

Church was very largely attended, all the principal business men of the town being present, including the Mayor; and in spite of the intense cold, the thermometer registering something like 42 degrees below, a number of rigs, fully occupied by their owners, attended to the end.

A feature of the ceremony was the presence of the students of Portage Collegiate, accompanied by their teachers, and they marched in front of the procession, immediately in front of the hearse.

The services at the church were most beautifully carried out by Rev. Father Viens, who on these sad occasions seems indispensable to his parishioners, while the choir under the guardianship of Miss Mary Costigan gave their sweet sympathy to the sad occasion.

After the Requiem Mass the remains were taken to the Catholic cemetery where the last sad rites were performed.

The pall bearers were C. MacDonald, Humber Costigan, L. Dunham, James Hall, W. R. Sexsmith, Roy Coluill, all companions of the deceased at the Portage Collegiate.

The deceased lad was a nephew of Mr. Edward O'Reilly, the well known grain dealer of this town.

R. I. P.

### Home Column.

#### REST.

My feet are weary, and my hands are tired—

My soul oppressed;  
And with desire have I long desired

Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil when toil is almost vain;

In barren ways;  
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain  
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,

But God knows best;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer  
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap

The autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled, to weep  
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry

So heart oppressed;  
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,  
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years

And cares infest  
My path: and through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine for rest.

'Twas always so, when still a child I laid

On mother's breast  
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed  
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,

For down the West  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

FATHER A. J. RYAN.

#### WHEN WE REMEMBER AND UNDERSTAND.

By A. B. Curtis.

We do not appreciate our blessings, nor do we know how to estimate the great experiences of our lives until we have lived them over again in memory. Afterward, as the poet said to beautiful Evelyn Hope, we "wake and remember and understand." Hosts of little things, too, we would forget never to recall, were it not for the fact that some slight circumstance occurs to remind us.

We just begin to love a person or a place, and then inexorable fate separates us. At the time we are never conscious of the ties we are forging, but afterward they hold us with remorseless grasp. We are not aware that into the desk and

picture and study-chair, into the door-knob with the piece chipped out, and the broken board in the front walk, we are reading all the hopes and pangs of our lives as we pass along. We see these day by day and yet take no note of them. We use them, we enjoy them, thoughtlessly, without love or sentiment.

But some day will change all this. Other chairs and other walks will be ours. Other surroundings will close in upon us. We will fit into other duties and other friendships, and all will go on much as before. The past will be for a while forgotten. But some day memory will receive a jog, and we will recall the old sofa or the old grate, the old desk or the old picture, and then what a flood of emotions! There are some glad, some sad. There are smiles and tears. There are remembered kisses and remembered heartbreaks. We did not know it then, but into those homely objects we are stamping the very impress of our souls. And now as we see them in memory or fact, the tears come.

We never seem to know at the time how intensely, with what rapt interest and zeal, we are living. But afterward the sight of the house we call home, or the memory hid in the little souvenir carried away with us, recalls powerfully not so much the passionless drudgery of those days, but their hopes, ambitions and longings, their pleasures and pains. Each little act is recalled, not for itself, but for its joys or its sorrow. The pleasure or the pain, the hope or the remorse, seem to have made it in some special and unwonted sense our very own. It is our experience, it is our memory hid away carefully in the soul's holy of holies.

No doubt it is well that we are not aware of the fiery furnace of impulse smouldering under our every-day habits; it is well to be all unconscious at the time of the zest there is in life, and then, if those labors were well done, if those burdens and sorrows were well borne, these memories of life's passions seem to come to us in after life as a reward. We love to cherish them. We see in them the hand of God, the emblems of a beneficent Providence.

If, on the other hand, the duties were ill-performed, the burdens complainingly borne, and the impulses unsuppressed, leading us into passionate and destructive outbursts of feeling, we are filled with remorse at the memory of that past whose zest had escaped us. Sadness overshadows us as we look upon the old rocker, sitting in which we once planned cruel revenge, or wasted precious hours in fruitless dreaming or despondency. When our life has been unfaithful, all the memories that cluster around the old scenes seem like avenging furies bent on devouring us.

But the real mission of memory is not to devour, but to soothe and soften, and furnish the key, in its own good time, to the dark chambers of our lives, and let into them a few rays of hope, and, it may be, even of joy.

"Life is not the thing that in our dreaming

We plan that it will be. Yet other years

Will teach us how to read with dearer meaning

The lines—God help us—we now blot with tears."

There is the secret. "Other years" will teach us. Many things escape us now. Many providences we pass unheeded. Many blessings go unnoticed. But memory has not let them slip. Some day they will be recalled, and there will be a halo about them, and we shall see new glory and new meaning in the things that baffle us now.

