



IS THERE DANGER?

May Catholics Attend Protestant Colleges?

The Question Discussed in England—Our Means of Instruction Deficient—Catholic Youth in Non-Catholic Colleges.

By Clericus in the Providence Visitor.

I have just finished reading an article in an English Catholic paper on the subject of "Catholics and the Public Schools." A public school in England would correspond to many of our colleges, especially preparatory colleges. The leading public schools are known wherever English literature is known. Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Charterhouse, Winchester are classical names in the educational world.

Father John Norris, the author of this paper, is an oratorian and the head of the Oratory School in Birmingham, famous through Newman. He is also the president of the Catholic Head Masters Conference of Great Britain. He is evidently a keen observer and has a winning way of admitting the truth without, as they say, putting a tooth in it.

From this interesting paper I discover that things in England are much the same as they are in this country.

I notice there is a disposition on the part of some of us who see occasionally an English Catholic paper to suppose our brethren in England are much better off than we, more loyal to their faith, more generous, more intellectual. Of course there is a large number of converts in England, a disproportionately large number, and many of them are ready writers, and write a great deal, which gives the impression that what they write is worth reading and that it is read, two things which often sadly need proof. Style is a wonderful thing and lifted, as I have often heard said, the border warfare of such politically insignificant people as the Greeks into the masterly prominence that great writer of fiction Thucydides gave it in his so-called histories. So our English brethren shine because they handle a ready pen, whereas we make no show because we cannot write and do not read.

But to return. Father Norris presents an earnest plea to Catholic parents to keep their children from Protestant schools. He fully states the dangers to faith and to morals arising from the intercourse with Protestants in these schools, and claims that if Catholics were not so niggardly Catholic schools and colleges might be just as strong and flourishing as Protestant. His paper has greatly interested me, for the subject he treats in such a masterly way has long engaged my attention.

It was Dr. O'Malley who in a recent number of the Catholic World told us how many Catholics there were attending Protestant colleges and universities—

some fifteen hundred, I believe, and I don't think his inquiry was exhaustive. But every year the number grows of Catholic young men and women, who, in search of knowledge and for the prestige which attaches to the name of a secular university, go jauntily forth to enter upon a course of studies in circumstances dangerous to their faith and often full of peril to their morals.

I've often heard it denied that there was any danger to faith in these institutions for a Catholic young man or woman who had a mind of his or her own. Alas, for theories, I have many sad facts to prove the grave danger raw youths run in such environment. Nowadays there is very little danger of proselytism. Why, people don't care whether you're a Buddhist or a Mohammedan for that matter. The tendency of non-Catholic culture is, however, to displace religion from the eminence it rightfully occupies and to make it a mere sentiment or vague emotion. Illustrating this subtle danger from secular environment Father Norris quotes with excellent effect from one of Father Rickaby's Oxford conferences. Speaking of the danger that threatens a young Catholic at Oxford he says:

That danger "consists not in any thing you hear from lecturers and tutors, not in attacks made by your equals upon your religion, but in that urbanity and courtesy, and gaiety, and good humor, and truth, and friendship, and vigor of mind and body, in that host of natural virtues which you admire in the society around you, all independent, it appears, of the grace of Christ, and the faith and sacraments of His Church. Then the question arises in the heart: What is the need of faith and sacraments and the restraints of Catholic belief and practice, when such fair gifts are to be had without them? who wants more than what he can find here, where the Church is not?"

The natural goodness that you see flourishing without the Catholic faith, is a snare and a temptation. Some power behind it seems to cry: "All these things I will give thee, if thou wilt resign thy part in Christ and thine inheritance in the Son of Mary!"

That is just the point. I have never known a young man to become a Protestant through the effect of university training, although there must be many who have thus apostatized. But I have known very many to have grown cold, critical, indifferent, and practically to have abandoned their religion through this experience. Pinning their faith to the word of a master, they tell you the Church has indeed done some things to deserve praise; but their only positive knowledge of its history seems to be connected with some muddled notions of scandals and abuses. It is irritating

to observe the knowing way in which they allude to the "dark" passages in the past as if they knew what they were talking about. I'm sure they do not for their professors don't. A young man, who was attending a post-graduate course at Harvard, told me once of his experience with a professor who was more than ordinarily complacent and well informed. Speaking of the Jesuit system of studies and of maintaining discipline, this kindly-disposed lecturer blandly informed his hearers that through the confessional the Jesuit Fathers were able to locate and publicly discipline the violators of the rules and also to control effectively the studies of the house. He was quite surprised when told that the Father Confessor of a Jesuit college was not a professor and certainly not at liberty to use at Faculty meetings the knowledge received in the confessional.

