

A collection recently recommended by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface in aid of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Makinak, realized \$736.24, this total being the result of contributions from 39 parishes, six convents, several persons who, through the Archbishop, sent \$160, Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, who gave \$48.55 (ten pounds) and Mr. Bleau of Montreal, who gave five dollars.

A report comes from Ottawa to the effect that a proposal has been made by the Oblate Fathers in charge of the Indian school at St. Boniface to close that institution and devote the money granted towards its maintenance to three schools to be established in reserves where the Indians belong to the Roman Catholic faith. There is insufficient land in connection with the St. Boniface school to teach agriculture efficiently, and the Fathers are of the opinion that better general results in the education of Indian youths can be obtained by conducting schools on the reserves. Under present conditions they feel that they have not accomplished all that is to be desired in the training of the Indian children to take their place in higher walks of life than those trod by their forebears. The Fathers offer to take over the St. Boniface property and utilize the buildings for some branch of the church's educational or charitable work. —Free Press

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM ROME

Here are a few extracts from a private letter, written from Rome to one of the Jesuit Fathers of St. Boniface by his niece. The letter is dated Jan. 6.

"We run about all day, have an Italian lesson thrice weekly, and are tired at night. Since the New Year we have seen some dozen churches, the chief among them being San Pietro in Vincoli and San Pietro in Montorio, St. Philip's Chiesa Nuova, Santa Cecilia, Santa Maria in Trastevere, Santa Maria degli Angeli, made out of the tepidarium of Diocletian's martyr-built Baths, by Michael Angelo. Besides we have feasted our eyes and frozen our feet in two.

Gallerie (picture galleries)—San Luca and Doria, the latter very fine. The grandest picture of all is when, from our high window in the fourth flat of the immense Palazzo Moroni, we watch the sun set sky glow and fade behind the Dome. First, its cloudless, limpid expanse turns to a pure, clear gold, faintly green near the blue zenith. Then it deepens to orange and deep pink. Finally, an indescribable mist, of a blue at once soft, opaque and pale, wraps up buildings, houses and minor domes, until only St. Peter's, like a vision of cloud-built beauty, stands clearly out against the last flush of the west.

Now, I must go back to December 30th. The day before, we went to see Mgr. Bruchesi, who had obtained an almost private audience for Baroness Macdonald, Sir John M.'s widow. As we were going out, I whispered to M. "I wish we could go on Friday." Mgr. Bruchesi saw me and insisted on knowing what I wanted. When I mentioned it, he promised to let us know if it could be done. Next day Canon Roy came to tell us we were to see our Holy Father at five o'clock on the 30th. For the second time, we dressed in our black silks and veils, and drove to the Porta di Bronzo, to the left on approaching St. Peter's. We passed the sentry, turned to the left again, and mounted several wide flights of marble steps. We soon met Mesdemoiselles La Roque, daughters of the Canadian Zouave. After some waiting we were led up more noble stairways and through many splendid halls to an anteroom, where we met Mgr. Bruchesi, two priests and Lady Macdonald. There also, on a sort of counter, in charge of liveried servants we left our cloaks. Across the lofty hall we could see four guardsmen in the quaint uniform of yellow, red and black, sitting by a great door; it looked like a bit of stage scenery. More immense rooms, one all hung with gorgeous tapestry, till we reached the room where we first saw our dear Pope. I recognized the red damask hangings and hairs, the antique clocks, the great crucifix on the table, and the golden throne under a warm-toned canopy. Half an hour elapsed, several cardinals passing through. Then Mgr. Bruchesi vanished, and we waited again. A grand usher in pretty, red doublet, knee breeches and well fitting hose, led us—eight only—through two more high, imposing rooms, red in tint, if I remember right. As I followed, almost lost, I had an impression of green and white under the steady light of two electric lamps just opposite. The green was from the color of the curtains on the

