

Northwest Review

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CURRENT COMMENT

Now that the school year is beginning, far-seeing parents are doing some deep thinking as to where they shall send their girls and boys. We advisedly mention the girls first, because of the importance of convent training for Catholic girls. Boys, whose parents intend them to enter early into business pursuits are sure of a thorough grounding in our Catholic day schools, and although they may lack the wholesome all-day discipline of a Catholic boarding school such as St. Boniface College so fully provides, they may easily outgrow the roughnesses of their boyhood. One does not expect so fine a finish from them as from the girls. Besides, the battle of life, with its hard knocks and stern chidings, will necessarily wear off the corners of early boyhood. But with girls it is different. They are to be the mothers of the future. They should, therefore, whenever it is possible, get the benefit of the best training for women. Where that best training is to be found is a matter of no doubt for the Catholic mother who has had the priceless blessing of a convent education. Nothing can ever adequately take the place of that pure and refined atmosphere which interpenetrates all the happenings, grave and gay, of a girl boarder's life under the fostering care of angelic Sisters. These dear girls are not vexed, before the proper time, with distracting and worldly attachments or with the masculine rudeness of a mixed school. Wise parents, noticing that their bright girl is beginning to play the hothead, pack her off to some far away, select convent, whence she returns sweetened for all time with the graces of a truly Christian maiden. On the other hand, how often do we hear the remark, "What a pity so fine a girl is being spoiled by her fondness for all the gossip of her village! Why doesn't her wealthy mother send her to a boarding convent?" Perhaps the answer might be that the mother, never having had any convent training herself, does not realize her daughter's irreparable loss. Happily, such cases are rare here. We have so many excellent convents all over the province, suited to the depth or shallowness of every purse, that few fail to take advantage of their refining influence.

When all the inhabitants (save one) of St. Pierre, Martinique, were destroyed in a few moments by the pestilential vapors from Mont Pelee, on the feast of the Ascension in 1902, many well informed people, among whom was a French missionary, stationed near the ill-fated town, and now resident in Saskatchewan, said that this unprecedented catastrophe was a visitation of God upon the sins of St. Pierre. They admitted, indeed, that many of its citizens were good, practical Catholics; but they maintained that too many others indulged in the grossest immorality and the most appalling public blasphemy, pictorial and other, against the Christian religion. Some well-meaning but misinformed Catholic papers pooh-poohed all idea of a Divine chastisement, and setting forth the virtues of the priests, nuns and Catholic children in defence of St. Pierre's reputation, they severely upbraided what they called the pessimistic view. Time, which generally works in the interests of truth, has justified the pessimists. The people of the island, who have during the recent past talked over all the victims of that terrible May morning when an incalculably hot blast from the volcano instantly consumed every living thing, even to the greatest trees, are persuaded that it was really and truly a chastisement. A writer in the "Brooklyn Eagle" tells us that "St. Pierre is as much shunned as it was a week after it was destroyed. No one is at work there but a few legalized grave-robbers, who, with the permission of the government, are digging in the buried homes of their relatives for money and jewels. St. Pierre was a rich city, with much gold in its mines, in coin and ornaments, and there have been many valuable

finds in the little family vaults or close to glistening skeletons. The vast sepulchre has been well picked over and it soon will be deserted even by the ghouls of surviving relatives. Their excavations, which resemble prospect holes, cover the site of the city and give it at close range the appearance of a deserted mining camp.

Except for the grave robbers and a few patrolling gendarmes to protect the unhallowed graves from unlicensed looters, there is not a sign of life in St. Pierre. Rue Victor Hugo, the principal street in the city, which was buried under from two to five feet of volcanic ash, was cleaned out by the government for nearly a mile and the stones from the fallen buildings piled up on each side. A cross street was opened up in the same way to give a plantation back of the town an outlet to the sea, but the work of restoration stopped there. The government would like to see a new city rise from the ashes of St. Pierre, and Victor Hugo street was opened up in the hope that the people would go in and rebuild the city. But the natives would have none of it. To them the great graveyard is an accursed place, and none but the treasure hunters and the police are brave enough to invade its solitude. Some day, perhaps, if Mount Pelee again goes to sleep, St. Pierre may be rebuilt, but not by the present generation or its children. They are firm in the belief that it was because God was angry with St. Pierre that the town was destroyed, and that if there was any attempt to build it up again His anger would be visited on the third and fourth generations. But Pelee stubbornly refuses to show any marked signs of approaching slumber. It smokes constantly and there are frequent mild eruptions of red hot mud and bowlders. Occasionally there is a heavy eruption accompanied by the discharge of an enormous cloud of black smoke filled with explosive gases, like that which swept down over St. Pierre, and the whole north end of the island is shaken in the manner of three years ago. The successive eruptions have effected a marked change in the contour of the top of the mountain, around the crater. The great cone which was built up in the crater to a height of 1,300 feet in 1903 and stood like a sentinel guarding the volcano has fallen in.