Now this was in a post-graduate course, and the students were older than the average student, but still quite as much dependent on the words of a master and quite as little disposed to call in question what he said.

As to the danger to morals, Father Norris quotes Arnold's words: "I am afraid the fact is indeed indisputable—Public schools ARE the very seats and nurseries of vice." He then proceeds to show how they are so. "That is properly a nursery of vice, where a boy unlearns the pure and honest principles which he may have received at home and gets, in their stead, others which are utterly low and base and mischievous, and where he loses his modesty, his respect for truth and his affectionateness and becomes coarse and false and unteeling."

But anyone who has dealings with the average "college boy" does not need Dr. Arnold's words to tell him that the tone of morality is low in non-Catholic colleges. You don't have to be a Dr. Parkhurst to discover what the average Catholic or non-Catholic youth from eighteen to thirty years will do when free from restraint and indifferent to religion. Moreover Catholic boys in these colleges are apt to be more indifferent than others. They are too much Catholic to join any Protestant religious society. They are too little Catholic to live up to their faith. Raw and uninstructed, having had very little preliminary training, they let go religion altogether, and for the nonce are "fast boys." Mingle with them and you will discover the tone of morality which flourishes among many of them. Usually of Celtic ancestry, they have a love for games naturally and are drawn to the sporting element generally. Indeed, I have heard it said by those who ought to know that in Protestant Colleges or Universities, the Catholic boys have a decidedly

bad name, are thought little of for their scholarship and even less for their morality. This would not surprise me very much, for it stands to reason that, isolated as they are, they are peculiarly tempted and must be of fine stuff not to yield. That there have been some of this stamp who went through unscathed is a perennial invitation to weaker men to make the hazardous attempt.

What, then, will Catholic parents do? Take their chance and prefer the supposititious benefits of a "good course" and social standing to the immortal souls of their children? I'm sure I don't know. Immortal souls are not very highly valued by some of our Catholics, I'm sorry to say, but God certainly has a high value for souls, and it will be another thing when they have to answer for ruining their children through ambition, pride and worldliness.

HERR LIEBER.

Leader of the German Centre on a Visit to This Country.

Catholic Columbian.

For his own merits and work, and for the distinction that attaches to him as a leader of the Centrists, the German Catholic representatives in the Reichstag, Herr Lieber, who has come to this country, in fulfilment of a promise made to our German-American Catholic societies earlier in the year, is assured of a warm welcome here; and that welcome will be extended to him not alone by German-speaking Catholics, but by all their American co-religionists, who have a lively appreciation of the splendid achievements of the political party of which Herr Lieber is the recognized head. Herr Lieber comes to this country at the time when the man whom the Centre fought most stubbornly while he was in power was summoned to the other world, but the German Catholic leader had embarked on the other side of the Atlantic before Bismarck's death occurred. He comes at a time, too, when the Centre has just won a notable victory, by not only holding in the last general elections its former strength, but by increasing that strength and thus contradicting the predictions that it would not be as influential in the next Reichstag as in former ones.

The German parliamentary party, of which Herr Lieber is the leader, first came into prominence in the early seventies, when Bismarck and Dr. Falk were engaged in enforcing the Kulturkampf and the infamous May laws. It took the name of Centrum, or Centre, because it stood midway between the Prussian Junkers who regarded the imperial government as divinely ordained, and the Liberals, who voted with it on government measures, but gave it no support

when Catholic issues were the subject of debate. The first leader and one of the finest characters in the Centre was the lamented Herman Von Malinckrodt, whose early death deprived him of the satisfaction of seeing the Centre win the glorious victories it was destined to achieve. Luckily for the Centrists, they had to succeed him Ludwig von Windthorst, the "Pearl of Meppen," under whose leadership the Centre grew rapidly in strength and influence, and scored victory after victory over the government, until it compelled the resignation of Dr. Falk, caused the virtual abrogation of the Kulturkampf, and made it necessary for Bismarck to journey to Canossa.

