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CURRENT COMMENT

The article we publish this week on "The Philosophy of the Rosary" deserves careful perusal. It first appeared some years ago in the Catholic News of Preston, England, and was then greatly admired. People wondered who could be the author of so masterly a treatise, one in which philosophic, poetic and practical insight were combined with such rare perfection. But no name was given by the editor. Perhaps the author wished to practise the humility he so ably preached.

When the man that has the public ear speaks his words carry far. Others may have said more than he, but they are not listened to as he is. On Tuesday the great and good Father Lacombe spoke to a Montreal reporter of his indignation at the French government's outrageous persecution of religious orders, and straightway the venerable missionary's words were flashed by telegraph from end to end of this great continent. Thus many readers learnt for the first time the misdeeds of the robber gang now ruling France. Yet the expulsion of men like the Oblates who can migrate to more hospitable shores and there do a world of good, is as nothing compared to the cruelty that turns out of house and home into beggary communities of poor women who have not even the means of leaving France. This heart-rending story has been repeated over and over again, but the public lend an inattentive ear till the trumpet voice of a leader of men rouses them from their apathy.

The storm of hisses and derisive shouts that met the Anglican bishops as they walked in procession at Liverpool on Tuesday last seems to have been aimed especially at the silver cross held up before the Archbishop of York, and proves that the Wycliffe preachers, founded by the late John Kensit, the organizer of this anti-ritualist demonstration, are enemies of the cross of Christ. And yet these deluded fanatics pretend to be disciples of that great Apostle who said: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Had that silver cross been borne by some of those secret societies that borrow the symbols of Catholicism while they are alien to its spirit, the fanatical mob would have quietly viewed the tof fool pagant or even applauded the parade. So long as the sacred symbol of the cross is not used, where it ought especially to be, in religious functions, the world rather likes it. On the flag of the British Empire it figures thrice, and not even ultra-Protestants complain. A fashionable woman may flaunt a golden cross on her much uncovered breast without exciting comment at the glaring inconsistency. Lately, in San Francisco, the Knights Templar, who have not the remotest kinship with the Catholic Knights Templar of the Middle Ages, had a great celebration, in which the Cross figured largely. For this the "Leader," Father Yorke's paper, takes them to task as follows:

Symbolism is all right in its way, but every Christian must have been shocked and scandalized at the profanation of the sign of the Cross during the present Templars' celebration. If a lot of fat, pudgy, middle-aged butchers and bakers and candle-stick makers wish to dress themselves like guys, and go marching and countermarching over the country in their nighties, it is nobody's affair but their own. But when the greedy harpies of the city who have no interest in the paraders except their money, take to plastering the Cross over their sheebens and shebangs, it is time for some one to call a halt. The sign of the Cross is too sacred to be prostituted by make-believe Crusaders who don't believe in the Cross or in anything

it stands for. To the majority of the people of San Francisco the Cross is the most sacred emblem devised by human hands. To them it is the sign of salvation. On it they behold in spirit the wounded and bleeding figure of the Saviour of the world. In it they see the burden of their own sins which needed such an awful atonement. It is their hope, their comfort, their victory over the world, the blessed expectation of reward when the Son of Man shall come to judge the living and the dead. Nothing, therefore, to them is holier, more sacred. It is with a sense of personal insult we see it made the guide sign to bar-rooms and a finger-post to the small-souled hucksters who are debarred by no decency from advertising their petty wares.

Montreal was more fortunate than Quebec in that the former city heard John Redmond with joy while the ancient capital was disappointed in its hope of a similar treat. On Michaelmas night the Irishmen of Montreal welcomed the great parliamentarian at the Windsor Hall and subscribed two thousand dollars for the Irish campaign fund. Mr. Redmond's speech was a hopeful one. He said the most serious obstacle in the way of home rule had been removed by the adoption of the land bill, and he was sanguine that, if not all that was asked for, at least a large measure of self-government for Ireland was sure to follow. It was something to say this and also to know that, never again could there be a famine in Ireland.

