

This sacredness of the French monarchy was vastly augmented by the canonization of Lewis the Ninth. Other Kings and Emperors have been canonized, in Germany, in Hungary, in Spain, in Sweden, in England, at least informally in Scotland, and doubtless in other kingdoms.

Yet no regal canonization has ever so profoundly influenced history, and engaged the reverence of mankind, as that of St. Lewis, "noblest and holiest of monarchs," as Dr. Arnold has rightly termed him. However unworthy personally, every succeeding King of France may, every succeeding French Catholic, has felt in his or her own veins a glow of communicated sanctity. One child of France alone, when her canonization is complete, will stand by his side, namely, the Holy Maid, who, by heaven's commission and inspiration, raised the prostrate Oriflamme, and saved the children of St. Lewis from subjugation.

To these accumulating claims upon reverence, inseparably fusing patriotism and piety, has been added the fact, which is elsewhere unknown in history, of the long continuance of the Capetian line. It has been pointed out that in almost every strain of regal or noble descent, the dignity either becomes extinct, or, by intermarriage, shifts from family to family. Almost every line long raised above the common level, at length expires in heiresses. King Edward, for instance, is a descendent of Egbert, but our sense of continuousness is somewhat confused by the shiftings through female descent, from the house of Cerdic to that of Normandy, from them to the Plantagenets, from them to the Tudors, from them to the Stuarts, from them to the Guelphs, and from them to the Wettins, of which last family Edward VII. is the first King.

On the other hand for nine hundred years there have never been lacking male heirs, in the male line of Hugh Capet. Since 987 no one has ever received the sacred unction at Rheims but a true Capetian. There has never been any shifting except from one line to another of the same august dynasty. The two or three intruding coronations at Paris have lacked all stamp of traditional sanctity. Even the unwilling presence of a Pope could not transform the Corsican adventurer into a Capetian prince.

What then could it seem to the Catholic piety of France but the very striking of the sun out of the sky, when this trebly sacred throne was suddenly overturned by a rabble rout of atheist barbarians, and the Son of St. Lewis, with his spouse and his sister, was hurried to the guillotine? The French Catholics seemed to themselves to be all at once pushed off the edge of existence into the outer darkness or rather into the outskirts of hell, with its raving demons.

We will consider this further.
CHARLES C. STARBUCK,
Andover, Mass.

A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LEGEND.

By Rev. J. T. Roche in November Donahoe's.

There is a delightful legend among the people of Point Prim to the effect, that when the English attacked the French fort at that place a chain-ball from one of the attacking vessels cut the steeple from the old church located on the very point. In falling, it toppled over the promontory and carried the bell which it contained into the sea. Dwellers along the Point affirm that, from time to time, the sound of that bell comes over the waters at eventide; and that its phantom tone is ever a warning of a fierce storm or some imminent danger to those who make their living by the spoils of the ocean.

"You seem to have a great liking for large words."
"Well, sir," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I once knowed a man whose life was saved by a big word. He once told me that I prevaricated, and by de time I found out what dat word meant it were too late for me to hit him."—Ex.

WEDDING AT LETELLIER.

Parent—Fraser.

At ten o'clock on the morning of November the 24, the Catholic Church of Letellier was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Aramanda Parent was united in marriage to Mr. P. Fraser, one of our popular wheat buyers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Trudel, of St. Boniface, assisted by Rev. Father Fillion and Jutras. As the bride entered the Church leaning on the arm of her grandfather, the wedding march was played by Mrs. E. Danserreaux. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. D. Fraser. The bride looked charming in a travelling suit of green camel's hair clothed with plumes. After the ceremony the happy couple drove to the She wore a serge white hat cover-bride's residence where about thirty guests sat down to a sumptuous breakfast. Amongst the guests were noticed the Rev. Fathers Jutras, Fillion, and Trudel. Miss Parent was very popular, being a member of the choir, and at one time organist.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser left on the N. P. R. for Chicago. As the train pulled out they were showered with rice and good wishes from a large circle of friends. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Fraser will make their home in Letellier.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS TOO LATE.

Irish Times.

