

Erin Go Bragh.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Of all the Saints' days there are few which are more universally celebrated than St. Patrick's Day. Not that St. Patrick is particularly known by many nations, but because the people who honor him as their patron are spread abroad in almost every colony of the British Empire, as well as throughout the length and breadth of the great American Republic. Wherever the Irish race has taken root there also have grown the shamrock, the verdure of which is emblematic of the love of the Irish Celt for his native land, and for the great Saint who devoted his life to Erin's conversion. Since their conversion to Christianity through the providential dispensation of God, the Irish people have been a race of apostles. During the middle ages the Irish monks spread the light of Christian knowledge over the western and northwestern portions of Continental Europe and the British Isles. The great labors of the Irish saints and scholars form a glorious epoch in history. A dark day came for Ireland. Persecution rose like a cloud over the fair isle and obscured its former lustre. But the embers of the faith glowed under cover, awaiting God's own time to be fanned into flames. The time came at last. For well nigh a century now did the faith radiate forth again from Erin, carried in the enthusiastic hearts of millions of her children, who sought foreign climes to find the freedom denied them at home. The Irish race once more proved itself a race of apostles,—this time not so much in its clerics and scholars, as in every one of the millions of exiled sons and daughters. In there another nation like the Irish nation that can point to a past of suffering, borne with Christian patience, and that has risen once more to that highest of calling, to apostleship, and is now fulfilling its mission with a success far surpassing that attained in former ages? If the Irish have been faithful children of Christ and His Church, if they have spread the faith so universally, they owe it, after God, to St. Patrick, who kindled the divine light of the Gospel on their island. St. Patrick is their father and patron, and to him do they look for protection. Rightly do they honor his feast day as a holy day, as their nation's day, for if they are still a nation and a people it is owing to their steadfastness in the faith which came to them from the preaching of St. Patrick.

May they never cease to celebrate the 17th of March in honor of their glorious apostle, and may they always prove themselves worthy children of their illustrious father in the faith!—The Month, New Westminster, B. C.

Death of a Celebrated Irish Jesuit.

The death is announced of the Rev. Charles Young, S. J., which took place on Jan. 16 at St. Stanislaus' College, Tulalag, King's County, Ireland. Father Young had reached the great age of 98 years, having been born in Dublin on Dec. 21, 1798. His father was a wealthy merchant in Bridge street, whose devotion to the faith may be conjectured from the fact that four of his sons became priests and three of his daughters nuns, one among the Poor Clares at Harold's Cross, and two in the Ursuline convent, Blackrock, Cork. The well-known "Ursuline Manual" was the work of one of these. Father James Young was P. P. of Finglas, and Father William Young labored long and earnestly in several places, especially in neglected districts of Cornwall. But the most remarkable of the brothers was the celebrated Father Henry Young, who lived and died with such repute of sanctity that his biography has been written by the sympathetic pen of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. The youngest son, Charles, was educated at Oscott, and was intended first for a secular profession, but in his 24th year he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, in which he labored for 64 years, beloved and venerated for his holiness and his amiable qualities by his religious brethren and by all with whom his duties brought him in contact. His remains were interred in the cemetery of St. Stanislaus' College, which has been sanctified by the closing years of this long and holy life.—Irish World.

The Toronto 'World' and War.

To the Editor of the NORTHWEST REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me to say that I read your issue of the 26th Feb., in which I saw an extract from the Toronto World, which paper stated in effect, that should the Dominion Government restore their rights to the minority of Manitoba, civil war would follow. There is no danger of civil war. Why do I say so? Because the people are, generally speaking, too indifferent to the school case to kill each other about it; they are sick and tired of hearing of it. This agitation was forced on the people by political agitators, and kept before them by their hireling newspapers for a political purpose. Most of the people have no desire to do injustice to fellow-citizens, the minority; they are more anxious how to raise the most wheat to the acre of No. 1 hard, now that the price is so low.

