

NORTHWEST REVIEW

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REV. A. A. CHERRIER,
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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1898.

CURRENT COMMENT.

We are within twelve days of Easter.
What have we done hitherto in the way
of penance? We cannot expect to enter
into the joys of the Resurrection unless
we have carried our cross with the
suffering Saviour.

The reports we print of His Grace's
Anniversary Festivities are credited to
the *Free Press* and *Not-Wester* when
borrowed from these papers; those
that are not thus credited were written
by a member of our staff.

The Lord's Day.

The agitation for a pharisaical en-
forcement of what misinformed people
call "the Sabbath" has elicited two ex-
cellent articles from our morning con-
temporaries. The *Free Press*, in its issue
of the 24th inst., handles the question
with that lightness and airiness of touch
for which its chief editorial writer is
famous, and which, in this case of
absurd petty tyranny, is very effective.
There is fine irony in such a passage as
this: "We are all to be made sober, and
we are all to be made pious; and the
marvel of it is that these [reforms] are
to be effected by simple acts of legisla-
tion." No doubt there is a lack of logic
in these two quotations that follow each
other closely in the same article: (1)
"There is no more sin in a game of ball-
on Sunday than in a walk in a garden
or in combing one's hair." Quite true.
Next comes this stranger way of treat-
ing a minority that presents the oldest
Church in Christendom and has always
allowed innocent recreation on
Sunday: "These games are not in
harmony with the general Sabbath
sentiment of the country and... it is
not unreasonable that the few should
be asked to respect the prejudices of the
many." But this is the usual *Free Press*
straddle.

The *Not-Wester's* article is more con-
sistent, because it is based on Catholic
principles. It brands Mr. Charlton's
Sunday newspaper bill as "a piece of
narrow pharisaical legislation." One
capital point this editorial makes, and
one which has been unaccountably
overlooked by most of the non-Catholic
writers in this country, is the fact that
the Sunday paper is prepared chiefly
on Saturday. This point has been con-
sidered so important in Catholic France
that several Catholic dailies do not ap-
pear on Monday, while they do appear
on Sunday and the Sunday edition is
all printed before the midnight between
Saturday and Sunday.

From our point of view all this agi-
tation for a stricter Sunday law is quite
in keeping with the spirit which seeks
to impose Protestant schools on Catholic
children. Mr. J. S. Ewart, Q. C., who
so thoroughly understands the school
persecution from we suffer, need not,
therefore, be at all "amazed," as he is
reported to have said that he was, "to
find that any considerable number in
the community should, at this late date,
think it possible to compel other people
to conform to their notions upon such a
subject."

Why, that "considerable portion"
has always taken special delight in
thrusting its false, unchristian opinions
down other people's throats. In May

1895, when that same "considerable
portion" prevented Winnipeggers from
going to Church in the electric cars on
Sunday, we printed a long and care-
fully worked out article proving that
the Christian Sunday and the Jewish
Sabbath are two very different things,
that the latter was primarily a day of
rest and only secondarily a day of
worship, while the former is primarily
a day of worship and only secondarily
and by way of consequence a day of
rest; that the Apostles abolished the
sabbath observance; and that the Catho-
lic Church chose Sunday as a day of
joyful worship and reasonable rest from
servile works in honor of Christ's resur-
rection and of the Descent of the Holy
Ghost.

His Grace of Montreal.

Archbishop Bruchesi

Preaches a magnificent sermon on St.
Patrick's Day in St. Patrick's Church
Montreal.

