

# Northwest Review.



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## CURRENT COMMENT

Archbishop Chapelle is the most illustrious victim of the yellow fever epidemic now raging in New Orleans. He caught the fatal disease in the discharge of his episcopal duties. His work as Apostolic Delegate in the Philippines and Cuba had taken up so much of his time in the last few years that he welcomed the settlement of these ecclesiastical affairs as affording him an opportunity to devote more time to his own archdiocese. For nearly two months he had been visiting parish after parish in the almost tropical summer heat for the purpose of renewing Catholic virtue, and he was in Avoyelles parish when he heard that the fever had broken out in New Orleans. Like a true shepherd he hurried back to the post of danger and was in the act of writing a letter to his clergy to stimulate their zeal in this great crisis when he was stricken with yellow fever. Arriving in New Orleans on July 31, he was taken sick on the 5th of August and, his constitution being enfeebled by age and the fatigue of his recent visitation of the parishes, he expired suddenly on the 9th.

His was a remarkably well filled life. He was born at Mende in France, Aug. 28, 1842, and had therefore nearly completed his sixty-third year. While he was studying at Enghien College, Belgium, his uncle, the Very Rev. Canon Chapelle, destined him to a diplomatic career, and two years later, when that ecclesiastic was directed by Cardinal Antonelli to negotiate a concordat with the Republic of Hayti, he brought his nephew with him to the United States and placed him in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, to prepare to become a missionary in Hayti. On the death of his uncle, in 1861, on the eve of his appointment as Archbishop of Port au Prince, the nephew abandoned the idea of going to Hayti, and became affiliated with the archdiocese of Baltimore. He was ordained priest in June, 1865, and was placed in charge of several missions in Montgomery County, Maryland. In June, 1868, he received his degree of Doctor in Theology after examination. Archbishop Spalding took a great interest in Dr. Chapelle, and in May, 1869, made him secretary of the Tenth Provincial Council of Baltimore, and took him with him as his consulting theologian to the Vatican Council in Rome.

In October, 1871, shortly before his death, Archbishop Spalding appointed the young priest pastor of St. John's church, Baltimore, and besides his parish work he presided over the ecclesiastical conferences of the Baltimore clergy and had charge of several religious institutions. In May, 1882, Archbishop, now Cardinal, Gibbons, made him rector of the parish of St. Matthew's, Washington. In the summer of 1884 he was designated one of the seven theologians to make the preliminary studies for the holding of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. In course of his pastorate in Washington he had cordial relations with Presidents Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison, as well as with many other high officials of the Government. He worked hard toward founding the Catholic University in Washington selecting and buying the land upon which that institution stands.

For several years he was vice-president of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, and his work for the promotion of the missions attracted the attention of Archbishop Salpointe, of Santa Fe, who asked the Pope to appoint him his coadjutor bishop. He was consecrated in 1894, and succeeded to the Archbishopric in 1894. In course of his episcopal labors in New Mexico he visited almost every corner of the territory confided to his care, confirmed 40,000 souls and promoted the cause of education among whites and Indians. He was appointed Archbishop of New Orleans in November, 1897, by Pope Leo XIII. In course of his administration he succeeded in paying a heavy debt that had long weighed on that archdiocese, re-opened the theological seminary and in many ways contributed

to the progress of the Church in Louisiana.

When the Holy See looked for a man to handle the situation that had arisen in the Church as a result of the Spanish war, it turned to Archbishop Chapelle who was thought to combine the discretion, business tact and zeal needed to solve the difficult problem. In October, 1898, he was appointed Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico, and commissioned by the Holy See to attend the peace negotiations in Paris. He was the means through which the clause guaranteeing religious liberty and rights of ecclesiastical property was inserted in the Treaty of Paris. On his return from Paris President McKinley complimented him on his service rendered in course of the negotiations. He went to Cuba and Porto Rico early in 1899, making a thorough investigation of the state of affairs in both islands, and before going to the Philippines outlined the plan of action which his successor in those islands, Archbishop Sbarretti, now Apostolic Delegate to Canada, so speedily and successfully developed.

Archbishop Chapelle's appointment as Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines was made in August, 1899, and in December of that year he started for Manila. The result of his work there was similar to that in Cuba. The Pope in a special brief complimented him and approved the steps taken by him, and took occasion to praise his work in the bull published by Monsignor Guidi reorganizing the hierarchy in the Philippines. President McKinley also on several occasions, expressed his satisfaction with the course followed and the work done by the Delegate. The Pope urged him to return to the Philippines, but he felt that the direction of affairs in the archdiocese of New Orleans and the performance of the duties of the delegation in Cuba and Porto Rico would fully occupy his attention. This devotion to the spiritual needs of his diocese, ending as it did in death for the sake of his flock, fitly crowns the life of one whom New Orleans mourns as its most distinguished citizen, and for whom the Catholics of the whole world, especially those of France, Italy, the United States and her island dependencies, will earnestly pray.

To hear the way some of us brag about the size of our wheat crop one would think it was, to say the least, one-quarter of the wheat crop of the world, instead of being, as it is, hardly one-twentieth thereof. And, as to the old country, one would think it was nowhere in comparison to Central and Western Canada. But for those who really care for facts, not fancies, it may be interesting to know that the area under wheat this year in Great Britain and Ireland is estimated at 1,800,000 acres, and the yield at 63 million bushels or 35 bushels to the acre. The area under wheat in Manitoba and the western provinces is estimated at four million acres and the yield at from seventy to one hundred million bushels. Even this last highest estimate would give only 25 bushels an acre. In other words, wheat in the British Isles is more productive than here and the total quantity produced is almost the same as here. The only point in which we we surpass the old country is the quality of our wheat, when that wheat is rated highest. This year the average rating will probably not be high. Let us be modest and therefore true.

An anonymous correspondent in the Free Press of Tuesday affects not to understand the meaning of the word "pagans," used by the Free Press in translating from "Les Cloches de St. Boniface" a digest of Mgr. Pascal's recent pastoral on education. Perhaps, indeed, the original French word, "payens," might have been translated more intelligibly by the words, "heathen" or "infidel;" but after all "pagan" in the sense of an ungodly or irreligious person who despises religious observances, is good English, and that is one of the two senses in which His Lordship Bishop Pascal used the word, when he said that, "except in the opinion of pagans, the child does not belong to the

State. That it does has been contended by ancient pagans and is maintained by the pagans of to-day." Has the anonymous correspondent forgotten how the Spartans of old held the cruel and unnatural doctrine that the child belonged to the State? Or is he not aware that the same worn-out fallacy is held with aggressive and untiring cruelty by the Masonic Lodges of Europe, and especially of France, and that these revampers of heathen error are therefore rightly styled "neo-pagans?"

This anonymous correspondent charges Mgr. Pascal with missing the most vital point, viz., that the public should not be asked to contribute to denominational schools; but it is really he and not the Bishop that misses the most vital point. The Bishop does not ask that the non-Catholic public should contribute to Catholic schools. All he asks is that Catholics should not be forced to contribute to non-Catholic schools.

When will the Free Press learn that "Oblate" is a thoroughly English word and consequently that to write it without the final "e," as if it were still a French word, not quite naturalized, is just as ridiculous as it would be to write "religieuse" for "nun" or "Jesuite" for "Jesuit?" Even if "Oblate"

commonly pronounced by Catholics exactly as it is written **ob-late**, with the accent on the first syllable, although the majority of misinformed non-Catholic authorities place the accent on the second syllable.

Rev. Dr. James J. Fox, whose articles in the "Catholic World" magazine are always worth reading and thinking over, writes this month on "The Freedom of Authority," the title of a recent work by J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D., the Head Professor of Philosophy in the George Washington University. Dr. Fox finds that, in spite of many Protestant errors, this book has the great merit of affirming the need of authority as a means to reach that truth which will make us free. Professor Sterrett maintains everywhere, as a fundamental principle, that, from the beginning Christianity ever has been, and till the end must continue to be, a living society organized and preserved by the abiding presence of authority. It must possess a dogmatic creed, an external form of worship, and an organization, by participating in which the individual, far from losing his due freedom, finds that freedom protected, regulated. "Vital, progressive, missionary and educating Christianity," says Professor Sterrett, "always has had, and always must have, a body. It must be an organized body, with polity, creed, and cult—external, objective, secular, if you will, in form—a Kingdom of Heaven on earth—not in Heaven. It is not something invisible and merely heavenly. To fault ecclesiastical Christianity is to fault Christianity for living rather than for dying among men; for existing to preserve, maintain, and transmit the Gospel.

A correspondent, kindly calling our attention to an important item stowed away in a corner and printed in the smallest available type of the "Literary Digest" for Aug. 12, says: "This may interest you, although you referred to the same subject in a previous number of the Northwest Review. I was pleased to see it published, though I am of opinion that someone must have got after the 'Digest' with a stick, for in previous issues they gave much space to the other side of the question, and this in justice should have a heading. However, small favors thankfully received." This is the item, at the foot of the second column of page 216:

Two years ago a German priest, Rev. G. Dasbach, offered a reward of 2,000 florins to any one who should prove that the Jesuits taught the doctrine that "the end justifies the means." Count Hoensbroech, an ex-Jesuit, published a brochure, in which he claimed to furnish the proof demanded (see *The Literary Digest*, March 19, 1904). The Count sued the priest for the reward, and the case came by appeal before the Supreme Court of the Rhine Province in Cologne. The court has recently decided that Count Hoensbroech failed to prove his point, and is not entitled to the reward.

