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A LEAF FROM THE PAST OF MONTREAL.

Strolling through the City of Montreal, during the long summer evenings, one shop invariably attracted my attention, and caused me to linger, more in curiosity then admiration, before its dusty untidy windows. Piled up, without any respect for order or up, without any respect for order of show, was the heterogeneous collection of articles it contained.

It certainly was not in the style of the Colonial House, kept by our respected townsman, H. Morgan, or that of his co-temporaries Merrill, Beaudry, Mussen, Carsley, Murphy and the Recollet House, although the goods on display were once treasured by their owners, as household gods.

Dear reader, it was a pawn broker's establishment. The owner had seen me so often lingering at his window that quite a friendly acquaintance had sprung up between us, a nod of the head, varied by an occasional remark on the weather, gradually grew into a little chat on the topics of the day. At last he vo-lunteered the question, "Without being im-pertinent, might I ask which article is it that attractsyou to my windows?" "Each and every one" I replied, "they have all a story that will never be told." "That they have" he returned, "a pawnbroker's shop sees life in all its variety, but since the collection in the window gives you pleasure, come in and inspect behind the scenes."

Nothing lofh, 1 accepted his invitation, and, although you may smile at my Bohemian tastes, dear reader, I assure you I never lacked variety, for the front shop was only a vestibule to the larger premises in the rear, which was full of every imaginable article you could mention. At last came a break in my friend's establishment, and all unclaimed goods were to be auctioned.

Among the rest of the queer old things that were brought to light, was a great clumsy desk, or writing table, that is, if its legs still remained, but, alas, these were broken cff; the hinges were almost eaten through with rust, inside and outside, it showed unmistakeable signs of hard usage. Old and useless as it was, I bid on it, and it was knocked down to me amid a general laugh at my antiquated taste. "I assure you," said the auctioneer, who, by the way, is more remarked for his witty, but rather impertinent jokes, than for politeness to buyers, "you can boast of a very ancient piece of furniture, for certainly that desk came over in the 'May-

"Hilton could not make it" said one of the bystanders, "nor Morin," chimed in another, "nor McGarvey," added a third, "Jacques and Hay might possibly make an imitation," chorused the last of the chaffers, and then something else caught their attention, and my

purchases were forgotten. I carried it home, and was met on the threshold, with "Have you been searching through Father Noah's Ark?" But all the raillery I endured on the subject made me more than ever determined to restore if possible its ancient beauty, for here and there when the dirt and grease were rubbed off, was visible, a surface of veining, or natural shades in the wood, that was as new as it was beautiful in my eyes. In turning it over, I noticed, that one side was either a solid block, or that part contained a secret receptacle, which I possessed no means to open. Day after day I spent hours, trying, fumbling at and examining it; at last my patience was re-warded; the apparently solid block flew apart and revealed, neither jewels nor golden store, but a pile of manuscript, yellow with age, well preserved, written in a free dashing hand.

I took it out of its receptacle or niche, with reverent touch. Perhaps the hand that placed it there was mouldering in the grave; it bore the date of 1809 or 19 for a heavy blot of ink had fallen on the figures.

Glancing my eye at the top of the first page, I observed it began in diary form, kept in ac-cordance with a promise made by the writer to a brother when leaving his home in Bolivia, South America.

1 wrote to a party likely to give some information concerning the family adverted to, in the manuscript, and received for answer, that the family I mentioned was extinct for the last twenty years, so I felt at liberty to give an airing to the most interesting part of the long hidden diary. I give it in the exact words made use of by the writer.

Montreal, December 12th, 1809 (or 1829). DEAR WALTER,-When we parted on the, to me, memorable morning, can I tell you how sad I felt my heart seemed as if it would not be consoled.

Just us two left, out of six, in the short span of four years,-only the two to cheer the poor blind mother. You will have all that to do now, Wally, when I am gone from you, seeking the health that is denied me in our own southern home.

At first I felt like turning back and living out my short life that the physicians gave me. with mother and you, but then, I felt how cowardly that would be. I had a right to strive to regain my former strength, to endeavour by all means in my power to keep the life given me for mother's sake and yours, if not for my own. Dear mother, I think I can see her and you standing on the piazza, your arm around her poor frail form, while your other hand wiped the tears from her sightless eyes, that were strained in the direction that her eldest boy had taken.

