

JOHNNY'S LETTER.

BY PAUL FEVAL.

We are glad to give our readers the enjoyment of this beautiful little story, which is a translation of the great French writer "Jean et sa lettre—a love gift in our dear Lady's honour for the month of May.

Jean, or Jeannot, or, as we call him, "Johnny," was six years old. His thick and curly locks would have sufficed to furnish two fashionable ladies with a fine head of hair apiece. His large blue eyes sometimes tried to smile; although, young as he was, they were already much less used to smiles than tears. His little coat, prettily cut, was patched and tattered, his small nether garments were sadly out at the knees; one of his feet was thrust into a schoolboy's old shoe, the other into a cloth boot that had once belonged to a young lady, and both were too long, too wide, and, alas! too full of holes to be more useful than ornamental.

The wearer, poor little lad, was cold and hungry; for, this winter's afternoon on which we first make his acquaintance, he had not broken his fast since the previous evening. But suddenly the thought came into his head that he would write a letter to our Blessed Lady.

Now I must tell you how Johnny, who knew no more how to write than he knew how to read, managed about his letter.

Somewhere in the narrow streets of that quarter of Paris called Le Gros Caillou, at the corner of an avenue, not far from the Esplanade, was a poor little shop, of which the owner, a worthy scribe, wrote letters for those who could not write, or who might fail to express themselves properly. He called himself by the dignified title of "Redacteur," or Editor. This quarter of Paris is the favorite domicile of retired old soldiers, who not seldom have a fancy for addressing petitions, or representations to the Government, whether the said Government be in the form of a king, emperor, or president. The redacteur who owned this little shop was himself an old soldier, not remarkable for good temper; and though not given overmuch to saying his prayers, or, to use his own expression, "no bigot," he was, nevertheless, a worthy man in his way. He was not rich, and was somewhat soured by the reflection that he was in possession of all his limbs instead of being sufficiently maimed or mutilated to be admitted as a pensioner in the Hotel des Invalides—the Chelsea Hospital of Paris. A man of this kind, tough and touchy, is by no means easy to deal with.

This important personage, all eyebrow and mustache, Johnny carefully reconnoitered through the smoke-dimmed panes of his little shop-window. He wore a dark blouse and a military cap, and sat smoking a short pipe, and waiting for customers.

"Good evening, monsieur," said Johnny, venturing timidly in. "I am come to write a letter."

Daddy Bouin—for by this name the old man was known in the neighborhood—lifted his shaggy brows as if the better to see his small customer. "Fivepence," he said.

This quite unforeseen part of the transaction put out Johnny's plans. "Ah, then, excuse me, monsieur," he said, opening the door again to go out. He had no cap to take off, but his gentle politeness did just as well without one. And so thought Daddy Bouin.

"Are you a soldier's son, my little chap?" he asked.

"No, monsieur. I'm mother's son, and she is alone."

"Good! I understand. And you've not got five pence?"

"Oh, no! I've got no pence at all."

"Any more than your mother has; that's plain! Well, is this letter to get something to set the pot boiling?"

"Yes," said Johnny; "it's just that. If only we had some soup!"

"Humph! Come here urchin. I shall be none the poorer for a half a dozen of lines and a half sheet of paper!"

Johnny faced about. "Papa Rouin" then arranged his paper, dipped his pen, and wrote, in the flourishing hand in which he prided himself, and which his customers thought so impressive, "Paris, January 17, 1857. And then for a beginning: To Monsieur—"

"What is his name, little one."

"Whose name," asked Johnny.

"Why, the gentleman's name, to be sure."

"What gentleman."

"The individual for the soup."

"Oh, but it's not a gentleman at all, monsieur."

"Ah, bah, then a lady. Madame—who."

"Yes—no—that is —"

"Bless us," exclaimed Daddy Rouin; "don't you even know whom you want to write to."

"Oh, yes, indeed I do"

"Well, then, tell me, and be quick about it."

Poor little John was crimson. The fact is, it is not at all convenient to have to address one's self to a public scribe for correspondence of this kind. However, taking his courage in both hands, he said: "I want to send my letter to the Blessed Virgin."

Papa Bouin did not laugh; he did not even smile. He laid down his pen, took the pipe from his mouth, and looked sternly at Johnny.

"Youngster," he said, severely; "I suppose you don't intend to make game of an old man. You are too small to have your ears boxed. File to the left, quick march, before I take you in the rear."

Johnny obeyed, and turned on his heels. I mean his own heels, seeing that his boot and shoe were without any. But seeing him so gentle and sad, Papa Bouin, a second time, thought better of it, as he watched the child more narrowly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Vaccine Virus—How it is Obtained.

