



THE  
**CATHOLIC VISITOR**

under the protection of the  
**SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS AND MARY**

WITH A SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE

**GOOD ST. ANN**

MOTHER OF THE EVER BLESSED QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

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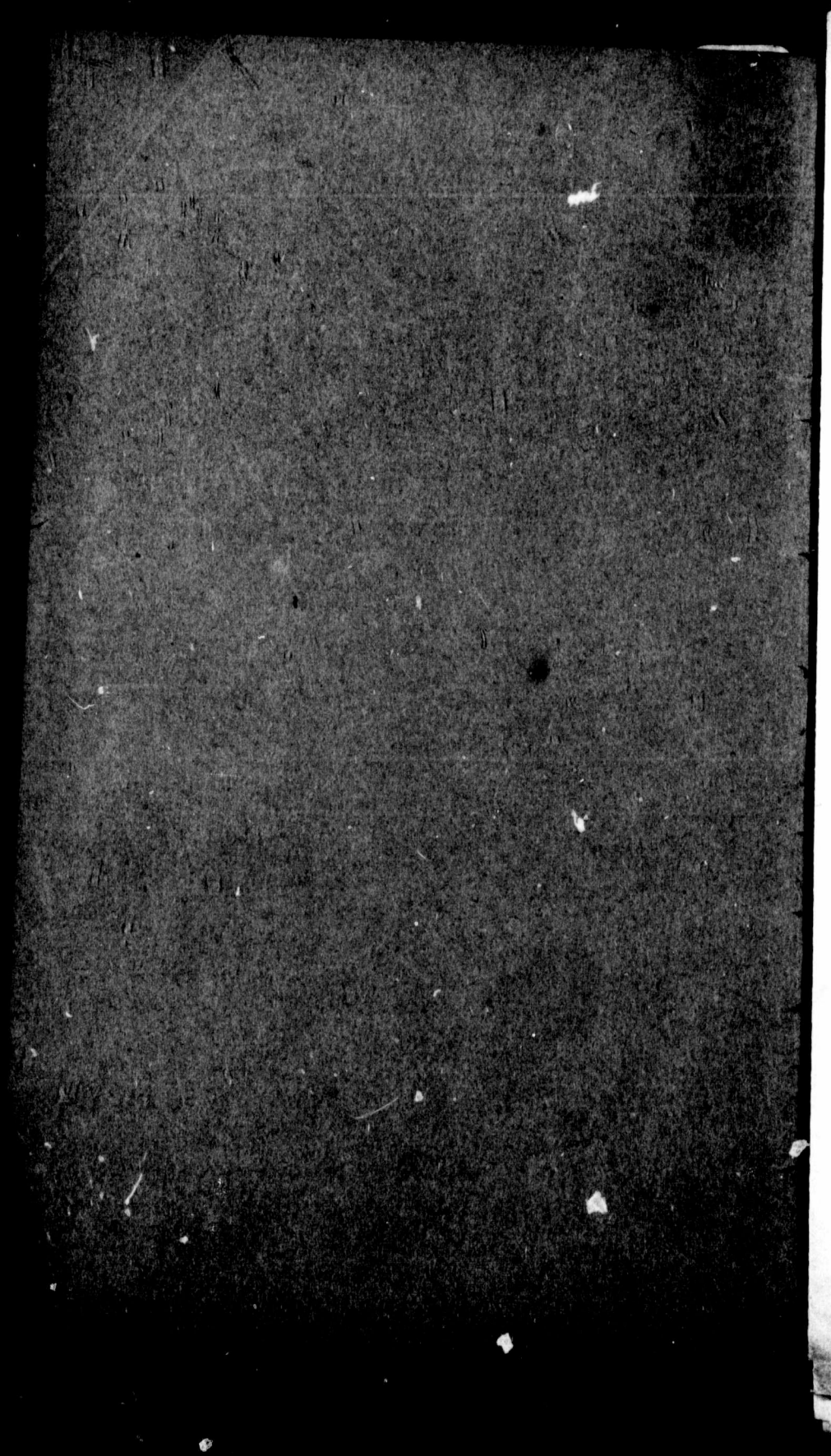
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Mass—Price of Subscription.

NOTICE.

1st. Those of our subscribers, who are about to change lodgings in May next, will please inform thereof the distributors of the *Catholic Visitor*, in order that they may more easily be found out again in their new homes.

2nd. Those, who may sometimes be forgotten in the distribution of the paper, will be so kind as to apply to the distributor of their respective district in the City, and to no other.

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## TRUE HAPPINESS.