Well, I promised to jot down each night the incidents of the day that might amuse you, so that if my brief life went out, and I returned not, you will know how it was spent, and as near as possible, an account of each day's adventures.

Our dear old friend the Professor, who so kindly vlounteered to take the sick boy under his care during his stay in the North, seems to combine the rare tenderness of a woman with the thoughtful supervision of a strong energetic man; obstacles, that to another seem insurmountable, he surmounts, and his truly amiable heart seems to melt every one to meet us more than half way, in the many acts of kindness that only the sick in a

strange land can appreciate. Just one week in Canada and I feel better already, my appetite improved, and I am able to walk out every day in the clear, trosty air. The extreme lassitude and langour is gradually wearing off. Snow, snow, piled round everywhere the eye rests; the broad St. Lawrence bridged over with nature's masonry of transparent ice; sleighs, or carioles as they call them, with their occupants wrapped in fur coats and buffalo robes, while the horses shake and jingle their harness with extra glee, as though they took pleasure in hearing the music of their sleigh-bells. Then you may come on a troop of children, perhaps, just escaped from the schoolroom, wild with fun and excitement, pelting each other with with snowballs, shouting the while, uproarious in their glee, then on the river in different invites the skaters, the spectator would be the whole, I feel a new life in my veins since

I came North. The city has many fine buildings, not fashioned as ours are, but evidently to secure each of you." the perconal comfort of the inhabitants.

There are also several churches, convents, and an hospital conducted by a cloistered order of nuns, from France, and what lends a brightness and life to the panorama is the military, with the dashing uniform of the British army, and the music of the different bands, as you chance to meet them when out

for a march through the city. Through the kindness of one of the Father's of the Recollet order, who, by the way, have a beautiful little church on Notre Dame street, we have been introduced to some fine French families in Canada, that date their settlement as far back as Champlain's time; the hospitality we have received through the kindness of the good father is more than can be told.

The Derocheblanche, Desrosiers, Vaudreuil, Lavaltrie, Berthier, Grandville and Longueuil's, and many others, are the seigneurs or owners of a large part of Canada. Some of and country residences, to which the professor and myself have a standing invitation, and of which we gladly avail ourselves.

Close to the shores of the majestic St. Lawrence stands the chapel of Notre Dame de Bonsecours. It brings to my mind our own dear St. Joseph's in the everglades; it seems to be the particular chapel that sailors and voyageurs venerate, for frequently I have met numbers of tired, travel-worn looking pilgrims on the different streets, all wending their way to the same shrine.

I think what I witnessed in the above mentioned edifice will interest you, and I wish you to read it slowly to our mother, for she will enter into the spirit of devotion, that animated the principal characters in the

Two stalwart, wayworn mariners, That had journeyed over sea and flood, Bowed down to pray, and their vows to pay, In the chapel of refuge good. One of them hailed from England's shores,

With his free and fearless glance, While the olive hue on his comrade's brow Told a tale of sunny France.

Our hotel kept by mine host Rascoe, who is the prime of hotel keepers, in his originality, stands not many paces from the chapel, and I generally attend the early Mass and make my devotions, to thank our God for returning health. It was while there that I observed the following occurrence :-

Two sailors came in with the tread of men accustomed to walk the deck, which, I need not tell you, is different to landsmen's gait. Wayworn, gaunt, almost in rags, which, by the way, was not in accordance with this cold climate, but with the distinctive character of the two nations, in every move and gesture. The Englishman stood fully six feet, if not more, his great broad chest and muscular frame would have passed for a model in size and symmetry, the face and eye was my beau ideal of an English seaman. The other was the slightest of the two, more supple, more clastic in build, dark in complexion, with an eye like an eagle's, stamped him in my mind as a son of La Belle France. Neither looked they to the right or left, took no notice of the few worshippers that lingered around the altars, for it was past the hour for service and the people had dispersed, but walked up to the centre altar, and began to chaunt the "Litany of our Lady." The Frenchman gave it out, and the Englishman answered, his voice was deep and rich, but it was easy to observe the office was new to him. The litany over, they both arose to their feet, while from his breast the Frenchman took a well worn book, and holding it so that his comrade could look on with him, began to chaunt the "Ave Maria," in the old gregorian tones we used to sing in our own little chapel at home. I cannot describe the effect of their voices, sweeter and richer than any musical instrument, soul-stirring in earnestness, it seemed to mount at once to the throne

