

The Northwest Review

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The editor will always gladly receive (1) ARTICLES on Catholic matters, matters of general or local importance, even political if not of a party character. (2) LETTERS on similar subjects, whether conveying or asking information, or expressing views. (3) NOTES, especially such as are of a Catholic character, from every district in North Western Ontario, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia. (4) NOTES of the proceedings of every Catholic Society throughout the city or country. Such notes will prove of much benefit to the society themselves by making their work known to the public.

OUR ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER.

ST. BONIFACE, May 10th, 1893.

Mr. E. J. Dermody.

DEAR SIR,—I see by the last issue of the Northwest Review that you have been instructed by the directors of the journal to the management of the same, "the company for the present retaining charge of the editorial columns."

I need not tell you that I take a deep interest in the Northwest Review which is the only English Catholic paper published within the limits of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. I hope that you will obtain a remunerative success. It is enough that the editors do their work gratuitously, it cannot be expected that the material part of the publication should remain without remuneration. I therefore strongly recommend to all Catholics under my jurisdiction to give a liberal support to the Northwest Review. It has fully my approval, though, of course, I cannot be responsible for every word contained in it. The editors write as they think proper, they are at full liberty to say what they wish and in the way they like best. The sole control I can claim is over the principles they express and over the principles they state. The principles announced by them are sound and ought to be endorsed by every sound Catholic in this country.

I therefore consider that you enter a good work and I pray to God that He will bless you in its accomplishment.

I remain,

Yours all devoted in Christ,
ALEX. ARCHBISHOP OF ST. BONIFACE,
O. M. I.

The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15.

A VULGARIAN.

We thought the Nor'-Wester had squelched the Free Press sorehead who writhed about the Quebec riots against Protestants. But last Monday the irrepressible fool was at it again. "If the education given in Roman Catholic schools," he says, "is such as to teach the propriety of stoning Protestants and wrecking their buildings, the sooner a change is made the better." Of course no Catholic ever taught the propriety of stoning Protestants and wrecking their buildings, just as no Protestant ever taught the Toronto roughs to stone Archbishop Walsh when he first entered that city. Fortunately no one, except the Free Press disgruntled editor, believes that such outbursts of mob violence are the result of school or church education. He is alone in his childish pet. And yet he occasionally lets us see thinks he is a gentleman, and he has evidently rubbed off some of the polish of his gentlemanly friends, but it soon wears away. Scratch the Russian, and you will find the Tartar, scratch the Free Press editor and you will find a vulgarian.

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor of the Northwest Territories, in his first speech from the throne, paid the following graceful and deserved compliment to the memory of the late Archbishop Tache. In speaking of educational affairs in the Territories, His Honor said: "In connection with the subject of schools it devolves upon me to lay before the legislative assembly various reports of the committee of the honorable the privy council at Ottawa, enclosing memorials regarding education in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories; also a printed memorial of His Grace the late Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface, to His Excellency the Governor-General upon the subject of the Catholic schools in the Territories. The Territories together with the official correspondence accompanying said document. Although it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove one whose active zeal, in promoting the welfare of all classes throughout Manitoba and the Territories, has made his reputation historic, his opinions will still, I feel confident, be received with that moderation, that consideration, and that generous sympathy to which his life's work too well entitled him."

Not only the Catholics of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, but those of the entire Dominion of Canada will feel grateful to the Lieutenant-governor of the Northwest Territories for this tribute to the memory of one of the greatest and most distinguished public men of Canada. Well would it be for the peace, progress and harmony of this Dominion, if the same moderation,

sense of right, and love of liberty, which so strikingly marked the life and labors of Archbishop Tache, could be introduced into the political conduct of our public men. Although it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove him from our midst, yet the good works he has done both for God and country will live in the memory of his fellow-countrymen, and find, we sincerely trust, a fitting record in the history of the rise, progress and development of this country. Although the intrigues of politicians and the blind fanaticism of the multitude may affect to treat with contempt and seek to belittle the life and labors of this great and noble Apostle of the Northwest, yet we feel quite confident that the impartial chronicler of his times will give him due credit for all his patriotic labors for his country. The memory of all he has done, all he has suffered, and all he has so nobly accomplished for the Dominion may for a time be forgotten in some quarters and by certain interested individuals, even to the extent of ignoring his appeals for justice to his people; but with all honest and fair-minded men, the memory of all he has done "in promoting the welfare of all classes throughout Manitoba and the Northwest Territories," will plead for justice and moderation to his people and the cause he had so much at heart. It will be interesting to Catholics throughout the entire Dominion to watch and mark the degree of moderation, consideration and sympathy with which the people of the Territories will receive the message of the Lieutenant-governor.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

