

TWO REPORTS OF ONE SERMON

It is curious to compare the subjoined reports, by two different papers, of one and the same sermon.

(Free Press, Apr. 17)

Yesterday being Palm Sunday the impressive ceremony of the blessing of the palms, in accordance with the rites of Roman Catholicism, was performed in St. Mary's church before Mass. The olive branches were placed in the pews of the church and while the passion was being sung the congregation held them aloft until the celebration concluded when they were carried home to be treasured for many months.

At the evening service Father Drummond continued his series of Lenten sermons, his subject being "God Alone is Man's last End."

In opening the reverend gentleman quoted, "I am the Alpha and the Omega the beginning and the end." He who is the beginning must be the end, asserted Father Drummond. God created us for Himself that we might know and give him everlasting glory. He is our owner not only our master, and He owns everything; but if we try to escape that ownership we become sinners. The essence of sin is the turning away from God.

God is the centre of our being. A great thinker of our day once remarked that mankind was divided into two classes; (1) those who make God the centre of their lives; and (2) those who make themselves the centre of their being. The sun is the centre of the solar system and by attraction all the planets go through space. If by chance the sun should disappear a chaos would be created which would send those planets whirling in all directions. The same thing happens to man if God is not made the centre of his life. If God is our last end we should not fix our hearts upon wealth or any other worldly thing. We can aim at these as a means to that end for we have talents given us for that purpose. What is wrong is to make these means ends. Our last end being God we must make all other things means to attain that end. Humility is one of the most difficult virtues to practise and is one of the means of reaching our last end. Wealth is a danger, but not so dangerous as pride. Sickness and health are gifts from God and to be reasonable or logical we must accept what God says or does. We have not to be slaves of circumstance or passion. God who is all truth and love will help us if we ask Him to reach that last end which is the source of eternal joy.

During the week Father Drummond will speak of prayer—our last end in view—right intention and sin—the only obstacle of our last end.

(Morning Telegram, Apr. 17)

Throughout the Catholic churches yesterday, Palm Sunday, was observed by large congregations, who attended all the services. At the vespers services at St. Mary's church an unusually large congregation listened with close attention to the Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., who, in continuation of his course of special sermons, preached from the subject, "God alone is man's last end." He took his text from Revelation i, 8: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord." In opening his remarks, he reviewed the previous sermons, which, first of all, showed how the last end of man influenced his whole life; then, the certainty of that last end; they knew that it was proved to be certain by the testimony of God and man; then they enquired whether that last end was in this life or not, and they found it was not in this life, but in the one beyond the grave. When enquiring into this end of that life it was found to be everlasting. This transformed the whole being of a man from a thoughtless, to one really preparing for his eternal home. He thought they might say at once, their destiny was to be with God, who Himself bore testimony of this throughout the world, and that world told them the same thing, while their own hearts were witnesses of the same truth. They must first listen to God's voice. He was their Creator Who called them from nothing; the very idea of creation was unknown before revelation imparted it. Philosophers discussed the origin of the word and many of them spoke of it as being eternal. Even Aristotle believed in that eternal existence. He believed God, the world's organizer, but not the creator. The idea, of course, they owed to God Himself, and the beauty and wondrous truthfulness of that idea militated in favor of its reality. It would give meditation throughout life to know that God created entirely when he began. A man planted a seed but could not make it grow. "Where were they all

a thousand, nay a hundred years ago?" asked the preacher. "Not one of them was thought of." They were among the things possible; that might be. As God made us entirely, so they entirely belonged to him. This was logical. A man started out in life with the intention of making a fortune. But the fortune was only a means to an end. This end, if he were wise and intelligent, was to be higher than himself. But God had none above Him—He was the perfect being. Having created us, then, He became our owner. If we tried to escape His ownership, we became thieves, unjust, unrighteous and sinners. In fact, this was the very essence of sin. God being the centre of our being we became two classes—those who make God the centre of their lives and those that made themselves the centre of life. Astronomers said that if the sun's power suddenly disappeared, all the planets would go whirling through space and chaos would reign supreme.

Irresponsible Youth

That is exactly what happened when God was not the centre of man's life. Grief followed hard on the heels of pleasure. Those who gave themselves up to the sensation of sense were the maddest of mankind and their lives were so hollow that they even led to suicide. Children enjoyed their holidays because they did not foresee the future; the older we grew the less was this possible, but in youth this pleasure cast a sort of everlasting halo around. In conclusion, the preacher told of a high member of the church who, when he thought he was dying, wrote a letter to them in which he said he might die. But he added, "do not pray for recovery, but for the will of God." That was true Christianity.

AN ELOQUENT SENATOR

(By Joseph W Gavan, in Donahoe's for April.)

Virginia has made many valuable contributions to our national life and history in the worthy and honored men of public affairs that have been born within her boundaries. It is doubtful, however, if "The Mother of Presidents" ever sent a more eloquent man to represent her in the upper branch of Congress than John W. Daniel. Mr. Daniel is regarded by many as the best orator on the Democratic side of the Senate. He is a statesman of the old school, an author, a scholar, a man of principle, a bon vivant and a skilled lawmaker. Few public men exceed him in the gifts and graces of eloquence. He invariably appears in the same dress—solemn, smooth, black coat and crayat. His face is close shaven and the jaws have a curious strength suggestive of determination. Daniel stands out from all the rest of the Senate as much in appearance as in dress. He is obliged to carry crutches, owing to a wound which he received at the battle of the Wilderness while serving as major and chief of staff of General Jubal A. Early. He is a charming word-painter, like Dewey, but his language is flowery and ornamental, calculated more to please and to soothe than to convince or to persuade. His hold upon the people of Virginia is very great, and it is likely that he will spend many more years in public life.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S FINANCIAL TROUBLES

By Catherine Frances Kavanagh, in Donahoe's for April

The Commissioner of Pensions, while a much-abused and hard-worked man, does not see one per cent. of the letters directed to him, either through the attorneys or the Pension Bureau. If he did, he would probably have many smiles as well as heart-aches, but the greater part of the cases brought to his attention are heart-breaking ones. Time and time again have attorneys received letters from claimants with enclosures from them to the Commissioner of Pensions, often with the instruction, "Be sure to hand him this by your own hand."

