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THE STATUE QUESTION.

Sermon Yesterday by Rev. Father Callaghan in St. Patrick's Church.

At the 10 o'clock Mass which was celebrated on Sunday in St. Patrick's church all the pews on Sunday in St. Patrick's church all the pews were filled to their utmost capacity and no standing room in the aisles was seen unocupied. The Rev. Martin Callarhan ascended the pulpit and preached from the Gospel according to St. John. He explained the nature of sanctifying grace and enlarged upon the affects which it produces. At a certain standard. effects which it produces. At a certain stage of his sermon he remarked: In this connection I am perhaps expected to say something in re-ference to a subject which is considerably exercising the public mind and calculated, in the designs of Providence, to eliet much good by promoting the cause of Catholicity. There has been a project form d of erecting of a statue of the Blessed Virgin upon Mount Royal park. Is it advisable that this project should be realized? It might be somewhat pre-umptious on my part

It might be somewhat presumptions on my part to presource upon this matter, but, waiving the question of advisability. I might ask whether the erection of such a statue would be unjustifiable on principle. Not a few persons assert that it would be unjustifiable, and in making this assertion they exhibite the strength of the gradest bit an almost incredible amount of the crudest ignorance, the most glaring inconsistency and the intensest bigotry. We are living in the nineteenth century—a century which boasts of its enlight-nument and of the manifold wonders which it has achieved. One would imagine that which it has achieved. One would imagine that at least the people of nowadays should neither speak not write but of what they know—should never affirm but what they can prove. Such, however, is not the case when there is a question of the Catholic Church. She is the victim of misrepresentation.

is a question of the Catholic Chorch. She is the victim of misrepresentation and illogicalness. Her claims and teachings are shamefully ignored and disregarded. She is held responsible for odious facts of history in which she was not implicated, and for daily which she was not implicated, and for daily eimes with which she is not officially connected. Shejischarged with doctrines which She indignant Shejischargedwith doctrines which Shejing upon the proudistes. When Christ was dying upon the Cross, He implored His Father to pardon His executioneers: "Forgive them; they know not whatthey do." His faithful and immortal spouse, whatthey do." His faithful and ininiotal appulee, cognizant of the slanders which are heralded forth on all sides to the prejudice of the virginal forth on all sides to the prejudice of the virginal and ever-loving Mother of our Divine Redeemer fervently pray that God will forgive her legion of vile detractors, because they know not what they say. We are generally reputed to divinize her, but we do nothing of the limit. We are accused of worshipping statues and investing them with a virtue which they do not possess. The accusation is devoid of all foundation. We are neither idolators nor superstitiously inclined. Our church has never inculcated, sanctioned or tolerated anything Ishat might savor of idolatry or superstition. To her discredit and disadvantage, the 8th Commandment is violated repeated by and unblushingly: "Thou shalt not bear

age, the 8th Commandment is violated repeated; y and unblushingly: "Thou shalt not bear lake witness against thy neighbor." A certain derical, decorating himself with the title of Bishop, is advertised to establish a fact which accord will dispute. He is prepared to prove with overwhelming evidence that Christ never intended that His Mother should be worshipped. All Catholics join with Protestants is holding that he never had such an intention. The rev. gentleman would act more wisely to change his programme, and regale his hearers with a few chapters of Butler's short cateohism, which costs but a few cents, and will furnish the most invaluable information. He would then do some good, or at least escape from a heavy expenditure of uselessly spent sime and missplied physical energy. He should be savised to desist from entertaining his advised to desist from entertaining his audience with hackneyed objections that have been triumphantly answered a myriad of times.
Protestants in their attitude towards the Blessed Virgin are glaringly inconsistent. They are quite satisfied to call a street of this city by a name which we give her, and in calling this treet by this name they do her great honor. I

allude to Notre Dame street, or the street of Our Lady. Yet they are supremely dissatisfied and enraged at the idea that we should honor ther in another way—by means of a statue.
They dedicate their churches to our saints.
After an experience of three hundred years they have not yet any of their own.
Protestantism has not given birth to
a single saint and is nowise scrupulous in pilfering from our calendar whatever saints they fancy and would like to adopt. They dedicate their churches to Saint Andrew, St. James, St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew, St. Martin, St. George, and by dedicating their churches to hese saints they honor them, though they may not intend to do so. How strange! They will not suffer us to honor by a statue One who sur passed all the saints in holiness—a person who enjoyed the pleutitude of grace and in whose hears the Lord resided in a most special manner. Protestants pretend that they follow the Bible, but they are far from following it. They follow it when it suits