"Assumpta est Maria in celum: graduat Angeli, laudantes benedictum Dominum." "Mary is assumed into Heaven: the Angels rejoice, praising they bless the Lord." Such is the language with which the Church salutes the ever-blessed and Immaculate Virgin-Mother in the Divine Office for the Feast of her Assumption. Let us also repeat those words, trusting that we may be found worthy to join with the Angels of God, who, in union with ourselves, recognize Mary for their Queen. Like them, we also will rejoice, and praising we will bless the Lord. As it is difficult to decide which is the greater Feast of our Lord, Christmas or Easter, so it is not easy to say which is the greater Feast of His Mother, Mary, her Immaculate Conception, or her glorious Assumption. Nor does the parallel end here, for as the above named Festivals in honor of Jesus Christ seem to typify the commencement and the close of His earthly existence, so those other festivals in honor of Mary invite us to celebrate the beginning and the end of Mary's career in this world. Until a few years ago the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin was not defined as an article of Faith: but what devout Catholic even before that memorable day December 8th, 1854, when Pius IX. of holy and happy memory announced to the whole world that every member of the Church was bound to believe this Immaculate Conception as a dogma of his creed, dared to deny that Mary in the first instant of her existence was free from the slightest taint of original sin? Now the Assumption of this Immaculate Mother, body and soul into heaven, has not yet been pronounced to be an article of Faith; but is there a Catholic in the world who has the slightest hesitation in giving to it his full and firm belief? The argument in favor of this pious belief appears to be so overwhelming, that we cannot entertain the shadow of a doubt of its reality. It has been the custom and unbroken tradition in the mind of the Church, as in the hearts of her children from the remotest eras. A solemn festival, even a holiday of obligation in most Catholic countries, to be prepared for by strict fasting and abstinence; innumerable churches founded; religious orders established; confraternities sanctioned; and pious devotions approved and indulged; and all in honor of Mary's triumphant Assumption, these and far more numerous proofs than these, could be adduced of the unvarying belief of the Faith from the Apostles to the present day. The members of the Schismatical Greek Church profess a credence similar to that of those who acknowledge the Bishop of Rome to be the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and the successor of St. Peter. As a presumptuous though negative proof of the Assumption, need we call to mind the references which has been paid to the relics of the saints from the earliest times? Have we not still amongst us the relics of the Apostles, those of the martyrs of the remotest ages, and portions of the sacred bodies of those who lived and died in every century since the commencement of the Christian era. Their bodies, if buried, were exhumed and placed in costly and beautiful shrines, bedecked with gold and silver, and precious gems; their blood, if shed in martyrdom, was gathered up, and treasured in the hermetically sealed ampulla, as frequently found in the catacombs, and notably existing in that of the blood of St. Januarius; or, if consumed into ashes, their bodies were treasured in some priceless urn, and perhaps entombed beneath the High Altar of some Cathedral or Abbey church. These are undeniable facts, and we glory in them; though our

enemies accuse us of paying undue reverence to such relics, and even regard us as guilty of idolatry. But if, let us ask, we are so tenacious of possessing those precious treasures, if we thus hoard to ourselves the relics of the saints, how is it we cannot produce any relic of the sacred body of the Queen of the Saints? There is but one answer: we cannot show them, we cannot reverence them, because they do not exist here below. Earth does not hold them. Heaven has claimed them. The body of her who was chosen by God the Father to be the Mother of Her Son, that body and that blood, which she, by the power of the Holy Ghost, communicated to the Son of God, when "the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt amongst us," were too sacred to be consigned to dust and decay, and thus the language uttered by the Prophet in direct reference to the Son of Mary, may be indirectly referred to the Mother, as that she herself addressing the Eternal Father could say, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption." Can we for a moment doubt that Almighty God having done so much for Mary through the incomparable privileges which He had heaped upon her, including her Immaculate Conception, her Divine Maternity, and her spotless Virginity, would arrest His supreme power and infinite mercy in her regard, when her sinless but sorrowful life had come to its close? The Redeemer of the world, the Son of Mary having finished the work which His Heavenly Father appointed for Him to accomplish here below, ascended into Heaven, body and soul and sitteth at the right hand of the Father for ever: and when the time of Mary's exile came to a finish, He stooped down from His throne of glory, and assumed His Blessed Mother unto Himself. He assumed her spotless Body as well as her Immaculate soul, and placed her thus on that throne which He had prepared for her: and the angels rejoiced, and praised the Lord, as they sung one to another, "Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, and leaning upon her Beloved?" She is Mary, the Mother of Jesus our God, she is Mary, our Queen, she is Mary, the Queen of Angels and of Saints for ever.

