



Quebec Diocesan Gazette

DIOCÈSE ANGLICAN DE QUÉBEC • ᐃᑦᑦᑦ ᑲᑭᑦᑲᑦ ᐃᑦᑦᑦ ᐃᑦᑦᑦ ᐃᑦᑦᑦ • ANGLICAN DIOCESE OF QUEBEC

DE L'ÉVÊQUE

Lettre pastorale de Pâques

Québec, Pâques 2020

Mes bien-aimés dans le Christ,

Jamais auparavant, n'avons-nous connu une fête de Pâques comme celle-ci.

La plupart d'entre nous ne se retrouveront pas autour d'une table pour partager un festin de Pâques avec les membres de nos familles et nos amis parce que la plupart d'entre nous sommes confinés chez nous, d'autres sont atteints de la COVID-19. Les lys de Pâques ne trouveront pas d'acheteurs et les chasses aux œufs de Pâques n'auront pas lieu. Nous ne nous rassemblerons pas dans nos églises pour célébrer la résurrection de Jésus-Christ. De bien des manières, Pâques, cette année, ressemblera plutôt à une prolongation non invitée et non bienvenue de la période du Carême.

Nous vivons présentement un moment déterminant de l'histoire de l'humanité. Cette pandémie met à l'épreuve nos préconceptions individuelles et collectives, notre détermination et nos capacités. Pour certains d'entre nous, c'est peut-être aussi un test de notre foi.

La foi des disciples de Jésus a elle aussi été mise à l'épreuve lorsqu'ils ont été témoins de la mort cruelle et injuste de leur ami, qui, à la fin, est mort seul. Jésus n'a pas blâmé ses amis pour leur très humain manque de foi, mais a plutôt réussi à le restaurer par sa victoire de la vie sur la mort.

La résurrection de Jésus Christ est le moment déterminant de l'histoire de l'humanité. Par la résurrection, Dieu, à travers le Christ, proclame que la mort n'est pas la fin de notre histoire et que toutes choses seront rachetées. Notre espérance pascale est que bien que nous devions voyager ensemble à travers ces ravins de la mort, Dieu est à nos côtés et est même présentement en train de racheter cette calamité pour ses fins divines dans le monde que Dieu aime.

Il peut être difficile de percevoir des signes de rédemption alors que nous vivons à travers un tel fléau. Les disciples de Jésus ont, eux aussi, eu de la difficulté à reconnaître Jésus ressuscité après la catastrophe de sa mise à mort. Mais l'amour rédempteur de Dieu est toujours là, même si les circonstances font qu'il est difficile pour nous de le discerner.

C'est pourquoi, à travers les mots d'un hymne ancien souvent chanté ou déclamé pendant les funérailles chrétiennes, « mais des profondeurs de la tombe monte notre chant : Alléluia, Alléluia, Alléluia. » C'est pourquoi, pendant une Pâques qui ressemble plus à un Carême, nous proclamons encore avec confiance « Alléluia! Le Christ est ressuscité! » Et c'est pourquoi, alors que nous vivons dans l'anxiété et l'incertitude pendant cette pandémie, nous répondons avec une espérance confiante et assurée: « Le Seigneur est vraiment ressuscité! Alléluia! »



Art: Pixabay

Beloved in Christ,

This is an Easter like none other we have ever experienced.

Most of us won't be gathering around tables for traditional Easter feasts with family and friends because most of us are in isolation, some because we are ill with COVID-19. Easter lilies will go unpurchased and Easter eggs unhunted. None of us will be gathering in our churches to celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ. In many ways, Easter this year will simply feel like an uninvited and unwelcome extension of Lent.

We are living through a defining moment in human history. This pandemic is testing our individual and collective assumptions, resolve, and capacities. For some of us, it may also be testing our faith.

The faith of Jesus' disciples was tested as they witnessed the painful and unjust death of their friend, who in the end died in isolation. Jesus didn't admonish his friends' very human lack of faith, but restored it with his victory of life over death.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the defining moment in human history. Through the resurrection, God in Christ declares that death is not the end of our story and that all things will be redeemed. Our Easter hope is that even as we journey together through this valley of the shadow of death, God travels with us, and is even now helping redeem this calamity for God's good purposes in the world God loves.

