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DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED NUN.

Irish Catholic.

The death of Sister Mary Gertrude O'Connor (known for upwards of a generation, as Mother Gertrude), of the Presentation Convent, Listowel, is an event deserving of more than local or ordinary notice. For nearly 50 years this truly excellent lady occupied a prominent and honored place in the religious life of her native county. Entering the Listowel Convent on the 15th of August, 1849, her religious life may be said to have synchronised with the life of that distinguished branch of the great Presentation Community, and the remarkable growth of that convent, both in usefulness as an educational institution, and in size, is in no small measure due to her influence and labors. But it was not in service to Order or devotion to rule—great as her service and devotion undoubtedly were—that this remarkable lady most distinguished herself. With a heart not less intensely human because chastened by discipline and divine love, a sympathy as wide as suffering humanity, and as deep as the deepest sorrow, and a wisdom born of no merely human knowledge and understanding, Sister Gertrude was not one to content herself with the ordinary routine work of a nun's life. Carrying with her into her convent a vivid recollection of the dreadful famine scenes she had so recently witnessed, her lusty charity found a spur more effective than exhortation or sermon—a spur which did not permit it to rest till the shadow of death came to its relief. She was ever foremost in such works of charity as her convent found itself in a position to undertake, and she brought to the execution of these works such a wealth of tact and judgment and such a knowledge of human character, as effectively secured them against miscarriage or failure. And she was as wisely discriminating in her charity as the great Apostle of Charity himself. "Find for me," she would say to those who helped her in the dispensing of her convent's charities—"Find for me the deserving poor—those who are heroically struggling with such difficulties and misfortunes as God has been pleased to cast on their way, and who try to hide rather than to exhibit their poverty: believe me, there are many such." And these she would first relieve, leaving the undeserving and clamorous to wait. For the very young she had a truly wonderful love, and as she regularly taught in the infant school of her convent, she had every opportunity for exercising it. Those words of our Lord: "Suffer children to come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God," were ever in her mind in the presence of the little ones. And "teach the little ones to love God," was her constant exhortation to the novices in her charge. But it was in a sphere peculiarly her own, and somewhat foreign to the genius of convent life, that this wonderful woman's great qualities of head and heart appeared in their fullest perfection. Early in her convent life she conceived the idea of

forming a class composed exclusively of very young men, of her own and her friends' acquaintance—principally of those intended for the Church or the professions. She saw in such young men forces which, according as they were regulated and directed well or ill, would infallibly turn out either to the benefit or the detriment of Church and country; and she likewise saw in wise, womanly and sympathetic counsels, powers which would make for the proper regulation and direction of these forces. Her great knowledge of the human heart showed her that there is no influence on earth which can for a moment be compared with that which a good and wise woman may exercise on those around her; and her knowledge of our people showed her that the overwhelming majority of parents are utterly incapable of bringing up their children, particularly their sons, in the way best calculated to make them strong, helpful and independent—true men and true women; whilst of the schools she knew that the moral side of the pupils' character receives but little attention there. Her class, or rather association of young men, was the outcome of these views, and her strong sense of duty to her friends in particular, and mankind in general. It was conducted more on social than on scholastic lines; and so tactfully and unobtrusively were advice and instruction given that the most conceited found himself corrected with little loss of dignity, and the most bashful and sensitive without blush or pain. The class was never large, but as each member dropped out to engage in life's hard struggle, some other young man was invited to take his place. In that way this truly great woman, in the course of her half-century of convent life, gave more useful and valuable instruction to hundreds of young men than all the schools and colleges of the Kingdom could have afforded them; instruction calculated to make them men strong, loyal and true—truly Catholic and Christian, capable of earning respect for themselves and their country in the land of the stranger. And to foreign lands most of them have gone, as the strong ones of our race have long, alas! been compelled to do. The majority of them have become priests, and the light they received they spread, or are spreading, around them with the Apostolic zeal which has ever distinguished the true Catholic Celt, thus making foreign peoples the debtor of their wise and saintly instruction. Nor was she content with merely instructing her young men. Many of them required material aid, and that aid, too, she generally found the means of giving.

