

vails? Are the countless intelligent and learned Englishmen who visit us annually, doubtless, report truly of what they have seen in this land beyond the sea—regarded by these opinionated journalists as Munchausen-like masters of mendacity?

And now it will be in order for artists and journalists who have gone back a couple of centuries for their ideas of Canada, to rejoice exceedingly, and to grasp their pens and pencils with renewed vigour, for a story has just reached us which will suit their imaginations to a nicety, and which has the advantage of being true. A fortnight or so ago, Mgr. Hamel, of Laval, and the Abbé Bégin were on their way to the remote diocese of Chicoutimi to visit their dying friend, Bishop Racine. While journeying among the snow-covered Laurentians, in the wild and mysterious country of the Saguenay, an avalanche, sliding from a mountain side, overwhelmed the sleigh and its occupants. The Abbé Bégin, who found himself with one hand free, managed to work his way to the surface, and, with great difficulty, he, although somewhat of an athlete, managed to extricate his fellow-travellers. The driver was found to be nearly suffocated, and one of his legs was broken. Assistance was obtained from the nearest habitation, and the priests, provided with a new coachman, proceeded on their

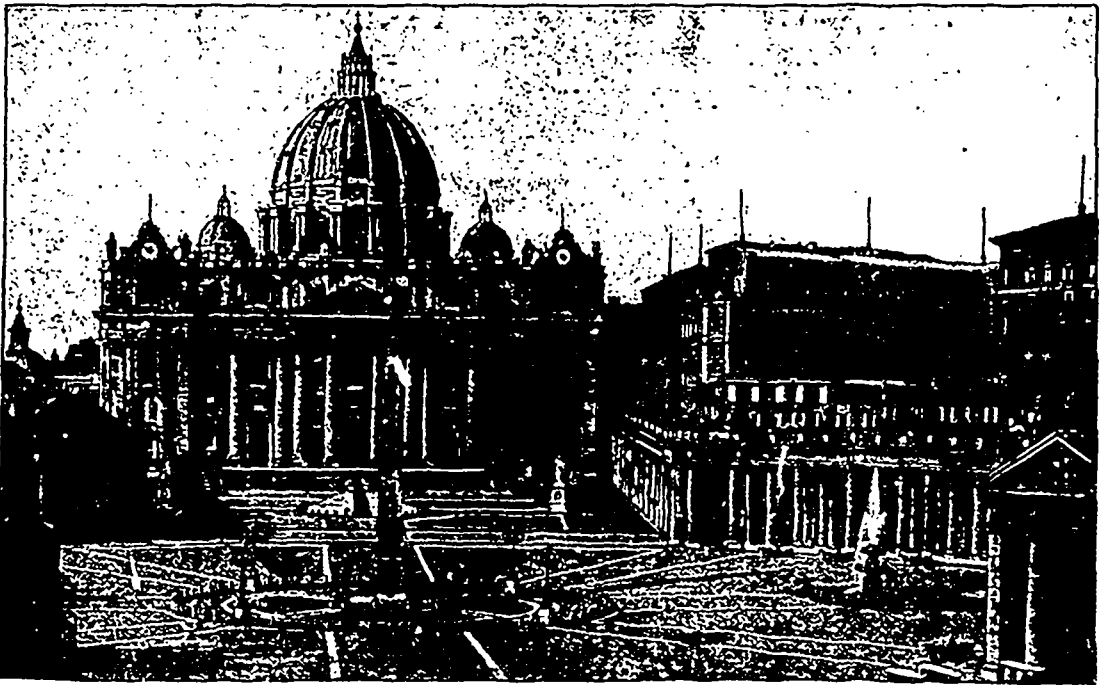
was the original St. John's Church (Anglican). An old father who spoke but little English was employed to buy the church from its former owners, and in company with either the Protestant rector or his curate took a careful inventory of all furnishings, fixtures, etc. Among the most valued treasures of the church was a very beautiful brass lectern in the form of an eagle, which, needless to say, was destined for transportation to the new St. John's. This, however, the old father did not know, nor did he appreciate the work of art, so pointing to it he said with great gravity and some emphasis:—

"You can take your turkey with you!"

The members of the Third Order have very kindly put their church at the disposal of the German Catholics of the city, who at intervals assemble for mass and a sermon in their own language by Rev. Father Walrath, S.J.

The concert given last Thursday by the choir of the Gesu was in all respects a grand success. Even standing room in the Academic Hall was at a premium. The audience was thoroughly representative and critical, including lovers of music of all creeds. The programme was admirably carried out, and every number was loudly and deservedly applauded. Mr. Jehim Prume's *fantasie de violon (Vieux temps)* was the chief feature of the entertainment.

OLD MORTALITY.



FRONT VIEW OF ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

way, but, owing to the delay, were not in time to see Monseigneur Racine alive.

On the evening of Friday, the 27th ult., the members of the Third Order of St. Francis, in this city, assembled in the Church of the Gesu to offer up prayers on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of our Holy Father. The procession, consisting of upwards of seven hundred men and women in brown cassock and cowl, with cincture of knotted rope, filed into the church chanting the *Miserere*. They then formed into two choirs and recited the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, after which they were addressed from the pulpit by the Rev. Father Turgeon, S.J. In speaking of the numerical increase of the Third Order in our midst, Father Turgeon said that in 1863, when it was first established here, the members consisted of three men who met in the old Recollet Chapel, now it has spread until it reaches nearly every Catholic family and binds them together in a union that strengthens and encourages Catholic life throughout the city." The service ended with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

There is a funny story told of the first establishment of the Third Order in their present chapel on St. Urbain street, which

THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN.

THE HOLY FATHER'S MASS.

It is the Feast of the Ascension, and there is to be a magnificent celebration at the basilica of St. John Lateran, the cathedral church of the Bishop of Rome, the Christian temple first in rank in the world. All Rome is to be there to-day, all the most distinguished artists in Italy, and the very elite of her scholars are all most anxious to take part in the solemnities.

What extraordinary circumstance thus attracts to the Lateran basilica, at the very extremity of the dustiest and most desolate part of Rome, all the aristocracy of rank and intellect in this most oppressive weather? They are throwing open to the public to-day the new apse of the basilica, reconstructed, enlarged, and decorated with frescoes and mosaics—a royal work undertaken at the command and expense of Leo XIII., and which, artists say, is one of the most glorious works of restoration in the world.

But, the reader will ask, is not Leo XIII. going to officiate in person in his own cathedral church, on such an occasion? No; the Pope, a prisoner in the Vatican, will never set foot within the walls of the Lateran, never gladden his eyes with the sight of the great work of art due to his munificence.