



CURRENT COMMENT

We exceedingly regret that our current issue is smaller than usual. Our managing editor has been seriously ill and our literary editor has been away from home. Our next issue will be of the usual size. We must beg the indulgence of our readers.

The really important event of the past week has been the introduction in the Imperial House of Commons of the Irish Land Bill, and in Winnipeg, as elsewhere all over the world wherever sons of the Emerald Isle are to be found, this epoch-making episode in the politics of the empire has excited a great deal of sympathetic interest. At this distance, and with the meagre details given in the telegraphic despatches, it is impossible to speak intelligently of the details of the proposed legislation, but at any rate it is certain that the measure is a long step in advance of anything ever before proposed for the amelioration of the condition of the tenant peasantry of Ireland, and it shows that the "predominant partner" in the United Kingdom is at last prepared to concede that justice demands special legislation of a radical and far-reaching character. In Ireland itself the indications are that faction is dead, for the spectacle is presented of parties which have hitherto been apparently irreconcilable united in their determination to support a satisfactory solution of the land question; and in England we see a strong party in power that is evidently able and willing to go to extraordinary lengths to meet the demands that are made and to solve the difficulties of the problem. It is, of course, probable that there will not be actual unanimity regarding all the details, but so far as can be seen at present the proposed bill is fundamentally a good one, and it is devoutly to be hoped that any defects in it may be amicably remedied when it is considered clause by clause in committee.

Most readers of the Review have probably heard more or less of the missions to non-Catholics which are preached regularly in all parts of the United States by the singularly well-equipped and eminently able order of priests known as the Paulist Fathers, but few are probably aware of the full extent of the work or of the great number of conversions that result therefrom. The movement has now reached such proportions and has so far passed out of the experimental stage that an institution to cost \$250,000 is to be built in Washington wherein priests will be specially trained for this apostolate. The record proves that whenever and wherever the doctrines of the Catholic Church are preached by able speakers, in an attractive way and with clearness combined with a certain measure of eloquence, our separated brethren will flock to hear the preachers with the inevitable result that hundreds are converted and a mass of prejudice and misunderstanding is removed from the minds of thousands. And in this connection it may not be out of place to point out that what is evidently true of those outside the pale of the Church is to a considerable extent the case with those inside. It takes preaching ability to make the missions to non-Catholics successful and similarly—though of course to a lesser degree—good preaching is in this day and generation a most important factor—but one, unfortunately, very often found lacking, if the full measure of suc-

cess we all hope for in the regular parochial work amongst Catholics is to be achieved. This is especially the case in large centres of population, and if we wish to hold our own it is a condition that must be recognized and provided for as far as possible in connection with church work in the important towns and cities of each diocese.

Persons and Facts

Mr. J. A. Langford, during the past week, has been seriously ill with peritonitis, but is now on the road to recovery.

Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has accepted an invitation to dedicate the Louisiana Purchase Exposition on April 30.

The venerable colored nun, Sister Mary Ellen Joseph, of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, died on the 15th inst. at the extraordinary age of 112 years. She became a Catholic in 1827, when thirty-six years old, and eleven years later joined the Oblate Sisters of Providence, yet she lived to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her profession. Her religious life was entirely given to care of colored orphans.

The survival of Indian blood in Mexico and the social standing of the Indian there might be of some interest to the people of our Western country. Mr. Guernsey, writing in the Boston Herald, says: "The future of Mexico belongs largely to the men of Indian blood; this blood is vital and persists. It runs in the veins of statesmen, orators, poets, judges, generals, and diplomats. Two-thirds of the nation are of Indian stock. Thousands of the clergy are Indians. A man may be wholly or part Indian and be a man of high culture; he may be an international lawyer, a journalist writing Spanish, be devoted to French literature in his hours of rest, have travelled widely, be a painter or sculptor or chemist."

THE CATHOLIC CLUB.