The history of the patient, persevering and intelligent struggle which the Centrists, under Winthorst's leadership, waged with the iron chancellor and the mighty forces at his command, during the years from 1872 to 1880, and which they continued, in a milder form, up to Winthorst's death six years ago, is too well known to call for repetition here. At the time that Winthorst celebrated his eightieth birthday, in 1891, the Berliner Boersen-Courier printed an extended sketch of his parliamentary career; and in that sketch appeared this paragraph:

"Windthorst overthrew Bismarck on the open field of internal politics and the Kulturkampf. He saved the Centre from all extreme measures, and herein lies the great merit of the man. Bismarck alone took it ill that his plans were penetrated by Winthorst, whose speeches in those years ought to be preserved for posterity. With a rare clearness and patience, he laid bare the sore spots of the chancellor's policy. With delicate but biting humor he scourged the great empire-maker, and the worst of it was that the little pigmy from Meppen would not even grant that his giant enemy was a great man."

The Centre's cry against Bismarck was directed chiefly against the May laws, whose abolition was demanded as a prerequisite to peace between its members and the government. Outside agencies doubtless helped Winthorst and his devoted followers. The spread of socialism, the imperative needs of the ministry for their support in order that military bills and other measures might be legislated, and the sage policy of Leo XII., who, though repeatedly requested by Bismarck to bring his influence to bear upon the Centrists, uniformly declined to do so—all these things unquestionably helped the Centrists. But the real cause of their success and victories was their own unity, joined with the ability of their leaders. The whole story of Winthorst's defeat of Bismarck has not yet been, and

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HIS GRACE'S RETURN.

Our beloved Archbishop returned home to St. Boniface on Thursday last. His health seems to have gained much by the trip. His Grace is quite pleased with his audience with the Pope and also well satisfied with the work done at the General chapter of his Order which he attended. He has travelled a good deal in the interest of the Archdiocese, and one of the important results achieved is no doubt the coming of the Redemptorist Fathers to take charge of the Brandon district, where much good can be accomplished for the glory of God. The mitred Abbot of Bellefontaine accompanied His Grace. He is come to pay an official visit to his brothers, the Trappists of St. Norbert.

A RECTIFICATION DEMANDED.

It was with much pleasure that we commended, in our last issue, the noble protestations entered, in "L'Echo de Manitoba," against the lewd and obscene language which a certain stranger, calling himself Ruthven, had the impudence to use in the presence of a number of respectable citizens of Winnipeg. We regret to-day to have to protest, ourselves, against the unjustifiably false assertions made by our contemporary re the school question.

In a leader of "L'Echo de Manitoba" we read the following, which we translate: "These two clauses have been represented as of recent invention, whilst they had been known and accepted ever since the last (school) arrangement came into force. His Grace, Archbishop Langevin, knew them and had authorized them; the Catholic Inspector, Mr. Rochon, had read, explained and commented upon the same to all the teachers in the presence of the Parish-Priest who accompanied him in his tour of inspection.

The question at issue here is the report to be signed by our teachers as a condition "sine qua non" to receive the Government grant and the clauses referred to are those as to which Mgr.

Ritchot, the administrator of the diocese, had declared in a circular, dated 27th June, 1898, that no Catholic teacher in a Catholic school could sign them in conscience.

Not only are we authorized by His Grace but we are even directed by him to give the most emphatic denial to that part of the quotation, wherein it is stated that He had "authorized (consenti)" those clauses.

In like manner we are in a position to affirm that it is equally untrue that the Catholic Inspector had read and explained those clauses to all our Catholic teachers, in the presence of the Parish-Priests, who it is stated, accompanied him in his visit of inspection in the schools of their respective parishes.

Sad it is indeed to see a journal that ought to be much better informed, thus commit itself by so boldly asserting that about which it is so easy to obtain correct information. Less of a profession of deep respect towards His Grace and more love for truth would seem to us to be perfectly in order. Yes, and particularly so when "L'Echo de Manitoba" makes so light of charging others with having recourse to the most odious of lies to attain their aims.