Seeing signs of redemption when we're in the midst of disaster can be difficult. The disciples had trouble recognizing the resurrected Jesus after the disaster that was his execution. But God's redeeming love is still at work, even if our troubled circumstances make it difficult for us to see.

This is why, in the words of an ancient hymn often sung or said at Christian funerals, "even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia." This is why, even in the midst of an Eastertide that still outwardly feels like Lent, we still proclaim with confidence: "Alleluia! Christ is risen!" This is why, even in the midst of the fear and uncertainty of this pandemic, we reply with sure and certain hope: "The Lord is risen indeed! Alleluia!"

+ Bruce

Bruce Myers OGS

COVID-19

Les fidèles du diocèse de Québec continueront de se rencontrer sur Facebook Live et par conférence téléphonique jusqu'à ce que la pandémie de COVID-19 se résorbe et que les autorités civiles aient déterminé que les rassemblements sont à nouveau sécuritaires et permis. Joignez-vous à nous chaque dimanche à 10h30 HAE au cours des semaines à venir alors que nous cultivons notre foi, que nous poursuivons notre quête de Dieu et que nous nous soutenons mutuellement en ces temps difficiles.

Pour participer par Facebook Live (pas besoin d'avoir un compte Facebook), rendez-vous au <https://bit.ly/2JQ5vyG>

Pour participer par téléphone, composez le 647-736-0099. Le NIP (PIN code) que l'on vous demandera d'entrer est le 343 395 677#. Il est probable que vous ayez à défrayer des frais d'appel interurbains.

The Diocese of Quebec will continue to gather on Facebook Live and through telephone conferencing until the COVID-19 pandemic has eased and health authorities report that it is safe to gather. Join us every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. ET in the weeks ahead as we build our faith, seek God, and comfort one another in these trying times.

To join by Facebook Live (no Facebook account needed), visit <https://bit.ly/2JQ5vyG>

To join by phone, call 647-736-0099. The PIN code (it will ask you) is 343 395 677#. Long-distance charges may apply.

SPIRITUAL REFLECTION



Hospital of Santa Maria della Scala, Siena: physicians and surgeons treating the sick. After Domenico di Bartolo, 1441.

Art: Wellcome Collection

Thank you for my dog

By Louisa Blair
Columnist

I always thought I was quite a brave person. Now I know I'm not. Because of terror, I can't concentrate on my work. I'm not as greedy as usual, a sure sign something is amiss. Instead of feeding my face, I feed my terror by checking the latest horrors in the papers or on Facebook or Twitter every few minutes. I'm trying to go on a diet.

My prayer life, however, thanks to craven fear, has suddenly taken a massive leap forward. My praying goes like this: Save me, save my mum, save my family, save my friends [*frantically try to name them all, and worry that I'm forgetting someone important and so God will too*], save the migrant workers in India. Put your strength into the middle of me, instead of fear.

If I stay at it long enough, it sometimes unaccountably turns into gratitude. Then it goes like this: Thank you for my dog whom I can hug. Thank you for my family whom I can talk to, thank you for the internet [*first time I ever prayed that*]. Thank you that we have enough to eat today. Thank you for Bach. Thank you for You. Thank you for all the good things that will come out of this that we don't even know about yet.

Wait a minute, that last bit sounds suspiciously like trust, something that I don't have, so who on earth is *doing* that praying?

My Bible reading has taken a Great Leap Forward, too. Perhaps there will be consolation here, I think to myself, in the wisdom of our ancestors in the faith. And there is. The Bible suddenly seems to be written by people who all felt like me, terrified, threatened by a strong and merciless enemy, facing sickness or defeat or death, begging God for help. God is still saying what God has always said, but my defences are down. I can hear it.

A friend of mine who has the grim responsibility of running a residence for old people says we are being given a Sabbath time to stop and re-evaluate. "When it is over, will it be business as usual?" he asks. "If so, then there will only have been resuscitation, and people will die again. We must not just pray for resuscitation (an end to the virus), but for resurrection." Already we are learning from each other what resurrection could look like.

If we were wondering what happened to the Holy Spirit in this godless society, we have our answer now. The Spirit is alive in the kindness that has sprung up all around. The Spirit is alive in the front-line health workers who are risking their own safety and that of their families for us. The Spirit is in the grocery store worker, the daycare worker, the personal care worker. Perhaps we will learn to value these people, who are keeping us alive, enough to pay them a living wage. The Spirit is in the volunteers who are caring for the lonely and forgotten. Most of the people already doing this

were retired, but they now have to stay at home. The new volunteers are young people who may have never volunteered before. They will never be the same again.