above. At once, I understood those men were performing some vow they had made, perhaps dire extremity they called Lady of Bonsecours, to obtain their deliverance from shipreck, for which they were now returning all they could offer, their fervent prayers. The ora over, both looked around the chapel, and I being nearest to them, approached and enquired if there was anything I could do for them. The Frenchman thanked me, and requested me to show, or direct them, where they could see Monsieur le Cure of this chapel, as they had to deliver him something from a dear friend now gone. All this was said in Breton French which in the mouth of a seaman has a peculiar patois or jargon not quite so pleasing as Parisian

On my offering to conduct them to the presbytery, which is just a little distance from the church, he thanked me. "My bon camarade," here he slapped his companion on the shoulder, "who is an Englishman, will tell you who we are."

"Aye, aye, messmate" returned the other. after we find the parson and spin our yarn to him, Tom Pringle will do the parley vous in English. So heave ahead, my hearty."

In a few minutes we secured the attention of the Cure, who received them with kindness and cordiality. "By your appearance, my children," he said, "you are travel-worn and exhausted, and before I permit one syllable, you must breakfast with me," and taking an arm of each he led to a small refractory adjoining, where summoning an attendant, he desired hot coffee and other edibles to be served, while he waited on, and pressed his

weary, tired and footsore visitors to eat. I felt it might be an intrusion on my part to remain any longer, and was bowing myself out, when the Englishman exclaimed, "hold on my hearty, soon as the skipper parson lets us begin our yarn, Tom Pringle has to thank you in the King's English."

Well pleased I resumed my seat, for I felt certain it was no every day story I was about to hear.

In the peculiar dialect of his native Bretagne, the Frenchman spoke. "Bon Pere, we are shiprecked mariners, and have come to discharge a vow, made when death and starvation seemed certain, to kneel here in your chapel of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, and to fulfil the last request of Pere Francis. "At the name the listening priest started, visibly affected." "Pere Francis gone" he murmered, "ah, well did my presentiments forbode this, gone before me to his recompense; ah, my brother! my gentle, loving brother,—Pardon me, my friends, this news is crushing me, and I am only mortal, a weak, erring mortal." Rising as he spoke, he tottered to the other side of the apartment where, in a curtained recess, stood the sign of our Redemption. Kneeling down he embraced the feet of the Crucified, while the indistinct murmured prayer told the struggle to regain his former composure. I could hear my own heart beat, and the two sailors were moved, each in a different way, to show their sympathy with the sorrow before them. The Frenchman bowed his face places opposite the city, where the clear ice in his hand and bent his knee, while his comrade arose to his full height and uncovered tempted to believe they were going through a his head. In a few minutes the priest arose and with gentle composure seated himself in our midst saying, "Accept my thanks for your kind sympathy, my friends; now tell me of

Pere Francis, but first how am I to address "Bon Pere," said the Frenchman, "my name

is Etienne Normandin; my comrade is an Englishman, his name is Tom Pringle." "Aye, nye, Tom Pringle, your honour," responded the tar. "When my comrade winds

up his yarn, I suppose you will be able to take Tom in tow." "Certainly," was the reply in good English, which an observer could see, gave Tom no

small pleasure. "Henri Lecour is mine," I said in reply to an enquiring glance from the priest, "I merely showed these strangers where to find you, and will take it as a special favor, reverend sir, to be permitted to remain so that I may hear their

With a graceful acknowledgment he turned to the Frenchman, who spoke as follows :-

"Bon Pere, I was first mate on board the L'Orient, sailing between Bretagno and the different scaports. Among the passengers that them live in old baronial style, have town came on board at Brest was l'ere Francis. I cannot tell how insensibly his gentle influence stole over the hard, rough element that is only too often found on shipboard. The men that could not open their lips without an oath or a curse began to look around, to see if Pere Francis was near, and the imprecation would die off in a whistle. Our captain was a hard swearer and drinker, not a bad sort of a man to his men so long as they did their duty.

