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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8 1897.

Last Friday, UNIVERSITY at three in the afternoon, the CONVOCATION. Legislative Chamber was crowded as it has never been before, probably because this is the first occasion on which the newly extended medical course comes into effect and the Doctors in Medicine accordingly received their degree on the day of convocation. Mr. Justice Dubuc, the vice-chancellor, presided, the chancellor, Archbishop Machray, being on his way to England. In his opening address the learned judge, in reviewing the results of the recent examinations, noted the superior excellence of the Previous year and the fact, gratifying to himself as a French Canadian, that all the students who had taken Pass French had secured first class standing. He then paid a graceful tribute to our beloved Sovereign in connection with the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

While regretting that His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor was debarred from addressing the members of the University, we not with pleasure the rare excellence, each in its own way, of the speeches made by the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald and Dr. Good, dean of the Medical Faculty. The former's happy fluency, thoughtful analysis of the student's feelings and experiences, together with his skilful handling of complex and interesting views, give promise of far greater opportunities in the future for one whose personal merit has hitherto been overshadowed by the genius of his illustrious father. In a very different though equally charming vein was Dr. Good's address. It fairly bubbled over with spontaneous and irrepressible humor, which kept the audience in a sort of continuous chuckle exploding every now and then into uncontrollable mirth, while the cause of it all seemed serenely innocent of the effect he was producing. Not a few of his listeners felt that not even the greatest of professional humorists can compare with our hard-working Doctor in the power of making people laugh while filling them with practical hints and startlingly novel aspects of fact. One of the best things he got off was the remark that "physicians were engaged in discouraging the industry that had been invented chiefly for the benefit of themselves.

The students of St. Boniface College came off with even more than usual success. They captured the two scholarships for Greek, Achille Rousseau, of the previous year, winning the coveted \$40 over 26 competitors from his own and other colleges, and Jean Arpin the corresponding \$25 in the Preliminary over twenty competitors. As our candidates numbered only eight against forty from three other colleges, this double victory rebounds greatly to their credit. Moreover Achille Rousseau was fourth out of seventy-seven in Latin and Algebra, Antonin Dubuc was first out of one hundred and thirty, from St. Boniface, Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Brandon and Regina, in the Latin of the Preliminary. The French and History scholarship of \$60 in the Previous was won by Fortunat Lachance. In the Latin course of Mental and Moral science, Marius Cinq-Mars took his B. A. degree with first class honors and the Silver Medal, while Noel Bernier and E. J. Golden divided the two scholarships in the Junior B. A. year, receiving \$100 each. The only other student in this year, Gustave Rocan, obtained first class marks in all the honor papers of his course. The St. Boniface candidates maintained their long established reputation for thoroughness in the pass subjects, Cinq-Mars being second out of twenty-eight in Latin and first out of thirty-three in Physics. Not one of the St. Boniface men failed in anything.

St. Mary's Academy also distinguished itself. The three young ladies who went up for the Previous reached a very fair average on all the subjects and failed in none. Blanche Stanford and Mary Marrin were listed first class in Latin, and Ethel O'Donnell, who was first in French last year, was also first this year over some fifty competitors. Of the Preliminary candidates, Mary Molloy was first class in Canadian History and Geography, Maud O'Brien was also first class in English Composition, and Berthe Dubuc, who chose the French equivalents which the St. Boniface candidates generally take, beat the four college men, one of whom was her brother, and secured the \$40 scholarship for French and History. This speaks volumes for the training of the Sisters.