And what happened to sacrifice, in this godless society dedicated to self? We have our answer now: People are learning to keep physical distance, not to protect themselves but to protect others, because they might unknowingly be carrying the virus. In other words, learning about sacrificing their own rights and freedoms to protect others.

And what happened to caring for creation? The earth has been begging us to stop polluting and we didn't. Now, because there's no more non-essential travel, we can smell and breathe fresh air—the first signs of the healing of the planet. And since young people are now sacrificing their freedoms for the old, perhaps us elders will make sacrifices in return, for the sake of the survival of the younger generation.

What about community, in this individualistic society? We have our answer now: In this time of social deprivation, we are learning what a gift it is, to gather with friends, make music together, go to a restaurant or a playground. And what a gift it has been to be able to gather for worship. To go to church, to meet our fellow believers, to hear the Word together, to take Holy Communion. I've done it all my life, and taken it for granted. How hungry we are now. How we will give thanks when we can be together again. ■

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Matthew Townsend, Editor
Guylaine Caron, Translator

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and matters of concern for both laity and clergy. It shall provide an opportunity for the bishop to address the people of the diocese directly and seek to cover items from outside the diocese that bear on its corporate life. The Gazette shall provide a channel for information and a forum for discussion, shall be encouraged to express a wide range of opinion within the diocese, and shall enjoy editorial independence. (Canon 22 of the Synod of the Diocese of Quebec)

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DISPATCH FROM FRANCE

Reflections on confinement: Witnesses on forest walks

By the Rev. Cynthia Patterson

The Parish of Gaspé, Holy Trinity (Grosse Isle) and All Saints Memorial (Entry Island)

CONFINEMENT. The term used traditionally for the time before and during childbirth when women withdrew from society.

As I write, in France we enter our 19th day of “confinement,” the term used here.

It is Palm Sunday. I tried to find a church that would be open for private worship for just two people. But the one near us, and therefore within the range of travel permitted, is inside the grounds and behind the walls and ramparts of Chateau Montréal, a classified historic, semi-public site and therefore closed. We shall celebrate here, outside, with pine branches rather than palms, birdsong as our music, the forest creatures our shy parishioners.

Palm Sunday. A pivotal time, when joy and tragedy, life and death stand side by side, bleeding into one another.

The woods slope to meadows, tell-tale signs of ancient water-courses, then roll up to ridges where Atlantic pines pierce the heavens. I am not confined to an apartment or a house or even the 2-km permitted to walk oneself or one’s dog. I can walk as far as I am able without running into anyone. What a blessing, to be confined with silence, solitude, and the land. All of which nurture me.

As I walk, I am surrounded by clouds of witnesses. They are not noisy. Their presence is soft like summer rain. My family. My parishioners. Friends and colleagues. The clouds of witnesses do not sift through the living and the dead. All are there. And of course, the central presence is Jesus.

How can you be confined when Jesus walks the path with you?

A couple of months ago I received an email announcing that “N... is in the presence of Jesus.” I could not figure out the message. Only after reading it three times did I understand that this was a death notice. I know we will live with Jesus following the demise of our physical selves. But are we not already and always in the presence of Jesus? Even in confinement. Especially in those times and places where the world aches.

Joy and tragedy, bleeding into one another. The woodland paths produce almost daily a fresh species of wildflowers. The fruit trees, wild and cultivated, are luminous with blossoms. One—I call her Angel—reaches wide her arms when I greet her every morning. Life burgeoning, while the numbers of COVID-19 deaths and infections also burgeon. Outside, life. Inside, copies of *Le Monde* left by our neighbour, graphs and charts mapping death, the only growth to be found in the obituary columns.

