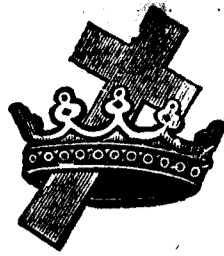


Northwest Review



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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MR. JOSEPH BERNIER'S SPEECH.

At the Manitoba College Alma Mater Society's Dinner—Feb. 8th.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—It affords me great pleasure to be here to-night and to be called to say a few words in answer to the toast which has just been given.

On behalf of the staff and of my co-graduates of the College of St. Boniface, I extend you the good wishes which they and each of them entertain for the welfare and the success of the institutions of learning which dot our new province, and of all those who, whether as professors and teachers or as students, are connected therewith. It would be out of place for a youth like me to pretend to address myself to the professors and teachers of the college, except, however, to mark my respect for them.

Such may not be the case with regard to my fellow-graduates and the undergraduates; as to these I may be allowed to call their attention to the gratification it must be for us all to have in this province, young as it is, institutions where men of devotion are spending their lives for our benefit, in working us up to a standard of education second to none in this Dominion.

It behooves us at such gatherings as this not to forget what we owe to our professors and teachers and to convey to them the expressions of our everlasting gratitude. Not satisfied with the care they take of us during our student life, they follow us up in after years and open the doors of the Alma Mater, as they have done to-night, and welcome us again under the roof which they have built up to be the temple of learning. Nothing to my mind is better calculated to produce good results than these gatherings. I venture to say that they are most effective means of spreading throughout all ranks of society that spirit of friendship which must reign over a nation if she wants to become great and prosperous.

They call back together young men who would otherwise lose sight of each other, and amidst the amusements and the gaiety of such celebrations these young men are likely better to know and appreciate each other, and in this way their education, as it were, is continued and perfected in the broad spirit which every body in the land must desire.

We are in a new province, the possibilities of which are immense; we have the ambition of becoming one of the jewels of Confederation; we the young men of to-day will soon be called to be the factors of the prosperity and of the development looked for in future years; we, each of us, have a duty to perform in the building up of this province.

I have been imbued both by my Alma Mater and under the paternal roof with the idea that, diverse as are the people of this province in so many ways, yet there must be but one mind all through, in the fostering of the interests of the country. That is the opinion which I now stand by, and am glad to say, will always do so.

It is under the influence of such ideas that I have come here to-night, sure to meet friends to whom I could most heartily convey the best wishes of the students of the College of St. Boniface. I therefore beg to thank you, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind invitation, and renew the expressions of our best wishes for the success and prosperity of your college.

The Life of a Great Gun.

(Written for the Review)

A hundred ton gun is a big thing. It takes 16 months to build it, it costs the feeding for a week of all the citizens of Winnipeg; its projectile could at one blow kill them all if they were strung out on a straight line, because it is hurled through space by an explosive force, which represents some 24 million horsepower, though that power strikes its blow only during the hundredth part of a second. Was there ever such an engine? Yet so shaken is it by each performance that it is not safe to fire it more than one hundred times. Only 100 times does this monster engine act, and only for the hundredth part of a second; after that it is worth its weight in old iron and steel; hence its useful life is just one second! Is its life worth living?

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES.

II

A Chicago Church.

"Odd idea, that of you Romanists, building fine churches in the middle of old slums!" "Don't you think they are some times almost as much needed there as on the avenues?" was the response. Yet in slums there are degrees—slums and slums—and St. Peter's Church, Chicago, is in the heart of the slummiest slum I ever invaded. It belongs to the Franciscans and contains a picture which I was very anxious to see, not for any artistic merit it was reported as possessing, but because concerning it I had heard a sweet little true story of the sacrifice (a great one to her) that a latter end of the nineteenth century public school child, in the city of Chicago, made for the faith once delivered to the saints. So one sunny afternoon I plunged bravely into the aforesaid slum, holding my skirts well above the contaminations of the pavement.

