

# Northwest Review

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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## Ecclesiastical Province of St. Boniface.

### I. HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION.

1. All Sundays in the year.
2. Jan. 1st. The Circumcision.
3. Jan. 6th. The Epiphany.
4. The Ascension.
5. Nov. 1st. All Saints.
6. Dec. 8th. The Immaculate Conception.
7. Dec. 25th. Christmas.

### II. DAYS OF FAST.

1. The forty days of Lent.
2. The Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent.
3. The Ember days, at the four Seasons being the Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays of:
  - a. The first week in Lent.
  - b. Whitsun Week.
  - c. The third week in September.
  - d. The third week in Advent.
4. The Vigils of:
  - a. Whitsunday.
  - b. The Solemnity of SS. Peter and Paul.
  - c. The Solemnity of the Assumption.
  - d. All Saints.
  - e. Christmas.

### III. DAYS OF ABSTINENCE.

- All Fridays in the year.  
Wednesdays in Advent.  
Fridays in Holy week.  
Thursdays in Holy week.  
Friday.  
Saturdays.  
Ash Wednesday.  
The Ember Days.  
The Vigils above mentioned.

Do you agree with the Catholic Bishops that I with the Roman Church?—St. Ambrose [A. D. 335-397].

## CHURCH NOTICES.

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## A LIFE.

It grew up like a tender plant that blossoms bright and sweet, And gleams beside the dusty road so worn by travellers' feet, To cheer each weary pilgrim with its grace and beauty rare, While 'round its haunt it sheds reviving fragrance on the air.

It shone as radiant as the star upon the dusky blue, That sends afar its silvery beams to pierce the darkness thro', And guide the straying steps of those bewildered in the night, Who lit their grateful gaze to Heaven to bless the friendly light.

It faded like the flower when the autumn winds are chill, It vanished like the star in early morning grey and still; But long its memory shall live, its holy influence shine, Awaiting in the soul a higher faith in things divine.

ELIZABETH F. BLANDING.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

An Interesting Tale of How Lovers do Meet.

[Continued.]

"She had tried once or twice to get out of it," said the man of music, with a chuckle. "But no, thank you. I know when I am well off, if she doesn't. The little beauty gets prettier every day. The best of it is Marian considers an engagement as binding as a wedding; and she doesn't break it off to save her life till I let her. And she'll have to wait a good while for that, I fancy."

"I am glad you are so much in love with your fiancée," said George, with unnoted sarcasm. "But don't you feel a bit of a blackguard keeping a girl bound to you when she doesn't want you, simply because she has a fine sense of honor?"

Saunderson laughed as though the remark pleased him. "Oh, Marian is fond enough of me," he said. "It is only now and then that she gets a bit hoity-toity. I only wish I could afford to marry her straight off. But there doesn't seem much chance of that unless something turns up."

"Let us hope that it will," said Sir George. "Perhaps a good opening will occur when you least expect it."

"I should feel jolly frightened if it did," said the organist, with a nervous laugh. "Frightened, why?"

"The Baronet was surprised. 'Well, you see, I had it told in a fortune,' explained Saunderson, seriously.

"What?"

"That I should have a good berth offered me suddenly, to enable me to marry."

"All the better if it comes true, surely?" said Sir George.

"I do not know about that. Of course, I should like the berth, but it is the rest of it. I'll tell you the whole prophecy. An old Highland woman told it to me when I was in Scotland, the autumn before I met Marian. The people round thought a lot of her, and reckoned that every single thing she had foretold had come true. So I let her tell my fortune just for the fun of the thing, though I have often wished since that I'd seen the old hag drowned first."

"And what did she tell you?" asked Sir George.

"That I should become engaged to an Italian, but be too poor to marry at first, but that I should get a good berth when I least expected, and also receive a present to enable me to marry, and that I should die on my wedding morning."

"Sir George laughed. 'That spoils it a little.' Saunderson still looked very serious. 'The funny thing is,' he said, 'that the first part of the fortune has come true.'

"Why! Miss Somerville is not Italian. She is English to the backbone, surely."

"So I thought," replied the organist, dimly, "or you may be sure I should never have made love to her. It gave me a turn when I found out the truth. Her mother was an Italian, her father lived in Italy all his life, and Marian was born at Florence. If that doesn't make her an Italian, it is certainly near enough for a prophecy. And if the next part of the prophecy came true, I should begin to feel queer, you may guess."

