

Northwest Review

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS WEST OF TORONTO.

VOL 10, NO. 21.

WINNIPEG MANITOBA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1894.

(\$ 2.00 per Year. Single Copies 5 cents)

TO THE
CATHOLICS
OF
WESTERN CANADA.

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WHO LIKES THE RAIN.

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun.
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the cool, soft mud. Quack, quack!"
"I," cried the dandelion, "I!
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green grassy bed.
"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the tree toad at his gray bark door.
"For with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly waterproof."
Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big river I grow to be,
And could find my way to the sea."

THE OLD PICTURE.

(Contributed.)

Near Villefranche is a little dismantled
dwelling in which a few years ago
there lived a poor widow, with her
daughter Franconette a young girl of
18. Every day the daughter went to
walk in the neighborhood whilst the
mother spun at home; they lived hap-
pily together because they loved one
another and were hoping for a better
life to come. The interior of the cabin
looked miserable, it is true, four walls
blackened with smoke which seemed on
the point of falling, a worm-eaten bed-
stead 3 straw chairs, a table and a box,
for all furniture. At the foot of the bed
Marianne had placed a picture of Our
Lady, this had been purchased long
years ago and it had not cost much. The
mother and daughter had a great devo-
tion towards this picture, it was a real
painting, time had changed it somewhat
but Marianne was not aware of that.
The Holy Virgin smiled out so pure and
sweet from the sombre background, the
Infant Jesus had such a divine look of
innocence and beauty. However these
happy days were not destined to con-
tinue. There came a bad harvest,
misery was general even amongst those
who were formerly pretty well off; and
the rich uneasily about the future and
fearing not to have enough for them-
selves turned off the people who worked
for them. Marianne and her daughter
who always had lived from day to day
got through the winter somehow; they
received some alms but very little, bene-
factors being so scarce and the number
of poor so great. Spring returned bring-
ing with it hopes of better days. Fran-
conette will be able to find him work
again, her poor old mother will no longer
have her fingers stiff with cold whilst
spinning her flax. Desolating hopes!
One morning when Franconette was
gone out to pick a bouquet of wild flow-
ers to make a wreath for Our Lady's
picture, the landlord to whom the wid-
ow's cabin belonged presented himself,
he was a hard stern man who had little
pity for the poor. "Come," said he, "your
rent is due, times are hard, I want
money and have come to get some from
you." "O Sir!" said the widow, "times
are still worse for me than for you. My
girl and I often want for bread, so you
may judge if it is possible for me to pay
you." "Then," said the landlord, "you
must try and find some other place; see
if some charitable soul will take you in
for I am going back to town to-morrow,
and you will be out of this, I promise
you, before I leave the village. As the
poor woman drew nearer to him be-
seeching him to wait a little longer, he
rudely pushed her away, opened the
door and went out, saying "I have warn-
ed you, to-morrow you will have to do
with the bailiff." Marianne was struck
dumb with this last speech, she seemed
to see herself and her child wandering
homeless and shelterless.

When Franconette came in singing
and her hands full of flowers the mother
laid not the courage to destroy her
gaily by telling her what had happened.
In the evening she prayed to her holy
patroness more fervently than ever and
awaking in the middle of the night she
saw the Holy Virgin all shining with
light. It was only the moonbeams
which penetrated through a crack in the
roof and fell on the holy picture. This
lovely sight brought calm to her heart.
"O Holy Virgin!" said she in a low tone,
"not to awaken the young girl, 'mother of
mothers and my glorious patroness, I
see you have heard me, I knew you
would not forsake me in my troubles.'"
After this prayer Marianne fell asleep
once more, almost consoled. She dreamt
that the holy Virgin held out her arms
to her and kept off those who wanted to
annoy them; she dreamt that a full
purse, good furniture, new clothes, white
bread, in fine all those things that she
was in want of, were presented to her.
Then again she saw her landlord once
more, accompanied by the bailiffs and
she woke with a start, for the end of her
dream brought her back to reality. It
was broad day, Franconette had been
up and at work a long time. "How sound-
ly you slept mother," said she "Ah!"
replied Marianne "it is the last night
that I shall sleep in this cabin, on this
bed, where I have lain forty years. O
child! how this day out we have no
place to lay our heads." Then she
recounted her landlord's visit, his sever-
ity, his cruel threats so soon to be
accomplished. Hardly had she finished
her tale when she heard several persons
arriving. Amongst others the landlord,
accompanied with the officers of justice.
They put their writing material on the
table and moved the furniture out of the
house, beginning the auction before a
small company that this sad spectacle
had drawn together. First they sold the
more valuable things, but of what value
were they? So worthless in fact that
the landlord began to think he would
himself have to pay the expenses and
yet there were only 25 francs owing.
The sale had up to now only produced
two-thirds of that sum and there re-
mained but a little old looking-glass so
blackened, so effaced and spoiled that the
auctioneer did not think it worth offer-