A visit to the rooms of this wonderfully successful organization is an experience that no Catholic of the city who has the opportunity should miss. There are many of our people who should be members but whose names are not on the roll, and to these we would say that they are overlooking and neglecting a grand chance that is here presented them of assisting a really practical and admirably managed adjunct of the Church, and one that is destined to have a far reaching beneficial effect on the future of Catholicity in these parts. Each afternoon and evening the rooms are thronged with members, all of whom seem actuated by the one resolve to be true to the principles which the club represents, and to do all in their power to push the good work along. And indeed it is this splendid unanimity and the noticeable absence of anything approaching friction that is the special characteristic of the club, and that has contributed, perhaps, more than anything else to its great success. The Review is glad to be able to congratulate the officers and members and to bear testimony to the excellent record they are making. We recognize that in an institution such as this the result might have been very different, but good common sense united to sound administrative ability and to true Catholic loyalty have laid the foundations of the club deep and firm and with a continuance of these admirable qualities in the management and amongst the members a brilliant future is assured.

OPENING OF ST. JOSEPH'S, MOOSE JAW.

Catholics of Moose Jaw and those residing in the adjacent district to this thriving railroad town were present in large numbers on Passion Sunday and assisted at the opening and blessing of their new church, dedicated to St. Joseph. The new edifice is a substantial one built of red brick of local manufacture. The building is nearly square and is capable of seating about 175 people. This mission is served from Regina and its spiritual needs are looked after by the Rev. A. J. Van Heertum, O. Praem.

A slight sketch of the history of the Moose Jaw Catholic mission on such an occasion may not seem out of place. The mission was opened in an unpretentious way in the eighties. The first church was a little frame building bought from the Church of England people in 1889. This building originally stood some distance north of the present municipal boundaries and was then moved into town. Mass was said in the little wooden structure for about two years when the building was abandoned as a church. At a later date it was sold and used as an ice-house. The lots on which the first church stood were sold and came into the possession of Mrs. Katie Green, whose strong faith and optimism never allowed her to abandon the hope of seeing these lots again used for the erection of a permanent building for the use of Catholic worshippers. The opportunity long looked for presented itself and Mrs. Green's generous impulses refused to sell the lots at market price (which in the meantime had trebled in value), but allowed them to go back into church hands at the figure she originally bought the land for. In 1901 in the midst of many trying difficulties, the work on the present church was begun. The progress was necessarily slow and the financing of the undertaking uphill work. However, prospects soon materially improved and to-day the substantial brick church stands as a memento to the untiring zeal of the small band of Catholics in the Moose Jaw district who have rallied round their priest.

Worthy of special mention is the donation of a pipe organ constructed by Mr. Druschkowitz, a native of Poland. The gift is a handsome one, which the congregation undoubtedly appreciates apart from the intrinsic value of the instrument. Mr. Druschkowitz, who possesses an inventive ability of no mean order, set to work some years ago and gathered the materials for his organ from the prairies. He patiently collected from the ground around the shooting targets, outside of the town of Regina, the flattened lead of bullets fired at rifle practice a sufficient quantity of which he moulded for the metal pipes of the organ. Then buffalo bones that had been bleaching on the wind swept prairies were picked up. These bones were taken home and boiled and ground, and eventually reappeared in the shape of keys for the keyboard. There are four stops on the instrument, which are flute, hautboy, principal and bourdon. The tone of the organ is one which can not fail to please the ear, being rich and full in volume and a decided acquisition to the musical services of the church. It might also be mentioned that an offer of \$600 was made some time ago to Mr. Druschkowitz for the instrument, but he declined to sell and told his would-be purchaser that he preferred to present the organ to his church as his own personal donation than have the money.

Last Sunday's services commenced with a Low Mass, said by Fa-

ther Drummond, S.J., at 8.30, at which the major portion of the parishioners received Holy Communion. A large congregation assembled at 10.30 for the ceremony of the formal opening and blessing of the new church, when Father Van Heertum recited the usual liturgical prayers prescribed for such occasions. High Mass was sung at 11 o'clock by Father Joseph Luyten. The music of the Mass was that of the old familiar sixth tone Gregorian plain chant, the organ being played by Father Van Heertum. A choir composed of Messrs. H. Jagger and Seaborn, together with a few members of the Regina St. Mary's choir, assisted in the choruses of the Mass, Father Van Heertum taking the solos. Father Drummond, S.J., at the conclusion of the first Gospel, preached an eloquent sermon on "The Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament."

