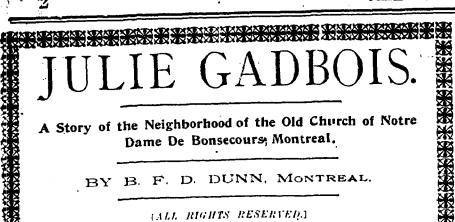
THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, MARCH 10, 1897.



(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER IV.

There was but one soul to whom the girl would have cared to go in the plenigirl would have cared to go in the pient- "Choose not anything, nor appropriate any tule of her heart-torture, and that was thing whatever to thyself, and thou shalt be a Pere Rosaire. True, her grandmother Pere Rosaire. True, her grandmother "For the greatest grace shall be added to thee, had maternal rights and claims upon her the moment thou hast resigned thyself, and hast bet resumed thy claim." tenderest affections and confidence; but in times of profound and bitter trial, | en. She read them over a dozen times mortals to aid us or remove impending seemed to break in upon the darkness of misfortune, and then it is that e raise our eyes to heaven and realize the need of supernatural strength. For such rea son, and feeling the power of God's servants, she determined to seek the humble ourate and ask him for spiritual aid and advice in a time of human weakness

The time chosen was opportune, it being the hour during which h_celebrated the early morning Mass at Bonsecours. many bruised hearts had brought to her He had returned from the sanctuary, and was removing his vestments in the spacious sacristy, when she came in and seated herself near the entrance, waiting until he should be free to speak to her. When the last article connected with his sacred functions had been laid away, and he had taken up his beretta and breviary and was about to read, she left her seat ; but as she approached him, the little speech she had prepared for his ears vanished and left her standing with bowed head, overcome and unable to utter a word. Yet Père Rosaire had not consoled innumerable souls without being able to read the emotions of creatures in their actions. Looking at the girl for a moment he seemed to divine her mind and the workings of her heart, for his voice was unusually soft and paternal as he addressed her.

relief."

The Magdalen when she crouched at the feet of Jesus must have had some such look in her eyes as had Julie, when she raised them to the face of her ques tioner, whose own dimness of vision prevented a recognition of the feelings that look betrayed. He led her to a seat near a window, looking out upon the yard, already filling with school girls who attended the day school attached to the old shrine; and when he had seated himself facing her, she noticed drops of hardened wax upon the breast of his soutane, that told of deep contemplation, At an hour when the great world was wrapped in stumber. There was some thing so winning and benevolent in his appearance that it invited confidence and made her feel she was face to face with one who would not betray her trust.

"Did the groudmère send you?" he asked, wishing to encourage her, since the nervous working of her hands told of irresolution.

swered: "No, she has not sent me. I am come on my own mission. Father,

she went up to her room and began the perusal of the marked Chapter. Opening the book she read the first lines :

派派派

The words came as a voice from Heavwe feel, instinctively, the weakness of and at each reading a stronger light her soul, until the full meaning thereof filled her with a singular and noly strength. Something of the security and peace experienced in the sacristy returned to her, and she pressed the book to her heart, feeling that a great gift had been made in the loan of it. That which had been the means of bringing comfort and consolation to so a joy which no human power could create, save the power born of love bef**ri**ended.

> When we examine the deeds of great men, we can point our finger to the exceptional few who have helped their own and the generations to come : men who felt in compassion for their fellows the creatness of soul with which they themselves were endowed, and committed to paper, legacies of priceless worth. Beide such as these, the splendour of his torical heroes pales into insignificance

CHAPTER V.

" Seigneur !" exclaime l Monique Contant a few days later, when she stopped to look in and have a word with her eld "My child, you have sought me for n ighbour, "how changed you look Julic! If I were you, I should go with her to see Doctor Rabeau at the Dispensary," continued Monique, addressing the grandmere " She needs some kind of treatment, for she looks ill and must be auffering."

Julie, hearing the friendly voice and words of the cooper's daughter, looked at | tion of the faith tilling her soul ; the her from her place near the great double stove, with eyes full of deep sadness, like the eyes of a child when it suffers and would fain speak.