The following is a copy (save for the name) of one received by an attorney some years ago, with instructions for same to be brought to the attention of the Commissioner. Unfortunately for the Commissioner, it wasn't, and I am sure he missed a laugh that would have helped him to digest his dinner, even had he grown dyspeptic in the service. Dear Sir:

I would like to know what's become of my pension case? Has it been put to sleep until the next administration, or has it been turned down? It has been a long time since I heard from it. I need the money now and need it bad.

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GAME IN SEASON

Dr. J. McKenty,

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It won't do me no good after I am dead and gone nor when my gals is all married. Them gals is an awful expens to me and it is the duty of the president to give me a pension on their account at onct. I can trace their origin to the service alright. If I had not gone to war to save my country, I would not have been shot in the leg, and would not have met the woman who nursed me and would not have married her nor no other woman. I wouldn't have had much of an opinion of any woman unless I got so sickly and found them so sympathetic. It was her sympathy that ketchted me. Now, I want you to notice what an expens them gals of mine is to me, here is my exact acct. for July:

Expns for the Buck Girls	
2 prs. brown stockings	30
1 hat	1.85
1 pc. caliker	.98
3 pts. coil oil (gal's compny)	.12
1 water melun (gal's compny)	.25
1 pc. cented soap (gals)	.10
10c. for treat	.10
Instalment on origin	4.00
Old Hundred (tune)	.10
Farwell my own luv!	.20

You will see by the above that growin' gals is expensiv, and please take this to the honorable commissioner of pensions and ask him to hurry up my pension after he reads this. If he had growin' gals he will appreciate my fix."

And, up in that little Pennsylvania town from whence this letter came, no doubt, the Buck girls waited for their father's pension to come so that they would be delivered from the financial straits which threatened their youthful happiness.

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A FEW POINTERS

On arrival at Winnipeg the wisest policy for any new settler to adopt is to remain in Winnipeg for a few days and learn for himself all about the lands offered for sale and to homestead.

There are districts that have been settled for many years in which land can be purchased. Some of this may be unbroken prairie which still possesses all the richness and productive powers of our virgin prairies. Other lands, cultivated and having comfortable farm buildings, are ready for immediate possession.

There are Provincial Government lands, Dominion Government homesteads, and railway lands to be secured.

The price of land varies from \$3 to \$40 per acre.

Location with respect to railways, towns, timber and water determines the price of land.

For information regarding homesteads apply at the Dominion Land Office.

For purchase of Provincial lands apply at the Provincial Land Office in the Parliament Buildings.

For C. P. R. or C. N. R. lands apply at the land offices of said railway companies.

For lands owned by private individuals apply to the various real estate agents in the city.

For situations as farm laborers apply to: **J. J. GOLDEN**

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CARDINAL CULLEN AND HIS CLERGY

By Rev. C. L. P. Fox, O.M.I., in Donahoe's for April.

His Eminence was a truly zealous bishop and a very holy man. It is a well-known fact that there are not sufficient priests in Dublin, even with the aid of members of the religious orders to hear, within the appointed time, the confessions of those who wish to make their Easter duty. Dr. Cullen, therefore, issued directions that in addition to attendance in the confessional of the priests in the early morning and late in the evenings as of old, every confessional should be occupied on all days, except Sundays, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Hearing, however, that his orders were not strictly obeyed, he sent for his carriage and visited each church in Dublin in succession. Wherever he found people waiting and no one present to hear them he would have the bell of the presbytery rung by his clerical secretary, who accompanied him, and a message was then delivered, with his compliments, that there were waiting those who wished to go to confession, but that there was no one to attend to them.

In one large parish he did not arrive at the church until after five o'clock, and finding that there was no priest in the confessional, he sat down in that of the parish priest before the summons was conveyed to him. There was great regularity after that. In one church there was no lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament. Seeing the sexton moving about he went to him and asked him the meaning of this omission. Being muffled up he was not recognized by this important functionary

who asked his Eminence what business it was of his, but finding that the question was reiterated he condescended to inform him that he had no oil, and that he had asked the parish priest to get it for him two or three times. Dr. Cullen then enquired how much money was required, and, on being informed, he took out his purse and handed the sacristan sufficient cash to pay for oil for an entire month. In getting out the money he unbuttoned his coat, and the confused sacristan then perceived that his interlocutor was the great archbishop himself.

Is Your Doctor Bill Large?

Best way to keep it small is not to call the doctor, but Nerviline instead. For minor ailments like colds, coughs, chills, cramps, headache and stomach trouble Nerviline is just as good as any doctor. It breaks up a cold in one night, cures soreness in the chest, and for neuralgia, toothache and rheumatism you can't get anything half so good as Nerviline. The fame of Nerviline for cramps, colic and pain in the stomach extends far and wide. Good for everything a liniment can be good for and costs but 25c. for a large bottle.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS

Auntie having offered one of two apples to Mabel, who took the bigger one, Bobbie, her brother, took the smaller one, saying: "If Auntie had passed them to me first, I'd have taken the littlest one."

Mabel—"Well, what's the matter? You've got the littlest one, haven't you?"—Punch.

Young Lady (tailor made)—Take my seat, please.

Old Lady (near-sighted, but grateful)—Thank you, sir. You are the only gentleman in the car.—London Tit-Bits.