A LESSON FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.

What are the so called joys of earth ?  
 A few brief hours of transient mirth  
 That quickly pass, they soon are o'er  
 And then return to us no more.  
 They, like the fleeting summer wind,  
 Can leave no trace upon the mind.  
 Like earthly flowers that please the eye,  
 To-day they bloom, to-morrow die.  
 Or like the hues of rainbow gay,  
 Appear a while and fade away.  
 Thus Nature's voice, where'er we go,  
 Cries joys are transient here below.  
 The only one who claims our love  
 Is God who reigns in Heaven above.  
 This truth is heard in ev'ry breeze  
 That sighs among the forest trees.  
 These words are echoed in the wail  
 Of tempest winds and angry gale.  
 The ocean billows, loud and strong,  
 In music wild repeat the song.  
 The winds, the waves, the thunder's roar  
 Exclaim love God and Him adore !  
 The noblest tree, the frailest flower,  
 Proclaim alike God's wonderful power.  
 Seek God alone, we hear them say,  
 For earthly joys soon pass away.  
 Love Him who made us, seek not here  
 The phantom joys that disappear.  
 Remember how they quickly fly,  
 For they, like us, are soon to die.  
 Thus Nature's book, where'er we turn,  
 Is opened wide that we may learn  
 This lesson, taught by heavenly art,  
 'Tis GOD ALONE CAN FILL THE HEART.  
 All other things that real seem,  
 Are but a vain, delusive dream.

M. S. BURKE, O. SS. R.

LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP  
OF QUEBEC.

Archbishopric of Quebec, }  
February 25th, 1876. }

Sir,—I see, in the public prints, that there is question in the Canadian Parliament of establishing a Court or Courts of divorce.

I believe that I should fail in an imperative duty, did I omit to recall to the Catholics of my diocese the teaching of the Catholic Church on this matter, which interests in the highest degree the faith, the morals, and the happiness of individuals, of families and of the whole of society. All this is admirably summed up in the XII decree of our fourth Provincial Council of Quebec, held in 1868, at which assisted also the Bishops of the Provinces of Toronto and Saint Boniface, then forming part of the Province of Quebec. This decree lays down the fundamental principles of the Catholic dogma on the indissolubility of marriage, expressly condemns the establishment of Divorce Courts, exposes in a few words the fatal consequences of divorce, clearly shows the duties of legislators on this occasion, and those of all persons who may be called upon to co-operate in these lawsuits, rejected by faith and morals, it concludes by reminding persons divorced, that a second marriage, both parties living, would be but a criminal adultery. Let us now hear this Catholic teaching :

## DECREE XII.

(Translation.)

" The first father of the human race declared  
 " the bond of marriage to be perpetual and  
 " indissoluble, when, by divine inspiration, he  
 " said : *This now is bone of my bones, and flesh*  
 " *of my flesh ; wherefore a man shall leave father*  
 " *and mother, and shall cleave to his wife : and*  
 " *they shall be two in one flesh.* (Genesis n. 23.)  
 " (Council of Trent, Session XXIV.) " Therefore,  
 " we should have an absolute horror of this  
 " doctrine of divorce properly so called, that is  
 " of the divorce which dissolves the marriage  
 " tie, a doctrine by virtue of which men pre-  
 " sumptuously want to put asunder what God  
 " hath joined together. In effect, this doctrine,  
 " condemned by the Church, entirely disregards  
 " (says Pius IX,) the dignity, the sanctity and  
 " the mystery of the sacrament of marriage ;  
 " ignores and destroys the institution and the  
 " nature thereof ; despises the power of the  
 " Church over this sacrament ; favors errors,  
 " already condemned as heresies ; openly contra-  
 " dicts the doctrine of the Catholic Church by  
 " regarding marriage as a mere civil contract ;  
 " by permitting divorce properly so called ; and  
 " by bringing all matrimonial cases before civil  
 " tribunals to be judged : No Catholic either is,  
 " or can be, ignorant that marriage is truly and  
 " properly one of the seven sacraments of the  
 " Evangelical Law, instituted by Our Lord  
 " Jesus-Christ, and that, consequently, there  
 " can be no marriage between the faithful,

" without there being a sacrament, and that, by  
 " virtue of the same doctrine, all union, apart  
 " from the sacrament, even that formed by  
 " virtue of a civil law between a man and a  
 " woman belonging to the Christian religion, is  
 " nothing else but a shameful concubinage,  
 " highly criminal, and frequently condemned  
 " by the Church ; hence, it also follows that the  
 " sacrament can never be separated from the  
 " conjugal compact, and that to the Church it  
 " belongs to determine all that, in any way  
 " whatsoever, concerns marriage." (*Allocution*  
 " of Pius IX, 27th September, 1852.)

