



## CURRENT COMMENT

The outlook for the Barr colony, which was welcomed the other day with such exaggerated praise, does not seem so promising now that the resources and dispositions of the colonists are becoming better known. Many of them are already penniless, and yet the only work open to them is manual unskilled labor, to which they are not accustomed. Most of them seem to belong to that English middle class which has just enough snobbishness to ape its betters and condemn whatever is not English, and not enough of the old gentry spirit to buckle to and work hard on a farm.

Seeing this disheartening outlook, some of our papers are allowing the pendulum of their appreciation to swing too far the other way, on the side of blame, and so they are inclined to condemn all English immigration. This we believe to be a mistake. Two classes of English colonists have done well in Canada: the farmers who settled fifty years ago and more in our eastern provinces, and skilled artisans in all branches of trade and manufacture. The former have occasionally succeeded quite as well as born Canadians, while the latter have frequently proved themselves to be the most thorough and reliable handicraftsmen we have. The English mechanic is often a model for his less painstaking and thrifty Canadian comrade. Unfortunately these two classes do not appear to have any representatives in the Barr colony, and we fear the Immigration Department may have occasion to regret that its well intentioned expenditure on the Rev. Mr. Barr's project was not diverted to a more desirable class of settlers.

One type of these English colonists is thus graphically described by "The Woman about Town" in last week's "Town Topics":—

"Of all the immigrants that come there is no one who has so hard a time adapting herself to new ways as the upper middle class British matron of 40 to 50.

"Strolling down the platform one night in the twilight I came across a figure I shall never forget. Tall, a comfortably stout, straight as a ramrod, a small bonnet tied rigidly under her chin, a face set like a flint, and righteous indignation in every line of her figure she stood. Feeling somewhat that I was taking my life in my hand I spoke to her. Anger had worked her to a point when anyone would do for a safety-valve and I got the full benefit of a storm that had been brewing from the first hour she set foot on the steamer chartered by the Rev. Barr and had gathered in intensity with every mile and culminated in Winnipeg, where 'the banks were closed at 8 o'clock in the evening.'

"My heart ached for that woman. She had started on a journey of thousands of miles from her native home—London—with less knowledge than would be thought necessary by the average Canadian to go to Brandon. The accommodation on the boat had been bad, very bad, all the women admitted. Many of them, however, said that they thought the project had grown so much larger in so short a time that Mr. Barr had not intentionally deceived them.

"Not so Mrs. Britain, it had been a deep laid plot from start to finish to entice her and her sons from a comfortable home to this dreadful place. Nothing could appease her wrath and as she was absolutely devoid of any sense of humor, she suffered in all her bones and feel-

ings and I will warrant that everyone within neighboring distance of her will suffer for a year to come at least.

"As I said before, immigrants of this class are the slowest of all to adopt the life of a new country.

"They come out with the fixed idea in their minds that the way things are done in England and indeed in their particular corner of England is the only right and proper way to do them.

"Everything else is 'nasty and horrid and Canadian,' which apparently are synonymous terms in their minds.

"Once shaken down these women are excellent settlers, they are staunch and true, their principles are as well set as their prejudices, but, oh, they suffer in the shaking process and so does everyone else.

"The appalling ignorance of really intelligent people about Canada is something that can hardly be fathomed.

"The woman I speak of had come to this country to settle, she had been planning to come for months and yet she thought that Winnipeg was in the United States and was surprised the 'Yankees here did not look like what they saw in London.'

"As I walked up and down and talked to one here and there I came to the conclusion that the three great requirements of the new settlers were a sound body, a fair knowledge of the country and its conditions and a sense of humor, and honestly if I could not find immigrants with all three I would be inclined to give the palm to the ones with the sense of humor.

"It helps over so many hard places to be able to see the funny side of things.

"I think some of the women of Winnipeg with a little leisure might put in many a profitable hour by going down to meet trains and talk with the women who come in.

"All to whom I spoke seemed pleased at being spoken to and many of them said, 'Canadians have been very kind and friendly with us along our road.'

"Even my angry matron told me when I shook hands at parting that it had done her good to talk to me, and verily I believe it had.

"If you go down and find some that are ready to condemn the country on sight, don't be put out.

"The country can take care of itself and a word of sympathy may help some bewildered souls over a bad half hour."

Last week we mentioned Archbishop Quigley's vigorous campaign against the Cooley-Mark bill, which threatened to monopolize all public school education in Chicago. This week we are pleased to be able to state that the bill has been abandoned. As may be seen from the New World's editorial, which we reprint elsewhere, the promoters of the bill allege, as a pretext for their backdown, that the measure was imperfectly understood; but the New World justly retorts that the bill was abandoned because it was too perfectly understood by the Archbishop's organ, the New World, which has helped to win his battle for justice and fairplay.

Some years ago we learned that Andrew Carnegie, the multi-millionaire, would give many of his millions to be able to digest his food and enjoy a 'square meal.' Now we are told that this aged man, of 73 winters, has an abject fear of death. This shallow seeker for popularity, who has flaunted his materialism and infidelity before the admiring gaze of a shallow public, turns white-livered and heartless, like a puling child, at the thought of meeting the All-Just Judge. One who knows him well writes that "he has a horror of

death, literally unspeakable, for he never allows it to be mentioned by any of his own circle. If others speak of it he quickly moves out of earshot. Just before his mother died he called a friend to his own sickbed and simply said: 'When mother goes I don't want to be told about it. You attend to everything.' And to this day he does not know how or when she died, although he was within a dozen feet of her at the time. It was the same a few days before, when his brother Tom died. To break the news gently, I told him that Tom was sick with pneumonia. Then he'll never get over it,' he replied, and turned his face to the wall. There was no need to tell him anything more, and he never asked. Few men would accept Andrew Carnegie's horror of death with all his millions."

