

We take the liberty of sending the NORTHWEST REVIEW to many of our friends to whom we hope it will be acceptable, and to all it will be delivered at the very reasonable cost of \$2.50 per year. The reading matter of the NORTHWEST REVIEW is selected with care, and every paragraph will be found interesting. It will compare favorably with weekly papers of the Northwest and we believe it deserves a warm support, especially among Catholics. We trust our friends will help to increase the circulation of the NORTHWEST REVIEW by sending in their names with the subscription fee mentioned, to the office, corner of McDermott and Arthur streets, Winnipeg.

**AGENTS WANTED.**

Agents wanted throughout Manitoba and the Northwest, to canvas for the NORTHWEST REVIEW, to whom a liberal commission will be given.

**CHURCH NOTICES.**

**CATHEDRAL, ST. BONIFACE.**

Sundays—Masses at 7.30 and 10 a. m. Vespers at 3 p. m.

Week Days—Masses at 6.30 and 7.30.

**ST. MARY'S CHURCH.**

Situated on the corner of St. Mary and Hargrave Streets. Rev. Father Ouellette, Rector; Rev. Father Cahill, assistant.

Sundays—Masses at 7.00 8.30, and 10.30, a. m.: Vespers at 7.15 p. m. Catechism for perseverance at 2.30 p. m.

Week Days—Masses at 6.15 and 7.30 a. m.

**IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.**

Situated in Point Douglas. Rev. Father Cherrier, rector.

Sundays—Masses at 8.30 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers at 7.15 p. m.

Week Days—Mass at 7 a. m.

**CITY AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.**

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Mr. Brownlow, in another column. The establishment is one of the oldest in the city and proverbial for bargains in dry goods and ready made clothing.

Sir A. P. Caron, Minister of Militia, is expected to arrive in the city in a few days. He will be banqueted, along with Hon. Thomas White, by the Conservative association at the McKenzie Hotel on Tuesday evening next.

**Personal.**

Gur esteemed friend, Mr. A. McGillis, assistant to Post Office Inspector McLeod, and family has been travelling extensively in the east, for the past three months, and the Quebec Chronicle now reports them as sight-seeing in the ancient capital, but Mr. McGillis explains that there is nothing to compare with the pure and exhilarating climate and genial society of Winnipeg, and may be expected among his many friends here shortly. He, Mr. McGillis has been greatly missed here, and may expect a hearty welcome on his return.

**St. Boniface.**

At the Cathedral on Sunday last the Rev. Father Lory preached an eloquent sermon on the feast of the day to a large congregation, and in the evening His Grace the Archbishop officiated at Pontifical Vespers. On Tuesday the Rev. Father Drummond preached in French from the words "Have pity on me, at least, my friends for the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me." The sermon was a characteristic one, in the course of what the Rev. gentleman adduced undeniable proof from the Scriptures to show that the doctrine of Purgatory was a rational one.

**GRAIN RATES.**

Reduction on the C. P. R. "All-Rail" Line to Montreal, Toronto, and all Points East.

Mr. Van Horne, fully recognizing the requirements of the country, has decided to fix the grain rates for this winter at the very low rate of 50 cents per 100 lbs. on sound wheat, and for Nos. 2 and 3 frosted 8 cents less, from Winnipeg to Montreal, and all points east, with a slight increase from other stations. The extent of this reduction will be appreciated when it is pointed out that the regular rate on sound wheat from Winnipeg is 62 cents; Brandon, 63 cents; Regina, 70 cents. This shows a reduction from Winnipeg of 12 cents on sound wheat and 18 cents, on frosted wheat; from Brandon, 11 cents on sound wheat, 19 cents on frosted wheat; from Regina, 16 cents on sound wheat, 24 cents on frosted wheat. This heavy reduction ranges from 20 to 35 per cent off fair carrying rates.

**ST. MARY'S CHURCH.**

**Inauguration of the Grand Sanctuary.**

Pontifical High Mass Celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop.

Grand and Eloquent Sermon by the Rev. Father Drummond, S. J.