"Her mother was that way," said Mme Plamondon, pausing in the act of wetting her broom beneath the tup; and the Doctors could do her no good but I shall take her to the Dimensuire, where clever men attend from day to day to help people with lean purses." "Ah, that is a good plan," said M w-

ique, with warmth in her tones; 'I would not lose a day. Perhaps it is a fever. The smells from the market | Many of us are in positive bondage to our makes the strongest of us sick at times ; and she, poor girl, is like the flower that reelings, to retort, or to respond. If we eld Lacroix gave me. I put it in a small She looked him in the eyes and an box on the sill, but in three days its selves away," as the phrase runs, if not by leaves turned from green to yellow, and bitter speech, at least by look and man-

her; and as he took the glass from her hand he said, beneath his breath, "Poor Julie!"

She repaid him with a look that only the angels of God could interpret; a look that comes into the eyes of the ying, when they take their last look

it those they love too well. He did not understand it, and she, with the great wealth of the Confession locked up in her heart, returned to her sent and tried to resume her reading.

With the advent of the bleak October days her strength waned gradually, and from the happy privilege of being able to sit up, she was obliged to lie a-bed through most of the day, breaking the dreariness of the hours by exceptional minutes of relief, in being propped up with several pillows, kneaded into soothing softness by the deft hands of the grandmère, who, when toil or fatigue prevented an ascent, would come to the foot of the stair and ask :

"Are you comfortable, Julie? Do you want anything, my child ?"

And she, hearing the voice and words, would answer, "I feel stronger; I must get better to help you. I don't want you to do all the work."

It was a delusive condition of mind, common to persons in her state, who are sustained by the hope of life even at the portal of eternity.

There were weeks in mid-winter, when, through excess of racking pain and fever. she could not enjoy the luxury of a propping up, but lay exhausted, with fastclosed lids, for the whirling snow flakes. as seen through the window panes, tired her eyes, and like one drowsy with heavy sleep, the long dark lashes would come down involuntarily, giving to her face the repose of a martyr.

The return of Spring, with its days of prolonged sunshine, seemed to revive her heart, for there were moments when feel ings of renewed strength came to her, and hope spoke to her soul and bade her rejoice. This was increased a hundrediold, when Mme Plamondon removed the outer window and let the warm, sweet air of early May rush into the narrow chamber, and she begged to be lifted up that she might enjoy the blessing to its utmost. Even "Mofette," the pet black cat, vacated her cosy resting place, and would come and dress her coat in the bright sunlight that streamed through the open window upon the floor with its catalongue covering. Besides, the sound of wheels told her that the snow had melted away ; that Summer was coming ; that the wild pink roses would be budding in the country hedges and by ways and he might think of her. The thought was precious. She told it to her heart, and it acted like a divine elixir, making her face shine with momentary joy, and bringing back to her sunken eyes flicker ings of lost light. It was but the reflec movement of the restless spirit about to burst its shell and soar away.

(To be Continu d)

Woman's Impulsiveness.

If a thoughtful woman was asked. What is the greater curse of your sex s' she might well answer: "Impulse." It is responsible for almost all the mistakes made by the good-hearted among us. May it not be safely said that a few m nutes' thought before speech or action would prevent most fatal blunders? b rd-like quickness to feel, to show our are hurt we must immediately "give ourner; yet reflection frequently brings the

An Outline of Its Organization And Sp'endid Progress. A MODEL INSTITUTION WITH A RECORD OF TWO CENTURIES OF HEROIC

SERVICE RENDERED BY DEVOTED NUNS

Description of the Establishment

Two Thousand Five Hundred Patients Received Within Its Walls During the Past Year

BY OUR OWN SPECIAL REPORTER.

The best proof of the civilization of a country is said to be the provision made by its people for the maintenance and care of the poor and afflicted amorg them. Judged by this standard Montreal ranks high, for there are few cities, if any, that are better provided with homes and orphanages, asylums and hospitals, than Ville-Marie, the City of founder, the noble and generous-spirited de Maisonneuve, when, on the eighteenth day of Mary's month, in 1642, the humble little settlement snatched from the wilderness was solemnly named and dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, with impressive religious ceremonies. Two certuries and a half have passed since then and the city of to-day is a giant growth stretching its roots over the while island and casting up young, vigorous shoots that thrive like the parent stem in the a d prosperity, that ripens the golden seed and a light touch stirs the branches ing and atflicted.

