



## SAINTE ROSE DU LAC.

BY FATHER LACASSE.

Missionary Record, O. M. I.

Gentle reader, you may have seen London and Paris, but if you have not seen Sainte Rose du Lac, you have seen nothing.

This charming oasis lies on the banks of the Turtle river, (Makinak in the Indian tongue), one of the four rivers of the Earthly Paradise, if one believes tradition!

Sainte Rose du Lac is a parish whose members are Métais, French, French-Canadian, English and Irish.

Last year 355 persons went to their Easter duties.

You will have some idea of the rapid development of this parish if you know that in 1888 there was not more than one colonist in the parish.

During the cold season of 1889 and 1890, 17 Catholic families wintered here.

In 1891—1892 some twenty families came from France and elsewhere.

The Rev. Father Lecoq, the parish priest of this charming rose (with some thorns) is the soul of this colony. He is indeed the missionary of the prairie, the man of the vanguard. The waters of the marshes, the bulrushes of the prairies, the brushwood of the mounds, the trees of the forests do not make him lose one step. He knows all the paths that lead to the houses of his sheep and without noise he brings them quietly back to the fold. He has always some work in hand, as a blacksmith, a carpenter, or painter, if not as a pastor. He has just built with his own hands a Presbytery—with his own plane and jackknife, as he himself says. Having received only 75 dollars for his "dues" last year, he has not the means to keep a servant, and having no time to serve himself he serves others. When he comes to Winnipeg he has always a hundred commissions to attend to for his people. It saves them so much expense, he says.

It therefore, gentle reader, you should ever come to Sainte Rose beware of speaking evil against Father Lecoq, nay, do not even think evil of him, for his parishioners will certainly perceive it and you will have a bad time.

The building of a new church has been taken in hands and 30 carts are going to bring wood for its construction.

A misfortune has just happened which will delay the building: 25,000 feet of sawed planks have just been burnt! But Father Lecoq is not to be discouraged and he will buy some more which he says he will pay for when he can. [Our readers are aware that this church has since been finished and blessed. Ed. N. R.]

St. Rose possesses a Catholic school attended by some 70 children, who under the care of Mrs. and Miss Tucker have made astonishing progress.

Saint Rose is a good place for colonists. There is plenty of wood, water and stone for building purposes, and vast prairies covered with the finest grass of Manitoba. The fish in the Turtle river is sufficient to feed the whole town of Winnipeg. A great many are destroyed, I am sorry to say.

"Is there much fish in your river?" I asked some one.

"In the spring, when they come from the lake, I have taken some six to seven hundred, in two hours, time with a pitchfork." Another will tell you:—"I filled my cart and went home." Those who have barrels salt them; but they are generally smoked.

In autumn we have plenty of ducks and prairie-hens; and in winter rabbits are so plentiful that any one who wishes to have fresh meat will kill from 400 to 500. A boy of 15 told me that he killed 618 last winter.

But I can hear you say, my friendly reader:—"All this is very well, but it will not last for ever; tell us something of the quality of the soil, for we do not want to live upon rabbits."

How glad I am, my dear reader, that you ask me this question. Well then, the soil is good, for there are 1½ to 2 feet of vegetable soil that has been accumulating here since the time when Adam and Eve took their walks beside the Turtle river.

Before the soil was covered with this organic matter, it contained less clay than that on the banks of the Red River. This clay, mixed as it is with sand, is less sticky and is therefore better for the roads than that of Winnipeg. It is moreover very porous, and the water in spring on this account soon disappears. The level is low, but one everywhere finds dry ground to build upon. There are few free homesteads left. But the Canadian Pacific Company has plenty of landed property, which it sells at 3 dollars an acre, payable in ten years.

The land is generally covered with small willows and elder trees, easily removed, and grass is very abundant.

Wheat, barley, oats, potatoes etc., etc., thrive very well. But this is not the place for agriculture on a large scale. What pays here is the rearing of cattle. One has only to cut down hay for the winter: in summer the grazing costs nothing.

With a capital of 300 or 400 dollars, a man can get on very well here.

Z. LACASSE, O. M. I.

## A WARNING TO FARMERS.

DOMINION OF CANADA.  
Department of Agriculture.

Central Experimental Farm,  
Ottawa, Nov. 17th., 1898.

TO THE FARMERS OF MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

The unfavourable weather which has prevailed in many parts of the Canadian North-

west during the harvest season has, no doubt, in many instances injured the germinating power of the grain, and rendered it unfit for seed. Under the circumstances, no farmer should undertake so costly an experiment as the sowing of any doubtful seed. In every case the proportion which will germinate should be ascertained, as this can be done without cost to the farmer.

Samples for test may be sent now, or at any time during the winter, in any number desired, addressed to the Director of the Experimental Farms, Ottawa. An ounce of the grain is sufficient, which can be enclosed in an envelope and sent free through the mail. The germinating power of the samples sent will be ascertained and a report of the test forwarded to the sender as promptly as possible.

WM. SAUNDERS,  
Director.

## MUSINGS.

Written for the Review.

Touchiness, in nations, is the badge of inferiority and a relic of oppression; in families, it betrays a strain of vulgarity; in individuals, it betokens either pride when it results in angry irrational behavior, or excessive timidity when it leads to a shrinking from duty. Women are less touchy than men; with the former, touchiness is a sudden blaze that dies out almost immediately; with the latter, it often smoulders for weeks or months before bursting into flame; in the one case it begets in the beholder pity, in the other case, a temptation to contempt.