" Let all then (add the Fathers of the Council)  
 " remember that among the errors condemned  
 " in the Syllabus, following the Encyclical,  
 " *Quant cura*, (8th December, 1864,) the follow-  
 " ing proposition is found : *The bond of marriage*  
 " *is not indissoluble by the natural law, and the*  
 " *civil law may, in certain cases, permit a divorce*  
 " *properly so-called.*"

" The Fathers in this Provincial Council have  
 " therefore learned with much grief, or rather  
 " with horror, that certain legislator of this  
 " country had lately proposed to establish a  
 " *Court of Divorce*, with power to pronounce  
 " divorce on account of adultery. Such a law  
 " (from which God deliver us !) would not only  
 " overthrow an institution of the All-powerful  
 " and All-wise God, and usurp the right of the  
 " Church of Christ, but no one either is, or can  
 " be ignorant how many evils flow from divorce  
 " and render it excessively hurtful to civil  
 " society. In effect the hope of divorce causes

" marriages to be imprudently contracted ; it  
 " tends to encourage discord, and, what is still  
 " more revolting, adultery itself ; the bond of  
 " charity, which reigned in families, is replaced  
 " by an irreconcilable hatred ; fortunes are expo-  
 " sed to ruin ; the whole of society is scanda-  
 " lized. Finally what fate awaits the most  
 " unhappy children of parents who have been  
 " divorced ! "

" We whom God has appointed sentinels in  
 " this part of His Church, we desire that our  
 " diocesans should always bear in mind that no  
 " one can, in safety of conscience, 1st, vote in  
 " favor of such a law ; 2nd., act in a Court of  
 " Divorce as plaintiff, judge, clerk or chancellor,  
 " or concur, in any way whatever, to these acts ;  
 " nevertheless, it is not our intention to con-  
 " demn those who, being forced, should testify  
 " to the fact of adultery. "

" It is scarcely necessary to remind all, that  
 " no one can re-marry, so long as the other  
 " party is alive, from whom the authority, or  
 " rather the usurpation, of a court of divorce,  
 " has separated him. For it is written : "*The  
 " woman that hath a husband whilst her husband  
 " liveth, is bound to the law. But if her husband  
 " be dead, she is loosed from the law of her hus-  
 " band. Therefore, whilst her husband liveth, she  
 " shall be called an adulteress, if she be with  
 " another man.* (Rom. VII, 2.....) The same  
 " must be said of the man on account of the  
 " indivisibility of the contrat ; for if the woman  
 " is called an *adulteress* in this case, we must  
 " conclude that she is still a *wife*, and that the  
 " man is still a husband."



Persuaded, Mr. Editor, that you will kindly give publication to these lines, I beg of you to accept, beforehand, the expression of my gratitude.

† E. A., ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

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### A STRANGE STORY OF A PEAR TREE.

Hugo Bon Compagno was a bright-faced, clear-eyed Italian school-boy. He was the favorite of the neighbors, and was predestined by the monk who taught him Latin to make a great figure in the world. Hugo had formed a friendship with a youth about his own age—the son of a gardener; unlike himself in disposition, quiet and slow and contented. However, the two lads were firm friends, and in the day-dreams of boyhood the youths had but one hope, saw but one fortune for both. Wealth, if they gained any, was to be equally shared by them—honors, if they came, must be participated by either. So dreamt they in the delicious time of youth; so lived they in one of the loveliest spots of Italy—at a village some few miles from Bologna. The world as yet lay before them, an undiscovered country; they saw it, as the great navigator saw, in his dreams, the distant yet unknown land; a halo of glory was about it; it was rich in fruit and flowers, and spicy forest and mines of gold.

At length the time arrived when this romantic dream was broken. Hugo was devoted to

the church ; he quitted his native village, and, grown beyond childish years, and having cast away " all childish things," he became a monk, and in his function pored over that awful volume so blotted with crime, so stained with tears, so confused, so scrawled with error—that mystery of mysteries—the Human Heart. Thus he labored, all his thoughts and feelings attuned to one purpose—the service of God.

" Well, Hugo, said Luigi, with a saddened air, " to-morrow you quit us ; to-morrow you leave the village, and the saints alone know if we shall ever meet again."

" Meet again, Luigi ? and why not ? You will come and see me. I shall sometimes come here. We shall see one another often—very often."