them, or rather it is themselves they follow.
They act in open contradiction to what this divine book inspires. According to the Bible they should be like the Archangel Gabriel, who, s hour of trial, was loyal to the Most High and delivered the message with which he was next to in accents of the most respectful affection. Saluting Mary, he exclaimed:—
"Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women. They will not be like this celestial ambassador, but would be the control of the control o but would prefer to resemble the unfaithful and allen angel spoken of in Genesis and to whom and anger spoken of in Genesis and to wholm food said: "I will put enmistes between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: the shall crush thy head." In accordance with Holy Writ they should imitate Elizabeth, the spouse of Zachary and the mother disches the fall in the Baptist. How proud and delighted the fall is required. he felt in receiving a visit from her cousin, he Blessed Virgin—"Whence is this to me

that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? Blessed art thou among women, and based is the fruit of thy womb." Protestants

fould rather make common cause with the in

shitants of Bethlehem who would not admit

be future mother of our adorable Redeeme

ato their hotels, but obliged her to seek shelter

utside of their town in a cold and utterly wetched stable. Our divine Lord is instably admirable in the dispositions which He manifested towards the Blessed Virgin. He selected her to become dis Mother from among all the daughters of tre, and qualified her in an eminent manner so that she might become a worthy Mother for Simself. He dwelf nine months in her virginal mub, and spent in Nazareth at her side, under the same roof, thirty years of the thirty-three which He lived upon earth. At her charitable

committed her to the care of the Apostle whom He loved in a singular manner, who re-posed His head upon His sacred breast and desired to be styled the Virgin Apostle. Christ-ius should have the same disposition Christ had. "Have," says St. Paul to the Philippians, "this mind in yourselves which also was in Christ Jesus." Protestants are not Christians but Jesus." Protestants are not Christians but everything else. Are they disposed towards the Eleased Virgin as He was? By no means. His august mother is a sheer nobody in their eyes. She appears something worse. She is an object of indifference and contempt. They should be like the Holy Ghost, who singularly honered the Blessed Virgin by associating Her with himself in the mystery of the Incarnation. Jesus was "conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary." Not only did the third person of the Blessed Trinity consider her worthy of the Blessed Trinity consider her worthy of the sublime alliance which He contracted, but He also declared His formal in-tentions that throughout all times and places she should be elevated upon the loft-iest pinnacle of grandeur and upon the costlicat iest pinnacle of grandeur and upon the cestliest pedestal of glory to which any nure creature could aspire. "From henceforth all generatious shall call me biessed." Where are these generations to be found? Is it in the bosom of Protestantism? With a few honorable exceptions, Protestants deem the Blessed Virgin undeserving of their regard or slightest attention. If they could manage it they would banish her forever from the minds and hearts of all men. Ministers are afraid to mention her name or make it familiar to the ears of their congreor make it familiar to the ears of their congre-gations. They will debate with elaborate skill upon the Biblical personages whom they admire, but never will they venture to extoll in their sermons the qualities which distinguished the Mother of our Divine Lord. At times Protestants lose all self-control and figure only as raving maniacs in the hatred which they bear her. The epithet which they refuse her has been always dear to Catholics. Only within the pale of our Church have generations existed that always called her "Blessed." Our pedigree is what is noblest and most enviable upon earth. What is noticed and most envision upon earth.

We descend from those Christians who sang the praises of Mary in the crypts of the catacombs. We belong to a family that prides in all that has been most learned and saintly in by-gone ages. The most illustrious scholars and the greatest saints were children of the Catholic Church and our ancestors. All these scholars and all these saints loved to pay the sincerest homage to the Mother of Christ. By faith we claim a relationship with Columbus, who discovered this magnificent with Columbus, who discovered this magnificent not, in some one or another of their ever-multi-continent of ours—who sailed in a ship called plying sects, protested against. If to conciliate Santa Maria and styled the second island upon which he set foot Mary of the Conception; with Father Marquette, who named the Mississippl, which he discovered in his missionary travels, "The Immuculate Conception," 200 years before the dogma was solemnly defined; with the first colenists of Canada, who founded this prosperous and peerless city which we inhabit, and called it Ville Marie, or City of Mary.

