

## OUR NORTH WEST.

Before leaving the Canadian North West it is well to mention one advantage it offers to Catholic emigrants not to be found in the adjacent states of the American union and that is freedom of education. Catholics in Manitoba and the Canadian North West have the fullest control over, and freedom in respect of the schools they may themselves establish. As far as Manitoba is concerned, the government of its school system is placed in the hands of a general Board divided into two sections, each independent of the other the one Catholic and the other Protestant. Everything connected with the control, rule and discipline of schools belongs to the board; to it also pertains the examination of candidates for teaching, the graduating of them and the granting of diplomas; the choosing of text books, and the managing of the instruction subject to the authority of each of the sections. The Catholic section of the general board consists of His Grace Archbishop Tache, three priests and four laymen. By the British North America Act of 1867 of the Imperial Parliament and the Manitoba Act of 1870 of the Parliament of Canada, the Catholics of Manitoba are forever guaranteed the rights of establishing and maintaining schools of their own and receiving for the support thereof their due share of the public funds appropriated for educational purposes. Mgr. Tache sets forth in the clearest terms the essential principles of the Manitoba school laws when he says "The Catholics having nothing to do with the Protestant schools have no action in them and consequently they can in no way impede their success, welfare and prosperity. The law in granting such independence to the Protestant schools, and in protecting them against the intrusion of Catholics, even were the latter more numerous, secures similar independence to Catholic schools against the interference of Protestants, notwithstanding that the latter are the majority in the Province. Such is the fundamental principle of the School law of Manitoba."

Provincial systems have not yet been established in the North West outside of Manitoba but wherever they are established the rights of Catholics will be secure under the following provision of the North West Territories Act of 1875. "When, and so soon as any system of taxation shall be adopted in any district or portion of the North West Territories, the Lieutenant-Governor, by and with the consent of the Council or Assembly, as the case may be, shall pass all necessary ordinances in respect to education; but it shall therein be always provided, that a majority of the ratepayers of any district or portion of the North West Territories, or any lesser portion or sub-division thereof, by whatever name the same may be known, may establish such schools therein as they may think fit, and make the necessary assessment and collection of rates therefor; and further, with a climate unsurpassed for health, surrounded with lakes and picturesque scenery, backed by a tremendous wholesale and retail trade, iron-ribbed with pluck, intelligence and energy, there is no reason why St. Paul should not, in a few years, rival even Chicago or St. Louis.

We trace its growth from three inhabitants in 1838 to fifty in 1847, to three hundred in 1849, to twenty thousand in 1870, and to sixty-five thousand in 1882.

Of the railways of St. Paul some idea may be formed from the following figures:

	Mileage.	Earnings.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.	1881, 1880, 1881.	1880, 1881.
Chicago & North-western.	3827, 2,710, 13,622,000	10,216,767
Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha.	2817, 2,388, 17,939,297	16,082,485
Northern Pacific.	698, 776, 3,108,733	2,467,030
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba.	797, 689, 3,072,742	3,088,138
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Northern Pacific.	809, 656, 3,842,691	2,551,919

The earnings of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba are larger than those of any other strictly St. Paul road, being \$3,842,691, or a gain of \$1,380,772 over the previous year. 131,000 acres of land were sold up to November, 1881, at \$5.50 per acre, making a total of \$720,000. The figures for 1882 will when published show an increase fully as great as those above given. With the progress of St. Paul as a railroad metropolis the name of Mr. James J. Hill, President of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba road, is inseparably connected. He had faith in the resources of the North West when others looked on it as a vast, frozen and unfruitful region. He had the genius, the enterprise and the foresight required for success in every great undertaking. By the judicious exercise of

these faculties success he has made his own, but his success is not greater than his deserts, for to him the North West, American and Canadian, is indebted for that rapid development almost confounding reason and certainly defying calculation, that has already made it the happy and thriving home of so many thousands of his fellow men. No history of St. Paul, or of Minnesota, or of the North West can be written without giving the name of James J. Hill, a prominence to which truth and gratitude entitle it.

To many readers of the RECORD it will be interesting to know something of the extent of the lumber trade of which St. Paul is the centre. From a statement published in the beginning of 1882 in the St. Paul Pioneer Press it is learned that the cut represented by the various St. Paul dealers during the year aggregated 83,663,010 feet of long lumber, 47,957,950 shingles, and 57,896,250 lath. The sales made in the city of St. Paul alone during the year aggregated 99,100,000 feet, an excess of about 16,000,000 feet over the cut of St. Paul firms during the year.

