

NORTHWEST REVIEW

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY
WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL
AUTHORITY.

At St. Boniface, Man.

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Editor-in-Chief.

Subscription, - - - - \$2.00 a year.
Six months, - - - - \$1.00.

The NORTHWEST REVIEW is on
sale at R. Vendome, Stationer, 290
Main St., opposite Manitoba Hotel, and
at The Winnipeg Stationery & Book Co.,
Ltd., 364 Main Street.

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Address all Communications to the
NORTHWEST REVIEW, St. Boniface, Man.

Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1898.

CURRENT COMMENT

Sister Ste. Placide, superior of
the St. Boniface Orphanage, is
transferred to the St. Albert vicar-
iate. She leaves to-day accom-
panied by Sister Lanctot and
Sister Irene.

Last week the man who ar-
ranged the pages of the REVIEW
for the press forgot the "Prayer
for Ireland," which we had care-
fully announced in our Current
Comment column. However, as
it appears this week in time for
the beginning of the month
of the Sacred Heart, we trust our
subscribers will forgive this
oversight.

This is the Pentecostal week,
the week that is one continued
thanksgiving for the blessings
bestowed on the world by the
Holy Ghost. Cardinal Newman
says that the liturgy of this week,
as seen in the missal and the
breviary, is the most beautiful
in the whole cycle of the ecclesi-
astical year. Reader, do you pray
to the Holy Ghost? Have you
ever meditated on that wonderful
sequence which the priest re-
cites every day at Mass this
week, "Come, Holy Spirit, and
send down from heaven a ray of
thy light?" It contains a most
complete list of petitions beau-
tifully expressed.

FRANKING DUNS.

We wonder if Mr. Mulock, our
energetic Postmaster General, is
aware that UNITED CANADA, that
so-called Catholic paper, uses the
franking privilege to send out
dunning letters to its unfortu-
nate subscribers. We have before
us a bill addressed to a priest
and franked on the envelope:
"Free—compliments of F. T.
Frost, M. P." The bill itself is
written on a piece of poor paper
measuring four inches by six,
and contains this charge: "To 3
years sub from Dec 1895 to Dec
1898. \$4.50;" and immediately
after this comes the following
P.S.: "We wrote you many times
about this acct, And I hope we
won't have to write anymore.
You know we can't keep up a
Paper without money. The
clergy should show a good ex-
ample to others." The bill and
postscript, which bear no
signature at all, are here
reproduced with the chan-
ge from "we" to "I", the
absence of punctuation where
needed, and the excess of it where
not needed, the capitalization of
the first letter of "and" in
the middle of a sentence and of
"paper."

The priest who received this

bill assures us that he never
ordered "United Canada." The
paper was sent to him when three
years ago he established the C.
M.B.A. at Schreiber, Ont., and
after six months he paid his sub-
scription and ordered the paper
to be stopped. But far from be-
ing stopped, "United Canada"
has continued to follow him to
his new home in Montreal.
Though this priest has been two
years in Montreal, the bill is
addressed to him at Schreiber [sic].
All which is fully in keeping
with our receiving "United
Canada" as an exchange more
than a year after the editor
thought we were defunct.

**THE PERSONAL INFLUENCE OF THE
TEACHER IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM,**

A PAPER READ AT THE CLOSING EX-
ERCISES OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL,
May 20, 1898

BY MISS MARY L. MARRIN.

[As our space is so limited we have omitted
a few passages amounting in all to about
one fifth of the essay.]

Teaching—What realms of
meaning in the word! To some
it opens up a long vista of pic-
tures beautiful, in color, as Iris
and her many hued bow, love-
ly in happy faces and shining
over all the scene is the gentle
spirit—Kindness. To others it
brings into view the contrasted
pictures of the class-room before
and after it has passed through
their straight-jacket system, a
system of honest, hard work
(done at all cost) and nothing
more.

These are but two of the
many phases of thought that
this word calls up, but do you
not see that your individual
conception betrays the bent of
your own personality? Like the
mirrored walls of that historic
hall in the Alhambra, the school-
room reflects on every side the
brightness, or the gloom, eman-
ating from the teacher. That
intangible something hanging
about you, that character which
has perhaps often been a source
of pain to yourself, do you ever
think of its influence on your
pupils?

That clear, strong personality,
whose force and energy know no
stemming, that personality
which beams like a ray of
golden sunlight never failing,
never hiding, that personality
full of excellence or defects has
an influence, on the school-room,
boundless as an ocean that has
no limits.

But, in order that it may be
good, strength and firmness
must be there. We cannot brook
having aught else in our schools.
Away with the weak character!
Away with the idle dreamer!
Teaching is not for them! 'Tis
for the noble conscientious soul
soaring ever higher, higher, in
its efforts to gain its lofty ideal.

"Build thee more stately man-
sions O my soul!

As the swift seasons roll

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each temple nobler than

[the last,

Shut thee from Heaven with a

[dome more vast!