" Pere Francis, who seemed to know everything, even navigation, was often discussing walking the deck and in the cabin. Well, Mon Pere, the change came to our captain first; he called us all on deck and there he told us that for twenty years he had not bent his knee in the confessional until that morning, and that it was his carnest wish and advice for all his men to have the like blessing. Some of them bung back for a time because old and bad habits are hard to conquer, but Pere Francis gained them at last.

"Well, Bon Pere, one fine morning he was sweeping the horizon with the captain's glass, when he directed the attention of the lookout mony, and these, together with the Grey to what seemed a speck on the ocean, a We picked him up and for a week he did not know anyone. Hunger first and exposure to cept that their gowns were purple instead of the elements had almost done their work. Pere Francis had him placed in his own bed, waited on him night and day, gave him his medicine, measured each drop to support the worn-out frame, and in three weeks he was able to thank his kind nurse.

" Mon Pere, there he is, and he laid his hand on his comrade's shoulder. The kindly gleam in the priest's eye told that the stalwart sailor before him was a link between is departedh brother and himself.

"One night we were started out of our hammocks, with what has often happened the poor mariner, and his vessel goes down, taking, perhaps, her living freight with her, and there is no account ever heard of her, no time to refinement and luxury, and would now have send a farewell message to the watching hearts that are waiting in tearless agony for news of the missing ship.

"She struck on a rock, in mid-ocean-in a tew hours she settled and went down. The imposed. The gay dress of this world was to captain and Pere Francis worked like giants to get the women, children and all the pasthem, the sick man and myself, for whom offer made by one of the crew to give him his taking the sick man beside himself when our last a vessel picked us up, but our captain died first as he was lifted on board, and Pere Francis lived two days longer. He gave us this cross to bring to you, that is, if we were able to accomplish the journey, if not we were to give it to some one that charity and the love of God would prompt to do so.

"Care, good food and clothing was given us and by the time the vessel was in port, we themselves even without hope of compensaof Notre Dame de Bonsecours.

"We found the people kindly disposed to a sublime duty to God and man, they had us a night's shelter or a good meal and many of the farmers took us on their sleighs over the heavy snow-piled country.

"My comrade can speak to you in his own native English, which, I am happy to observe, although hailing from Le Belle France, you | them in their many trials and tribulations. are quite familiar with; he has a great deal to say to you concerning himself. So now, Mon Pere, he is in your hands and I am sure, the same love fills your heart as did that of our sainted Pere Francis, for all those outside of Mother Church.

"It's Tom's turn now mate, I s'pose," said the Englishman, giving his trousers a hitch in true sailor style, " and I hope Mr. Parson, bein' a landsman, will give me a patient hearin' and plenty of sea-room."

"Ye see, your honor, from the day Pere Francis took a poor castaway into his own warm cosy bunk, and dressed me in his own soft flannel toggery, and fed me with a quill and a little spoon, not once or twice, but for twenty-one days, never laying down but sitting there beside me, I began to wonder who he was."

" I felt sartin I was Tom Pringle, or all that was left of him, but what was he? Nothin' short of an angel then, and what must be be now that he has gone aloft?" Here the strong voice grew husky and tremulous as memory recalled many acts of kindness performed by the dead priest, that doubtless his rough life had been all unused to.

"Well when our ship struck and went down, while the captain and officers were detailing the passengers to the ship's boats, the Pere wanted me to go with the others, but t'was no use, your honour, Tom Pringle wasn't goin' to desert the best friend he ever had in a sinking ship. If he went down, so would Tom.

" After the boats put off from the vessel me and my mate got a plank, and a piece of the mast that we lashed together. The captain brought some stores from the cabin, made them fast to the raft, each of us helped the other to make taut, to the one chance for our lives. Mayhap your honor has never been out at sea, or been shipwrecked, so you won't understand what we went through, until a friendly vessel picked us up, but now, Mr. Parson, there is one thing I want to ask you most about. The Pere told me I must meet him aloft, that he would wait and watch for me at the gangway, but that my soul must be white and clean as a little child's."