" Yes—see one another ! But you will only be to me as the ghost of a dead friend ! "

" The ghost of a friend ! Can I ever forget Luigi !—my earliest playmate—the brother of my heart, though not of my blood ? Trust me, I shall ever love you."

" Ah ! " said Luigi,— " a monk has neither parents nor friends ! "

" No : he loves, with an equal affection, all mankind ! "

" Ay—and only with all must Luigi take his share. Farewell, Hugo, and may God bless you ; " and Luigi turned away with ill-concealed emotion, and endeavored to proceed with his work. Hugo was likewise sensibly affected by the sincere passion of his friend. And let not the reader too hastily condemn the scene as

weak and puerile—hitherto Luigi, although he had known and conceded to the superiority of Hugo, yet felt proud of the excellence that had cast its favor upon himself. He now saw in it the cause of separation ; he now felt that he was the humble Luigi, the gardener, destined to eat from his daily toil, and that Hugo, his earliest and choicest friend, was to be severed from him to pursue a path ever diverging from his own. Luigi continued at his work.

“ What are you going to plant there, Luigi ? ” asked Hugo.

“ A pear tree—and it is said to be of a rare kind.”

“ Stay ; let me help you,” rejoined Hugo ; and approaching Luigi, he assisted him in planting the young shrub, for it was little more. Whilst thus employed, they uttered not a word—each drew a sombre picture of the future. When the young tree stood supported by the earth, Hugo was again about to say farewell to Luigi, who looked at him with a look of mingled sorrow and distrust.

“ Luigi ! ” exclaimed Hugo, with sudden animation, “ let this tree be as a covenant between us. As it stands, it is no unapt type of your friend. The rich earth is about its roots, and the ‘ dew will lie upon its branches ; ’ with the blessings of the saints, it may put forth swelling buds and leaves, and rich and odorous fruit—and men may pluck refreshing sweetness from its boughs, and rejoice beneath their shade. And, Luigi, it may be that it may pine and shrink, and never put forth one green leaf—or

blight may eat its buds, and canker gnaw its heart, and so, cut down, it may be cast upon the fire, and so may perish. Thus stands your friend; I shall be planted in the church, Luigi, in that soil, rich with the flesh and blood of saints and martyrs. But, however it may be, Luigi, the hearts of our youth shall, in their friendship, be the hearts of our old age. And though we shall meet, yes, often meet, yet here I promise, that even though, parting here as youths, we never meet but as gray-headed men—I give my solemn word that you shall be to me the same Luigi, I the same Hugo."

Luigi grasped the hand of the speaker—"Heaven prosper you, Hugo—and forget not your friends. Remember, remember the pear-tree."

Hugo quitted his paternal home; years passed on, and whilst Luigi, a happy and contented man, tilled his ground, and propped his vines, and saw his ruddy offspring flourishing around him—whilst Hugo was living the peaceful life of a devoted priest, and wondering at the great honors which had come unexpectedly upon him.

And Luigi lived on, and became an old man. His children's children frolicked under the shadow of the pear tree, which shot up and spread out, as though some spirit were specially charged to tend it.

"Ha!" cried Luigi, "'tis a rare crop;" as two of his grand children, perched in the boughs, plucked the fruit, and threw it into the laps of their little sisters, who piled it in two large baskets—" 'tis a rare crop," repeated Luigi,

“ and if Hugo bear but half as much, there are few richer than he in Holy Church.

So Luigi lived into his old age, and had nothing to disquiet him, no losses, no family afflictions; the dove, Peace, had always nestled in his cot—and it was not till the old man was bending downwards to the grave, that misfortune threatened his hearth-stone.

A man of high birth and immense wealth had built a magnificent palazzo in the neighborhood of Luigi's cottage. This man was connected by marriage with the family of Hugo. He was purse-proud and despotic, making of his gold a sword against the poor. One day it was his arrogant whim that the cottage of the gardener interfered with the beauty of the prospect from the palazzo. It was almost instantly conveyed to Luigi, that he must seek another abode, as the land on which the house was built, together with the gardens, belonging to his potent neighbor, was to be devoted to other purposes. The intelligence fell with a heavy blow upon the old man. To leave the cottage—the roof under which he himself, his father, were born—to quit his gardens, his trees, things which, next to his own children, he loved with a yearning affection—the very thought appeared to him a kind of death. He refused to quit—he remonstrated—he implored—it was of no avail—the cottage interfered with the prospect.

