with the spirit of the Gospel, for brotherly relations among all creeds and classes, and I am, indeed, grateful to those good friends who have come to unite with my parishioners this morning in honoring my silver jubilee. Need I add that I am quite sensible of the unworthiness that I bring to the reception of all the honors you are imposing upon me. That is a demonstration of your love and veneration for God's Holy Priesthood. In this spirit, then, do I receive your kind words of praise and generous offering. Whilst I cannot but feel a certain elevation of spirit on this happy occasion, for amongst the instructions laid down for the guidance of our society is one which we are counselled never to lose sight of—that we "should always maintain, as a singular honor, a close connection with the parochial clergy."

Leaving to others the pleasure of recalling your untiring labors in the Master's vineyard, we conclude by praying that you may be spared to guide us till the silver of to-day be changed into a jubilee whose sheen will be of purest gibil. These, Rev. Father, are the sentiments of affection we have been commissioned to offer you on behalf of our conference.

JOHN B. STRONG,
President.
CHARLES MURPHY.

ALTAR BOY'S ADDRESS.

The address of the Altar Boys was as follows:

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,—The Altar Boys of St. Paul's Church, who have received so many favors at your hands, must claim the privilege with the different Societies and the people of the other parishes of offering you their congratulations and good wishes on this joyous festival. Little more than this are we able to do. Boys are not often overburdened with what the world calls means, and we are no exception to the rule; but what little cash we could get together we have put into this gift, which we beg you to accept, and are only sorry it is not what our hearts would make it. Deign, dear Father, to look kindly upon our humble offering, and to give us a place in your fatherly heart, so full of happiness to-day.

Signed on behalf of the Altar boys of St. Paul.

LAWRENCE DOYLE.
P. ALFRED FANNING,
And others.

Summerside, Jan. 24th, 1889.

ADDRESS FROM EMERALD BRANCH B. I. SOCIETY.

This address was accompanied by a purse containing $60. It was read by Mr. George R. McMahon:

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—On behalf of the Emerald Branch of the Benevolent Irish Society, the undersigned hasten to convey to you their warmest congratulations, on this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your elevation to the priesthood.

We need scarcely remind you, Rev. Sir, of our deep obligations to you, for the warm interest always manifested by you in the welfare of our Society.

The cordial manner in which, on all occasions, you responded to the calls made on your services, as patron of our society, entitled you to our warmest gratitude.

With almost parental care, since the establishment of our Society, you watched over it, you gave us wise counsel, you spoke eloquent words of encouragement to us from the pulpit. Often at the sacrifice of much comfort and convenience to yourself, have you travelled to preside at many of our meetings; and as a proof of the intellectual progress of our society under your distinguished patronage, extending but a little over a period of two years, we have only to refer to the fact that already our society has been favored with lectures and addresses by some of the ablest and most eloquent speakers in the land.

Further, Rev. Sir, permit us to assure you, and we do so, profoundly impressed with the conviction that no more pleasing information could be conveyed to you than the fundamental object of our society—charity to the poor of all denominations—has never for a moment been overlooked; for, although not overburdened with much of the world's goods, our society has done no little in relieving the poor and destitute, in visiting the sick, the aged, and the infirm within our reach, and endeavoring to lessen the load of their affliction.

And now, Rev. Sir, we beg of you to accept this small purse as an humble offering of our gratitude and affection, as well as our admiration and esteem, and pray that you may live long enough to celebrate your golden jubilee and continue to be an ornament to your religion and your country.

MICHAEL WALL, M. D.
J. H. HASLAM,
TERENCE GOODWIN,
G. R. MCMAHON,
P. P. MURPHY,
P. DUFFY.

ADDRESS FROM FORMER PARISHIONERS OF DESABLE.