The citizens of Montreal have ever een responsive to the cry of the needy En I helpless, and forward in their efforts to alleviate suffering and distress. Wherever one goes throughout the length and breadth of the city's area, the substantial structures that charity and philanthropy have erected for the poor are met with. All classes, creeds, sects, d nominations and nationalities have shown a readiness to help and provide for their unfortunate brethren that is a strong testimony to their humane feelings and sympathy. The surplus wealth of our merchant princes has been lavishnded on nome for the sic

and privations she would encounter, and told her of the savage tribes of Indians that waged continual warfare against the little colony and into whose hands she might fall and be called upon to submit to cruel torture or even to give up her life. Undaunted by this picture, that was sufficient to deter the stoutist heart, the heroic girl journeyed to Cansda and soon after her arrival the little woolen chapel and house of the first Hotel Dieu were built, and the sick of the infant colony were cared for by the pious Jeanne Manse, until the number gradually increased beyond the strength of one person, and then, through the efforts of M. de Maisonneuve, three Sisters of St. Joseph from La Fleche in France joined Mademoiselle Manse in her hospital work in Ville Marie. Once we find her journey-ing to France, filled with simple faich and devotion, and imploring at the tomb of M. Olier sufficient restoration for her broken and paralyzed arm as to enable her to aid herself and be no burden to others. She returned completely healed and continued her work in Ville Marie, until she died in 1673.

she was sent, warned her of the dangers

The dimensions of Mdlle. Manse's first little buildings were 24 feet by 60 feet It contained a kitchen, a room for Mdlle. Manse, another for her assistants, and two for the sick. There was no lack of patients even in those days, for the hostile Iroquois lost no opportunity to inflict punishment on the Colonists, if they ventured for fuel or berries beyond the palisades. Madame Bullion did not forget Mdlle Manse and her work, for she sent her again a gift of 60,000 livres on condition that the poor be ever re-ceived free of charge. The little colony did not thrive at this time for the Iro-guei continued to have the poor be proquois continued to harass the people so continually, burning their houses and mordering the occupants, that many determined to return to France, but were dissuaded from this step by the energy and torce of character of Mile. Manse. Mary, that throbs to day with the same | The Hotel had many trials and dangers fervor of Catholicity that animated its both from the native savage and a deplated treasury, but the servants of God held nobly to their task, and sometimes an Iroquois who was wounded in his warpaint was brought under their benign influence and care, and when he return ed to the tribal hordes of the forest he related to his wondering comrades the tale of kindness and mercy he had learn ed from the pale face maidens, and gradually the Coristian spirit entered the hearts of these warriors and the Hotel Dieu was molested no more. In 1721 it was destroyed by fire, and a

larger building replaced, only to share quiet and healthy atmosphere of peace the same fate three months after its completion. The nuns had not sufficient fruit on its laden branches. There are resources to permit them to built immany who walk wearily below, who can- mediately, but in 1724 they again were not climb the tree to grasp wealth's possessed of a hospital. Ten years later treasures from the bending boughs, but this was also consumed by a fire that this was also consumed by a fire that the Spirit of Charity is inherent in the originated in the house of a French lady on the bank of the river, through the aid down falls the fruit in a shining carelessness or enmity of a servant in an wer to comfort the poor, the struggle her employ. The French Government: in 1753, aided the community in their endeavor to build again.

During this period two epidemics had passed over the colony and nine of the sisters fell victims to the disease at the first siege, and 21 at its later appear ance.