A DEATHBED RETRACTION. The late Mr. Oscar Mc Donnell, editor-in-chief of the Ottawa journal "Le Temps," atoned in a measure for the regrettable utterances of his journalistic life. His paper, while announcing his death, published a letter in which he withdrew whatever might have tended to disparage the representatives of that Catholic faith which he affirmed that he always held inviolate. "Feeling my end draw near," wrote the dying editor, "I wish to ask you, my dear friends, to forgive me the offences I may have committed, as I myself forgive those who may have offended me. "I wish also to say to you that if, in the course of the many discussions I have entered into, there has slipped into my journal any article that may have contributed to lessen, in your minds, the legitimate influence of the clergy; if there has fallen from my pen any expression that may have personally wounded the venerated Archbishop of this diocese or some of his priests, I disavow these writings and withdraw these expressions. "Amid the stormy battles of journalism men sometimes forget themselves, and in the heat of discussion they give way to excesses of language which they afterwards regret. But if I regret these excesses, I protest that very far from my mind has been any thought of injuring religion or the authority that represents it; I have been and I intend to remain always an obedient son of the Catholic Church." These are noble words wrung from a repentant soul face to face with the dread reality of death. This supreme reality dispels all illusions and opens eyes that have been blinded by passion. Well were it if some journalists could think of death while they are still full of editorial vigor.



HIS EXC. THE DELEGATE.

Mgr. Merry del Val is at last with us. Since his arrival on Saturday last, one hears everywhere admiration of his distinguished appearance, the charm of his manner, the appropriateness and eloquent simplicity of his replies. Those English-speaking Catholics who were not present at the opening ceremony in the Cathedral were eager to hear his wonderfully pure English at St. Mary's. It would be no exaggeration to say that the persons in Winnipeg who can make Shakespeare's tongue as melodious as he can could be counted on the fingers of one hand. And his French accent is equally perfect, while his fluency in both languages is absolutely flawless. Quite a number of our fellow countrymen from the province of Quebec can also deliver themselves idiomatically in both languages; but not one, we venture say, not even the silver-tongued Premier

of Canada himself can approach the faultless elegance of Mgr. del Val's accent both in French and English. Those who have met His Excellency in private are still more charmed with the genuine friendliness and transparent sincerity of his gentle ways. No portrait that we have seen and we have seen them all gives the faintest idea of the beautiful intellectuality of his face, and of course no artist could catch the elusive light of his great dark eyes or the witchery of his genial smile. Diplomatist in the best sense he no doubt is, in the sense of discretion and reserve, but not in the sense of craft and deceit; at any rate what impresses one most is the serenity of his demeanor bespeaking the unruffled calm of the saintly priest. May the Holy Ghost in this Pentecostal week illumine his mind and strengthen his will for the great work that lies before him.

Archbishop Ireland.

ON STATE SCHOOLS.

From the Casket. No one who has read the sermons and speeches of Archbishop Ireland can say that he is an enemy to the public schools of America. He has dwelt upon their many excellent features in terms of warmest eulogy. When such a man as this points out the shortcomings of this educational system, his words should carry a great deal of weight. And this is what he says: "The state school is non-religious. There never can be positive religious teaching where the principle of non-sectarianism rules. What is the result? The school deals with immature, childish minds, upon which silent facts and examples make deepest impression. It claims nearly all the time remaining to pupils outside of rest and recreation. It treats of land and sea but not of Heaven; it speaks of statesmen and warriors, but not of God and Christ; it tells how to obtain success in this world, but says nothing about the world beyond the grave. The pupils see and listen, and insensibly forms the conclusion that religion is of minor importance. Religious indifference becomes his creed; his manhood will be as was his childhood in the school, estranged from God and the positive influences of religion. The brief and hurried lessons of the family fireside and the Sunday-school will be of slight avail. At best the time is too short for that most difficult of lessons, religion. The child is weary after the exacting drill of the school-room, and does not relish an extra task, of the necessity of which the teacher, in whom he confides most trustfully, has said nothing. The great mass of children receive no fire-side lessons and attend no Sunday-school, and the great mass of children in America are growing up without religion. Away with theories and dreams; let us read the facts

