

## MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Rain! Rain! In all the rural districts soft summer showers are falling, and nature rejoices. In the city, too, we have had our share—chiefly at night—so that in the early morning the streets are as sweet and fresh as if Montreal were Paris. And the rain is falling upon the just and upon the unjust, upon the thankful and upon the unthankful.

On the 29th July a friend wrote to me from Varennes, saying: "The village is *en fête* to day, the parishioners are carrying the miraculous picture through the streets, and solemn and special prayers are being offered for rain." Very soon afterwards the rain came. Varennes thanked St. Anne and was happy, but a *Star* reporter wanted to know all about it, so he went to see the Archbishop. His Grace, as usual, responded kindly to the well meaning enquiries, and explained that twenty years ago, when Monsignor Desantels was curé of Varennes and Monseigneur Bourget was Bishop of Montreal, the picture of St. Anne in the little way-side chapel at Varennes had been, in obedience to a mandate from Pope Pius IX., crowned with solemn ceremonies. His Grace further explained to the *Star* reporter that this crowning is "a form whereby the miraculous intercession of the saint, represented by the image, is acknowledged." The Archbishop went on to say that twice before the picture had been carried in solemn procession and prayers offered for rain, and that on both occasions the prayer had been granted.

*Vive la bonne Sainte Anne!*

The Archbishop is to leave next week for his visit (*ad linima*) to Rome. His Grace will be accompanied by his secretary, the Abbé Bruchesi. By the by, I heard a pretty compliment for the learned Abbé recently—from one who knew whereof he spoke, too.

It chanced that at some literary gathering of a certain club or circle, the speakers of the evening were Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Hon. Mr. Chapleau, and the young Abbé Bruchesi. Said the critic—"They all made good speeches, but Mr. Chauveau spoke as if he were in a church, Mr. Chapleau spoke as if he were on the hustings, while Mr. Bruchesi spoke as if he were in the French Academy."

The opening of the Canadian College in Rome is announced for October. The college has been erected under the superintendence of Father William Leclair. How well Father Leclair is known in Montreal, how much he is beloved! It was at Oka that I last saw him; he was superior of the Seminary there, and curé. How gentle he was with the renegade Indians, how forgiving. And how proud of his little band of Catholic Iroquois, who sang mass so well and prayed so devoutly. I think I see him now, praying in the grey dawn of morning, surrounded by the dusky flock to whom he had just given the Bread of Life. May God keep him safe, and bring him back to us once more—if not to his old place at St. Patrick's, at least to Canada.

The news of the "changes" at St. Mary's College, always so anxiously looked for on the feast of St. Ignatius, are by this time pretty generally known to the public. The most important is the appointment of the Rev. Father Hudon, late Provincial, to the position of Father Minister. Father Hudon is, therefore, acting rector during the absence of Rev. Father Turgeon. The Rev. Father Fleck, who for the past year has been assisting Rev. Father Charaux at Sault-au-Récollet, comes to Montreal to take charge of the Union Catholique, which Club last year was directed by Rev. Father Caisse. Father Fleck will be warmly welcomed in old Ville Marie, where he is much beloved. Rev. Father Kenny is left to us for the coming year, but another favourite English preacher, or, more correctly speaking, preacher of English, has been transferred to Guelph. I refer to Rev. Father LaRue. The most startling piece of news in connection with the changes is the immediate foundation of a College at Sault Ste. Marie. This college is to be under the care of the Rev. Father Devlin, S.J., well known some years since in Montreal as a promising lawyer and politician, and later as an eloquent preacher at the "Irish Mass" in the Church of the Gesu.

Sault Ste. Marie is rather a different place to-day from what

it was in 1672. Concerning it at that period, we read in the *Rélations des Jésuites*: "God has continued His mercies to this mission, which in one year numbers more than one hundred and forty-five persons, baptised in a beautiful church built lately in this country, and which attracts the admiration not only of the Indians, but of the French, who regard it as most astonishing, considering that it is more than four hundred leagues back in the forest." I wonder if modern progress will unearth any traces of this church, which, if I mistake not, was by Father Henri Nouel "*bastio plus de quatre cents lieues dans les forests.*"

That relentless foe to humanity, typhoid fever, has caused dire confusion in the peaceful dwelling of the poor Carmelite nuns. One is dead and more are dying—the novitiate is broken up—the stricken novices are at the Hotel Dieu, and the well ones have been sent back to their friends. The monastery has been inspected by His Grace the Archbishop and by the health officers—and the decision arrived at is that the Carmelites must seek a temporary home, whilst their own is being put in order. Poor nuns, the publicity and confusion and general upset, entailed by this visitation of Providence, must be a severe trial for them.

And Notre Dame Street is to be asphalted! A mercy for which all but aurists ought to be sincerely thankful—that is, if there be any means adopted of keeping down the dust. The asphalt on St. James' Street is very delightful to walk and noiseless to drive upon, but as a sort of *memento mori* it is objectionable. Dust we are and to dust we must return, but not from outward application from the flying particles, if you please Mr. St. George.

The Abbé Baile formerly Superior of the Seminary, and the oldest priest of the Archdiocese, died on the 31st July—aged 87 years. The funeral services in the Church of Notre Dame were numerously attended. The vast edifice was filled with members of the various religions communities, the secular clergy, and the general public. During the ceremonies at Notre Dame another requiem mass was sung in the chapel of the Grand Seminary, at the gates of which it was met by the Archbishop and the priests. I cannot give a better account of this part of the funeral ceremonies than by quoting the *Star* of the day: "The organ played and the choir chanted the *Libera* as the remains of Father Baile entered, for a last time the institution over which he had been twenty-five years director, over whose students he was master previous to his becoming superior of the order. The service lasted about twenty minutes; there were present over 800 members of different branches of the clergy, and amongst others were noticed Hon. Gédéon Ouimet, Hon. Judge Jetté, Hon. Judge Mathieu and Col. Audet. After the service the lengthy cortege proceeded to the crypt where, since 1875, all the deceased members of the order were buried. The coffin, then closed, was carried by four priests. On entering that dark labyrinth, with its arches and level tombs, its plain crosses and simple graves, the twilight became more ghastly as the flickering lamps and slender tapers lent a funereal aspect to the scene, like the torches of the *ciceroni* in the catacomb of St. Sebastien. The last and final *De Profundis* was said, and the coffin lowered." Father Baile was a native of Viviers in France, and came to Canada in 1825. He was universally respected and beloved in Montreal. May he rest in peace.

OLD MORTALITY.

## SOME AMERICAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS.

CHRISTIAN REID.

It is a peculiar feature of the literature of the day that many female writers seek to conceal their identity under masculine *noms-de-plume*. And in many cases the disguise is so complete that it is almost with a shock that the public learns that gentle women have thus been masquerading. It is paying rather a dubious compliment to John Strange Winter and Charles Egbert Craddock to say that they have shown themselves familiar with aspects of English garrison life and Tennessee "moon shining" which the fair sex are supposed never to see. Such knowledge cannot be acquired with no loss of femininity. But, on the other hand, a masculine firmness of hand cannot