The Anglican Synod in its recent meeting at Calgary, decided to agitate for religious instruction in the public schools of the new provinces. They feel it is a hardship that Catholics should have religious instruction in their separate schools, while Protestants cannot agree on some definite method of teaching religion, which is so vital an element in education. We admire their good intentions, but have not very sanguine hopes that they will ever succeed in uniting all Protestant bodies in any workable scheme of religious instruction. So long as they enjoy the delightful privilege of making their own religions, instead of accepting the one that Christ founded, they are doomed to division and discord.

Read "That Long Pull," the well told story of a rowing expedition undertaken by three young Jesuit teachers from St. Boniface College, how they rowed more than a hundred miles in three days, going from the head of the Lake of the Woods almost to its foot to visit, in prayerful mood, the scene of the massacre of their brother Jesuit, Father

Aulneau, and his companions by the Sioux Indians 169 years ago.

A full account of the massacre will be found on our editorial page.

## Clerical News

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface went to St. Norbert and there ordained, last Tuesday, two Trappist Fathers, (one to the diaconate and another to the subdiaconate) and conferred the subdiaconate on the Rev. M. Messagne.

The close of the Oblate's retreat last Tuesday morning witnessed special celebrations in honor of the golden sacerdotal jubilee of Father Gascon, O.M.I. The jubilarian himself sang the High Mass at eleven and Father Laufer preached about the honor reflected by Father Gascon's life on his three mothers, the Blessed Virgin, the Church and the Congregation of the Oblates. A hymn written for the occasion by Father Emard, was sung by Father Gelen. A similar celebration will take place next Sunday at St. Laurent, where Father Gascon spent seventeen years of his life.

Zephyrin Gascon was born at Ste. Anne des Plaines, Que., July 26, 1826, and was ordained priest Nov. 12, 1854, so that the 50th anniversary of his ordination really occurred nine months ago. After having been three years curate at Vercheres, he came out to the West in 1857, and thus is one of the oldest living missionaries in this country. He was then a secular priest and applied to join the Oblates only two years later. On the 9th of March, 1859, Father Gascon entered the Oblate Novitiate then at St. Norbert, and a few weeks later he was selected to go to the St. Joseph mission on Great Slave Lake, the most advanced mission of the order in the far north. "To send a novice to such a distance," wrote Mgr. Tache to a friend, "is no doubt a little extraordinary; but, as my advisers have said, Father Gascon is not a novice in virtue; he can be depended upon more than certain professed religious."

Father Gascon went the first year as far as the Great Slave Lake, where Father Eynard was stationed; but the next year he went on to Fort Simpson, where the celebrated Father Grollier had retired, and whence he descended the Mackenzie river almost to its mouth. Father Gascon then went to Fort Liard, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the present Yukon Territory. In this barren and desert country, Father Gascon remained for 21 years, roaming from the mouth of the Mackenzie to the Liard River Pass in search of souls to evangelize. He was in a way familiar with the country beforehand, having in his youth listened to the tales of an old trader, Jean Baptiste Pilou, who had retired to Ste. Anne with his savings from the trade. Now that he was on the scene, Father Gascon found the land marks described by the old trader, the Porte d'Enfer, the Portage du Diable, which the voyageurs named to express their opinion of the locality. He stood on the spot where legendary tragedies had taken place—murders, drowning accidents and deeds even more horrible. He sometimes met the surviving actors in these dramas of the wilds. Thus on the Liard river he converted a Windego Indian who confessed to having eaten his wife and baby, when on the point of starvation in the mountains. This Indian became a good Christian, married again and reared another family. As the little tots would run around him, he would sometimes be asked whether he would not like to eat one of them—a joke which the poor Indian did not relish much.

Periodical famine was a part of the life of these tribes and the missionaries were little better off. Father Gascon revisited his family in 1880 and then was stationed at St. Laurent for 17 years. In recent years he has had charge of the mission at Fort Alexander, which he left last April. Although nearly 80 years of age, he is still alert and able to stand the fatigue of celebrating solemn High Mass, which precludes his breaking fast before noon.

All his friends, and the Review in par-

### MOVING

### THIS MONTH

TO  
Cor.

Princess St.  
AND  
Cumberland  
Ave.

Northwest Review

were not recognized by the secular dictionaries, we, English-speaking Catholics, numbering as we do twenty millions throughout the world, printing some two hundred periodicals, furnishing to the literature of the day some of its very best writers, men and women who keep up the splendid traditions of Chaucer, Sir Thomas More, Pope, Dryden, Crashaw, Lingard and John Henry Newman, have a perfect right to insist that our Catholic words shall not be mutilated. Just as we do not apologize for or translate into non-Catholic equivalents such words as "transubstantiation," "monstrance" "contrition and attrition" (in their technical contrast), "recollection" (a state of prayerful collectedness), so we would freely use the word "Oblate," even if it were not in the dictionaries. But it is there. All the better ones have it and spell it "oblate." We are not speaking of the adjective "oblate" with which all are familiar in the description of our globe as an "oblate spheroid," but of the noun "oblate," which the Standard Dictionary defines as "a member of an order of Oblate Fathers or Oblate Sisters." In this sense "oblate" means **offered or consecrated** to the special service of God, and is

ticular, wish him many more years of zealous and edifying life.

Father Guillet, O.M.I., former pastor of St. Mary's, and now pastor of the French church at Duluth, was one of those who attended the retreat of the Oblate Fathers.

Father Thibault, O.M.I., being laid up with rheumatism at St. Mary's presbytery most of this week, Father Van Gistern, O.M.I., took his place at St. Charles.

## Persons and Facts

On Thursday at 7:30 a.m. Father Blain, S.J., sang a Requiem Mass in the Immaculate Conception Church for the repose of the soul of the late Oswald Lalonde.

Miss Maggie McKinley, of Prince Albert, and her sister Miss Madge McKinley, of Brandon, were in the city this week on a visit to their friends.

Last Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock Mass, the feast of Our Lady's Assumption was celebrated with more than usual fervor at St. Boniface College. It is one of the great festivals of the Society of Jesus, because on that day, in 1534, Ignatius of Loyola and his first nine companions took their first vows in the crypt-chapel of Montmartre, Paris. It is one of the days chosen for the simple but solemn function of the final vows, which the Jesuit does not pronounce till he has been from ten to twenty years in the order. This year Father John Garaix, who entered the Society on Sept. 13, 1887, and was ordained priest on July 28, 1902, read the formula of his last vows before the Rector of the College, Rev. Father J. Dugas, S.J., who, according to the custom of the order, stood with the ciborium in his left hand and the Sacred Host in his right, facing Father Garaix, who knelt before the Blessed Sacrament and received Holy Communion immediately after having read the solemn engagement and placed the paper signed with his name between the fingers of the Rector's left hand as they clasped the knob of the ciborium. There were present at this impressive function several Sisters from the Holy Names Convent of St. Boniface and from the Maison-Charpelle, besides some forty or fifty past and present students of the College, who received Holy Communion after Father Garaix. These students afterwards breakfasted with the Fathers of the College and spent the morning in visiting the new wing and in athletic sports.

Father Portelance, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, announced last Sunday that the new church and school, corner of Bannatyne and Lydia streets will be blessed by Mgr. Langevin on the 10th of September. This is the church the walls of which were partly destroyed by lightning this summer. Notwithstanding this accident the contractors have just finished roofing the building. The school, on the lower floor, will be opened as soon as the building is blessed. It is intended for French children and will be in charge of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary.

## ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AND THE LATE MGR. NUGENT

### A Beautiful Tribute

St. Paul, July 12, 1905.

My dear Father Berry,—And so Monsignor Nugent is dead. I scarcely realize the fact. I am grieved that I must bring myself to realize it. My home in St. Paul has lost much of its cheerfulness from the thought that the dear old friend will not visit it again.

I send you a few words of tribute to his memory. I owe it to Monsignor Nugent to pay him a tribute—a public tribute. Please find space for me in the columns of the "Catholic Times." You can introduce my letter to your readers in any manner you choose. For instance, you might say that you personally received from Archbishop Ireland the following letter, written to you as a friend in praise of a friend, and you take the liberty to print it. You know I learned much about Monsignor Nugent from yourself, and it is quite proper that I should write to you the thoughts which his death brings uppermost to my mind.

Very sincerely,  
JOHN IRELAND.

Rev. John Berry.

## REQUIEM MASS AND SERMON

St. Paul, July 4th, 1905.