Another witness has recently joined the walk. His is a heavy presence with which I struggle. Bernard Mandeville, a Dutch-Anglo medical doctor, philosopher, political economist and a writer, mainly of a satirical bent. He lived from 1670 to 1733, managing frequently to offend polite society with his pamphlets and books. He pushed himself beyond the pale with his publication of *The Fable of the Bees*. Simply put, Mandeville did not believe humans to be altruistic or benevolent. A cynic, he saw evidence everywhere of hypocrisy and self-deception. The supposed virtues were not useful, in fact, probably harmful, he wrote, as behaviours thereby motivated fell far from the intended targets of alleviation of misery and promotion of the good. Mandeville argued that the best way to improve society was to model and implement systems that acknowledged the vices and engage directly with those vices by appealing to self-interest. To Mandeville, self-interest is the way to get things done. You want a better society, forget the soft touch of virtue—go for the hard edge of self-interest.

Mandeville emerged out of shadows where I had left him after debates with friends in Ireland 40 years ago,

and strode along the trail with the firm step of a man confident his time has come.

Has it? Could Mandeville be right? Or at least partly?

The world is in turmoil. Yet beneath the concrete of lonely deaths and exhausted care-givers, surprising shoots and blossoms are pushing through. How can this be?

The air pollution rate over the world is visibly shrinking as satellite images from space make clear.

In Paris and environs, noise levels have fallen by 50% to 80% (from 5 to 7 decibels) during the day and by 90% (9 decibels) at night.

Wildlife are walking into abnormally empty, quiet city streets in many parts of the world.

The soaring jobless rate in every country is pushing into public discourse the critical need for guaranteed annual income policies in a way no election ever has. Traditional capitalism becomes hourly harder to defend when the gap between the haves and have-nots is exposed in ever starker terms.

Individuals and governments did not decide to cut fossil fuel production, yet oil has dropped to less than \$20/barrel.

During this tragedy, it is likely more advances are being made toward the Kyoto Accord targets for reduction of greenhouse gases than have been achieved in years of international consultations and agreements.

Creation needs these startling, shocking changes. But we (and I certainly include myself, air travel being among my many sins) have never accepted the level of change required, nor the rapidity of the transition. We have never taken responsibility to make the sacrifices required for the salvation of our maimed planet. These changes pushing through the crust of apathy and greed, are, Mandeville would say, resulting from desperate self-interest. Interest in life. Interest in being alive and staying alive. We might be saved in spite of ourselves. And at huge human cost.

I say to Mandeville, during our walks, “You never make room for God. You persist in seeing everything through a single lens. Yes, most of us are motivated primarily by self-interest. But God is not. Read Romans 8, Bernard. And read John Donne. I know he was before your time. No matter. Read it. And the ‘Golden Rule’, to love your neighbour as yourself, a version of that commandment exists in faith traditions the world over and in labour movements (an injury to one is an injury to all). Read current material. How about *The Secret Life of Trees* by Peter Wohlleben? We are all connected. We are all community members. Even in confinement. Especially in confinement.” Mandeville takes out his pipe. I say he should not be smoking in the forest. He goes his own way. We will probably run into one another again.

Already, when most countries have not yet hit the

peak of COVID-19, policymakers are being pushed to think about the “sortie.” What are they thinking of doing? Some governments are opening online discussions to receive input from their citizens. Will anyone be reading them?

This “crash” should have all of us shaking in our boots. What will we do? Try to hit reset? That won’t work. The status quo has been shattered.

These are pivotal times. Tragedy and joy bleeding into one another.

The choices we make now and in the coming months and years are likely to affect us as individuals and in our collectivity more than any decisions made since the time of World War II.

Will we, as Christians, “hope for what we do not see,” firm in our knowledge that “all things work together for good for those who love God, who are called according to his purpose.” Will our faith be strong enough? Will we have enough courage? Enough spirit-filled vision?

Will we hoard and divert shipments of masks or will we love our neighbour as ourselves?

In the aftermath of the 1916 Easter Uprising in Ire-



Photo: Cynthia Patterson

land and World War I, William Butler Yeats wrote in 1920 “The Second Coming.” He concludes his poem about the tumultuous, disorderly times, when “the centre will not hold,” by asking: “And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?”

We are the rough beast. We are the waiting cradle. We are people of faith and hope.

What will be born out of our confinement? ■

GLEANINGS

The precedent of pandemics—and history's lessons

By Meb Reisner Wright
Diocesan Historian

In the midst of what seems like unprecedented disruption to life and health by COVID-19, it may be comforting to learn that people of the Diocese of Quebec have faced and withstood a pandemic before.