Archbishop Bruchesi's letter, read last Sunday in all the churches of the Montreal diocese, warns the faithful against "those leaders and writers who take advantage of the slightest conflict between labor and capital to foment discord and rebellion and to inspire employees with hatred towards their employers." His Grace has a wonderful knack of timely utterance. Probably the most dangerous element in the modern world is the unscrupulous labor agitator, especially when he edits a labor organ. While himself fattening on the pennies of the poor and carefully shunning all manual labor, he declaims against the laziness of the rich and blackmails shopkeepers so as to force them to advertise in his columns. To the vices and irreligion of his wealthier comrades in the race of eternal death he adds the hypocrisy of the low-bred ignoramus who would fain pass for a man of virtue and knowledge. He prates of liberty and equality; but at heart he is the worst of tyrants, because, protected as he is by the crowd, he can strike with impunity, while the old-time tyrants at least honestly risked their heads. All his high-sounding phrases really spell selfishness and villainess.

Germane with the foregoing remarks is a definition quoted lately in "The Casket" from a writer in the Sydney (Cape Breton) "Post." Here it is: "The Communist is one who has yearnings for equal divisions of unequal earnings." The epigram is true to the life and applies to the Socialist as well.

Once upon a time a teacher in the Winnipeg Collegiate Institute, lecturing on the literature of the Bible, ventured to assert that there was no humor in the sacred volume. We immediately instanced, by way of refutation, 3 Kings (or, according to the Protestant Bible, 1 Kings) xviii. 27, wherein Elijah mocks the false prophets. Our attention having thus been directed to this point, we have since met with many other instances of Biblical humor. But Mr. Wm. Grant's letter to the Free Press of Monday last on "Preachers and Preaching" states the case much more strongly than we ever did. Unfortunately, however, the reference for Samson's riddle is misprinted Judges xv. 13; it should be xiv. 12.

Very suitable to this month is the General Intention of the Apostleship of Prayer, Devotion to Our Lady. It is, as Cardinal Newman proved in a couple of immortal sermons, an integral part of Catholic worship. As God has given us Jesus through Mary, so does he continue to bestow on us through the same blessed channel all minor gifts.

The Home Journal and News, a well edited Catholic weekly published at Yonkers, N.Y., is to be congratulated on having for its correspondent in the Philippines Father Patrick A. Halpin, a man of very unusual gifts and sound as well as varied learning. He was for a long time connected with the Jesuit colleges in the east and has often lectured at the Lake Champlain summer school. It is quite safe to say that no abler American than Father Halpin has yet appeared in the Philippines. His first letters, describing the journey to Manila, already reveal the master mind, the man of original views, impatient of ruts and suspicious of the popular verdict. To him the entire East is loathsomely effete. "Heathenism has been working among them for six thousand years, and what can we expect?" In opposition to the roseate views of such poetic frauds as Sir Edwin Arnold, he finds so much rottenness "in the Mikado's empire that it is hard to see where civilization can find a foundation to build upon." In common with our wisest Catholic missionaries, Father Halpin has better hopes of China than of Japan. The latter "is in a very poor way financially. It has been very hard on China. It is down on its knees now to every land, stretching out a hand, begging for money. I am afraid we have been too hasty in the States in our generalizations. It is getting ready now for a struggle with Russia. It will be crushed as sure as fate. My opinion is that Japan has put up one big bluff. . . . A man who lived in Japan for nearly half a century told me that its people from the Mikado down may be described in two words—conceit and deceit." The careless proof-reading of these letters somewhat mars their effect, as when we find "undecidedly" for "decidedly," "unforbidding" for "frobidding," and "Of dictionary" instead of "Cf. dictionary."

## Clerical News

Rev. Dr. Trudel went to St. Jean Baptiste last Saturday; thence he drove to Morris, where, on Sunday, he said Mass and preached.

Rev. Father Poitras, O.M.I., took Father Cloutier's place at Stony Mountain last Sunday.

Since the death last month of Rev. James Rogers, who had been almost 43 years a bishop, and who was, since Mgr. Grandin's death, the senior bishop in Canada, this honor of seniority passes down to another Oblate Bishop, Mgr. Clut, who was consecrated Aug. 15, 1867, and is therefore in the 36th year of his episcopate.

Rev. J. A. Brindamour, who studied theology in this diocese and was ordained for the Fargo diocese, wherein he labored at Leroy, N.D., died in a hospital kept by Sisters in Texas on April 17.

Rev. C. A. R. Fournier, of Wild Rice, N.D., will preach a triduum in French at McCaulayville, N.D., on the 6th, 7th and 8th of May. English and German sermons will be given in the same place by a Jesuit preacher from the States.

Rev. Father Proulx, S.J., went to East Grand Forks, Minn., last Saturday.

Rev. Dr. Beliveau inaugurated, by a special French sermon last Sunday, the recent improvements made in the church at Neche. Rev. Father Lavigne, the zealous pastor, has lately enlarged his church and got it beautifully decorated by Mr. Montey. Rev. Father Cherrier preached in the evening, returning from Neche on Monday.

The Right Rev. and Hon. Algonron Charles Stanley, lately consecrated Auxiliary-Bishop of Westminster, has received the title "Bishop of Emmaus," which was the official designation of the late Bishop Patterson. Mgr. Stanley is the brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley, of Mr. Lyulph Stanley and of the Countess of Carlisle. Shortly after his conversion to the Church, the Hon. A. C. Stanley entered the Roman Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, where Cardinals Manning and Vaughan had received their ecclesiastical training, and he was ordained priest in December 1880. On leaving Rome the following year he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Roehampton, London, to test his vocation, and remained there three months. For ten years, from January 1883 till the same month in 1893, he was attached to St. James' Church, Spanish-place, London. He then went to reside in Rome, where he has lived ever since. He was made a Private Supernumerary Chamberlain in 1889, Domestic Prelate in 1893, and Protonotary Apostolic in 1897.

Before leaving Dublin on April 7, Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., lunched with their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and family.

The Oblate Fathers being obliged to leave Montmartre, Paris, Cardinal Richard has chosen secular priests for the service of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart. The Abbe Peuportier is to be at their head.

The Right Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, Bishop of Indianapolis, will celebrate the 25th anniversary of his consecration on May 12.