Rev. Dear Father Berry,—Yesterday morning in the Cathedral of St. Paul,

there was celebrated a Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Monsignor Nugent. I took to myself the privilege and honor of preaching the sermon. There were present a large number of Catholics from the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, friends and admirers of the deceased, together with the members of the Nugent family, residents of Minnesota. Among the clergy in the sanctuary were the Bishop of Winona, Right Rev. James B. Cotter, and the Rector of the Catholic University of Washington, Monsignor Dennis J. O'Connell. It was due to Monsignor Nugent that he be remembered in St. Paul, and I am sure, no other place is there outside of his own City of Liverpool, where it would have pleased him more to have remembrance made of him. St. Paul was the American home of Monsignor Nugent. He loved St. Paul, and St. Paul loved him. Between Monsignor Nugent and myself there existed for more than a quarter of a century

A Deep and Tender Friendship. Scarcely have I had a friend to whom my heart went out so wholly, in whose soul, as I thought, I read so completely my own, whom I sought so willingly to please and to serve with unreserved loyalty. And all that I was towards him, he was towards me, only so much the more so that in this, as in all else, his generous nature always gave back in overflowing measure what had been given to him. Dear Monsignor Nugent, with you there, indeed, went from the earth the "dimidium anime mee." The friendship binding Monsignor Nugent and myself brought him frequently to St. Paul, and led him to identify himself in most earnest manner with the works and interests in which I happened to be engaged. When in Minnesota he preached and laboured, as if

Minnesota Were His Chosen Field. When away from Minnesota he still kept it in mind and served it as opportunity allowed. Especially in the work of Catholic colonization was Monsignor Nugent my welcomed auxiliary, and to-day many are the prosperous and happy farmers in Minnesota who came hither at his personal invitation, or through the information given of Minnesota in the columns of the "Catholic Times." The Catholics of the diocese of St. Paul knew what Monsignor Nugent was doing for works and interests which were their own, and they came to look upon him as a friend and benefactor, and to love him even as one belonging to them. Dear Monsignor Nugent! Time was dealing so mildly with him, the youthfulness of his soul seemed so vividly to be the apanage even of the body, that our eyes were blinded to the perils of his eighty-fourth year of life, and when he last crossed our threshold we hopefully said to him: "Be soon back again." But he is gone—gone from earth, gone for ever.

Ergo, Quintillium perpetuus sopor Urget! Cui pudor, et justitie soror Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas. Quando ullum inveniet parem? So gentle he was and sweet in temper; so ready to please, so unwilling to offend; so thoughtful of others, so forgetful of self—he was truly nature's nobleman. So loving he was of God, so anxious to promote His glory and to draw others to him; so wrapt in the life and the interests of the Church, so jealous of its honor, so zealous to promote its welfare; so devout and pious in the daily practice of religion.

So Pure-Minded and Pure-Worded in his personal living; so effusive of charity towards the poor and the needy; so obedient to the promptings of the supernal life, so fragrant of saintliness, so rich in edification—he was truly the exemplary Christian and Catholic. And as a priest—how high he bore the banner of the Apostle of Christ! Most active was he in saving souls. What he might do for souls was the question constantly present to his mind. How quickly he might respond to opportunities coming within his reach was the question always challenging his heart. And the work for souls which he coveted above all others was that which stooped to the most lowly, which comforted the most afflicted, which brought mercy and love to the most friendless, the most helpless. The work itself and the blessing with which Heaven was willing to enrich it was ever the sole reward sought by Monsignor Nugent. His disinterestedness was sublime, as was his

## STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

Fearlessness in Presence of Difficulties. Difficulties there were such as to frighten unto despair men and apostles made of the more common stuff of mankind—lack of financial means, lack of encouragement, the deliberate opposition of open enmity, the frown and sneers of hidden envy, the solitude of counsel and action, which nearly always falls to the lot of the brave laborer venturing outside the lines of narrowing routine. But difficulties only lifted his soul to higher efforts, and pointed the more clearly the way to glorious triumph. Nor was the zeal of Monsignor Nugent the effervescence of an hour or of a season: it was the steady and unrelenting activity of a lifetime. Four score of years had fallen upon him; a new charity seemed to him a pressing need; he founded a home for distressed and unfortunate motherhood. The ideal apostle of modern times and modern conditions—such I call Monsignor Nugent. Not to me, in this remote land, to enumerate the works of Monsignor Nugent in Liverpool. Someone in England with mind to understand him, with heart to value him, with pen to picture him, will, no doubt, before long give us

His Biography. It will be a blessed book—the very perfume of apostolic priestliness and of holiest Christian love of fellow-men; it will continue the old hero among the living, even down the coming years an abiding example of zeal for religion, of charity towards the poor and the suffering. Let not Liverpool claim Monsignor Nugent and the memories attaching to his name as its exclusive property. Too great he was to be limited even to a great city; he belonged to England and to Ireland, to America and to Australia, to the whole world; he labored for mankind everywhere, and his name will be venerated by mankind everywhere. Liverpool honored him; it should honor him. Liverpool lowered its flags as the news of his demise was heard; it is preparing to erect a statue to him in its public gardens. But outside Liverpool, thousands mourn his death and send upward to the Almighty a prayer for the eternal repose of his soul. So many there are, on islands and on continents who owe him their life of body or of soul! So many there are who have been impelled to action by his word or example, or, at least, have revered him, and in the name of Christianity and of humanity have rejoiced that such as he has lived among men. Monsignor Nugent, the sleep of death now holding you is the sleep of the mortal body; your spirit sleeps not; it lives, it reigns with God. To your spirit I speak; I do not say, farewell.

JOHN IRELAND,  
Archbishop of St. Paul.

## YOUR WORN OUT STOMACH

What it needs is the strengthening influence of Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they work marvels where the stomach and digestion are poor. In one day the appetite increases and the whole system is rapidly strengthened. No stomach specialist could write a better prescription than Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. At all dealers, in a yellow box, price 25c., or five boxes for one dollar.

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At druggists—50c. a box. Mrs. M. JACKSON, Toronto, Ont.  
Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, Ottawa.

## PIANOS

Those who buy a piano ought to pay as much attention to the record and reputation of a piano as the piano itself. They ought to pay more attention to its musical qualities than to the case.

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## DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND IMMIGRATION.

**MANITOBA** with its network of railways, giving markets near at hand for all farm products, offers unrivalled opportunities for investment. **PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT LANDS** can still be purchased at from \$3 to \$6 per acre. **IMPROVED FARMS** in all districts of the province can be purchased at from \$10 to \$40 per acre. These prices are advancing every year.

### A FEW POINTERS

On arrival at Winnipeg the wisest policy for any new settler to adopt is to remain in Winnipeg for a few days and learn for himself all about the lands offered for sale and to homestead.

There are districts that have been settled for many years in which land can be purchased. Some of this may be unbroken prairie which still possesses all the richness and productive powers of our virgin prairies. Other lands, cultivated and having comfortable farm buildings, are ready for immediate possession.

There are Provincial Government lands, Dominion Government homesteads, and railway lands to be secured.

The price of land varies from \$3 to \$40 per acre. Location with respect to railways, towns, timber and water determines the price of land.

For information regarding homesteads apply at the Dominion Land Office.

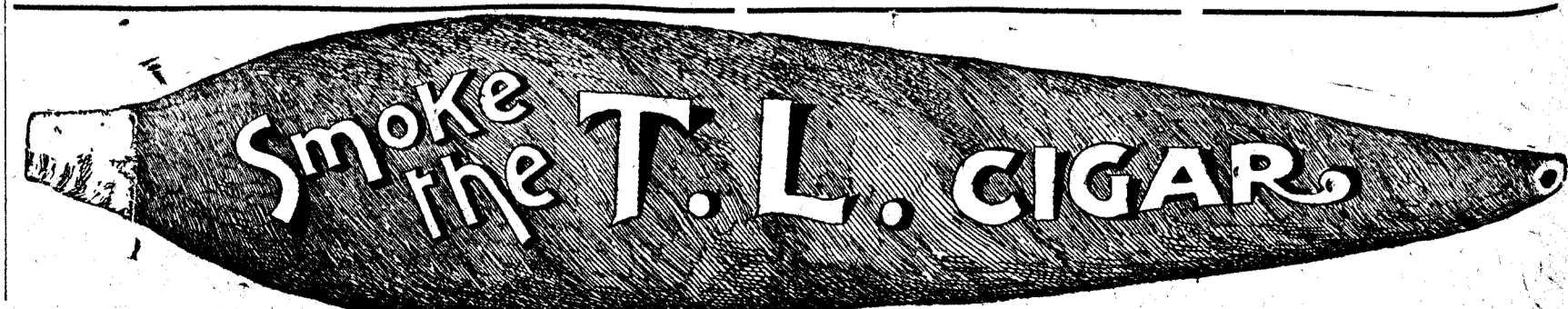
For purchase of Provincial lands apply at the Provincial Land Office in the Parliament Buildings.

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

For lands owned by private individuals apply to the various real estate agents in the city.

For situations as farm laborers apply to: **J. J. GOLDEN**

**PROVINCIAL INFORMATION BUREAU, 617 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG**



## JAPAN

(From the "Apostle of Mary", Dayton, Ohio. Translated from the French of Rev. Father Ligneul, Director of the Seminary at Tokyo, by A. W.)

