

Petit Pierre forgot he was a capitalist. Suddenly he remembered, and one day confiding his flock to a comrade, marched resolutely to town, and, boldly entered a store, asked for the necessaries for drawing. The astonished merchant gave him several kinds of paper and pencils. Petit Pierre, elated at having accomplished this heroic and difficult task in buying so many strange objects *retourna a ses moutons*, and without neglecting them, consecrated to drawing all the time that ordinary shepherds gave to play on the pipe, carving crooks or making snares for the birds or foxes.

Scarcely realizing the influence that guided his steps he often led his flock to the spot where he had posed as a model for the young girl, but he did not see her very soon—"the beautiful lady," as he called her, more radiant than ever in his dream, with the golden pencil in her hand. Though he did not realize it, she was the mine of inspiration to him.

One day he heard a horse galloping full speed along the road. Fido barked long and loud, in another moment he saw the lady of his dream on a runaway horse. While she tried in vain to restrain him with curb and bit he ran only the faster, and turning suddenly threw her violently to the ground before Petit Pierre, who had run as quickly as he could, was able to reach her. He found she had fainted. Paler than the unfortunate lady, Petit Pierre saw where the rain had collected in the hollow of a fallen tree. Throwing some of this water on her face, he discovered red drops slowly oozing from her forehead. She was wounded. Petit Pierre drew from his pocket a poor little ragged handkerchief, and reverently wiped away the blood now mingling with her hair. Then she recovered consciousness and looked at Petit Pierre with a vague sort of recognition that went to his heart.

Suddenly the noise of approaching wheels was heard, the rest of the party appeared, and after many exclamations raised her and put her in a carriage and drove away, leaving Petit Pierre alone with his stained handkerchief to remind him of the event.

The season grew late, the inhabitants of the chateau returned to Paris, and though Petit Pierre had only seen at a distance the white gown and straw hat that he recognized after the accident, still he felt very lonely. When he was saddest he took the handkerchief that had stanching the unknown lady's wounds and kissed the stain. It was his only consolation. He drew a great deal and made rapid progress, for he had no master, no method came between him and nature, he drew whatever he saw. His drawings were rude and uncouth, but full of originality and expression. He worked solitary and alone, under the eye of God, without advice of a guide, only his own sad heart to inspire him. Sometimes in his dreams he saw again the beautiful lady with the golden pencil and flaming point, and with her by him drew wonderful pictures, but in the morning everything vanished—pencils were obstinate and Petit Pierre used up all his bread crusts rubbing out.

One day he drew an old moss covered cottage. From the chimney blue smoke ascended between the branches of a spreading oak. The husbandman, his daily work over, stood on his door step smoking his pipe. In the interior sat a woman rocking a cradle with her foot while plying her needle. This was Petit Pierre's *chef d'œuvre*. He was almost satisfied with himself. Suddenly there fell a shadow on his paper, the shadow of a three-cornered hat that could only belong to the parish priest. He it was, looking on silently at Petit Pierre's work, who blushed to his ears, detected in such employment. The venerable cure was a tender hearted, good man. When he was young he had lived in cities, and had a taste for some knowledge of the fine arts. Petit Pierre's work appeared to him very remarkable and to promise a most brilliant future. The worthy priest was touched with the solitary pursuit, this unconscious genius, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," was patiently reproducing the work of the Creator.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH OF THE ROSARY.

PROCESSION OF THE ROSARY.

During the month of October, on the Feast of the Rosary, an impressive ceremony took place at the Mother House of the Ladies of the Congregation, near Ville Marie, Montreal. This splendid new convent is less familiar, perhaps, to many than the adjoining school buildings, once known as Monk's lands and the residence at one time of Lord Elgin. It is a vast structure of gray stone, with a dome visible at a great distance. The interior is finely adapted for the needs of the large community inhabiting it, and though simple to austerity in its appointments, is, nevertheless, most imposing. Each year the procession of the Rosary takes place there. The statue of the Queen of the Rosary is carried through the house by several gentlemen, the nuns, the domestics, and some other lay people who come thither from the city, following it, reciting the Rosary aloud, while a hymn is sung at the end of each decade. The various chapels throughout the house serve as resting places. At each a pause is made, a hymn is sung and a decade of the beads said. The ceremony concludes with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the temporary chapel. Adjoining the convent the nuns are building a splendid church on the old conventual plan. The altar will be in the centre, the community church behind and that of the lady in front of it. It is designed as a special temple of reparation to the Sacred Heart, but it is under the invocation of our Lady of the Rosary. This title was adopted at the instance of Archbishop Fabre, and it was a coincidence that it was the first church so named after the promulgation of the papal decree touching on the recitation of the Rosary during the month of October. Another coincidence was, that immediately after the naming, the beautiful statue of the Queen of the Rosary, now annually carried in procession, was brought to light under the following circumstances. The late Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton, when visiting the convent, chanced upon this statue in a very out of the way nook, where it had fallen into species of neglect. Some of the older nuns remembered that it had been brought from Rome about eighty years before, but none of them attached any special value to it, the more so that in the lapse of time, its colours had grown dim and faded. Bishop Carberry understood its real value and its entire significance, having about it all the various emblems of the Rosary. Through the kindness of a friend it was restored and repaired, and its really beautiful face and general impressiveness are now fully appreciated. It occupies a conspicuous place in the chapel.

However, the church of the Rosary was begun, and through the generosity of the faithful everywhere, in the United States and Canada, bishops, priests, and laymen, it has already attained fine proportions. On the temporary altar stands the statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at the feet of which innumerable petitions are placed. So many have been granted, and sometimes under circumstances so wonderful, that it is really astonishing to read the number of thanksgivings recorded in the nuns' book. Many a dollar and upwards has been sent as a return for some great boon in the spiritual or temporal order. The fifteen pillars of the church are named for the fifteen decades of the Rosary. On these and on the walls are to appear the names of benefactors, little children who have contributed their mite being represented in the ornamentation by a lily or a rose bearing their name. There are many beautiful ideas connected with this church, the chief, of course, being that it is designed as a work of reparation for the whole of America, and to avert from it the terrible disasters, of which the world is constantly being witness. Little books, containing a complete account of the work, its aims and its progress, can always be had from the religious of the Congregation, and are full of interest to Catholics everywhere. Mass is already celebrated in the edifice, and a few more years will witness the grand opening of the Church of the Rosary, perhaps, upon Rosary Sunday, when the annual procession will end with Benediction there.

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