

ceived from God a general mission to do the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number.

The wisdom and devotion which presided over the new management of the General Hospital convinced everyone that Providence desired that its administration should be confided in a definitive manner to Madame Youville and her companions. This was done. Letters Patent from the King, signed at Versailles the 3rd June, 1753, substituted Madame Youville and her companions in place of the "*Freres hospitaliers*," and declared that there should be twelve administrators, who should distribute among themselves the offices of the house, under the authority of the bishop to whom they should address themselves to receive from him their rule.

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Number 770 Dorchester Street is one of the good gifts which the year 1887-88 has brought in its train. Until very recently it had no recognized existence and the directory knew it not. Now, that invaluable tome will probably describe it as the presbytery of St. Patrick's Church and the local habitation of the Reverend Fathers Dowd, Toupin, McCallen, Quinlevan, M. Callaghan and J. Callaghan. It is a handsome stone house, three stories in height, with a mansard roof, and is about fifty feet in length, by forty in width.

The entrance door is broad and massive. To the right of the entrance hall is the porter's room, and beyond it the office of the Rev. Father Dowd, fitted with an iron safe, wherein the parish records are to be deposited. Here in the future will many a tale be told to sympathetic ears—and here will come many a blushing couple to speak about—"the banns, Father!" To the left of the entrance are the two parlours—glass walled, as is usual in religious houses. Opposite is the entrance to the cloister, the rules of which the Sulpicians, although but a community and not an order, adhere to most strictly. There is a story told of an elderly lady of resolute temperament, whose son was dying, and who, in the dead of night, invaded St. Patrick's presbytery to ask for a priest. In the excitement of her grief she followed the somewhat deaf porter right up to the door of the reverend gentleman's room.

History says that her exit was effected more speedily than her entrance. However, that has nothing whatever to do with number 770 Dorchester Street. Entering the cloister, the first apartment facing the door which leads from the entrance hall to a corridor running the entire length of the house is, so I was told by one of the Fathers, "the room for exercises." Being of a worldly, not to say frivolous, turn of mind, my thoughts flew to the horizontal bar, dumb-bells and the like, and I exclaimed, "What a capital idea." Alas! my comprehension of the word was quite wrong—the exercises referred to being entirely of the spiritual order, and consisting of the morning meditation of half an hour, the fifteen minutes' examen of conscience twice a day, morning and evening prayers, etc. The room in question is large and bright, and will when furnished look quite cheerful. At the further end of the corridor is the Archbishop's suite of apartments. One end of the corridor terminates in a staircase of the ordinary pattern; at the other is a wonderful spiral affair in wrought iron, which twists through the entire height of the house. On the second flat are the bed-room and study of the Rev. Father Dowd, and those of the procurator, the Rev. Father Toupin. The view from these apartments is very pleasant giving on the north the mountain and some intervening gardens. Some of the assistant priests will be established on this flat, and others on the flat above, where there is a large library and seven bed-rooms. Each priest will have a study, or sitting-room, leading from his sleeping apartment. In the basement are the refectory, with its adjacent pantries, the kitchen, store-room, etc. There are four exits to the house, one from the basement, one leading to the residence of the caretaker in the church yard, one on Dorchester st., and one to a passage connecting with St. Patrick's church. The new presbytery, though no large, is well planned and prettily built. It reflects credit on the architect, Mr. Doran, and also on St. Patrick's congregation for having provided so handsome a house for their devoted pastors—to whom long life and happiness in their new home.

On Sunday last the men of the League of the Sacred Heart nearly four thousand in number, mustered in the play-ground of St. Mary's College, whence they marched to St. Peter's Cathedral by way of Bleury, St. Catherine, Piel and Dorchester streets. The League of each church was headed by its own banner; they were nine in number—the Immaculate Conception, Boucherville, St. Bridget's, the Gesu, Hochelaga, St. Joseph, Sacred Heart parish, St. Jean Baptiste, and St. Henri. The members all wore the scarlet and gold badge, and marched four abreast to the music of the band, which played the marching song of the League. They fell into line in the play ground, which they quitted by Dorchester street; passing round the corner of Bleury they halted in front of the Gesu, where they were joined by his Grace Archbishop Fabre and a large band of the Rev. Jesuit Fathers and secular priests. A statue of the Sacred Heart, under a sort of bower of flowers, was carried in the procession by thirty-two men. When the League entered St. Peter's vast Cathedral, they ranged themselves in the transepts, where they were addressed by their former director and founder, the Rev. Father Hamon, S.J., who in 1884 secured for them their approval as a special branch of the Apostate of Prayer, and who, happy at their continued fervour and increase in numbers, had come all the way from Worcester in the United States to be with them on the bi-centenary of the apparition of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary. After the sermon, his Grace the Archbishop bestowed the Papal Benediction on all present.

A well-known figure has passed from our midst in the person of the old Irish lay brother who, for many years, has been charged with the daily dusting and sweeping of the Jesuits' Church. Poor old Brother Dwyer, in his worn linen coat, with his mop and broom, will be long remembered by the frequenters of the church, as well as by the travelling public, to whom he acted as *cicerone* of the Gesu. May he rest in peace!

While wandering about the house on Thursday evening, with a copy of *Une Colonie Féodale en Amérique* in my hand, I took up the *Star* and read that Mr. Rameau, the author of the book, had arrived in the city with his wife and daughter. The distinguished Parisians are the guests of Mr. Henri Parent of St. Hubert Street. Verily friends of the Acadian people are mustering strong in Canada.

Another visitor of distinction is Sir Ambrose Shea, who, with Lady Shea, is staying at the Windsor en route from the Bahama Isles to Europe. Sir Ambrose is none the worse, and the Bahama Isles are certainly the better for the No-Popery howl in Newfoundland.

The wires have ticked out the news, welcome to many, that our local premier, Hon. Honoré Mercier, has been awarded the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. This is the highest Roman dignity ever conferred upon a layman in this country. It has been accorded to Mr. Mercier by our Holy Father the Pope in recognition of the services rendered by the Quebec Premier to the Church.

The Reverend Father Turgeon, S. J., rector of St. Mary's College, and the Rev. Father Vignon, S. J., have gone to Rome to make final arrangements respecting the portion of the Jesuits' estates recently restored to the order by the Quebec Government.

And while I write comes the sad news of a tragedy which will bring sorrow to many who read of it. Those who attended the evening devotions in the month of June in the Gesu will remember that after the departure of the boys, on the commencement of the holidays, the music was conducted by the young scholastics. Night after night there floated down from the organ-loft a clear, sweet voice singing the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*, its beautiful notes inspiring devotion in many a world worn heart. The singer was the director of the college choir, Father Duguay, a young man of great promise and much beloved by his community. On Saturday afternoon, the 7th July, Father Duguay with three brother scholastics went out boating on the St. Lawrence. While they were near the Victoria Bridge, a violent squall arose and their boat was over-