"Averaging," says the Pioneer Press, "the increase in business reported by firms, and as shown by railway receipts, we find the increase in the lumber business of St. Paul during the last year to have been about 41 per cent. over the business of 1880. There were employed in the business represented by St. Paul lumber firms, during the last year, 1,473 men."

Of Minneapolis the younger but livelier of Minnesota's lovely sister cities I cannot now write at any length. Everyone has heard of its wonderful flour mills some of them the largest in the world, with an aggregate daily capacity of 28,000 barrels. Few, however, are aware of the fact that Minneapolis has also twenty three saw mills, with an average cutting capacity of 15,000,000 feet annually. These with other industrial establishments derive their power from the Mississippi river above the falls of St. Anthony. A Canadian visitor to Minneapolis last September was so enchanted with all he saw of that beautiful city as to write of it in these stirring terms:

"The possibilities of extension of her manufactures is therefore so great, that he would be a bold man who would as yet dare to prescribe a limit to the growth of Minneapolis. The river is spanned by numerous elegant bridges, both above and below the falls, and more are projected, so that communication is easy between all parts of the city, which is built on both sides of the river. The city will be much handsomer than St. Paul as the streets are all wide and airy, and already bordered by magnificent business blocks and private residences. The population is already larger than that of St. Paul, and building operations even more extensive; and, if it grows as fast in the future as it has in the past, there is a chance that it will not only absorb a large portion of the business of St. Paul, but even that city itself."

In reference to this last statement I must say that I found the people of St. Paul as enthusiastic in regard of their absorbing Minneapolis as the most ardent admirers of that city could be in reference to its extension in the direction of St. Paul.

Glancing over the list of members of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, I found such names as Beupre, Keough & Co., Bowlin and McGeehan, Delaney and O'Connor, C. D. Gilliland, P. H. Kelly & Co., Perkins, Lyons & Co., Henry O'Gorman, Michael Bros., A. L. Larpen, John W. Roche and many others whose origin it is easy to divine. It may, indeed, be very justly claimed that St. Paul and Minneapolis both owe much of their growth to the enterprise and intrepidity of the Irish and French races, worthy representatives of whom are to be found not only in every great town, but in the most remote and apparently to all others inaccessible parts of America. Minnesota was at an early period settled by French Canadians, but Catholic organization did not spread its permanent and saving influence into that rich domain till 1840. In 1837 Mgr. Loras, Bishop of Dubuque, Iowa, whose diocese extended also over the whole of Minnesota, proceeded to France, that fruitful mother of missionary and apostolic zeal, for the purpose of enlisting the aid of some self-sacrificing helpers and seeking financial assistance to continue his work in the prairies of the North West.

Amongst the missionaries whose aid Mgr. Loras secured were Rev. P. Cretin, afterwards Bishop of St. Paul, Rev. A. Palamoures, afterwards Vicar General of Dubuque, and who in 1855 declined the honors of the episcopacy, Rev. A. Ravoux, now Vicar General of St. Paul, and Father Gaudier, who erected the first church in St. Paul in 1841. Under the zealous ministrations of this good priest and of Father Ravoux, Catholicity took deep and firm root in the virgin soil of Minnesota, and St. Paul became an important religious centre. Since its elevation to the rank of an episcopal city in 1851, its religious growth has been wonderful.

There are now in the city proper nine churches, all attended by large congregations. In Minneapolis there are six churches and a seventh is spoken of. In the whole diocese there are:

Secular priests..... 99  
Priests of religious orders..... 26  
Churches..... 122  
Stations..... 55  
Religious orders of men..... 6  
Religious orders of women..... 12  
Hospital..... 1  
Asylums and protectorates..... 5  
Female academies and boarding schools..... 12  
and a Catholic population of about 125,000.

In no part of America has the total abstinence movement taken such a steady and wholesome hold in the public mind. In the Diocese of St. Paul there are eighty-five total abstinence associations, all in a flourishing condition, and each doing a noble work in its own sphere. Long may these societies grow and flourish to the benefit spiritual and temporal of the Catholic population of Minnesota. By the practice of such self-denial on the part of their citizens, commonwealths not only attain happiness but rise to eminence. Minnesota has every material resource to become one of the greatest states of the union, but besides material resources, fidelity to religion and morality are required to make states permanently great. The Catholics of Minnesota are fully alive to this truth. For besides their efforts on behalf of Christian temperance, they have given openly and generously of the good things God has given them to build up and maintain a magnificent system of Catholic education. Under its happy influence what may we not expect from the rising generation of Minnesotans. We may expect, and in this expectation cannot be deceived, that they will be Catholic, first, last, every time, and everywhere, showing by their zeal, their subordination and fidelity to their pastors, their unflinching gratitude for the blessings secured for them through the apostolic self-sacrifice of the devoted men who have laid the spiritual foundations of the church in Minnesota.