A TIMELY HINT TO CATHOLIC PARENTS.

There is something very pleasant in the thought that vacation is here, that all that exuberant youth, with which our eyes, our ears, our minds and our hearts have been so occupied during the exciting strain of Commencement season, is now enjoying the rebound. Even the best student among them, the most lagard mind, the saddest nature, is glad of the release from continued effort, the change from the monotony of a daily round, to the inspiration of freedom and rest. The oldest among us who have left far behind recall that thrill which belongs to the first days, the easy-going first days, of vacation. There is always something belonging only to July and August which pleads for taking the hard work easier than at other seasons. It is the blessed habit of vacation, formed in youth, whose very memory helps to lighten toil and brighten care.

But rest is only rest while it is needed—after that, it is laziness. Change of occupation, too, is often the best refreshment of mind and body. What is so gladly granted our young people as the well-earned crown of faithful and hearty labor ought not to be permitted to degenerate into waste and trifling. After these first few days of doing nothing and pleasing themselves, the gentle but steady rule of authority and of order should be reestablished and "vacation studies"—as they have it in the University advertisements—should be systematically and attentively pursued. Parents have the authority and the ability to arrange such studies equally with the professors. Young people are, of course, very bright, very glib, very "well up" in the learning of the schools, but there are still many things in which fathers and mothers are far in advance of them. Just these things might furnish "vacation studies" for some of those who have carried off Commencement honors. Business and domestic duties are as amenable to systematic study as grammar or psychology. A certain time each day might be profitably spent by either son or daughter in acquiring a thorough knowledge of some part, at least, of the father's or mother's daily round of occupation.

For others, a course of reading might be marked out, a certain period of time devoted to music or to drawing, or to translation from a foreign tongue, and the task exacted each day. That part of it—the fulfillment—is, after all, the important part of the undertaking. Upon that depends the benefit it is intended to confer—the keeping up of a system, the holding within bounds of the mercurial nature of youth, the binding fast and making a part of one's self forever of the good gained in a year at school. "Have some one thing to pin your day to," said a good religious, when parting from a favorite pupil, "and you will find everything else will fall into line and your life will order itself easily and well." The advice was of the very best, and stands the test of trial. The young fellow and the young girl who have something

they must do each day of vacation—something not depended on whim or fancy, comrade or weather, but marked out for them, required of them, and praised or blamed in its execution by some mentor to whom they look with submission, will find everything else "fall into line" with a readiness and zeal they will appreciate. If they will "pin" their days to a good, sound, steady habit, the "fun" will not be less exhilarating, the exercise less invigorating, the brain less clear, quick and strong in other matters. The power of concentration and self-control is valuable in many walks of life where books are never opened, and keen, trained powers of observation are never at a loss in work or play. And vacation over, the school year at hand they will resume their studies with better heart, with less effort and with far greater comfort to themselves and to their teachers.

Parents should see that the children who are their first interest, the sons and daughters who are their highest pride, are thus helped in vacation time to the best, and highest for which their praiseworthy school-year has fitted them. Let them insist upon "vacation studies" of some kind. And above and beyond all things, let there be no relaxing of that vigilance over their children during the vacation period that will save them from the consequences of bad associations and dangerous amusements.

The moral effect of a year spent in a Catholic school may be neutralized by two months of indifference on the part of an indulgent parent. See to it, Catholic parent, that your children get all the recreation that is needful for them until school opens in the fall, but see to it, also, at your own peril, that they re-enter school as strong in the faith and as sound in their morals as when they left.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

The evil consequences which have resulted from the separation of education from religion in the state schools have so deeply impressed a number of prominent persons in Chicago, that, at a recent meeting in that city, a plan was formulated, the main object of which is to secure, if possible, the reading in the schools of certain passages from Holy Writ regarding whose meaning Christians of all denominations are practically agreed.