We leave it with those who are more directly attacked to defend themselves; but we cannot refrain from referring to the malicious insinuation contained in the same issue of "L'Echo de Manitoba" against Mgr. Ritchot.

Mgr. Ritchot, whom His Grace had appointed to administer the diocese during his absence, had thought it wise and prudent, to call, as stated before, the attention of our teachers to the clauses which they could not in conscience sign. But "L'Echo de Manitoba" will have it that Mgr. Ritchot had, to say the least, the weakness to indirectly lend the weight of his name to help the politicians in their secretly unscrupulous intrigues. We loathe having anything to do with politics; yet, when a decidedly highly colored political paper forgets itself and gives such evidence of its total lack of respect for constituted authority and encroaches upon the latter's field, we consider it our duty to enter a most energetic protest. Too long already has "L'Echo de Manitoba" served a deadly poison to its readers and concealed its perfidy under a sham profession of respect and obedience to its ecclesiastical superiors, and too long have we held our peace.

Now that His Grace has returned and we are free to speak, we tell "L'Echo de Manitoba" that we shall not put up any longer with its uncalled for diatribes re the Manitoba school question. We have been and are still working for some settlement of this vexed question, which has been under discussion for months back; yet all the while "L'Echo de Manitoba" has had its columns filled with yarns of one kind or another on the subject and this all with the one aim in view, namely to impress upon the public that peace exists where there as yet exists no peace. We shall be the first to proclaim the settlement whenever arrived at, but just at present we must say, as His Grace and all who know anything about it say, that the school question is as unsettled as ever before.

Ruthven Skips.

AMUSING REVELATION OF GULLIBILITY RELATED BY A WITNESS.

We spoke with regret last week of the fact that the filthy adventurer Ruthven would carry away a pile of dollars as the result of his invasion of Winnipeg. We are now glad to be able to state that there was a sudden falling off in the attendance at his lectures and the patronage he received on Sunday was so meagre that he evidently concluded it would not be profitable to tarry here any longer; so on Monday he quietly packed his grip and without a word to anyone, shook the dust of the city from his feet and departed for parts unknown. He had advertised two lectures for Monday, flooding the city with spicily worded dodgers announcing special attractions in his peculiar line and notifying the public that in order to give every "respectable Protestant" in the city a chance to attend, the admission for it would be reduced to ten cents. We calculate that if he had remained he e and fulfilled these engagements he would have taken in not quite fifteen dollars for we have it on good authority that exactly seventy-five disconsolate females went to the hall in the afternoon to hear his lecture for "ladies" only and about the same number of both sexes put in an appearance in the evening and for upwards of an hour blocked the sidewalk in front of the hall waiting for Ruthven who never came. It is something to the credit of Winnipeg that out of its forty thousand inhabitants only one hundred and fifty people at an outside calculation could, after a week's trial, find any attraction in the foul and ridiculous ravings of this roving miscreant, and as the news of Ruthven's failure here will no doubt be circulated amongst the impious brotherhood we may confidently hope that it will be a long time before the metropolis of Manitoba will be again afflicted in this way.

There was great consternation amongst the faithful few on Monday evening when the hour for the meeting passed by and there was no sign of their hero. After waiting patiently until a quarter after eight a lad was despatched on a bicycle to the hotel where Ruthven stayed to ascertain the cause of his tardiness. Various rumours were afloat but only one substantial fact so far as we could discover and that was that Ruthven had not yet paid the rent of Hall for the meetings he had already held and that if he did come the doors would not open until the arrears were settled and the rent for that evening paid in advance. This information cast a decided gloom over the audience which was accentuated when the youthful messenger returned from the hotel with the news that the "ex-priest" had not been seen there since noon. This set the crowd speculating as to the cause of his disappearance and various were the theories suggested. In the first place it was unanimously decided that he was not absent of his own free-will. He had come here to expose and denounce the Church

