

plague-stricken patients with the clergy and religious in attendance on them. In the far back-ground the good Bishop himself is seen in purple cassock, ministering to the sick. The picture was painted by order of Monseigneur Bourget, in gratitude for his recovery from the fever through the intercession of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. It hung for many years in her famous shrine, a touching memento of a time for ever memorable in the annals of Montreal. It is now to be seen in the spacious sacristy of the Bon Secours Church.

One of the priests who fell victim to the ocean-fever, Rev. Father Richards, of the order of St. Sulpice, an early convert from Methodism, preached in St. Patrick's Church one Sunday when the plague was at its worst. An aged man, with long gray hair, and calm, earnest face, he spoke with touching fervor of the sufferings and death of the faithful children of Ireland, the tears rolling down his cheeks as he spoke. He told of the faith, the piety, the resignation with which they suffered and died. "O my brethren!" he said, "grieve not for them; they did but pass from earth to the glory of heaven. It is true, they were cast into the earth in heaps, their place of sepulture marked by no name or epitaph, but I tell you, my dearly-beloved brethren, that from their ashes the faith will spring up along the St. Lawrence, for they died martyrs as they lived confessors of the faith."

A few days after and the holy old man was seized with the dread disease, and speedily succumbed to its deadly blight. A thrill of sorrow went through the entire city when the news of his death went abroad among the people.

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Nigh half a century has passed away since that mournful episode of Canadian history threw its shadow on the shores of the St. Lawrence. Two generations have come