Even if this plan should be successfully adopted—it is said to be in operation in some Canadian cities—it would fall very far short of satisfying the proper demands of those parents who believe that their children should receive religious as well as mental instruction in the schools that they attend daily. The mere perfunctory reading of certain scriptural passages, upon which the teacher would be forbidden to make any comment, lest, forsooth, he should render himself open to the charge of sectarian teaching, would be very slim and inadequate religious instruction for his pupils to receive, and it is doubtful if it would impress them with any greater love of truth, virtue or morality than does the present system, with its total absence of all religious instruction.

The grand mistake of those who think that any such half-way measures as this can supply the defects in the system of education at present prevailing in the public schools, consist in this, that they fail to recognize that the religious instruction of youth is as important as their mental training. They lose sight of the fact that if five, six, seven or more hours are given over each day to teaching children how to read, to write to figure and so forth, it is not too much to ask that half an hour or more should be devoted to instructing them in their moral duties and responsibilities. App. Ryan made some very pertinent remarks on this subject at Chicago last year, in the address that he delivered on Catholic educational day, when he asked if it were not fully as important that a child should be taught truth, temperance and chastity, as that it should be instructed in arithmetic, reading or geography.

This Chicago plan would not remedy a single defect, that exists in the present public school system; it would not remove a single objection which conscientious Catholic parents have to that system. The only good feature about it, is that its formulation shows that the glaring deficiencies of the public schools in the matter of furnishing the pupils with the religious instruction they need and should have, are being more generally recognized. In time such recognition will find an adequate remedy for those deficiencies, but that remedy will be a far more radical one, than what this Chicago plan proposes.

His Merits Appreciated.

Prof. Henry Le Marche Receives a Higher Position.

After seven years of unceasing toil in the educational order Prof. Henry Le Marche, of St. Joseph's school, connected with the Immaculate Conception church in this City leaves for a higher position. A new Agricultural school under the charge of the Trappist Fathers will be opened in September, at Oka, near Montreal. Prof. Marche has been offered a chair in this institution, and having accepted he will shortly leave for the school—on a difficult to be filled. No doubt some teacher who is capable for the position will be selected.

COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Moor's South Sea Islanders.

To the Editor of the Northwest Review.

DEAR SIR,—The day before the arrival of the South Sea Islanders in Winnipeg I learned, through a letter to friend of mine, that many of them were Catholics and could sing the hymns of the Church. Having heard and read much about the charm and virtue of these Polynesian Christians, I was eager to meet them. So I went to the railway station on their arrival at noon Thursday last. The papers have dilated on their splendid physical development and the unconscious grace of their movements: I had eyes for other beauties of the soul, soul-eyes. As soon as they left the cars they formed in procession. The Catholics were easily distinguished by the medals, crosses or rosaries they wore around their necks with the same easy bearing with which the men walked naked to the waist and the women with bare arms; and "were not ashamed" as they wore the badges of Catholicism as they wore their bright yellow skins and their great stiff crowns of brown, lime-bleached hair. One of the taller men caught sight of me in the crowd, and, seeing by my cassock that I was a priest, he smiled sweetly, waved his right hand as in recognition and then gracefully made a big sign of the cross. On my repeating that same sign which has been the cornerstone of true Christianity from the beginning, he nodded approvingly and strode on. Several other Islanders who had noticed this, also blessed themselves.

