

The Northwest Review

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NOTICE. The editor will always gladly receive (1) general or local important, even political if not of a party character. (2) LETTERS on similar subjects, whether conveying or asking information or controversial. (3) NEWS NOTES, especially such as are of a Catholic character, from every district in North and British Columbia. (4) NOTES of the proceedings of every Catholic society throughout the city or country. Such notes will prove of much benefit to the society themselves by making their work known to the public.

OUR ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER. ST. BONIFACE, MAY 10th, 1888. Mr. E. J. Dermody.

DEAR SIR,—I see by the last issue of the NORTHWEST REVIEW that you have been intrusted by the directors of the journal with the management of the same, "the company for the present retaining charge of the editorial columns." I need not tell you that I take a deep interest in the NORTHWEST REVIEW which is the only English Catholic paper published within the limits of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. I hope that you will obtain a remunerative success. It is enough that the editors do their work gratuitously, it cannot be expected that the material part of the publication should be rendered without remuneration. I therefore strongly recommend to all Catholics under my jurisdiction to give a liberal support to the NORTHWEST REVIEW. It has fully my approval, though, of course, I cannot be responsible for every word contained in it. The editors write as they think proper, they are at full liberty to say what they wish and in the way they like best. The sole control I can claim is over the principles they express and I have no hesitation in stating that the principles announced by them are sound and ought to be endorsed by every sound Catholic in this country. I therefore consider that you enter a good work and I pray to God that He will bless you in its accomplishment.

Yours all devoted in Christ, ALEX. ARCHBISHOP OF ST. BONIFACE, O. M. I.

The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28. EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have our necessities and most of us our tribulations. Let us pray, therefore to St. Joseph, to whom this month is specially dedicated. He will aid us.

Catholics should always bear in mind that the practice—not the mere empty profession, of their religion—is what will be exacted of us all. No Catholic becomes a pariah at all on account of the few that do fall away, do so by their lukewarmness and neglect.

"Most thankful am I" wrote Chief Justice Tanev, some time before his death, to his cousin, an old man, "that the reading, reflection, study and experience of a long life have strengthened and confirmed my faith in the Catholic church, which has never ceased to teach her children how they should live and how they should die."

Ingersoll has been telling Protestants that, from the beginning, they made a serious mistake when their originators substituted belief for works. And now that the fragments of faith which they formerly retained are being, one by one, discarded, to placate the growing disposition among them to dispense with dogma—what is left of the second great cardinal feature of Protestantism?

The present semi-persecution of the Catholic church is certain to do a great deal of unexpected good. It cannot fail of impressing itself as grievously un-called for and unjust, upon a large number of candid, honor-loving minds. Every accusation against Catholicism must lead to considerable inquiry; and a calm, unprejudiced inquiry must clear up the atmosphere in which those who speak ill of us contrive to invent us.

"The spirit of the age is the spirit of the sermon on the mount" is the extraordinary statement of Ignatius Donnelly! It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine on what arguments such a statement could be justified. If this age be remarkable for anything beyond its race after material advancement, greed of wealth and contradictory scientific speculation, it is to be found in its spirit of unbelief its doubting of the teaching of Christ and its superficialism in every department of thought. It may suit demagogues and perambulating political tramps, who live on tickling the shallow fancies of those on whose favors they fatten, to compare the spirit of this superficial age with "the spirit of the sermon on the mount," but truth, facts and history give such driveling nonsense a flat and emphatic denial.

Christianity is mixed up with our very being and every day life. It meets us at birth, follows us through life, does not desert us at the grave, but takes our hand and conducts us to our Judge, and is our passport to a happy judgment. There is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is on it, not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity.

The Locomotive Firemen's Magazine in an article on the P. P. A. says: "We recognize fully the difficulties of the task of banishing errors from the minds of bigots. We do not recall an instance in all history where, by the simple process of reason, argument and common-sense, success has attended such laudable efforts. Nevertheless, it is true of the past that the influence of bigots has been reduced to the minimum—that their fangs have been extracted, their claws blunted and the deadly poison secreted in the glands of the heart and soul neutralized to comparative harmlessness."