It cannot be, therefore, unjustifiable on principle to erect a statue to the Blessed Virgin, and if is were crected it would serve as a triple monument—a monument of respect, a monument of gratitude, and a monument of edification. Mary should be respected. She is entitled to a special degree of sanctity on account of the dignity of the divine maternity with which she is endowed. What greater dignity can be conis endowed. What greater dignity can be conceived or bestowed upon an simple created
being. Now, if we should respect the Blessed
Virgin we should manifest our respect, otherwise is would be only a mockery. One of the ceived or bestowed best forms which this respect can assume is unquestionably the form of a statue. We should be grateful to the Blessed Virgin. What would we be without her, and how without her could we hope for heaven? She has given us our Redeemer. Had she liked it she need not have become His mother. If she did become His mother it was by an ict of her own deliberate choice; twas because she freely consented. She is the choice; Benefactress of the human race. Now, if the world shows its gratitude to those who have rendered it any eminent service by erecting statues for the purpose of commemorating them—if it perpetuates in bronze, in stone or marble its poets, orators, warriors, philosophers, states-men and patriors, why should not all Christen dom, why should not all men, rejoice at the thought of erecting a statue to the Mother of our Divine Redeemer—to the privileged individual to whom, after Christ, we are indebted for the degree of civilization modern society is enjoying, for all the appritual blessings we partake of in this life and for all the prospects which await us beyond the grave in the region of everlasting. bliss. A statue to the Blessed Virgin would ra-mind us of virtues which we will always remind us of virtues which we will always require—which would embellish every family circle and render life meritorious. Mary excelled in every virtue. We cannot mediate too often upon her humility, charity, purity. We should be imbued with her spirit of prayer and generosity. If a statue were erected in her honor it would accomplish an incalculable amount of good. Should such an erection not take place, let us at least engrave her feanot take place, let us at least engrave her features in ourselves; let us constantly keep her as a model before our minds, and let us be living copies of this Virgin Mother of the incarnate on of God-our loving and adorable Redeemer. Should the opportunity present itself let us raise to her honor a statue which will prove a vorthy expression of the deepest respect leepest gratitude and the most undying affec tiou. It is in America that she should be honored, and in every form that can be devised. With the highly gifted American poet, Long-

fellow, well may we say: fellow, well may we say:
"This is the Blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer,
All hearts are touched and softened at her name.
All ke, the bandit with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present.
And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so mereiful so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to preve the higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

THE STATUE TO THE VIRGIN. To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS: SIR.-It is very seldom that the Witness Sig.—It is very seldom that the Witness newspaper darkens my door; but my attention having been called to an article in that journal of April 11, I have concluded to send you my reflections thereupon, hoping you will find them worthy of a place in your columns. The article alluded to is the "Latte to the Virgin," proposed to be erected on the summit of the Mountain. According to the Witness—"Hardly a single person of the ministry spoken my door; but my attention The same roof, thirty years of the thirty-three which He lived upon earth. At her charitable but says that it is the worst affront system. He performed the miracle of Cana thanking water into wine, and though He limately realized all that He suffered en of the Blessed Virgin, on the mountain or elastication. He could not forget His devoted where, can be construed into an insult to Probable, where, can be construed into an insult to Probable, who sloud at the foot of His Cross, and testants, is beyond my comprehension. She

was the mother of Him whom all Protestant: revere more or less; and surely those who venerate the Son ought also to honor the mother, unless they can prove that she has forfeited her title to their respect. Statues are generally erected in honor of great men and women, to perpetuate their memory and their worth. An insult offered to the statue is reflected on the person whom it represents, and, vice versa, what ever honor is offered to the statue is meant for its prototype. When the statue to the Queen of England was unveiled in Victoria Square, it was greeted with loud and joyf 'l acclamations from the assembled thousands, accompanied with martial music and song. To what or to whom did all that demonstration re what or to whom the latter demonstrates for? To the statue or to the Queen? Did the Winess consult the feelings of our fellow-citizens of Hebrew origin on that occasion? Or was the object of that imposing spectacle to in-sult their faith? If not, why accuse His Lord-ship Archbishop Fabre and Cathotics in general of an intention tolinsult either Protestant or Jaw? Catholics erected statues to the Blessed Virgia centuries before Protestants drew breath, and will continue to do so long after it shall have tun its mortal course. To speak of insulting members of the Hetrew faith is ridiculous. They must be very quick indeed to take offense, if to should give them pain. We read in the Protestant version of the Gospel of St. Luke, chap.