That same afternoon, during the hour that immediately preceded their first public performance in Fort Garry Park, I went with another priest to see the Islanders in their tents. One large tent was occupied mainly by Catholics; some have called them converts, but the expression is not quite correct, the men and women under five-and-twenty—and most of them are less than that age—being chiefly children of Catholic parents. Here a few figures and facts may help to a realization of who and what they are. In latitude they range from the equator (Gilbert Islands) to 20° south; in longitude from 172° East (Fiji Islands) to 170° West (Samoa Islands). The Catholic natives who lately visited us are under two bishops, the Vicars Apostolic of Central Oceania and Samoa, and under one Prefect Apostolic of Fiji. Of the 24,000 natives in Central Oceania, which comprises especially the Tonga or Friendly Isles, 10,500 are Catholics, more than 5,000 of these latter being the only inhabitants of Wallis or Uvea and Futuna. In 1878 I had the good fortune to have many most interesting conversations with the then bishop of these islands, Mgr. Eloy. He was especially loud in his praises of the Catholics of Wallis and Futuna, both of which islands have representatives in Mr. Moor's company. The good bishop, who had risked being eaten by them to win them from cannibalism; averred that, since their conversion, their innocent lives would shame the most Christian communities of Europe and America. Samoa counts some 7,000 Catholics among its 35,000 natives; Fiji, 10,000 Catholics out of 130,000 inhabitants. As in all these groups most of the non-Catholic natives profess some form of Christianity, it will be seen at a glance that the Protestant natives are at least five times as numerous as the Catholics. Yet this picked band of Islanders is more than half Catholic, and from the non-Catholic remainder must be deducted eight or ten Gilbert Islanders who are not Christian at all. As Mr. Moor must have selected the members of his company with great care in regard not merely of physical and intellectual excellence but also of moral qualities and good manners, the preponderance of the Catholic element speaks volumes for the efficiency of our missionaries, who, by the way, are not Jesuits, as some said—there are no Jesuits in Polynesia—but Marists or Fathers of the Society of Mary.

However, in all fairness I must add that among the most finished types of courtliness and urbanity were the great chief Laula and his wife, who are Protestants. A gracious lady at the top of the Winnipeg social ladder yielded to her own thought of inviting them to her own luxurious home, where they won the hearts of all the guests by their simple dignity and ease of manner. Another Protestant, an unmarried woman, who said the Catholics call her Mary and the Presbyterians Hannah, was ill during her stay here and was carefully tended by Mrs. Sullivan, the wife of the caretaker at Fort Garry Park. Mr. Sullivan says his charming three-year-old daughter was quite enamored of the tawny Mary-Hannah.

After shaking hands with all the Islanders, talking to those who could speak English, and gathering from their conversation a high idea of their intelligence, politeness and piety as well as facts about their sea-girt homes, I particular the fact that they all know Robert Louis Stevenson by his Polynesian name, I had a chat with Mr. Apperson, the lecturer who introduces each act of the programme. With him the work is evidently a labor of love. The longer he lives with these unspoiled and unspoiled folk, the more he likes them. He was stung to indignation by the demeanor of a western town where the idea having got abroad that the show was more or less immoral, amid a crowd of men only three women came to the performance. In pity he admitted them free; but he looks upon that suspicion of immorality as a proof of combined stupidity and hypocrisy.

Another town, still further west, a so-called gentleman, occupying a very prominent position in municipal affairs, came in after the entertainment had begun and met one of the South Sea women as she was going round showing the audience the paper-mulberry cloth. He said to her with a smirk: "I'm afraid I'm late." Mang-mang—I believe that is her name—replied with a bewitching but perfectly proper smile: "Oh no; not too late." The fellow, mistaking courtesy for coquetry, coarsely chuckled her under the chin. Instantly, without a word, there was a flash of a little brown foot planted vigorously on the chest and flattening him out on the broad of his back. Mang-mang walked away amid the applause of the bystanders with utter unconcern, not even a saucy toss of her pretty head. She had chastised an insulter and given everybody a wholesome lesson.

Winnipeg has no such discourtesy to shame it. During three days the large

audiences, in which ladies and children formed the majority, took these interesting natives at their true valuation. Many went again and again to hear and see them. The hearers were most appreciative when church hymns, Catholic or Protestant, were sung. More particularly during the chanting of the "O Salutaris Hostia" one could hear people all along the grand stand humming and chiming in with the beautifully harmonized hymn, while watching the prayerful and reverent immobility of those stalwart men and graceful women squatting in three rows upon the stage and no longer swaying, as they did in the other songs, to every wave of melody. What struck me most in their music is the keen sense of time, cadence and climax. At the stress of the thirty war-clubs smote the floor as one. At the end of a song the stop was so sudden as to be startling. In the war-chants the ever increasing rapidity of the figure-like rush of rising notes almost swept one's soul away. The dances were a bewildering maze of expressive gestures, gently swaying movements and steps to and fro. None of our dances can compare in modesty to theirs. They never kick, high or low, nor do they so much as touch each other with the tips of their fingers.

