

consent the old Conference of St. Patrick was from February, 1864, and is still known as the Conference of St. Mary. Its first President was Mr. James McMahon, who retained the office for several years; he was succeeded by the late Mr. James Nolan, on whose death Mr. Thomas Barry was appointed; Mr. Barry resigned in 1878, and was succeeded by Mr. Patrick Cosgrave. The position has since been ably filled by the late Mr. Francis Rush, and by Mr. Martin Burns, who is still in office. This Conference, like that of Our Lady, has been subjected to strange vicissitudes; its meetings have been held in the church porch and in the church itself; in this schoolhouse and in that schoolhouse, up stairs and down stairs; nevertheless, it has survived all difficulties and has done a fair share of good work.

The next Conference in order is an offshoot of the zeal of the late Capt. Elmsley, who was one of the original members; the Conference of St. Basil, in the northern section of the city was organized 7th January, 1857, and aggregated 31st October, 1859. Capt. Elmsley presided till failing health forced him to relinquish the charge; he was succeeded in April, 1863, by Mr. Robertson, who resigned in 1875 in favour of Mr. Richard Baigent. Mr Baigent was succeeded by Mr. Remy Elmsley, who after some years was succeeded by Mr. Michael O'Donnell, the present occupant of the position. Those of you who were present at the General Meeting, held in St. Basil's, in April, 1865, must retain a lively remembrance of the very impressive address then made to the Society by the Rev. Mr. Soulerin, Superior of the Basilians, on the eve of his departure for France, where he died in October, 1878.

W. J. MACDONELL.

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The weather here of late has been of the sort that inspired Douglass Jerrold to wish that he "could take off his flesh and sit in his bones." The heat has been damp and heavy—so much so that mushrooms have begun to sprout under the asphalt on Phillip's Square. Quite a large group of those fungi have forced up the paving under the shop windows of Mr. Dyer's Medical Hall. It is not the first time that disturbers of the city have been of mushroom growth.

The summer fires are commencing with vigour. On Friday night and Saturday morning the alarm bells kept ringing almost continually, and the poor firemen, what with work and weather, were well nigh exhausted.

A most impertinent fraud has been successfully practised here by some mendacious tramp of the genus *colporteur*. Three little maids, not very long "from school," whose demeanour, as well as the cut and fashion of their hats and tippets, proclaimed them pious in the superlative degree, waited upon a reverend father one day last week, and presented for his inspection a large and handsome Bible which one of them had recently been beguiled into purchasing. The work, which was in French, was well bound, well printed—and bore upon its introductory page the approval of a certain Cardinal with the date 1701. Whether the eminent gentleman ever lived, or whether he ever wrote the letter is uncertain,—but what is certain is that the Bible is simply a protestant translation, without notes, and without the five books of the Old Testament which our separated brethren are pleased to call the "Apocrypha."

This work has been sold from door to door in the French *quartiers* and will probably be included in the next returns of the "Bible Society."

What harm they do, those French Evangelizers! Such a bright, pretty girl came the other day to the house of a friend of mine, to adjust an unruly sewing machine. Upon being asked her name she gave one of unmistakably French-Canadian sound. "Are you a Catholic?" asked the lady. "Oh! dear no, madam, what makes you ask that?" "Your name is a Catholic one," was the reply. "Oh! yes, but when I was little my mother died, and my father put me to the Sabrevoix school—and we are none of us Catholics now—we are going on splendid. I have three little brothers at the Sabrevoix school. One of them is going to be a minister."

The damsel did not know to whom she spoke, for the lady turned upon her with horror and dismay, and gave her a talk-

ing to such as she had not had for many a day. "Excuse me, ma'am," she said, "if I had known you was a Catholic, I would not have said nothing about it."

In contrast is the consoling fact of numerous conversions to the Faith. One, that of a young lady—a convert from high Anglicanism, has made quite a sensation in her own circle of friends. Her father has closed the doors of the paternal mansion to her, and she is at present homeless, save for the never failing hospitality of the religious house, wherein she first caught a gleam of the "kindly light," and where, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, she made her first communion. How strange it is a man's children may profess the tenets of any of the numerous sects, and still retain a place by the domestic hearth—but once the sign of the cross—peculiar to Calvary and Rome, is made on the brow—all is changed—and one's foes are those of one's own household, over the door of which is written, "Jew, Turk or Atheist may enter here but not a Papist," suggesting its most opportune of answers, "Yes, such is true, and mark it well, the same is written on the gates of hell."

"*Donnez, donnez, un beau jour,*" sang the boys of St. Mary's College last Thursday morning, as large drops of rain pattering on the window panes threatened to spoil the sport of their promised happy day, for they were going on a pilgrimage—a pilgrimage of the sort in which the peas in their shoes are boiled. But the Blessed Virgin, who is a loving mother in the matter of answering good children's prayers for fine weather, came to their rescue, and the sun broke out from the drifting clouds as the steamship "Berthier," with over two hundred happy boys on board, let go her grapplings and glided down the river. Each boy was provided with a ticket on which was printed in French:—"A. M. D. G. St. Mary's College, Montreal, Pilgrimage to the Sacred Heart at Boudierville on board of the 'Berthier,' Thursday, 21 June, 1888. P. OF RETURN TICKET—IRREPROACHABLE CONDUCT. L. D. S." Above this was a nice engraving of the Sacred Heart. On the reverse side was the programme for the day. The party left the quay at half-past six, arriving at Boudierville at half-past seven. After Mass and Holy Communion in the beautiful Church of that riverside hamlet, they adjourned to breakfast, which was served in the "town hall." At half past nine they re-embarked and steamed off to Ile Grosbois, where the remainder of the morning was passed in games and fun of various description.

Then after luncheon came the trip to Varennes, where the pilgrims wended their way through the shady streets to kneel before the shrine of *la bonne Sainte Anne*.

At half-past one the "Berthier" left for Saint Sulpice. As they neared the wharf, cheers rent the air, guns were fired, the church bells pealed—and what was better still, the whole parish was assembled with waggons, buggies, buck-boards and all sorts of vehicles to drive them three miles back to the village Church. Such fun as there was, such a scramble for seats—and then the start, and the terror of the nervous horses, as fire flashed from many an old gun—guns that had possibly done duty at the battle of Chateauguay. As boys have no fears, all went well, but it was hard to say which were the happier, the entertained or the entertainers.

In the Church of St. Sulpice was given benediction of the lessed Sacrament, and at half-past three the "Berthier" started on her homeward trip, reaching Montreal at seven, in time for a grand dinner at St. Mary's College. And then two hundred very happy but very tired boys went to bed, to dream of their day of unclouded pleasure and innocent fun.

Those who had the pleasure of the late Dr. Fortin's acquaintance, sincerely regret his death which occurred last week. He was a loyal Canadian, a man who has left a record of work faithfully done, and his name will be forever associated with the district of *Le Gaspésia*.

Since the year 1852, when he assumed command of *La Canadienne*, his best efforts have been devoted to promoting the interests of that section of the Dominion, and as long as the tick of the telegraph is heard in the Magdalen Islands, their late representative should be remembered by the seafaring dwellers in that remote archipelago.

And in Ottawa, too—how well I remember his assistance at the Princess Louise's theatricals, where his powerful voice was