Mayor Laporte presided, and among those who spoke were Hon. R. Lemieux, Hon. Philip Stanhope, an English M.P. who is visiting Montreal. He said English Liberals were still in favor of home rule. Another speaker was Mr. S. Evans, M.P. for Wales. Both gentlemen are in Montreal on a tour, and attended the meeting as friends of Mr. Redmond. They were loudly cheered.

A kind friend in the territories sends us the following extract from an article on "Lands Still Unknown," by Cyrus C. Adams in the October "Munsey":

It is a curious fact that our maps to-day contain no information about parts of western China, Tibet, and neighboring regions in Central Asia, that is not drawn from maps produced by Jesuit missionaries and their Chinese pupils in the seventeenth century, or earlier. These early maps still compel our admiration, for they are based upon approximately accurate determinations of geographic positions, and give a fair idea of topographic detail. They are crude, but wherever they have been tested they have usually been found to present a tolerably true picture of the facts. They are most deficient in parts of western China, where wild, roadless regions led to cartographic generalizations based upon insufficient data.

Some interesting testimony in favor of these old Chinese maps has just come to light. The Russians have long insisted that the Chinese assigned a wrong position to the famous lake of Lob Nor. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, seems to have proved conclusively that the lake is migratory, shifting its place according to the movements of the desert sand; and he has found the ancient lake-bed, toward which the present lake is now moving. This old basin occupies the position assigned to the lake on the Chinese maps.

Mr. Adams does not appear to be aware that the Jesuits did similar pioneer work in Africa. Well on into the middle of the nineteenth century our best school maps marked all the central portion of the Dark Continent as "Unexplored" or "Unknown." And yet this region, as was proved by old Jesuit maps unearthed in the third

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ROUSING WELCOME TO HIS GRACE ON HIS RETURN AFTER SIX MONTHS' ABSENCE

The Archbishop Makes a Very Touching Reply

Last Sunday morning, sharp on time, the Pacific Express brought back His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface to his cathedral, after almost six months' absence. Hearty and joyous were the greetings as Mgr. Langevin stepped from the train at 8.30 a.m. All the finest livery carriages of Winnipeg were drawn up near the temporary station, so were the Cadets of St. Boniface College with their bugle corps. Without a moment's delay the

and said a Low Mass in the presence of a large concourse of worshippers, filling the church to its utmost capacity. Then the Archbishop withdrew to the sacristy while the Vicar General read the usual Sunday announcements, after which His Grace returned in cappa magna and, assisted at the throne by Rev. J. Dugas, S.J., rector of the College, and Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J., listened to the following address read in French with



procession of carriages, headed by His Grace and the Very Rev. Vicar General Dugas, started for St. Boniface. The weather was beautiful, crisp and clear. As the martial notes of the bugles cut the morning air, many a half-washed face peered through uncurtained windows on Main Street, wondering who were these early paraders breaking in on the long Sunday morning rest of our comfort-loving brethren outside the fold. Some idea of the number of stately two-horse carriages in the procession may be gathered from the fact that the head of that long line was abreast of the city hall ere the last of the "rigs" had left the precincts of the C.P.R. station. The College boys, who were not cadets—for the cadets formed a bodyguard in front and behind His Grace's carriage—followed on the sidewalk, accompanied by a large and sympathetic crowd, marching to the beat of drum and the blare of bugle. The College flag, red, white and green, with gold fringe, and the words "Collegium Sancti Bonifacii" in gold letters on the tricolor ground, fluttered gaily abreast of the Union Jack.

When His Grace's carriage reached the archiepiscopal residence in St. Boniface he was greeted by a line of college students, school girls and boys drawn up on either side of the drive leading up to the entrance of the palace, and as Mgr. Langevin stepped down to enter his home, the youthful bystanders gave three rousing cheers.

After a few moments spent in the house, His Grace walked to the cathedral amid the welcoming crowd,

admirable clearness and emphasis by the Very Rev. F. A. Dugas, V. G.:

"To His Grace the Most Reverend L. P. A. Langevin, O.M.I., Archbishop of St. Boniface.

"My Lord Archbishop,—In the name of the clergy, in the name of the diocese, in the name of the parish of St. Boniface, in the name of your Grace's household and in my own name, I give thanks to God for having brought you back to us.