"Sir George laughed. 'Don't be a fool, man!' he said. 'You have won the most beautiful and sensible woman in Sombury, and here you are grumbling over an old wife's nonsense, instead of thanking Providence for your good fortune.' He had no patience with the man.

Sir George Clevely had decided, when he heard of Marian's engagement, to leave Sombury and try to forget her with the help of foreign adventure and travel. If he had found her affianced husband a man at all worthy of her, or likely to make her happy, he would have done so; but after his talk with Luke Saunderson, he felt that he could not give her up to one so altogether unsuited to, and unworthy of her.

He hunted the places where they were seen together, and watched them keenly. He was quite sure that she had no love at all for the man to whom she allowed a quixotic sense of honor to keep her bound. The young Baronet never spoke alone to Marian; but he kept up his acquaintance with her fiancée with a sort of dim hope that he might find in him some redeeming feature which would enable him to consider the engagement with equanimity.

Perhaps, for human nature is always faulty, he had some alternative hope of discovering in him some trait so bad that he would feel compelled to see that the engagement was broken. If he had any such hope he was disappointed; for there was nothing thoroughly bad in the man he watched. He was simply a commonplace, selfish, coarse-grained, self-pleasing, fat man. Sir George could

discover no extraordinary traits in him, good or bad. Saunderson himself was flattered by the Baronet's notice, and was gushingly confidential. One day he called on Clevely with quite an awe-struck expression on his fat face. "It has come," he said, as he sank into the easiest chair in the room. "Come, what?" asked Sir George, opening his eyes wide. "It has made me feel quite queer," gasped Saunderson. "What on earth is the matter, man?" "Why! I've got the berth. And I am sure that nothing could be more unexpected. They have offered me the post of town librarian, at a salary of two hundred pounds a year."

"Have they?" said Sir George. "Then I congratulate you, Saunderson. I believe it is a nice easy post."

"Saunderson only groaned. 'You don't seem very pleased,' said Sir George. 'I should think not,' groaned the new town librarian. 'Don't you see that it is the prophecy coming true?'"

"Oh! I see," said Sir George, laughing. "You are afraid that you are going to die on your wedding-day."

"Well! It will be a long while before I marry," assented Saunderson, at which the young man's indignation burst forth. "You mean to say that you are going to delay your marriage, on account of a wretched superstition?"

"Oh! It is all very well for you," said the organist. "You are not superstitious, but I am."

"You think of nobody but your wretched self. You expect a girl to wear her life away waiting for you, when you never intend to marry her till you are ready to die."

"Well! It would not be nice for Marian to be left a widow," protested Saunderson. "I thought you would advise me what to do."

"There is only one thing for a man to do," said Sir George. "And that is—"

"To pay no attention to this silly fortune-telling."

"But it is not silly," grumbled the poor musician, as he rose to go. "I shall have to think it over. You see, I don't like losing Marian."

"The young man only stared at him with undisguised scorn in his face.

It was the very next day that Luke Saunderson gave Sir George another call, and plumped himself down on the easiest chair again, looking more scared than ever.

"Well, and what has happened now?" said Sir George.

"The town librarian did not answer in words. He simply thrust a roll of banknotes in the Baronet's hand.

"Well," said Clevely, again, growing a little pale. "Why do you give these to me?"

"To look at; they came in an ordinary envelope to me this morning without a word. Fifty pounds! It is the prophecy all coming true. Don't you see? the unexpected present that was to come to me."

"Well! I call you the luckiest man I know," said Sir George, and his companion shuddered.

"Yes, you will be able to marry at once, now."

"And leave fifty pounds to my widow. No, thanks. I went to Marian and broke off the engagement this morning before I came here."

"Broke off the engagement?"

"You bet," said Saunderson. "I don't want to die just yet. It would be rank suicide to marry Marian after this."

"Of course," said Sir George ironically.

It was six months afterwards that Sir George Clevely was married, and the whole of Sombury was en fête. The bride, formerly a Miss Marian Somerville looked like a beautiful angel, everybody said as she walked out of church on her husband's arm. Luke Saunderson sighed as he sat at the organ, and played the "Wedding March." But he congratulated Sir George with genuine friendliness when the affair was over, and he joined in that that Lady Clevely was a lot too good for me," he said, and Sir George laughed.