The British obtained possession of the country in 1760 and our hospital nurses found plenty of occupation in binding the wounds of the soldiers of war. The following message from the British commandant of the forces to the Hotel Dicu nuns tells us something of this :~

"Amherst, grateful to the Sisters for their care of the wounded English

Drs. Angus McDonnell, J. N.S. Brunelle, Jas. Guerin, Merril. Demers, Miguault, Rivet, Hervicux, Kennedy, Chrétien and Masson

Sir William Hingston, the most eminent of America's surgeons, has a record of 36 years faithful service on the Hotel Dieu staff. During that period he has performed surgical operations of such delicacy and difficulty that the tame of his skill has shed a lustre over the whole medical profession in Canada, and made his own name familiar alike to Eurce peans and Americans. Through his clever performances in the operatingroom, the Hotel Dieu has the distinction of being the scene of the most remarkable surgical successes in America. Dr. Angus McDonnell, another of Montreal's prominent physicians, has given 26 years service to the grand work of charity, and endeared himself to the hospital patients by his kind and charitable disposition, and they look upon him as a benevolent friend.

Dr. J. N.S. Brunelle can claim two decades of professional labor in the hospital wards, and Dr. Guerin has an honorable record of 16 years service. Dr. Chrétien, a clever young physician, is in charge of the Dispensary provided for outside patients, who are unable to furnish medical assistance for themselves Those, however, who can afford to pay for treatment are reasonably expected to do so. No distinction as to nation-ality or religion is recognized in the admission of a patient to the hospital wards nor in the distributions at the dispensary. All are received on an equal footing.

Concluded on third page.



This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that is seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hoods Sarsaparilla

Is the best - in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills pills, aid digestion. 25c.



is it a great sin to wish for death ?"

The priest looked at her for a moment and then it seemed to him that the whole state of the girl's soul was laid bare and he beheld the horror of her condition of mind.

'It is a grievous sin," he answered; "particularly when we do not labor under great physical affliction and there is no hope for recovery. At such times, the sufferer is to be excused for wishing that death may come speedily. But in your case, it would be a great and terrible sin, since God has been pleased to preserve your faculties and your health.'

"But if the heart is tortured, and life has no further charms, are we to be condemned for asking God to take us away to the home of the blessed who know no pain?"

" My daughter, you have slighted your cross," said Père Rosaire, seriously, "and you must needs go back and take it up, bearing it valiantly as a true lover of the Crucified."

She let her head droop and was silent for a moment; then looking up with a sudden light in her eyes, she asked :

"Mon père, have you met others situsted as I am? Hearts on fire and tortured by strange longings ! Loving and receiving no love in return, is not that the greatest of afflictions?

"Poor child!" said the priest, sadly, "Now I understand your malady. You have set your affections upon a creature like yourself, a thing of the corruptible world; and because the world proves to be hollow and deceptive and does not gratify your desires, you would take God to task for failure It was by battling with the shortcomings of the world that the saints achieved their glory. Daughter, you are about to put into effect one of the greatest teachings of the saints, and that is, resignation to the Divine will. Wait here a moment; I have a sweet medicine to strengthen you in your efforts."

He arose and went forward to a small set of shelves at the end of the room and took down a v lume with a paper cover, which he brought back, and handing it to her, said:

"Promise me that when you return home you will read the XXXVII. chapter of this work; I have marked the place; and what is more, that you will study it, from day to day, for a month, Bt the end of which time come and see me and tell me whether you do not feel stronger in spirit and more resigned to petty trials and afflictions."

She took the work from his hand and was about to leave, when he stopped her. eaying :---

" Let us kneel down before the Crucifix and say a silent prayer for this good intention.

home to help the grandmère; but as she drank it off in deep draughts, like posure to cold. It will save you many soon as her humble duties were finished one with a parched heart. He felt for painful days and sleepless nights.

the stock withered at the top.

that worthy creature resolve to go up to morrow.

Human knowledge and scientific research cannot cure the ills born of sick hearts ; the grace of divine charity must come down and instil the solace of divine peace are the speechlass grief that consumes vitality be allayed, and light return to eyes that have grown dull with weariness of life.