That must be a mighty intellect that presides over the editorial department of the Port Arthur Sentinel. A few weeks ago we advised it to denounce the P. P. A. It replies, "why should we? We have no quarrel with it. So far as we know it has never boycotted us. If we may measure the power of the P. P. A. by the virulence of the Roman Catholic Press, it is destined to play an important part in Canadian history." Here is a journal, (an insignificant one, it is true), who will not denounce a vile association, because it says it has no quarrel with it. Probably not. It looks as though the editor of our contemporary was a member of that organization. If so, we do not expect it to denounce the P. P. A. If, however, it be at all patriotic in its sentiments or just and fair in its principles it will do so at once.

We do not expect much that is patriotic, however, from a paper like the Sentinel. It is so easy for a respectable nobody like the Sentinel to describe the language of the Catholic press as violent. That is generally what is said to us when we ram down the throats of some editors their ignorant and oft refuted calumnies. It is apparently no crime for those people to lie about us, to misrepresent us and to attribute to us crimes that have no existence except in their own vile and malicious imaginations, but if we venture to take those highly cultured and Christian gentlemen to task and tell them that to bear false witness against their neighbor is a violation of the commandments of God they turn up their whites of their eyes and say, "how virulent those Catholic papers are!" "If we had not the P. P. A. to protect us we would have to stop lying about our Catholic neighbors, but with it and the patriotic part it is destined to play in Canadian history we are safe to say and do as we like." Go on, Sentinel!

ITS GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The Pittsburgh Catholic, one of the brightest and best edited among our exchanges, comes to us this week with a golden heading, reminding us that it is celebrating its golden jubilee. Fifty years of work nobly and unselfishly performed for the greater glory of God and the advancement of our holy mother the church! The Pittsburgh Catholic was founded by Mgr. O'Connor, bishop of the diocese, who became its first editor. In looking back over that span of fifty years, what joy must fill the hearts not only of the Catholics of Pittsburgh but of the United States at the wonderful growth of the church, despite all that men, in the malice of their hearts, tried to do to retard her onward march! And what holy joy must it be to our esteemed contemporary to be able to look back and realize what it has done to contribute, under the providence of God, to that unique growth and development of Catholicity. What an encouragement this should be to our contemporary in its future efforts for so glorious and sacred a cause. One of its greatest glories on this, its fiftieth birthday, is that during all those fifty years it has never ceased to be in touch and sympathy with the best interests of the church.

We send from this far western land our heartiest kind greetings to our big brother in Pittsburgh and pray that his future career may be as fruitful of good and noble deeds as has been his first fifty years.

THOUGHT "FREE" OR OTHERWISE.

We both hear and read much, nowadays, of "glorious free thought," and of what a boon it is to the human race. This kind of thought has flourished, more or less, since the days of the Reformers. It commenced with the freedom to doubt everything—especially all that had been sacredly believed for over fifteen centuries. It left the wrecks showing the mental havoc which it accomplished in England, Scotland, Prussia, Holland, Sweden, Norway and Switzerland. And strange to relate, although boasting so loudly of the freedom of thought, these countries presented very little freedom of any other kind. Catholics, however have persistently adhered to the faith which has come down from Apostolic times and teachings. In doing so, they constantly bear in mind the scriptural assurance that

"The truth will make you free." To embrace and adhere to the truth seems to us Catholics, therefore, the very highest grade of freedom. Protestant sects, themselves, practice a certain degree of conservatism. Among them you must adhere to standards, such as the Westminster Confession. This, in so far, shows an appreciation of the danger and absurdity of what is called "free thought."

But, it is alleged by those who are averse to Catholicity, that once we submit to the yoke of faith, we have no more mental freedom whatever. This is a great mistake. In "essentials" we must be submissive. Such submission is based upon the very highest plane of logical conviction. In all matters outside the domain of strictly defined faith, no people on earth are more free than Catholics. There could be no better testimony to this great truth than that of the greatest scholar of his time, Orestes A. Brownson, one of the brightest intellect which abandoned the uncertainty of Protestantism, and came over most cheerfully and with fixed convictions to embrace the full curriculum of Catholic truth. This great reviewer knew of all the boasted claims of free thought. He also knew well of the so frequently repeated charge that the Catholic church put a drag and a chain upon intellect. In Mr. Brownson's work, "A Convert," he said without hesitation:

"I never in a single instance found a single article, dogma, proposition or definition of faith which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed, or modified, or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic."

