

crypts of the Cathedral. Here it remained for only a month, when on Thursday, the 23rd of April, it was transferred to St. Mary's Church and placed in the spot where it was found thirty years afterwards. The funeral cortege left the Cathedral at half-past nine o'clock, and passing at slow and solemn pace through Church and Queen Sts., arrived at St. Mary's at eleven o'clock. The Rev. J. M. Bruyère (afterwards Monsignore, and who at upwards of 80 years age died only a short time ago, in the city of London, of which diocese he was Vicar-General) celebrated solemn Mass for the Dead, Rev. Father Lee, of Brock, being deacon and Rev. Father Mulligan of the Cathedral, sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Walsh (now Bishop of London), and his concluding words are worthy of reproduction here. "You have this day," he said, "given splendid proof of the chain of affections and sympathies that links the priest and people in the Catholic Church. You have demonstrated that the genius of Christianity reigns amongst you and guides your actions, for Christianity has torn down the wall of separation which formerly divided nations and peoples, making of them but one nation and one people. Your late pastor was a Genoese, he was reared beneath the bright skies of Italy; but he was a Christian priest, and as such you have honoured him, thus showing that in our Church there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor Barbarian, thus proving that we are all brothers, as being the children of the holy Church whose spouse is Christ. We may conclude in the words of the prayer recited in the mass of this day: 'O God, who hast united various nations in the confession of Thy name, grant that they who are born again by the waters of baptism may have the same faith in their hearts and the same piety in their actions.'"

I might fittingly conclude with these beautiful and appropriate words of the Bishop of London, but it still remains for me to add a few words about Father Louis' personal appearance. He is described as being rather below the medium height, and of slight, almost attenuated frame. He was never of robust build, but his constant mortifications doubtless made great inroads upon his constitution and hastened his death. But though small of body, he had a clear eye, and a quick penetrating glance which, it is said, seemed almost to read one's thoughts. His complexion was dark, and he wore his beard long, after the manner of the Capuchin. He was always conspicuously neat and tidy. I have said nothing about the miracles which he is said to have wrought, and which can, I believe, be well authenticated, as it is not my province to deal with such matters. Further it would not be proper to anticipate the judgment of the ecclesiastical authorities, who will, no doubt, take such steps as are necessary to preserve what evidence exists on this point.

Thus lived Father Louis Della Vigna, and thus he died, literally "a stranger in a strange land." Yet not a stranger, because, bearing in mind the words quoted above, as a member of the great Catholic family he was at home amongst his spiritual children of St. Mary's Parish. If he was taken away at the very time when the people of St. Mary's were becoming alive to the possession of the jewel, "set in its rich casing of ascetic brilliants," which Providence had placed in their midst, yet, to quote once more the words of the Bishop of London, "His memory has remained amongst them like a sweet fragrance, 'like the good odour of Christ unto God.'"

H. F. McINTOSH.

Toronto, Feby. 16th, 1888.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Even Easter Sunday can have its trials. Imagine kneeling during a solemn Benediction Service, just behind a small boy, who would sit well back in his pew and whose hair was shining and odorous from a generous application of Castor oil. Such was the fate of your correspondent. And the pretty girl in the pew to my right, with all the bravery of a new spring costume, the draperies of which were adjusted with such care and skill, surely her joy was not unmixed, when at the *Laudate* the fat old woman kneeling beside her took a firm grip of those said draperies, and leaning her whole weight upon them, slowly and painfully raised herself to the perpendicular! That was a wonderful old woman. It was well for her that she was not near any musicians of the *inferno* order. After Mr. Jehu-Prume had been playing for some twenty minutes, with all the fervour of his artist's

soul, and all the skill of his artist's touch, she gently raised her time-worn visage, and whispered to the young lady, whom a cruel fate had placed beside her, "I think that's the fiddle?" And she, beside her, with all the irony of a student of Chopin, softly replied, "I think it is."

The afternoon tea, given by the ladies of the congregation of the Gesu, was a perfect success. The weather was fine, the attendance large, the music exquisite and the tea and coffee, and home-made candies appreciated according to their excellence. This is a new feature in entertainments for raising money for charitable purposes, and it is a most happy departure from the wearisome routine of bazaars and amateur concerts. "From four o'clock until seven," said the cards of admission, and as the hour of four approached flocks of handsomely dressed people might be observed wending their way to Hall and Scott's rooms. Almost every one of the leading Catholic families of the city were represented, with a goodly sprinkling of non-Catholics as well. Charming bevy of little belles revelled in the society of their youthful beaux, who were the generous patrons of the floral bargains, so temptingly offered in the shape of *boutonnieres*, while the elder sisters of these incipient coquettes managed their more serious man-slaughter with consummated skill. Here and there might be seen the sprinkling of youthful scions of French nobility, so common now in the Catholic society of Montreal and Quebec, with their patent leather shoes, and bows expressive of "distinguished consideration." I must confess, however, that there were among the select gathering those whose manners

—"Had not that repose,
Which stamps the case of Vere de Vere."

and those latter were very much disappointed at the style of tea of which they were invited to partake. A tiny cup of Pekoe and a morsel of "Angels' Food," or a mouthful of fragrant coffee beneath a cloud of whipped cream did not satisfy one old dame, who evidently had counted on nothing less than roast goose. However, such as she were few, and nearly everybody looked pleased and was pleased. The "home-made candies" sold as if by magic, and no wonder, for they were most dainty specimens of fancy confectionery, while as to the "home-made cake," it was so light that I think the ladies of the congregation of the Gesu must all use that particular baking powder, lately recommended in the Review. The music furnished by Miss Sym, Mr. Jehu-Prume and Mr. Wiillard, was simply enchanting, and was listened to with rapt attention. In fact, nice as everything else was, it is probably owing to the high class music generously provided by our leading artists, that the afternoon tea was so complete a success.

The weather has been, and is, so desperately cold that the Easter festivities appear to have been chilled in a measure, yet the picture gallery is open, the Academy advertises a most tempting play. Mr. Prume's concert is to come off at the Windsor, the boys of the Jesuit's College are rehearsing a spirited drama, and a fashionable marriage is announced for the near future, of all of which, more anon.

OLD MORTALITY.

GRECIAN FICTION.

V.

The inhabitants of Asia Minor, and especially the sea-faring Phœnicians, or Milesians, had a considerable commercial intercourse with the peninsula of Greece. In another paper, an effort was made to show how those mutual dealings influenced the manners and culture of different nations. Individuals are amenable to almost the same influences as nations. Man is not only social in his natural tendencies, but also directly and peculiarly distinguished from every other created being in the world, by the possession of a mind susceptible of improvement. But Providence has so moulded him that he cannot stand alone. Men join together in societies from a sense of their own individual incompleteness and insufficiency; for one man is the direct complement of another, and all are units, or elements, of the civil body.

Knowledge is progressive and not conservative. We must constantly forget; we must emancipate ourselves from know-