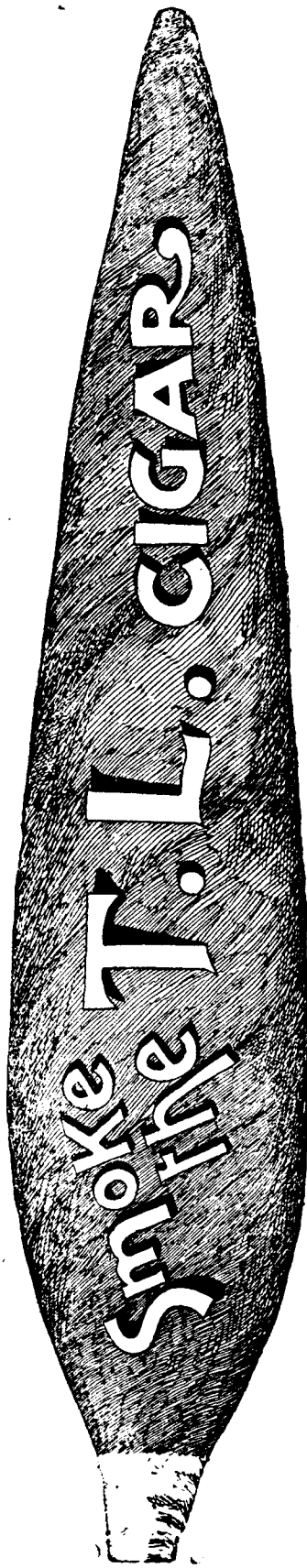
We remember our hopes better than our attainments. We remember our self-denials better than our self-gratifications. All experience teaches this. So, too, the moment when we tremble upon the verge of a mighty temptation, to which we do not give way, is stamped indelibly upon our recollection as something stimulating and strengthening, while the moment of weak and characterless satisfaction is forgotten. Our memories indeed seem to be intended to sweeten the bitter and to preserve the best. Only as we carry this thought into

the inmost recesses of our lives do we perceive how royally true it is. When doubts beset our path, and accidents happen to us which completely baffle us at the time of their occurrence, we distrust them, or thrust them aside, or complain of them; but afterwards something occurs to interpret them, to fill them with meaning, and oftentimes we are led to see that they have been angels of mercy all along our pathway. It may have been a trial a sorrow or a besetting sin that harassed us. At the time we saw in it only evil, and forebodings of our life's defeat and failure. Later in life, as we look back on it, it becomes a Providence. Unconsciously memory has treasured up the best, and out of each trial and sorrow has added something to our character; while standing side by side with our old besetting sin we discover the besetting God. A modern writer has said that "the besetting sin may be the one pure and exquisite pleasure of life, involving only the exercise of the loftiest faculty." Memory has a special skill in divining, long after, the presence of this "loftiest faculty," and so turning defeat into victory, and despair into hope, and remorse into tenderest sympathy. We may not comprehend this now, but in years to come we shall "wake and remember and understand."

#### WARNING.

Rev. Dr. Trudel, the Archbishop's secretary, writes to the Free Press of February 25, that Sylvio Jobin, formerly school teacher at St. Maurice, Assa., has never been a clergyman and has nothing to do with the Archbishop's palace. Father Trudel adds that the only person authorized to solicit advertisements for Les Cloches de St. Boniface, is Mr. J. C. Birt.

Occasionally we have an experience that arouses a suspicion in us that we really haven't much more sense than we used to have after all.



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# MANITOBA

## CROP OF 1902:

	BUSHEL
Wheat	53,077,267
Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
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Total yield of all Grain crops 100,052,343

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#### A VALIANT DEFENDER.

There is one thing the French Republic, so-called, has maintained, which was denied under the two Napoleons and is rabidly suppressed in Russia, a liberal freedom of the press. The paper, published by Drumont, Libre Parole, daily pours hot shot into the Masonic Infidel-Jew combination which seeks to de-Christianize France. The best way to understand what is going on in France is to read Drumont's Journal. Any man in this country familiar with the French language, and who desires to keep well informed on such matters, would be well repaid by subscribing to Drumont's paper. I wonder that some of our Catholic publications do not get this journal and reproduce, in English, some of its notable articles. I understand that the persistent and able sheet is widening its influence and preparing the way for a counter revolution of a peaceful character, unless, as Abbe Klein

intimates, in a recent North American Review essay, that the "Man on Horseback," the later Napoleon or Caesar, will presently appear and cast Combes & Co. in the ditch. Oh, for a leader like Windthorst to help, under God, to redeem, regenerate and disenfranchise France! He may come in answer to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart and the canonization of Blessed Joan of Arc.—James R. Randall, (author of "Maryland, my Maryland") in the Catholic Columbian.

#### A Family Necessity

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