

all who came to him when he was parish priest of St. Peter's in New Westminster and performed missionary duty in his adopted land of British Columbia. We are sure of not displeasing the readers of *THE MONTH* by giving a few reminiscences of the good Father.

When Mgr. D'Herbomez had been consecrated Vicar Apostolic of the Mainland in 1863, and had left Esquimalt, his former residence near Victoria, where he had been the Superior of the Oblate Missionaries, he chose New Westminster as the headquarters of the new diocese. His first concern was to obtain laborers for the immense field placed under his charge. Accordingly he made an appeal to Ireland and to France for missionaries. Amongst those who responded was Rev. Father Horris, who arrived in 1865. After a short stay in Victoria he came to New Westminster, where a mission had already been founded by Father Fouquet. Father Horris was given the charge of the incipient parish, and from that time until he left New Westminster, a few years ago, he was most zealously engaged in fulfilling his duties with the flock committed to him.

In 1866 he was appointed director of the school which Mgr. D'Herbomez had opened; this position he retained until 1880. He was also chaplain of St. Ann's Convent, the Jail, the Penitentiary, and he had to fulfill at the same time the responsible duties of Procurator of the Vicariate. The numerous occupations which these positions brought with them would have satisfied an ordinary man, but Father Horris was endowed with no common zeal; his desire to do good, and to do all the good possible, always prompted him to answer any calls from far and near. These calls were frequent, for in these early days the population was scattered, and New Westminster was the only center to which the Catholics from twenty and thirty miles around could come for a priest. The difficulties of the road or the inclemency of the season could not damp his

ardor. A soul in danger or in need of spiritual help and consolation, would draw him forth and nothing could stop him. He was often known to have left after dinner to answer a sick call, when the snow was twelve inches deep and the roads bad, with no other companion than his walking stick. He would travel to Hastings, cross the Inlet in a canoe, administer the sick or dying person, and be back before bedtime. On one occasion he had a hairbreadth escape from a watery grave. He never related this incident of his life without expressing gratitude to the Almighty for his preservation. It was soon after his arrival into the country. He got orders to go to Yale. As it was winter, and as boats did not run so far, he hired a canoe. Towards the end of his journey the canoe struck a rock and split its sides. He scarcely had time to throw out his valise, which contained the sacred vessels and vestments for the celebration of holy mass, when the canoe went down. Having reached the shore, he managed with some difficulty to hire another canoe, and it was only after experiencing several hard shocks that he finally reached Yale, where kindly people received him well and cared for him until his return.

The dangers he had run could never deter him from undergoing new hardships, and he never lost his good humor. He allied in a singular way the greatest attention to duty with the frankest cheerfulness. This cheerfulness he communicated to all around him, and it gained him a host of friends amongst all classes of society, without distinction of creed. By all he was known and loved as "Father Horris". His duties often brought him in contact with all sorts of people and with all his influence for good was felt. On an errand of charity, or in the interests of the parish, he could call on the generosity of the whole community and never would he leave a house empty-handed. The children and young people, especially, were always glad to meet him; for all he had a kind word, an encouraging tap on the