

Chronicle of the Shrine

November. — I know not why this poor month is considered grim and morose. Every one to his taste ; for my part I find it as pleasant as the month of April for instance. Those who complain so bitterly of it would be the first to scoff at it, were it to come all bedecked like June. June is a fine young fellow of twenty ; November is grave and serious like an old man who can, however, unbend when necessary. Its first dawn is a flight towards the region where unmixed joy and happiness reign, a shaking of hands between earth and heaven. It is the day of the dogma, so consoling and so human, of the Communion of Saints. Then come the pleasing festival of the Presentation of Mary in the temple ; that of St Cecilia, with the waves of harmony she causes our musicians to send forth ; that of St Catherine, the joy of embryo philosophers ; that of St Andrew, the patron saint of the chivalrous Scotch... Can February, for instance, show as much ?

If in November the sky be cloudy and the sun sluggish, Holy Church takes the opportunity to remind us of our relatives who sleep in the silence of the tomb and calls us to the cemetery ; with us she prays for a place of refreshment, of light and of peace for our beloved dead. How the tears that death causes us to shed, lose their bitterness when seasoned with prayer and Christian hope !

On All Saints' day and All Souls' day hundreds of communions were distributed in the basilica. We chanted a funeral service for our deceased subscribers, and during the octave, three other services were chanted for our colleagues and benefactors.

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The evening of the 9th. — The River St Lawrence, drawn by the moon and driven by a heavy gale from the north east, forced its way into the cellars of our monastery. The giant might have done us considerable damage, but was satisfied with putting out one of our furnaces. Good St Anne would doubtless not have permitted more. But what a grand thing it would be if the river of Redemption, attracted by Mary and under the impulse of the Holy Ghost, were to invade