Mother Gertrude was born in Tralee, about 76 years ago. Her father held a commission in the British army, served with distinction under Moore and Wellington, and the hero of Corunna is said to have died in his arms.

The Very Rev. John O'Connor, D. D., who for many years occupied a prominent place in the clerical life of his native diocese, and was one of the organizers of that brave band of Irishmen who went to the assistance of Pope Pius IX. in the early stage of his struggle with the infidel "makers" of modern Italy, and who, led by his fiery missionary zeal, went abroad while yet a young curate, where

he died some years ago, was a brother of Sister Gertrude's. Another distinguished brother was Dr. Morgan O'Connor, who died universally respected and regretted a few years ago, in Australia. Her country and her Church are the poorer by Mother Gertrude's death, whilst her Order has lost one of its greatest nuns, and her convent one whose place shall long remain vacant. May she rest in peace.

BOYCOTTING FRANCE.

The following happy hit appeared in the London (Eng.) Tablet of Sept. 22nd:

Sir—I have read with gratitude and admiration the noble letter which "Catholicus" has addressed to the Times about the attitude of Catholics upon the Dreyfus case. His advice to us to boycott the French religious communities in our midst is eminently practical. To me personally, however, it presents a difficulty, inasmuch as I have not hitherto been in the habit of contributing directly to the support of monks or nuns of any nationality. Still, I am determined, as far as possible, to act up to the spirit of the advice given by "Catholicus." I have just explained to my French governess that I must reduce her wages as a protest against the Rennes verdict. She protests that she has always sympathized with Captain Dreyfus. I have endeavored to make her understand that I am reducing her wages, not to punish her but to mark my sense of the conduct of the five wicked officers at Rennes. Even now she seems dissatisfied, though I made my explanation as clear as possible. I am afraid she is not intelligent enough for her place; in fact I must get rid of her, and that will serve as a further protest. I may also mention that, still acting in the spirit of the letter signed "Catholicus," I have taken pleasure several times this week in depriving my French poodle of his bone; I have torn out several pages from my French Dictionary, and I have decided to take an early opportunity to insult a French nun—of course, in a gentlemanly way. I confess I do not myself quite see the direct bearing of these severe measures upon the French Government, or even the French clergy, and it is certainly a little perplexing to be told that the present ministry is quite as anxious to rehabilitate Dreyfus as I can be. Still I think you will admit, Sir, that in these stirring times one must do something. And I wish it to be distinctly understood that I shall keep my eye on the French generals, and if the steps I have taken do not bring the desired result I am prepared to go further and forbid my wife to eat French beans. Imagine the women of England leagued to boycott French beans! Why they would simply exterminate the plant. I should think that would bring the French generals to their senses—don't you, Sir?

Yours truly,

A BRITON (New Style).

P. S.—Having promised a nephew, to whom I have always been foolishly indulgent, that I would pay his expenses for a fortnight during the Paris Exhibition, I have felt constrained to inform him that "considerations of international justice" would now oblige me to keep my money in the bank. He has sent me a most extraordinary reply.

ANOTHER OBLATE MISSIONARY'S JUBILEE.

FATHER ARNAUD'S FIFTY YEARS' LABOR IN FROZEN LABRADOR.

N. Y. Catholic News.

Quebec, Oct. 4.—Fifty years of missionary labors, travels and privations among the lowest and most degraded Indian tribes of the North American continent, in the far frozen north of Labrador, have just been completed by the Rev. Father Arnaud, of the Oblate Order, whose jubilee is about to be celebrated here with much solemnity. The wonderful career of the venerable missionary is intimately connected with some of the most sensational experiences of the Montagnais and Nascapee Indians during the last half century. He knows more of the interior of Labrador and has travelled more of it than any other explorer. Scarcely an Indian roams this inhospitable territory that he does not know by name. He has lived and journeyed with them and shared their privations, which to him were all the more painful, for his youth was spent in plenty and comfort.