1, v. 28, "And the augsl came in unto her and 1, v. 28, "And the angel came in unto bor and said—Hail, thou that art highly favored," &c. If, therefore, it pleased the Almighty thus highly to favor, or honor her, it cannot be wrong in us poor mortals to go and do likewise. In my opinion the Witness, and especially the ministers, have acted in this matter with too great precipitancy, and will yet have cause to regret their indiscretion. What! can it be possible that they are so hos-tile to the B. V. that her very statue inspires them with a hatred akin to that which inflames the Irish heart on beholding the statue of the 'pious and immortal" Dutchman !! For my

tant would not oppose it more strenuously than I.

But, says the Witness, it is blasphemy to style
the Virgia Mary mother of God. "This expression is beyond measure shocking and
blasphemous." Of course, we are fully aware
that Protestants protest lustily against honorin the shocking but I should like to know ing her by that title. But I should like to know what single dogma of Christian truth they have them, we should consent to forgo this glorious title, so consoling and so ennobling to humanity; were to cringe to Unitarians, Socimans and Agnostics, by denying the divinity of Christ, were we to throw overboard the infallibility of the Pops,—the dogma of the Real Presence, the forgiveness of sins by God's accredited ministers, &c., &c., would Protestants then rest content? Most undoubtedly; far less would fill their cup of satisfaction to the brim. But what would be the result? It is easy to foresee. We should, in that event, have no end of churches, but they would be filled, —as late statistics have abundantly shown—with little

own part, had I the slightest suspicion that by

the proposed statue an insult was intended to

our separated brothren, the most ultra Protes-

else than empty pews.

In what I am about to say in conclusion, allow me to state in advance, that no slight or separated brethren, and been the recipient of many favors and much kindness at their hands. But to come to the point:—Suppose it was in contemplation to erect, in honor of the Blessel Virgin, a magnificent statue in the most conspicuous part of the city of New York. Such a project at the present day would undoubtedly be considered by all men as perfectly abourd. Yet near that city is the statue of the Goddess of Liberty that would marvelously answer the pur-pose. Heathen temples have before now been transferred into Obristian sancturies розе. why not the statue of the Goddess of Liberty into the statue of the Blessed Virgin? The Church is making rapid strides at the present day in all lands, reconquering in some what she formerly lost; and prosecuting in others, with unabated vigor, heridivine mission, from the rising to the setting of the sun. But no where are her triumphs more conspicuous than in the United States of America. When, therefore, it shall please the Almighty Ruler to banish religious discord from the earth and to inaugurate once more the reign of religious peace, good will, and unity; when men of all nations and tongues shall acknowledge but "One God, One Faith, One Baptism;" when the scattered sheep shall have been gathered into the one fold, under Peter the one shepherd, then may that glorious conception of Bartholdi-still serving its original purpose, but under a happier name-receive the salutations of earth's numerous pilgrims, in the beautiful words of the Catholic hymn, "Ave Maris Stella"

(" Hail STAR of the Sea.") A. G. GRANT.

THE PROPOSED STATUE. To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR, -When certain Catholics originated the idea of creeting a statue of the Virgin Mary in Mount Royal Park, they certainly did not foresee the storm of Protestant bigotry and fanaticism that it would occasion. Catholics were aware, indeed, that Protestants accorded no special honor to the Blessed Virgin, but that they place her beneath ordinary sinful mortals, that they positively hate and belittle her, will be a revelation to the majority of Catholics. That they do this is evident from the present agitation, in which all seem anxious to take part. They say they would be in favor of a status to Jacques Cartier. but one to the Blessed Virgin would be an outrage upon their feelings. In a meet-ing presided over by Sir Wm. Dawson, a form of patition to the City Council was drawn up, in which the proposed statue was

