

## THE LIFE OF DE MAISONNEUVE.

(CONTINUED.)

In the early morning of the 18th of May, 1842, De Maisonneuve and his companions touched, at last, the soil of that promised land where they were to spend their lives in daily toil, constant danger, untold suffering and apostolic labors; falling on their knees they gave vent to their holy joy in psalms and hymns of thanksgiving.

That the birth of Ville Marie might be sanctified by the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, an altar was promptly erected, and Melle. Mance and Madame de la Petril decorated it with their most precious possessions. Father Vimont intoned the Veni Creator, which was taken up and continued by the heroic band that surrounded him; he then began High Mass, the first that was celebrated on the Island of Montreal.

During the Holy Sacrifice, turning towards the witnesses of this memorable scene, he addressed them in words of burning eloquence.

The ordinary laws of Divine Providence gave him a foresight of the magnificent future of this work, which had been prepared and was now being executed with so much noblemindedness and purity of intention.

He pronounced these remarkable words which subsequent events have verified to the letter:

"What you see here is but a grain of mustard seed, but it is sown with so much piety, in such a lively spirit of faith and religion, that heaven must indeed have great designs in view, since it makes use of such instruments. I doubt not that this little seed will become a great tree, that it will one day make marvellous progress, grow and extend everywhere."

All this first day was consecrated to prayer and thanksgiving. The Most Blessed Sacrament remained exposed to the adoration of this fervent band, and, since then, the Holy Eucharist has never ceased to dwell in Ville Marie. Thus did the Savior of the world take possession of that land buried, until now, in the darkness of error, but destined to become a centre of light.

The altar was soon protected by a little edifice of bark, and the colonists erected their tents around it, just as did the Israelites of old around the ark of the Covenant, at the foot of Mount Sinai.

The next day M. de Maisonneuve began the construction of the Ville Marie fort, on the spot which he himself had chosen the previous autumn. It was an angle known later under the name of Point a Calliere, situated between the river St. Lawrence, the Little River and a marsh which is now dried up.

Thirty years previously, Champlain, struck by the importance of the post had begun fortifications and made some successful attempts at cultivation.

(To be Continued.)

## MOUNT ST. LOUIS CADETS.

Brother Arnold, who went with the Mount St. Louis boys to Ottawa last week, says the enthusiasm of the thousands who witnessed the drill was wonderful. Parliament hill was thronged with spectators, and sharp at eleven o'clock the corps, to the music of their band, entered through the main entrance gate and took up its position on the western grassy plot. General Herbert, in the uniform of a British General, accompanied by a brilliant staff, including Col. Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia, and Col. Anderson, went through the ranks and made a thorough inspection.

The boys were put through a variety of movements, which they performed amidst enthusiastic plaudits. Afterwards followed a well executed musical drill. This done Gen. Herbert addressed them briefly, complimenting them on their efficiency. He referred to the recent flag competition in Montreal and said if success was not theirs, they should continue to strive for the trophy. "To be faint-hearted did not pay." This was the maxim he would ask them to keep at heart, whether in civil or military life. Pluck and energy would ever win the battle of life.

Referring to the modern system of drill in the British army, he said the idea of regarding soldiers as mere machines had long since been exploded. What the regulations had in view was to treat each man as a separate individual, and develop his full capacities and thus make each a conscious and responsible soldier.

He would not go into details of their drill. Their drill had pleased him very much. In conclusion, he bade them welcome in the name of the city, and hoped they would enjoy their visit. The Cadets then marched off.

After the boys had finished their drill, Solicitor-General Curran showed them the sights of the city.

The boys had a most enjoyable time, and left the Capital heartily pleased with their visit.

## BY A MILESTONE.

"Scotch gypsies are a thing unheard of," remarks the correspondent of a Montreal paper. I fancy that the writer is not versed in "Gypsyology," for I do not remember having ever met in Canada gypsies who were not Scotch. By Scotch I mean that Scotland is their birthplace, or their parents'; not that they are of Scotch origin. Who can tell whence came these dark, mysterious tribes?

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They have no history, no traditions. They never feel home-sickness for a native land; no heart-pinnings for the resting-place of their forefathers. They are pilgrims they know not whence, they know not whither; and it is because they are pilgrims that I, a pilgrim, speak of them. How often have I gazed at their camp-fires and sought to guess their story. They pass before us as they move about the camp-fire, shadows before them, shadows behind them, and beyond only darkness.

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One morning in the XV. century they appeared in Europe on lean horses, under lowly tents, in old waggons. They said they were penitents, wanderers, because long ago they had refused repose to the Holy Family in Egypt. They were believed. They covered Spain; they crossed to England and chose the glades of Scotland as a haven, a resting-place, a temporary home, as they had chosen the plains of Andalusia, the valleys of Hungary.

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They brought nothing with them. Ask them their history? They wander off into fables and tales—they scarcely remember the events of yesterday. Their language is a jargon of sounds gathered across the face of the globe. They have neither idol nor fetich nor rites; they are Catholics in Spain, Protestants in Scotland; once on the highways, they are nothing. And yet they are from the East, that impenetrable East; but they have swum the river of Oblivion, they have drunk the waters of Lettie.

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Why chose they Spain and not Italy, Scotland and not Switzerland? There is, no answer. Who gave them the violin? who taught them the art of music? For music is their art; but music beyond that of the schools. Ah! the Zingari! What floods of harmony, throbs of passion! It is as though the entranced strings would speak at the touch of the magic bow, some story of fallen angels, exiled Peris recalling the symphonies of their heaven.