Surely, when Demosthenes said the first, second and third requisites for an orator could be summed up in the one word "action," he must have meant the manner, not the matter, of a discourse. Nowadays we care more for what a man says than for his way of saying it. And so it happens as a general rule that the best speakers are those who prepare the matter of their speeches with the greatest care. When you hear a man say, "I trust to the inspiration of the moment and never think of what I am to say," you may be sure that he will be an unmitigated bore. He has not what is the very first desideratum in a speaker—respect for his audience. He is not in touch with them. He cannot throw himself into the minds of his hearers as the real orator must do. The latter cannot but prepare with all his soul. He may not write, but he thinks it all out from the listener's view-point, and turns it over and over, looks at it in every way, knows where to stop, has a mortal dread of wearying his audience and therefore delights them.

O the blessed Manitoba winter! From the second or third of this month till the 20th we had a

succession of light frosts, cloudy skies and mid-day thaws, which covered the rivers with a thin, unsafe film of ice and coated the streets with mud. On the 20th came the bright, bracing, buoyant cold with the dazzling sunshine, the mock-suns in the morning, the beautiful, moon-lit, aurora-crowned nights. We look forward to four months of dry air and crisp footing, with no mosquitoes, no dreary rain, no sticky mud, no cough-breeding changes from hot to chilly air, no nerve-jarring thunderstorms, no constant perspiration, no stifling heat. Stand at the eastern end of Norwood bridge and look toward Winnipeg at half past four in the afternoon. Not a breath of wind or a cloud in the sky. It is ten below zero, but you are warmly clad and feel naught but the electric freshness of the pure atmosphere. The smoke that rises from a score of tall chimneys mounts heavenward like a pillar of wreathing wool; the level rays of the setting sun paint all those twisting, swirling columns a beautiful violet, so that they seem tinged with the "royal dye of empire and martyrdom." Presently, when the golden disc—for in winter the sun here is seldom aught but golden, hardly ever red—has disappeared the mounting pillars turn from purple to mauve and lavender and then to pearl grey. Wait a little longer and each are-light in the streets of the Prairie Capital will send up, almost to the zenith, a straight slender shaft of steely brightness like the spears of the sentinels of a mighty host keeping watch and ward with the sparkling, silent stars.

## TRUCKLING TO THE ORANGEMEN.

The Irish Lord Lieutenant in his speech to the Orangemen gave an object lesson in the extraordinary methods adopted by the Government in Ireland. He admitted that the claim of the majority of the people of Ireland for a Catholic University is just and ought therefore to be satisfied, but in effect he assured his hearers that the Government had no intention of acting on their own convictions or meeting the wishes of the majority until the small minority gave its fiat. In other words, as the Bishop of Limerick observes, a handful of Orangemen, who happen to be Unionists, are of so much importance that not only their rights must be respected, but their blind and ignorant passions encouraged and pampered; while, on the other hand, the four millions of Catholics can be told with impunity to lie down under wrong and injustice and to remain there until the Orangemen of Ulster give the Unionist Government leave to emancipate them. It is well that we have such an acknowledgment from such an unimpeachable authority. It is an avowal of a policy which has been pursued not for one year but for many, many years and which has naturally kept Ireland in seething discontent.—L'pool Cath. Times.

Rev. Father Jubinville was in town last week.

## JESUITS AND PROTESTANTS IN MADAGASCAR.

Liverpool Catholic Times.

We commented last week on the statement of the Rev. Mr. Jukes that "the Jesuit Bishops" had taken possession of one of his churches, having driven out the congregation. In our remarks we said it was not at all probable that the French authorities, who are by no means favourable to the religious Orders in France, would allow the Jesuits to go beyond the law in Madagascar. We now find in the "Kölnische Volkszeitung" a letter from Mgr. Cazet, S. J., Vicar-Apostolic of Central Madagascar, which explains what actually took place. According to this communication, which was written at Tananarivo, on May 5, there were two Protestant churches at Ambohimambola, some distance from one another. When the French had been a little while in possession of the island a goodly number of the Protestants in the district became Catholics. Their Protestantism had evidently been only skin-deep. Then Mgr. Cazet visited the place and found that the converts claimed one of the churches. Their money had gone to build it, and now when they far outnumbered the Protestants it was only fair that it should be handed up to them. Mgr. Cazet entered the building and found in it 238 Catholics and from twenty to twenty-five Protestants. He laid the argument of the converts before the Protestants who left the church, demurring to it but without tumult. Next day the military authorities of the district published a decree to the effect that one of the churches was to be held by the Catholics and the other by the Protestants. This is the story. If the church was built by the people's money, surely it is right that it should be used according to the wishes of the majority of the inhabitants.

## BISHOP DISAGREE.

Catholic Record.

On the very same day on which the Archbishop of Canterbury issued his pastoral charge to the clergy, wherein he declares that not only is voluntary confession permitted in the Church of England, but that the clergyman would neglect his duty if he refused to hear the confession of a parishioner who asked this, the Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. Ryle, said in an address delivered at North Meols, Lancashire, that confession is "an abominable thing, and any minister who gives absolution in confession insults our Lord." There is evidently something very vague about the actual teaching of the Church of England on this subject, when two such great lights of the Church utter sentiments so irreconcilable. It is certain, however, that Bishop Ryle goes counter to the commandment of the Book of Common prayer, which directs the priest who visits the sick to give absolution to the penitent who "humbly and heartily desires it," when he has made a "special confession of his sins."