"He told me it was all smooth sailing, serene skies and happiness without end up there, and that Tom Pringle's soul was as dear to God

as the King of England's was." "He told me how it was the Son of God came down among the land sharks of Jews, and became a little child, the better to teach little children, and grew up with his holy Blessed Mother, gentle and lovely as a white lily, all the good he did in his 33 years could not be told in a lifetime, but that just before the pirates of Jews killed Him, He gave the command of his fleet to St. Peter, made him sort of Lord High Admiral, of all the ships that sail under his flag."

"Now your honor, I want to sail under that | these words: flag too. Tom's soul is not as clean or as white

as a little child's, but maybap you can show a poor fellow how to make up his log. I want to meet Pere Francis aloft, and I don't want him to be ashamed of his great rough Jack Tar, I want to make a clean breast of all that lies heavy here," and he struck his broad chest with his great brawny fist. "Pere Francis gave his life for me, I know he did, for you see, your honor, he was well-nigh run out of all strength, nursing and doctoring me, when the vessel struck and the blessed soul kept thinking of my comfort instead of his own, when we were drifting about at the mercy of winds and waves. He told me if I found you, I would find his twin brother, his second self, that here in the little chapel of Good Refage I would find the grace to begin a new life, and that if it were allowed him his spirit would be near me, to help me to do what was right. Now, your honor, the sooner I am entered on the ship's books, the better."

### TAKING THE VEIL.

Reception of Novices at the Guy Street Grey Numbery-Solemn Ceremony.

As early as half-past seven o'clock Thursday morning last the solemn and interesting ceremony of receiving eight novices into the full dignity of the Grey Nun Sisterhood took place in the beautiful Church attached to the Convent on Guy street. His Lordship Bishop Fabre officiated, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Camboreau and Gibord. Father Caisse preached the sermon of the occasion. Among other elergymen present were the Rev. Fathers Dowd, Trudel, Hogan, Aubrey, Bonnissant, Leclaire, Ryan, Dugas, and Duprat. The different orders of nuns in Montreal were also represented, and singular enough two of the sisters of Mount Carmel, all the way from Algiers, in the habit of their Order. A great many of the friends and relations of the novices were present to witness the cere-Nuns themselves, nearly filled the little man lashed to a hen coop apparently dead. church. Beside the eight novices there were sixteen postulants present in full habit, exgrey. The eight novices occupied seats in the front part of the left centre aisle, and the postulants on the right centre, all holding lighted tapers, emblematic of the wise virgins who kept their lamps burning in anticipation of the coming of their Heavenly Spouse. The altar, which is surpassingly beautiful, was decorated and lighted to suit the occasion, and all the surroundings were in harmony with the impressive ceremony about to be celebrated. After the offertory, Father Caisse delivered an eloquent sermon, in which he dwelt forcibly on the important and solomn step in life which the ladies were about to take. They were brought up in to surrender all the joys of this world; they would have to dedicate themselves entirely to a new mode of life, in which hardship, labor, self abnegation and frugality were to be self be exchanged for the austere and simple habit of the Grey Nun Sisterhood; they would sengers safely stowed in the ship's boats have to yield implicit and unquestioning with a proper and competent division of the obedience, to have no will of their own; their have to yield implicit and unquestioning crew to each, there remained but the two of thoughts were to be as grave and ascetic as their dress, and, in a word, they were to enter there was no room in the boats. It was in during the rest of their lives upon duties wards, as it in unison with the pious emotion vain Pere Francis urged him to accept the which were not pleasant and practice virtues which would try the very strongest. Instead place, he was deaf to anything that could part him from his kind friend. We had barely converse or the joyous festivities of comfortconverse or the joyous festivities of comforttime to lash ourselves to a plank, the Pere able home, their path would be with the the ignorant, the oppressed, the poor and the ill-fated vessel went down. For a week we needy, the aged and infirm, whose necessities endured what would kill a great many, and at they were to relieve, whose children they were to instruct, whose maladies they were to cure. But, after all, it was a glorious and ennobling life; God would give them strength to perform their duties, and grant them an eternal reward in Heaven, and the Blessed Mother of God would pray for them and sus-