Montreal Star.
Contrary to the ordinary custom in
Catholic churches, the sermon was deliv-
ered at the close of the mass, instead of
after the Gospel. The preacher was Mgr.
Bruchesi, and his discourse was espe-
cially interesting from the fact that it
was the first of its kind to be preached
by a Bishop of the diocese of Montreal.
Never before has an occupant of the see
of Montreal appeared at a St. Patrick's
day celebration as the preacher at the
mass, and no wonder, therefore, that
the congregation was a large one. His
Grace spoke as follows:

"I have kept the faith." Words of St.
Paul in his 2nd Epistle to Timothy,
chap. 4th, verse 7th.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:

In October last I was in Dublin, the
far-famed metropolis and capital of Ire-
land, your native land, or the home of
your noble ancestors. I went there not
as a mere tourist. On my way to Rome,
to kneel at the tomb of the Apostles for
the first time as Archbishop, I felt, in
duty bound to stop over in France, the
mother country of this Canada of ours.

A thought came to my mind. Did not
God entrust to my pastoral care and
solicitude a large number who claim
Erin for the land of their birth, or whose
forefathers hailed from that Island of
Saints? If so, I should not pass by with-
out treading a soil, sanctified by the
prayers, the tears and the labors of their
national Apostle. I thought of the ma-
jestic churches that your ancestors erect-
ed to the glory of God, to the honor of
the saints; the monuments which your
nationality inspired, and which your
generosity achieved; the love of country
embodied in the poetic lines of a Moore,
a Mangan, a Griffin; the heaven-born
principles of an O'Connell and of other
eminent statesmen in the arena of polit-
ical and constitutional warfare, in the
outspoken and dauntless cause of your
national rights and religious liberties.
Full of the warmest enthusiasm at the
magnificent sights that met my gaze, I
penned a few lines to your much re-
vered pastor, claiming the privilege and
joy of pontificating on the coming cele-
bration of your illustrious Patron's na-
tional festival and of addressing you on
that solemn occasion.

The hopes I then entertained are now
realized. I do not believe that I could
in any other way, offer you a better
pledge of the sincerity of my kindly
feelings towards you. Year after year,
orators of your own nationality, deeply
versed in sacred eloquence, have ascend-
ed this pulpit to laud your patriotism
and revive your nation's glorious deeds,
to rehearse the transcendent virtues and
the imperishable achievements of your
saintly Patron. It would be presumption
on my part to rise to their level, but,
nevertheless my foreign accent will not
fail to impart to you all that it cannot
disguise, that there beats within my
breast a fatherly and friendly heart in
perfect touch with yours and in perfect
keeping with your own sentiments and
aspirations.

With your kind indulgence, I may, I
believe, recall the remembrance of my
youthful days. I was in the act of perus-
ing for the first time the sublime paneg-
yric of the Liberator of Ireland by La-
cordaire, a prince among the orators of
France. I came across the following:
"Look at the map of the world. At both
extremities, lie two groups of islands, the
Japanese and the British. Along the line
for the three thousand leagues, you may
read the names of Japan, China, Russia,
Sweden, Prussia, Denmark, Hanover,
England, Ireland. In none of those king-
doms or empires does the Church of God
enjoy her inalienable rights. Her voice,
her sacraments, her gatherings are pro-
scribed. What! So many nations depriv-
ed of the sacred freedom of the children
of God! What! among the two hun-
dred millions who people those lands
have none been bold enough to stand up
and assert their rights of conscience, their

dignity as Christians? No, no, gentlemen
God has never left the truth without wit-
nesses to seal it in their blood, and, as in
Ireland, so widespread, so enduring, so
vigorous was the spirit of oppression that
God, on His part, wrought a new miracle
in the history of martyrdom. Men, nay,
whole families have shed their blood in
testimony of their faith and left after
them only their mangled remains and an
imperishable name. But nowhere does
history record that an entire nation
handed down to posterity persecution
and death, as precious as heirlooms.

"God willed it, however, and it was
done. He willed it in our times, and in
our times it came to pass. Among the
above mentioned nations, bound to one
another by their geographical positions
and by a kind of spiritual slavery, one
alone never accepted the yoke. Brave
force might subdue her body; trammel
her soul, never. I shall not mention the
name of that dear, saintly nation, that
nation which outlived death itself. My
lips are not pure, they are not fervid
enough to pronounce its name. Heaven
knows it. Earth blessed it. Generous
hearts have offered her a home an asy-
lum, together with their love. Heaven,
thou who seest her. Earth thou who
knowest her. All ye who are better,
worthier, than I, speak out, tell her
name, say, say—Ireland."