of Rome and it was impossible that he would depart before he fulfilled his mission and without a word of apology for breaking his engagements. The inference was, therefore, very plain—if Ruthven was at liberty he would be there, as he was not there it was clear some mysterious agency was at work preventing him. And, of course, that mysterious agency could be nothing less than the Church of Rome. So they whispered amongst themselves and at last one man voiced the general apprehension by declaring that it was evident one of two things had happened, "either," said he, "the Catholics have kidnapped him and have him a prisoner in some convent around here or in the vault of some church or they have murdered him." "It is just like what they would do," asserted another in the crowd. "Did he have a guard with him?" said a third. "No," was the reply "he travelled alone." "That was imprudent," remarked another "for, it takes more than one pair of eyes to watch out for Rome, you can't tell from what direction they are going to attack you and a man like Ruthven should always have a guard with him." "Yes," said a gray-haired individual, "they would murder him in a minute, behind his back, and think they were doing God's will"; to which statement the whole of those within hearing gave assent, many mentioning cases of the kind which occurred as set forth in the writings of Maria Monk, Chiniquy, et al. It was eventually decided that the dreadful circumstances of the case demanded an appeal to the authorities who should be compelled to search all the Catholic Churches and religious institutions in the city and to make a strict enquiry amongst the Catholics and especially amongst priests. When they had reached this point a man arrived on the scene with the announcement that Ruthven had been seen at the Railway Depot about the time the South train was to start "with an overcoat on this arm and a towel in his pocket." "I wonder if they bribed him to go," said a wise man in the crowd, "I wonder if they gave him four or five thousand dollars to leave the town." "No, no," said the crowd, "he would not take any money from Papists; no, they have either kidnapped him or murdered him and we shall have to find out which." This again set all the tongues wagging and all sorts of ways were suggested by which the unscrupulous priests might have got hold of their enemy and made away with him—such as drugging, drowning, smothering—and one in the crowd suggested that steps towards securing his release should be taken at once as it was altogether likely that the victim was at the moment suffering torments in some church or convent and might be tormented all night before getting his happy dispatch. Said one burly member of the crowd, a man who claimed a close acquaintance with the at one time notorious "Jumbo" Campbell, of Toronto: "I know the Catholics; I have done a lot of work for them, worked at convents and churches. They are the best pays in the world and the nuns seem to be the nicest and most motherly of women, but that is all pre-

tence; their religion teaches them to deceive Protestants in this way and then when your back is turned they will suddenly stab you in the back and you will never be heard of again".

This was corroborated by a gentleman from Australia who cited in proof of the statement incidents related by Sister O'Gorman, the escaped nun, and he was supported by a dozen of others who each had some horror to relate on similar authority. At this stage of the proceedings, however, some passers by joined the crowd and they took a different view of the matter. They suggested very forcibly that Ruthven was a vile fraud whose sole aim to was impose on ignorant Protestants and make money, and when he saw his audiences diminishing he had decamped. For some time the faithful refused to accept such a suggestion until at last a Catholic, who had been quietly listening to the edifying discussion, took a hand in the proceedings and for a few minutes held the general attention of the crowd whilst he first of all told them what he thought of them and then gave them some pointers regarding various matters pertinent to the occasion. This somewhat broke up the gang and one by one they sneaked off around the corner until only a choice half-dozen were left and even these had apparent-given up all idea of searching for Ruthven.

HER LIEBER

Continued from page 1.

may never be told; but enough of it is known to warrant the assertion, which has so often been made, that the chancellor found his conqueror in the predecessor of Herr Lieber in the leadership of the Catholic Centralists.

When Herr Lieber succeeded to the place whence death removed Herr Windthorst in 1891, the Kulturkampf and the May laws had been virtually repealed. The sees that had been made vacant by the expulsion of their incumbents were again filled; the expatriated parish priests had been allowed to return to their flocks; and the edicts against religious orders been recalled, save the one banishing the Jesuits. Friendly relations had been restored between Rome and Berlin; the Pope had arbitrated a dispute between Germany and Spain, and Bismarck had accepted a decoration from the hands of Leo XIII. Twice since Herr Lieber's accession to the leadership of the Centre, has the Reichstag declared itself in favor of repealing the law which forbade the Jesuits to remain in Germany; but each time the Lutheran majority in the Landtag refused to sanction such repeal. The Centralists show no signs of abating their demands in this matter. They are determined that the last vestige of the infamous May laws shall be wiped out, and with the increased strength which they will wield in the next Reichstag, it is by no means improbable that Herr Lieber will have the satisfaction which his predecessor so nearly achieved, by compelling the government of completing the victory to revoke the law against the Jesuits. He is the leader of a party which represents nearly twenty millions of Catholics, of

whom eleven millions dwell in Prussia. The principal object of his present visit to this country is to attend the annual convention of the German American Catholic Vereins, which bodies met in this city last year; and the probabilities are that he will make an interesting address before the coming convention.