Unfortunately there seem still to be in the island of Martinique many hardened sinners upon whom the catastrophe of 1902 has had no lasting effect. Says the Brooklyn Eagle:

Long-neglected Fort de France is profiting most by the exodus to the south and is rapidly becoming a second St. Pierre. Its population has increased from 20,000 to 30,000, and it is showing some gaiety, and much of the same blasphemy and wild immorality that distinguished the city, which, according to the native belief, was destroyed for its wickedness. In the old days, when it was only the capital of the island and not the commercial centre, Fort de France made some claim to respectability, but it now does not make even a pretence in that direction. The spirit of immorality and blasphemy which dominated St. Pierre has corrupted what little good there was in Fort de France.

When His Grace the Archbishop of Philadelphia lately visited Lisdoonvarna, the Bishop of Ardagh, Dr. Hoare, asked Dr. Ryan to take back a message to the Irish in America. "Tell them," said Dr. Hoare, "that we are still afflicted with worse than Egyptian bondage in our own home; that we are robbed of four millions every year; that our children are deprived of a University whilst the pampered children of the minority have one all to themselves; and that we are threatened with the destruction of our brave band of fighters in an alien House of Commons, contrary to the Treaty of the Union."

The King's message to the new provinces at the recent inauguration ceremonies was, according to cablegram, signed, "Edward, R. and I." We strongly suspect that the "and" was an interpolation by some irresponsible reporter. Queen Victoria always signed

"R.I." without any "and." If a copulative conjunction were necessary, it should be the Latin "et," since "R." stands for "Rex" and "I." for "Imperator," two Latin words.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. A. Leveque and Mrs. E. Prieur, who have been canvassing the city for the benefit of the Hospital, with great success, are worthy of much congratulation. Also lovely rooms have been furnished by the following parties:—Rev. Father Woodcutter, The Family Rocan, Dr. Raleigh, Mrs. J. Lecomte, Mrs. J. T. Dumouchel, whose names are engraved on brass plates, on the doors of the donated rooms. We extend to these donors our gratitude and thanks. Thanks also to the generosity of a "Friend" who furnished a beautiful room.

The Sisters of St. Boniface Hospital.

We Have
Removed

TO
Cor.
Princess St.
AND
Cumberland
Ave.

Northwest Review

Clerical News

Rev. Josaphat Magnan (B.A. 1902) left last Tuesday evening to enter the novitiate of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Lachine, Que.

Rev. J. U. Sevigny, pastor of St. Anne's church Crookston, Minn., came here to meet his father and mother who have come from the east to live with him. Father Sevigny and his parents left for Crookston on Wednesday.

Father Kieffer, S.J., arrived at St. Boniface College last Saturday evening. He will teach the classics and English literature to the English speaking students of the University First and Second years.

The Bishop of Concordia, Kans., the Right Rev. John F. Cunningham, is at present on a visit to relatives at Abbeyfeale, County Limerick, Ireland.

Father Drummond, S.J., will preach next Sunday evening in St. Mary's church.

Father Bournival, S.J., late Rector of the Immaculate Conception scholasticate at De Lorimier, near Montreal, arrived here last Tuesday to teach philosophy in St. Boniface College.

Another of the reports which are so frequent as the years go by comes from German East Africa—a number of Catholic missionaries have been murdered. Troubles arose with the natives and according to a telegram from the Governor, the situation became alarming. Bishop Spies was pushing inland, with Brother Gabriel Sonntag, Brother Andreas Scholzen, Sister Felicitas Hiltner, and Sister Corbula Ebert, and on the way between Kilwa and Liwale they were fallen upon and done to death. Reinforcements are to be sent by the Government immediately to suppress the rebellion. It is to be hoped that the Emperor will not insist upon any unnecessary reprisals. The Bishop and other martyrs—for such they may be called—went to East Africa for no other purpose than to devote their lives to the conversion of the natives. In discharging the sacred mission they knew not fear. The officials at Kilwa appealed to Bishop Spies, in view of the danger he was facing, to give up the journey. But in vain. He had, he said, to perform a duty towards souls, and he could not neglect it. The language was worthy of a true soldier of the Cross.—Catholic Times, (England.)

Father Augustin Colombel, S.J., who died at St. Joseph's Church, Shanghai, on June 27th, was devoted to science, and founded the Sicawei Observatory. As a missionary he travelled extensively and laboured in turn at Nanking, Yangyang, Tsungming, and Haiman. In 1889 he became attached to St. Joseph's Church.

At the Examination Schools, Oxford, the Rev. Dr. Barry delivered his lecture on St. Ignatius of Loyola (during the summer session of Extension Studies) on the morning of Saturday, Aug. 19, to an attentive audience of about 500. The lecture, we understand, will appear in the New York "Catholic World" of October. It is an historical sketch addressed to non-Catholics, with a very rapid glance at the fortunes of the Society of Jesus subsequent to its founder's passing away.

