

remitting care and attention. He was literally day and night with his flock. All day long he sought after and promoted their welfare. He visited the sick, comforted the afflicted, and performed deeds of which, till a further manifestation of divine Providence, we forbear to speak. Youth, labouring under the ills incident to a residence in miasmatic places, almost deprived of the light of heaven, being moved to repentance, knelt at the feet of the holy friar, and went away with the sweet consolations of religion.

"To recount his prayers, his exhortations, his multiform duties, while pastor of St. Mary's, is impossible. Suffice it to say, that while all the day long he worked and preached, it may be said that all the night long he prayed and wept for the faults of his people, and with the deepest humility, while living the life of a saint, he accounted himself the lowliest Christian amongst them."

To these words of a contemporary, I now add such testimony as I have been able to glean from people still living, who either resided in St. Mary's parish during Father Louis' time, or came in contact with him in one capacity or another at St. Michael's Palace, or elsewhere. Notwithstanding the severity of our Canadian winters, the good monk continued to adhere to the strict rule of his Order. He fulfilled, after the example of St. Francis, the canonical hours. He rarely slept more than barely sufficed to sustain nature, and frequently, during the silent hours of the night, would he rise from his hard couch to pray and intercede for his charge. His bed consisted of a rough wooden box, at the bottom of which were laid a few shavings.

This box was one in which a statue of the Blessed Virgin had been packed. The statue, which he himself had brought from France, is now in St. Paul's Church, but how it came to be transferred thither from St. Mary's, I have not been able to ascertain. The room in which this uninviting bed was placed was uncomfortable and inconvenient in the extreme, and utterly devoid of anything approaching ornament. Here, when not engaged in his active pastoral duties, he lived like a recluse, and he would permit no one to enter his retreat. It was only after his death that the facts related came fully to light. As to his food, it was of the coarsest and plainest, and was always prepared with his own hands. He kept no servant or house-keeper, until within 70 months of his death, when he was commanded to do so by his Bishop. The only assistance he had until then was that of an elderly lady, who lived in close proximity to the Church, and who, taking compassion on him, would sometimes insist on performing various little offices for him. On one occasion, observing how coarse and uninviting his food was, she prepared a little toast and taking it to him begged him to eat it. He took it, but no sooner was her back turned than, approaching the small fire he had made in order to cook his food, he burned the toast until it was as black and hard as a coal, and was in the act of eating it in that state when she returned. He rarely eat more than one fair meal in the day; and meat scarcely ever passed his lips. He observed the holy season of Lent by what is known as the "black fast." He washed his own clothes, and anything in the way of repairs about his house or Church he executed with his own hands.

H. F. McINTOSH.

(To be concluded.)

#### MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Why is it that upon Holy Thursday our streets are always in such a condition as to render the customary visiting of *Repositories* a veritable pilgrimage? Rivers of water, patches of mud, and long stretches of soft, wet snow, were bravely traversed by thousands of devout worshippers last Thursday afternoon. In some streets the crowds were so great that one had to give up any fanciful preference for picking one's steps, and simply be borne along with the multitude.

Here in Montreal we have so many churches that there is not much difficulty in selecting the seven *Repositories* before which to pray.

Notre Dame, of course, was gorgeous in the matter of colour and glitter. An interesting feature of the decoration of that Repository was an altar frontal of rare old embroidery, which is, I was told, the handiwork of Jeanne LeBer, the strange recluse of Ville Marie's early days, who lived and died cut off from every living being, in a little cell behind the

first church of Our Lady of Pity, erected here in the days of Maisonneuve. The existing sanctuary of Our Lady of Pity is very devotional. One could not kneel in prayer before its brilliant shrine without recalling the memory of the holy dead with which its history is indissolubly linked. Old Bonsecours, once so touching in its quaint Norman simplicity, is now a hideous monument of the Vandalism of modern days. Among its "improvements" may be noticed stations of the cross, moulded in paraffine wax, wherein all the Roman soldiers wear white night caps with yellow tassels. The Brothers of the Reformatory on Mignonne street had dressed their Repository rather prettily, and the one in the "grotto" of the Chapel of Lourdes was effective. In some of the convents, too, many flower pots and candelabra were huddled together upon small altars. To a stranger not conversant with the unblushing zeal of some of the worthy lady boarders in homes for the aged, rather startling must have been the sight of an elderly dame in a very determined looking crêpe bonnet and veil, who, seated at the entrance of a chapel, held on a table before her a large tin tea tray, which she vigorously beat with a copper coin, to attract the attention of those from whom she solicited donations.

The custom of thus begging to defray the cost of the Repository decorations is not in good taste, and is singularly inharmonious with the spirit of awe and reverence that pervades most hearts on Holy Thursday.

The Repository at St. Patrick's was light and tasteful; garlanded draperies of white lace framed a large painted representation of the Blessed Eucharist. There was a profusion of starry lights, natural roses and pots of graceful spiraea and deutchia. At the Gesu the Repository was arranged upon the altar of St. Francis Xavier, which was hung with crimson velvet in a style difficult to describe, but very beautiful. The altar had the effect of being *adorned* with crimson velvet studded with gold. Above it cream lace draperies were suspended from the rich crimson and gold canopy, familiar to all frequenters of the Gesu, and which was made for the coronation of Charles X of France. Fairy lights, pale candle flames and a rich profusion of natural roses, callas and St. Joseph's lilies, rendered the *tout ensemble* very beautiful.

Funny experiences turn up amid the most unlikely surroundings. A lady who assisted at mass on Holy Thursday at the pro-cathedral happened to kneel near an old woman, who, as the procession passed, gave her an appreciative nudge. "Isn't it lovely, dear?" said she. "What?" asked the lady. "Why, our Lord's funeral, to be sure," said the good dame; "and now they are putting Him in His grave!" He she would explain the crucifixion being commemorated only on the succeeding day, I do not know.

On Saturday the city began to look festive. The markets and the shops were gaily dressed and tempting in appearance. Paper flowers bloomed universally on horses' heads, cabmen's whips, and even on small boys' caps. I saw one tuque decorated with cut tissue paper after the manner of cakes at the Sunday-school tea parties of our childhood. There was a general feeling of coming brightness in the air, a feeling that the hardships of Lent were over. Over for us worldlings, yes, but not for our spiritual pastors and masters, whose most fatiguing hours were still before them. Judging from appearances, one would say that sinners who have not "shown themselves to the priest" this year will be hard to find. All the churches, I am told, were equally crowded, but I write from personal observation of two only, those two being within a stone's throw of each other. At St. Patrick's six priests heard confessions without intermission until a late hour at night. One Father attached to that church, whose name for zeal and devotedness is a household word, did not even spare himself time to go into the presbytery for his tea, but took an anchonte's repast of a biscuit and a few dates, and sat in his confessional until after midnight, when he went supperless to bed, to arise weak and tired at an early hour on Easter morning. At the Gesu nine priests heard until half past ten, some until after eleven. The number of men who availed themselves of the Sacrament of Penance was most edifying.

And now we have emerged from the shadows of Tenebrae to the radiant glory of the Paschal tide. Beautiful as was the