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Our ancestors held them in awe; and we in this New World cannot divest them of a certain influence, power, glamour—what shall I call it—over us. They ask and are given what they ask, the best cured ham that hangs from the rafters, the whitest linen in the drawers. The hags tell fortunes and are believed. Those deep, wondrous, luminous eyes of theirs are credited with the gift of reading the life-lines printed on the palm.

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They come and go along the quiet roads, far from the toil and turmoil of cities. Gold is not their quest. I have thought they are dreamers, these roamers without home or fireside, cult or code—dreamers of dreams. Yet amid all they have their king and queen, their royal race, this wandering tribe; their daughters have names of princesses, Preciosa, Graciosa, Grazella. Once again, whence and why? They come and go; they shun our cities, they even spurn the planted fields to pitch their tent under solitary groves, where the winds are free, the heavens starry; when the East is red—their East—they depart. And who has not thought of them, when

weary and worn with the ways of men? Who has not wished for music and dreams, the wayside life, the wandering tent?

PILGRIM.

## THE TROPHY WON BY BRANCH 26.

Branch 26, C.M.B.A., won the coveted trophy with 5,415 votes. The struggle was a hard one and over 13,000 votes were recorded altogether. The following are the votes recorded for each society:

Branch 26, C.M.B.A., 5,415; Branch 1, C.M.B.A., 2,866; Shamrock A.A.A., 1,864; St. Patrick's T.A. & S. Society, 1,796; Ancient Order of Hibernians, 1,075; St. Lawrence Court C.O.F., 521; St. Patrick's Society, 385; Catholic Y.M.S., 102.

## SACRED HEART PROCESSION.

The procession of the Sacred Heart League, on Sunday, to celebrate the golden jubilee of the establishment of the League, will be a grand and impressive sight. All the members of the Sacred Heart Leagues will meet at 3 o'clock, at the Gesu Church, whence the procession will proceed along Dorchester street, to St. James Cathedral, where Benediction will be sung, and promoters who wish it will be invested with the Sacred Heart cross. A special sermon in English will also be preached.

## THE MONTREAL COLLEGE.

## THE FEAST OF THE REV. DIRECTOR.

On last Thursday, the annual feast of the Rev. Director of the Montreal College, Father F. Lelandais, was celebrated by the pupils of this institution with unusual éclat. During the dinner, at which assisted a host of clergymen from the city and elsewhere, a baritone solo was played by a pupil of 16 years with remarkable skill. The address in French was read by Joseph Decarie and the one in English by John Stapleton, from Birmingham, Connecticut. We subjoin the latter address as it cannot fail to interest our many readers:

## THE ENGLISH ADDRESS.

A poet of Greece tells us, "Blessed is the ship that has two anchors; blessed the heart that has two homes;" and the truth of these words is impressed upon us as we gather about you, Reverend and Beloved Director, to celebrate your festival day. Happy anticipations are crowding upon our minds, home greetings, loving embraces of fathers and mothers, meetings of friends; but in our hearts we find filial affection for others also. That affection is real and profound, firm and strong; that affection we wish to express to you to-day, Reverend and Beloved Director, and to our College, "blessed is the heart that has two homes." There are fond welcomes awaiting us at home; but beside this name of home, there is another inscribed in our hearts, another name of father: "Our College, 'tis our Director."

Home! what a word! no other tongue possesses it. We, your English students, whose hearts that word stirs, may truly say "Our College is our home!" We came here in tender boyhood, strangers to your language, unknown, but not unexpected; for from time immemorial there has been—and let us hope there ever will be—an English corner in Montreal College, an English group in the community, an English spot in the professors' hearts.

Like the Florentine pilgrim whom the heavenly guides taught and led from height to height empyrean, we found guides and mentors, helpers and advisers up the rugged paths to science. Enlisted in the same ranks, we shared the same feasts and celebrations, from the "sleigh-ride" to La St. Jean Baptiste. And we are proud to wear the sash of blue and stand under the legs of St. Sulpice.

You have been a father to us, in sunshine and in cloudy weather; your hand has ever been wise and firm in leading us onward and upward, generous in encouraging, kind in hours of gloom, and always paternal. The end you point out to us is high and noble. Happy we if we prove worthy of you and our Alma Mater.

But for some of us, the vale of to-morrow overshadows the Arc of to-day. Four of your graduating class are English, four who turn their face away from their second home. We will no more return to the fond familiar walls of our College. The years we passed under this roof rise before us—bright, happy years, laden with recollections to console our life-time, for we know that life and feeling will have fled ere they shall fade from our heart. When the followers of the Crescent left Granada, they carried with them the keys of the Alhambra, and they used to dream that it was still their home. More happy are we, for we carry away with us the affections of those here, the true keys of our College; it will ever be our home—its teachings will never change, grow old or pass away, we will bear them safely as the sea-shell carries in its bosom the song of its native ocean.

Reverend and beloved Director, we have the ambition to be an honor to you, to be your crown, and your glory. Send us forth with the vale (vale) of the Romans telling us: "Be strong;" with the kaire of the Greeks, "Joy be with you;" but, better, send us forth with the farewell of your own native tongue, adieu, "Unto God."

A Serious Derangement.—Physician "You don't look so downcast, my friend. Brace up and let's see what I can do for you. Why do you think your mind is in danger?" Patient: "I don't think; I know. I attended a farcical comedy last night and laughed at the jokes."

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## TWELFTH ANNUAL



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— TO —

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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

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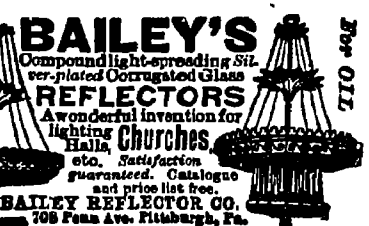
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