above her who is the Mother of their Redeemer, who was styled by a great archoff years all the recikin races, pantaged, the messenger of the Almighty, full of ing with hope, awaited their coming. grace, blessed among women? Is it because Catholics pay appear respect to the Blessed Virgin, that the Protestants of Montreal believe her unworthy of what they do not refuse to ordinary men and women? Our Lord wrought his first miracle at her request, though his time had not yet come; God as he was, he honored her by being subject to her, by obeying her, yet the Protestants of Montreal think they honor Him whom they protess to imitate, by despising this mother, by making less of her than Admiral Nelson, or any ordinary woman. Had Catholics proposed to erect a statue of Venue, or the helf-nude figure of some lecherous female, it would be all right. They would be astnotic, art loving people, and Protestants, instead of feeling outraged, would no doubt lend a helping hand. But to erect a statue in honor of the mother of our common Sevicer, of her who is the type of purity and period womanhood, is an outrage on the Protestant conscience, an of images that cannot tolerated, even to commemorate a mere historical fact If the Protestant religion, as its votaries hold, be the religion of Christ, then evidently the Virgin Mary was no Pro-testant, otherwise she could not be denied within its pale the privileges of ordinay mem-ters, and it would be somewhat difficult to explain the marks of respect paid her by an archangel, and even by Christ Himself. I the Irish had protested against the Queen's etatue on Victiria square, though no good citizen would approve such opposition, they would have been far more reasonable than are the Protestants in their present senseless agitation, and would have had far more reason on their side. For, what harm at least did the Virgin Mary do to Protestants to marit such contempt at their hand? But the Irish could allege against the Queen that, though personally a good woman, she had sanctioned by her authority the cruel and tyrannical Coercion Acts drawn up by her Parliament against Ireland. In like manner the Canadians could have asked the sense of a statue to Nelson on a square named after Jacques Cartier, what historical relation there existed between Montreal and the British admiral, who was brave, indeed, but who had no relations by name or act with our city. Both Irish and Cana-dians could have stormed and foamed against these statues and with infinitely more reason than is now on the side of Protestants who join in this agitation. If the statue on the mountain were an accomplished fact to-morrow, Protestants would no more be exproted to woke the Virgin Mary than they now invoke Nelson or Queen Victoria, because their statues are on our public places. What, then, in the name of common sense do they see in it to shock or insult them? Or is it that Protestantism must ever show the I have any such purpose in view. I have the Blossed Virgin? Perhaps, after all, always lived on the best of terms with our it is only purpose its destiny for it is only pursuing its destiny, for was it not written long, long ago, "She shall it not written long, long ago, "She shall crush thy head, but thou shalt lie in walt for her heel?" Let right-minded Protestants for certainly there are many such in our fair city-weigh this fanatical uprising in the balance of reason and revolation. They will soon discover how unfounded and unreasonable it is; for we confidently believe that many of our Protestant fellow-citizens will live to be heartily ashamed of their conduct in this matter.

COMMON SENSE.

O. M. I.. TO HIS LORDSHIP MOR J. CLUT, BISHOP OF ARISE

LETTER FROM REV. FATHER DUPÉRE,

Mission of St. Joseph, December 12, 1887.

MY LORD AND MOST REV. FATHER,-You are doubtless surprised at not receiving any letters from me, and that I can readily surmise. Fifteen months have elapsed since Your Lordship's passage here. Since then many occasions of writing have offered, and, if I have failed to profit by them, it is because last winter I knew not where to address my letter, and from spring till now I have been so busy that it has been impossible to write to anyone. Your Lordship will therefore kindly pardon me if, a little late, I und rinks to furnish a few details on our Mission of St. Joseph. Nothing strange in regard to last winter; spiritually and temporally, all went on, if not perfectly, at least satisfactorally. Our good Father Jossard passed the winter at St. Isidore with Brother Jossau. The Rev. Father has evidently told you all about his mission, and I need add nothing. As for me, I remained at St. Joseph exercising my zeal, in company with Brother Larue, who had been de-tailed to this post. At the moving of the ice, just as I was about to answer the letter which Your Lordship had so kindly sent me from Montreal, all the Indians who, through March and April. had succeeded one another at my mission, and had consequently kept me very busy, came back almost out of their senses with fright, and lit-terally beseiged us during two months and a half. Your Lordship knows it takes but little to frighten those brave sons of the forest. The present cause of their terror was the "whoopingcough" that was making a havoc among the children. The Indians thought all was over with their "nation," as they proudly term their beautiful race, and effectively they were dying with fright. At first I thought it would merely amount to fear, but in less than a fortdrawn up, in which the proposed statue was referred to as an "abuse of images." It is publicly stated by the suggestor of the scheme that the purpose of the statue is to commemorate an undisputed historical fact, viz., that the first name of the city was Ville Marie, or City of Mary. It is not then to be a religious monument. It is solely to perpetuate the fact referred to. Now, if this is an abuse of images, will Sir Wm. Dawson and the gentlemen who attended his meeting explain to us how the statue of the Queen, Well Warenver, the Free Traders had just made their dears. and the gentlemen who attended his meeting explain to us how the statue of the Queen, on Victoria square, and that of Nelson, on Jacques Cartier square, are not an abuse of images. And since we are on the subject, will they tell us at the same time how the grand portraite of themselves, of their relatives and friends that they get made are not also an abuse of images? Or themselves, of their relatives and friends that they get made are not also an abuse of images? Or themselves, of the relatives and friends that they get made are not also an abuse of images? Or themselves, of the simplicity to think that they get the arrival of the traders in the Your Lordship has doubtless, time and again, been dazed by the frightful hurrahs of our Montagnais during their charivari. But I doubt if you have ever witnessed the dance and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying a word of the relatives and friends that they get the arrival of the traders in the Your Lordship has doubtless, time and again, been dazed by the frightful hurrahs of our Montagnais during their charivari. But I doubt if you have ever witnessed the dance and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying a word of the relatives and friends that they get the arrival of the traders in the Your Lordship has doubtless, time and again, been dazed by the frightful hurrahs of our Montagnais during their charivari. But I doubt if you have ever witnessed the dance and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and it is so pretty that I take the liberty of saying and i