This is why, without preparation and without transition, they took up contemporary civilization at the point it had reached elsewhere, and transplanted it in its entirety to their own country. Sciences, arts, industry, political systems, legislation, instruction, strategy—they took from every country of the world what was most suitable to them; not always the best, but the most renowned or the most recent. They made themselves masters of everything with an astonishing power of assimilation, and, to-day, though they are more Japanese than ever, yet ignorant of nothing that is known elsewhere, and supplied with weapons the most formidable, they have taken a place among the civilized nations, and in the present war against Russia, they do not hesitate to say that it is they that represent civilization against barbarism. In this war the entire Japanese people are making an immense effort to show what they are and what they can do, and it is, therefore, in every sense of the word a national war, and differs from what very often happens elsewhere, where the army and the government alone carry on the war. This scarcely credible enterprise and the successes thus far obtained are altogether the result of the national qualities of the Japanese, of their tradition, and of the education they have received during these thirty years.

In the meantime what has become of the Christian religion? Had the horrible persecution of the Tokugawas succeeded in destroying it? The beautiful Church of Japan, so flourishing in the beginning, and so full of hope for the future, has it perished entirely, drowned in the blood of its children? Notwithstanding a silence of more than two centuries, an invincible hope remained with some. Secret presentiments told Catholics that they still had brothers in Japan. The heart refused to believe in the final destruction of this Church which had given such energetic proofs of vitality. A great number of letters received from missionaries during the first forty years of the nineteenth century are, as it were, an echo of these preoccupations.

In 1846, Gregory XVI. re-established the Vicariate Apostolic of Japan and confided it to the Society of Foreign Missions of Paris. Two missionaries, Rev. Forcade, who died Archbishop of Aix, and Rev. Leturdu, who died prefect Apostolic of Canton, established themselves at first in the islands of Ryukyu; but after two years of fruitless attempts, they were obliged to abandon the post.

In the month of February, 1854, Commodore Perry of America, having forced the ports of Japan, commercial treaties were concluded with European nations, and especially with France in 1857. But it was only in 1861 that the missionaries could find a footing in the empire. Their position, however, was extremely precarious. Strictly confined to the two open ports, they saw themselves watched by a vigilant police, and it was almost impossible for them to approach the natives with any hope of success. Besides, the old edicts against the "Infamous Religion" still existed, and it was certain death for any Japanese who dared approach these strangers doubly suspected as Europeans and as priests. So they could do nothing but to wait the moment decreed by Almighty God and prepare for the future; and this is what the missionaries did with complete abnegation. Subsequent events have well justified their patient waiting, for at last the hour of resurrection sounded for this Church which seemed to be sleeping the sleep of death. In 1862 Pius IX. solemnly celebrated at Rome the canonization of the first martyrs of Japan, "the twenty-six" crucified at Nagasaki, February 5, 1597.

At Nagasaki, the missionaries, naturally, had been very eager to erect a church to God under the title of the "Twenty-six Martyrs," and, notwithstanding the efforts of the police, visitors came in crowds, urged on by curiosity. On Friday, the 17th of March, 1865, at about half past twelve, a group of twelve or fifteen persons, women and children, were standing at the entrance of the church, in a manner which showed something more than a mere vulgar curiosity. Mgr. Petit Jean, first Vicar Apostolic, tells us how, no doubt inspired by his guardian angel, he went to meet them. As the door of the chapel was closed, he opened it, and followed by the visitors, advanced towards the sanctuary. On reaching the tabernacle he fell on



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his knees and prayed God to inspire him with words to touch the hearts of the natives. But hardly had he finished reciting one Our Father, when three women, from fifty to sixty years of age came forward and fell on their knees beside him. One of them, with hand on her breast and in a low voice, as if she feared that the walls might hear her words, said: "The hearts of all of us here present are like yours." "Indeed," answered the priest, "but where do you come from?" "We all come from Urakami (a village four or five miles from Nagasaki) At Urakami nearly everybody has the same heart as we." And immediately the woman asked him: "Where is the image of Sancta Maria?" At this mention of the Holy Name of Sancta Maria, Mgr. Petit Jean no longer doubted that he was in the presence of the descendants of the ancient Christians of Japan. He was unable for a time to find words in which to thank God for the happiness that filled his soul. Surrounded by these Christians, but yesterday unknown, and urged by them as by children who have again found their father, he leads them to the altar of the Blessed Virgin. Following his example they all kneel down and try to pray, but joy carries them away.

"Yes, it is truly Sancta Maria!" cry they at the sight of the statue of Our Lady. "See in her arms her august Son Jesus!" From the moment that they made themselves known, the confidence they showed contrasted strangely with the manners of their pagan brothers. I had to answer all their questions, speak to them of God, 'Deus sama,' of Jesus sama, of Sancta Maria sama. ('Sama', lord, master, Mr., Mrs., etc.) The sight of Our Lady with the Infant Jesus reminded them of Christmas, which they celebrated on the 25th day of the eleventh month (old calendar). That day was just the 17th day of Lent. They also spoke of St. Joseph, the foster father of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Suddenly, in the midst of these questions and answers, a noise was heard. Some other Japanese entered the church. In an instant those who surrounded the missionary dispersed in all directions, but immediately afterwards they return to him smiling at their fright. "We have nothing to fear from those," say they; "they are people from our village; they have the same heart as we." Ere long, informed by those of Urakami, the Christians of other villages came also and made themselves known. It

(Continued on Page 6)

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1905.

### Calendar for Next Week.

- 20—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.  
St. Joachim, father of the Blessed  
Virgin. Solemnity of the Assump-  
tion.
- 21—Monday—St. Jane Frances de  
Chantal, Widow, Foundress of the  
Order of the Visitation.
- 22—Tuesday—Octave of the Assump-  
tion.
- 23—Wednesday—St. Philip Beniti, Con-  
fessor. Vigil.
- 24—Thursday—St. Bartholomew,  
Apostle.
- 25—Friday—St. Louis, King of France.
- 26—Saturday—St. Bernard, Abbot,  
Founder of the Cistercians (trans-  
ferred from the 20th inst).

### MASSACRE ISLAND

As we publish this week, under the heading, "That Long Pull," an account of a visit to Massacre Island in the Lake of the Woods, and as His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, accompanied by Father Blain, S.J. Hon. Judge Prud'homme and others, leaves next week to explore more thoroughly that historic scene of the violent death of Father Aulneau, S.J., Jean de la Verendrye and nineteen other white men in June 1736, we think it advisable to relate the little that is known of this terrible tragedy. Our account is taken chiefly from Miss Laut's "Pathfinders of the West," pages 210-214, with some additions based on information still more accurate than Miss Laut's carefully collected details.

When Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Verendrye, who ultimately discovered the Red River Valley, left Montreal on his second journey to the west, in 1735, he took with him as chaplain Father Aulneau, S.J., who had come from France to Canada the previous year and who was then thirty years of age. They reached the Lake of the Woods in September and spent the

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winter at Fort St. Charles, the ruins of which were discovered in September, 1902, by Mgr. Langevin, Rev. Dr. Beliveau, Father Blain, S.J., Fathers Beaudin and Thibaudeau, O.M.I., and Judge Prud'homme. During the winter of 1735-6 food was scanty. By spring De la Verendrye and his men were reduced to most slender rations. His sons Jean and Pierre arrived on June 2 from Fort Maurepas with the sad news that De la Jemmerie had died three weeks before on his way down to aid De la Verendrye. The latter decided to send back three canoes with his son Jean and nineteen voyageurs to Michilimackinac for food and powder. Father Aulneau, S.J., who was extremely conscientious, and who, not having seen a fellow priest for the greater part of a year, wished to go to confession, accompanied the boatmen. They embarked hurriedly on the 8th of June, 1736. The Crees had always been friendly, and when the boatmen landed on a sheltered island twenty miles from Fort St. Charles to camp for the night, no sentry was stationed. An early start was to be made in the morning and a furious pace to be kept up all the way to Lake Superior, and the voyageurs were presently sound asleep on the sand. Seventeen Sioux, who, having seen the camp-fire casting its long lines of light through the darkness had reconnoitred, stepped from their canoes and looked out upon the unsuspecting sleepers. Then the Indians as noiselessly slipped back to their canoes to carry word of their discovery to a band of marauders.

Something had occurred at Fort Charles without M. de la Verendrye's knowledge. Hilarious with their new possession of fire-arms, and perhaps, also, mad with the brandy of which Father Aulneau had complained, a few mischievous Crees had fired from the fort on wandering Sioux of the prairie. "Who—fire—on—us?" demanded the outraged Sioux.

"The French," laughed the Crees. The Sioux at once went back to a band of one hundred and thirty warriors. "Tigers of the Plains" the Sioux were called, and now the tigers' blood was up. They set out to slay the first white man seen. By chance, he was one Bourassa, commanding four men,

who had started from Fort St. Charles for the east on June 2. Taking him captive, they had tied him to burn him, when a slave squaw rushed out crying: "What would you do? This Frenchman is a friend of the Sioux! He saved my life! If you desire to be avenged, go farther on. You will find a camp of Frenchmen, among whom is the son of the white chief." The voyageur was at once unbound, and scouts scattered to find the white men. These were the Sioux who discovered the party asleep on the island, and immediately carried the news to the marauding warriors. Not one of the victims survived to tell the tale. But a few days later some Indians of the Sault (Sautaux) came upon the camping ground of the French. The heads of the white men lay on a beaver skin. All had been scalped. Father Aulneau was on his knees, as if in prayer. An arrow projected from his head. His left hand was on the earth, fallen forward, his right hand uplifted, invoking Divine aid. Young Jean de la Verendrye lay face down, his back hacked to pieces, a spear sunk in his waist, the headless body mockingly decorated with porcupine quills. "So died," writes Miss Laut, "one of the bravest of the young nobility in New France."