At the evening service, which had been announced for 7.30, the church was filled to its utmost long before the appointed time, and the number of persons who failed to obtain a seat or standing room in the sacred edifice and consequently went away disappointed was larger than those who found accommodation. Father Drummond delivered an excellent discourse on "The Mission of the Catholic Church as a divinely appointed teacher amongst the nations of the world." The address throughout was listened to with rapt attention by a congregation chiefly composed of non-Catholics. Mascagni's "Ave Maria" was given in excellent voice by Mr. Seaborn, who is well known in church circles of our "separated brethren" in Moose Jaw, as is also Mr. H. Jagger, who sang with feeling "O Paradise." Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the day's devotions. The offertories at each of the services were most satisfactory.

Father Drummond announced before his discourse in the evening that an address would be delivered in the town hall on the following evening in aid of the local hospital fund.

ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHANAGE.

On Thursday morning, March 26, shortly after midnight the inmates of St. Joseph's Orphanage were startled by fire, which broke out on the ground floor of the building. The fact that the institution is standing to-day is due to the prompt energy of Mr. J. Thompson (undertaker), who happened to be passing along Carlton street at the time. The flames, which were already visible through the window of the boys' recreation room, attracted his attention and immediately he gave the alarm, first at the orphanage itself, and then at St. Mary's presbytery. In an almost incredibly short space of time the fire brigade were on the scene. Some of the men made for the dormitory to rescue the orphans in case of imminent danger, while others began to grapple with the fire which was already making rapid headway. In a few minutes all cause for alarm had subsided; the flames were put out and the firemen were tearing up the flooring with axes and crow bars in order to circumvent the fire and prevent it from spreading. The work was well and quickly done, and in less than half an hour from the time the alarm was given, thanks to the energetic efforts of Chief Buchanan and his men, St. Joseph's Orphanage was saved. One of the firemen remarked that ten minutes more would probably have placed the institution beyond all possibility of being saved. The dry old wood of 35 years' standing would prove very enticing material

for the flames to play upon. As it was the perilous situation of the inmates was only too evident from the fact that besides the large hole burnt in the floor the wood in every part of the room was scorched and blackened, the paint rising out in large blisters, while the plastering on the ceiling and walls was cracked in a thousand places, a large portion of it falling down on the floor.

The loss sustained, on the whole, is comparatively trifling. It is estimated that the injury done to the apartment and to the boys' wear (which were all scorched or burned) will not exceed \$150.00 or \$200.00 damages.

Rev. Sister Duffin and her fifty orphan boys are fully convinced that their escape was little short of miraculous, and it gives them renewed confidence in the protection of their great Patron, St. Joseph. At the same time the Rev. Sister wishes to convey her most sincere thanks to Mr. J. Thompson, Chief Buchanan and his men for their kind services and as the instruments employed by Divine Providence for the preservation of the orphanage.

IRISH HUMOR.

"Irish humor" seems to be as eternally green as the Irish shore. Nothing in the way of misfortune or trouble can wholly destroy it. A few days ago a typical son of the Emerald Isle, although he had found a hard lifework, far from his native land, was summoned to appear and give evidence before the anthracite coal commission. Before many minutes had been taken up in examining him the chance came for which he waited, as naturally as a duck waits for the rain. He testified that he had been half killed in the mines twice. The judge remarked that he must be dead then. "But no, one side got well before the other side was killed," quickly replied the Irishman.

In a minute the commission of staid and dignified men, and the judges and the lawyers were all smiling; like the flash of a sunbeam the mirth went from countenance to countenance, that had all been serious with the weighty problem of existence, that had cast a gloom over all gave away before the irresistible humor of the old Irishman.

Twice in his life, as he testified, the old fellow had been half killed. For thirty years he had lived in the underworld, always in debt to the company, and only once in seventeen years had he received his wages in actual money. Here was a man over 60 years of age, whose life had run in dark and tragic lines, one who had been a slave to the mines and one in whom it would seem that all joy had been stifled for ever. Yet as soon as this old Irish miner appeared before the prosperous and scholarly committee it was not ten minutes before his humor irradiated the dry proceedings and set the table in a roar.

How fragrant and perennial is that flower of Irish humor! exclaims a commentator on this incident. How like a star it is, too, shedding its kindly beams through the darkest night! Indeed it is both star and flower, diverse as they may be; for could anything be more delightfully wayward, deliciously perverse and serenely inconsistent than this same Irish humor! Being ever the twin sister of pathos one will find it blooming in melancholy sweetness by the new-made grave upon the wind-swept hill. But if we may be pardoned the Irishism, it is also the twin sister of joy, and so may be found frolicking where the sunshine of life falls brightest.—The Irish Standard.