"DONE BROWN."

Personal ambition is surrounded with many dangers and many disappointments. It is especially dangerous to those who have neither the ability, qualification or natural fitness for the ambitious prize sought. Notwithstanding all this we cannot forbear expressing our condolence for Mr. James Brown, late superintendent of education in the Northwest Territories. James was once a happy and even important individual, as secretary of the old Northwest Territories Board of Education. He was clothed with much more importance than the name of "secretary" of that Board implied. It was his privilege to be closely associated with some of the best and most cultured men in the country—"men of light and leading"—he was, in fact the official head, the actual superintendent of education. But poor James, was human, like the rest of us. Our friend Brown, forgetful of the advice of the great Cardinal Welsey to his trusted servant, Cromwell, did not "fling away ambition," and if, "By that sin fell the angels," how could it be expected that the human nature of poor Brown in this great nineteenth century would resist. His great ambition, then, was to become "Superintendent of Education," and to attain that end he set to work to help to destroy the old Board of Education and create in its stead a Department of Education with himself as Superintendent. He succeeded admirably for a time. The ordinance creating the new Department and abolishing the old Board and making the ambitious James, superintendent, became law. So far the fates seemed to smile on our friend, but soon it became apparent that Mr. Brown would have to get an assistant to look after the technical portion of the work. Here, alas! was the rock on which James split, and here is where our sympathy comes in. He must have a good man and a true, to help him. He cast about him and came to the conclusion that a certain grand master of the grand Lodge of Manitoba Masons would be just the man. James could surely trust his fortunes and his honor in the hands of a brother, and between them both, if they could not make it interesting for their old foes, the Papists, it would not be their fault. The Grand Master and dear brother was, therefore, summoned and, as \$3,000 was behind the offer, he came. Herein was James' undoing. It could not be expected that so important an individual as the grand master, with all "The Most Worshipfuls" before his name and a large part of the alphabet after it, could long remain subordinate to so common place an individual as our friend. The idea that Brown should be known as Superintendent of Education while the great Goggin would go jogging along in the rear! Banish the thought! So the dear grand frater set to work and had matters changed" by taking into himself his frater Brown's job, and had him reduced to his old position of "secretary" without any of the importance formerly attached to it. Behold how those brothers love one another! Behold how Brown was "done brown!" Behold the cause of our sorrow!

Tax trouble with most cough medicines is that they spoil the appetite, weaken digestion, and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it gives immediate relief, assists rather than impairs the assimilative process.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

Some time ago a dispatch went the rounds of the secular press, and even appeared in the columns of some "Catholic" (?) papers, to the effect that Bishop Montes de Oca had been compelled in the interests of the Republic to drive the Jesuits out of his diocese. We were satisfied that this was another lie about the Jesuits, so we placed the matter in the hands of an esteemed friend, asking that he be good enough to ascertain for us the true facts of the case. For reply he simply enclosed the following paragraph, clipped from the American Catholic News of March 21st. In our readers will find how much of truth that dispatch contained. The paragraph reads:

Bishop Montes de Oca, of S. Luis Potosi, Mexico, has telegraphed to the Archbishop of New York, asking him to please deny for him the report very recently published in the papers of the United States that he had expelled the Jesuits from his diocese. Bishop Montes de Oca was educated in the famous Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, England, and from there went to the South American College in Rome, and attended the schools of the Roman College. Both of these institutions are directed by the Jesuits. He and the Archbishop of New York were college students together in Rome. When in New York Mgr. Montes de Oca is the guest of the Archbishop. Thus another of those lies that are so frequently spread broadcast is nailed.

Bad Days For Foul Slanderers.

These are bad days for ex-priests and "escaped nuns," whose stock in trade is the vilest sort of slander of the Catholic church. McNamara, the hiring of the A. P. A., has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Kansas City for his foul calumnies; and in England a Miss Golding, who was accumulating a lot of British coin by her lectures on "convent life," has been so thoroughly exposed as a fraud, that her day of usefulness as a money maker and deceiver of Victoria's subjects is over.