The Sautaux erected a cairn of stones over the bodies of the dead. All that was known of the massacre was vague Indian gossip. The Sioux reported that they had not intended to murder the priest, but a crazy brained fanatic had shot the fatal arrow and broken from restraint, weapon in hand.

Father du Jaunay, S.J., writing from Michilimackinac to Madame Aulneau, the bereaved mother, in 1739 (the Aulneau Collection, 1734-1745, edited by the Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., Montreal, 1893), adds that "scarcely had the deed been perpetrated when a deafening clap of thunder struck terror into the whole band of Sioux. They fled the spot, believing that Heaven was incensed at what they had done." Father de Gonnor, S.J., relates that one of the Sautaux who found the bodies took possession of Father Aulneau's calotte (skull-cap), remarking that, poor as he was, he would not part with it for a thousand crowns.

It was the twentieth of June when the afflicted father got the first news of his son's death. On the 17th of September he sent six men to disinter the bodies of Father Aulneau and of Jean de la Verendrye, which he, on their return, interred in the chapel of Fort St. Charles with the heads of the other Frenchmen. Probably the reason why all the other bodies were not disinterred was the difficulty of transporting so many corpses in canoes. At any rate the bodies of the nineteen others are supposed to be still buried somewhere on the real scene of the massacre, which, by the way, is not what is generally marked as "Massacre Island" on the maps of the Lake of the Woods, but another island not marked on the maps and situate at 49° 17' N. latitude and 94° 46' W. longitude, a mile west of Bay Island and four miles north of Bear Island. A party of Jesuits, among whom was Father Blain, planted on the real scene of the massacre, in 1890, a large cross which is still standing. One of the objects of His Grace's exploring expedition next week is to discover, if possible, the bones of the nineteen Frenchmen buried there in 1736. Father Belcourt, a celebrated missionary, stationed at Pembina, visited this island in 1843, and gathered on the spot the tradition of the massacre from the lips of an Indian whose father had helped to prepare a sepulchre for Father Aulneau's remains. Father Belcourt says he saw a tumulus or mound marking the tragic spot. This mound must have been made by the six men who unearthed the bodies of Father Aulneau and Jean de la Verendrye and the heads of the others, for the process of disinterment must have scattered the cairn built by the Sautaux. All lovers of Canadian history will eagerly await the result of the exploring party's labors next week.

### NO LEGALIZED UNION LABEL FOR CANADA

The efforts of the Labor Unions of Canada to secure legislation similar to that in force in the United States have not met with much encouragement, in fact, the results of advanced labor legislation across the line have given to the Canadian Parliament the very best reasons for refusing to pass the Union Label Bill.

The Unions never made a harder fight to have their label legalized than they did this session. This was necessary because the danger of the legislation is becoming more fully appreciated. But in spite of the favorable consideration labor legislation is always entitled to, and always receives, the Unions have again been given notice that Canada is a free country, and that class legislation of this nature will not be tolerated.

The Label Bill was before the Dominion Parliament from January 30th to June 27th, on which date the Banking and Commerce Committee decided to report to the Senate that it was not expedient to pass the Bill. For this five months the Labor Unions have been continuously represented at Ottawa, and they have spared no effort.

When it was before the House of Commons the discussion showed that it was regarded as dangerous, and its application was limited by making it apply only to incorporated unions. It did not, however, in its amended form, find favor with the Senate, and the Banking and Commerce Committee, after listening to the argument on behalf of the Unions, and on behalf of the

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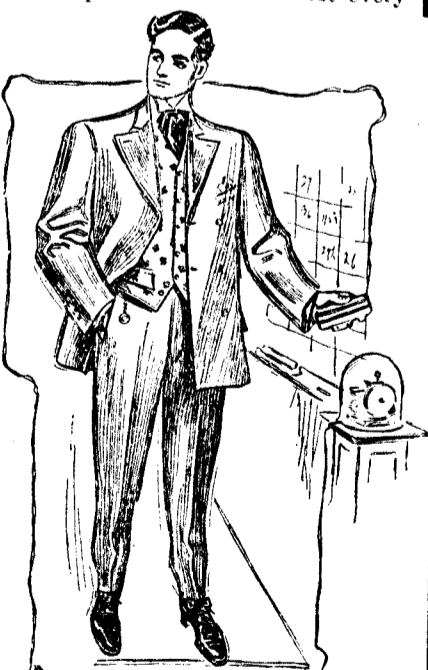
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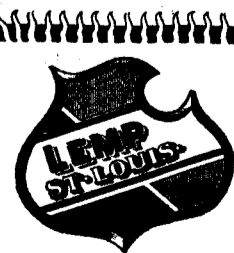
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THAT LONG PULL

A few more particulars about the rowing expedition of our three teachers will surely not be unwelcome to their friends.

Their objective point was Massacre Island, some fifty miles from Kenora on the southern border of the Lake of the Woods, and within touch of the American boundary line. Thus the daring explorers, starting from Aulneau Island, a little south of Kenora, had to plough through the whole breadth of a vast expanse of water, where an endless maze of islands of every size and description, from the floating shrub to the towering forest, makes it extremely easy to get hopelessly lost. An old captain, a missionary, and all the wise heads said that such a cruise was out of the question, it could not possibly be attempted, at least without an Indian guide; then there would be high waves, squalls, accidents, mosquitoes, and sundry other attractions.

Nothing daunted by these comforting forebodings, on Tuesday July 11th, at 6.15 a.m. Fathers Bellavance, de Mangleere, and Leclair pulled off in an ordinary row boat, two at the oars and one at the tiller. Their impedimenta consisted of five days' rations, blankets, a saucepan, an axe, a chart, a compass and a rifle.

With a few vigorous sweeps they had disappeared around Treaty Island from the gaze of their cheering comrades.

Once clear of Treaty the party headed due south, putting Scotty to port and Manitou to starboard within an hour and a half. No Indian will ever set his foot on Manitou, the Evil One's lofty banks, for under the shadow of those gaunt pine trees was perpetrated some awful murder, and now, thinks the savage's untutored mind, the place is haunted. Yet many is the time we have moored our boats and taken a nap here without ever being annoyed by lurking spirits. Mass, it is true, has been said here and a rustic cross raised on its topmost summit. This, perhaps, awes them away.

9.08. First halt at Oliver Island, remarkable for its luxuriant growth of ferns. Here the voyageurs ate a bite and off they were again. All was plain sailing or rather rowing as far as Crescent Island.

About midday the doleful neighborhood of Quandary Bay only too plainly asserted itself on our would-be pilots, for they soon were in a quandary indeed. Kennedy Island was just edging off on their right. Should they hug Kennedy or hold a more southerly course? Compass and chart pointed the latter way and one rower was ready to pit them against all odds. The other two, less sanguine, sought information from a group of Indians who were blessed with a singularly limited English vocabulary. It amounted, it seems, to the unvocalized syllable h...m and a shake of the head.

However, this was construed to mean west not south. "Here now," they said to the compass man, "let us trust the voice of nature, these Indians know best." "Did he understand you?" questioned the other. So betwixt the defender of the scientific needle and the followers of natural man there arose a dispute in which number carried the day and science came off second best. The course was altered, but soon they found they had taken oars "against a sea of troubles." They went bumping into issueless bays, they floundered about for hours, they worked themselves into a long, narrow waterway (evidently Tranquil Channel). There they were ploughing away, the sun growing lower and their spirits too. They felt they were going more and more astray, when towards nightfall Providence came to their rescue in the shape of a lighthouse. It was too far off to reach before dark, so they proposed turning in for the night. Quite an unceremonious operation under the circumstances. It consisted in mooring to a half-sunken stump off an islet between Royal and the lighthouse, so as to be out of mosquito range, and then lying down in the

bottom of the boat, snugly rolled up in a blanket. Thus ended the first day's pull, the hardest, as they were not yet broken in.

Towards three a.m. the tired sleepers were startled to find themselves rocked about in a most alarming fashion. It was blowing great guns, and their couches seemed to have lost their centre of gravity. They accordingly weighed anchor, beached their boat and slept off the night on the island.

The first move at 9 a.m. was to the lighthouse for information. The master was away, but the wife, it seems, filled his place with a vengeance. She was a squaw, such a mountainous piece of squaw flesh, that were a symmetrical distribution of avoirdupois to bear off the palm of beauty, 'tis doubtful whether any Parisian belle could be found to enter the lists against her. The sylvan beauty volunteered but one piece of information; yonder stretch of land to the north was Bishop's point. This settled all their qualms, their way lay clear before them, all they had to do was to fall in with the steamboat track and ply south, then south-east through a shoal of islands, till rounding Coste Island on the left, they entered the Tug Channel. Thenceforth piloting was mere child's play. Like a long, even river stretches out the Channel. Eastward is the mainland, an unbroken shore, save for McPherson Bay. The western bank is Falcon Island, the largest in the lake, peopled by a solitary inhabitant, Mr. Dahm, whose farm house stands out in full view half way down the channel. A mile or so before Dahm's is a cluster of small islands. One of these was selected by the party as an appropriate lunching place towards 1 p.m. Another three hours pull landed them on Gardiner Island for a hasty supper at 5.30. Soon after Bay Island with its numberless indentations was overhauled. And now Massacre looms up before them; only two miles and they will have reached the goal of their ambition. But during the day the wind had risen and by this time a strong gale is driving the white-capped waves into their faces. Stiff work ahead and no relieving each other in the angry waters. Still it were hard to back out after such persevering labour. So they nerve themselves for "a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull all together."