Half a dozen languages smote upon my ears in as many seconds and for once I was glad that my linguistic acquisitions were very limited. Sights there were too as well as sounds of which I would fain have been unconscious. And as for smells, so unspeakable were they that even at this distance of time and space I cannot recall them with any degree of equanimity. Yet, I was not surprised when in this milieu I suddenly encountered a bevy of well looking, well mannered, and decidedly well dressed, American girls. They were young and pretty too, and even the gold-framed pince-nez which the leader wore could not quite spoil the effect of her fine eyes. For once I think young Miss America was a little daunted, for she clutched me as eagerly as the proverbial drowning man the proverbial straw. "Do you know where the Franciscan church is in this neighborhood?" "No; but I soon shall, for I am going there."

"Oh, may we join you?" asked she of the eye-glasses. "Certainly," I answer, falling into the little procession, wondering meanwhile what has brought them there. But I do not wonder long, for the spightly leader hastens to inform me that they are a Philosophical Historical and Literary Club, bearing some Greek title which I shall not venture upon. "We have given a great deal of time to Hegel this winter and I felt the need of some intellectual diversion for the younger girls, so in odd moments we read 'Ramona' and, learning that there were some real Franciscans in Chicago (with an emphasis that suggested that the imitation article was of frequent occurrence) I thought it would be delightful to come and see them in their picturesque garb, just the same as dear Father Salvierderra wore when he blessed Ramona. But you have not read it?" with a sigh for my supposed ignorance. I have just time to reassure her upon this point as we find ourselves in front of the church, a quaint gray stone building, faintly suggestive of the California missions. I hear that it has been restored and altered and I am heartily sorry, for I loved it as it was. "Won't our special artist find some lovely bits here?" said one of the girls, and I noticed that one of the club had armed herself with sketching paraphernalia (that was a couple of years ago and kodaks were not quite as ubiquitous then as in these evil days they have become). With clicking of French heels on the stone floor, musical tinkling of bangles, swishing of dainty draperies and diffusion of faint odors of violet and heliotrope, they entered the church. A lovely picture they made in the dim old pile, and the sun peeping at them through every available bit of glass flecked them all over with rose and amber, purple and gold. Not one of them acknowledged in any way the presence of which the red light glowing dully in the wonderful old bronze lamp spoke so eloquently to a Catholic heart.

Presently a deep toned bell rang several times and a procession of friars filed sombrely into the sanctuary. They wore brown serge gowns with cowls and girdles of rope about their waists. Kneeling before the altar, each extended his arms in the form of a cross and remained thus motionless for what seemed many minutes. The artist was

watching quite breathless with delight. "Just see that lovely one with the long white beard," I heard her whisper; "what a perfect Father Salvierderra he would make! How I hope he will keep still while I sketch him." After a while the friars rose and entered their stalls. This brought the unconscious model into a better position for the artist. I almost forgave her her enthusiasm for he was a man of venerable mien, with an unmistakable dignity, I had almost said majesty, of bearing that his poor coarse garments could not hide. When he rose and prepared to depart with the others, the poor artist was in despair. "Do you think I might ask him to kneel just a little longer?" she asked me eagerly. "I don't know," I said doubtfully; but, as I was vainly searching my memory for a precedent, a slender, white-gowned figure flashed up the aisle in time to intercept the departing model. I watched for a glimpse of his face as he turned to her. I do not know in what words the favor was asked, and refused, for he passed out at once; but the beautiful eyes, beautiful with the beauty of holiness, rested with a look that was full of kindness upon the girlish face, and though disappointed I could see that she was neither vexed nor hurt.

Now, that the friars were gone, I ventured up to the high altar. The great painting represents our Lord giving the keys to St. Peter. It is in an excellent light at this hour and I understand how it made such a vivid impression on the child's mind. She was born and bred in Chicago. Her father was a Protestant, her mother a Catholic. For some reason, perhaps shame that her husband never went to church with her, the mother attended this rather obscure church. Sunday after Sunday the child studied the great picture over the altar, and the lesson it taught sank deep into her heart. She had a great trouble, her father whom she dearly loved, never came to church with them. Though she was only ten years old, this fact cost her many an anxious thought.