"Your archiepiscopal throne has long been vacant and has cast a veil of lonesomeness and sadness over our finest festivals.

"Assuredly your Grace had a right to a little rest; your increasing solicitude, your frequent watchings, your daily labors called for a little calm and aloofness from business. Your duties as a religious head, required your presence at the Chapter of your congregation, and your duty as Archbishop invited you to the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. Before fulfilling these duties you went to visit the Holy Land. Your soul went to renew its spiritual strength at the very fountain head of Christianity. You have sailed over those great seas, vast tombs in which so many mortals are buried; you have visited the cradle of the Saviour, the land through which He journeyed and the hill on which He died. Afterwards you came to the centre of Catholicity, to the feet of the successor of St. Peter. You unbosomed your episcopal heart to the kind Pius X. From his lips you gathered words that not only reassured your Grace, but filled you with

consolation: "Bene laborasti, bene certasti." (These are the very words used by Pius X. in his private audience with Archbishop Langevin: "Well hast thou labored, well has thou battled"). You come back to us laden with the perfume of Rome and the Holy Land, bringing us a revival of faith and piety. Joy is in the hearts of all. Your Grace must feel that you are once more at home and that your family is glad to see you back.

"In restoring to your Grace's hands the charge of honor and trust which you had placed upon my weak shoulders, I am happy to be able to tell you that the strong impulse you had given to affairs, the good will of the Faithful, and the earnest co-operation of the clergy have enabled matters to go on smoothly, with, however, a slackening of speed, but your presence will surely revive everything.

"We should have been glad to see at your Grace's side the Very Rev. Father Lacombe, the guardian angel of your voyage, the old "chief," who, accustomed to command in his tribe and nation, keeps up more or less of his habits everywhere, gets himself listened to and obeyed by financial and railway magnates, knows how to reach crowned heads, but, being a man of faith, stops trembling and deeply moved, kneels down, with eyes swimming in tears, before the "Great Chief of the Prayer," whose least desires are, for him, as well as for your Grace, imperative commands.

"You may rely, my Lord Archbishop, on the devotedness of your clergy and of your religious communities, on the religious submissiveness of your faithful people and on the good will of all.

"Deign, my Lord Archbishop, to impart to the present and the absent that fatherly benediction which God always ratifies.

"F. A. DUGAS, Priest, V.G. (St. Boniface, Oct. 2, 1904.)

His Grace, on rising to reply, began by thanking the Very Rev. Administrator for his beautiful address, so delicate in its allusions. He was pleased to see that the diocese had been so well taken care of in his absence. He had at first thought of returning incognito, but he was now glad that he had granted the Vicar General's request for a popular celebration of his home-coming. This proof of the affection of his people was most touching. Then the Archbishop proceeded to describe some of the incidents of his voyage.

"We were," he said, "three hundred pilgrims on a vessel chartered exclusively for pilgrimages to the Holy Land by the Assumptionist Fathers. As there were ninety priests on board, we had ninety Masses every morning at 25 altars on deck. We had regular hours of prayer and frequent religious processions. We had eight days of beautiful, calm navigation along that Mediterranean Sea, which has been the highway of all the great nations of Europe, on whose waters imperial Rome so long held undisputed sway after conquering the rest of the world. Later on came the Christian fleets filled with valiant crusaders going to conquer the tomb of Christ. We were very humble crusaders, with no weapon but prayer. We shared in their happy hopes without their discomforts, their labors and their dangers.

"When we landed at Jaffa, we all knelt and kissed that thrice blessed soil of Palestine. What a joy to be there at last! Another great joy was our entrance into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. We entered Jerusalem in solemn procession with the flag of France floating in front of our party. France still has many true descendants of the Crusaders. The Turks respected us; they always respect men who believe; the unbeliever alone is to them an unimaginable creature. They consider Christ a great prophet. Our souls were flooded with spiritual consolation when we kissed the stone on Calvary that had been bedewed with the blood of Christ. What a sweet thing is faith! What perfect satisfaction it gives! We feel that our Redeemer is the true friend of our souls.