ing, and the old picture of the Blessed
Virgin still hanging by four nails. "Is
there nothing more?" said he, vexed to
have so little to sell. One of the men
went in again and looked all round, he
took down the looking-glass and went to
remove the picture as well. At this the
two women set up a cry of despair and
whilst Franconette fell at the feet of the
man, her mother placed herself in front
of her cherished picture seeking to de-
fend it with her own hands. This alterca-
tion brought in the landlord, who al-
ready displeased with the bad sale felt
pretty savage. The poor woman turned
towards him "O Sir!" she said "you have
taken everything, you are welcome, it
was yours in fact since I could not pay
you, but they want to deprive of this
picture, the image of my holy patroness
before which I have prayed for the last
forty years this picture receive my
child's first glance, on it was fixed the
last look of my dear husband. I put it
in its place the day we were married; it
is all that remains to me of him. Have
mercy, have pity! leave me that picture!
What are you going to do with it any-
way? It is as old as myself, as ready to
fall into shreds as I am to go into dust."
And she burst out crying. The landlord
is inflexible, they bring out the picture.
Among the crowd is a party of gentle-
men come from the neighboring town
for a day's fishing in the river Aveyron
and who have stopped from curiosity to
watch the sale. The two inhabitants of
the cottage did not assist at the profana-
tion of their precious picture, Marianne
was nearly fainting from distress and her
daughter was tearfully ministering to
her. "Two souls" said the auctioneer.
"Is there no one here who has the
Blessed Virgin for patroness? Bid up."
"Three souls!" said a young girl called
Marianne, "Five francs," said one of
the gentlemen from the town, who now
for the first time had cast his eyes on
the Madonna. The auctioneer was so
surprised that he remained silent, his
mouth agape. He looked at the bidder
in such a comical manner that everyone
began to laugh. "Twenty francs" said
another voice from the same group.
"Twenty francs" said the auctioneer with
the voice and face of a man in a dream.
"Thirty" said the 1st voice "Forty" said
the 2nd. "100 francs" "500." "500" said
the auctioneer. There was a confused
murmur among the villagers. "800
francs" interrupted one of the bidders
with anxiety he tried to conceal. "I will
give 1,000 crowns," said the other coolly.
There was a moment's silence after
which the auctioneer said twice slowly
"1,000 crowns 1,000 crowns. No one
speaks. It is yours sir."

Sir, said the young painter to the
gentleman who at the first glance
had recognized the masterpiece; you
have there an admirable Murills, I
would have disputed it with you to my
last sou but you are too strong for me."
Then he went away casting a look of
envy on the sublime painting that his
antagonist was carefully packing in his
portfolio, in exchange for the 300 francs
that the lookers-on regarded with
wide-open wondering eyes.

When Marianne recovered herself and
they recounted this wonderful history to
her, she could not and she would not
believe that it was anything more nor
less than a miracle performed by her
holy patroness, you may judge if she
and her daughter were happy; they
were provided for, for life and knew
what it was to be well off. Every year
on the anniversary of the day of the sale
Marianne had mass offered up and
tapers burned in the Lady Chapel. She
bought a new picture which represented
the Mother of Our Lord ascending to
Heaven in the midst of clouds and
angelic heads; this picture reminded her
of the one she had lost, and in spite of
all the comfort her little fortune was to
her, a regret remained in her heart and
often a tear would steal into her eye, as
she said to Franconette "My beautiful
picture of the Blessed Virgin, I can't
help feeling lonesome after it."

Certainly there is no miracle in this
little story and still one may see in it a
celestial recompense for the devotion of
this good soul who said with all her
heart in happiness and in sorrow:
"Holy Mary I put my trust in you."

Month of the Sacred Heart.

The Month of the Sacred Heart has
just dawned upon us. Oh; how natu-
rally and how beautifully this Month
follows upon that of the Month of Mary.
Mary the Mother of God. From Her
Immaculate flesh came the Sacred Heart
of Jesus, and this Month is devoted to
the love and adoration of the Sacred
Heart of our Divine Lord. Happy
Month! And happy those who fully
realize its meaning and significance
Mary, by that sweet consent of her will:
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord,"
made this Month possible for us all.
Screly our love of the Month of Mary has
not yet all died out. Its excess of love
grew with its days, and ceases not but
merges into the present Month of the
Sacred Heart, finding its fulfillment in
our increase of love of her Divine Son.
Dwell carefully and thoughtfully upon
the priceless value of these days. Let
not an hour escape us without gathering
the sweet spiritual fruits of the Month
dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

Give Lessons to Farmers.