They were poor working people and had but few pleasures; but once a year on the child's birthday (she was their only one), the man took a day off, and they went for an excursion to one of the parks on the lake. They all looked forward to this, the child especially. On her eleventh birthday she was allowed to choose their destination, and for weeks beforehand she thought of little else. But a few days before the event, something happened that had never occurred before (so the woman told me) in the course of their whole married life. She and her "man" had "words" about religion. Poor coward; she had always managed to keep her unlucky faith in the back ground 'till then, but as fate would have it, while her "man" was at home, some Sisters of Charity called for some pennies she had promised them. He attacked the church, and goaded to desperation she made some poor defence. The child heard it all. The man ended the controversy by saying that "Peter wasn't no more than the rest of the apostles," and bid his wife shut her mouth, which she did. I have heard the same effective line of argument adopted by men much higher in the social scale. The child held her tongue; but on the morning of her birthday she said "You will come anywhere I like, father?" and he said "yes." "Then come along." "Why, where are you taking us, child?" asked the mother, as the three trod the familiar streets that led to St. Peter's church. "To church," said the child. "Why, you can go to church every Sunday." "Yes, but I can't take father—I want to show him something he never saw." In silence they enter and the child takes her father's hand and leads him straight up to the main altar. The mother falls back and the two stand alone together, the father and child in front of the great painting. The figures on it are clear and life-like: our Lord giving the keys to the Prince of the Apostles, who receives, kneeling, and with bowed head for himself and his successors, this solemn and awful burden of dignity and responsibility. "Look father," she says pointing to it all with one little hand. "I wanted you to see this even more than I wanted to go out on the lake, for I knew that you only said what you did because you had never been to church and knew no better."

CARDINAL MANNING.

VIEWS OF ENGLISH PAPERS ON THE NEW LIFE.

The Liverpool Catholic Times has this to say editorially of the Purcell's Life of Manning.

We can scarcely be surprised that in their hatred of the Church the ultra-Protestants seized with avidity on Mr. Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning." The editor of the "Rock" delights in calling it a damaging expose. Apart from the erroneous criticisms of the biographer it is by no means damaging. On the contrary, fairly judged from the deceased Prelate's own acts and words, Manning's character will come out of the ordeal higher in public esteem. Amidst all his trials we see him rising to the height of every situation in which he was placed, penetrated by one great guiding motive—that of bringing the Kingdom of God to the hearts of men. This is the view even of opponents of the Church—honorable opponents, such as the editor of the "Independent." At the same time, non-Catholics can hardly be blamed if, in the light of Mr. Purcell's extraordinary interpretations, or rather misinterpretations, of motives, they form unwarrantable conclusions. What can be thought of the judgment of a biographer of Cardinal Manning, who tells us that his Eminence shirked losing or unpopular causes? Could anything be more contradictory to the plain facts? In the three most striking acts of his life, the chances of popularity and success were adverse to him. When he left the Church of England he was on the road to the highest promotion he could receive as an Anglican ecclesiastic. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone who, as Premier, has so often had the nomination of bishops in his hands. Undoubtedly he could assure himself of no such honors when he cast in his lot with the Catholics, with out knowing how they would appreciate his qualities. Again, can it be said that Cardinal Manning was taking the winning and popular side when he became an advocate of total abstinence? The hostility such advocacy brings is well known, and the unpopularity of the cause can be judged from the fact that it has been commonly assigned as the secret of the Liberal rout at the last general election. Lastly, can it be said that Cardinal Manning was not facing unpopularity when he became a champion of Home Rule? He himself declared that he recognized Mr. Gladstone's isolation and that his sympathy went out to him for that very reason. We do not know what was the matter with Mr. Purcell that he could make such a charge against a man who manifestly had in him the spirit of a hero and a martyr.