A little while ago I was speaking to a neighbor, when we had a little to say with regard to the schools. He said that Protestants would not pay to support Catholic schools; I said they were not required to do so, as the Catholics only wanted their own schools, and they (the Catholics) would support them; he said "that is reasonable, let them have their schools." This is what all the people say that understand the case. Look, for instance, at Mr. Fisher, M. P. P., who was elected in a Protestant constituency in Russell, because he took the trouble to explain the whole case.

A great number of people at the present day are under the impression that, if the Catholics get their schools back, they, the Protestants, will have to support them, when there should be no fear of that.

We will differ in our opinions about religion; let us respect each others' opinions; we are all acknowledged to be Christians, but our form of worship is different; let us not lose hold of Christianity which we see is good, simply because we cannot agree on our form of adoration? Shall we deprive our little ones of that sweet story of the redemption on account of our dissensions? May God forbid. I daresay that good Protestants will go to heaven; and so will good Catholics. I can't say where the bad ones will on either side; let them consult their own conscience.

Does not Christianity teach us morality that we may know how to live and immortality that we may know how to die? Does it not lift us above the brute animal? Let us not let infidelity replace it, we have confidence in God that it will not do so.

But to return to the "World," which says that the Dominion government sympathizes with the minority, and yet should not remove their grievance, or there will be civil war. The Dominion government will give them their rights; that is all they want; they know their duty and they will do it; they acted with the most forbearing patience to the Provincial government who refused to do anything. Some deserted the good old chief at Ottawa, but he kept his post in spite of the desertions; he is trying to do what is right for all the people and for Canada; what more can you expect from any one but honesty in the performance of duty? I do not ask a man what his religion is if he is honest. Honesty is the best policy.

The Manitoba government have passed some good measures that have been a benefit to the country; give them credit where credit is due; but the school law was crooked; why, the framers of the law called it a rank tyranny.

It is to be deplored that a Canadian newspaper should talk of civil war when there is no sign of any such occurrence. It will do the country a lot of harm, as it will interfere with immigration. It is not likely that an immigrant would go to a new country where there is a talk of war. A New York paper said that the school case would lead to civil war; but that was not worth notice, as the United States want the immigrants diverted from Canada; but, sir, for a Canadian paper to second it, is a disgrace, at a time too when the Dominion and provincial governments are co-operating to bring immigration to Canada. I have been in Manitoba going on for seventeen years, and am glad that I came. The country has advanced very much in railways considering the few people compared to the great amount

of territory. The C. P. R. of course is the great highway of Canada; it brought comfort to our doors; from ocean to ocean it is a very grand railway, it will be more grand yet. There is as good a chance for any one seeking a new home, in Canada as in any part of the world; but our big country is not much good without the people; those that are here do not want civil war, only friendly competition. If the Canadians go to war it will be to repel foreign invasion. We are safe from invasion with the Union Jack flying over us. **Equal Rights, No Fights. No more newspaper Fights.**

I remain,
PEACE WITH HONOR.
Rapid City, March 3, 1896.

SECRETS OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

An Interview With Rev. Father Gill in Regard to the Recent Decision of Judge Lynch in the Province of Quebec.

From the Canadian Freeman.

In an interview with a Herald reporter the Rev. Father Gill, parish priest of Granby, Quebec, gave the following account of the sentence pronounced against him for having refused to tell a confessional secret: Three years ago a lad named Charles Bernier, 15 years of age, entered L. V. Bouchard's service as apprentice, and was to stay with him one year. The lad left Bouchard's employ a few months after. Mr. Bouchard had then claimed \$117.50 from Father Gill for alleged damages. Nothing was done, however, until January, when the cure was called as witness. During his examination the witness refused to divulge what had transpired between young Bernier and himself in the confessional.

The lawyer asked him what he had advised the lad to do. Judge Lynch was called upon to decide the question. His Honor, after three weeks' deliberation, decided that the priest must answer and tell the court what he had told the lad during the confession. During the afternoon of the 12th inst., the learned judge ordered the priest to answer the question, but the reverend gentleman, with the greatest calmness and a perfect dignity, refused to do so, giving theological reasons. The witness was again ordered to answer, and again he refused to violate what he thought was his duty. "If it is necessary," he said, "you may send me to prison, and even kill me, but I will never betray my duty." Then the judge sentenced the cure to be imprisoned until he would answer in a satisfactory manner. The accused's legal adviser then asked the judge if it was his intention to have the cure imprisoned immediately.

