

have consented to become the bishop of this diocese if I had not really and truly felt in my heart ready to die rather than give up the cause of our schools. These are my dispositions: I know they are yours, because I can trust you: I know you are here, and I think that a population which has fought during four years, given so much money for the Catholic schools, I think they can go proudly before the whole Dominion and say, 'Here are we, the Catholics of Winnipeg, and we have been faithful to our Catholic programme.' I will bless you, my dear brother; I will not only bless you, but also those here present who are not of our faith. There are some here who do not belong visibly to our Church, but whom I hope and believe may belong to the soul of the Church, and I will bless them, too, because at any rate the blessing of a bishop can do them no harm. I remember to-day the noble words of my saintly predecessor when he said that those who do not belong to our Church were always kind to the missionaries. Yes, we remember many friends, kind friends too, who live outside the unity of the Church, and I was really glad this morning to hear the coadjutor of the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec speak of the many thousands of people who belong to the soul of the Church, although they do not belong to the exterior body. Yes, I will bless you all, and I will ask our friends to go and tell those who live around us, whether they live in the Parliament buildings, in the public offices, or wherever they may be found, that the new Archbishop of St. Boniface has room in his heart for them all. That he wishes to be a sincere friend to them all. That it is not in vain he has put in his coat of arms the sweet maple leaf, but to show that he will be faithful to his country, to the fair Dominion of Canada, to the British flag, and to all his friends, no matter to what denomination they may belong. Yes, my dear old parishioners, I thank you very much, and again I repeat before this noble assembly, I am proud of you to-night, as I have been proud of you every moment of the time that I have known you.

We give as nearly as we can the exact words used by His Grace, but we are conscious that our report does not convey in the slightest degree the deep feeling which underlay the language. It has been often said in our columns that Archbishop Langevin is an orator, and never did he prove it more conclusively than when he delivered the reply to the address of his old parishioners. He spoke so evidently from his heart that his words went straight to the hearts of all his hearers, and those who heard him for the first time, and saw the effect his speech had on his audience, could come to no other conclusion than that the new Archbishop of St. Boniface is a great man, with a wonderful gift of oratory, and one who, as he makes the acquaintance of more and more of his people, will be their idol—a leader whom it will be the proudest privilege of their lives to follow, and a bishop whom it will be their delight to honor and obey.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by His Grace the Archbishop, assisted by Rev. Father H. Langevin, his brother, and Rev. Father Therien. This brought the proceedings at St. Mary's church to a most fitting close, and the whole archiepiscopal party at once proceeded to St. Mary's Academy, where they were entertained at supper by the ladies of St. Mary's parish. This over, they went to St. Boniface College to attend an entertainment by the students arranged in honor of the great event.

The reception committee of ladies of St. Mary's parish, appointed to receive the archiepiscopal party on their arrival was as follows: Mesdames Gauthier, Bois, Richard, E. Barrett, Grand, Girdlestone, Harold, Smith, Costigan, F. Kelly, D. Smith, MacPhillips, Cauchon, Hastings, Egan, M. Kelly, Cass, Thomas, Bawlf, Livingston, Savage, Kilgour, Allman, Guilmette and Plaxton.

The following young ladies from the convent waited on table, and carefully attended to the wants of the guests: Misses Gellay, Adams, O'Donnell, Moffatt, O'Brien, Chale, Stanford, Carroll, Grasse and Barrett.

A musical programme was carried out. The party then drove to St. Boniface to attend an entertainment given at the college in their honor, a report of which we will give in our next issue. Next morning they visited the Industrial school and Wednesday night the Catholic Order of Foresters of St. Boniface gave a concert and entertained His Grace.

In bringing this report to a close we would say that we have attempted to give our readers as complete and full a description of everything connected with this great event as our means and circumstances will permit. We are conscious we have not done as well as we would wish, for had we treble the time and the space which is at our disposal we could not find any subject which we would be more delighted to lovingly dwell upon, and write about. We would only now add one word and that is that we think our report will at least show we were justified in the prediction we made a couple of weeks ago that the consecration of Archbishop Langevin would be made the occasion of a popular demonstration of love and gratitude such as has rarely, if ever, been seen on a similar circumstance either in Canada or in any other part of the world. The whole Catholic community here has entered thoroughly as one man into the spirit of the occasion, the people have given ample proof of their devotion to the person of their beloved Archbishop and to the sacred office he fills—a devotion which we are confident will grow stronger as the years go by.

From far and near, from persons of all sorts and conditions, presents have been sent to His Grace, and we give below a list of them, which is as complete as we are at present able to make it:

Rarely if ever has a cleric been the recipient of so many and so costly gifts on any occasion as has His Grace, Archbishop Langevin. From France presents have been sent, from Eastern Canada, and the Northwest, from people in every walk in life, all testifying to the universal love and esteem in which he is held. Following list is as complete as it is possible to ascertain at present. The mitre, crozier, cross, chalice, cruet, vestments, etc., were used during the consecration service.