These words deeply moved me, and I
felt as if I should look more inquiringly
into the motive that prompted an eulogy
so much like the most enthusiastic song
of the prophets of old.

What made Ireland so great, so lov-
able, so deserving of admiration, that
none but angelic lips could utter her
name? Could it be the fertility of her
soil, the agricultural ascendancy of her
inhabitants? No, for other land are
equally favored as she, and may be re-
garded as her superior in their fields,
with their golden harvests, their orange
groves, their trees and their flowers.
Could it be wealth? No, for her children
by the thousand, have been for certai-
nities groaning in poverty. Could it be
the inspiration of her bards, the genius
of her artists, the productions of her
writers? No, they are to be met with
elsewhere, and rivals and masters in
the arts and sciences, too. No, no, the
reason lies in the fact that Ireland, favored
by God, and taught the revealed truths
by her priests, has preserved intact the
sacred deposit.

Religion, in her onward march from
land to land, has indeed found disciples
and defenders, but has it not likewise
been thwarted on many a battlefield, and
weakened in many an encounter? Na-
tions as well as individuals, have apos-
trophized and denied the faith in which
they were cradled, nursed, and fostered.
Doubtless a nation may recover. For
my part, I do believe in the possibility
of resurrection. Nevertheless, the sight
of a whole nation steeped in apostasy
cannot but sadden us. Ireland has kept
the faith, but not without the greatest
sacrifice. She may well apply to herself
the words of St. Paul, "I have fought
the good fight, I have kept the faith."

From out the deep darkness of pagan-
ism, Ireland stepped forth in the full
light of Christianity. She renounced her
once cherished idolatrous practices, so
flattering to fallen nature, and gener-
ously embraced the stern principles of Chri-
stian morality. St. Patrick, a son of France,
was the ambassador of Christ, who, by
the preaching of the pure doctrine of
Rome, by his wise counsels and the ex-
ample of every Christian virtue, achieved
over their minds and hearts a complete
conquest. He converted both subjects
and rulers, established convents and
monasteries all over the land, founded
schools and universities, whither young
men flocked from all parts of Europe,
and thus built up a generation of enlight-
ened Catholics, who became competent
to spread the truth in every part of the
world.

Every country has its golden period;
Greece has its age of Pericles, Rome, its
Augustan era, Italy its age of Leo X.,
France its period of Louis XIV., and Ire-
land its golden days from the middle of
the sixth to the middle of the eighth
century.

When the so-called reformation dawned
upon the horizon, Ireland met it with
contempt. She heeded not its teachings
but clung tenaciously to the old faith,
though all human favors were offered
her to reject it. She professed the Roman
tenets in prison, in exile and upon the
scaffold "in spite of dungeon, fire and
sword." She was unconquerable. Her
temples were confiscated by the plunderers,
and when her fearless sons and daughters
could not adore therein because they
were polluted by false worship, they
built themselves altars on the mountain
slopes or in caves, even at the cost of
their mortal existence, and when, last
of all, they were driven from their hiding
places, they adored their God in the
sanctuary of their own souls, but never
would they consent to frequent the
churches, once theirs, and they preferred

to die of famine than to accept a morsel
of food from the hands of the temptor
who sought to win them over under the
cloak of charity.