A native of the Philippines, who is a student at Yale College, recently wrote a letter to the New York Sun in which he gave some interesting information in regard to the ex-priest Aglipay and the anti-Catholic movement of which he is the head and front. Aglipay is still a young man of an impetuous character, who was a sort of protégé of Aguinaldo, who appointed him to the position of "Vicar-General of the military camps," without asking or obtaining the position of the Archbishop of Manila.

When the war against the Americans began the so-called "Vicar-General" put off his soutane and became a full-fledged Filipino general. In the Summer of 1901, becoming tired of fighting, he surrendered and went to Manila, where he joined the Federal party, which was the surest way of getting the confidence of Gov. Taft, who later on accompanied Aglipay in a tour of the island of Luzon after he had started his new church. This was a sort of semi-official indorsement of the Aglipay anti-Catholic crusade.

Office holders and would-be office-holders were quick to arrive at the conclusion that the readiest way to win favor under the new civil government was to become followers of Aglipay. But even under this semi-government patronage the so-called National Catholic Church has not prospered. Referring to its rapid decline the Filipino Yale student says: "The National Catholic Church of Father Aglipay is certainly dying out. Although for a while he gathered around him some three or four thousand Filipinos, the fact is that he and his unfortunate priests and followers became the by-word of ridicule among their sound-minded countrymen."

The young Filipino who thus describes in his own quaint English the failure of the Aglipay movement, writes: "I would I had words and idioms and the perfect mastery of the language to give you an idea of how public affairs are now going on in the Philippines. * * * Now, one of the greatest misfortunes, I believe, of the civil government over there is that it trusts too much in people like Father Aglipay, who, proclaiming their love for the American flag

would like to carry on the public affairs, enjoying a happy life without any work or trouble. So they flatter your governors, and, in order to barter away the welfare of eight millions of their fellow-citizens, they try by all means in their power to pluck out from the face of the country the Catholic institutions which are, so far, the principle obstacle to the attainment of the fulfillment of their desires."

This testimony as to the character of those who make up the Aglipay followers bears out the reports about them which have come from other sources. The political loaves and fishes which they hunger after are the inducements which have won them over to the so-called "National Catholic Church." It is not surprising that they have become the objects of ridicule to their countrymen who know the mercenary motives that made them abandon the religion of their forefathers.

It is to be regretted that the representatives of this country in the Philippines were not as clear-sighted as Aglipay's countrymen. If they had been they would not become the dupes of a greedy and unscrupulous gang whose apostasy from the Catholic Church has been proclaimed as a sign of "the progress" the Filipinos are making under American rule.

The young Yale student whom we have been quoting naturally feels indignant at the oft-repeated assertion that his countrymen are semi-savages, although the influence of the Catholic Church among them for over three hundred years has made civilization.

Here is how the young Filipino refutes this calumny:

"It is a mistake to suppose that the Filipinos who get their education in the very bosom of the Catholic Church, aye, under the tutorship of Jesuits, are uncivilized and ignorant. I feel myself proud of being a Filipino and of having got my classical and scientific studies of the Jesuit Fathers; and were I not afraid of being too boastful, I would say that, in spite of all the calumnies and mischievous conduct of base sectarian people, the Filipinos who have been trained by Jesuits are as civilized as any people in the world.

"If you were present at the philosophical disputations (always in Latin) and literary academies held very regularly in the college hall of the Ateneo de Manila in the presence of the highest society of the city, you would see how sharply boys not beyond sixteen years argue the most subtle questions, how beautiful are the poems they write and how quickly they catch at first glance the most difficult theorems in mathematics, physics, mechanics, and so forth. All those and a thousand others came out of the Jesuit college."

It is well that testimony such as that here adduced should every now and then be placed before the public. Many of the Protestant sects hailed the acquisition of the Philippines by force of arms as a distinct victory for Protestantism. They proclaimed that they were going to civilize and Christianize the natives. It is well to let them know that they come on the scene of action three hundred years too late. The Catholic church civilized and Christianized the Filipinos while Protestantism was still in its infancy.

A western teacher instructing a class in composition said: "Do not attempt any flights of fancy, be yourselves, and write what is in you." The following day a bright pupil handed in the following: "We should not attempt any flites of fancy, rite what is in us. In me there is my stomach, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of mince pie, three sticks of candy, a hull lot of peanuts, and my dinner."

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