Bishop Montgomery having declined the Archbishopric of Manila, the Right Rev. Jno. J. O'Connor, Bishop of Newark, is favorably mentioned for this difficult post.

On Easter Sunday the Holy Father received a large number of Hungarian pilgrims.

Rev. Charles Crevier, pastor of the Church of the Precious Blood, Holyoke, Mass., has given a large farm in Granby to be devoted to an industrial school for boys which is to be established this spring and placed in charge of Augustinian Fathers. Farming and several trades as well as commercial and classical studies will be taught.

Rev. Father Lecompte, S.J., who has spent a little over five months regaining health and strength in our bracing climate at St. Boniface college, left on the 26th of April for Port Arthur, where he remained one day with Rev. Father Neault, S.J., and then went on to Sudbury to spend a couple of days with Rev. Father Lussier, S.J., reaching Montreal on the 1st of May and Sault-au-Recollet the next day, the eve of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the patronal feast of the Novitiate of which he is the beloved Rector.

On Wednesday morning, April 29, in the Grey Nuns' Chapel, His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface received the religious profession of Sister Theophile (Marie Pare of St. Ann's), Sister Theodore (Merisa Laberge, of La Broquerie), and Sister Vermette (Marcelline Vermette, of St. Jean Baptiste), all Sisters of Charity, Mgr. Langevin also gave the religious habit to Sister Lacroix (Marie Lacroix, of Kaposvar, Assa.), Sister of (Madeleine Weber), Auxiliary Sister. The Archbishop was assisted by Rev. Father Giroux, St. Ann's, and Rev. Father Fillion (St. Jean).

(Continued on Page 4.)

## Young Woman's Corner

### NUTTING.

It seems a day  
(I speak of one from many singled out)  
One of those heavenly days that cannot die;  
When in the eagerness of boyish hope  
I left our cottage threshold, sallying forth  
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,  
A nutting-crook in hand; and turn'd my steps  
Towards some far distant wood, a figure quaint,  
Trick'd out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds.  
Which for that service had been husbanded,  
By exhortation of my frugal dame: Motley accoutrement; of power to smile  
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles—and in truth,  
More ragged than need was! o'er pathless rocks,  
Through beds of matted fern and tangled thickets,  
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook  
Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
Droop'd with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
Of devastation, but the hazels rose  
Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,  
A virgin scene! A little while I stood,  
Breathing with such suppression of the heart  
As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint  
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sat,  
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I play'd;  
A temper known to those, who, after long  
And weary expectation have been bless'd  
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.  
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves  
The violets of five seasons reappear  
And fade, unseen by any human eye;  
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
Forever—and I saw the sparkling foam,  
And with my cheek on one of those green stones  
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,  
Lay round me, scatter'd like a flock of sheep,—  
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to play  
Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,  
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,  
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash  
And merciless ravage; and the shady nook  
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
Deform'd and sullied, patiently gave up  
Their quiet being; and unless I now  
Confound my present feeling with the past,  
Even then, when from the bower I turn'd away  
Exulting rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees and the intruding sky.  
Then, dearest maiden! move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

—William Wordsworth.

Gentleness is a most pleasing quality in woman. It is the attribute that smooths out her character to perfection. All the wrinkles of harshness and crudeness are rubbed out by it. Gentleness no more harshly resents an injury than offers an affront. It were better to drop the acquaintance at once of the one who offends than to speak harshly,

perhaps disparagingly in retaliation. One loses one's reputation for ladylike conduct by the harsh retort. The offender loses something in the offence he or she has committed—nothing by the hasty and undignified conduct that the offended person responds with.

It is not gentleness to refrain from the hasty retort because one would appear unladylike in making it. It is gentleness to keep back the unkind answer because we cannot bear to hurt even those who would hurt us. This gentleness pities the offender rather than blames him or her. It must not be contemptuous pity. Contemptuous pity arises from too much pride in one's own good manners. It says "I am thankful that I behave better than others."

Gentleness is kind, gentleness is sober, gentleness is polite, gentleness is merciful, gentleness is patient.

Gentleness is all that every woman should be, and what every woman must be to be truly womanly. Gentleness comes often only with years of experience, but where this virtue is really acquired so, the experience has not been dearly bought. What were ten or twenty years of life's ups and downs to acquire the perfection of gentleness? 'Tis true we do not expect it in the young, but what a delight it is to find it there and girls cannot commence too soon to practice it. If one would be perfect in the virtue when the head is crowned with silver, one should start before the head is old enough to have its golden locks "done up."

Wherever gentleness blows is breathed the soft sweet breath of the Holy Spirit. —AMICA.

### THE COLLEY-MARK BILL DEAD.

New World (Chicago) April 13.

Whenever a tactful general finds his position untenable he abandons it. Whenever he learns that his army is surrounded and that it is useless to fight, he surrenders. Enmeshed in a similar net the promoters of the far-famed Cooley-Mark education bill have yielded to the inevitable. At the meeting of the school trustees last Wednesday evening, the legislative committee which had presented the Cooley-Mark bill to the legislature for adoption, recommended that it be abandoned on the ground that it was imperfectly understood. The committee should, on the contrary, have been candid enough to say that the bill should be abandoned because it was too perfectly understood. The board concurred in the recommendation of the committee. As a result the Cooley-Mark bill is dead.

Replying to critics the committee endeavors to lay blame on every agency except itself. In pathetic tones it asserts that Catholic clergymen who opposed the bill misunderstood it. The declaration of Mr. Graham Harris, elsewhere published, shows that the Catholic clergy were not alone in their estimate of its dangerous provisions. Mr. Harris, be it remembered, was formerly president of the Board of Education. It was he who moved the adoption of the measure. In his letter to Superintendent Cooley he frankly admitted that his activity in behalf of the bill was a mistake. He pointed out its dangerous features very clearly. Nor was he alone. A number of persons other than Catholic priests and Chicago teachers certainly regarded the measure as a dangerous one. It is significant that the committee did not abandon the bill until it had good reason to believe that, if left to the action of the state legislature, it would be defeated.