It was a long time ago—long before the founding of the *Gazette*—188 years in fact. It started in June of 1832 with the arrival of ships up the St. Lawrence River, and it came from the British Isles.

Like the present outbreak, the origins of the disease were across the ocean and far to the east. News of its ravages had reached our shores with little initial reaction, and when it manifested itself on our shores it did so suddenly, arriving, then as now, through travellers. The illness, which was new and without any known treatment, was then transmitted to the local population—where it spread and proliferated.

Similarly, most people exposed to the disease did not become ill immediately or know that they had been infected, but were able nonetheless to infect others for a period of seven to 14 days.

Most critically, unlike today, if the disease remained untreated once symptoms had appeared—even in previously healthy persons of any age group—it was overwhelmingly fatal, for in 1832, the theory of germ transmission was as yet unknown. Many drugs—such as antibiotics—or medical equipment—such as ventilators—were shrouded in the distant future.

As now, when the disease hit, healthcare systems struggled valiantly to meet the challenge as best they could. As now, public resources and the devotion of individuals were tested to the limit.

The disease was cholera.

Since 1817, what was known as the Asiatic Cholera (originating in Bengal) had been spreading through Asia and Europe leaving tens of thousands dead. It reached Britain, by way of Russia and Eastern Europe, in 1831, and North America in the year following.

Late in 1831, Lord Aylmer, governor-general of the Canadas, invoked the Quarantine Act of 1759 to deal with ships arriving with passengers from Britain and consulted local medical men for advice on what to do by way of preparation for the influx of shipping from overseas.

The House of Assembly passed a bill to enforce a quarantine on all ships entering the country and to establish boards of health at Quebec and Montreal with an appropriation of £10,000 to meet the costs.

Grosse Isle, a small, hilly island 30 miles below Quebec, was chosen, over the objections of its resident farmer and his seigneur, to be the site of the quarantine station. Pilots on the St. Lawrence—and no ship could proceed up the river without one—were ordered to bring all vessels to anchor at Grosse Isle, where a health officer would examine all steerage passengers and decide whether the ship should proceed to Quebec or not. All steerage passengers had to disembark, and wash their bedding, baggage and themselves on shore while their ship was cleansed before continuing up river.

Although these plans were well meant and certainly better than nothing, they were doomed to be woefully insufficient, given the huge numbers immigrants flooding across the Atlantic, the overcrowded and filthy conditions of many ships, and the inadequacy of the accommodations on the island to receive them. The practice of asking the relatives of passengers who had died about the cause of their deaths in order to allow the rest of the family to proceed up river was completely ineffective. Even if they were perfectly honest—which was dubious in those passengers eager to escape the island and be on their way—victims of the disease as yet without symptoms as well as carriers of the disease went undetected.

Furthermore, the quarantine system had made no provision for keeping passengers of the different vessels separate on the island, and those from healthy ships were forced into close contact with those from vessels

rampant with disease. Thus, passengers who were landed free of infection were more than likely to contract it in the congested filthy conditions they were forced to undergo on shore.

In early June 1832, some passengers from the brig Carricks had landed on Grosse Isle, with symptoms closely resembling those of cholera, but anxiety about the disease locally led the Board of Health to deny it was cholera. Later rumours of similar cases in the city's Emigrant Hospital were also denied, but in less than a week 161 people in Quebec City had died and further prevarication was fruitless.

The first acknowledged cases of cholera were from passengers from the steamer *Voyageur*, but, due to local blunders in prematurely releasing the ship, by the time doctors in Quebec had diagnosed cholera among passengers remaining on the island, she had reached Montreal where the first cholera death was reported on June 9. From this time on, cases increased exponentially.

As historian Geoffrey Bilson states in *A Darkened House*, his study of cholera in 19th-century Canada:

Both cities [Quebec and Montreal] experienced explosive epidemics of great virulence with deaths mounting rapidly in the first few days. In Quebec, the daily toll climbed quickly past 70 and into the 90s to peak at well over 100 on 15 June. For a week, the daily toll exceeded 100 before beginning to decline. In Montreal the number of deaths mounted daily, passing 100 on 17 June and reaching a peak of 149 on 19 June. The next day showed a sharp drop to below 100 and for weeks after that the deaths ranged between 10 and 40 per day.

