

missed I went down to the hospital, but the poor fellow was suffering so greatly that he could not speak to me. I had to return to barracks shortly after, but got leave to attend to the hospital. The next time I went down, about 8 o'clock p.m., I entered the room, and as soon as he saw me, he beckoned to me to go to him. He caught hold of my hand, and held it against his breast for some time, and talked to me till weakness stopped him. He told me he would not live over the next morning. He then seemed much better. I sat up with him all night, fanning him, and attending to him. At about 12 o'clock at night the poor fellow began to suffer most fearfully, and continued to suffer so till next morning, and at 5.45 a.m. became quieter, and at 6 o'clock a.m. he passed away, but let us hope, for a better place. We removed his body to the dead house, and I and the nurse put clean things on him. We had to bury him that afternoon, and though many are the funerals that have taken place here, within the last few years, I am perfectly sure there was never a more solemn procession than the one that took place yesterday; some of the men, rough as they were, were crying like children. He was the son of a General Fulton and had a commission in the 4th battalion Scotch Fusiliers (late Ayr and Wigton Militia) and I think only intended to stop in this corps for a short time.

I remain, your affectionate nephew,

ARTHUR NANGLE.

It only remains for us to add that the body of young Edward Fulton, who at his death was only in his twentieth year, was brought to England, and committed to its last resting-place in the cemetery of the village church of St. Benedict at Downside, within the precincts of the college, within whose walls he had passed so many happy years of his short life.

SILVER JUBILEE OF FF. ISIDORE GREEN AND AMBROSE PEREIRA.

A SILVER JUBILEE, like a silver wedding, is a bright day in life's journey. It is the brow of the hill of life: on the one side the pleasing retrospect of the years of youth and early manhood, with their reminiscences, friendships, days of energy and work, uphill struggles, difficulties overcome, triumphs gained: on the other the prospect of the years of maturity and experience, the gentle decline

rendered easy by previous toil, the distant end of the journey and the hoped-for rest. A jubilee in religion has a special charm in the absence of many clouds and shadows that have darkened the past of those who have had to struggle for life, *pro aris et focis*, and have shed a gloom over the future in the anxious care about old age and the settlement in life of those whose smiling faces beam around them. All is bright and cheerful: the mind dwells with thankfulness on the past graces, blessings, and favours, on the work accomplished, on the store of merit already garnered, and looks forward with hope and confidence to fresh treasures, richer toil and the final crown.

On the 28th March, the octave day of the Feast of St. Benedict, this happy event in the life of FF. Isidore Green and Ambrose Pereira took place, and on the same day our Holy Father the Pope was graciously pleased to send them his special blessing. But as the jubilee fell in Lent it was determined to celebrate it at St. Osburg's, Coventry, on May 9th, 1882. Most of our readers need no "aids to memory" to conjure up reminiscences of the jubilarians. Downside is not so changed as to have altogether forgotten their familiar forms; the study-room, class-rooms, the chapel, the "old house," "Paradise Row," the "bounds," every spot in the building will yield pleasing recollections of the time when they dwelt within the walls of Alma Mater. A goodly company had gathered together to honour and to offer congratulations: the president-general the Right Rev. Dr. Burchall, the Right Rev. Abbot Sweeney (who received their profession), the Right Rev. Abbot Smith (who was for years their prior and provincial), Father Alphonsus Morrall (their novice master), the Right Rev. Bishop Collier, and others of the brethren. A solemn mass—the supreme expression of the gratitude of the heart—was offered up in thanksgiving: the sanctuary and altar were tastefully decorated with flowers, whose bright colours were emblematic of the joy and cheerfulness of the happy day. After mass the school children offered their tribute of affection to Father Ambrose. He had for years taken them under his special care; had built their schools, was constantly in the midst of them, had watched the progress of each one, had so completely identified himself with their welfare, that the enthusiastic gratitude and affection of the little ones was one of the most touching incidents of the day. Friends from afar had not forgotten the auspicious occasion as was evidenced by the congratulatory letters and presents that marked the goodwill and the remembrance of the absent. A handsome

vase of choice flowers, the offering of Fr. Ambrose's parishioners, graced the dinner-table.