In a cowhouse, at the side of the old turnpike road, in the quaint village of Cos Coo, Conn., two calves can be seen on almost any day strapped to a bench, their feet sticking up into the air, and lots of quills protruding from their bodies. Around the room are razors, knives, bundles of quills and ropes. A man is usually in attendance. This is a vaccine factory, one of the first established in this country. The quills remain for a short time in the flesh of the calves. As soon as they become filled with mucus—vaccine, as it is called—they are pulled out and sealed up air-tight, and in time to do duty all over the world, finding their way to Germany and Australia.

Some people imagine that the calves are killed by the process, or are injured so as to be unfit for use. This is not the case, but it is claimed that they are made more healthy by having these sores, for that is all the harm done to them. They seem to suffer very little, and after a few days frisk about as lively as ever. Calves of two colors are preferred at the factory—white and red—and only strong and healthy ones are selected.

"Ofentimes people come to the factory to be vaccinated," said the attendant. "They are afraid they won't get the right stuff—pure calf vaccine. I am not a doctor, and the doctors don't like it very well. I just take this knife that I cut the calves with; so I cut the arm as I cut the calf. I pull out a quill from the calf and put it in the cut or scratch. They smile, take a look at the calf and go home sure that it's took."

The Language of the Church.

The Greek and the Latin were the languages of the civilized world when Christianity was first preached, and they naturally became the liturgic and sacramental languages of the Church, wherever Greek and culture and Roman arms prevailed. The barbarous tongues of the hordes who overthrew the powers of the Caesars were too rude, and so remained for centuries, to be suitable instruments, whether of cultivated thought or of the worship of a spiritual religion. Hence the classical languages, and in Western Europe the Latin, became and remained the languages of the schools, the courts and the Church during the mediæval era. And when the modern tongues were finally developed and polished, the Church still retained the Latin in her liturgy and in the administration of the Sacraments. Many reasons prompted this course. The spirit of conservatism, which has always inspired her action, an anxious care to preserve without change the traditional formulas in which her doctrines and worship are embodied, the desire to safeguard and strengthen the unity of faith and practice amid the heterogeneous and conflicting elements which divide and drive asunder the peoples over whom she holds spiritual sway, and the fixed and unalterable character of a dead language, are to be reckoned among the causes which determined the Church to adhere to the use of the Latin language in the Mass and in her other sacramental rites, even after the modern peoples had created literature which, in wealth and depth of thought and beauty of imagery, far excel anything the ancient world produced; nor is there good reason for thinking that she will ever change her discipline in this matter. But this does not at all exclude the vernacular tongues from her worship. In these the Bible is read, the catechism is taught, the sermons are preached, hymns are sung, prayers are said, and the more the people are led to take active part in the worship of the Church, through the use of the language which they understand and speak, the more will they feel the charm and the elevating influence of her ceremonial. The bishops of the late Baltimore Council, following the lead of the Council of

1866, which was approved by the Pope, passed a decree favoring the introduction of congregational singing into our public devotions.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.

Improve the wit that you have bought at a dear rate, and the wisdom that you have gained by sad experience.

Charity is a safe investment, the interest is paid here and the principal in heaven.

When a woman objects to being referred to as a 'woman,' and insists upon being called a 'lady,' it may be taken for granted that she has more vanity than brains and more polish than self-respect.

Weakness works more ill than wickedness; it is easier between the hand which strikes and the reed which gives way, to defend oneself against the assaults of the former than to guard against the untrustworthiness of the latter.

Professor, 'Name an oxide.' Student, 'Leather.' Professor, 'Oxide of what?' Student, 'Oxide of beef.' The professor came very near fainting.

Boston is still the leading wool market of the country. The receipts of domestic wool aggregated 173,880 bales, exceeding last year's total for the corresponding period by 10,453 bales.

PROSPECTUS OF THE OF THE SAINT

Boniface College

The College of St. Boniface, incorporated by an Act of Parliament, and affiliated to the University of Manitoba, is, since the 19th of August, 1885, directed by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, under the high patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface. Its course of studies comprises the Greek, Latin, French and English languages and literature; History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, higher Mathematics, mental Philosophy, Natural Sciences and Theology. Although chiefly intended to prepare young men for the study of the liberal professions and divinity, it is also calculated to fit them for commercial pursuits. Its large and spacious grounds, secluded from the city, offers all the advantages of a country site, and are so near the cities of St. Boniface and Winnipeg as to secure all the advantages of a town residence.

The College can accommodate a hundred students, of whom eighty may be boarders. The terms have been made as easy as possible. \$18 a month for boarding, and \$3 a month for those who take their meals in town and sleep in the college, beside a small additional fee, for a few dormitory articles, of \$2 a year; the whole to be paid half yearly in advance. The uniform consists of a frock coat, with trousers, necktie and felt hat, all black. Each student is to be sufficiently provided with other articles of clothing.

The discipline of the College, strict in point of morality, is, as far as possible, paternal in character. The scholastic year opens on the third Wednesday of August and ends about the 20th of June. ST. BONIFACE, AUGUST 28th, 1885.

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