But the struggle is over. The New World has won its battle for justice. There will be peace for a few months at least. Let us hope, moreover that we have seen the last attempt to deprive a large class of the citizens of Chicago of their rights. It may be that a similar measure shall be introduced at some future session of the legislature, but if so, the public will be prepared. Mr. Graham Harris' indictment of the present attempt will not be forgotten. For several years, there is some reason to believe, those who remained in the background and secretly steered the movement just defeated have been

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active in seeking to promote such class legislation. Possibly the present defeat of the Cooley-Mark bill may induce them to believe that such measures are not popular.

### AN APRIL THAW.

By her marriage, on April 27, to the eldest son of the Marquis of Hertford the name of Miss Al Ice Thaw melts into 'yar'mouth.

### THE MOON ASLEEP.

A mother was calling the attention of her small son to the moon, which was to be clearly seen in the early afternoon.

"Why, you can't see the moon in the daytime," he insisted.  
"Oh, yes, you can. There it is over the trees," said mamma.  
The little boy looked up and finally saw it, but he said:  
"Tain't lighted yet, anyhow."—Little Chronicle.

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Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.

N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 7.30 a.m.  
On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

## C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.

Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

Agent of the C.M.B.A.

for the Province of Manitoba with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

The Northwest Review is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

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**PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY BELIEVE.**

It is no longer easy—if it ever was—to tell from sectarian creeds what sectarian ministers believe. Every sect has a creed or formula of faith, but belief in its truth appears to be no longer binding; intellectual assent to it no longer obligatory. Dr. Parkhurst, in a recent sermon, affords an illustration of this fact. The Doctor is a Presbyterian minister. As such he was required to subscribe to the Westminster Confession of Faith, which teaches the Divinity of Christ. Yet in his sermon, speaking of our Divine Lord, he said:

"Whether when He had reached a final and matured decision, and commenced His work of bringing God close to men's hearts and lives, whether then He could foresee how His life's history was to work itself out in all its details, no one can tell; perhaps He did not know at the outset that His mission of bringing God close to men in that way would lead Him over so thorny a path, as the one He later followed, but before He commenced work He knew perfectly well what He was going to do and in general how He was going to do it. The inquisitive and experimental stage was passed. The carpenter shop had done something, His father and mother, of course, the old Hebrew Scriptures, His silent communings out among the hills and in the night, and even that weird experience of His in the wilderness of temptation; these had all contributed in their several ways, and the fruit was finally ripened and mellowed. His mission was to bring God close to men's hearts and lives, and He was going to do that by telling man all that He Himself knew of God, and in the very simplest manner possible of personal intercourse and sympathetic touch."

Now in all this it will be noted that there is not the slightest hint that the Being the preacher refers to was and is the true God, the Second Person of the Trinity, incarnate. The very contrary of this is implied. For instance:

"Whether then He could foresee how His life history was to work itself out in all its details, no one can tell." Certainly all those of average intelligence who believe that Christ is God and that God is omniscient, can see and must see that He foresaw or knew how His life history, in all its details, was to be worked out.

Again: "Perhaps he did not know at the outset that His mission of bringing God close to men in that way would lead Him over so thorny a path as the one He later followed."

Here again the supposed ignorance of the future is incompatible with the belief that Christ is God. In like manner through the whole piece there is an implied disbelief in the Divinity of Christ.

We once met on a train a minister, a strenuous prohibitionist. In the course of conversation on his favorite subject he said in a tone of pious conviction: "If our Lord had foreseen the evils that liquor has caused I think He would not have made wine one of the elements of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

We asked: "Do you believe in the Divinity of our Lord; that is, that He is God?"

"Oh, certainly!" he said.

We said no more, gave no indication of our opinion of his intellect. He got off at a little station, and we suppose to this day—if he still lives—he thinks he believes in the Divinity of our Lord. And doubtless so does Dr. Parkhurst in regard to his belief.—New York Freeman's Journal.

**ST. MARY'S ANNUAL REPORT.**

Father Cahill Reads Interesting Statements on Parochial Affairs.

At St. Mary's church Sunday morning, the parish priest, the Rev. Father Cahill, gave an interesting report of the temporal affairs of the parish. For the information of the parishioners he gave a lucid description of the methods followed in the parish regarding titles to church

properties and followed with a detailed account of the progress since the Oblate Fathers first took charge of the mission some thirty years ago. Speaking of the financial report for the year 1902, he fully explained each item and gave the details as follows:—

Receipts—

Pew rent, including arrears of \$415.25	\$3,352 10
Plate collections	2,584 70
Fees, baptisms, marriages, funerals	1,295 85
Priest, dues, Christmas and Easter collections	1,653 80
Monthly collections for schools	925 75
Rent on orphanage	500 00
Sundries	457 75
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$10,769 95</b>

Disbursements—

Worship, choir, organist, vestry	\$1,075 57
Light	263 92
Heating	856 10
Water rates	60 00
Wages	563 00
Living expenses	1,548 25
Furniture, library, office	193 32
Stable expenses	59 80
Interest on debt	1,669 85
Insurance	324 91
Schools	1,745 35
Charities	107 20
Contributions to Oblate order	100 00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$8,567 27</b>
Paid on debt	2,000 00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$10,567 27</b>
Receipts	\$10,769 95
Expenses	\$10,567 27
<b>Balance</b>	<b>\$202 68</b>

An interesting item in the above is "schools, \$1,745.35"—supplementary of the large subscriptions given annually by individual members of the congregation to support the parochial schools.

The Easter collection this year amounted to \$955—the largest in the history of the parish.—Telegram.

**A WORD ABOUT JOHN WESLEY**

What claims has John Wesley on the American government's affection that it should pay honor to his memory? No one was more bitterly opposed to the struggling republic than he; no terms too scathing for him to describe the wickedness of those who dared oppose the king of England. While he himself saw no treason in leading a revolt against the Church, he regarded it as something like sacrilege in the American people to think of seceding from the state. Despite this fact, and despite the constitutional law separating church and state, senate and congress have given sanction to a request of the Georgian Methodists to have tablets commemorative of Wesley's preaching affixed to the custom house and the postoffice in Savannah, to celebrate his bicentennial. To love one's enemies is doubtless a good Christian maxim for congress, but to obey the law ought to be no less a Christian duty.—Standard and Times.