The medicine of the Dispensaire failed to do good, and the Autumn days found her in shattered health. There were times when her face had a radiant look. especially in the evening, when two bright snots would burn on either cheek and a strange unearthly glow kindle in her large dark eyes; a phosphorescent luminousness, unnatural but fascinating. This sudden aspect of perfect health raised false hopes, and made the unobserving jest at what they termed an imaginary ailment. But the practised eye of Mme. Plamondon knew the fateful signs, and deep in her heart she pondered on the inevitable. Once, in the middle of the night, she arose to see if the girl was covered, and when she touched her she found her bathed in a cold sweat, the pale brow clammy with the dew of the fever, that, like a dry rot, was eating its way into her young life. This con-dition of bcdy confirmed the worst fears of the grandmire, and she resolved that Julie should not come down and work in the shop, but remain upstairs reading the Imitation and try to keep away from draughts and chills.

One day, when the mid day meal was in full swing, and the loud voices of the customers filled the shop, she could not keep her attention fixed upon the sublime pages she held between her hands ; for suddenly, in the midst of jesting and the clash of knives and forks, she heard a hearty laugh coming from below and she knew the voice, the deep full tones coming to her ear like the tones of rescuers to lost travellers. She left her seat, near the little window of four small panes. and crouched close to the railing at the top of the stair. Yes, it was his voice, and he was talking to some friends! She closed her eyes and listened. The temp-tation was too great. Rising with difficulty she walked with slow steps to the narrow landing and stepped down to where she could peer through the rail and see what was going on below. Her grandmother was busy at the side table, and Clovis Bergeron and his friends were in a group finishing their meal.

" Grandmore," she called softly " might trouble you for some water?

After the completion of this beautiful Clovis Bergeron turned and saw her, and touching act, she arose, and conceal Rising quickly, he said, "let me help ing the book beneath her cloak hurried you." He brought her the water, and

She passed on from the doorway and keenest regret for the lost dignity, the left the two women to their daily duties: betrayed secret. Many a one has her words urging Mme. Plamondon to wrecked her own happiness for the want took to her grandchild's health making of the patient stoicism which would have that worthy creature resolve to go up to led her to stand aside for awhile watchthe Dispensaire de la Providence on the | ing events until they brought with them their opportunities. Even when we are happy it is not always well to let the bright stream bear us away rudderless. The impulsive manifestations of affection, the hasty proposal of marriage, the hastier acceptance-have they never proved the beginnings of misery? Or has a rash word never sundered true lovers, true friends? If these things are true it is likewise true that the fault in the commencement has been of a teminine impulsiveness. That detect is a generous one, and, therefore, commoner with us than it is with men. so that it handicaps us unfairly in the struggle of life. And truly it is a weary tack to be always " with a host of pretty maxims preaching down" one's heart But we must do it; either we must rule feeling or feeling will rule us. It is a good se vant, but a bad master. Our loving women's hearts are like the fire of the domestic hearth-the light of the home when duly controlled warming the whole house, but if the fire be not kept in its subordinate place what a conflagra-tion ensues !- New York Commercial Advertiser.

MARCH, APRIL, MAY,

Are the months in which to give especial attention to the co dition of your physical health. If you pass safely through these months and find yourself strong and vigorous, on the arrival of warmer weather, you may reasonably expect that you will be well in summer. Now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because now is the time when the blood must be purified, enriched and vitalized, and because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to day. Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to make you healthy and guard your system against disease.

Numerous experiments to determine the best fire resisting materials for the construction of doors have proved that wood covered with tin resists fire better than an iron door.

A school inspector, finding a class hesitating over answering the question, "With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines ?" and wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his cheek, and asked, "What is this 1" The whole class—"The jawbone of an ass."

FATAL RESULT OF DELAY.

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless ! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following ex-

hospital that is our city's pride and a soldiers, sends them a couple of hundred monument to the philanthropy and generosity of its donors. But among all the hospitals and insti-

tutions in the city there is one that s ands out pre-eminently in a bright halo of interest drawn from its historic past, and to the Catholic mind it is above all others the chosen and best beloved abode of mercy in our midst. Girt around with strong stone walls, the Hotel Dieu stands a plain, substantial and commodious structure on Pine Avenue, between St. Lawrence and Bleury streets, ready to admit within its sheltering walls the maimed, the wounded, the sick and suffering from the mass of human life that see thes in the city below. Since 1860 it has stood on the brow of the hill watching the city it had left behind creep steadily up to its very gates and surround it on all sides, bringing in its stronger arms a heavier burden of pain stricken ones to be healed within the hospital of God. The history of the Hotel Dieu is the