One evening the old man, half bewildered, had returned from a fruitless journey to the palazzo. He sat down in his garden, and looked

with swimming eyes upon his mirthful grand children (heedless pretty ones, whose very happiness gives a deeper melancholy to a house of sorrow); shocked and wounded by the tyranny of his landlord, he glanced at Hugo's Pear Tree (for so he always called it). The old man leaped from his seat; his resolution was taken; he would go to Rome—he would, as a last hope, go to his old schoolmate Hugo, and beg his advice and protection. All things were soon ordered for his journey, and he quitted the cottage, bearing with him a small basket filled with the finest pears plucked from Hugo's tree. Luigi arrived in Rome; and now with a sinking heart, now with a confidence based on honest pride, he sought the presence of the Holy Father. Appearing before the servants of his Holiness, Luigi asked for an audience with Messer Hugo Bon Compagno. When reminded of this unbecoming familiarity, Luigi replied that he knew not Pope Gregory XIII., but was a dear friend of Hugo's, and therefore demanded to see his companion, not caring, he said, to trouble the pope.

To this Luigi obstinately adhered, continually urging, with great earnestness, that he should be admitted to the presence of his early comrade. There was a simplicity in the old man's manner that won upon the official of the Vatican, and the strange demand of Luigi being reported to his Holiness, he was with great ceremony ushered before the sovereign Pontiff—before the man who was courted by emperors, flattered by kings. All retired and the rustic and God's vicar upon earth were confronted.

How changed since the friends had last met ! Then they were, at least in fortune, almost equal. Now one was bent beneath the load of empire—the triple crown upon his head—St. Peter's keys within his hand. What has the poor gardener to show against all these?—A basket of pears !

“ Now, my son,” said Pope Gregory, “ you sought Hugo Bon Compagno—you find him in Gregory the Thirteenth. What ask you at his hands ? ”

“ Justice, most holy Father—justice, and no favor.”

“ Speak.”

“ I made with another, in my time of youth, a mutual compact of kindness and protection—we vowed that which ever should prosper in his fortune, should serve and assist the other.”

“ It was a Christian promise. Well ! Stand you in need of succor ? ”

“ Most grievously—oppression has come upon me in my old age.”

“ And your friend forsakes you in your need ? Have you witnesses to the compact of which you speak ? ”

“ Yes—this basket of pears ! ”

“ Pears ! ” cried the Pontiff, and light darted from his eyes as he fixed them earnestly on Luigi

“ We planted the tree on which they grew. Let this tree be a covenant between us, were the words of my companion. He and the tree have flourished : for forty years that tree has never failed ; for every year it hath brought

forth a crop of luscious fruit—and I have sat beneath that tree and wondered how it could be so bountiful to me, when he who helped to plant it, he who was bending beneath his honors and his wealth, had forgotten to send me even a single pear.”

“Luigi—Luigi,” exclaimed the Pontiff; and with a face lighted with affection he threw his arms about the rustic! *Their gray heads lay on each other's shoulders.* Thus they continued for some moments, and then Luigi, stooping to the basket, presented a pear to the Pope; he took it, and looking at it, burst into tears.

Luigi kept his cottage.



#### DOMINICAN SISTERS AMONG THE LEPERS.

In the issue of January 15th of *Les Missions Catholiques*, we find the following letter from a Dominican at Trinidad, Port of Spain, which we translate for the *Freeman's Journal*:

In the *Missions Catholiques*, of October 9th, 1874, you announce the departure of three Dominican Sisters for the Lazaretto of Cocorite, (Trinidad.) Since you have been so kind as to interest your readers in this noble mission to lepers, you will, I have no doubt, give publicity to the contents of a letter I received a few days ago from one of the Sisters who left here on the 7th of October.

From the habitation which they now occupy, an illustration of which you published in your



issue of August 21st, they have taken a room about three by six metres in dimensions. One half of this chamber is occupied as follows : the centre, by the altar ; the piece of furniture used as a vestment case, and where the priest vests, is on the right, and the Sisters are huddled together on the left. The other half is used by the patients, and as the Protestant minister is allowed to preach to his few co-religionists in the hospital, the Sisters have been obliged to make a paper partition to separate the Sanctuary from the part of the chamber reserved for the patients.

In the corner in which they are thus huddled together, to hear the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and say their prayers, the poor Sisters are almost smothered, in this burning heat of the tropics:—and besides, they have been obliged to make some repairs to avoid being drenched by the rain during the wet season. The patients, on the other hand, cannot all be accommodated in the part of this room which has been converted into a chapel for their use, consequently many of them stand at the door.