An experienced helmsman is tacking, for tremendous billows are running across their bows, and to be caught amidships by one of them, would send boat and crew to Davy Jones's locker. But the helmsman's steady eye is on the great rollers, he rides over them, and, as they dash past, leaving a smooth trail behind them, he edges closer to the island, and then veers round again for the next comber.

So slow was their progress, that it was 7 p.m. before they alighted on Massacre Island. Soon they began making their way through thickly tangled woods to a good prospect point in the centre, where a stately cross commemorates the tragic events of two centuries ago.

Once seen this weird island is never forgotten. Everything is strange about it, even its form.

A smooth, crescent-shaped, sandy beach on the Canadian side, it then shoots up suddenly towards the middle and drops in a precipitous, frowning rock on the American boundary line. With its dense, outlying forests, its craggy heights and dark, mysterious ravines, what a suggestive spot for the ambush and wholesale butchery of Father Aulneau, a son of Laverendrye, and nineteen Frenchmen in 1736!

Never will you catch an Indian lurking round this place. He shuns the very neighborhood, and avoids all mention of his forefathers' crime. Even less superstitious minds might well dread camping out here; such ghastly memories slumber under the shadow of yonder trees.

The wind had by this time abated, and the waves spent their fury, so after half an hour's survey and a short prayer at the foot of the cross, our triumphant explorers determined to set out on their homeward journey.

The sun went down before they were safe in the Tug Channel, but by the beautiful moonlit night the silver tinged shores were still discernible. Not a sound was heard save the oars falling with even measure on the calm slightly rippled waters, shimmering with stars. How soothing after the experiences of the afternoon! Such rapturous stillness as when the Spirit of God moved over the waters.

At 11 p.m. they made the little islet above Dahm's, where they had previously lunched. If they looked forward to a good night's rest they were in for disappointment. All their attempts at sleep were signally defeated. Blankets and clothes had been drenched by the waves, then, to complete their discomfort, all the mosquitoes in

creation seemed to have got wind of their coming and organized a "powwow." Against such fearful odds does battle rage till daylight doth appear.

At 6 a.m. (Thursday) the broken forces are in full retreat up channel. An hour after, they were squeezing through French Portage. By a "portage" is generally meant a strip of land between two waterways, over which a boat must be carried. This year, however, owing to the rise of the lake, there was found a navigable gully some fifty feet long.

8.15. Half an hour's rest and breakfast at the mouth of the long canal.

11.30-12.30. Halt and roam about Crescent.

1.30 p.m. Lunch and much needed nap.

4.30. Last spurt. Home via Devil's Gap.

8 p.m. The helmsman fires a salute of one gun to signal the party's safe return.

Thus taking into count the first day's wanderings, considerably over a hundred miles had been rowed in less than three days.

L. L. D.

Mrs. B.—I suppose you find your daughter very much improved by her

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Mrs. Proudmother—La, yes! Mary Elizabeth is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently impoverishes music. But she ain't a bit stuck up—she's unamissive to everybody.

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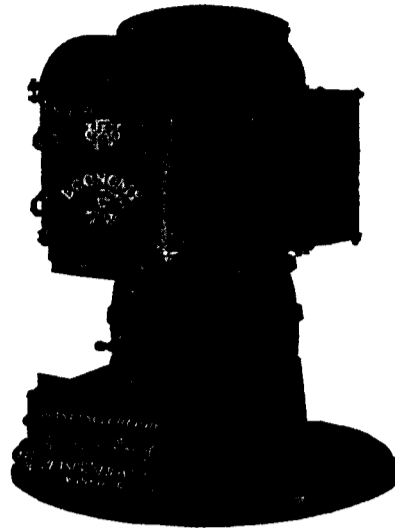
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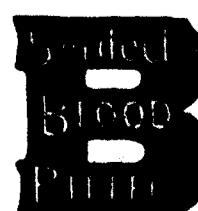
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## JAPAN

(From the "Apostle of Mary," Dayton, Ohio. Translated from the French of Rev. Father Lignoul, Director of the Seminary at Tokyo, by A. W.)

Continued from page 3

is interesting to-day to study how they succeeded in concealing themselves, how they were organized among themselves to keep their faith, and with what fidelity they preserved it. (See "La Religion de J. C. au Japon," by Rev. Marnas.)

Moreover, those Christians had never lost hope that other missionaries would come to them sooner or later. Their former missionary Fathers had promised them this, and they patiently waited. Nor did they wait in vain. And what is more remarkable, the three principal signs by which they recognized the newcomers to be of the true church were, the worship of Mary, obedience to the Pope of Rome, and ecclesiastical celibacy.

The Church of Japan was found again. Notwithstanding the atrocity of a persecution lasting three centuries, notwithstanding the absence of priests for 180 years, thousands of Japanese, without altars, without public worship, remained faithful to their religion. This is one of the most wonderful examples of vitality to be found in the annals of the Apostolate.

A final trial was in store for this resurrected church. In spite of all the precautions taken, the secret could not be kept. A new persecution broke out. From 1868 till 1873, six or eight thousand Christians were deported, separated from their families, and subjected to all kinds of tortures. Nearly two thousand died in prison as a result of harsh treatment. The nations of Europe whose representatives were in Japan, were moved to action by these cruelties. The Protestant ambassadors were the first to complain with great energy. The Japanese government put an end to the persecution, set free the faithful who were prisoners for their faith, and, in fact, suppressed the edicts against the Christians after having them removed from public places and from the highways, under the pretext that, being posted up for so long a time, they were now known well enough. Exterioirly there was peace. The struggle henceforth was in the minds and hearts of the people, and there it still abides.

Availing themselves of the comparative tolerance accorded to them, the missionaries courageously set to work. On the 5th August, 1867, the new church in Tokyo, today the Archbishop's Cathedral, was solemnly blessed. A Japanese military band, graciously offered by the minister of war, furnished the music for the occasion. In 1880 three travelling missionaries, decorated with the title of "ambulant missionaries," could each, by means of passports, often renewed, travel through several provinces, and there sow the good seed of the gospel.

Little by little, the desire to figure among the civilized nations and to enjoy their privileges, at least in international affairs, took possession of the Japanese minds, and turned them completely from their traditions, and prejudices of the past. By a decree of 1884, the government removed from the religious sects of the country nearly all official character. Buddhism and Shintoism found themselves abandoned to their own strength before the zeal and rival propagation of Protestantism (German, English and American), Russian Schism and the Catholic Church. According to the terms of the law, there was no more any state religion. This was a great step towards liberty.

During the epoch from 1884 to 1892, the progress of the Catholic faith was the most rapid. Then all Japan was influenced by things foreign. Religion interested the Japanese as much as everything else. It was a great novelty for them to see foreigners travelling about under the protection of the government, preaching the Religion of Jesus Christ publicly, even in the presence of the police. This fact alone indicated that a revolution had taken place in the country, and in the minds of the people. Christianity was, therefore, not the infamous religion they thought it was. The most resolute embraced it with a sort of enthusiasm. From that epoch dates the largest number of conversions made outside the stronghold of the ancient Christians. This happy movement was also aided by an unexpected event. His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. spontaneously appointed Mgr. Osouf, then Vicar Apostolic, now Archbishop of Tokyo, to present a letter from His Holiness to H.I.M. the Emperor of Japan. This letter was presented in solemn audience on September 12, 1885. His Holiness

directly expressed to the Emperor how much he appreciated the noble aspirations of his government, and testified also the particular sentiments which animated him in regard to His August Person. H.M. the Emperor, in responding, expressed his great satisfaction at the kind and friendly act of the Sovereign Pontiff, and charged His Grace to offer to the Pope expressions of his thanks. He affirmed his desire to continue to follow the road of progress, and his will to grant his Christian subjects a protection equal to that shown to the others. Ever since that moment his solemn promise has never been broken by a single act. On the contrary, the Emperor and his government have rather shown themselves particularly kind on every occasion.

The Constitution of the Empire of Japan was solemnly promulgated on February 11, 1889. By Article 28 of this Constitution the Emperor "grants freedom of religious belief to all Japanese subjects, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects." It is impossible to express the general rejoicing that followed this proclamation, particularly in Tokyo. Nor did the Christians remain behind in this manifestation of general joy. Besides hailing, like others, an event looked forward to with impatience for years, they, too, at the same time rejoiced to see fall the legal barriers erected against the free exercise of their religion.

