

the body was rendered back to mother earth, on all sides from old and young, flowed tears of bitter grief,—unmistakeable proof of the love and veneration in which he was held.

St. Dunstan's had a special interest in Father Allan, for he was at one time a professor here. He entered St. Dunstan's in 1865, and in 1870 we find his name among the assistant teachers. Again, after ordination in 1874, he resumed the work of teaching for nearly three years. We have little conception of the difficulties encountered in these early days; but we know that education and Catholicity in this province owes a deep debt of gratitude to the indomitable perseverance of those sturdy pioneers.

The passing of such a faithful Servant of God and man, as was Father Allan, occasions our marvelling at how well these men did their work, and how unselfish they were in it. May he now participate in that eternal bliss to which he strove so long and faithfully to lead others.



MIDNIGHT

High hangs relumed the glowing lamp of heaven,
A soundless host of fairies sing in ghostly croon.
The tall gray birch and restless spruce trees, seven,—
Murmuring, dream warm fecund rains of fertile June.
The white owl moves, swift, silent shades across the moon;
A guesting, spectre fox pads o'er the snow, wind-driven;
A pause—then strident clocks cry out in night's chill

noon:

Praise God by whom another day is given.

—J. H. F.

There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless, and the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

—Tupper.