Nevertheless, the Sisters, even in such a life of poverty, sacrifices and privations, do not fail to find moments of real happiness. You will be able to judge for yourself by extracts from the following letter. The Sister who writes it was a widow when she entered the Order of St. Dominic. Her age did not prevent her from earnestly imploring the favor of exiling herself from her native land, so as to be able to devote her whole life to the service of lepers, who now

number 115, in the hospital attended by the Dominican Sisters.

"It is to you, Father, that I am indebted in a great measure," says Sister X—, "for having been able to arrive at my dear Cocorite, which I so anxiously desired to see. I feel so happy in attending to these poor lepers, that I would not exchange my ward of twenty patients with their (I acknowledge it) loathsome disease, and their more or less savage looking faces, for the richest kingdom in the world.

"Besides, my ward is a little world that would delight the eye of an artist, because I have nearly all races represented, Chinese, Creoles, Hindoos, Coolies, Negroes, Africans, Portuguese, Americans, Englishmen, all more or less disfigured by nature or by disease there are some without hands or feet, others have only half these members; some have their mouths distorted, and others their eyes. I have two half insane patients, and one totally insane; of two who are almost in their infancy, one cries continually, and the other sings all the time. There are also two musicians who entertain us with grand concerts on not very expensive instruments; one has a viol, and the other his cup and plate. As you see we can please all tastes.

"Nearly all of them, young or old, call me their little mother, a title I am very proud of, and which I try to deserve, because I want to be to them, as near as possible, a real mother."

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### OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

The Woodstock (Ontario, Canada,) *Sentinel*, of January 22, publishes the following communication:

The miraculous cures by the "Water of Lourdes," of the persons mentioned in the *Sentinel* last November, still remain perfect.

To-day two more must be added to the list. The first is in the case of an innocent little child, Mary McGuinn, of this place, that was cured instantly of tooth-ache. This took place last Christmas. Since that up to this nineteenth day of January the tooth-ache has not returned, although the tooth is greatly decayed. The second is in the case of a young boy, Malcolm McInnes, also of this place. For six months he had two lumps or glandular swellings in his throat and medicines were of no avail to him. The lumps nearly choked him on many occasions, and he feared that he would not live. He used to be obliged to get out of bed at night to take breath. Having heard of the "Water of Lourdes" he asked for and obtained a small phial of the precious water; this was on the eighth of last December, the Feast of the "Immaculate Conception" of the blessed Virgin Mary. On that day he went to confession and began a Novena in honor of "Our Lady of Lourdes." During the Novena he used the precious water and at its close the lumps were gone entirely and he was perfectly cured. The cure is still perfect.

M. A. E.

Woodstock, Jan. 19th, 1875.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

## PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for their is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kindhearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, where, with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a woodcutter by trade, and spent the whole day at work in the woods. He was come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

### BLESSINGS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

A letter from Corinthia has the following :—The small pox was exercising its ravages in our country ; suddenly, one of our pupils took it, and a servant likewise. The physician declared that a great part of the establishment would have the same lot. In this extremity, we had recourse to the Heart of Jesus through the intercession of the Heart of Mary and of St. Joseph ; we placed upon all the doors of the house the small picture of the Sacred Heart with the inscription : “ *Stop ! the Heart of Jesus is with us.* ” We began a Novena, with the promise of a solemn Mass of thanksgiving, and the publication of this favour, if we were preserved from the plague, that threatened us. A thousand thanks to the divine Heart ! Our prayer was heard ; no one was attacked by the disease, and the two, actually sick with it, were in a short time restored to perfect health.

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### THE DESERT AGAIN AND WHAT IS TO BE MET WITH THERE.

In one of our last numbers we told our readers that the desert consists of a continuation of extensive sandy plains and of mountains, frequently lofty ones, and destitute of any kind of vegetation as are the level lands at their base. We also pointed out that water was only to be met with at great intervals. This last remark naturally

recalls to our mind the singular optical illusion of which travellers through the deserts, and even the camels, which bear them, are frequently the victims. We allude to the *mirage*, an exceedingly curious phenomenon, of which we were an eye-witness more than once, whilst wending our way quietly, beneath a burning sun, through the vast solitudes stretching around us in every direction, and sometimes just when the water still left in our leathern bags, having lost all its freshness, was little adapted for quenching our thirst.

Just, as perhaps we had been recalling to mind the limpid streams we had long left, far behind us, in the more temperate clime of our picturesque American or Canadian homes, we would perceive extending before us a large sheet of water, whose azure-blue-tint would be really heavenly! No illusion could be more complete. Before our very eyes there would lay an immense lake of pure and sparkling water.