"Agricultural priests," who go from
place to place giving lessons to farmers
in scientific farming and the methods of
getting the best results from the soil, are
a new feature of Catholic organization in
Canada, recalling the days of the middle
ages. Each parish is visited twice a
year, at least. The agricultural college
under the direction of these missionaries
is educating young men recommended
by pastors, whose duty it will be later
on to impart to others the instruction
they receive. Pope Leo has expressed
himself as delighted with the idea, and
the Canadian hierarchy is doing its best
to develop and popularize it.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

**Reasons For Why It Should be
Supported.**

There are a class of Catholic readers
and critics, too, unfortunately, who seem
to think that one must go to the secular
dailies or weeklies for the best reading.
Such individuals are badly mistaken, or
else they are incapable of recognizing
good from poor literature. It is no exag-
geration to say that better written, more
logical, more interesting and more timely
articles—and allusion is here made to
original articles, editorial matter, special
articles, etc., etc.—are to be found in
some of the Catholic weeklies than ap-
pear in their secular contemporaries. The
biggest of these secular dailies are not
above taking such articles from the Catho-
lic papers in which they appear; and
with all their "enterprise," the same
dailies rely greatly on their Catholic
exchanges for the items of Catholic
information which they furnish their
readers. The Catholic press, it may in-
fact, be said, has actually forced the
dailies to pay the attention they do to
Catholic matters. Were the Catholic
press to go out of existence throughout
the country to-morrow, the editors of the
enterprising dailies would soon see a
marked change in their treatment of
Catholic topics and events; and the fact
that Catholic journalism has compelled
the secular press to give such topics and
events even the faulty and inadequate
notice it accords them, constitutes no
small evidence of its success.

In the days in which we live, when
every important religious happening,
Catholic as well as non-Catholic, finds its
way into the daily papers, no matter in
what part of the world it occurs, it would
be worse than folly for the publisher of a
Catholic weekly to endeavor to make his
journal a news paper. The daily papers
find their way every where nowadays,
and, with some very rare exceptions, it
is idle for a weekly to endeavor to be a
conveyor of news. The utility of such
endeavors is all the greater, because the
great secular dailies now make it a point
to pay considerable attention to Catholic
events; and the cable neglects no impor-
tant Catholic happening on the other
side of the ocean. Still, this condition
of things often supplies opportunities for
the Catholic journalist of doing his best
work. The cable dispatches are always
meagre, and the secular dailies seldom
have the inclination, even if they possess
the ability, to explain properly and
dilate upon them. Again, the dailies are
notoriously faulty in their accounts of
Catholic ceremonies, and it is one of the
provinces of the Catholic press to correct
their mistakes and give the public cor-
rect information. These, things, with
many other matters, however, simply
constitute opportunities of which, it is
bleasing to add, the best of our Catholic
weeklies are always glad to avail them-
selves. If they did not exist, though,
there would still be a wide field for the
Catholic weekly; that field for instance,
which the present illustrious Sovereign
Pontiff indicated when, in a recent letter,
he said that the true province of Catholic
journalism consisted "in refuting the
errors that are here and there opposed to
Catholic faith, and in teaching those
precepts that are efficacious for the
healing of the minds of men and the
amending of morals."

There is not a paper, secular or religi-
ous, daily or weekly, in the country that
does not need all the support it can re-
ceive or command. Journalism is one of
the most expensive of human under-
takings; and while it must be confessed
that the Catholic press would be greatly
benefitted by better support.

Yes, support is the word, and if you
are not a subscriber to the Review at
present send in your name, and if you
are a delinquent why not remit which
would greatly oblige.

Economy And Charity.

Many years ago, a venerable priest
was making collections to repair his
church. He called on a lady who passed
for being very rich and generous. As it
was already late in the day, the lady
called for a light. The servant took one of
those long matches dipped in brimstone
which were then in use, touched it to the
fire, lighted a candle in a silver candle
stick, and threw the rest of the match in
the fire.

The lady sharply scolded the girl on
her extravagance. "That match," she
said, "could have been used at least
eight times." The priest thought that he
had got in the wrong pew; and that he
might as well have saved himself the
trouble of calling. What was then his
surprise when the lady, opening her
bureau, counted to him two hundred dol-
lars. The priest to make up for his unjust
suspicion grew warm in his thanks.

This is not any too much for such a
good work, said the lady. But perhaps
you were not expecting that much after
my severe lecture to the servant; but if
we want to have anything to give to God
and to the poor, we must let nothing go
to waste; it is absolutely necessary to
train servants to economy in the smallest
details. As the girl has been in my ser-
vice only a short time, I made it a point
to give her that lesson in your presence
that she might better remember it."

Free and Easy.

An exchange says: Rev. Jenkins
Lloyd, pastor of All Souls Unitarian
church, Chicago, has announced that he
will leave his denomination and organize
a church of thought, wit-out creed or
doctrine. The members of his church
have signified their intention to go with
the pastor and stock will be issued for
a new church building. The church will
cost \$200,000, and will be eight stories
high and contain bathrooms, gymnasium
and reading rooms.