**A PARISHIONERS' GIFTS.**

Hugh McLaughlin, the veteran leader of the Brooklyn Democracy, will present to the St. James Pro-Cathedral in Jay street a marble altar, to cost \$15,000. Mr. McLaughlin and his wife, who are now in Florida, have been members of the parish for twenty years. Rev. Peter Donahue, pastor of the church, is in Naples with authority to buy the altar.

**WHO CAN FORGIVE SINS?**

Of course, God alone can forgive sins—but there are many things that God alone can do and yet does by the ministry of men. God alone can foretell the future, yet He does this by the mouths of His prophets. God alone can know His own secret counsels, yet He reveals them through the agency of angels and men. God alone can work miracles, yet He works them by the instrumentality of His creatures. And so



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God alone can forgive sins, yet He has willed to grant forgiveness in the normal way only by the ministry of men to whom He has been pleased to delegate this power. We have His own word for it. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained." Who then, forgive sins? God the Holy Ghost. By the ministry of men, or Himself immediately? By the ministry of men. Can we be sure that this is so? Yes, Christ has so declared in express words, and Christ is God.—Antigonish Casket.

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"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty. Please stop my—"

Whisky?  
"Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—"

Tobacco, cigars and snuff?  
"No, no—not these; but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—"

Ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets?

"Not at all. Pride must be fostered, if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—"

Theatres, taffy and needless and unhealthy luxuries?

"No, no, no; not these. I cannot think of such a sacrifice; I must think of something else. Ah, I have it now. My weekly religious paper costs me five cents a week, two dollars a year; I must save that. Please stop my—paper; that will carry me through easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy."—Armory.



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Barley	11,848,422
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Rye	49,900
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# Northwest Review

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY

AT WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

J. A. LANGFORD, PUBLISHER.

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POPE LEO XIII.



SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1903

### CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

MAY.

- 3—Third Sunday after Easter. Patronage of St. Joseph.
- 4—Monday—St. Monica, Widow.
- 5—Tuesday—St. Pius V., Pope.
- 6—Wednesday—St. John before the Latin Gate.
- 7—Thursday—St. Stanislaus, Bishop, Martyr.
- 8—Friday—The Apparition of St. Michael.
- 9—Saturday—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Doctor.

### HISTORY AS TAUGHT IN A WINNIPEG PUBLIC SCHOOL.

There lately came to our knowledge a lurid specimen of the boasted impartiality of the public schools. We have the names of all persons concerned and are ready to publish them if there should be no other means of obtaining redress. Some months ago one of the teachers in a Winnipeg public school, under pretext of explaining history, told her class that the Catholic Church was in the habit of selling indulgences; she even went so far as to say that five dollars were occasionally paid for the forgiveness of sins; she dilated on the cruelty of Catholics and the drunkenness of priests. Thereupon a Catholic girl, who attends that school, stood up and cried out that it was a lie. The teacher reported the girl to the principal, who, instead of reprimanding the teacher, merely advised the Catholic girl to hold her own. The teacher, however, has continued to teach ever since in the same school, and, although she prudently refrains from insulting the Catholic girl by any further travesties of history, she continues to indulge in them with fresh embellishments when the Catholic girl is not present, as the latter's classmates testify.

Now, considering that the selling of indulgences or of forgiveness for sins has always been stoutly condemned by the Catholic Church, and that cruelty and drunkenness have been always, to say the least, far less conspicuous among its members than among those of other denominations, it behooves all public school teachers and principals to see that the pupils' minds be not poisoned with false views of history. Moreover, one would think that those who have at heart the solid progress of the public schools, those especially who have the su-

preme government thereof, would make it a point not to tolerate anything that would create religious strife and set one creed against another.

### HOW THE FAITH CAME TO ENGLAND.

Written for the Northwest Review.

We read in the life of St. Gregory the Great that before he became Pope he obtained permission from the Pontiff then reigning, Benedict I., to go and evangelize the Anglo-Saxons, having seen two beautiful children, white and rosy, from that nation, exposed for sale in the market place at Rome and hearing they were pagans. "Alas!" said he, "does Satan possess the souls of these terrestrial angels?" However, he had gone but a little way on the road when the Roman people became aware of his departure and importuned His Holiness so much for the Saint's return that he felt obliged to send after him. When later on Gregory himself became Pope, he did not forget England, and chose from his own monastery where he had lived, a holy monk named Augustine, sending him with forty companions. But when these had gone several days journey they yearned to return to Rome; they did not want to go to a country so far away, they said, nor have to do with a nation so barbarous, of such an insupportable temper, whose language they could not speak nor understand. (You see how we were maligned even so long ago. I think it must have been the Gauls through whose country they had to pass, who said these things.) So the other monks sent back Augustine to the Holy Father to beg of him to excuse them from a long and perilous journey with little hope of good results. St. Gregory would not allow them to return. On the contrary, he wrote them a beautiful letter, telling them to take courage and not to listen to false reports, that his heart accompanied them and he would willingly have gone himself, but he prayed God that he might have the grace to enjoy with them in Heaven the fruit of their labors. The monks took courage on receiving this letter, and we all know how, by the prayers of St. Gregory, they arrived safely in England. How many times have we not heard it said, that being landed they marched in procession towards King Ethelbert while they were singing the beautiful Antiphon "Deprecamur te Domine" in Gregorian chant, the same as it is still sung in those isles, and how, without bloodshed, without disturbance, like a queen coming into her own, Holy Faith took possession of the land, St. Augustine being created Archbishop of Canterbury with very soon twelve suffragan bishops.