Now my task is finished. I have for the present said all of the North West that limited reading and observation inspired. But it is a vast subject, and I will again, I trust, return to its consideration, not after the irregular and desultory method of the letters which I now bring to a close, but with greater consecutiveness, the result of wider study and more careful observation.

## ARCHBISHOP TACHE.

It is the 5th day of June, 1851. The whole population of Isle-a-Croix, including the infirm and crippled, is assembled at the mission church. The holy sacrifice has just ended. Something unusual and extraordinary is taking place; a grievous sorrow has befallen the people; all are weeping, shedding tears abundantly. In front of the altar, in the bloom of youth stands a venerable priest on whose countenance are visible that serene dignity, candour and true happiness which those only possess whose hopes are beyond this world. In a low, mournful voice, with words intermingled with fatherly tears, he is addressing his congregation. From his lips issue the sentiments of a Christian, pure and tender heart that is really endeavoring to soothe the sorrows of his afflicted flock. What is the cause of this sorrow, of these lamentations? Are they mourning over the loss of a parent dear? Are they paying the last tribute to a departed father, to a generous and beloved benefactor? No; such a loss could not cause so general a sorrow, so grievous a distress. Are they destined to perish, are they doomed to die under the cruel torments of an approaching enemy? No; such a destiny could not so affect the heart of a Red Skin. Silence! let us learn the cause of this general affliction from the lips of the young missionary himself:—"Sorry am I, my brethren, to be obliged to leave you; my heart aches over my departure; none more than I am affected. God calls me away from you, and notwithstanding my affection for you, He must be obeyed. Soon shall I return; I hope in God and be consoled." This courageous young priest had, but a few months before, made the greatest of sacrifices; he had abandoned his native land, bidden adieu to father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, all that is dear to Christian hearts; he had resigned his parental inheritance, and with a solemn oath at the altar had made the vows of chastity, obedience and poverty. He had left the parental hearth with all its tender memories, with no hope of ever returning, with the moral conviction of never seeing again those whom he cherished and adored. All this and much more he had done, choosing in return the cold, dreary and lonely life of a missionary, preferring to his own comfort and worldly happiness the salvation of those who know not the Saviour of man.

No one but the missionary himself has an idea of the hardships, miseries, privations, self-sacrifice and apostolic spirit displayed by the Gospel-bearers of the vast north-west, who, with no other weapons than Faith, Hope and Charity, carry the light of Christianity from the sources of the Missouri to the ice-bound shores of the Arctic, journeying like the Apostle of old, "in perils of all description, in nakedness, in hunger and thirst."

The venerable missionary, who is the hero of this short sketch, was leaving his flock; this and this alone was the cause of so many tears, of so general a sorrow. More beloved, more cherished, more adored than he by those wild sons of the West none was there save God. Now he was leaving them, he was bidding them farewell. Why such a sudden departure? Why griefest thou the heart of these poor unfortunate? Is thy courage overcome by the miseries, by the hardships of thy lot? Art thou

returning to the smiling hearth of thy ancestors? Art thou weary of serving God? In his tearful eyes, in his sorrowful countenance, in his serene and kindly looks the careful observer can see at a glance that the Black Robe shared their sorrow, wished to remain with them, but was called away and had to obey. He had the previous night received the startling intelligence of his nomination to the dignity of bishop. These tidings, often received with joy and holy pride, had a different effect on the humble heart of the young priest. To him, a youthful missionary of 27 years of age, such an honor, such a dignity of which he had certainly never dreamt, seemed impossible. Of it he would certainly not accept, and with this intention he set out for St. Boniface. Here awaited him another missive sent by his Oblate Superior, who in the name of obedience, commanded him to depart immediately for France. For what aim the young missionary knew fully well, but still was he resolved to fight the good battle to the end. Having received the benediction of his Ordinary, he embarked for Marseilles, whither after a journey of three months, he arrived in the latter part of November. Believing himself unworthy of episcopal dignity, confident that his refusal was for the greater glory of God, and armed with the power of pleading eloquence, he had the firm confidence of gaining his point.

Let us now behold him prostrated at the feet of his Superior General, begging, imploring a revocation of his nomination. "No," replied the venerable prelate, "Thou shalt be bishop!" "But, my Lord, my age, my defects, my want of experience, the necessity of . . . . The Holy Pontiff has made choice of thee; when the Pope speaks, God speaks!" "My Lord I must remain an oblate!" "Indeed! such is my intention."