When Herr Lieber visited this country ten years ago he journeyed to Ohio to see the nephew of his distinguished predecessor, Mgr. Windthorst, who then held the pastorate of St. Peter's church, Chillicothe, and en route, he stopped off at Columbus to be the guest of his friend, Mgr. Jessing, of the Josephinum. It is hoped and expected that the distinguished parliamentarian will again visit Columbus before his return to Germany.

**IN THE KEY
WEST HOSPITAL.**

A Canadian Lady's Visit to Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

(“Kit's” letter to the Toronto Mail and Empire.)
The following charming bit of writing will be read with special interest by those who know Sister Florentine, formerly at St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, and now Superior of the Key West convent described below.

I spent a wonderful afternoon at the hospital yesterday. It was Sunday, and all Key West lay tranquil in the rest and peace of the Sabbath. The big ships in the harbor seemed to drowse in the sun as they swung and drifted with the tide. The Spanish prizes—which are to be auctioned off in a day or two—looked absolutely derelict, so little sign of life was there about them. Even the busy little dispatch boats and the noisy tugs seemed to respect the beautiful quiet of the Lord's day. The sun of course was busy grilling his old world, but even he grew tired, and, slipping behind a cloud, loosed the strings of it and let torrents tumble over the poor, panting earth, rejoicing the big cocoa palms, which rattled together with glee, and washing the glorious faces of the crimson hibiscus trees until the flowers took new youth and shone like great scarlet shields, swaying and bending in delight under the wash of the rain. An hour later Old Sol had it all his own way again.

THE WOUNDED'S MARVELOUS PATIENCE.

He could not even peer into the big circular lower rooms of the great hospital. There, as in caves, the sea winds were blowing, and the sick men were lying in their little cots like great children—quiet, uncomplaining—accepting the inevitable, but longing, every man of them, to be up and out with “the boys, at Santiago.” There were not many in the surgical ward, as fifty had been discharged the day before, but there were men here who had been wounded by shell and shot at Cardenas Bay and San Juan. One poor fellow, who had been lying for nearly six weeks with his leg in a plaster cast, showed me with pride the piece of shell which had been taken out of his flesh. It was a thick two-inch jagged chunk of iron, whose sharp edges had torn through bone, and sinew, and artery, shattering all before it. Two inches of bone had been blown into little splinters, which had to be carefully removed from the surrounding

flesh and muscle. The surgeons performed some skillful operations upon it, and are in hope of getting the bones to knit together again, but there is so much doubt as to success in the case that it is expected the fine young fellow will have to lose his leg after all.

“It didn't hurt just at first,” he told me. “There was a stinging pain, like as if a red-hot coal struck me, and then for a while I didn't feel it much. ‘Twas about as much as I could stand without swearing when they put the splints on, though. Well, it's war, Ma'am,” added the big fellow cheerfully, “an we gave a sight better'n we got. If only I was with the boys over in Santiago!” One would have thought he had had enough of it—this man with his torn leg and six weeks of hard pain, but the sigh with which he turned his head away, and the longing look in his eyes told a story of courage and daring that more than bordered upon heroism.

IN THE SICK WARDS.

The school part of the convent is turned into the medical ward, and it is full. Where, a few months ago, the little convent girls were learning their lessons, Jackie and Yankee Tommy Atkins are now learning patience. Here are big, bronzed fellows, mighty with the sword and quickfiring sea guns, lying very helplessly on their cots, while those gentle, sweet-faced women poultice and blister and physic them, and make their beds, and shift their pillows to the cool side, and cosset and comfort them. Each one of the four army nurses has her hands full of these great children. And the Sisters—mostly little, slender women—flit about in their thin, black habits and modest veils, working like little bees in this great, helpless hive of men. It is beautiful to watch them, to hear the nurses who are of different faith, talk about the nuns, and to see the nuns hover about the nurses, helping so silently; watchful, quiet, and yet so cheery of smile and word. “It's like living among angels,” said Miss Lease to me; “it's the most wonderful life in the world, though I cannot understand how they can give up their friends, people and places in the world, and yet remain so cheerful and happy.” She did not know how sweet, peaceful, and spiritual her own face looked at the moment under its white cap.