The Very Rev. Luis Martin, Father-General of the Society of Jesus, is recuperating at Mondragone, Frascati, not far from Monte Porzio, where the students of the English College spend their villegiatura. The General, who is conversant with the English tongue, is accompanied in his walks by his "socius" Father Chandlery, S.J., an English Jesuit. Father Martin now wears an artificial arm to replace the member amputated some months ago. He still says Mass by special dispensation of the Holy Father.

Father Chossegras, S.J., went last Saturday to Selkirk, where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Malhot till Monday evening. On Sunday at High Mass he preached in French and English. In the afternoon, in company with many sympathizing friends and especially the afflicted parents of the late Charles Edward Malhot, he visited the Catholic cemetery and prayed over the tomb of the dear boy whose friend and spiritual adviser he had been. On Monday morning he said a Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul. This was followed by a High Mass of Requiem, celebrated by Father Belanger, the pastor, for his young nephew, George Poirier, of St. Anne, who died a few days before. Father Belanger's new presbytery, though outwardly complete, was not yet ready for occupancy except by the pastor and his sister, Miss Belanger. It is a fine, well appointed building. Father Chossegras returned on Monday evening by the electric (steam) railway, and on the way back a regular panic was caused by the falling of an oil lamp which set fire to one of the cars. Happily, though there was for a time great excitement among the many women passengers, as soon as the engine driver could be got to stop the train, windows were broken in, the passengers rescued and the fire put out without any serious injury to life or limb.

Last Saturday Father Drummond, S.J., went to St. Thomas, N. Dakota. He was met there on his arrival at 6 p.m. by Father Arsenault, the pastor, and driven to Mr. Whelan's fine resi-

dence, where a hearty supper was served and some pleasant moments were spent with Mr. and Mrs. Whelan and their interesting family. On Sunday morning Father Arsenault, who has a pretty church and home, said the first Mass at 7.30 and Father Drummond the second, at 8 a.m., at which he preached a seven minutes' sermon on gratitude, the virtue which we should begin to practise here as it will be our chief occupation in heaven. After breakfast Mr. Quigley, an ecclesiastical student, whose home is in the neighborhood, drove the two priests with a rattling good pair of horses to Crystal, twelve miles off. The weather being delightful and the roads good, the prospects of the rich wheat fields all in stook was most exhilarating. Father Joseph McDonald, pastor of Grafton, who attends Crystal as an outlying mission, gladly welcomed the coming of his brother priests. This was the first time High Mass was celebrated in Crystal, thanks to the recent organization of a local choir and to the musicianly skill of Father Arsenault, who is not only a virtuoso on several instruments but also a musical composer. Mr. Quigley's fine voice also helped the choir greatly. In fact, Father McDonald's grand "Te Missa est" would have puzzled the new choir for a suitable response had not Father Arsenault and Mr. Quigley come to the rescue. Father Drummond preached a twenty minutes' sermon on the gospel of the twelfth Sunday after Pentecost, the "Good Samaritan." He deprecated the tendency of many non-Catholic preachers on this gospel to overlook its opening sentences on the love of God, and to expatiate only on the love of man. To love God with our whole soul was our first duty, and the test of love was keeping the commandments. No one could pretend really to love God unless he were careful to keep his soul in the state of grace. When once that point was secure, then one should still further prove his love of God by imitating the Good Samaritan, by kindness to all men for the love of God.

After the High Mass and sermon which began at 10.30 and ended before noon, Mr. John J. O'Sullivan, the wealthiest farmer of the district, drove the priests to his hospitable home a short distance from Crystal. There Father Drummond met his host's son, Dan O'Sullivan, whom he had known for over two years at St. Boniface College. Mr. John J. O'Sullivan was an old friend, and it was an additional pleasure to make the acquaintance of Mrs. O'Sullivan, an elder son, and the daughters, all blessed with abounding health. Like several other prosperous Catholic families in North Dakota, the parents see to it that the children have the best possible education, and when the boys and girls return home intellectually equipped, they are too healthily trained to despise farm work and they settle down to become successful farmers as their parents were before them. Mr. O'Sullivan himself is a shining example of the way God blesses those who serve him. When he worked as a laborer on the C. P. R. near Fort William he thought nothing of walking eighteen miles to Mass, and now he thinks nothing of buying up nine of his neighbors' farms and clearing \$11000 off one crop.

After an excellent dinner in the O'Sullivan home and a pleasant chat with the gifted family the three priests returned to St. Thomas, where at 7.30 the choir sang a musical "Credo," after which Father Drummond lectured for an hour and a quarter on the contrast between the Catholic and Protestant rule of faith. The former which is the infallible voice of a living Church interpreting the Bible and tradition is the only reasonable method, producing world-wide unity, while the latter, being the Bible and nothing but the Bible interpreted by private judgment, is utterly unpractical and issues in endless divisions. Many Protestants were present and listened most attentively. This was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The three priests spent the rest of the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Grant Hager, leading Episcopalians. Mr. Hager is an able lawyer, who edits the St. Thomas Times. Mrs. Hager recited with fault-