

St. Patrick's Church is not adapted for weddings, or, rather, its rule or custom, of the Median and Persian type, which relegates those ceremonies to a side altar, does not tend to set off what is capable, under more advantageous surroundings, of being made a beautiful and imposing spectacle. It is difficult to have a pretty wedding in a corner; the very idea suggests at once the espousals of a friend of our childhood, one Jack Horner, but if I remember aright, the nursery classic never went so far as the marriage of the hero. However, notwithstanding the cornering of the party, the marriage this morning in St. Patrick's church of Mr. C. J. Doherty, one of the representative Irishmen of Montreal, to Miss Catharine Lucy Bernard, third daughter of Mr. Edmund Bernard, Q. C., was emphatically a pretty wedding. The ceremony took place at half past ten o'clock, and the nuptial mass was offered by the Very Rev. Dean Doherty, of New York, a cousin of the bridegroom. In accordance with the old French-Canadian custom, there were no bridesmaids, but the contracting parties were given away by their respective fathers, who took up the position usually occupied by bridesmaids and goomsmen. With all due respect to Mr. Bernard and Mr. Justice Doherty, I cannot say that they looked as "lovely" as the bevy of fair girls who knelt at the prie dieux behind them. The bridegroom, who has been dined and wined and made much of generally during the past few days, appeared proud and happy, as he well might. And the bride! Well, one is allowed to be personal in writing of weddings, so I may say that the bride is a living illustration of the old couplet descriptive of one who was "born on the Sabbath day," and was, in consequence, "happy and bonnie and wise and gay." She looked the very ideal of a beautiful young woman, and carried her magnificent robe of rich brocade and rare old lace right royally. Mr. and Mrs. Doherty sail to-morrow for a bridal tour through England and the continent, carrying with them the good wishes and hearty congratulations of their numerous friends.

The Fête Dieu procession on Sunday was, as it always is, imposing and edifying. Some of the streets were exquisitely decorated, and the schools, sodalities, and Catholic citizens, as usual, turned out to the number of many thousands. There seemed to be, nay, there was, devotion in the air, as the clouds of incense and the sweet strains of the *Pange Lingua* were borne upward. It is a great privilege to live in the Province of Quebec,—one for which we shall have to give an account some day. Apropos of Catholicity, may I remind the readers of the REVIEW that the League of the Sacred Heart's General Intention for the month of June is for the "Conversion of England."

OLD MORTALITY.

### THE BISHOP OF THE NORTH POLE.

One morning in the month of April, whilst chatting with a friend in her *boudoir*, we were interrupted by the entrance of a maid, who handed her mistress a visiting card bearing the name of Mgr. Clut, O. M. I., Evêque d'Erindel, Coadjuteur de Mackenzie. I had long wished to meet this prelate, and gladly accepted the invitation of my friend that I would come with her to the drawing-room to make his acquaintance. A very patriarchal-looking figure it was that rose from the sofa to greet us as we entered.—a thin, delicate looking man, with fine features, bright, sympathetic eyes, arched black brows, a heavy moustache, and long thick beard of silver gray. He wore a black cassock with purple facings, and carried a small flat hat, around which was twisted a green and gold cord, terminating in two tassels.

After I had been presented, and we both had knelt to kiss his ring, Mgr. Clut introduced his companion—a young priest who had been ordained in Ottawa on the Sunday previous, and who, on the 5th of May, was to leave Montreal for the cruel regions of the North, in company with three lay-brothers of the Order of Oblates, and three young women who are going out to act as secular assistants to the Gray Nuns, whose houses are already established in more than one district of Athabaska-Mackenzie. Two of these young ladies are, so the Bishop says, of good family, and accustomed to every home comfort.

His Lordship, whose health is terribly undermined by the hardships among which he has passed the last thirty years of his life, is, by the order of his physician, to spend another year in and about the Province of Quebec, so as to rest and recuper-

ate. "But," said he, "I long to start with Father—— on Saturday; for my dear savages are so interesting—at least their souls are." And then he told us something of these Indians, and how they had improved, and of the good the nuns were doing among them. There are twenty-two of the good *Seurs Grises* in the Vicariate, and they have three convents—one as far north as latitude sixty-three, forty miles down the Great Slave Lake. True to their vocation for soothing the last days of the aged poor, they have houses full of old people whom they found in the forest; it being the custom of the pagan Indians of the Montagnais and Chippeway tribes to leave their parents and other aged kinsfolk to die in the woods, once their usefulness is gone. When the tribe move off to a new hunting ground, they do not wish to be burdened with useless and weak old people; so all coming under that head are left behind, with provisions sufficient for two or three days, and their relatives' best wishes for their speedy translation to the "happy hunting grounds." These old creatures are found by the Christians, and brought to the nuns, who tenderly care for them, ministering to their souls as well as to their bodies.

The food of the religious communities in those regions is not of the choicest. One barrel of flour a year is indulged in by them; this suffices for the requisite supply of hosts, and for any little delicacy necessary for the sick. The ordinary food is fish and pemmican. Sometimes, on long missionary journeys, the supply gives out, and great hardship is endured. A young Oblate priest was once forced to subsist for some days on a box of ointment. Bishop Clut himself on one occasion, when travelling with some Indians in a dog-sleigh, was for three days without food, and was obliged to kill and eat his dogs. Another time he was alone and walking; he had walked many, many miles, and a great thirst had come upon him. His only resource was to melt snow, and drink the snow-water. He had but two matches; taking one in his weak and trembling fingers, the Bishop knelt down, and earnestly prayed that it might ignite, and kindle the fire which he proposed making with twigs gathered from the dead branches of trees. His prayer was heard; the fire burned, and the snow-water saved his life.

That Mgr. Clut loves the land of his adoption, no one who hears him talk of it can doubt. He claims that it is still the finest fur country of the world, and also speaks enthusiastically of the fish abounding in its rivers and the gold in its mountains. While he talked on these themes with my friend's husband, she and I turned to the sweet-faced young priest, whose countenance was all aglow with fervor, and hope and trust in the untried future. He was, as he told us, a native of the same diocese as Mgr. Clut, in the sunny south of France. Did he speak English? Oh! yes; and he gave us a sample, which was quite as good if not better than our French. But he had much to learn, he said,—there are spoken in Athabaska-Mackenzie eleven different Indian dialects.

And then they rose to take leave—the "good and faithful servant, who has borne the burden and heat of the day"; and the young disciple, who, clad in the armor of God, and shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, is going into voluntary exile for the love of Christ and of souls. As he stood smiling down upon us, in all the bravery of his bright, young faith, it was sad to think that in a few short weeks he would be undergoing all the hardships of a journey through the great Lone Land of the North—sleeping on the snow, or starving on the lakes; suffering, foot-sore and weary,—he to whom life seemed now so fair.

We know that our priests do face these perils—we read of their so doing,—and we sometimes try to help them by a little prayer or a little subscription. But it is only when we are brought face to face with these Christian heroes that we truly realize how grand is the Church to which we have the immeasurable happiness of belonging, and how noble the spirit of self-sacrifice which nerves these her missionary sons to leave all and follow Him who, long ago in Galilee, once said: "Greater love than this no man hath, than a man lay down his life for his friends."—A. M. P., in *Ave Maria*.

The youngest priest in the United States is a redemptorist, Rev. John S. Kissner, who celebrated his first mass in Baltimore, Md., on May 10. He is only twenty-two years and a half old, and got a special dispensation from the pope to be ordained.