On its borders we could descry well-defined camels and men hastening to quench their thirst, and also we could distinguish trees and magnificent landscapes, etc. Even camels, whose interior reservoirs were probably more or less exhausted of their contents, seemed to be also the victims of this illusion, which had already deceived them hundreds of times, and would probably do so again frequently.

Instinctively the poor animals would quicken their pace, only, after their forced march, like ourselves, to find nothing but the same barren sands, as they had left behind them. The

beautiful blue lake with its limpid and cool waters would have faded away.

Our readers may form some idea of the completeness of the illusion by remarking that even the camels themselves are being constantly deceived by this phenomenon, although they are so frequently witnesses of it. This apparent water is nothing but slight vapors which arise in the air and to which the rays of the sun impart the colour and transparency of water. They assume every variety of shape, indeed: for, as we have said above, the traveller believes he is gazing on men, camels and ships, trees; and all these so clearly defined, that it is hard for him to realize that the whole scene is but deception and illusion.

The phenomenon, called the *mirage*, is only to be seen when the air is pure and calm, and nothing interposes between the sun's rays and the vapors, which appear to rise from the ground.

Sometimes however the aspect of the plains and countries all around is very different from what we have just described, that is to say when the sand is ploughed up by furious winds. Sad is it for travellers to be overtaken by such a storm in the midst of a vast plain, where there is nothing to shelter them in any way. Lighting a fire is impossible, and it is equally impossible to pitch tents solidly enough for the wind not to carry them away altogether. Thank God, we were not over taken by such a storm, whilst we were crossing the desert, excepting on one occasion; but Divine Providence watching over

us, permitted this to occur in the neighborhood of Mount Sinai, where it was easy for us to find the shelter, of which we stood in need. At the foot of that celebrated mountain, just on the very spot where Moses beheld the miraculous burning bush, there is a large convent, where dwelt a good many Greek Monks, belonging to the Oriental schism.

These monks receive politely the small number of travellers, who, as they express it, come to them from "Civilization" and they gave us a very kind welcome. They have a suite of rooms, destined to receive those who, like ourselves, demand hospitality.

The convent is entirely surrounded by a high wall. The manner of entering within it is most singular. At some distance from the ground, an opening has been made in a part of the wall forming a sort of dormer window. From this window a basket is let down by means of cords and pulleys, and it is in this basket that such travellers, as wish to enter the convent, make thier glorious ascension one after another!

At the base of the wall, however, there is an ordinary but very solid door, opening into an obscure narrow passage, through which one must grope one's way for some time before again beholding the light of day, but this door, strongly barricaded, is only opened on very solemn occasions, and then only for personages, whose exceptional position seems to exact a departure from the ordinary laws of this most singular convent.



Now, we had the good luck to be of the number of the fortunate travellers, to whom it is allowed to penetrate into the interior of this famous convent, without being forced to enter it by the dormer window, thus running the chance of a more or less disagreeable fall, and this is why : a great lady was travelling in our caravan, the Marquise of Rochedragon, daughter of the famous general MacDonald, one of Napoleon the First's most distinguished marshals. This lady, accompanied by her *bonne*, a very respectable person, who, many years previously, had watched over the marquise's infancy and childhood and from whom she would not be separated, had not feared to undertake crossing the desert in company with her cousin, Count Montholom. We cannot confidently affirm if the titles alone of these personages would have sufficed to spare us the ignominy of making our ascent in that wonderful basket, but, fortunately for us, as an evil disposed person might say, the good lady had had the kindness to meet with a severe fall from her camel.

On one occasion, after mounting her dromedary, she was, as usual, opening her parasol, to shade herself from the rays of the sun, when the animal she was on suddenly took fright, and violently threw her from the seat she had just taken. Unfortunately, instead of at once falling on the ground, her foot became entangled in one of the stirrups, so that the dromedary, in his precipitate flight, dragged the poor lady for a time in the disagreeable position, in which she then found herself. Fortunately her head did not strike

against any stones, or her death would have been the result of this unlucky fall. The camel was at length stopped and the lady's foot was extricated from the stirrup. She escaped with her life then, but at the price of several contusions, sufficiently severe to prevent her walking alone during the rest of the time, which elapsed before our arriving at Jerusalem.

On account of this accident then, both leaves of the mysterious convent-gate were opened to us all, and we were thus enabled to make a most triumphant entry into the interior of the famous Convent of Mount Sinai, a thing of which such scarce travellers as cross these arid plains may boast on their return home!