"But episcopal dignity seems incompatible with religious life?" "What! Does the plenitude of the Priesthood exclude that perfection to which religious life tends? Thou shalt be bishop! I so desire it, and therefore oblige me not to write to the Holy Father; fear not for your religious vows: to ensure your oblate obligations I now name thee Regular Superior of all our brave soldiers of the Red River regions!" What followed no pen can describe, no pencil can render! The lips of the future apostle of the West were mute, his eyes were dimmed with tears, a solemn silence prevailed, interrupted only by the violent throbs of his heart. "Be consoled," finally continued the bishop, who, whilst embracing him was also deeply affected, "he consoled, thy election is wholly providential, and saves the mission of the West. The fields of thy labors had been represented me under so distressing, so unfavorable a situation that I had resolved to call thee. This had been decreed by the Council when I heard of thy nomination to the episcopacy. Obey the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, who entrusts thee with the destiny, with the salvation of a nation." What more could our young missionary say? Would he refuse to comply with the wishes of the Holy Pontiff, with the commands of his Superior General to whom he had solemnly vowed obedience? He could not, he had to submit, he had to bow before that divine and immutable Providence, before that God whose commands must be obeyed.

The 23rd day of November, the day of his consecration, had arrived. The cathedral of Viviers was decorated in its richest ornaments. An immense crowd filled the vast edifice. The sonorous voices of the musicians, the sweet harmonies and melodious accents were filling the sacred temple. The echoes of the bells were resounding far and wide, when Mgr. de Mazenod, having eulogized the courage, humility, and christian virtues of our missionary, had pronounced "Elevatus in patre, postulat sancta mater ecclesia Catholicam, ut hunc praesentem Presbyterum—Alexandrum Tache—ad omnes episcopatus sublevari," all were deeply moved to tears. So young a mortal, so brave and daring, so pious, so humble, a self-exile from his native land, a pauper, a missionary so zealous, so tender for the wild sons of the West, a missionary in the icy regions, he so delicately brought up, with so promising a human future before him. . . . Now a bishop! . . . "If thou wishest to be perfect, sell what thou hast, and follow Me." Had he not put this in practice? Had he not followed his Saviour even to the remotest regions of the North? Had he not done more by sacrificing everything, choosing in return the humblest, the poorest station in life?

The apostle of the West well understood the onerous duties of the prelacy. With so timorous a conscience, even with his myriad of virtues, he felt the necessity of spiritual help. For this holy purpose, His Lordship undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, where for months, at the shrines of the saints he bathed with his tears the tombs of the martyrs, with whose sanctity his heart became forever indelibly engraven.

His Lordship, after his long, wearied and tedious travels, had returned to St. Boniface. His health was in a critical situation; still, wonderful to say, his strength and courage for mission work had not diminished. A few months of rest had been considered necessary; his superior had insisted upon his compliance with this necessity. But all in vain; for our saintly hero, more interested in the welfare of others, more afflicted over the miseries of his wild children, having more at heart the spiritual wants of his cherished flocks than the preservation of his own health, could not rest. Was he not aware that for the missionary—and true missionary he still was, although a bishop—there is no rest, that the *dolor* and *labor* are his daily food, his only friends? Could he forget that the Holy Pontiff had entrusted him with the destinies, the salvation of a nation?

Were not the Superior General's words, "Thy nomination saves the missions of the West," still ringing in his ears? Could he forget his poor Indians at Isle-a-Croix, whose tears and lamentations still echoed in the deep recesses of his heart? He implored, he begged permission to depart, exclaiming like St. Paul, "He who puts his hands to the plow and looks back is not fit for the kingdom of God." Depart, holy messenger of sacred tidings, depart, and fear not, nothing henceforth shall check thy zeal, departing the Dark Agent of Death is ravaging thy children; depart and wrest from the enticing chains

of Satan, those unfortunate souls created for Christ Jesus! Depart! Depart!

"Où qu'ils sont beaux tes pieds, missionnaire. Nous les baisons avec un saint transport. Où qu'ils sont beaux sur ces solitaires terres. Où regnent l'erreur et la mort!"