> on the Cross, and the thought would comfort Bishop, and the choir, composed of Grey Bishop, who said: "My daughters, what do you require of me?" To which question all you require of me?" To which question all course, welcomed the more soldierly complianswered at the same time: "Father, we humbly request that we be permitted to de- 10th are the "Green Howards," "Lincolnshire vote ourselves entirely to God; to serve Jesus Christ and the persons of the poor all the days of our lives, in the spirit and the faith of charity, according to the soles and usages of the Community.

tain them in their tribulations. There were

pleasure if, besides knowing they were doing

come. True, their affections, the aspirations

and the things they held most dear were to

be given up; but let them remember the great

sacrifice of their Master and Spiritual Spouse

Question-Have you well considered, my children, all the magnitude of the step you are about to take? Have you considered that in taking Jesus Christ for your inheritance that He is your Spouse of suffering, a Man of sorrow, to whom you would unite yourselves? In order to satisfy Him you will be obliged, more than ever, to live in the constant mortification or your passions and your senses, in a continual renunciation of yourselves and in the entire submission of your heart and mind to the will of others; in word, that it will be necessary to renounce everything without even reserving to yourself the right of complaining amongst the greatest suffering and humiliations; that you must on the contrary willingly carry your cross all the days of your lives, and after the example of Jesus Christ make, if it be necessary, your last sacrifice on the Cross. Are those your sentiments?

Answer .- Yes, my father, it is true that if we had only ourselves to rely upon we would be terribly discouraged, but we hope that the | Minden. Why the 21st were originally known Lord who calls us will second our good will and sustain us in our weakness.

Question.-It is true, my daughters, that you will in the future be at the source of grace, and that everything will depend upon upon your fidelity. You are, then, deter-mined to undertake this holy engagement? Answer.-Yes, Father; and we humbly ask

your permission for that purpose and the assistance of your prayers. The Bishop then blesses the habits of the newly-received sisters, after which he says to each, separately:

"Receive, my daughter, this ornament for the head, which ought to be for you an emblem of purity and a motive for reserve. Comport yourself in such a manner that you can present it without stain before the tribu-nal of Jesus Christ, who, if you have been faithful, will change it into a crown of glory. As each novice receives the hood she kisses it with profound respect, after which she retires to the sacristy behind the altar, where it

"Receive, my daughter, the Cross of our, In that way diphtheria may be exterminated.

Lord as a bouquet of myrrh, which you will carry on your breast to serve as a perpetual token of the love and patience with which you sought to endure the pains and the afflictions of this life, and above all the labors of your calling in union with the suffering Jesus Christ.'

The following is the formula of the vows: "I desire to consecrate myrelfentirely to God with all the strength of my free will, and I promise to make my vows to His Divine Maesty to pass the rest of my days in the practice of poverty, chastity and obedience, to the service of the poor, in a union of charity, according to the rules and customs of this community. And these engagements, irrevocable, I have signed with my hand at the Grey Nun Hospital of Montreal."

After having made the vows as mentioned ibove, his Lordship says :--

Receive my Sisten, this bond of spiritual alliance which you have contracted with our Lord. Let it be to you the emblem of grace, a mark of fidelity and a gage of eternal union which will be accepted in Heaven.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son

The choir, after these words, sang the beau-

tiful hymn called "Consecration a Marie," so well known to Convent girls, and of which the following verse is the first :--

CONSECRATION A MARIE. Je sals a tol, ma mere;
Je tl'at donne mon cœur;
Tu le recois, l'espere;
Tu feras son bonleur;
Si sur tol je mo fonde
Ma paix sera profosde,
Et l'enter ni le monde
Ne pourront r.en ser moi,

Annexed is a list of the names of the novices and postulants :--

PROFESSED NUNS. Sister Anastasia Purcell.

and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Ann Maher.

Marie Louise Dugast.

Celeste Lajoie ditc Masseleau. M. Alphonsine Lajoie dite Charon.

M. Vitaline Lajoie dite Cherrier. M. Domithilde Lajoie dite Thuot.

Florestine Malchelosse.

POSTULANTS.