Many fled from the cities to stay with friends or relatives in the countryside. The *Montreal Gazette*, in an issue reduced to half a sheet because many of the paper's workers were absent, appealed for calm.

In Quebec, the clergy—especially those in the region of the city—were constantly called upon to visit the sick, relieve the destitute, minister to the dying and bury the dead in great numbers.

Finally the fateful year drew to a close. On Sunday, December 30, George Jehoshaphat Mountain (future bishop, but then archdeacon of Quebec) preached a sermon in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, later published as *A Retrospect of the Summer and Autumn of 1823*. Reading it in light of present-day events, some of his descriptions seem eerily familiar. He recalls

...the stillness which reigned in scenes of traffic and places of concourse, the suspension of business,—The interruption of labour,—the closing of houses whose inhabitants fled to the country; [the closing] of shops from the death of the dealer, or the cessation of all demand for his articles of trade:—the indiscriminating strokes of death, which although they fell more thickly in some classes of society, found victims in all....

[D]id we not see new places of interment opened to receive the aggregations of the dead; needy labourers who had been bribed high to dig their graves, sometimes abandoning the task in terror; and the weary Clergy attending at one stated hour to afford the Christian decencies of burial collectively, unwitnessed for the most part by surviving friends, over all the sad deposits of the day—amounting upon two consecutive occasions, when it fell to my own turn to officiate, to seventy and upwards in a day, of the Church of England alone?

Yes, we saw, within our city, all this and more: we saw in our deserted streets, more signs of death than life—hearses carrying their load, or hurrying back to answer fresh demands—cart after cart piled up with bod-

ies from the hospitals, met by some vehicle conveying ghastly figures to take their places destined soon to return, as corpses, in the same way—the constituted authorities who watched for the public safety, increasingly on the alert, in token of danger....

Physicians and Ministers of Religion traversing the streets night and day with a hurried pace, and unequal to meet their multiplied calls—the few stragglers besides, who appeared abroad, pressing to their nostrils, as they walked, some corrective to the air which they feared to breathe:—fires before every house, loading the atmosphere with vapour from prepared materials supposed [to be] of purifying power—or the official guardians of health with their badges, profusely scattering lime along the range of the more suspicious habitations—these were the spectacles exhibited in our city—and images of deeper horror might be added were I to carry you into the precincts of the hospital in the first burst of the calamity....

Mountain recalled that the seminary had been closed to enable Roman Catholic priests to attend their sick. All the schools had closed—not by public order, but one by one. As regulation of the Board of Health required that interments take place within a specified number of hours of death, rumours were rife that some victims had been buried alive, which added to the public alarm.

According to the census of 1831, Quebec City had a population of 28,000 inhabitants. In 1832, there were 2,800 deaths from cholera alone recorded for the city. The number of Anglican burials for the month of June alone in 1832, was not far short of those for the entire year in 1831.

After Mountain's almost surrealistic description of the disease-ridden city, he concludes with a recollection of the dream-like contrast of the beauty of the season during that particular summer:

It was a remark that I often made during the continuance of the cholera, how little the face of Nature betrayed the sadness of the time, or showed any symptoms of that principle of death which was in such fearful activity....

I was particularly impressed with this kind of feeling upon some of the lovely summer evenings on which I officiated at the burial ground.... The open green, skirted by the remains of a tall avenue of trees, and contiguous to the serpentine windings of the River St. Charles, beyond which you looked across meadows, woods, and fields dotted with rural habitations, to the mountains which bound the prospect, the whole gleaming in the exquisite and varied lights of a Canadian sunset, formed altogether a beautiful and peaceful landscape... [h]ow melancholy and striking with all that had been deposited, and which it remained to deposit, in the spot upon which I stood.

Cholera spread westward from Montreal to Kingston, Toronto, Ottawa and elsewhere, including into the United States through Detroit as well as directly through immigrants landing in New York.

Minor outbreaks of cholera continued to occur sporadically in Canada into 1851 and 1852, but were largely confined to Quebec and Montreal where about 200 died in each epidemic, but the worst was over and, in retrospect, 1832 had been the severest test—one which people of the diocese survived but, like G.J. Mountain, carried with them both a sense of thankfulness and thought-provoking recollection. ■

"Gleanings" delves into back issues of the Quebec Diocesan Gazette to share nuggets of our past.