One of the most notorious of the "escaped nuns" is Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd. She reigned in cultured Boston for a long time, and the bigots there showered honors on her. An honest Presbyterian minister of Canada has dealt this lying creature a blow that will help to send her into oblivion. He is Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of St. Thomas. Writing of Mrs. Shepherd in the Canada Presbyterian he says:

"I wish, if it is not already too late, to warn our ministers and people and such of the general public as may hear my warning, against one of the worst frauds, one of the most dangerous agents of political and social strife and moral corruption, that, whether as journalist or preacher, I have ever come in contact with. It is with extreme reluctance that I write a name so redolent of all moral rottenness as Margaret L. Shepherd. Were it not that she is taking advantage of the silence which reluctance has secured, and were she not already notorious throughout the country, I would still be content with the warning given my own congregation in April last. But nothing can now give her notoriety, and she has so unsexed herself as to forfeit the protection which makes womanhood sacred."

"It was in the early spring of the last year that she first visited St. Thomas, London Woodstock and neighboring towns. So profitable did she find her enterprise, that she worked it with enthusiasm and vigor. In each of these cities she reaped the benefit of a strong anti-Catholic feeling and made good use of the P. P. A. movement. At first she gave out that she had been a nun, and told suggestive stories of her bad birth and dissolute life. She found, as she finds everywhere, well-meaning but panicky Protestants who believed the stories, that would now be willingly forgotten, about priests' letters found in strange places, rifles and ammunition stored away in Catholic church cellars, and a general Protestant massacre arranged for the 27th of September last. These gave heed to her words and emptied their purses in response to her appeals. Some weak-minded men and women were fascinated, morally hypnotized, by her strong personality and smooth speech. Others followed her for fifty lucre's sake. Masculinity was given to her cause by those who found she could serve their turn and help them to municipal or parliamentary positions. And when it was whispered that her record was shady, another class found in every city, gathered together like vultures to the carcass. These 'lewd fellows of the baser sort' are always attracted by the brazen impudence of a woman who gives a coach-and-four through the seventh commandment and opens her meetings with prayer."

Mr. Macdonald tells his readers that he has been tracing this woman's course and has followed her career. Her record, he says, is such that it could not be published in a paper that goes into pure homes. The details are horribly disgusting. Miss Lillian M. Phelps, an estimable temperance worker in Canada, wrote to Mr. Macdonald imploring him, in the name of wronged womanhood, to address a wider audience than his own congregation, "and, if possible, save our women and girls from the awfulness of this woman's touch." Dr. J. A. Gordon, of Boston, the leading Baptist of New England, told Mr. Macdonald in August last that Mrs. Shepherd is the falsest and the most unscrupulous woman and the most unblushing hypocrite he had ever met.

"I know," concludes Mr. Macdonald, "how this woman tries to turn the edge of incriminating evidence and to convert every condemnation into useful advertising matter. I know how she hoodwinks her audiences, posing now as a martyr and now as a penitent. I know how her admirers are overcome by her crocodile tears and give expression to their sympathy by presenting her with Bibles. I have read the much-vaunted certificates of character given by creatures of her own creation, a fragment of the 'Loyal Women of American Liberty' and the 'Protestant Protective Women of Canada.' To be sure she is badly in need of such certificates. But certificates will not do. Testimonials and lip-covered Bibles will not hide her shame or arrest the contagion of her diseased

life. Nor tears, nor prayers, nor poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, will change her lustful eye, or dull the public sense of loathing for one who has prostituted truth and honor and who runs riotously in the error of Balaam for hire."

CONFESSING SINS TO A PRIEST.

The Stock Protestant Argument Humorously Refuted.

