

ternity of the Mass of Reparation, and that same year Pope Leo XIII. bestowed upon it the title of an Arch-confraternity, with all attendant privileges. The Bishop of Nottingham that same year erected the Arch-confraternity canonically in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament and St. Norbert, Crowle, Lincolnshire.

The essential practice of this devotion is that of hearing a second Mass on Sundays and Holidays in the place of an absent person and with the particular and explicit intention of making reparation to the glory of God for the injury done by this sinful absence. In places where but one Mass is said, or when a person is physically or morally unable to hear two Masses, either Holy Communion on the Sunday or a Mass heard in the above intention during the week may take the place of the second Mass.

Of course many other good works can be performed in the spirit of this devotion, specially such works as have reparation of God's glory in view, but the Mass of Reparation is, as we have said, the essential practice.

The only condition required for those who are desirous of becoming members of the Confraternity and sharing in the advantages granted to it, is that of having their names enrolled on a special Register, to be sent eventually to the chief seat of the Arch-confraternity in France. The indulgences to be granted are numerous. As yet the work is almost unknown in Canada, although the highest episcopal approbation has been bestowed on it in very many dioceses of the old country. Steps are now being taking for procuring it similar advantages in our own country, and meanwhile further information pamphlets, &c. (French or English) can be procured by addressing Madame Monica, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, P.Q., who will remit names, communications and any offerings that may be made to the Norbertine Canons, Crowle, Lincolnshire, England. Application may also be made directly to Rev'd F. M. Geudens, C.R.P., Director of the Arch-confraternity, at Crowle.

The practice of this devotion is most easy, since there is no question of superadding devotional practices but only of forming an intention. Let any one look round on the state of the Catholics in his own immediate neighbourhood and he cannot fail of being convinced of how appropriate is this devotion to the actual needs of Catholic society. Which of us has not some relative or friend whose necessary occupation at a distance from a Catholic church debars him from fulfilling his Sunday duty of hearing Mass? Which of us does not behold the most trivial pretexts being laid hold of by luke warm Catholics as an excuse for missing Sunday Mass? Which of us is ignorant of the constant *deliberate* neglect of Mass to be met with in every rank of life, in every parish?

To these two last categories of unhappy souls appertains the guilt of revolting against the established authority of Our Lord Jesus Christ, speaking by His Church, and of depriving God of that *accidental glory* which it is their duty to give Him; to those happy souls who join this Archconfraternity (or practise the devotion which is its essence), appertains the glorious privilege of testifying their own devoted love to the Church and respect for her precepts whilst theirs too becomes the lovely and congenial task of repairing that glory of which sinners would deprive our dearest Lord.

G. M. WARD.

NOVEMBER MUSINGS AT THREE RIVERS.

For one hundred and seventy years the faithful of Three Rivers have passed through the portals of their little Church of the Immaculate Conception to join with the beatified in giving God thanks for His great glory on the Feast of All Saints, and to make intercession on behalf of the suffering souls in the beautiful and solemn service of the day of commemoration of the dead. Fair and mild dawned the first of November of this year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and eighty eight. The grand river, without a ripple on its surface, lay before the old Trifluvieu town like a sea of opal—a simile, by the way, which is often employed to describe an effect that I never saw until yesterday. From the mouth of Lake St. Peter down to the Bécancourt woods, from the shore

of Three Rivers to the sandy beach of Sainte Angèle, and, water and sky were alike covered with an opal tinted haze. It was not a cloud, for the crescent of the pale young moon hung clearly visible, suspended in the grey-blue sky above us, nor was it a mist, for the steeple of Sainte Angèle's Church, and the heights of the sugar lands beyond were, although at a distance of several miles, distinctly outlined;—it was simply as if the face of nature had become opalesque (if there be such a word), or as if the cloud in which Elias ascended to heaven were let down once more over this most Catholic country, to flood it with some of the strange mysterious beauty of the abiding city of the Saints of God.

As suddenly as it came, the strange atmospheric effect melted away, a soft western breeze stirred the surface of the lake, and the river awakened to life, trembled and throbbled, and ran down in long, smooth, rolling waves to meet the sun in the east, then there was heard a clash of silver-toned bells from steeple and tower, and the houses of God in Three Rivers rang out the morning Angelus. At the masses it would seem as if the whole population of the city approached the sacraments—while pews and aisles were so crowded that one could with difficulty secure a place to kneel. Monseigneur La flèche, the beautiful and holy old Bishop of Three Rivers, deserted his cathedral for the day, and came down to the little church, *dite de la paroisse*, to preach at the High Mass a sermon on death and heaven, the inheritance of the Saints.

It was my first experience of a Holy day in an entirely Catholic city. Not a shop was open, not a cart seen in the streets, no noise, no bustle, no stir. The citizens were in gala attire, the children walked demurely along with a deportment suggestive of Sunday School and "best frocks." The Catholics kept the day holy in the letter and in the spirit, and the Protestants, being a very small minority, made a virtue of necessity and observed it too.

In the afternoon, when the Church had sung her hymns of thanksgiving for the glory of her saints, and chanted in mournful numbers her vespers for the dead, the living flocked to the grave yard. The whole length of the road leading to the Coteau St. Louis was lined with people, the avenues of the cemetery were thronged. In the enclosures of the rich and on the unmarked graves of the poor knelt the survivors, many of them weeping in all the agony of fresh and bitter grief—and from the green sword of the Coteau to the throne of the Most High there arose a petition from countless hearts:

"Lord of mercy, Jesu blest,
Grant the faithful light and rest."

But it is not only in God's Acre on the Coteau that the dead of Three Rivers lie sleeping. There are many who await the last trump under the three churches that date from the old regime, the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Chapel of the Ursuline Monastery, and the former Church of the Recollet Fathers, now, alas! an Anglican temple.

It is a strange mixture of old and new, this city of Three Rivers. It possesses antiquities that a more modern city would prize above rubies, and it strains after modern effects that would be despised in a North-West village. It covers its massive and ancient stone houses with brick, it cuts down elm trees over a century old for no reason discernible to any eye but that of the "corporation," it sells its antique furniture of polished oak and mahogany to purchase meretricious effects in walnut and plush, and it scorns to remember in what sections of the town its pioneers lived and moved and had their being. But there is a restraining influence; the Church, always Conservative, is careful of her records—and what succeeding generations have well nigh forgotten, the Church has garnered in her treasury of knowledge.

Students of historic lore come from afar to Three Rivers to see her registers, for therein, on the yellow pages clear and distinct, are the signatures of the early heroes, the first martyrs of the Canadian Church, De