Heresy had flattered herself with the
prospect of an easy conquest; she was
doomed to disappointment. Apostatize,
she cried out, and whatever I can bestow,
you shall obtain. You are poor, apostatize,
and I will enrich you. You are despised,
apostatize, and you will be esteemed
and honored. You are slaves, apostatize,
and I will break your chains asunder
and restore you to the blessings of free-
dom. But no, your noble ancestors
preferred the bread of heaven to the bread
of earth, the faith taught by St. Patrick
to the tempter's gold and silver. Earth
they cared not for. Heaven alone was
their home, the height of their ambition,
the goal of their aspirations. The eloquent
Macaulay has fittingly remarked: "We
have used the sword for centuries against
the Catholic Irish—we have tried famine
—we have tried extermination—we have
had recourse to all the severity of the
law—what have we done? Have we
succeeded? We have neither been able
to exterminate nor enfeeble them. I
confess my incapacity to solve the
problem. If I could find myself beneath
the dome of St. Peter's, and read, with
the faith of a Catholic, the inscription
around it—"Thou art Peter and upon
this rock I will build my Church and
the gates of hell shall not prevail against
it,"—then could I solve the problem of
Ireland's story."

What he could not do, we can. We can
read that inscription with Catholic faith.
It is the key to explain the allegiance of
Erin's sons to him who struck off the
shackles which held their ancestors in a
spiritual bondage.

On the very day I reached Dublin,
hundreds of your fellow-countrymen
knelt at the feet of Leo XIII. to speak
their sentiments of filial love and attach-
ment. The Vicar of Jesus Christ greeted
them in these terms: "The most Catho-
lic people in the whole world are the
Irish." Greater praise than this could
not be tendered to a nation, and it is a
pleasure for me to repeat his words on
this solemn occasion which has led you
to the foot of God's altar to give expres-
sion to the sentiments that filled the
souls of your countrymen in presence of
the Sovereign Pontiff.

Your forefathers have bequeathed to
you the priceless inheritance of exam-
ple. Be, like them, men of faith, that is,
love and cherish your holy religion. Ac-
cept submissively her teachings, practi-
se them unflinchingly, defend them on
every occasion. Faith is the foundation
of the supernatural order, the root of
justification, for "without it," writes the
Apostle St. Paul, "It is impossible to
please God." Without supernatural truth
it is but an empty sound. The Catholic
Church alone has it. She is "the pillar
and ground of truth." Her doctrines are
but the utterances of Christ Himself. A
post has said: "To err is human." She
cannot err because she is not a human
but a divine institution. To preserve
her from error, Christ Himself set in her
bright diadem the peerless gem of in-
fallibility, thereby imparting to His own
earthly spouse a share in His divinity.
Religion to be divine must contain mys-
teries or incomprehensible truths. This
announcement ought not to startle any
thinking or observing mind, for is
not nature veiled in impenetrable mys-
tery? And if the world over, all admit
the existence of mystery in the natural
order, without, however, being capable
of comprehending it, they ought, if con-
sistent, yield absolute consent to the in-
comprehensible in the supernatural or-
der.

The doctrines inculcated by the Catho-
lic Church, though beyond the compre-
hension of a finite intellect, merit, there-
fore, your unreserved assent. Promulgated
by a divine, infallible doctor nigh two
thousand years ago, they are proposed to
your belief by a Church, which, like her
divine Founder "is to-day, yesterday,
and the same forever," by a Church
which alone lays claim to inerrancy in
matters of faith and morals.

Belief alone is not sufficient. "Faith
without works is dead," remarks St.
James. The test of one's belief lies in its
exercise, or in a conformity and conti-
nuity of action in keeping with it. To act
differently is universally regarded as a
moral weakness and branded as much.
A man of sound principles is, a man of
character, and to act against
those principles in a word,
practically their denial. The faith of your
predecessors was a living faith, that is,
accompanied by good works. They con-
fessed Christ by word and deed. Consult
the history of our fatherland. Every
page of it is marked with the seal of
loyalty and attachment to the divine
and ecclesiastical precepts.

The law of God was written on the ta-
blets of their minds and enshrined on
the altar of their hearts. To them may
be applied the words of the Royal Psal-
mist: "Blessed are the undefiled in the

way, who walk in the law of the Lord."
To complete your glory you must add
the dignity of the Apostle to the charac-
ter of the practical Christian.