Says an exchange:—An acquaintance of ours, who frequently went to and from Philadelphia, was often teased by some of his associates about being a Catholic. He was a German, comparatively uneducated, but well instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic religion. Withal, too, he was naturally gifted, witty and sarcastic. One evening one of his associates asked him, 'Lewy, you confess your sins to a priest, don't you?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I do.' 'Why do you confess to a priest?' He is only a man. How can he forgive you your sins?' 'Yes,' retorted L., 'he is only a man, but Almighty God conferred on him the power to forgive sins.' '(Oh, but why don't you go directly to God to confess your sins? I always go to head-quarters when I have to do anything,' said the objector. 'I deny it, you don't,' was the rough and ready reply. 'How do you know I don't?' asked L.'s questioner. 'Prove that I don't.' 'Well, I'll soon do it,' said Lewy. You ride in this car, and so, too, sometimes, does Mr. —, the president of the railroad. Some day, when the president and you are in the car, the conductor asks you for your ticket. You won't give it to him and tell him, 'I always do my business at head-quarters.' The conductor says 'just try it.' You then go to Mr. —, president of the railroad, and say, 'Mr. —, I won't give my ticket to the conductor. I give it to you; I always do business at head-quarters.' The president says—well, just exactly what he says had better be left to the imagination. In vigorous, if not elegant language, however, he tells him to give the ticket to the conductor or get off the train.' There was a universal shout of applause from the listeners, and it was acknowledged that Lewy had the best of the argument.—Catholic Standard.

HERE IS A COMPARISON.

The Treatment of Catholic and Protestant Questions—A Contrast—A Lesson for All.

The conduct of Catholics to the members of other creeds is in strong contrast to that of the people to be found in so many of our great cities, who encourage men and women, on the platform and in the press, to insult Catholics and calumniate the church. We never hear of Catholics assembling in public halls to rail at their Protestant neighbors, pass fiery resolutions, denounce their religious denominations and appeal to the lowest prejudices of their hearers. If Catholics were to imitate their conduct, there would soon be religious riots throughout the land. And yet this is what is constantly being done against the Catholics without protest from self-respecting people of other denominations. Churches and societies, composed of men who call themselves respectable, who probably think themselves religious, will employ itinerant lecturers who make it a trade to revile Catholics and insult their most sacred feelings. They will listen while these wretched creatures who have been expelled from the church, express in grossest language the hatred which they bear to the church which in our day has produced a Leo XIII., charmed a Manning, convinced a Newman, and in the past has given to charity a St. Vincent de Paul, to theology a St. Alphonsus Liguori, to youth a St. Aloysius Gonzaga, to foreign mission a St. Francis Xavier, to piety a St. Francis Assisi, to all the virtues and to all the sanctities of life models which exalt humanity, the contemplation of whose virtues sanctify every thought, word and deed of this mortal life. We cannot understand how any people who love truth and righteousness can encourage these disgraceful exhibitions of malice and hatred. No man or woman of any education in our day believes these calumnies which formed the subject matter of the historians of the past. Until of late years it was perfectly true to say that history was a conspiracy against the truth. In our day in England has been at work, and by examination of original documents it has proven that the greater number of the accusations against the church were purely and simply calumnies and the rest misrepresentations or misapprehensions. No man of sense to-day believes in the stories against the church which were current thirty years ago. The spirit of inquiry has triumphed, scholarship has mastered ignorance and bigotry and the claims of truth are being investigated with honesty and impartiality. Men who read history twenty-five years ago in the books then at their disposal, and who read recent publications, are obliged to unlearn what they had learned and commence anew their study. To repeat those calumnies of the past argues the grossest bigotry and ignorance, bigotry of the old days and ignorance of the new knowledge of these investigating times. Two classes there are of men who believe in these calumnies; old men who have stopped short in their studies and have not advanced with the knowledge of the times, and youths whose bearded intellect refuses to accept the light of investigation and whose passions nurtured in bigotry, render them insensible to the new light. These compose the audience who listen to professional libelers of the church. Catholics can afford to despise them in silence and pity; it is self-respecting Protestants who should respect them.

A large body of German Catholics are about to set out on a pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem. They expect to reach the latter city on the 28th of April.

COMMUNICATION.

The Missionary Record's Account of the Bazaar.

To the Editor of the NORTHWEST REVIEW.