"Perhaps, old man," he said, and then added, innocently, "By the way, you have never thanked me for getting you that berth as librarian, or for my little present of fifty pounds."

H. F.

(The end.)

Address to Mgr. Fabre.

The Clergy of His Diocese Assure Him of Their Loyalty.

## A Plea for the Poor.

There are in our midst two great works of charity which certainly deserve appreciation. We refer to the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Ladies' Aid of St. Mary's, whose efforts during the cold blasts of winter to relieve the needy and poor in our midst have made many a heavy heart feel light. These two Catholic organizations are the channels through which we can fulfill an obligation, assured that every safeguard will be taken to insure a just bestowal. Any cast-off clothing or other contributions will be thankfully received by the secretaries of either society.

Only a drop in the bucket, But every drop will tell; The bucket would soon be empty Without the drops from the well.

Only a poor little penny, They were all I had to spare; But as pennies make up dollars, It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon, A few toys which were not new; But they made the sick child happy, Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments— They were all I had to spare; But they'll help to clothe the needy, And the poor are everywhere.

A word, now and then, of comfort, That cost me nothing to say; But the poor old man died happy, And it helped him on his way.

God though the cheerful giver, Though the gift be poor and small; What doth He think of His children When they never give at all?

## Afraid of the Catholics.

Gov. Matthews, of Indiana, Gives Wholesome Advice to an Intimidated Clerk.

The following reply of Gov. Matthews, of Indiana, to a request for arms from a man who anticipated another Bartholomew massacre on Sept. 4, is worth reading:—

I am just in receipt of your letter of yesterday, and note what you say about the supposed Catholic outbreak which is to occur this fall. I have not heard of the rumors to which you refer and would place little credence in them. I do not fear that any such outbreaks will occur in the near future, and possibly never, at least not in your lifetime or in mine.

As a rule the Catholic is a law-abiding citizen, is a property owner, and just as much interested in the prosperity of our country and the perpetuity of our institutions as any other class of citizens, though of course there are exceptions in all classes and all creeds. They have been loyal at all times and in the Mexican war were brave leaders. In the war of the rebellion many of our best leaders were Catholics and at all times loyal to the flag of our country. It is to be regretted that such rumors, wholly unfounded, as I believe, should be circulated. They are mischievous and liable to lead to wrong. I hope you and the neighbors, whom you say are "talking of organizing a company to be ready for the worst, will consider this carefully before doing what I believe a very foolish thing. It is so injudicious and unwise that it would create antagonisms that would be difficult to allay. The idea is so monstrous that the Catholics contemplate anything of the kind as you seem to fear, that I cannot entertain it. Believing that the future holds no such terrible outcome, and that you and your neighbors will calmly reflect upon this before taking any steps toward organizing a company to resist forcibly a fancied evil, I am yours, very truly,

CLAUDE MATTHEWS, Governor.

## The Church's Jewels.

When Cornelia heard the boasts of certain Roman matrons as they displayed their jewels, she had naught to say. When asked to show her jewels, she bade her visitors bide awhile. Presently two rosy boys came romping home from school. There, said the mother, these are my jewels. If our mother the church were called on to-day to display her treasures, who would dare say nay; were she to point to the religious educators and in a just pride bespeak them as her jewels. "Priceless gifts of heaven, you Catholic educators. I salute you! Bright jewel in the crown of the Holy Church, I hail you! Your sombre robes, your simple homes, your sweet retiring ways can never dim the lustre of your deeds. Jewels of Mother church on earth, yours it shall be to shine as stars in Heaven for eternity.—Catholic Mirror.

## Look out For This Impostor.

The clergy and laity of the United States, especially in the west, are warned by the Ave Maria, against a scoundrel who represents himself as a priest, and who has already been imprisoned for obtaining money under false pretences. He speaks English imperfectly, is of low stature, somewhat heavy-set, full-faced, and seemingly between fifty and sixty years of age. Representing himself oftenest as an Indian missionary, he assumes a new name for every locality he visits; and also a new name for the missionary Order of which, according to his statements, he is the superior. His usual story is that his Order is engaged in Christianizing the Indians; and that, being poor, and in need of means, he is by its authority collecting for it. By forging Archbishop Hennessey's name to telegrams, he has received hospitality from priests and generous contributions from charitably disposed laymen.