The services in St. Mary's Church last Sunday were of a most impressive character, such as has seldom been witnessed in that edifice, the occasion being the inauguration of the new Sanctuary. The congregation was a very large one, many well known Protestant citizens being conspicuous in the assemblage. At 10.30 a. m. His Grace the Archbishop preceded by acolytes bearing lighted tapers, and followed by some of the clergy from St. Boniface, entered the church. The vestments of the Archbishop consisted of those prescribed for his rank. The Mass was of the usual pontifical character, at the conclusion of which the Papal Benediction was given by His Grace. The singing of the choir was remarkably fine, especially in the case of Miss Barrett, who rendered her solo in a brilliant manner. At the conclusion of the Gospel the Rev. Father Drummond delivered a sermon which was an uninterrupted flow of eloquence, and matchless in the grace of its language. Taking the words:—

"They shall be inebriated with the plenty of Thy house, and they shall drink of the torrent of Thy pleasure, for with Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light we shall see the light."

from the 36th Psalm, 9th and 10th verses, the learned divine said:

"My Lord Archbishop. My dear brethren. We are gathered together this day, pastor and people, solemnly to inaugurate the important additions to this earthly temple. No better day than this could have been chosen for this celebration, for, are we not honouring those Saints who were the living temples of God? It is for us a day of joy, because our brethren are in Heaven, and is not a Catholic Church where dwells the Eucharistic God, the vestibule of Heaven. May we not then say that this inauguration is a most fitting reminder of that great and surpassing joy which our friends and brethren have now in the vision of God. Nothing on this earth is so like Heaven as a Catholic Church. There is no place on earth where there is so little sin—where there is so much charity and peace, for as the ranklings and the bickerings of the outer world cease within the threshold of the Church, so, in the soft light of the sanctuary lamp the troubled heart finds at least comparative rest. But what makes the Church still more like Heaven, is the purity of heart that is inseparably connected with the special presence of God. "Blessed are the pure of heart for they shall see God," is verified to the full only in Heaven, but its verification begins in the Church, where the sinner relieves the burden of his sin at the tribunal of penance, and where the shriven soul is bent upon Jesus—very God of very God. Thus the Catholic Church is the greatest image of Heaven, but it is only an image—only an imperfect image. There is little sin in a Catholic Church, but, there may be sins of thought, and if those sins go to the length of blasphemy, they are worse in the sight of God than such a crime as murder, for murder is a sin against man, but a blasphemous thought is a sin against God. There is greater charity in the Church than elsewhere. The poor man elbows his rich neighbor; quarrels are for the moment stopped, but bitter feelings may still rankle in the breast, and there may be anger and irritation and hatred. There is, too, in the Church a special presence of God. Nowhere else in the visible universe is God so fully present. Christ Jesus is as truly present in body and soul here as he is in Heaven, but the Sacramental veil hides him from the eye of the unbeliever. He is most really present but we don't see him face to face. Great, then, my brethren, as is the privilege we enjoy in being present in this Church, it is only a faint foretaste of what is prepared for us in Heaven. On this hope let us dwell to day. Let me examine together with you what is the happiness of the souls in Heaven. Here it is hardly necessary that I should remind you that this feast was instituted principally to honour all the Saints.—The very name shows that among its principal objects one of the chief is this: to honour that vast majority of Saints whose names are unknown, or whose names are known only to their companions and to God. So nothing hinders us from including in this broad array of Saints all our own dear friends, who have died with the sign of predestination upon them; whose death was so well prepared as to warrant the hope that they are now with God. With your minds then, brethren, fresh with these holy memories, come with me and look into the abode of the Saints. The first thing that strikes us is the soft, sweet light that fills the place; it is stronger here than there but there is no shadow, no darkness. Why? because there is no sin; and here we see the difference that I pointed out in speaking of the privileges of the Catholic Church. I told you there was less sin, more charity and peace and the special presence of God, but in Heaven there is no sin at all. Brethren, have you ever known some of those holy souls of whom we say: "They are too good for this world." They are, of course, simple, but their sins are so few, compared to the common run of mankind, that we deem them spotless, and oh! what a comfort is their company to our souls. What if the whole world was composed of men and women like this? and yet they have their defects of character. They are not sinless.

