

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT VICTORIA, B. C.

SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00 PER YEAR.

Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1892.

THE BELLS OF ST. BONIFACE

The last issue of "Canada," published at Benton, New Brunswick, has the following from the pen of Mr. J. Jones Bell, M.A., editor of the Victoria Daily News:

In John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, "The Red River Voyageur," he speaks of the bells of St. Boniface:

The bells of the Roman Mission.
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

The visitor to Winnipeg, looking across Red River to St. Boniface, and seeing the brick cathedral with unfinished tower, would not understand the allusion. But in the old days the cathedral was a wooden building with twin towers, similar to those of Notre Dame at Paris and Montreal. The wooden cathedral was burned in 1860, and the present building took its place.

But as to the bells. They are sometimes popularly spoken of as the Travelling Bells of St. Boniface, and well they may be, for they have crossed the ocean three times. They were cast in London to the order of Bishop Provencher, the first bishop of St. Boniface, and sent by sailing vessel to York Factory, on Hudson Bay, the usual route for goods destined for the Red River country. The voyageurs refused, on account of the size and weight of the packages, to convey them over the portages between York Factory and Norway House, and they remained at York, but the following year the bishop arranged with Andrew McDermott, one of the pioneers of Red River, to bring them on. When the church was burned in 1860, the bells were destroyed. Bishop Tache, who had succeeded Bishop Provencher, being in England the next year, saw the bell-founder, who agreed to re-cast them if the metal was sent to England. This was done, and the new chimes were again shipped for York

factory. But the ship was caught in a storm and driven to St. John's, Newfoundland. The bells were sent from there to Portland, Maine, by vessel, thence by rail to St. Paul, Minnesota, and from there over the prairie by ox cart, several hundred miles, to St. Boniface, where they were hung on a timber framework beside the church.

The writer while serving as an officer of the first Red River expedition at Fort Garry, in the winter of 1870-71, frequently heard the bells of St. Boniface calling, not only to the boatman and the hunter, but to the settler, who was then beginning to crowd aside the voyageur and the hunter.

TESTED THE YOUNG MAN, TOO.

He apparently was a visitor from the rural districts who was totally unacquainted with city ways. He entered one of the offices at the city building and finally attracted the attention of a clerk, who rather gruffly enquired: "Well, what is it? What can I do for you?"

"Where's your telephone?" asked the caller, taking a survey of the room.

"Over there."

Without saying another word, the caller walked across the room, timidly took down the receiver, placed it to his ear, and stood for a minute as still as a statue, evidently listening and waiting for the mysterious instrument to "say something" to him. Then he carefully hung up the receiver, glanced around the room, and noticed that the face of every clerk was stretched out of its normal shape by a smile of generous proportions. Again he returned to the attack. After listening as before he tapped on the transmitter several times. Again he waited. Then he glanced about him, put his lips close to the 'phone, and said quietly—very quietly, "Hello!"

This was too much for the amused clerks to stand, and after a hearty chorus of laughter one of them kindly volunteered to show the old man how to operate the new-fangled talking machine.

"Hang up that receiver just as it was when you found it. Turn that little crank at the right, which rings the bell. Then take down the 'phone, place it to your ear, and when the central girl answers tell her—"

The old gentleman slowly turned,

and gazing long and steadfastly on his young friend, remarked in that same sad, sweet voice:

"Say! Don't get gay, now. I'm the inspector, and I'm just testing your telephone."

FORGOT HIS PRAYERS.

The following story may or may not be true; but I am not prepared to furnish a guarantee with it. The initials are fictitious.

W— B— is one of the best known lawyers in the province of British Columbia, but, like most lawyers, he is a man of the world and has forgotten many of the good things he learned at Sunday school. His niece, four years old, came to pay him a visit the other day. She arrived tired and sleepy from a three-day's journey. Her uncle awkwardly but successfully prepared her for her couch, and, with an attendant, sent her to bed, while he settled himself to study. Presently he heard sobs from the child's bedroom, and, entering, asked what was the matter.

"Uncle, I've forgot my prayer."

"Well, never mind the prayer to-night; go to bed and go to sleep."

"But," persisted the little miss, "mamma and papa will not let me go to bed without saying my prayer and I've forgot it," and she sobbed again.

"Well, Nellie, never mind to-night; to-morrow night you may say it twice," replied the kind-hearted uncle.

Still the sobbing lips replied: "No, no, I must say it. You start it, uncle, and I'll remember it."

A great silence fell upon the household; great beads of cold sweat stood out on the perplexed brow of the head of the house. He couldn't think; his mind was chaos. Finally, with a heroic effort, he began:

"Mary had a little lamb—"

"No, no, uncle; that isn't it," protested the troubled little applier.

Then frantically the lawyer began again: "Rock-a-by baby in the tree top—"

"No-o-o," came from the child, and the next moment she was fast asleep on her knees.

It is generally believed that the Vancouver authorities took advantage of the accident to S. Perry Mills, Esq., to create trouble. Now that Mr. Mills is able to be around, we expect to hear of "wigs on the green."