

get the episcopal visit of Bishop Bourget himself, who, in 1840, was anxious to know the number of his flock and ascertain how many of them were suffering for want of missionaries. His Lordship sent several priests beforehand along the Ottawa to prepare the Catholics for his pastoral visit. They came as far as Bytown and were well received beneath Mr. Cannon's hospitable roof. The next day they took their departure; M. Brady, the oldest priest in this diocese of Ottawa, Mgr. Desautels, Mgr. Prince, the venerable Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, crossed to the Gatineau which they ascended as far as Lake St. Mary, whilst at the same time M. Amiot, M. Truteau, the late vicar-general of Montreal, so universally regretted on account of his uncommon talent, virtue and good dispositions, with M. Plamondon, canon of Montreal, sailed up the Ottawa to the Calumet, Ailumette Island, and Fort Conlonge.

With what regret must not the untimely death of the first priest of Temiscamingue have been regarded. M. Charles DeBellefeuille, who sank under the hardships of his calling at the end of his third mission, was born at St. Eustache, (Lower Canada) in 1795, and died in 1838, only forty-eight days after his return to Montreal, consoled in death by the presence of Bishop Lartigue, the founder of the associations for the propagation of the faith, and who was thus suddenly deprived by death of one of his most active and energetic missionaries.

A desire to increase the number of missionaries engaged in the study of the numerous and difficult dialects of the Indian languages, and the hope of bringing relief to the hard worked laborers, induced the bishops of Canada to invite over from France the Order of Oblates to share in the glory of Canadian Missions. The wise administration of Mgr. Guigues, fully confirmed the wisdom of this step. Many truly heroic young men, armed with the cross, bade a lasting adieu to the world and its vain pleasures, in order to lay down their lives in the noble cause of evangelizing the heathen. New posts were opened and the cross triumphed where barbarism and dark ignorance had hitherto prevailed.

What must not have been the happiness of our zealous pastor, a few years ago, when he visited those far distant missions! Notwithstanding his old age and the pressure of his episcopal avocations, like another Paul, he desired to see the wild children of the forest, who had been the constant object of his solicitude; and how the spirit of darkness had been dissipated by the heralds of the cross. The trip was very long and wearisome, especially for a man of his Lordship's age, bark canoes being the only mode of conveyance for a considerable part of the journey.

A few extracts from the letter of a missionary, after a visit to Fort Albany, situated at the mouth of Moose River which falls into Hudson Bay, confirms the devotedness and attachment of those servants of God to the glorious work for which they had made such immense sacrifices. \* \* \* \* "The fort of Moose Factory, built on a beautiful little island three miles from the sea, and about forty below the confluence of the Abittibi and the Moose, is merely remarkable for its geographical position; the number of families who yearly came there engaged in the fur