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrow shell

[by life's unresting sea."

Behold the true teacher in the

temple of her choice! She watches

with gentle care the budding

soul as it unfolds into exquisite

beauty, she instills purity and

truth into that quickening mind

and raises young hands in rever-
ence to their Maker. She leads

those children into realms of
beauty they had not known be-
fore; she wanders with them
among the freshest, sweetest
fields of Literature, she guides
them towards nobler deeds and
actions by the continual influence
of her views, her appreciation,
her hopes and views.

.....

To gain such an end, however,

one thing is indispensable in

the class-room—the teacher

must be worthy of all the res-
pect, love and trust placed in

her by the pupils.

"My strength is like the strength
[of ten
Because my heart is pure."

These words of Tunnyson I
hold to be the essence of all
true success in teaching; gentle-
ness, truthfulness, honesty as
depicted in the everyday life of
the teacher are in themselves a
puissant and continuous pressure
upon the life of the child. Their
force always tells in the end, for
pupils come to regard their leader
as one who will never fail them
in any onward movement, and
they will quickly follow her
example.

Then let us strive to perfect
our characters, to make ourselves
worthy of the trust placed in us.
"Let us be less careful of the
mere number of our classes and
more careful of their intellectual
and moral culture. Let us care
more for what we think of our-
selves than what others think of
us. Let our aims be high and
generous and let our means of
coercion be dignified in spite of
the trials to which our tempers
may be exposed, Let us endeavor
to make our pupils love their
work without fearing us."

And let us evermore remem-
ber the exceeding dignity of our
calling. It is not the holiest, but
it runs near and parallel to the
holiest. We have usually to deal
with fresh and unpolled nat-
ures. A noble calling but a
perilous! We are dressers in a
mental and moral vineyard. Let
us into our linguistic lessons
introduce all kinds of beautiful
stories; stories of the real kings
of earth that have reigned in
secret, crownless and unseptred;
of the angels that have walked
the earth in the guise of holy
men and women, and of the
seraph singers whose music will
be echoing forever. Yes, throw
a higher poetry than all this in-
to your daily work the poetry
of pure and holy motive.

Yet, with all our efforts, there
may come days that will be
"dark and dreary" when long
months' work seems un-
done in a single moment, or
when it suddenly dawns upon
us that our ideals and hope in
out pupils have not been real-
ized. There comes to me in such
a mood that beautiful prayer of
Cardinal Newman beginning:

"Lead kindly Light! Amid
the encircling gloom lead thou
me on. The way is dark and I
am far from home,"

leading us up to that sweet
confidence in the will and help
of God who guides our steps
aright.

With that aid we may work,
and work, and work, keeping
our aim in view and knowing
all the while that the soul of the
teacher, that the immortal voice
in his or her personality will be
perfected when we have "crossed
the Bar."

**AN INTERESTING LECTURE BY
FATHER DEVINE, S. J.**

The night before last the St.
Boniface College Hall was
crowded with students and
ladies and gentlemen who came
to listen to Father Devine's
most captivating lecture, "Ocean
to Ocean." The Reverend Father
had come on to Winnipeg the
previous evening and kindly
consented to entertain his St.
Boniface friends with a free il-
lustrated lecture on the cities
and valleys of Eastern Canada,
the rugged shores of Lake Supe-
rior, the picturesque Lake of the
Woods, historic Fort William
and Fort Garry, the broad prair-
ies of the North-West, the state-
ly grandeur of the Rockies and
wondrous beauty of the Pa-
cific Coast.

The lecturer has the knack of
varying his scenes and enliven-
ing them with brief anecdote
and telling figures. He is fami-
liar with every nook and corner
between Labrador and the Paci-
fic, and all his facts are on the
tip of his tongue ready for im-
mediate use. He manipulates
the limelight with the greatest
ease while reeling off strings of

statistics and charming bits of
word-painting. No less than
three hundred excellent views
were thrown upon the screen,
and many of them were greeted
with loud applause.

We feel sure the audience of
spectators learnt more of the
geography and varied resources
of Canada, and of the gigantic
enterprise of our transcontinent-
al railway than they could have
learnt in weeks of careful read-
ing. The St. Boniface people are
extremely grateful to Father
Devine for his generosity in
thus entertaining them.

THE CASKET

On Spain and Cuba

"David Creedon, in to-day's
issue, deals with the contention
that Spain is unfit to rule in
Cuba because she was unable to
put an end to the rebellion in
three years. He throws some
light on the effectiveness of
guerilla warfare from the history
of the Peninsular War. An even
more striking illustration, one
which will readily come home
to United States readers is fur-
nished by the second Seminole
war, and this is within the me-
mory of many men yet living in
the Republic. In that contest a
miserable band of Indians in Flo-
rida, which when finally rounded
up was found to number about
four thousand men, women and
children, defied the power of the
United States and baffled the
ablest generals sent against
them, not for three, but for seven
whole years, from 1835 to 1842;
and that without any base of
supplies on a near-by friendly
coast. Yet none of the Powers
of that day proposed to serve on
the United States a three-days'
notice to haul down her flag in
Florida."

