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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21 1897.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

JUNE.

- 27 Third Sunday after Pentecost. Solemnity of St. John the Baptist.
- 28 Monday.—St. Leo IX., Pope. Vigil.
- 29 Tuesday.—Saints Peter and Paul, Apostles.
- 30 Wednesday.—Commemoration of St. Paul.

JULY.

- 1 Thursday.—Octave of St. John the Baptist.
- 2 Friday.—Visitation of our Blessed Lady.
- 3 Saturday, St. Barnabas, Apostle (transferred from the 11th inst.) Fast day on account of the eve of the solemnity of St. Peter's Day.

CURRENT COMMENT.

We were about to refute the absurd rumors the absurd rumors afloat last week about the Papal Delegate having settled the school question and Mr. Sifton coming here to ensure that final arrangement, when we learned from yesterday's Free Press that Mr. Sifton very properly and sensibly denies that his visit has anything to do with the school question.

It should be understood once for all that Mgr. Merry del Val is not in this country to make any final arrangements, but simply to report to the Holy Father. His Excellency the Delegate, when he was here, encouraged the Archbishop of St. Boniface to continue the Manitoba Catholic school Fund and the organization of Catholic Schools exactly as he had started these good works in the past. Those who heard Mgr. del Val's last public utterance in Manitoba, viz., the two speeches he made at St. Boniface College, have since been intensely amused at the ignorance—not to use a stronger term—of the news paper correspondents who represented him as having persuaded the St. Boniface clergy to accept the settlement.

A propos of those admirable replies, we offer our apologies to our readers for the confusion that occurred last week in the arrangement of our report. Instead of appearing under the heading, "Other Receptions and Festivities," Mgr. del Val's speeches at St. Boniface College on Wednesday, June 9th, were inserted directly after his reply to the C.M. B. A. on June 6th. The foreman's mistake was discovered too late to be remedied.



THE QUEEN AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

"We beseech thee, Almighty God, that thy servant Victoria, our Queen, who through thy mercy, has succeeded to the helm of the state, may receive also an increase in all virtues, so that, being fittingly adorned with them, she may be able to avoid all grievous faults, and, being acceptable in thy sight, may attain unto Thee, Who art the way, the truth and the life. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen." Prayer sung at every solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

JOHN LINGARD.

Story of the Life of the Great English Historian.

His Experience with the Sans Culottes—The England of 1793—Catholics Before the Relief Bill—His Great Work.

From the Providence Visitor.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century events in the historical panorama crowded fast one upon another. Interest in one was hardly cool when another if possible more absorbing than its predecessor, claimed the attention of the world. The American colonies clamored for freedom, and finally wrenched it from grasping England. The peasantry of France became daily more and more dissatisfied, until at length burst forth with all its horrible and sickening details the disastrous civil strife that bathed the fields of that fair land in the blood of her children.

Voltaire, with his bold attacks on all that is holy and sacred, was read, admired and imitated. Monarchies were attacked, republics set up, creeds assailed, time-honored institutions destroyed. Nothing was too high or too holy to escape in this—the era of revolution, the epoch of moral earthquake.

While all this turmoil and these trials were stirring men's souls there was born in Winchester—that quaint old city of St. Swithun, noted for its picturesque nooks and corners, its curious legends, and its venerable past—John Lingard, the Catholic historian.

Early in life the fine parts of the boy, which afterwards enabled the man to perform his great work, showed themselves. He entered the English College at Douai—Douai that had nurtured so many "flowers growing for the priesthood and martyrdom"—where his course in humanities was brilliant. Before completing his

course in theology, however, the unsettled condition of France rendered it unsafe to remain in that country. Before his return to England he visited Paris. The mob—then ruler of the city—recognized him as ecclesiastical students. Fiendish shrieks rasped the air: "Calotin, Calotin, à la lanterne." To save his head he must use his heels. He darted down a narrow lane, the infuriated mob close behind. He looked back a weakness to which mankind, since the days of Lot's wife, has ever been prone—and saw his pursuers in a solid mass, stuck fast. Their leader—a woman of more bulk than grace—was wedged fast between two posts. She was not so agile to go and pass over them, nor was she so slender that she could pass between. The young student never could remember how he cleared them. The mob was held—baffled. To press forward was impossible, because of the struggling human obstruction; to retreat was no less difficult, so great was the seething mass. The prey escaped.

On another occasion our hero with a bayonet at his breast—no doubt as a menace to Æolus lest he fail to be generous—was compelled to sing Ça Ira.