In tens of thousands of homes of the land the father hastens to his work at early dawn before his children have risen from their slumbers and at night an exhausted frame bids him seek repose, with scarcely time to kiss his little ones. The mother toils all day, that her children may eat and be clothed, it is mockery to ask her to be their teacher. What may we expect from the Sunday-school? An hour in the week to learn religion is as nothing and during that hour the small number only will be present. The churches are open and the teachers are at hand, but the non-religious school has engrossed the attention and the energies of the child during five days of the week; he is unwilling to submit to the tedium of a further hour's work on Sunday. Accidentally, it may be, and unintentionally but in fact most certainly, the State school crowds out the Church. The teaching of religion is not a function of the State, but the State should for the sake of its people and for its own sake, permit facilitate the teaching of religion by the Church. This the State does not do; rather, it hinders and prevents the work of the Church. The children of the masses are learning no religion. The religion of thousands who profess some form of religion is the merest veneering of mind and heart. Its doctrines are vague and chaotic notions as to what God is and what our relations to him are. Very often it is mere sentimentality, and its teachings are the decorous rulings of natural culture and natural prudence. This is not the religion that built up our Christian civilization in the past, and that will maintain it in the future. This is not the religion that will subjugate passion and repress vice. It is not the religion that will guard the family and save society." Sir Joshua Reynolds once remarked of a picture submitted to his judgment that while it was very correct technically in drawing, coloring and the rest, still it wanted "that," snapping his fingers, and this deficiency made the picture

worthless in the great painter's eyes. By "that" he meant the touch of genius which gives life to a work of art. Every sincere Christian must pass a similar judgment on the educational system which excludes religious teaching. Examining it bit by bit we find many things praiseworthy but taking it as a whole it is dead,—more than it is an agency of corruption.

A CURIOUS EVENT.

Once while Very Reverend Father Purbrick, S. J., the Provincial, was on a visit to Lambeth Palace as a guest of the late Protestant Archbishop Benson, an accident occurred which was strangely perverted in the account sent to the Church Times, among the paragraphs contributed by "Peter Lombard." The substance of the paragraph was as follows: "I had the following from a friend who had it from Archbishop Benson. Once the Provincial of the Jesuits waited on him on some business and after it was over asked to see the Library at Lambeth Palace. Passing through the picture gallery, the Archbishop pointed out the portrait of Laud as being the very picture whose fall from the wall Laud looked upon as a bad omen 'Bad omen,' exclaimed the Provincial indignantly 'say rather, a judgment from God, Returning from the library a smash was heard, and going up to the spot they were in time to find that a large picture had fallen on the ground face downwards. On lifting it up, it was seen to be a large print of the city of Rome. The Provincial was dumb. He said not a word." On reading the paragraph Father Purbrick immediately sent the following correction which appeared in the Church Times, February 23rd:

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—On my return to England from Rome I am shown an extract from your paper, and from one of "Peter Lombard's" contributions, giving a story of a passage between the late Archbishop Benson and myself, which is curiously untrue. He was too faithful himself to have ever told the story as given in "Peter Lombard's" version. Some one who has heard from his lips the true story has, unfortunately, waited till he is no longer able to correct the perversion. Let me tell exactly what happened. On March 4, 1889, some months after I had ceased to be Provincial of the Society of Jesus in England, I was, by invitation lunching with the Archbishop at Lambeth Palace. After luncheon, whilst chatting in his study, he proposed a visit to the library. Passing through the picture gallery, I stopped before Laud's portrait, and reminded him of a conversation between himself, Lightfoot, and me when, as boys, we were visiting Lord Leigh's picture gallery, near Coventry, and he had remarked, whilst looking at a portrait of Laud hanging on one of the walls there that it bore out Lord Macaulay's view of the narrowness and superstition of the man, as exemplified by the story of the dream about two of his teeth falling out, and of the fall of his portrait. He only said, "I was full of Macaulay then." I was neither indignant, nor did I make any exclamation, or further comment. Never did I dream of saying what is attributed to me. On returning to the study we were met by one of His Grace's chaplains and a man-servant who told us there had just been a smash of pictures in the study. And, in fact, we found that a sustaining rod having snapped in the middle, a whole series of prints of his recent predecessors had fallen to the ground. Only one picture remained in its place—a large print of the Madonna di San Sisto which hung near the window from the same rod. After some ordinary remarks, I said jocularly, "It