What if all these defects were removed? This earth would become a paradise. We cannot conceive a gathering of men without spot or blemish. In this world it is an utopia, but in Heaven it is no utopia, it is a blessed reality. All the saintly souls gathered there are truly and completely flawless, because they are sanctified by grace and sublimated by glory; and great indeed will be our joy when we meet with the dear friends whom we have loved on earth. Then we shall love them as we never loved them before; we shall enjoy their company as we never enjoyed it before. But greater far will be our joy when we come into contact with the great heroes of the history of the world. With the royal David, that man after God's own heart; with St. Paul, whose war cry was: "If any man love not Christ Jesus let him be an anathema." With St. Bernard, the man of the grave heart and honied tongue; with St. Gertrude, the supremely lovable; with Theresa, the woman with the tender soul, but with the man's mind and with the trained warrior's gentle bravery. When we see them we shall rejoice in their glory without one particle of envy, for we shall be filled with the love of our brethren. Stars shall shine over star in glory, and each star shall shine with its own soft beauty. Just as in this world a brother or a sister may often be found to glory in the greatness of their brethren, and to rejoice that his glory should be his and not theirs; so we shall rejoice that the greater glory of the Saints is theirs and not ours, for then shall we be filled with that charity that maketh us not envious of others, but that maketh us to rejoice in the public, and to think that when first we meet those glorious Saints, we shall know that we shall never more be separated from them. Brethren, this element of the absence of fear, is another great victory in the joy of the blessed. Here on earth we cannot realize the absence of all fear. Our life is so changeable, so miserable, that it seems to us that complete rest would be monotonous. But yet, brethren, there is no monotony in Heaven. Why? Because it is precisely a complete and entire rest, and therefore it includes working, which we call monotony. It would not be the rest of Heaven were it tedious; it cannot be tedious, because it is the gift of God, and the happiness of the soul. Remember, that when we get to Heaven, we are no more journeying onward to our final end; we have reached our end. It is a state, a fixed, abiding state. Now we are tending always toward something. "The old man lives in the memory of the past. The young man reaches forth into the future, and lives ahead of his time, but men do not live in the energizing present. Then we shall live in that present, which is an eternity and which will give us undisturbed rest, rest from sin; rest from woe, rest from all fear. No more of that, but very real fear, which besets the majority of mankind; that they will not find enough for their daily bread. No more fear of being persecuted by wicked enemies; no more fear of rivalry; no more fear of losing God forever. But, my brethren,—you who struggle daily with your feelings, you who feel the buffetings of the tempter, what a joy it will be to you when you know that no sin will ever tempt you again; and for you whose hearts are set upon God, who already detest sin as the only real evil of the world, what an enviable rest it will be to know that now there is no more fear of that foul, loathsome thing. Now you know that it were better that the whole universe with its starry systems should meet in blank space than that one bad thought should be harboured by one child of man. Oh! brethren, think of the suffering that sin subjects us in this world. How many a poor mother has to weep over the vices and the crimes of her son. Perhaps she may have to pray as St. Monica did for seventeen years for the conversion of her child. Or, again it may be a devoted wife seeing her husband's ingratitude to the God who has showered upon him all sorts of blessings. He is gifted with talent and with heart; he has a joyous temperament; he has all the needs of life; he is a kind husband as the world goes, and from a natural point of view he is an excellent father, but he neglects his most important duty—his duty towards God. In faith he is a Catholic but not in practice and so his wife sees him, daily adding to his iniquities by his ingratitude towards the God who gave him all these blessings, and as she sees that he is racking her heart daily, with the thought of the awful punishment prepared for him, unless he repents. These, brethren, are not imaginings of mine, they are known by all those who have experience of life; they are griefs that meet us at every turn, but all those griefs shall be swept away for ever in Heaven. "Then the Saints will enjoy freedom from all sin, freedom from all pain. Have you ever suffered from the rackings of bodily pain? It is not a thing to be despised. Few men can stand bodily pain as they ought to do. If anyone were to promise you that for fifty years you would live without an ache you would be so overjoyed that I am afraid you would forget the end of it—of death and the judgment. But what is fifty years to an eternity—and eternity without pain or ache? What is the light and rest of heaven to the head that aches always? Mental anguish, too, which is so much worse than bodily pain will be gone for ever. These are the "torments of pleasure" this is the "plenty of the house of the Lord," but this is not heaven. All this without something else would be like this church without the Blessed Sacrament. But there is something more than this as mentioned in the words of the text "for with thee is the fountain of life and in Thy light we shall see the light;" or as Holy Scripture elsewhere points it out and as is best seen in the Apocalyptic Vision of St. John, there is a stream of the water of life flowing over the land and with this is heaven inebriated; but the heavenly