But the Faith had been in Britain long before this. It is commonly supposed either St. Peter or St. Paul preached there and soon after Our Lord's death Joseph of Arimathea brought the Holy Grail to Glastonbury. Besides this, Rome's conquering legions took the Faith with them wherever they went. Constantine I., Christian emperor, is known to have been born there. We are aware that before the close of the third century a regular hierarchy was established in Britain, and learn from contemporary writers that the Church of Britain sent to one of the earliest western councils, that of Arles, A.D. 314, three bishops, Elborius of York, Restitutus of London and Adelphius of Lincoln. But the Britons became a conquered nation and retired before their Saxon invaders, carrying their Faith with them into the mountain fastnesses of Wales, whence a great many of them fled across the sea to Armorica, called since Bretagne or Brittany, whose sons, in these enlightened days of the 20th century are driven once more, by stress of religious persecution, to seek these far off shores and build up a New Brittany under the shadow of the old flag.

And now we think we cannot do better than confide the reconversion of England to St. Joseph, this land having been from the first Our Lady's Dowry. We seem to feel it is the dear Saint's privilege, as her husband, to look after it, and we hope, in our hearts, he will make it pay compound interest for all the years her dowry has brought her

in so little. I know not of any other nation which has a day specially named in her honor "Lady Day," and this would seem almost as if it were the greatest of Our Lady's feasts, for after all the Immaculate Conception was only a prelude, as it were, a preparation for the great mystery of the Incarnation, and the Assumption, but the crowning of her glory. Who can doubt that this land once was all her own, when even inanimate things bear so many remembrances of her? How many of our wild flowers are called after her, beginning with Ladysmock, a lovely little white blossom, which comes early in the spring; Virgin's Bower (clematis), Maidenhair (Our Lady's tresses), Marigold (her golden crown), Lady's Slipper, and the rest. Daffodils or Lenten lilies, are also dedicated to her and called Mary buds. "Hear the Mary buds ring their golden bells on happy Easter morning."—M.T.

### EPISCOPAL CELEBRATION AT NECHE.

The Church of Saints Nereus and Achilleus at Neche, North Dakota, was last Sunday the scene of imposing religious festivities. The occasion therefor was the recent completion of the beautiful decorative painting with which Mr. Monty, the celebrated Canadian artist, has adorned Father Lavigne's pretty church. All those who visited the sacred edifice and the vestry admired, not only the mural paintings, but also the dainty neatness of all the altar appointments and the fine collection of sacred vessels and priestly vestments due to the zeal and taste of the popular pastor of the Neche Catholic church.

At the High Mass in the morning the Right Rev. John Shanley, D.D., Bishop of Fargo, presided on the throne, while Rev. Father Cloutier celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, assisted by Rev. Dr. Beliveau as deacon and the Rev. J. M. M. Mireault as subdeacon. The Bishop delivered a most eloquent sermon on "The Pope." His Lordship had for assistant priest Rev. Father Kenny, of Grafton. Rev. Father Arsenault, of St. Thomas, presided at the organ.

Bishop Shanley returned to Fargo at five the same afternoon. At 7:30 vespers were sung by Rev. Dr. Beliveau, after which Rev. Father Cherrier, who had come by the afternoon train from Winnipeg, preached an impressive sermon on "The Church." Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by Rev. Dr. Beliveau with Rev. Fr. Lalonde, of St. Adolphe, as deacon, and Rev. J. M. M. Mireault as subdeacon.

The beautiful church was crowded at both services, and the congregation were loud in their praise of the success with which Rev. Father Lavigne had organized the celebration.

### CLERICAL NEWS.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Rev. Father Thibaud, E. M. I., preached a clear and incisive sermon on the great grace of a religious calling. Besides the clergy already mentioned there were present the Very Rev. Vicar General Dugas, Rev. Fathers Bastien, Beliveau, Campeau, Gendron, Giroux (La Broquerie), Messier, Trudel, and Rev. J. M. M. Mireault.

Eleven first year nurses of St. Boniface Hospital lately passed an examination in Hygiene with very high marks. Dr. Riddell, the examiner, said he never read such admirable papers from medical students. Nurses Sterling and Dimond were awarded full marks.

The Sisters of Mary, of the Presentation who are at Rat Portage are to take charge of the parochial schools of Wild Rice, N.D., which is the first French Canadian parish in North Dakota to establish a convent.

Correction.—Our readers are requested to note that one item in the "Clerical News" about Father Beliveau preaching at Neche was printed before the correct information given elsewhere had been received, and the mistake was not noticed till the paper was passing through the press.



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Aunt Jane.

(Continued from last week.)

The manner of Aunt Jane had a curiously quelling effect upon all who allowed themselves to be brought under its spell. Having extracted this admission, she followed up her success by a skillful cross-examination, which reduced the poor girl to tears, and almost persuaded her that her husband was the most brutal scoundrel on earth. Every little instance of his irritability, every little protest, however gentle, about lateness of breakfast or toughness of beef, was dragged out of her by tortuous means, carefully exaggerated and embellished with details supplied from Aunt Jane's own instinct, and fitted into its place in an elaborate and highly colored mosaic of perfect villainy. And when it was done, so difficult was it to distinguish fact from fancy that Lucy was wondering how on earth she could ever have married the man at all.

"And now, my dear," said Aunt Jane, "to follow up your suggestion that he is concealing something far worse than all this"—Lucy had never suggested anything of the kind, but she saw now how probable it was—"just tell me fully anything he may have confided to you and any suspicions you may have that he is keeping anything back. There should be no secrets between a man and his wife's aunt."

"No, Aunt," said Lucy, struggling with her tears; "I quite agree."

"For instance, does he receive letters which he does not allow you to look at?"

"I—I—don't know; I never asked him," she sobbed.

"Poor child—poor, simple child! As if he would confess it. The very fact that he says nothing about those letters ought to have put you on your guard. He always gets down to breakfast before you, I'll be bound, and glances over them in secret, eh?"

"Yes, he does usually; but—but I don't know about the gloat-ing." She dried her eyes after each word.

"No; the housemaid would see that."

"I sup—suppose she would."

"And doesn't it look suspicious that the housemaid hasn't told you about it? Looks like a conspiracy, doesn't it, eh?"