DEAR SIR:—Those who had anything to do with the arrangements for the grand Bazaar last fall, or who were present in Trinity hall during the week that it was in progress, could as easily realize what a performance of the play Hamlet would amount to with the title role omitted, as they can what the Bazaar would have been without the assistance of the Reverend Pastor of the Immaculate Conception parish, Father Cherrier. From the time the preparations for the Bazaar were first commenced he threw himself heart and soul into the work; he attended the organization meetings; he gave the committee the benefit of his past experience in such matters; he personally undertook a large part of the arrangements; in fact he was the moving spirit. In the affair, and at the close of the Bazaar it was unanimously admitted that while he had done what they could his tact and energy had contributed in no small degree to the great success which had been attained. The parishioners of the Immaculate Conception were proud of their pastor for the part he had taken in this matter. They are enthusiastic in their belief that anything he undertakes will be properly carried out, and must, from the fact that he is in it, be successful. It had always proved so in parochial affairs, and they were more than gratified that the rule should hold good in a matter concerning the whole Catholic community of the city. And while they were proud of it at the time they are anxious it should not be lost sight of in the future. Last week you published a clipping from the Missionary Record in which the sacrifices the Catholics of the country are making in the cause of Christian education were alluded to, especial reference being made to the Bazaar. As one of the organs of the Oblate Fathers the Record made mention of the part taken in that event by the reverend fathers of the order laboring in the city, but it struck me and others on reading the paragraph in your columns that had the Record been well-informed it would not have fallen into the error of so pointedly ignoring the part taken by the people and pastor of the Immaculate Conception parish, and the reproduction of the paragraph in the columns of the Catholic organ of this diocese cannot be allowed to pass by without at least a mild protest. The whole Catholic community was united as one man in making the Bazaar a success as we have been in everything else connected with our separate schools. We Catholics of Winnipeg can never reflect on the sacrifices made in the cause of education here without acknowledging the whole-souled way in which the working men who compose the parish of the Immaculate Conception have so nobly responded to the call of duty, and especially must we always remember the great obligation we are under to the pastor of that parish for his invaluable services in connection with the Bazaar. Yours truly, JUSTITIA.

REGINA NOTES.

The Holy Week and Easter Sunday were spent here with more than the usual devotion to the services of our Mother Church.

Mr. Royal's famous "brochure," besides claiming attention in the papers in demand in the bookstores here, and copies are selling fast—not all to his admirers.

It seems a pity that more opportunities are not taken advantage of for our Catholic teachers to prove their fitness by actual contact and competition with men and women who can only be taught object lessons.

Mr. Wm. McCaffray, who has been spending a part of the winter here with his parents, leaves this week for Winnipeg. Willie whilst here took a foremost part in most of the athletic winter sports, skating, hockey, etc. being apparently his element, and his early return to Regina will be hailed with delight by all youthful lovers of good fellowship combined with manly sport.

The normal session is finished, and the candidates have scattered over the wide expanse of the territories. Whilst full results of the examinations are not to be had, enough is known to justify our saying that in the late session the Catholic candidates passed creditably, two of them hailing from the "Green Isle," and late from Convent or Christian Brothers' Schools, standing if not head of the whole class, at least in the very front ranks.

Although my last notes, with other more interesting matter, were crowded out of your "green" issue, it was gratifying to find such an eloquent exhortation embodied in the half-page article of Mr. O'Connell Powell. This talented young Irishman spent a day in Regina recently, and it was with no small pleasure that his acquaintance here saw his name subscribed to an article which contained a more Catholic sentiment and incentive to Irish patriotism than has been ever before seen gracing the columns of a Northwest paper. Notwithstanding we had about the most inclement week of the winter, all of the devotions were well attended, and on Easter Sunday Rev. Father Caron, in feeling terms, expressed the pleasure it gave him to state that out of 231 communicants in the parish over 200 had already complied with the command of the Church in regard to their Easter duty. The choir led by our "old reliable" Mr. Betournay, furnished the choicest music of the great masters, Benedict's "Regina Coeli," Schilonann's "Ave Maria" and White's "Tantum Ergo." But solos by Mr. and Mrs. Rimmer. What gave unequivocal pleasure to the worshippers on Easter Sunday morning was to observe how tastefully and splendidly the altar and sanctuary had been transformed, through the quiet industry of a small group of the ladies of the congregation, ably led by Mrs. P. McCaffray. This lady has proven herself to be a mine of resource and industry in practical church work, and though we scarcely deserve so much from a new arrival, we are just sufficiently selfish to wish Mrs. McCaffray a long residence amongst us.