Soulier, superior general of the Oblate order. Under-vestments—Gifts of Archbishop of Montreal. These are considered very rich.

Purple Cassock and other vestments—Donated by the Grey Nuns of St. Boniface, Montreal, Ottawa and Ogdensburg; the Sisters of Jesus and Mary at Hochelaga, Montreal and Winnipeg, by the pupils of the academy on Notre Dame street, Winnipeg; by the Sisters of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, at Brandon; convent of St. Pierre Joly, Man.

Gold watch, with cross of diamonds on inside of case, valued at \$50—gift of St. Mary's parishioners Winnipeg. Presents were also received from the following: Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Montreal and Ottawa; Very Rev. Father Collin, Superior of St. Sulpice, priests and laymen, Montreal; class mates, college mates, many friends, Sisters of St. Ann, of Lachine.

Father Dupret, who prepared His Grace, when a boy, to receive his first communion, has not forgotten him, and has forwarded a suitable gift.

The Oblate Fathers of Montreal have donated an episcopal armchair which is considered a very rich and rare present.

Besides the above His Grace has been the recipient of a number of costly gifts.

Considering that inquiries from Winnipeg booksellers have revealed the fact that more than three hundred copies of *Trilby* have been sold in this city alone, the following article by Conde Pallan, contributed to the *New World*, of Chicago, will be greatly appreciated by readers of taste and discernment. Mr. Pallan is the W. S. Lilly of America, with more soundness of doctrine and a still more Catholic tone than the distinguished author of "Shibboleths."

Du Maurier's *Trilby*, although over a year old, is the vogue. The reading world, or rather the novel-reading world—for here is a distinction wide enough to drop a universe in—is talking *Trilby*, nothing but *Trilby*, and the newspaper market, responsive to the fad of the hour into the bargain, is talking *Trilby*.

*Trilby* is popular—this no doubt. But popularity in these days of multitudinous novel-reading is suspicious. Virtue is not a popular ingredient in modern fiction, and when the novel-reading populace seizes upon a new novel with avidity, the slumbering critic, who should be the very conscience of art, may arouse himself to the inevitable odium of damning what the public is praising, at least by reading with an appetite that bespeaks a relish. *Trilby* fits the case. It is being devoured by the hungry, depicting life on its impermissible side. Now, the first thing that the critic—who, I insist, ought to be the very conscience of art—must be awake to is the impermissible in art, for the making of a novel is art-work, sometimes art in truth and oftener a lamentable parody.

The critic who has no eye for the impermissible, which is the untruthful and therefore the false, has no comprehension of art; he has no conscience. A man without moral judgment cannot criticize; he of all others is least apt to understand and to tell us what is or is not beautiful and truthful in human expression, whether that expression be in literature, in sculpture or in painting. No enviable task, then, is the critic's, when the popular clamor, the ephemeral voice of the fleeting moment, is against him, and *Trilby* is the fad of the hour.

There is much in *Trilby* that is catching. The style is easy, familiar, with a strong flavor of *bonhomie*. There is quite—at first reading—a reminder of Thackeray in it. Second reading does much towards effacing the resemblance. There is neither the chastity nor the purity of Thackeray's style. There is a careless exuberance, a wordiness of which Thackeray is never guilty. Again, Du Maurier's style falls in that delicate exactness of expression, that harmonious preciseness of shading, in which Thackeray, as all great masters of the language, excels. Yet there is a visible affinity between the two, a certain genial glow of manner and a certain, a take-me-into-your-confidence manner which attracts and charms the reader with its familiar warmth. There are tender touches striking plaintive chords, sparks of wit, sputterings of humor, that echo Thackeray in a distant way, sufficient, however, to remind us and to charm us, but not to deceive us.

God to face in a possible next world! This is the pagan creed of Du Maurier's book, purposely, designedly, expounded in its pages—the paganism of the nineteenth century, with the light of the truth full in its eyes! And it resolves itself into the sombre shadow of fatality, all the darker because of the light which shines so clear around about it in this nineteenth century of Catholic grace and salvation. In Du Maurier's drama, in spite of the warm glow of a genial, familiar style, it works itself out in ineffable sadness and in irremediable catastrophe. The denouement is only not tragic because it is worse—it is fatality. Tragedy is at least a solution—a solution of sin into punishment, a vindication and a manifestation of justice in human events, where it does not always display itself. But in Du Maurier's book there is no sin—only environment, temperament and the inexorable tread of an eyeless fate. *Trilby* and Little Billee are simply the flesh and blood puppets of cosmic energies working themselves out into human emotions; the outcome is suffering, misery, blank death and nothingness. The heart of the book is pessimism; its keynote despair, the logic of its philosophy. With all the graces of its manner, the glow of its sympathy, the geniality of its Bohemianism, it is a sad, dismal and depressing novel. The reader quits it with a bad taste in his mouth, a depression at the heart, disgust in his affections. It teaches nothing and would destroy much. Its basis is a denial of the supernatural, and any book so founded cannot but logically end in the negation of the natural, for the unseen foundations of human life rest secure in God alone. The novelist who seeks to depict the conflict, the passion and the issues of human life deprived of the religious basis, which spirit, which was wrought of the religious spirit, which was brought and impregnated the social and the domestic life of Christendom, as it exists to-day, can only give us a picture of darkness and failure. Where the Light of the World has once shone there can be no other illumination. If Christ dwell not in the human soul, it becomes the habitation either of the demon or the beast.