Lucy clenched her hands and said she ought to have suspected it; it was so obvious.

"Ah, my poor child, the obvious is so seldom visible! I find that people very often miss what to me is as clear as daylight."

Aunt Jane had never been on a scent so hot.

"And have you access to all cupboards, drawers, safes?"

"I—I think so," was the faltering reply.

"Think so!" exclaimed Aunt Jane.

"That's a pretty state of mind for a wife. Take me to his study at once! Am I not his wife's aunt?"

This was said because Lucy seemed to hesitate. Together they went to the study. Aunt Jane sniffed contemptuously.

"Smoke!" she snorted. "He smokes?"

Lucy admitted it.

"And drinks, I've no doubt?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"And plays cards?"

"I—I—think so, a little."

"Poor dear, poor dear! What more do you want? Now show me this secret drawer you were complaining of." She hadn't complained of any, but pulled the handles of several, and at last found one that wouldn't open.

"There you are!" came the triumphant cry. "Have you ever seen inside that?"

Lucy couldn't remember that she had or had ever wanted to.

"Doesn't it fit in wonderfully?" said Aunt Jane. "In there lie the letters over which he and the housemaid gloat in the early morning!"

Lucy saw it all clearly.

"And I've no doubt that there have been times when he has told you, with a pretence of sympathy, not to be in a hurry to get up?"

Lucy did remember one or two instances, when she had a slight cold. Aunt Jane chuckled.

"I never met a married couple

yet who oughtn't to be divorced at once," she said. "This must be finally settled this evening, and I will stay by your side till he gives a satisfactory explanation. He never will; it won't bear explanation."

"I am very grateful to you, Aunt," said Lucy.

"Show me my room, poor thing; I always take a rest before dinner."

"I am sure you must require it," said Lucy, leading the way upstairs.

"And mind," said Aunt Jane at the door, "not a word to him about this till I tackle him; you would only put him on his guard and give him an opportunity of destroying the only evidence we have."

"I will not mention it," said Lucy, humbly.

When Tom came in he was not met at the door, as usual, by his wife. He thought it strange, but supposed she was looking after her guest. When he came down to the drawing-room, punctually, Lucy was alone there, looking gloomily into the fire. She did not turn on his entrance.

"Well, my dear," he said, cheerily, "has our sin come home to us?"

"If you mean," replied Lucy, with hauteur, "has my dear Aunt Jane arrived, she has."

"That's what I meant," he said, a little surprised. "And am I to be a model or an awful example?"

"It is not necessary for me to teach you to wear the cloak of hypocrisy," she replied, with tears coming to her eyes.

He raised his eyebrows. "Why, what on earth—what's the matter, dear?"

He tried to kiss her, but she drew away from him. She was sobbing bitterly.

"You ask me," she said, "you, with all those—with all that—"

She nearly flung the guilty letters in his teeth, but remembered her aunt's warning just in time.

"With all those what?" he asked, bewildered. But not another word could he get from her, and he was

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standing looking at her with an expression of utter amazement when Aunt Jane sailed in, a quarter of an hour late. She required no introduction.

"You are the man, I suppose?" she said, with a snap of the teeth. He bowed.

"How do you do, Aunt Jane?" he said. "I hope you had a pleasant journey."

"So-so. No thanks to you!"

"Dear Aunt Jane," he said softly, "I wired to the porters to be polite." It was clear that he did not take her serious, and Lucy was indignant.

"I hear," said Aunt Jane, as they settled round the dinner table, "that you are a lawyer."

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"I am," said Tom.

"Never could stand lawyers," she went on; "a nasty, deceitful lot of serpents."

"Indeed they are," said Tom, "loathly, crawling creatures." He shook his head solemnly.

Being unable to put the case more strongly, Aunt Jane found herself unexpectedly with nothing to say. So she turned, with pity in her voice, to Lucy.

"My dear, I wonder you allow your cook to stay in the house."

"Do you suggest a shed at the bottom of the garden for her?" said Tom, gently interrupting. He had decided to assume the offensive.

She ignored him. "This soup," she said, "is disgraceful."

Lucy apologized humbly. So did Tom.

"Take away Miss Wilkins' soup," he said to the servant, and it went before Aunt Jane had time to clutch the plate. It was long before anything else was said by anybody, but Tom seemed to be enjoying his dinner. Indeed, the two ladies were disgusted at the brazen impudence of the fellow. Lucy longed for the end of this ghastly meal, and yet feared what was to follow. At last the servant left, and Aunt Jane coughed significantly. Tom looked up. Lucy said, timidly, "Let us go."

"No," said Aunt Jane; "the time has come."

"Has it?" asked Tom, cracking a nut.

"Your conscience," said Aunt Jane, "must tell you that you owe an explanation to your wife."

"Must it?" asked Tom, checking a smile.

"Don't lose your temper, sir," said Aunt Jane. She always began an argument like that—it seldom failed. "Lucy, tell him what you know."

"I—I—hadn't we better go into the drawing-room?" stammered Lucy.

"No! I will protect you." She turned fiercely upon Tom. "You have letters in a drawer in your study which is locked. Don't deny it!"

"I won't," said Tom. "It's probably true."

"By your brutal conduct you thought you had cowed this poor child's spirit so that she would make no enquiries."

"How did you guess?" said Tom.

"But I have come, sir!"

"I can't deny it," he said.

"And I shall remain and protect my helpless niece for ever, if necessary."

"She warned me that something of the kind might happen," he said, helping himself to a banana.

"Are you going to show me those letters?"

"Certainly not; they are private."

Aunt Jane tried to wither him with contempt, but was so unsuccessful that she felt that, unless she retreated in haste, she would lose her temper herself.

"Come!" she said. "Leave him to his conscience."

As they swept out Tom said to his wife, "Are you a party to this silly nonsense?" but she did not deign to answer. It was all beyond doubt, now, on his own confession.