His Honor answered that as the accused wished to appeal to a higher court, he would grant his liberty until the necessary documents were prepared.

The father of the child has since declared under oath that the cure had never advised him, either at confession or otherwise to take his son out of Mr. Bouchard's employ. His son would come home at night crying and would tell his father that crowds of drunkards would meet in the shop and there they would drink and use all kinds of bad words, and that he did not want to stay there any longer. The father had told Bouchard that such things must never occur again and Bouchard had promised that he would see that they would not and things did go well for two weeks, but after that time the same disorders began again; the child again came home in tears and again told his father that he was afraid to stay in that house, so his father kept him home. The child has not yet been heard, but it is understood that he will corroborate his father's sayings.

Referring to Judge Lynch's recent judgment in a case where the secrecy of the confessional was involved, the Presse says "We do not intend to constitute ourselves judges on such a delicate question, but with all due respect to Mr. Justice Lynch, we think that the position he has taken is most perilous. Let us suppose for a moment that a patron should have made immoral proposals to his apprentice, and that upon the advice of his confessor, the latter should have left the service of said patron, can it be

seriously pretended that a priest should be forced to come and make these details known? Evidently not. In the worst days of the Terror, the French revolutionists, who had respect for nothing, never attempted such a thing. It is most important that the Court of Appeal, and even the Privy Council, if need be, should establish unequivocal jurisprudence to guide our magistrates under such circumstances."

A Rhyming Punster.

The baker's always a well-bread man;
The carpenter's ways are plane;
The grocer works on the green-goods plan,
And the glazier works with pane.
The pickpocket has a taking way,
The policeman's on the beat;
The musician's work is always play,
And the doctor's plan is treat.
The cobbler works in a half-sole'd way;
The pawnbroker works on time;
The weather man's work is vain and gay,
The bootblack works to shine. —ANON.

The Priest.

A babe on the breast of its mother
Reclines in the valley of love,
And smiles like a beautiful lily
Cared for by the rays above.
A child at the knee of his mother,
Who is counting her decades of prayer,
Discovers the cross of her chaplet,
And kisses the Sufferer there.
A boy with a rosary kneeling
Alone in the temple of God,
And begging the wonderful favor
To walk where the Crucified trod.
A student alone in his study,
With pallid and innocent face;
He raises his head from the pages
And lists to the murmur of grace.
A cleric with mortified features,
Stuflous, humble and still,
In every motion a meaning,
In every action a will.
A man at the foot of an altar—
A Christ at the foot of the cross,
Where every loss is a profit,
And every gain is a loss.
A defied man on the mountain,
His arms uplifted and spread—
With one He is raising the living,
With one He is loosing the dead.
—Irish Monthly.

The Poet Laureate on the Beauties of Ireland.

Mr. Alfred Austin, the new Poet Laureate of England, contributes to the November Blackwood a descriptive article entitled "Ireland Revisited." About a year since there was an enthusiastic account of a visit which Mr. Austin had paid to Killarney and the Kerry fords, the beauty of which won him completely. He went back to England a willing victim to Ireland's charms, though a thoroughgoing Conservative, and he expressed his enthralment in the fervid language of the poet. Mr. Austin was advised by his friends not to break the spell by a second visit. Mr. Austin had, however, the courage of his illusions.

"Well," he writes in Blackwood, "I have been to Ireland a second time; and if the conviction that its mountains, lakes, rivers, bays, fiords, are unsurpassed in picturesqueness and fascination; that its climate has all the charm of vernal caprice, for Spring never quite leaves Ireland; that its people, when approached in a spirit of sympathetic enquiry and not in the temper of the drill sergeant, are singularly engaging; and that its ways, though in many respects not our ways, repose on a theory of life, a conception of here and hereafter, not to be brushed aside by a fine air of material superiority—if this conviction was an illusion, it is an illusion that has not been weakened, but confirmed, by a second experience. Last year I visited Ireland in Spring. This year I was there in late Summer and early Autumn. On the former occasion I was for the most part in the south and southwest. On this I was mostly in the northwest. But the effect produced was just the same in both instances, and I own to being as much delighted with Connemara as with Killarney, with Achill almost as much as with unequalled Glengariff."