THE SISTERS AND THE REST AT SERVICE.

A bell ringing up aloft somewhere was calling the Sisters to the afternoon service of Benediction. We were invited to attend, and went up the long gray stairs till we came to a piazza, whence a wooden stairway, built outside, led to a wonderful little chapel in mid-air. A tiny place it was, with a tiny white and gold altar, on which myriads of candles glowed amid a wealth of tropical flowers. Never was I at a more touching ceremony, for, slowly and weakly enough, the poor, sick men who were at all able to attend made their way in. Seamen and officers knelt side by side. All were equal in this little house of God. Jackie, big and clumsy and brown of face, rolled in, dipping a great hand in the holy water font, and baptizing himself copiously. Then

he knelt in the front row, his burly form spreading far out and beyond the little priedieu, his rough head bent in adoration. And near him was a comrade, and next to him a naval officer, and further on two convalescent soldiers, white and drawn of face, sat on low chairs and listened to the soft chanting of the sweet nun voices. Instead of windows, long doors opened on the piazzas, and the wind drifted in and played among the candles, which bent their flame-heads toward the Host, as if in adoration, too, and it wafted the incense out of doors to a humming bird, who, mistaking it for the odor of some tropical flower, came darting in like a flying jewel and stayed to whir and hum his little Tantum Ergo, while outside the mocking bird sang and sang as if he would outdo the beautiful human notes with his heavenly warbling.

It was an odd community. Those sick sailors and soldiers belonging to all creeds and faiths, those Episcopalian nurses, those little slender black-robed Sisters, and God's little creatures, the birds, all adoring and blessing and praising Him in that little mid-air house, that seemed cut off up there from every other habitation in the world—open to sky and rain and wind. It was a wonderful linking of God's creatures bent in prayer before Him, and the thoughts that must have been thrilling in every breast, in every heart, that moment, the thought of the men that were madly fighting on the hot shores of Cuba in the cause of humanity, in the cause at least of their country and of their flag, added not a little to the pathos of that sublime and poetic hour. All one—in that moment—all His children and His sheep!

PREPARING FOR NEW COMERS.

The little sisters are busy getting the beds ready for the wounded they expect any day now from Santiago. Already several fresh rooms have been fitted up and arranged. The

grim operating tables are all ready. The sponges and linen and basins and paraphernalia are all here. The finest surgical appliances known to the world of surgery are in place, and they will be needed. The pest house for yellow fever patients, situated about a mile and a half away, has also been put in shape, furnished with beds and dispensary, the isolated hospital for smallpox or typhoid fever or measles is also ready. The army hospital steward has his stores well supplied, and his henchmen in the kitchens are ready with their pots and pans and costly appliances.

As fast as the men are cured they are shipped back to their post or home on sick leave, and their places are filled by others. And the little army of splendid women are at their posts, afraid of nothing, only grieving, as one of them said to me, because “we are so well off here with every comfort, while our poor men are enduring everything;” only grieving “we cannot do more to help them.” Glad and happy they are to be here in this grim place ready to nurse through yellow fever or cholera or smallpox or any of the fearful pestilences from which men and women ordinarily fly. Here they are, four young women in the very prime of life, and a score or so of little teaching Sisters—untrained may-be in the ways of nursing, but so skilled in those tender and sympathetic touches that gentle women have; so obedient to the orders of others—living up there on the roof, clustered round the cupola, out of the way of the world, and yet now so in the very heart of it!—singing their matins and their lauds, ringing their gentle little bells, serving their Mass and Benediction and all their holy services in their little airy God's house—doing God's work every day and every hour.

Rev. Father Pouliot has returned to the Archdiocese, reaching Winnipeg the day His Grace arrived.

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