Jacques Cartier, themselves and other friends golden age was about to begin for the sons of ing with hope, awaited their coming.
The self-styled charitable and ardently desired The self-styled charitable and ardently desired trader or free merchant came at last in August 1887, and those gentlemen immediately unpacked and displayed neath the syes of the Indiana their loads of merchandise and articles of every description. But alsa! The Hudson Bay Company had already received all the furs. The Indians were empty-handed, so new comers and Montagnais simply gazed upon one another, the latter consumed with envy, the former cold and indifferent, casting scarcely from time to time a look of contempt upon the savages who had nothing to offer them. At last the Indians, innocent as they are, were not without realizing that the gold-seeker whatever the mines he explores, seeks for gold and for gold alone, thinking nothing whatsoever of the happiness, even temporal, of our poor humanity, beneath whatever clime or in whatever state it may be. For myself, I am thoroughly convinced that those fortune hunters, called traders, whose sole religion is gold, far from being of any utility to our Indians, can only render them dishonest, and hence more wretched. Therefore, I heartily approved when my people, as bashful as the fox taken by a hen, would say to me angrily, "The Beo Icho" (Big Knives), a name given by them to Americans and strangers in general, except the French, indifferent, casting scarcely from time to time a and strangers in general, except the French, whom they term "Boulay," i.e., those for whom the earth was made and the English, whom they call the "Ottine," i.e., inhabitants of stone houses). "The Bes Icho are not worth a "thought they seek only to design your results." "thought, they seek only to deceive us, so we

bid them farewell and without return The 18th of August, the Indians finally de cided to start for their summer hunt. Free from their presence, I was obliged to give all my time to manual labor. Our house being roofed only with inclined boards, the rain poured in during the summer, and in winter we were always frozen, it was necessary to repair it. To procure boards was very difficult, and we would have to wait too long, so we decided on applying a coat of line mixed with sand; but, another difficulty! In this charming country when you wish for lime you must make it. I then began with the brother, my only companion, to draw a quantity of lime stone and wood, and when the lime was made I became hod carrier for the brother, who acted as mason. We had barely ended our task when a heavy rainfall destroyed the greater portion. Without too much must musing we set to work anew, with more ardor and with time and patience we succeeded in making our house if not comfortable, at least inhabitable. Our house being completed, I became cook and housekeeper, the brother being constantly employed fishing. Towards the end of September a few Indians arrived from Lake Irra-scherre, bringing a barge loaded with meat for the company. During the summer deer had been plentiful, and the Indians had made a perbeen plentiful, and the Indians had made a perfect massacre. Abundance reigned within the camp. It was the happy time for our good Mantegnais, who, instead of making a biding place for their provisions in the forest, make it in their stomachs. What delight! My flock requested me to profit by the returning barge to go and visit them on their hunting grounds. We were near the freezing season, the trip must necessarily be to lisome, and I was aware of it; but when there is prospect of doing good to souls can the oblate missionary doing good to souls can the oblate missionary heeitate? 1 embarked, happy 'neath the guard of God, the 30th of September. I will not relate, My Lord, all the incidents of my journey which was long, toilsome and dangerous. I wi merely sketch rapidly some few particulars.
The place I went to, called Irra-Icherre, had
never been visited by a missionary. Those who
had gone furthest in this direction had stopped at the company's fort, and five years ago the honor of accompanying your Lordship to that post. The Indians of Irra-Icherso form a band of wanderers belonging to all the tribes of the vicarite of Arthabaska Mackenzie, and hence they are not the best. They are not radically bad, but ignorant and brutal, living always far