Mr. Austin spent some delightful days fishing on Loughs Orid and Inagh. According to his own admission, however, he makes the rod but an excuse for dallying amid beautiful surroundings. With these latter the English visitor fell deeply in love. For color in particular and cloud architecture, he thinks the Irish landscape unrivalled. Raphael's brush

might, Mr. Austin is of opinion, catch a new tenderness from the "iridescent loveliness on the mountain brows of Connemara and the ocean fronts of Achill." With Irish rain, even, Mr. Austin is more than satisfied. It is softer than rain elsewhere. "Irish weather," he writes "is not so capricious as coquettish. It likes to plague you, if but to prepare you to enjoy the more its sunny, melting mood. It will weep and wail all night, and lo! the next morning, Ireland is one sweet smile, and seems to say, 'Is it raining? It was yesterday! Ah, then! I'll rain no more.' And the runnels leap and laugh, and the pastures and very stone walls glisten; the larks carol no their celestial journey; there is a pungent, healthy smell of drying peat; the mountains are all dimpled with the joy of life and sunshine; the lake lies perfectly still, content to reflect the overhanging face of heaven; and just won't your honor buy the stoutest pair of home made hose from a barefooted, bareheaded daughter of dethroned kings, with eyes like dew-drops and a voice that would charm the coin out of the most churlish purse. If on such mornings as these you do not lose your heart to Ireland, it must be made of stern, unimpressionable stuff, indeed."

Cardinal Manning's Pledge.

The appearance of Mr. Purcell's biography of the late Cardinal Manning recalls the following story, which, though it has been often told, will bear repetition: "When the Cardinal was on his deathbed, much remained for him to do in the way of arranging affairs, and his physicians urged him to take a few drops of alcohol, but his response was: 'Never. For the good of my people I have renounced it, and it shall never be said that I was unfaithful to my pledge; no, not even to save my life.' Still urged, he forbade the subject to be referred to again, and declared that he would go before his Master and Judge, if need be, but would go with his pledge inviolate."—Exchange.

Papal Letter on Congresses and Missions to Non-Catholics.

The following letter from the Holy Father to Monsignor, now Cardinal, Satoli, disapproves of promiscuous conventions or congresses of religion, approves of Catholic congresses open to non-Catholics, and highly recommends the noble work of preaching to non-Catholics so ably carried on by the devoted Paulist Fathers:

"Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction: We have learned that in the United States of America conventions are sometimes held in which people assemble promiscuously, Catholics as well as those of other denominations, to treat upon religion as well as upon correct morals. In this we recognize the desire for religious things. But, although these promiscuous conventions have unto this day been tolerated with prudent silence, it would, nevertheless, seem more advisable that the Catholics should hold their conventions separately, and that, lest the utility of these conventions should result simply to their own benefit, they might be called with the understanding that the admittance should be open to all, including those who are outside the Church. Whilst we consider it incumbent upon our apostolic office, venerable brother, to bring this to your knowledge, we are also pleased by your recommendation to promote the practice of the Paulist Fathers who prudently think to speak publicly to our dissenting brethren, in order to explain Catholic dogmas, and answer the objections against them. If every bishop in his own diocese will promote this practice and a frequent attendance of these sermons, it will be very pleasing and acceptable to us, for we are confident that not a small benefit for the welfare of souls will arise therefrom.

"Wishing you, in the meantime, venerable brother, the gifts of Divine Providence, we impart to you with the most loving spirit the apostolic benediction, a proof of our special love.

"Given in Rome, at St. Peter's September 18, 1895, the eighteenth year of our pontificate. "Leo XIII."