Born in France in 1827, Father Arnaud was ordained priest at Ottawa in 1849, and immediately afterward was sent by his superiors to accompany a party of Indians on their journey across the Labrador Peninsula of Hudson Bay. It was a painful journey to the young Frenchman, for the Indian ideas of cleanliness and of cookery are very different from those of civilized nations, and his stomach frequently revolted at the food that was set before him. He has seldom been heard to complain of his lot, but the Jesuit Father Crepieul has graphically described the life of a Montagnais missionary as a prolonged martyrdom, and a continual practice of patience and mortification. In winter the missionary lives in an Indian hut formed of sticks covered with skins and boughs of trees and banked around with snow. He lies upon the frozen ground with his clothes on, the hut being usually full of smoke, and if he perspires by day he is almost frozen at night. He eats from a dish seldom or never washed and licked by the dogs that share his bed. Sometimes he is forced to go without food.

Father Arnaud has experienced all these and even greater miseries. After his return from Hudson Bay in 1849 he was sent to labor among the Indians of Labrador from the Saguenay to the Atlantic Ocean. He has carried on his wonderful work until the present time, and will probably continue it until the end of his life. Nothing can exceed his affectionate regard for his Indian flock, many members of which he has converted from paganism.

Father Arnaud's descriptions of the sufferings of his, "poor sheep," as he calls the Indian members of his flock, often resemble some horrible fiction. They are corroborated, however, from other sources. He tells, for instance, of the disasters that befall the members of his mission at Mingan some winters ago, when 32 of his Indian converts died of starvation at the height of land in which the St. Jean

River has its source. About 20 Montagnais families left the coast during the previous summer for the part of the interior already described, taking no provisions with them, because they had counted upon finding plenty of caribou there. In this they were entirely disappointed, however, while an exceptionally early fall of snow found many of them without their snowshoes, and they could not even find the porcupines, hares and white partridges which are usually so abundant in Labrador. A few families among them contrived to reach Eskimo Bay, but most of the others miserably perished in the woods before Christmas. News reached the missionary the same year that two families had been abandoned to their fate at the headwaters of the St. Augustine River, and that a number of other Indians belonging to the same place, who had crossed to Newfoundland, had been massacred by the Mic-Macs.

Many times Father Arnaud has narrowly escaped death from starvation, drowning and exposure to the wild animals that roam the woods of Labrador.

PROTESTANTS MAY LEARN.

SOMETHING OF WHAT THEY MAY GET FROM CATHOLICITY.

"What a Protestant may learn from Roman Catholicism" was the subject of a sermon preached by Rev. William Redheffer at the Wesley M. E. Church, Belleville, N. J., on Sunday night. He said in part:

"The Catholic Church is the Church of the poor. Within its walls there is no distinction between the poor man and the one blessed with the world's goods, such as we so often see in our churches. At their altar-rail every man is treated alike, in a God-like, Christian manner. There is much to emulate in this regard. Another point that stands to the fore with these brethren of ours is their loyalty to their faith and to Church discipline. They arise at daybreak and go out to early services in all kinds of weather, often fasting from midnight. And, again, when they have some dispute with their pastor, they do not forsake their Church. They bear it nobly and let it make no difference with their attendance; while Protestants, in a like case, throw everything to the winds and refuse to have anything more to do with the clergyman or his Church.

"The ministers of that faith do not strive to make gains to their parish or congregation at the expense of their neighbors. They do not coax people to leave their home church and go to another, as I have seen done right here at our own doors in the Protestant denomination. Their discipline is thorough, and their priests walk according to a definite measure. They refuse to marry couples from visiting parishes without sufficient explanation from the pastor there. This is a wise precaution, and if we had something like it in our churches, much trouble and annoyance would be saved."

Hon. J. D. Cameron returned last Sunday from the east and has completely recovered from his recent alarming attack of bronchitis.