In a masterly criticism of Mr. Purcell's Life of the late Cardinal Manning, the "Athenaeum," we are glad to say, ably vindicates the character of the willom Archdeacon of Chichester, and at the same time severely but justly criticises the manner in which the biographer has performed his task. It is indeed to be regretted that Mr. Purcell thought it necessary to lay such emphasis on the shortcomings of the Cardinal, and still more to be deplored that he should have bestowed so much time and space on unveiling the early squabbles of the Westminster Chapter and the Chapel incident which followed Manning's conversion, instead of, as the "Athenaeum" suggests, leading his hearers into a higher sphere, where the Cardinal's imposing personality was the centre of attraction. Never, says this critic, was there better material for a first-rate biography, and never has a biographer been more harsh towards his hero. Happily, the late Cardinal was so popular and so much beloved by all classes that Mr. Purcell's severity may perhaps rouse many Englishmen to defend a memory of which they are justly proud. The "Athenaeum," it is right to say, attributes Mr. Purcell's severe criticisms and his indiscretion in raking up matters best left alone to over-conscientiousness on his part.

Remember!

All who pay their subscription will receive a copy of that admirable up-to-date book, "PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS."

ARCHBISHOP INTERVIEWED.

Mgr. Langvin Asked by the Tribune What He Thinks of the Remedial Bill.

Feels That "The Government Will Give to Us Substantial-ly Our Rights."

Upon the Question of Text Books His Grace Did Not Care to Touch on Details.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface was seen to-day by a reporter of The Tribune in reference to the Remedial Bill now before the House at Ottawa, and talked at considerable length on the same. His Grace was in good health and in a pleasant frame of mind, and talked freely. The first question asked was: "What do you think of the Remedial Bill now before the House at Ottawa?"

"I would not care to speak on the matter yet, because I have not seen a copy of the Bill, and Hon. Mr. Dickey's explanations, as he said himself, will hardly give a full conception of the measure unless the text is before one. Mr. Dickey spoke truly when he said the bill had not been submitted to the Church. I have not seen a copy, and of course, do not expect to until my friends send me the printed bill."

"But, speaking in a general way, does it seem satisfactory?"

"I feel that they will try to do us justice. They have modified the bill from time to time without consulting us, and I do not want to continue to modify it, but I feel they will restore to us substantially our rights. They have no need to consult us, for by petitions and the efforts of our counsel, Mr. Ewart, they know what we want; and on the other hand they know the law, and know how far they can go in giving us what we ask. I feel that between these two limits they will succeed in framing legislation that will be satisfactory to the minority."

"You say you think they will restore substantially the rights of the minority. Do you mean that they will restore the system as it existed previous to 1890?"

"We believe that they will restore to us what we deem are our rights. We do not hope that they will restore the system just as it was before 1890. We must expect that there will be some changes, because we realize that the conditions are not always the same, and besides we cannot dictate what parliament will do."

"I ask this especially, because in your address at Edmonton you are reported as practically saying that nothing less than the complete restoration of the old system would be satisfactory."

"The address at Edmonton has been both mis-reported and mis-understood, and if I were to go into details I would be misunderstood again, but this I will say, that once the people see what we really want, they will be surprised to find how reasonable we are. And they will be amazed to see how easily and harmoniously the system will work, and will ask themselves why this was not given before. We never asked for the text of the old law, and we have no intention of interfering with the present school system. When our rights are restored, the restoration will not interfere with the present school system, nor with a single teacher or a single child. All the change will be that there will be a little less money to carry on the public schools. But then, we are very poor people, and the Protestants do not want the little money we contribute to help support their schools. All we want is to have our taxes for our own schools."

"And as to the government grant?"

"That is a delicate point. The provincial government will not be forced to give the grant, but if our schools are given us by law then we have a right to it, but we are ready to suffer. Besides the government need not help any school unless the school is efficient. They will have full opportunity of examining to see that the school is efficient, and if not we will not ask a grant for an inefficient school. A great deal of misunderstanding exists about this whole

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