from the missionary. It was the desire to instruct them a little that made me undertake the journey to Tora Taberre. The morning after our departure snow began to fall in great flakes. It was winter. Since then we have not seen the ground. Your Lordship knows the country as the company's post. Needless then to speak

From this spot the lake gets constantly more narrower, you might think a great river, were it less troubled. The approach of the lake is very difficult, because of the enormous bowlders that fringe the shore, jutting far out into the waters. Here and there you perceive little islands of stone, the only place where the boat may find shelter in case of a storm. Except those little granite rocks, we meet but one large island. dotted with willow and aspen trees. Every day of the journey we had snow, wind and great cold. The oars were thickly coated with great cold. The oars were thickly coated with ice, which it was necessary to break with axes

from time to time. When we reached Irrs feterre, the fourteenth day after our departure, the enow was a foot and a half in depth. The rivers and little lakes formed a solid bridge of ice upon which travellers and sleighs could pass without danger. The great lake alone was still without danger. The great lake alone was still open to navigation. Having only a canvass tent to guard me, trembling with cold (at least 20 degrees certigrade) notwishstanding my wish to do more, I must fain be content with hearing confessions, conferring baptisms, and giving a little good advice to the flock (alas! almost lost), the greater part of whom I then saw for the saw time. I remained three dates with the Indiana my time was wall and days with the Indians, my time was well em-ployed, and I hope my visit was of some use to the poor Indians. At least they thanked me, and begged that I might return again. I would willingly consent to do so, whatever it might cost, I would account that nothing, but it is so far and so difficult of access. The eve of my departure they gave a feast and a Mon-tagnais dance. Of course I had to wit-ness the latter and be a guest at the former. The feast, if we may calk it such, consisted in boiled bear's meat, and a few pots of flour in boiling water, which dish they term, as you know, "Lababo." For sure many a ladie's poodle would have turned up its nose had it been present at the feast. As for me, My Lord, I avow that I smacked my lips like a true red-akin. It is almost a scandal to speak of the dance, but what does your Lordship think of a pastor assisting at it? Nothing, I am sure, because our Indians' dances ace very innocent. Your Lordship has doubtless, time and again,

extend violently their arms, slightly bending the leg; the feet scarcely move. All tegether utter ferocious shouts, and this simultaneous howling is modestly dubbed by our Indians "the retional cape."

the national song."
The 18th October I took leave of the Indians at Tascheré. The wind was favorable. We wont under sail for two days and a night and reached a point called "Point of Rock," where the Montagnais were to await us. The cold was severe, and unfortunately wood was scarce. We had to go two miles for it, and thence carry it upon our shoulders to the comp. The Indians had our shoulders to the camp. The Indians had not reached the place of meeting, they came only on the morrow and far into the night. I at once began my work, i.e., baptisms and confessions. I was litterally freezing. I caught a bad cold that confined me to my tent for several days. The 24th resurrent ral days. The 24th we pursued our way towards St. Joseph, and, thanks be to God, we arrived without any too great difficulty at noon on the 28th. We were obliged to set foot upon a little island and remain captives there until the waters of the lake formed but one immense bridge of solid ice. From the 28th began for me a new mode of existence, the wigwam life with the Indians. Your Lordship knows what it is to live thus among the savages, how the Montagnais, in particular, are careless, dirty, disgusting, and what beautiful disorder reigns within their wigwams. Let it suffice to say my Lord, that in the wigwam which I inhabited during four week I had the advantage of performing a rude penance. We were twelve persons, that evidently demonstrates that we elbowed one another. But let us be silent upon the interior another. But let us be silent upon the interior of this redskin palace, let the ladies do their kitchen work without any comment, let us not look at my left-hand neighbor, a good old fellow who was constantly hunting for "millpeds," which he exterminated in a summary and not over palatable manner. Your Lordship can easily concern my condition after my socious in such ceive my condition after my sojourn in such company. If I suffered a great deal I think it was quite joyfully I said my "Fiat," and were I to suffer as much more to be of use to my fellow-man, I would certainly not refuse.