David Creedon quotes a writer
in the April number of Black-
wood's Magazine to show how
the Spanish guerillas inflicted
on the victorious armies of
Napoleon the first check they
had ever received. Then he
says:

"If guerillas could be so
formidable in the face of such a
force as that with which Napo-
leon was over-running Spain, it
is not at all surprising that a
handful of banditti, natives of
the island and therefore invul-
nerable to the disease which
decimates the regular troops,
should in their mountain fast-
nesses snap their fingers at the
Spanish army, or that from time
to time they should swoop down
upon some unprotected town or
village, much in the same way
as the James boys or the Dalton
gang have entered and plun-
dered towns in the Western
States, and dashed away before
the surprised inhabitants could
find time to get their guns.

"As to Spanish cruelty in deal-
ing with these bandits it is more
than probable that instead of too
much there has not been enough
of it to secure success. Anglo-
Saxon methods are much more
"thorough." It ill becomes the
nation which has exterminated
the Red Man from the plains of
America, or the nation whose
officials employed the pitch cap
and the triangle in Ireland, blew
Sepoys from the canon's mouth
in India, and set bloodhounds
on the negroes in Jamaica,—all
within the present century—to
cast stones at Spain. The writer
whom I have already quoted
perceives this. When speaking
of the ruthlessness of Spanish
guerillas during the Peninsular
War he sets up Cromwell's but-
chery of Irish women—after
Naseby, he says, but he must
mean at Drogheda or Wexford—
as the standard by which cruelty
is to be measured. And Crom-
well is still one of the world's
heroes in the eyes of nineteenth
century historians like Carlyle
and Froude! "It was easy for
us," continues this candid writ-
er, "as easy as cant, to be on the

terms of "gallant enemies" with
the French. "Spain and not
England was being desolated;
the houses burnt, the parents
murdered, the women violated
were not English. For the
Spaniard it was not so simple a
matter." "And then he adds
these words especially worth no-
ting as coming from one who
must use *we* and *our* in uttering
them. "When we had a similar
provocation in the Mutiny our
hand was not so light. It may
be doubted whether some of our
officers and men had much to
learn from any Spanish *guerillero*
in the practice of a refined and
ferocious revenge."

"The *Blackwood* writer is amu-
sed at the historian of the Penin-
sular War "to whom shootings
by a general were the custom of
war, stern but wholesome, while
counter-shootings by a partisan
were an outrage on good man-
ners—adding, "A man may be a
great writer, and a fine military
critic, but none the less enslaved
to the idols of his own den." Sir
William Napier was a fairly re-
presentative exponent of Anglo-
Saxon principles. Then how is it
that we find the Anglo-Saxon
world at present facing the other
way, horrified at the necessary
severity employed by a Spanish
Captain-General of Cuba, and
looking with eyes of toleration
if not approval upon the blowing
up of passenger trains with dy-
namite by Cuban insurgents? There
can be only one explanation.
The Spanish guerillas during
the Peninsular War were national
troops; their opponents
were attempting the destruction
of Spain as a nation. In Cuba to-
day the case is reversed—the regu-
lar troops are defending Span-
ish interests attacked by the
guerillas. Hence the right about
face in Britain with an eye for
atrocities. Though temporary
policy—the dread of Napoleon—
might for a moment cause her to
ally herself with Spain, Britain
has none the less consistently
hated Spain, and now has tears
of sympathy for the sufferings of
Cuban banditti and smiles of ap-
proval for "the great American
lynching-bee" because the object
of her hatred is in a fair way to
destruction."

A Touching Incident.

**A Non-Catholic
Volunteer who wan-
ted "A Little Man
in a Metal Case,
Just Like Those the
Catholic Soldiers
Have.**

Cath. Standard and Times. (Phila.)

War and its perils and priva-
tions develop and make mani-
fest much that is good and much
that is bad in man. In matters
spiritual the effect produced up-
on the individual suddenly
summoned to face the dangers
of conflict is immediate and
most beneficial. The faith which
wells up in the heart under
such conditions is in many in-
stances a source of surprise even
to him in whom it is manifested.
In the hour of trial the Catholic
soldier, even though he has
been Catholic in name only,
with years and years of total es-
trangement from his duties to
God to look back upon, feels the
faith of his youth revive and his
confidence in the mercy and
protection of the Almighty re-
newed. But this revival of faith,
this natural leaning of poor hu-
manity upon the Supreme Pow-
er, is not confined to avowed
Catholics, as was evidenced
by a touching incident that
transpired on a Philadelphia
thoroughfare some days ago.
The principal actor in it was
not even nominally a Catholic;
he was nominally a non-Catho-
lic. But some kindly wind had
dropped a seed in the rich soil
and it had taken root.

He was going to war. In the
din and bustle of preparation he