Sister Marie Louise Kegle. Elizabeth Roy-Labrecque.

Rose Delima Bonneau. Bridget Lynch.

Mary Conway. Sarah Dillon.

Mary Ann O'Brien.

Cordelie Dubuc. M. Georgina Pelletier-Huden.

M. Eulalie Rodier. M. Amelie Laframboise. M. Anne Dufresne.

M. Hermine Clement. Albina Bechard. M. Elise Montpetit.

Josephine Dorion. It will be seen by the above that four of the ladies who took the final vows this morning at the Grey Nunnery are sisters, belonging to one family, which is, perhaps, one of the most singular circumstances on record. They are now, therefore, spiritual sisters as well as sisters in the flesh. It was observed of one sister that when she had completed her yows, her hand trembled and the taper she held in it swayed backwards and forwhich agitated the heart of the new Grey Nun Sister.

After the services were all over, the numerous friends of the Novices-many of them from the country-partook of a nice breakfast, kindly prepared for them in the salle a manger of the convent.

Mottoes and Nicknames of the Regi-

ments of the British Army. The 6th like to be known as the "War-

wickshire Lads," and also as

THE "SAUCY SIXTH." The 7th Royal Fusiliers are proud to be people generous-hearted enough to sacrifice known as "Kent's Lucky Devil capture of Martinique in 1794, and the stormwere able to begin our journey to the chapel tion, but how much more would be the ing of Fort Royal on March 17th, they were led by H. R. H. the Duke of Kent, who w!dressed them as follows :- "This is St. Paassist us on the way, no one refused to give hopes of requital in the eternal world to trick's Day; the English Fusiliers will do their duty in compliment to the Irish, and the Irish in honor of the Saint! Forward to the assault, Grenadiers." The stormers advanced to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day," played by the drums and lifes. The 8th Kings are known as the "Indians," from The Novices and Postulants then received the fact that they were the hon commundes of the Holy Communion from the hands of the Bishop, and the choir, composed of Grey during the war of 1812. The 9th, during the Nuns, sang the Veni Creator, after which Peninsular War, were for a time satirically the Novices (only) advanced to the foot of the altar, knelt down at the feet of the lieved to have sold bibles for drink, and to have sacked convents; but the men, of

> Lads," or "Tenpenny Nailers." were at one time known as the

" BLOODY ELEVENTH," in the rough language of some of the men of other regiments, on account of many sanguinbattles in which they had been engaged; the unpleasant designation was not, of course, permanently adopted. The 12th, like the 20th, glory in the name of the "Minden Yellows." The 13th are "Sales Afghans," in commemoration of their heroic defence of Jellalabad in 1842, and are also known as "Havelock's Saints." "Calvert's Entire" was, for many years, the odd designation for the 14th, most likely from the name of the Colonel. The 15th are "Yorkshire's Own." The 16th are the "Peacemen," in consequence of the regiment not having for a century had the good luck to be engaged. The 17th are the "Bengal Tigers," the figure of a tiger being the regimental badge. The 18th are the Royal Irish, or the "Wicklow Pets." The 19th are the "Grasshoppers," the color of their facings giving them the cognomen. The 20th are known

"MINDEN BOYS."

from their gallantry shown at the battle of as the " Earl of Mar's Groy Breeks," we shall perhaps not have any great difficulty in surmising. The 22nd are the "Two Two's"—an apposite, if not decidedly heroic designation; on the Queen's birthday, review-days and gala-days the men

WEAR A SPRIG OF OAK in their caps or shakos, or a branch of oak on their shoulder, in recognition, it is said, of their services at the battle of Dettingen, where they rescued George II. from a position of considerable peril.

## How to Exterminate Diphtheria.

[New York Daily News.] Diphtheria is said to be increasing in this city. Defective sewer pipes, which bring foul air into dwellings instead of taking it out, are one of the most common causes of the growth of the malady, as well as of all the various forms of typhoid diseases which prevail here. Scrape the walls of all the crowded public inis arranged in order by the Superioress and stitutions and replaster them. Then unpack an assistant. They then return to the foot of the school rooms and demolish all the hospithe altar, where they receive the cross in tals that are saturated with the contaminations of twenty generations of dead patients.