Defend your religion. Be conversant
with its teachings so as to be ever ready
"to give an account of the faith that is in
you." Has Divine Providence intrusted
you with an important office, are the in-
terests of your fellowmen, the welfare of
society or of your beloved country in
your hands? Never swerve from the
path of duty. Be on all occasions the
fearless outspoken champions of the
rights of your Church and of Catholic
principles. Never suffer party spirit to
betray the dictates of conscience or prove
untrue to the memory of your sainted
ancestors.

Love your children. Set them an ex-
ample of every Christian virtue. Send
them to schools where the poison of indif-
ference or error will not be instilled into
their youthful minds. See that they
comply faithfully with the laws of God
and of the Church. Thus they will be-
come the bulwarks of religion. Cherish
with predilection the home of your fore-
fathers, the home of the popes, two spots
on earth ever dear to the Irish heart.
Before expiring in Genoa, the immortal
O'Connell bequeathed his body to
Ireland. It was met that the hero's
mortal remains should rest in the bosom
of the land for which he had lived and
died. His heart he left to Rome. A
stronger pledge of filial love and submis-
sion towards the See of Peter he could
not have given. His soul he consigned to
his Maker. A three-fold love that should
glow in the breast of all, love of country,
love of Erin, love of God. I know you
love your country, and meseems, I hear
you repeating with the bard:

"Forget Ireland! no, while there's life in
this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lone as thou art.
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy
showers,
Than the rest of the world in the sunniest
hours."

Let your fervent petitions ascend to
the throne of the Most High that peace,
prosperity, and happiness may smile on
poor Erin. But, above all, cling to her
faith. Remember that you are the des-
cendants of heroes, children of the Isle
of Saints, and, by your exemplary lives,
prove yourselves worthy of the title you
bear. Amen.

The musical portion of the service was
especially fine, and was rendered with
powerful effect by the fine choir of the
church. The mass was composed by
Prof. Fowler, organist of the church, and
was very tuneful in its character. The
soloists were Messrs. J. J. Rowan,
F. Cahill, T. Wright, J. Lagaller, C. H.
Smith, R. Kerry, W. Cowans and Mr.
Carpenter. Mr. Smith's solo in the or-
atorio was especially pleasing. The choir
was assisted by Gruenwald's orchestra.

Among the clergy present at the ser-
vice were the Rev. Father Hebert, spe-
cial preacher at Notre Dame, and the
Rev. Abbe Colin.

No Catholic Need Apply.

The following letter, from
the *FREE PRESS* of Tues-
day last, explains
itself.

A Virden School Question.

To the Editor of the *Free Press*.

Sir,—Will you kindly grant me space
in your columns to give a fair specimen
of how the public school act is construed
in this province and the beautiful spirit
of conciliation meted out to Catholics in
Manitoba. In our school district about
one-third the ratepayers are of the latter
denomination. One of the trustees is a
Catholic who is also secretary-treasurer,
and the writer of this letter. To save
the cost of advertising for a teacher, I
wrote to the Provincial Teachers' bureau,
an institution advertised in the *Weekly
Free Press*, whose manager, I may here
state, deserves the highest praise. A
lady teacher was sent us well recom-
mended, and whose qualifications and
ability were a little above the average
country schoolmarm, and might be
termed an ornament to her profession.
On presenting this lady for engagement
to the trustees you would naturally
suppose the first information they would
require would be her standing as a
teacher. Is she a Catholic? This was
the first question. I replied that I did
not know, that I was not aware that the
law compelled me to furnish this infor-
mation. If she is then we won't have
anything to do with her. Now if this
lady happened to be a Catholic, which
she was not, after paying her own fare
from Winnipeg, she would be asked to
pay it back home again. This may serve
as a warning to Catholic girls, whose
ambition it is to become school teachers,
and the justice they will receive when
they make an application to teach in the
so-called "free for all" public school in
this province.

Virden, March 16. TRUSTEE.