

This last phrase of Charles' letter exactly depicted the state of his mind. Before coming to St. Acheul he detested the Jesuits on account of the hypocrisy and crimes of which he had heard them accused. At first he had sought to give a bad interpretation to their acts, words, rules and way of life, but gradually he had perceived how ridiculous were those attempts to give a wrong interpretation to everything that passed. Still, he had not wished to be convinced of error and had tried to persuade himself that all he saw was a piece of acting, designed for deceiving new comers and for hiding from the inexperienced what terrible iniquity, villainy and abominations of all sorts were the true life and object of the Order.

He had soon been obliged to recognize how impossible was the system he had believed in. He lived constantly with the novices, seeing them from morning to night, and he could not help recognizing their noble qualities. He felt that such men, whose ardor for doing good amounted to heroism, could never be fashioned into criminals. In vain did he seek for evil, he found nothing but what was good. In the place of the crimes he had avowed to lay bare he found nothing but virtues, and after hating the Jesuits because he believed them to be guilty, he now hated them because they appeared to be innocent. Life in their midst now became intolerable to him, but he continued on in hopes of finding some fault, error, or weakness on which to found an accusation. At other times he would wish to flee from a house where he played such an odious part as that of a spy, and these alternations caused him to be of so uncertain a humour that his companions could not help remarking that at times he was charming and agreeable to everyone, whilst at other times he was sharp-tempered, quarrelsome and fault-finding.

On one occasion the Superior sent for him and questioned him as to his evident trouble of mind. In reply to the good Father's questioning Charles hypocritically replied that he often felt despondent as to his fitness for entering the Company, particularly when he compared himself with his fellow-novices, who were so pious, so charitable, so excellent in every respect.

The Superior encouraged him to pray fervently that he might know God's will and advance in virtue, but told him not to trouble himself so much about his vocation since he had been but so short a time in the novitiate as yet.

He ended by saying: Dear Brother, drive away all thoughts that do not lead you to loving God or desiring to love Him. Everything else is nothingness; and when His love shall have filled your heart, He will Himself make known to you His holy will.

Charles turned pale, and making a step forward opened his mouth as if to speak. As suddenly he drew back and casting down his eyes kept silence.

The Novice-Master looked at him and said: "My dear son you are suffering."

"More than I can express."

"Some secret is weighing on your mind, and you know that the Rule obliges us, when we are tempted, to open our minds to our Superior."

"Not to-day, Father, I cannot—give me a week and by then I shall have made up my mind and I will tell you all."

"Be it so. Now, go to the chapel for a moment, and kneeling before the tabernacle, pray our dear Lord to deliver you from temptation. I, too, will pray for you, my son."

Charles left the Superior's presence reeling like a drunken man, and hastening to the chapel, threw himself on a bench and tried to collect his thoughts. He shuddered at the recollection that he had nearly thrown himself at the priest's feet and acknowledged all. And what had he to acknowledge? Whenever he should decide on abandoning his enterprise, all he had to do was to say that the trial he had made of religious life had not come up to his expectations and that he had decided on returning to the world. He would then leave in the same way as he had entered, with perfect independence. He was angry at the thought of having so nearly humiliated himself before a man whom he detested—a Jesuit. He was ashamed of himself.

He soon returned to the Community, but for the rest of the day could not get over his discomfiture.

(To be continued.)

## MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The old saying that "whoever the Blessed Sacrament leaves the church the sun comes out," was verified yesterday in Montreal. The morning had been cloudy and cold, with very high wind, so that the timorous joined the procession in waterproof cloaks, and even the strong-minded masculine element did not despise the shelter of a friendly umbrella. Around the great parish church of Notre Dame the Faithful gathered in tens of thousands, cabs had been banished, and all traffic suspended on the line of route, so that the crowd approached silently, and one was scarcely conscious of its density until the procession began to defile. Along St. James Street it moved slowly with many halts. First went the new parish of St. Louis, the latest born of the Ville Marie, then those of Notre Dame du Bon Conseil, St. Bridget, St. Joseph, St. Anne, St. James, Notre Dame and St. Patrick. The order maintained was perfect, not a disrespectful word was heard, the only incident which jarred on the beauty of the pageant was the discordant din of the Salvation Army's tambourines which were heard clanging in the distance. It must have been ten o'clock when the boom of *Gros Bourdon* announced that the Blessed Sacrament had left the church, and, as if to greet the Lord of heaven and earth, the clouds dispersed and the sunlight lit up the scene. The aspect of the procession as it mounted Beaver Hall Hill was very fine, and that of Lagauchetiere Street was simply enchanting. Near St. Patrick's Home was a living arch of lovely little girls all holding baskets of flowers which they showered upon the canopy as it passed beneath them, while on the steps of the Home were gathered a cluster of its inmates, the good old poor who are the Church's glory, and the loving legacy of the Church's Lord; these good old folks held lighted tapers in their hands and prayed with all their force, and breathed many an audible blessing on such of their benefactors as they recognized in the procession.

St. Alexander Street was prettily decorated, so also was St. Catharine Street. Upon the steps of Nazareth Convent stood the celebrated band of the Institution, composed of blind boys, led by the Rev. M. La Traverse of St. Sulpice, their director; these little fellows had voluntarily remained in the school two days after the commencement of their holidays and the departure of their comrades, so as to be able to play in honour of the Blessed Sacrament.

St. Urbain Street was also well decorated, some of the house doors being turned into alcoves, wherein was an altar with lights and flowers.

Those who walk in the procession have no opportunity of seeing its grandeur, and it was only the part immediately preceding and following the canopy of which your correspondent got a glimpse as it swept up Place d'Armes Hill and entered the great parish church. Very beautiful were the banners and insignia of the men of Notre Dame and St. Patrick's parishes, very imposing and dear to Catholic eyes the immense band of young aspirants to the sacerdotal life, very dignified and majestic the army of consecrated priests of God.

Noticeable among the guard of honour were the corps of Cadets of St. Mary's College, who bore themselves magnificently, and whose bearing surpassed that of the Archiepiscopal Guard, although the latter in their bright uniforms were most effective. On they went, priest and people, soldiers, police, little maidens and bright-faced boys, all devout of aspect, most of them in prayer, and then a deep hush came upon the crowd, and the mighty mass of people sank on their knees, and the foot falls of God's anointed fell lightly on the paved street as they bore the gorgeous canopy over the bowed head of the beloved Archbishop of Montreal, who, though weary, held his precious burden without outward sign of fatigue. And then the steps are reached, and the Holy of Holies is borne up, and a volume of sound is flung over Catholic Montreal as our Lord is welcomed by:

"Cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame."

It is a wonderful sight, the Fete Dieu Procession of Montreal—one to make Protestants reflect seriously—not only upon its grandeur, for money could purchase that, but the