windows and on the inner side of the glass bookcases all around the spacious chamber; the white was the cassock, hair and cap of our Holy Father himself. He was standing not a yard away, near the red covered armchair, at the end of a large long desk covered with books and papers. As we each came up Mgr. Bruchesi said a word of introduction. When our turn came he mentioned Mamma's two Jesuits, as he had done the first time, and we knelt and kissed the Fisherman's ring with hearts full of joy and reverence and love. The La Roque had brought two photos of the Pope to be signed by him and a priest had a large one. The Holy Father turned to his desk to write and then looking around, he pointed to a semicircle of chairs in front of his desk, between it and a long, shiny table, and said: "Asseyez-vous" (Be seated) so kindly. We all sat down save myself, there being one chair less than our number. We saw him so well as he bent over the desk, where so many of his hours must be spent. He is, perhaps, less handsome than some of the familiar photographs, but far kinder and more fatherly. His face is at once strong and gentle, his hair nearly as white as the little cap, his look deep, earnest, kindly. There is something of weariness and fatigue in his expression. The winning simplicity of his manner made us see in him a picture of what St. Peter must have been among the first Christians. As he wrote and then sprinkled sand over each signature, Mgr. Bruchesi spoke to him of "Ville Marie," and once or twice a beautiful smile lit up the Pope's expressive face. At last he stood erect and said slowly and carefully: "Je vous benis, avec vos familles et tous ceux que vous avez dans votre esprit et dans votre cœur" (I bless you, with your families and all those whom you have in your mind and in your heart). Then he raised his hands, and, fervently and earnestly, pronounced the Latin words of blessing. I thought of all our dear absent ones. After that he said: "Maintenant, une petite visite particuliere" (Now, a little personal visit), and came down to us. Being nearest that end of the desk, I was the first to kiss his warm, kind hand—loath to let it go. As he passed on—and only then—I noticed that he had slipped a small box into my left hand. The box contained beautiful medals, the size of a fifty cent piece, silver gilt; on one side Our Lady's head, with "Reg. sine labe," etc.; on the other, "Pius X. Pont. Max. Ann. II." Once the medals gave out, and he opened a cupboard behind the desk and took out some more. My heart went out to him. By skirting the little group, I managed to kiss the ring several times. It was touching to see the two Protestants, Lady M. and her companion, do homage just as we did, but even more touching to see Mgr. Bruchesi moved to tears and asking another blessing for his aged mother and for his diocese. As he said "Buon anno," Pius X. wished him "ad multos annos."

The happy moments over, as we passed out one by one, the Holy Father was standing there, one hand on the back of a chair, bending forward a little with that deep, almost sad look in his dark eyes and a faint, kind smile on his lips. Would you believe that, as I took his hand for the last time, I had courage to whisper "Buon anno?" He looked as if he wanted to make us happy and to say just what we needed.

Regina Notes.

The annual meeting of St. Mary's Altar Society was held on the afternoon of January 15. There was a large and enthusiastic meeting. Mrs. C. J. McCusker, the president for 1904 read a very interesting report of the year's work. Rev. Father Suffa, who is spiritual director for 1905, in a few well chosen words thanked the president, officers and members for the excellent work accomplished during the past year. The election of officers then took place. Madame Keenan was elected president; Mrs. E. McCarthy 1st Vice pres., Miss Lenhard 2nd Vice pres., Miss McDonnell secretary and Miss McLaughlin Treasurer.

On Friday morning January 20, Rev. Father Kasper, O. M. I., left Regina to take charge of the missions of Maria Hilf and surrounding country with headquarters at Crooked Lakes. During Father Kasper's sojourn of over a year in Regina, he endeared himself to all who knew him. All, and especially the children, will regret his departure. Father Kasper may feel assured that the prayers and good wishes of St. Mary's congregation will ever follow him. May he long be spared to work for his Master.

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The choir has wonderfully improved since the New Year, Madame Keenan needs no comment from my pen. The addition of male voices is what causes the great improvement. Mr. Lyons was heard on Sunday in a solo, "Star of the Sea" and really it was a treat. Mr. Lyons has a beautifully clear and well cultivated voice. We have excellent male singers in our congregation and we hope to see them all, ere long, assisting in the choir. It certainly should be a coveted honor to be able to creditably sing the praises of the Lord.

Rev. Father Suffa has had a fine new organ placed in the church. The weather has been very cold but not stormy. Curling has been the order of the day for the past week. La Grippe seems to be very prevalent and it seems in almost every family one or more members have been visited by that unwelcome guest. Two very sad deaths occurred in our city lately. Rev. Mr. Sinclair of the Industrial School died in Regina Hospital while undergoing an operation, and on Wednesday night, Lydia Wain, a little girl of nine years was burnt to death, the accident being caused by a celluloid comb catching fire from a lamp.

GENA MACFARLANE.

WORKING CHEAP

"Are you paid anything for swearing?" Eli Perkins once asked a commercial traveller. "No, I do it for nothing." "Well," said the lecturer, "you work cheap. You lay aside your character as a gentleman, inflict pain on your friends, break a commandment, and lose your own soul—and for nothing. You do certainly work cheap—very cheap."

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A FEW POINTERS

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For purchase of Provincial lands apply at the Provincial Land Office in the Parliament Buildings.

For C. P. R. or C. N. R. lands apply at the land offices of said railway companies.

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