On Friday morning I was unexpectedly delighted to welcome at St. Boniface college two Samoans who had come to return my visit of the previous day. They were now fully dressed with small tuwed caps nestling in the midst of their luxuriant hair. My visitors were Valeriano and Kalolo, two of the finest young men in the company. As they both speak English, it was a pleasure to know them the college. I made Kalolo speak through the telephone to a friend two miles off, and he took to it quite naturally. When I pointed to a picture of the Madonna, they said: "Ah! yes, Sancta Maria!" When I showed one of them an engraving of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, he said, as if explaining what it was, "Cor Jesu Sacratissimum." Kalolo, who stands over six feet though he is only seventeen and has a most prepossessing face, when complimented by somebody, his height and fine appearance, raised his eyebrows as if that sort of talk bored him, or as if it was really not his fault that he was so well built. I may here interject the remark that the expressiveness of the eyes, mouth and whole face in these Polynesians is quite as striking as in the best specimens of the Caucasian race. Valeriano, to whom I showed a map of Polynesia, indicated the names of the different islands with the number of priests, churches and schools in each. Kalolo noticed some new benches just furnished, and said immediately: "Varnish; I carpenter," and it was easy to see that he was quite familiar with joinery. When the Angelus bell rang at noon, I knelt with my two friends in the middle of the floor, and they knelt both upright without any support like men accustomed to kneeling. They gave all the responses to the different parts of the Angelus in Latin and were particularly distinct in the answer to the Ave Maria I wanted to keep them longer; but they had an appointment and took their leave in the nicest possible way.

Father McCarthy, having arranged that the Catholic Islanders should hear mass on Sunday morning at seven, so as to be ready to start by train for Grand Forks at ten o'clock, was somewhat surprised to see them arrive at St. Mary's church at six. He employed the intervening hour by saying the beads with them in Latin, to which they answered in the same language, and by preaching to them in English. When I reached the church at seven, I found it filled with Protestants as well as Catholics. Our separated brethren, for whom the early hours of Sunday morning are a time sacred to repose, performed many acts of self-denial that morning. There were about eighteen Islanders present, all men, the three Catholic women being busy packing for the move. The singing, though less perfect because of the absence of the women, was very touching. They sang "O Salutaris," "Tantum Ergo" and "Ave Maria Stella." Their behavior during the low mass said by Father McCarthy was full of artless devotion. At the end of the Mass Rev. Father Langevin welcomed them in a few truly eloquent words. He was glad to see them. All Catholics greeted them not only as brothers in human nature but also and especially as brothers in the faith. They held the same belief, they said the same prayers, they sang the same hymns as we do. Their presence here was a striking witness to the world-wide living unity of the Catholic church. Then Rev. Father Langevin went among them as they sat in the front pews on the gospel side, and gave each of them a medal.

As these good Catholic men filed out of the church door, they were stopped for a few minutes by the outgoing and highly interested crowd. Here again their gentleness and absolute freedom from self-consciousness was apparent. They readily answered all questions. Hemmed in closely on all sides by eager ladies and gentlemen they never lost their amiability and self-possession; and, when at last they started toward the railway station, they shook hands all round and bid us a hearty good-bye. May God speed and keep them still unspoiled in their many journeys: for of a truth, their short visit has been to us a joy of the spirit and a source of no little edification.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.

St. Boniface College, Aug. 13, 1894.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH PICNIC

At Elm Park.

The committee having in charge the carrying out of the picnic, deserve a word of praise; for the manner in which the affair was conducted.

There never was a more contented and happy lot of people in the park. Everybody seemed to be on "pleasure bent" and gave full swing to their feelings. The band played; the children shouted, the young men and his girl promenaded and had a "go" on the merry-go-round.

The more sedate married men and their better halves had their hands full watching the children and the lunch baskets, while here and there could be seen a crusty old bachelor trying to smile and make out that even he too, was having a big time.

The park is an ideal spot for a picnic, being provided with so many conveniences, no matter what the weather may be you can put in a good day's enjoyment.

Father Langevin at St. Mary's on Sunday congratulated the congregation on the success of the day's outing, and said the net proceeds would be about two hundred and fifty dollars.