city needs no light of sun nor of moon for God himself with His glory enlighteneth and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. Beautiful as are the words of this vision they do not come near to the tremendous reality. It is God himself who constitutes the happiness of heaven. Sweep away all those other joys and give me God and I shall be eternally happy. This is not my feeling only, but it is the feeling of every child of man when the trammels and the shackles of the flesh are shaken off. Now we are blinded by the things of sense and we see not the loving cravings of our human hearts that God has made for himself and that will rest only with Him. But it is the sight of Him that makes us and will make us eternally happy; it is the vision of God that constitutes the essential beatitude of heaven. This vision produces love, and this love produces joy. But you will tell me "how can man see God of whom he says again that He dwelleth in light inaccessible and that no man can see Him?" Of course He is invisible in this world; He is invisible to us in this mortal flesh, but when we shall have left our bodies or when after the resurrection we shall have taken to ourselves glorified bodies, then will be our delight and then there will be infused into our intellect a supernatural quality which will enable us to look upon the face of God which supernatural help we call the light of glory. Just as a beam of earthly light cast upon a distant and minute object brings it into bright relief so this light of the glory of heaven inveighing and encompassing our intellects will make them penetrate into the mysteries of God and this light will burst forth into life and so the vision and the life and the joy will be our great happiness in heaven and so we shall be ever finding new pleasures in the knowledge and the love of the limitless God. No doubt we shall also enjoy the society of our friends and of the great saints, but if we had been alone in heaven and by ourselves we should be extremely happy; we should not ask for any companions; but yet we shall have those companions, they will be added to us for our greater but only our secondary delight. Even the blessed Mother of God herself will be only a secondary delight. The great delight is the Lamb that is the lamp of the heavenly Jerusalem—Christ Jesus, light of light, very God of very God. But why waste words in attempting to describe to you what the eye of man has not seen, nor the ear heard, nor the mind imagined. The best suggestion perhaps is that made by a contemporary poet. He describes the journey of a just soul from earth to the throne of God. The approaches are majestically described but when he comes to the presence of the great God himself the poet finds nothing to say but the simple cry "Father" and he stops dumb with the silence of eloquence. This is what we must do in the presence of what we may not understand. But now, brethren, to-day, when you are thinking of the saints and their happiness, I would ask you to have pity on your own souls. You have only one chance to get to

Heaven, and that is through the portals of death. If you had many chances you might risk it, but there is only one, and God our Lord and master is so anxious that you should enjoy this happiness, that he threatens you with hell if you do not want His heaven. He threatens even the infidel and the sceptic, who will not believe in hell, with its torments. What does it matter if he believes it or not, once he gets there; what does it matter if he tries to persuade himself, as the fool said in his heart, "there is no God?" When the God of almighty power will seize him in his relentless hand, because he has spurned the light that He offered. This is the armour with which Christ Himself guards us that we may fight the battle and reach our heavenly home. Fear of hell, real burning, biting fear of a most present hell, with its scorching flames; and fear, especially, of the great sufferings of hell, which is the conviction that the doomed soul is a lost soul for ever and ever, has lost consequently the craving of this human soul, and that it will forever beat itself against the bars of its cage. This is the weapon we should use in great temptations. Oh, despise not hell when you think of Heaven! It is the fashion now-a-days to spurn at and despise it, but if there ever was a day when men did not think and did not reason, but are contented with those phantoms of reasoning and arguments it is this: because the standard of faith has been lost, and the men that have been called great writers and leaders of thought, are mere pigmies, mere upstarts in the science of human logic and it is because they have got hold of the mind of our age that sophisms and absurd doctrines prevail. But God reads the heart of even those that are sincere and will judge them in the light of His own piercing knowledge. Prepare then for your own death. You know not if the shadow of the great white throne be already upon you. Are you ready for the call of God? Are you prepared to risk heaven or perhaps, as I trust, are you really aiming at that great happiness? Then it will be your delight one day to hear the Master's voice whispering in your heart "So I come quickly and my reward is in my hand."

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