Not so capital an incongruity, yet an important factor in the mechanism, is Svengali's hypnotic power in making *Trilby* sing. It is an hypothesis at variance with the true character of hypnotism. Du Maurier assumes that the faculty or power of the hypnotizer is transferred and incarnated in the subject. It was not, he tells us, *Trilby* who sang, but Svengali in *Trilby*, using her voice as his instrument. Such a result is absolutely beyond the character and power of hypnotism. The hypnotizer can only suggest to the subject, to do what the subject already knows how to do either through experience or potentiality. The subject cannot do what is either not in him by nature or has not been acquired by experience. Now, *Trilby* was absolutely tone-deaf; see never could distinguish and never had discriminated one note from the other. She could not, under hypnotic suggestion, have expressed through her voice what she had never heard through her ear. It is only by granting an Arabian Night's license and giving free reign to our fancy that Du Maurier's supposition of Svengali's hypnotic influence over *Trilby* is at all tolerable. But this is not art; it is fancy. If we are to measure the value of Du Maurier's book by an artistic standard, it falls lamentably short both in the harmony of its delineation of *Trilby*'s character and in the violence which it does to its mechanism; for absurd is the assumption that the hypnotizer comes into personal possession of the subject and holds him the victim of an alien will and the instrument of a foreign faculty.

There is another side of *Trilby* which makes it even blacker than a starless night in Christian eyes. It is paganism from cover to cover. Its paganism is that of the nineteenth century, the paganism that has deliberately closed its eyes to the light. The paganism of the ancient world was born of darkness and ignorance. Greek and Roman groped in the gloom of the error, that palled their entire religious horizon. To lift that pall of themselves was beyond them. But the modern pagan sins willfully in the full light of day. The sun of Christianity has been shining upon and illuminating the path of humanity for nineteen centuries. Christianity has wrought and elaborated a civilization incomparably greater, nobler, higher and better than the civilization of the ancient heathen world and the heathen world still outside of Christendom. The morality of this new civilization is Christian, spun from the looms of Catholic truth, and the only conception of morality, which the modern pagan possesses and yet would wrest from its natural root and engraft elsewhere, is Christian in its essence and in its name. He cannot speak of morality and its sanctions save in Christian terms and, in spite of himself, save with Christian meanings.

*Trilby* is a typical exemplification of the rebellious spirit of this modern paganism. It would make morality the fruit of merely natural benevolence. Not a character in the book acts from a genuinely religious motive or with a single thought of the supernatural, and wherever the opportunity offers religion is flouted and sneered at. Virtue in this view is simply a social custom, and even then at times a tyrannical and ridiculous conventionalism. But it is not only by implication or in an incidentally contemptuous fling that religion is held up to scorn and ridicule; there is an open repudiation of religion deliberately elaborated in its pages and carefully woven into its drama. Little Billee—perhaps the author's reflection and idealization of himself—indulges in no less than twelve pages of stupidly vulgar and shallow religious—or, rather, irreligious—soliloquy, consisting largely of the steepest and thinnest difficulties marshalled against religion in the mind of a theological ignorant and moral coward, who seeks to evade the practical logic of an irreligious life by platitudinizing his fears into vapid objections long ago exploded and relegated to the limbo of tyroism. Similar parody of reason is his supposed exaltation of rationalism. Little Billee's irreligious diatribe is addressed to an irrational brute—a dog! Fit auditor for such a denunciation, perhaps, contemplated by Du Maurier in the construction of this dramatic absurdity! To the level of the brute does the rational creature, indeed, descend, who raises reason in blasphemous judgment against his Maker! It is true that Du Maurier, perhaps through some temporary pricking of conscience, disclaims the responsibility of Little Billee's ways of thinking by parenthetically remarking that these ways are not necessarily his own. But we do not need to go to Little Billee's flippant monologue to gather Du Maurier's ways of thinking on this subject, for both by implication and exemplification they taint the whole book, exhalating like a nauseous stench from all his views of life and art. They are again brought out with deliberate point and prolix emphasis in *Trilby*'s exposition of her theology. In this view God—if there be a God, for the question is by no means definitely settled—is pictured as a benevolent imbecile who will surely "declare a general amnesty even for the worst." And the final standard of morality is brought to the sensuous level of "enjoying oneself without hurting anyone else." God, in a word, is stricken out of His own universe, out of the life of man, and if He be at all, exists only as the senile dispenser of general amnesties! The creature has no duties to his Creator, no intelligence wherewith to know Him, no will wherewith to love and serve Him. He goes through this life sounding the full kamet of his animism—forgetting, scoffing, denying his Maker—and dies in the blasphemous confidence of a general amnesty, should, perchance, there be a

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