This address was read by Mr. John Bradley as follows:

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—We, the Parishioners of St. Joseph's DeSable, among whom you labored so zealously in the early years of your Ministry, cannot allow the Twenty-fifth anniversary of your elevation to the Priest-hood to pass without conveying to you a feeble expression of our affection and esteem, and tendering you our sincere and hearty congratulations.

The happy event which we unite in celebrating to-day, vividly recalls to the minds of many of us the slender form, bright and cheerful countenance of the young zealous Priest. Who twenty-two years ago came amongst us to minister to our spiritual wants.

In an address of this kind it would be almost impossible to even briefly outline the good work performed by you during the seven years in which you were our Consolator, Friend, and Spiritual Father.

We will merely say, that your fervent and eloquent discources from the Altar; your wise and timely counsels; your incessant labors and untiring efforts for our spiritual and temporal advancement, together with your cheerful and instructive conversation, sparkling wit and well-told anecdotes, all went to make you the ideal "Soggarth Aroon" of your devoted parishioners. We need scarcely remind you, Rev. and Dear Sir, that since the ties that united us as Pastor and Flock were broken, many changes have taken place in the parish. Many of the older members of the congregation whom you intimately knew are now sleeping their last long sleep in the little Church-yard of St. Joseph's, and younger men have taken their places—but yet you are not forgotten.

At every fireside throughout the parish your name is fondly remembered, and the older members of the family still love to recount to younger ears the good works, friendly counsels and humorous anecdotes of the "Good Father Doyle," their former well-beloved Pastor. Thus your name is fondly cherished and indelibly stamped on the memories of both old and young in the parish. And to-day, among the many warm tributes of respect and esteem with which you are honored, let us assure you, Rev. and Dear Sir, that, though feebly conveyed, there is no sincerer expression of affection and esteem than that which comes from your old parishioners of DeSable.

We humbly pray that the "Giver of all Good" may continue to bless you with good health and grant you length of years to labor in His Vineyard, and may the year of grace, nineteen hundred and twenty-five find you hale and hearty to celebrate your Golden Jubilee. Ere we conclude permit us to request that you will be pleased to remember us in your ministrations at the Altar, and let us assure you, Rev. and Dear Sir, that you will ever be lovingly remembered in the prayers of your old parishioners of DeSable.

On behalf of the parishioners of St. Joseph's, DeSable, we remain, Rev. and Dear Sir, your humble servants: John Kelly, John McDonald, Charles McKenna, W. A. Coughlan, William Doyle, Michael McDonald, William McGuigan, Thomas Malone, Francis McGuigan, David, Moffatt, Michael McMahon, Patrick McKenna, Patrick Bradley, Charles Monaghan, James Trainor John Bradley, J. J. Coughlan, James Gorman, Francis Smith, James Flood, John Haughy, Thomas Hagan, Thomas Woods, Patrick Monaghan.

Father Doyle replied verbally to all these addresses, heartily thanking the people for their many gifts and good wishes.

THE RECEPTION.

After the addresses had been read and replied to, an informal reception took place at the Presbytery, where a great number of persons paid their respects to Father Doyle. On a centre table were displayed the extraordinarily large number of beautiful and costly jubilee gifts. Among the gifts were:

A magnificent set of Silver Wrought Carvers in ivory handles, having the monogram "D," the case plate bearing the inscription, "Rev. P. Doyle, Silver Jubilee; from Archbishop O'Brien and E. F. Murphy, 1888." Silver and Gold (precious) Bowl, the gift of His Lordship Bishop McIntyre; costly Silver Ice Pitcher, from R. T. Holman, Esq.; Silver-mounted Ruby Glass Claret Jug, from Judge and Mrs. Kelly; Silver Butter Dish, from Father Picotte; Silver Fruit Server, from Rev. Dr. Walker and Rev. Stephen Phelan; Silver Cruet, from Miss O'Leary; Silver Epergne, from Rev. A. E. Burke; precious Humeral Veil and Silver Tankard, from the children of the Convent; Silver and Cr