Leaving France and her blood-thirsty citizens Lingard returned to England—England that had so ardently embraced the Faith when St. Augustine brought it—England whose sovereign was once hailed as Defender of the faith—England, Our Lady's dower. Ah, a sad change had come over that self-same England since the day on which Augustine's bark first touched her shore. Time was when through the length and breadth of the land the Church was at the pinnacle of honor. Among her devoted children the Church of St. Peter numbered the people of England from the sovereign down to the poorest peasant. The night of persecution came. Her temples

were confiscated, her children forbidden by law to worship as their conscience decreed. The fiat went forth, to be a Catholic was to be guilty of a felony. Did a Catholic presume to enter the gallery of the House of Commons he was liable to immediate arrest. Every Catholic was at the mercy of any vile informer, spurred on by the hope of reward. Years of persecution—years of determination to extirpate Catholicism from the land had done their work. The Catholic Church was at last almost unknown except in history, where once she "seemed destined to outlast England's greatness."

Through the blackness appeared at length a gleam of light. At times it seemed to flicker and grow so dim that it almost disappeared, only to shine forth again with increased lustre. In the England to which Lingard returned—in 1793—the Relief Bill—repealing the laws that deprived Catholics of the God-given rights of man—had been passed. A Catholic had dared—with impunity—to send forth a printed reply to an attack on the principles of his faith. Englishmen had begun to wonder, to question, to investigate. Converts—many of high station—had joined the Church. It seemed that England might once again be Catholic.

No doubt all these facts passed before the mind of Lingard as he neared the shores of his beloved island. He must have felt that the persecution had very nearly touched him. Had not his grandfather been ruined through fine and imprisonment, his family scattered and thrown on their own resources? For what offence? For treason? No! Merely for being Catholic. Had not Lingard's mother—then a young girl—been compelled in consequence to seek a livelihood away from home and friends in London where she met and afterwards married John Lingard, the histo-

rian's father? Undoubtedly the young man had learned all this from his mother's lips before he had left his native town, and now as he was borne nearer and nearer to his home he must have wondered why England—liberty-loving England—had so persecuted her Catholic children. Had they ever proved themselves disloyal to their king or to their country? Were they not men possessing the inalienable rights of man? Had they received justice? History—for to Hume, the cynic, the skeptic, the scoffer, all rushed for historical data—implied that they had received just what they deserved. Ah! the history that would paint them truthfully, justly, was yet to be written.

When Lingard reached England he joined some Douai students, finished a course in theology and was ordained to the priesthood in 1795. After occupying the chair of natural and moral philosophy at Crookhall, where he showed marked ability, he was offered the professorship of Sacred Scripture in the College of St. Patrick, Maynooth, but refused to accept a chair infected by the "leprosy of hypocrisy." The former occupant had gone over to the established church.

Up to this time he had contributed somewhat largely to the literature of his time, but the great work of his life, the work on which his fame principally rests—his History of England—was yet to come. He retired to Hornby—a small town near Lancaster—as pastor of a village church. Here he found the life that he loved—uninterrupted solitude and leisure for literary pursuit. Then did the idea of his life—to write a history of England—fair, impartial—a history that would prove to the world that Catholics were well worthy of enjoying all civil and religious rights—a history that would show what Catholics had done for England, for man, for truth—take definite form. The first volume called forth numberless encomiums. Its successors only added to the author's fame. When the whole work, from the Invasion by the Romans, 55 B.C., to the Revolution of 1688 was completed, the best, the most impartial history of England that had ever been written, was given to the public. Every page showed the clear head, the sound judgment the broad-minded impartiality, the indefatigable perseverance of a master. Old chronicles, buried for so many centuries from the eyes of the world that they were will-nigh forgotten, were again brought to the light. False ideas, till then almost universally accepted, were simply and logically refuted.

Particularly is that part valuable which pertains to the 15th and 16th centuries—that era when the great religious upheaval convulsed Europe to the centre. This epoch, perhaps, more than any other is difficult to treat fairly. In this delicate work, Lingard alone of English historians has succeeded. Catholics and Protestants alike are pleased to acknowledge this fact. In many ways did the Church wish to honor her distinguished son. To his history, it has been said, was due largely the change in sentiment towards the Catholics which led to the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in 1850. He refused all honors. To him happiness consisted in performing his duties as a priest in an obscure mission church, reading, studying, writing, and entertaining those fortunate enough to be his friends. Seated with his friends under an oak tree, grown from an acorn, brought by himself from the shores of Lake Thrasymene, and planted in the little garden adjoining his house, he spent many pleasant days, pleasant for him, but how much more so for those who shared them with him. His pleasing personality and inexhaustible store of anecdote