

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Every patriotic Canadian must have enjoyed a veritable treat in reading the delightful paper contributed to the *Star* by Mr. S. E. Dawson of this city on his recent trip to Lake St. John. Mr. Dawson was one of a large party who started from Quebec on the 11th August for the almost unknown regions of this mysterious lake which was discovered in 1647 by the early Jesuit missionaries. Mr. Dawson writes. "Strange to say, the country was very much better known by the French before the conquest than now. The Jesuit missionaries gave fairly accurate notions of its geography, but much of what they placed on record was forgotten under the English regime, until of late years, the persistent agitation of a few intelligent and patriotic men has caused all existing information to be looked up." Mr. Dawson's description of his arrival at Lake St. John in the gloaming, when the outline of the hotel was visible from afar by reason of its strings of Chinese lanterns, is very tempting. Fancy putting up at a hotel where at any moment you can hire "carriages, canoes and guides to go to Hudson's Bay!" The party visited Pointe Bleue, four miles west from Roberval, where is the post of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here is also the *reserve* for the Montagnais Indians, who happened at the time to be assembled in large numbers, attending their annual mission. Mr. Dawson says: "The annual mission was being held and the Indians were in large numbers, camped in their lodges around their church. From all parts of the immense territory drained by the lake and its tributaries the Indians come in their canoes in the summer to dispose of their furs and get supplies for their winter hunt. At the same time they attend to their spiritual needs, and a missionary comes to meet them, to instruct them, to marry the young people, baptize the children and hear confessions."

"The missions among the Montagnais have, since 1844, been carried on by the Oblate Fathers, who labour along the whole coast of Labrador from Blanc Sablon, up the Saguenay and as far as Lake Mistassini. Fortunately it was Father Arnaud who was carrying on the mission at Pointe Bleue, we were presented to him before church. His labours and sufferings have made him well known. His head quarters are at Betsamiatis, but there is no part of the dreary desolation of the Labrador peninsula which he has not visited, for the Montagnais are a very widely scattered tribe."

Mr Dawson and his party attended Benediction, which was imparted by one of the visitors—the Abbé Audet. "The hymns were sung in Latin and Montagnais alternately, the men singing the Latin with bass voices and the women the Montagnais version in soprano, which, while pleasant to hear, had a peculiar metallic quality like the high notes of a pianoforte. The service was very interesting and impressive. It was sung throughout by the Indians."

Mr Dawson is delighted with the country of that remote region, which he considers most promising. He also dwells with approval upon the fish *win-an-ish*, which is much esteemed in those parts—and of which he partook both boiled and baked.

His return trip was made down the Upper Saguenay in a birch bark canoe as far as Chicoutimi, and his description of the scenery of the river is really beautiful. One is sorry when he embarks on board the prosaic steamship of the Richlieu Company.

In writing of Roberval, Mr. Dawson simply says: "The Ursulines have had a convent here for some time." I wonder does he know all that is implied in that sentence? The courage, the sacrifice, the farewell to beloved mothers and sisters, within and without the grating, the generosity—for the Ursulines, like all members of a strictly cloistered order have their rights, and one of the rights is to live and die in the monastery wherein they make profession. So it is not the passive obedience of the cloister which brings these white browed nuns to the distant land of the Saguenay, but a very devoted and individual spirit of sacrifice on the part of each gentle missionary. Small marvel that God blesses the work of such as they!

Writing of nuns reminds me that the Sisters of St. Anne announce the opening of a fine new boarding school on what was

formerly the Quesnel property, at the western end of St. Antoine and Coursol streets.

I saw the building once—by moonlight—it had a fine effect. It is spacious, well-ventilated, and lighted by electricity. All branches of instruction are advertised by these energetic sisters, from the old-fashioned cooking of dinners to the new-fashioned manipulation of the type-writer.

Another magnificent educational establishment, a veritable adornment to our city, will be opened this fall. I refer to Mount St. Louis, the new building of the Christian Brothers on Sherbrooke street. This palatial structure is two-hundred and twenty-five feet in length, by sixty-five in breadth, and is five storeys high. It is most favourably situated in a delightful part of Montreal, and cannot fail to be a popular and successful school.

It is very wonderful, the increase in the number of this devoted community in our midst. In 1837 four brothers came out from France, to-day in the vicariate of Montreal alone there are two hundred and sixty professed brothers, who have schools in every town and almost every village in the Province of Quebec, and their novitiate cannot be filled fast enough to supply the demands made upon them for new foundations.

Coming up the Intercolonial last year, some where in the vicinity of Newcastle, N.B., a tall thin brother in secular dress entered the train, followed by a whole tribe of very little boys who were going up to Montreal to enlist in the teaching army of the Blessed La Salle. The brother, who was an Acadian and stationed at St. Catharines, Ont., had been on a holiday visit to his relatives, and had been solicited to accept all these recruits. A few days ago I learned that that good brother, once a little Acadian boy in the valley of the Mirimachi, had gone, a brave volunteer to Japan, to aid in establishing there a house of his useful congregation. How cosmopolitan is the service of God!

Apropos of recruits, the military spirit is rife in St. Mary's College. Last year a corps was formed composed of the boys of the first division, who had permission to carry carbines. This corps was comprised of forty cadets.

The small boys evinced such a combination of jealousy, interest and enthusiasm that the Rev. Fathers applied this year for permission to form another corps from boys of the second division, an application which has just been acceded to by the Minister of Militia.

I have not been to Bonsecours market lately, but I am told that it is a dangerous locality. A little girl, trying to step from one stall to another a few days ago, missed her footing and fell into a pool of water, in which she might have been drowned, as he who rescued her is, in the daily papers, called her "preserver." Rumours are afloat that the *Colossus of Roads* goes fishing on Commissioner Street, and that he objects to the project of starting a ferry upon its slimy waters. The noise of the traffic, so it is said, would interfere with his sport in the matter of—white bait—or poissons d'Avril?

Sister Marie Caron is dead. In these swiftly revolving years, the foundresses of orders seem to be remote personages like the canonized saints. Yet Sister Marie Caron was one of seven young girls who in 1843 founded, under Madame Gamelin, the Order of the Sisters of Providence, an order which to-day numbers over six hundred professed nuns, scattered from Montreal to Oregon and Chili.

The funeral obsequies of the deceased lady were most imposing. All the religious orders, male and female, were represented at her bier, and four hundred of the sisters lined her route to the tomb.

The cemetery of the Order is at Longue Pointe, and to that parish a cortege of one hundred and fourteen carriages accompanied the revered remains. Display of respect at a funeral does not invariably mean all that it implies, but in this instance it did, and more, for Sister Caron was much beloved. Her obituary notice says that "often was it found that she had spent weeks without sufficient bed-coverings, she having given what her Order allowed her to some poor person. Many a one