For twenty years had our mild missionary been the father of the rude tribes of the West, for twenty years had he led a most painful life of poverty, sufferings and tribulations. For twenty years had he been exposed to the inclemencies of the icy pole, resting his wearied limbs on the snowy tops of the wilderness, not having, like his Master, what to lay his head upon! For twenty years had his life been exposed as a prey to the beasts, as a victim for the holocaust, as a martyr for the honor of God, the salvation of souls, and glory of the Holy Catholic Church! For twenty long years had he suffered all the miseries of a most trying life, when lo! the lips of the Holy Pontiff once more gently breathe into the ear of his humble servant: "Thou art nominated Archbishop of the West, and assistant at the throne of the Successor of Jesus Christ."

Oh, destiny! Oh, Providence wise! Can we ever doubt of thy wisdom!

REMY.

## NORTHUMBRIAN PRELATES.

Some of England's Glories in the Olden Time.

The Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle has begun his Episcopate by an eloquent and noble Pastoral Letter, which we print elsewhere. But we must make one extract from it here. "We cannot," writes his Lordship, "enter upon our Episcopate without remembering our Fathers, who have gone before us—without recalling to mind the ever-venerable names of those noble, sainted prelates, who of old time sanctified the land of Northumbria from the Tees to the Tweed, and from sea to sea—who are now on our altars—whose fast days and anniversaries are regularly kept by us, as year follows year—whom we love, to whom we pray, in whose intercession we have confidence, in whose footsteps we endeavor to walk—men of one Faith, one Hope, one Baptism with ourselves. First and foremost is he who is honored throughout Christendom as the Apostle of Northumbria, Paulinus, one of the fellow-laborers of St. Augustine, sent from Rome by Pope Gregory the Great. After an interval comes the neck and gentle Aidan of Lindisfarne, in the days of Kings Oswald and Cswin. Then follows the mighty Cuthbert, the Patron of our diocese—'who in his life and great wonders, and in death wrought miracles'—and then great Wilfrid, the church builder, who journeyed thence to Rome—and Chad—and Eata and John, surnamed of Beverley—and Acca—and Aethelmund—and Eadbert, and a long line of others in the Sees of Lindisfarne, Hexham, Chester-le-Street, and Durham, of whom many have been canonized, and of whom not fewer than three were Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church. It is curious to contrast the feeble utterances of the newly made Protestant Bishop of Newcastle with the confident ease and certainty with which the Catholic Bishop surveys the past, and announces that he is the new link added to the long chain of Northern Bishops that have gone before him. Dr. Wilberforce made a weak effort to claim a succession, but it resulted in a little amusement among Protestants who seemed to know better, and we suspect that there is no doubt in any one's mind, not even in Dr. Wilberforce's, as to where the true succession is to be found.—London Tablet.

## The Hand of God.

We clip from the "Gazette du Midi," a French paper, the following truly providential facts, or rather punishments, with which Almighty God has afflicted those who, in their folly, have taken pride in ejecting the religious from France.

At Nîmes or Alais a desperado, who ascended the pulpit to smoke his cigarette, lung himself a few days after.

Of the five commissaries who acted at Flavigny and Dijon, two already are dead and the third has been deposed.

These facts have been noted in the different papers. We could multiply those terrible examples.

Did we not read that a lay teacher in the environs of Bordeaux, with a rod struck the crucifix, calling Christ the little foolman, in order to show his pupils that Christ was impotent, and that shortly after his wife was delivered of two children, one blind and deaf-mute, and the other dead, with the body still open.

Did you not see in a paper of Brittany that a wine-seller who, raising his arm to Heaven, vociferated blasphemies against God, had, at the same moment, his arm paralyzed?

Did not the instigator of a banquet on Good Friday hang himself almost immediately after?

Do you not know that the greater part of the apostate priests who went to Switzerland to join the old Catholic sect, committed suicide, or died in despair? Did not the same thing occur in the duchy of Baden? If necessary, the names of those unfortunates could be given?

If the obscure ones are thus stricken by God's hand, what must be expected for the chiefs and principal guilty ones. Infidels might gnash their teeth and try to explain by the big word "chance." Let them! But if we were in their place we would feel rather uncomfortable. Our republicans, our governors, will have to settle their accounts with the higher, middle and lower divine and human justice; and we fear they will begin by passing through the hands of a Social Revolution.—Catholic Sentinel.

The Columbian says: "Two priests at the cathedral (Columbus, Ohio) get \$700 a year salary conjointly and attend to the parish day and night the year round. The new minister of the Congregational church in this city is to receive \$5,000, and says that it was a great trial for him to come." Poor fellow!

The Sultan has taken away from the Franciscan monks of Jerusalem a piece of land that had long been in their possession, and has made a present of it to the Czar of Russia, who wishes to erect a memorial chapel there to his mother.