After dinner speeches were the order of the day. The Right Rev. Abbot Sweeney, in his happiest mood, proposed "The health of the Jubilarians." He expressed the delight that he felt, inasmuch as he regarded them as his children in religion whom he had clothed, professed, trained, and watched for many years in the monastery and on the mission. He spoke of their devotion to the order and their labours for religion, and wished them every happiness and blessing. The Right Rev. President-General added his congratulations, and was glad to show any mark of interest and regard to the members of the order. Bishop Collier, who had passed his golden jubilee, encouraged his silver brethren with kind words and a hearty "proticiat."

Father Isidore Green, on his own behalf and that of his fellow novice, offered his warmest thanks for the kind and encouraging expressions with which they had been greeted. It was a pleasure and an honour to keep their silver jubilee in the presence of so many good superiors. Many feelings were in their hearts that day, but the chief one was thankfulness to God for the privileges of being children of St. Benedict and sons of St. Gregory's. They had been educated, trained, and brought up under his holy rule, and whatever little good they had done for religion was due to the help and the guidance of the same holy rule. He hoped that they rightly valued this blessing from God, and would be worthy of it for the rest of life. Their labour for the order was a grateful one; their feeling for it was that of loyalty and devotedness, and their constant prayer was offered for its prosperity. Their thanks were due to the venerable president-general, who had received them into the order; to the Right Rev. Abbot Sweeney, who had clothed and professed them; to the Right Rev. Abbot Smith, during whose priorship of St. Gregory's they had been ordained, and who for so many years had been provincial; and especially to Fr. Alphonsus Morrall, their novice master, who had been their friend and guide in the novitiate—so forbearing with their many faults, so wise in his advice, so gentle in his rebukes, so edifying in his own example, whom words could not sufficiently thank. Fr. Alphonsus acknowledged the kind allusions to himself, and felt young again when he looked back to the days of the novitiate. With different dispositions and habits of mind these his two novices had rubbed against each other now and then and polished the surface, while the interior remained thoroughly Benedictine. Their career in life

and their sentiments that day had justified his estimate of them, and he would say "proficiat" with all his heart.

The celebration which had begun with mass concluded with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and with that blessing the jubilarians have turned the brow of the hill and commenced the descent.

AN OLD GREGORIAN.

ONCE more the Old Gregorian puts pen to paper, at the request of the editor of the "Downside Review" and others, to record some of his recollections of days long since passed. There is one subject on which not much has been said yet, but one on which the young generation have formed erroneous ideas—the music of former days. Gregorians have always been famed for their music, not only in the church, but also at times of recreation. At Douai, Acton Burnell, and Downside, music has always been cultivated. At Douai all the ecclesiastical chant had been modernized by a famous musician of that town named Faboulliez, to the pleasure of the singers and delight and edification of those who listened. At Acton Burnell, where Gregorians were so charitably given an asylum by Sir Edward Smythe for more than twenty years, there was an organ in the chapel, but I have little information regarding the music. Robert Pope, as a student, received music lessons on the organ and piano from a professor at Shrewsbury. He took his vows with several others in the month of April, 1814. In the same month the community moved to Downside; but, oh what a change—a room sixteen feet by sixteen formed the chapel! On Sundays the door was left open, and the community retired into the hall, which also served as their refectory. Brother Alexius Pope or Bernard Collyar presided at the piano, and Prior Lawson and Dom. Harrison, who were good players, assisted on what was then called the bass violin, but now violoncello; in their absence Brother J. Jenkins took one of the instruments. The music used was Novello's and Webb's masses and motets, and was varied with Faboulliez's masses and motets. I have been trying to discover in what year Novello brought out Mozart's masses, but cannot ascertain. I think it was after the year 1820, in which year the new chapel and college were commenced. Count Mazzinghi, a well known composer in those days, evidently knew the capabilities of