history of Montreal's sick poor, for it is as old as the city itself, and was the first house, and, for long years, the only refuge for sick sufferers in the young Canadian town. Mademoiselle Jeanne Manse, its caintly founder, came to Montreal, a young girl, in May 1642, and on the 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, in the same year, through her zeal and fervor, and the generosity of the Duchess de Bullion, a house and chapel, the first Hotel Dieu, was erected in Ville Marie. The coming of Mademoiselle Manse seemed to be directed by Heaven, for she lived a quiet, uneventful life with her people in hernative town of Langres. in France, until she suddenly became filled with the thought that she should consecrate herself to the service of the Blessed Virgin, in New France. She had very little knowledge of the country called New France, for learning was not so generally diffused then as i is to-day. Her friends 85 treated her resolve as a foolish fancy. and her confessor had never hear of Montreal-it was not of much more importance in those days than a remote Hudson Bay trading-post is to Eastern Canada to-day, but seeing the ardor and intonsity of her desire he wrote to Paris, enquiring about the new colony, and communicated the information he had

received to his eager penitent. Mademoiselle Mance set out for Paris, where she was introduced to the Duchess de Bullion, a pious lady who was an earnest promoter of the interests of Ville Marie. After submitting her vocation to many tests, Mademoiselle Manse asked the Duchess for letters of introduction to the directors of the Company of Montreal, and she received from the generous noblewoman not only the necessary letters but a purse containing twenty thousand livres to enable her to succeed

half dollars and two dozen Madeira, These are but pledges of the welfare he wishes to a society so respectable as that of the Hotel Dieu, which may rely for the same protection on the part of the British nation which it enjoyed under French domination,"

After the death of Mademoiselle Manse the work was carried on by her companions, and, as the colory advanced in strength and numbers, the hospital work proportionately increased, but there were always to be found new recruits in pious maidens who were ready to devote their lives to the merciful work for the love of God.

For over 217 years, through all the trials of fire and war and poverty that surrounded it, the hospital clung to the same site, and it was only when the din of commerce and manufacture penetrated its walls and the towering warehouses shui out the light and fresh St. Liwrence breezes, that the nuns removed their hospital to the more suitable and healthy position it occupies to day.

In 1859 the first stones of the present structure were laid, and in 1861 the Reverend Sisters took possession of their new home, where they follow the same routine of labor for the alleviation of suffering as did their holy foundress in the first days of Montreal. The site of the old Hotel Dieu was on St. Paul street, between St. Sulpice and St. Dizier streets.

The Hotel Dieu of to day is a vast institution, sheltering on an average over 200 patients. There are 230 beds for the sick within its walls, and of these 176 are for non paying patients. For the year ending January 1st, 1897, nearly 2500 were admitted for treatment. Of this number, 1919 were French Cana dians, 490 Irish, 77 English, 76 Ameri-cans, 46 non Catholics, 33 French, and 42 of various nationalities including Swiss, Germans, Jews and Negroes. The aggregate number of days passed in the hospital by these patients was 70,094. To the women's wards for the same period were admitted 1151, and there were already in the institution 76 female patients, making a total of 1227 O this number 799 were dismissed cured, 129 improved, 196 not improved, and 89 died. Over 200 operations were performed in 1896. From the men's wards 765 went away cured, 162 improved, 169 not improved and 33 incurable.

It is a grand record of a year's work. and the good nuns who, night and day minister to the wants of the suffering poor with the devotion of self-sacrifice and Divine love, recognizing with the eye of faith the Saviour in His little ones, are weaving immortal treasures out of misery's web that will glorify them hereafter, when the things of earth shall have crumbled into dust.

The present medical staff is composed with her under king in the new of the following well-known physicians country. M. de la Douversiere, to whom and surgeons :-Sir William Hingston,

THOMAS O'CONNELL Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints and Oils, 137 McCORD STREET, Cor. OHawa. PRACTICAL PLUMBER, Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fitter. Rutland Lining, fits any Stove, Cheap. orders promptly attended to. Mode at charges. A trialsolicited.