But, why these high walls, these mysterious gates, which seem to open only to misfortune? It must be recalled to mind that in the neighborhood of this convent dwell certain Bedouin-Arabs, a famished race were who, whenever so little pressed by hunger, would only be too glad, there no barrier, to lay hands on the cabbages and other vegetables which grow peacefully in these good monks' gardens, and to which these said monks attach as high a value as if each filament were of the most precious gold! Only think of verdure, of a garden, of trees with green leaves, in the heart of this boundless waste of dry sand! It is easy to understand how high a value is placed, in such regions, on everything in the shape of vegetation, its freshness and gay colours! In virtue of the above mentioned events, we installed ourselves in the convent, after having penetrated into its interior in a

dignified and honorable manner! It is said however that one misfortune, always brings on another or, as others express it, misfortune never comes single! But, as we perceive that this article has already reached somewhat considerable proportions, we hope our readers will patiently wait for the continuation of it until the next number.

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### THE VENERABLE MOTHER MARY OF THE INCARNATION.

At the request of the good and kind Mr. George Lemoine, Chaplain of the Ursuline Convent of Quebec, we take pleasure in publishing the following abridged translation of an article of his on the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, foundress and first Superioress of the above Convent.

*Evidence establishing the reputation of Sanctity  
which she has enjoyed since two centuries.*

1st. In the Relation of the Missions of New France for 1672, the Rev. Father Claude Dablon, Rector of the college of Quebec and Superior of the Missions, speaking of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, deceased on the 30th day of April of the same year, says, "that she was the work of the Holy Ghost, who delighted in this soul, and who was pleased to enrich it with the choicest gifts of His grace.....that she

was of a prudence and wisdom, which were far above nature. Her life would require a whole volume, and a mind more enlightened than mine in the knowledge of her ways, in order properly to bring out both their character and idea."

2nd. In her Life by her own son, page 752, the Rev. Father Jérôme Lalemant, director of the Servant of God, formerly superior of the Missions of New France, says: "The memory of the Mother Mary of the Incarnation will ever be held sacred in these regions, and as to myself, I have the greatest confidence in her prayers, and I hope she will better help me to die than I have been able to do for her..... I have always been careful to be satisfied in remaining the witness of the workings of the Holy Ghost in her, without intermeddling with any thing therein, for fear of spoiling every thing."

3rd. The "Letters of the Mother Mary of the Incarnation," vol. in-quarto of 780 pages, published by her son, in 1680, and of which three editions were published in the short space of 15 years, were approved of by F. Camus, whom Bossuet calls "one of the most celebrated doctors." This distinguished divine says: "The Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation has acquired for herself that privilege of immortality, which is the lot of the predestined, not only by her extraordinary piety and her communications with God, which will never cease to be a great model and a cause of singular edification for her whole order, but also by her most evangelical and Christian maxims."

4th. In the work "Instructions..... S. H. of Jesus," published at Paris, in 1765 by an anonymous writer, it is said, page 26, that "the Ven. Mother Mary of the Incarnation..., had, an extraordinary devotion to the Heart of Jesus Christ, at a time, when this devotion was yet unknown ; she seems not to have learned any thing about it from men ; it is from God himself she learned it in a heavenly revelation."

After having quoted several other distinguished personages, all of them speaking in the same terms of admiration for the virtues of the great foundress of the Ursuline-Convent of Quebec, the Rev. M. G. Lemoine adds :


I bring these quotations to an end here, though there are many other works, published in France, that are full of the praises of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Readers are aware that a large number of writers also in Canada have spoken of this great Servant of God with respect and veneration.

I will tell you, Mr. Editor, that I have experienced a great pleasure in finding in the library of the Rev. Mothers-Ursulines all the old works, which I have quoted, with the exception alone of Moreri and Ladvocat ; truly then we have here that worship of the ancestors, which is of so great a use to posterity.

Now that I have to a certain degree satisfied the pious curiosity of your readers, I will beg as a favor that any person knowing in his locality of any privileges either spiritual or temporal, of any cure obtained recently or since a few years, through novenas or prayers in honor

of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, or through the application of the water drawn at her grave, would be so kind as to inform me thereof, by word of mouth or by letters addressed to the Ursulines of Quebec, before the 15th of the present month of April. I have already collected the details of a great number of graces thus obtained, and the Commission for the Beatification, appointed by His Grace the Archbishop, would willingly register all the favors, which they would come to the knowledge of, in the last work they are actually busied with, in order to bring the cause before the court of Rome with better hopes of success.

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 *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up, on the first Friday of each month, for all those of our subscribers and their families, who shall have duly paid up to us the price of their subscription.*

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