Ten years later, in 1899, a definitive era commenced for the Empire of the Rising Sun. As a crowning of her efforts and her progress, Japan was admitted into the concert of civilized nations, and thus the government and Japanese people have finally obtained their end. By the treaties of 1854 and the following years, concluded with the Christian powers, foreigners were not subject to Japanese jurisdiction, but remained amenable to their respective consuls. Such a clause deeply wounded the national pride of Japan, and for more than twenty years all possible means were employed and exhausted to do away with, and spare her, this humiliation. In 1899 Japanese legislation being altogether transformed, and the tribunals established on the model of those of Europe, all former treaties were revised and concluded on new bases. The new treaties went into effect for some nationalities on July 17th, and on the 4th of the following August for all the others. Then Japan was a country completely open. Passports are a thing of the past. Strangers, missionaries, merchants and tourists can circulate freely, and establish themselves at their liking. On the other hand, they are subjected to the laws and jurisdiction of Japan. In a country where personal considerations and money discreetly offered plays such an important role, foreigners may well hesitate before deciding whether they ought to congratulate themselves on this change or not.

With regard to the Christian religion in general, it may be said that, provided the common laws relating to furniture and real estate and to persons, be removed, the legislation takes no cognizance of Christianity. With regard to the Catholics in particular, be they Japanese or foreigners, they are treated as would be anybody else, without regard to religion. Concerning the missionaries, the Minister of the Interior has prescribed with great precision, the formalities to be complied with and the regulations to be observed with regard to themselves and their work of evangelization. These regulations in their minute details, placed in the hands of ill-disposed persons, could easily become an obstacle in the way of effective propaganda. But, fortunately, until the present moment nothing of the kind has happened. Apart from a few difficulties proceeding rather from the inexperience of the employees than from the malevolence of the government, we may say, in summing up, that ever since religious liberty has been granted by the Constitution, we cannot cite a single law nor a single act on the part of the government having for aim to withdraw, restrain or counteract this liberty. (See Catholic Review of Institutions and Law, June, 1904.)

(to be continued)

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# DION AND THE SYBILS

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

Yonder came one whom Roman soldier had not seen for forty years, but who, in the generation preceding that of the legionaries at this moment listlessly watching his vehicle, had been the master of armies, and a sovereign among the sovereigns of the world. Arriving where Thellus and a group of the escort were waiting for the party in the grove, the vehicle stopped, and an old man of stately presence descended from it and said:

"Becurion, I have heard in Rome that the new military tribune, Paulus Aemilius, had not yet returned from the north, but was on his way; doubtless, you can tell me where I shall find him."

"Sir," said Thellus, "I am more than a decurion, though still wearing the dress. Yonder stands the young tribune Paulus under the yew-tree."

Meanwhile the party in the grove had recognized Marcus Lepidus, the ex-triunvir; and his nephew, hearing Aclais and Dionysius pronounce the name for, as the reader will remember, Paulus himself had never seen him, ran to meet and salute his uncle, and led him to the place where Aclais and the Greek were. In answer to immediate enquiries about Agatha, Lepidus told at great length, and in all its details, a catastrophe which we will recount merely in outline and in its issue.

Under a cliff, about a mile north of Lepidus's castle, a little creek ran into the shore out of the Tyrrhenian sea. The beach here was rich in shells, which Agatha took delight in gathering. One day at noon, he had accompanied her to this favorite resort, and while she amused herself in picking and sorting her treasures, he sat down in the shade with his back to the rock, and awaited her fatigue, while he took out Livy's History, of which he was in the habit of perusing a chapter every day and began to read. Thus seated and moving respectively, sheltered from the whole world, the cliff behind and the sea before they were so placed that his niece as she explored the shingles hither and thither, was sometimes in view and sometimes not. He had no suspicion of danger, and least of all of the particular danger which was impending. Once or twice, a considerable interval—say ten minutes—having passed without seeing her, he had turned his head, not from uneasiness, but curiosity, and had each time found that she was busy at her innocent work, only she had shifted the ground of her explorations a little. At last, when a quarter of an hour had intervened since he had seen her he looked round and discovered her nowhere.

He called and she answered not.

Ascending the small cliff, he failed to see her anywhere on land, but he beheld a boat of six oars at some distance up the coast, pulling swiftly north along shore, and in the boat he thought he could discern a female figure. Agatha, and he had stayed so long at the little creek, that the short winter daylight was now waning. There was no shore road by which, even were he young and vigorous, he could have run; the ground on the contrary was rough; the sea line was curved, several little inlets indenting the shore; and, finally, could he even have overtaken the boat he was alone. He was obliged to return to the castle, and, by means of his slaves, to cause inquiries along the roads and cross roads to be made, going forth himself that evening and all night in a carriage. He spent the next day similarly. All his efforts were fruitless. No trace, no news of his niece could be obtained. He, therefore, knew nothing better, and nothing else to do, than to hasten with his melancholy tidings to Aclais and Paulus.

As the four persons present agreed, after a short discussion, in a complete certainty that this was the work of Tiberius, Dionysius was asked whether he could not lay the facts before Augustus, and secure his intervention. He replied at once that, while there was no proof which he would not give them of his zeal in such a cause, all hope from the plan suggested must be thrown aside. First, whatever their own moral certainty might be, to advance such a charge against Tiberius Caesar, without having the smallest chance of making it good, would not only fail to work Agatha's deliverance, but would ensure the death of every one taking part in the accusation; secondly, Augustus was now sick and not to be approached.

"Well then, Germanicus?" said Paulus.

"A comparatively mean person, and

ordinary knight," said the ex-triunvir, could compel Tiberius to surrender the damsel if that knight could clearly show to the people, and to the soldiers, that Tiberius knew where she was, and had her in his power. Failing the means to show this, and to show it in a plain and patent way, Augustus himself, not to talk of Germanicus, would be unable to assist us.

Paulus took Thellus into the secret, and Thellus swore a voluntary solemn oath that if they could once learn where Paulus's sister was imprisoned, he would raise all the gladiators in Rome, and follow Paulus with them, whithersoever he should lead, and, if they had to burn the whole capital to do it, would rescue his sister.

"Flames shall not stay us," he cried, "by such acts fell the kings of Rome in former times, and by the same this tyrant shall come down too. Nay," continued he, "it is not the gladiators alone whom we can call to the doing; let the troops who know you, know this. Why Germanicus could now become master of the world. But, enough, I wonder beyond what touches us. Let us try, however, young tribune, what effect this talk is likely to have upon the hearts of valiant men; tell it to Longinus and Chaerius."

"Think you?" asked Paulus.

"Yes," replied Thellus, "they will both follow you to death—Longinus because he hates villainy in itself; and Chaerius, because he hates tyrants."

Paulus made the experiment. It proved Thellus to be right. Thellus was indeed a man who, however lowly placed, would, by his valor, eloquence, natural genius and capacity for influencing masses of human beings, but for that child of his poor Alba, but for his Prudentia making home bright and the world distasteful, have been the leader of some grand uprising; military at first political in the end.

"Surely," said Thellus, "we shall quickly learn where your dear sister lies cruelly hidden among her enemies from all her friends."

"And how, dear friend?" asked Paulus, resting his clinched right hand upon the mighty shoulder of the former arena-knight.

"You remember Claudius, the freedman of Tiberius, who, thanks to you, instead of rotting now in the earth, after a horrible death is about to marry Beigna; he will tell us."

"Let us then hasten to Rome," said Paulus.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

That night, when his mother, with her faithful old slave, Melma, had been comfortably lodged in a house of Thellus's selection, the following slight but formidable steps were taken:

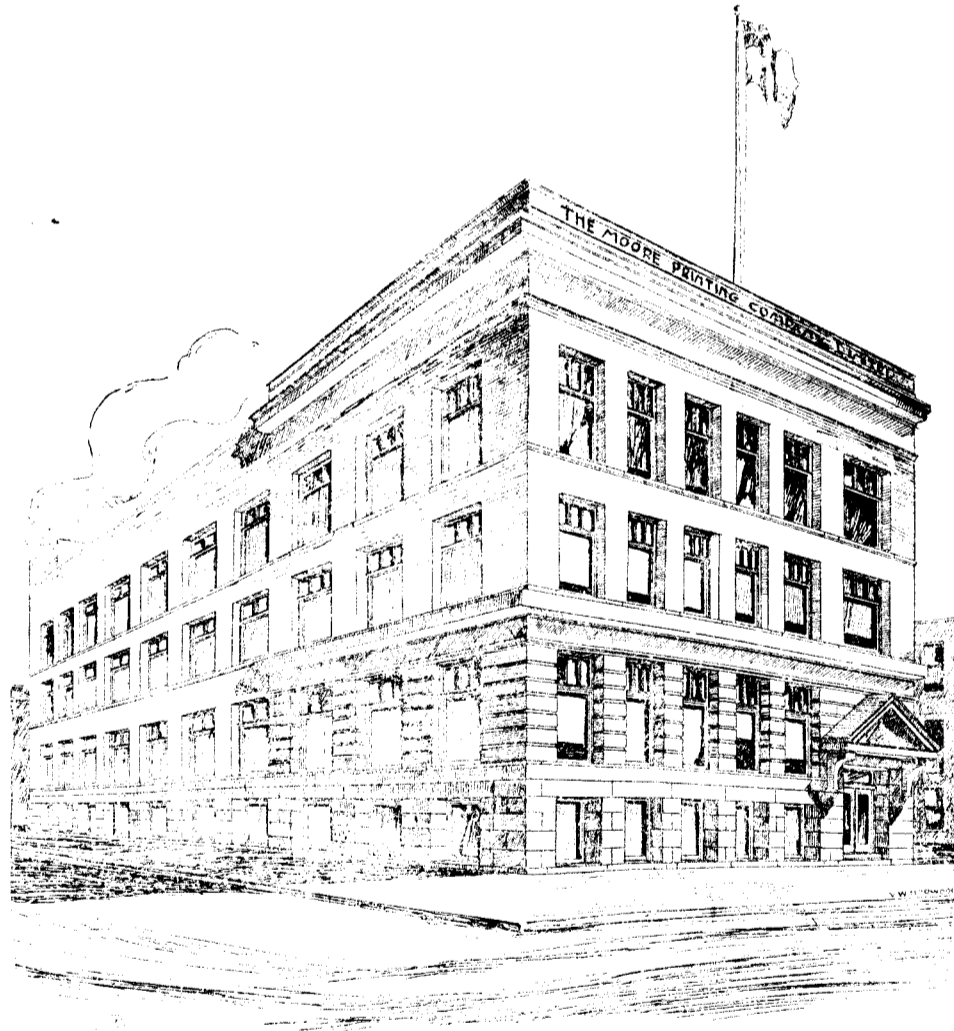
First, Cassius Chaerius and Longinus went forth to visit various military posts throughout the city, and disseminate news of the heart-moving tragedy in which Paulus's beautiful young sister was to be the innocent chief sufferer, and of which Tiberius Caesar had begun to enact the cruel reality. Secondly, Dionysius proceeded to the palace of Germanicus Caesar (to whom Paulus had duly reported his arrival) to disclose to that able, powerful and well-disposed prince the dark story of Agatha; and to represent that the popularity of young Paulus, and the general hatred and fear felt for Tiberius; the excitement of a recent victory, to which no "triumph" had been awarded; the beauty and innocence of the youthful lady against whom a Tarquinian outrage so audacious had been perpetrated; the intrinsic atrocity and heinousness of the whole affair; the indirect insult to Germanicus himself, involving the affronting and oppressing the last representative of a noble line known to be under his protection; the glory acquired by the noble youth, his staff officer, of whose absence in battle so vile an advantage had been taken by the remorseless and shameless tyrant—were all combining to agitate the army in Rome, and to work up the soldiery into a state of indignation truly dangerous, in which a single word from an influential man, or but a clinched hand lifted on high, would create a volcanic uprising that would shatter the whole frame of the Roman empire into dust.

(To be Continued.)

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### BARRY'S HERALDS OF REVOLT

Reviewing a new work by that brilliant writer and acute thinker, Rev. Dr. Barry, the "Tablet" says:

In this book (Heralds of Revolt: Studies in Modern Literature and Dogma, By William Barry, D.D., London: Hodder & Stoughton) Dr. Barry has again demonstrated not only his immense reading and perfect familiarity with all the typical figures of modern literature, but also a full and sympathetic comprehension of their spirit, and of the meaning and tendency of the modern Humanistic movement. We may trace in these pages its gradual development from the mild misgiving of Amiel to the truculent intolerance of a Nietzsche, in whom it surely reduces itself to its last absurdity, the primal egoistic savage, naked and unashamed. And as in large, so in little, we may trace its effects in the progressive devastation of the individual life, the dolorous passage and hopeless ends of so many of these joyless heralds of sad tidings. The Catholic reader could have no better and safer introduction to Goethe and Heine, Flaubert and Gautier, Symonds and Pater, Richepin and Nietzsche, and many other significant and influential writers, whom he is bound to meet and have an answer for. By such writings Dr. Barry is doing a great and much-needed work. English Catholics are perhaps a little too apt to dwell in the past, to fight again the old fights—in Carlyle's phrase, to be 'slaying extinct Satans.' Yet since the great days of Newman 'much water has flowed under the bridges.' New problems have arisen, and more terrible adversaries, before whom Catholic and Protestant may well call temporary truce. It is well to rehearse the old conflicts of Reformation and Renaissance times, but also not to forget that the same conflict is waging to-day in deadlier form. The new adversary is still the old: but 'a glorious devil, large in heart and brain,' he comes with more seductive smile and keener thrust. And so with the old allies: the world, that masks as culture, the flesh that masks as art. Dr. Barry sets himself to strip off these disguises. He does well to steep himself in all the learning of the 'Egyptians.' He knows that, though the sling and stone will still prevail, only by the giant's own sword will his head be severed from his shoulders.

The book is composed of a number of articles contributed to the Dublin and Quarterly Reviews. Catholics will feel a special interest in the paper on

'John Inglesant,' and its account of the adventures of the hero's soul among all manner of contending creeds: Puritanism, Anglicanism, Platonism, the Materialism of Hobbes, the Quietism of Molinos, the Catholicism which to the writer was typified by worldly, epicurean cardinals and Macchiavellian Jesuits (artistically foiled by an unworldly Benedictine of Douay). Dr. Barry has no difficulty in showing how the whole book is vitiated by that incurable, popular superstition of the intriguing, unprincipled Jesuit, to whom 'the end justifies the means,' 'the great Protestant Brazen Legend,' as he happily terms it.

'Two distorted figures, like Titanic Caryatides, bear the immense edifice upon their shoulders—Macchiavelli the Jesuit, Aristophanes the cardinal. They must be taken as types, not accidents of the Catholic religion; otherwise, indeed, the story is somewhat out of date and its argument a fallacy. Demolish these sons of Atlas, and the Temple of Iniquity must fall: it will be seen as a caricature or cloud-phantom, a little dubious sunshine reflected in grotesque combinations upon miles of mist. Where, then, we ask, do these Jesuit unbelievers—these cardinals that, like Roman augurs, never look one another in the face without smiling; these religious that die for their faith, but count it a mockery—inhabit in the world's annals? We are afraid that he wove the threads together in the famous loom a priori; by combining Jesuit maxims misunderstood with traditional legends never verified.'

Not only here but throughout the book we notice the strange unwilling fascination which the 'Church of Rome' exerts upon its fiercest foes, and that in its most uncompromising and frankly anti-humanistic and antinaturalistic aspect.

"The strongest of all the motives that lead to Rome is," Inglesant declares, "the craving after the sacrifice of the Mass." Words that unveil the depths of human nature; for the Mass involves the Church and the whole sacramental system; and what becomes then of our ethereal Platonism, which clings to no one symbol more than another?"

And of Carlyle, with all his Puritan hatred of form and vesture, the preacher of the abortive 'Exodus from Houndsditch,' we read in perhaps the finest and most searching of these studies:

'It was a frequent saying of his that the saints were the best men he knew; that a peasant Saint would be of more consequence in Europe to-day than all its fleets and armies; and that the divinest symbol was still 'the peasant of

Galilee,' by whom had been bequeathed to us the Religion of Sorrow. Carlyle dwelt far from the Catholic Church. When its accents smote upon his ear in the cathedral at Bruges, he could but mutter that it was 'grand idolatrous music.' Yet he confessed to Mr. Froude that the Mass was the only genuine relic of religious worship left among us. A suggestive word, deserving of our deepest meditation.'

And Amiel, the Hamlet of speculation who starved himself on the husks of Hegelian metaphysics, who would "Sit as God, holding no form of creed. But contemplating all—"

"Man must have a religion," Amiel repeats—"is not the Christian the best, after all? The religion of sin, repentance and reconciliation, of the new birth and the life everlasting." A powerful argument in a few words! But it is the substance of Christian apologetics, old or new.

### A SHOOTING STAR

Sir Robert Ball, who is the world's greatest living astronomer, told a London audience some interesting facts about meteorites and shooting stars. In describing the origin of meteorites he said that millions of years ago when the earth was an infant at play and volcanoes were giants, the meteors were thrown up in infant convulsions. Some of the earth's discarded rocks returned at once, but those which were flung upward at a rate of speed greater than seven miles a second passed beyond the earth's gravitating influence and sought paths of their own, no one could tell whither. And then, after millions of years, they once more came within the reach of the world, and old Mother Earth resumed her sway, took back the rocks to her bosom, and the astronomers said a meteorite had fallen. Sir Robert asked his hearers to imagine a wrapping of some hundred miles of air round the earth's surface. Now just in the same way that a gimlet boring its way into wood becomes warm, so a bullet going 20 miles a minute would become extremely warm in boring its way through twenty miles of air. And in the same way that a bullet became warm, so a meteorite travelling 10,000 times as fast as a bullet travelling at this speed perhaps for hundreds of years through realms of space whose paralyzing cold was indescribable and finding itself at last plunging through the warm bath of the air, became hotter and hotter and hotter. It glowed, it became white-hot, it melted, it dissolved in a burst of gaseous splendor, and observers on the earth cried, "Why, there's a shooting star!"

### RIGHT POISE

The exclamation point in conversation or in life, betrays emotional lack of balance and waste of energy. Poise reserves itself for the right occasion, and emphasizes important things without the need of exclamation. In other words it saves its owner from unnecessary words or acts, and prepares her for necessary ones. Unless one has an aim in life, poise is never really attained. It is not mere repose. It is the collecting and balancing of one's forces. A well-known modern doctor asserts that a woman with a perfect bodily carriage is "always noted for exceptional power, either mental or physical, but generally both." If this is true of bodily poise, what power must come from the right poise and aim of the whole nature.—Ex.

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