The 18th November I strapped on my snow-hors mad took my course.

shoes and took my course towards St. Joseph. The weather was all that could be wished for, moderately cold, no wind, cloudless sky, and a regular springtime sun. But in the north more than elsewhere it is true to say with the poet, "Never did a calm and serene day from the darksome shock of the tempest guaranteed the

morrow." We verified this once more. The 19th the tempest was frightful; the north blast, ice cold, blew with fury; the drifting snow was terrible, nothing could be seen on the great Lake, and so the Indians, although accustomed to travel through all kinds of weather, loss their way, through all kinds of weather, lost their way, and when night came we were only too happy to take refuge on a small granite island and pass there the night without any shelter. The 20th we awoke almost completely buried neath the snow that continued to fall abundantly. We were off as soon as possible, running at top speed, without knowing whither After a march of 18 hours, with scarce a breathing spell, we reached St. Joseph, where from the bottom of my heart I uttered a fervent "Deo Gratiss!" Efallendy I have been very long, wet I cannot STAlready I have been very long, yet I cannot close without a word of my mission. First of all. I hasten to state that, Fathers and brothers, we all enjoy the best of health, notwithstanding our work, which is really overpowering. We always live in the same status quo, i. e., poor as Job and satisfied with our lot. Spiritually, without going badly, things might go better. Since July a new minister, escorted by a school master, has come to try what, thank food his predecessors were powerless to decide God, his predecessors were powerless to do i. c., whether or not he makes proselytes. I am confident he will lose his time and money. Until now, at least, he has only succeeded in being laughed at. Lattly the schoolmaster, who relied upon converting all our Ca-tholics to Protestantism, took it into his head to pay me a visit. It was a sad day for him, poor man! Bad weather overbeek him on his return. I had however, advised him to return before dark, but he had not complied. When he did return he lost his way, and passed the night wandering over the lake, and he had his nose and ears frozen. At present he is almost cured, but he will probably lose an ear. I pre-

sume he will scarcely return.

As I told your lordship previously our house is fairly good, but, alss I we are sadly in need of a chapel. Our Divine Master is too poorly lodged; yet to build a chapel the means are wanting. We are poor here at St. Joseph, so poor that his lordship, on the occasion of his visit here, declared us "excessively poor."

Mgr. Farand does what he can to aid us, but his heart is wider than his purse. He cannot do all. I trust your lordship, upon his return, will not forget us. In the past you have given us many proofs of interest, and we venture to hope that we will be under the obligation of ever adding to this debt of cratitude. I must close this now too lengthy letter, yet I take the liberty, my Lord and Rev. Father, of making la request for my mission. I would wish to have a kischen steve. It is absolutely necessary. For want of it, I lose considerable time at my cooking, and what cooking! If your Lordship thinks it impossible to make us a present of one, and I sayou I movies make us a present of one, and I avow I merit in nowise such a favor, I would beg of you to have one sent at all events, and we would enter it upon our requisition list. Could you also secure a watch for us I would be ever so grateful. I recommend myself, my Lord and Reverend Rather, to your good prayers, begging that you will kindly pardon my rambling epistle. I subscribe myself in Jesus Christ your Lordship's most humble and devoted son,

L. DEPERE Priest O.M.I.

DOING GOD'S WILL.

The will of God, of which we speak when in the Lord's prayer we ask that it may be done. on earth as it is in heaven, ie, as St. Cyprian says, that will which the only begotten Son of the Father did and taught us. It is humility in conversation, stability in faith, modesty in speech, justice in works, mercy toward our neighbor, and discipline in habits; to injure no one, to be at peace with our fellowman, to love God with our whole heart, to fear him as God, and to prefer nothing to the love of Christ. It is the joy of the angels, the desire of the saints, the delight of the angels to serve God perfectly, and in all things seek conformity with that holy will. Thus it is that a man attains the end of his creation; the life thus spent, while full of the peace which conformity with the world's false, seductive maxims never can give, is that which is worthlest of

Conceited youth: I also am very musical. Bang "Troouman, spare shat tree," last night, and there wasn't a dry eye in the room. do they put Queen Victoria, Admiral Nelson, prosperity and of happiness, in a word, that the tion; The dancers, as by an electric motion, Ornel young lady; West, you alone?

man and the best .- Colorado Catholic.