Tom smoked a cigarette. He hadn't a notion what the row was about, but there would obviously be no peace till Aunt Jane went. So he changed his plan of attack and strolled into the drawing-room. The two were on the sofa. Aunt Jane's arm was round Lucy's waist. They looked ferociously at him, turned away, shuddered, and were silent. He sat down on an easy chair, and took up a book. For five minutes nothing was heard but indignant breathing. Suddenly he remarked: "I saw the doctor again to-day." There was no reply. Aunt Jane clasped Lucy tightly. He went on: "I asked him what he thought."

Still a silence. You could hear their shoulders shrugged.

"He said it was a little hard to explain the green spots, but the pink and yellow ones were either scarlet fever or something in-it is and were quite well known in the profession."

Aunt Jane had released her hold on Lucy and was looking at him with open mouth. He went on casually: "I asked, was it infectious. He said you can't tell until

somebody has caught it from you."

Aunt Jane was standing up.

"But, he says, in case there should be any danger, I had better avoid the company of all but near relatives of myself or my wife."

Lucy hurried up to him with alarm on her face. Aunt Jane backed toward the door.

"Dear aunt," he said, advancing with outstretched hand, "you're not going yet, surely?"

She gave a little scream and jumped away. In a moment she was out of the room.

Lucy turned to him with concern. "Is it serious, dear?" she asked.

"Just you see that Aunt Jane gets comfortably out of the house."

Lucy understood, and the spell vanished. Aunt Jane was upstairs, hurriedly putting on her hat and coat, and muttering aloud.

"I'll take a room at the hotel till to-morrow. Send in my box. No, I'm afraid I can't wait—I shall be late as it is. Thank you for a pleasant evening. Write and tell me how he is getting on, and don't forget to disinfect the letter. Why didn't you tell me this before you invited me? The incompetence of some doctors!—and sprinkle it all over the carpets. Good-by." She scurried down the stairs. Tom was in the hall to say good-by. She dodged around him and out of the door as if twenty microbes were snapping at her heels.

The deserted couple sighed with relief. Lucy put her head on Tom's shoulder.

"I am so glad she's gone, dear. I think she's a witch; she seemed to get hold of my mind, somehow."

"Let's go and look at the guilty letters," he said.

"No, I don't want to see."

"Well, they are only what you wrote to me before we married." So she brought what he wrote to her, and he brought what she wrote to him, and they exchanged bundles and sat at opposite sides of the table, and he knocked on the table and shot across to her the first in date, and she shot across to him her reply to it; and he read it and shot across the next, and so on all through the list, and when they came to the things which meant kisses . . .

This is a good parlor game for two.—The Sketch.

#### ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CALGARY.

The contract for the works necessary to the completion of the two towers of St. Mary's church has been awarded to J. C. McNeil, the contractor, for the sum of about four thousand dollars. The works are to be commenced at once, and completed by the first of August. When completed, the towers will add very much to the appearance of the building. They will run about 23 feet above the present masonry work and be surmounted each by a cross about ten feet high, making the total elevation from the present works about 35 feet. The structures will be of wood, covered with corrugated galvanized iron, and in each tower there will be two compartments, one above the other, to receive the chime of bells. There will be three bells in one tower and two in the other. Above the compartments, there the structures will terminate in a dome on each tower, to be covered with copper. On the top of these will be two crosses covered with gilt.—Calgary Herald.

#### A MATTER OF HABIT.

The old schoolmaster was deeply affected. His scholars, noticing the dilapidated appearance of his chair, had presented him with a new one for Christmas.

"My dear boys," said the kindly old pedagogue with tears in his eyes, "I can never hope to tell you how you have made me feel by this token of your love for me. All I can do is to thank you for the sacrifices you have made of your little purses for the sake of my comfort. If you have found me severe at times, I trust you realize that it has always been for your own good. I hope to always have your full confidence, as you have ever had mine."

As the old schoolmaster prepared to sit down in his new chair he unconsciously ran his hand over the seat in search of bent pins.

## Persons and Facts

A representative of the Catholic Times on making enquiries at Shoreditch learns that the Rev. Mr. Evans, until recently rector of St. Michael's Anglican church there, has been received into the Church. The ceremony took place about three weeks ago in Florence, where Mr. Evans also received the Sacrament of Confirmation. Ninety-three persons who were formerly members of St. Michael's congregation have already been received at St. Mary's, Moorfields, and the number under instructions is daily increasing.

The Earl of Fingall, one of the four Earls who accompanied the Duke of Norfolk on the recent pilgrimage to Rome, was born there. His father was born in Naples, and his grandfather in Geneva. Lord Fingall, who enjoys an Irish earldom and a barony of the United Kingdom, is the premier Catholic baron of Ireland as the Duke of Norfolk is of England.

We feel that a generous support will be given to the sacred concert in aid of St. Joseph's Orphanage on Tuesday, May 12. This is, as all know, a most deserving institution, in which the Grey Nuns are doing wonders of economical charity, and its needs are all the greater just now owing to the loss sustained in the fire of March 26. The programme for the concert includes several choruses by the choir, and several representatives of our best local talent have kindly consented to assist.

Father Ganss, who is himself a musical composer of high merit, contributes to the Ave Maria of April 25 an extended notice of Edward Elgar, the now famous English Catholic composer, who electrified the best German critics by his marvellous orchestral representation of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." Father Ganss's article is a revelation of the beauties of "the greatest contribution to the musical literature of England since Handel wrote his 'Messiah' in 1742 and Mendelssohn produced his 'Elijah' in 1846." Father Ganss has evidently approached his subject with a deep and wide knowledge of musical technicalities, of which he gives happy glimpses to the ordinary, unskilled reader. Incidentally he also reveals his own fine literary taste, as when he says of Newman's great work: "Probably few if any modern poems could be found so packed with dramatic possibilities, so charged with pathetic sentiment, ranging over the whole gamut of emotional expression, and affording the widest and deepest scope for musical utterances as the Cardinal's beautiful work. Dantesque in its spiritual conception, Miltonian in its cadenced diction, Tennysonian in its lyric wealth, a veritable cyclorama of all the sacred, solemn incidents attending the supreme moment of man's earthly sojourn—his deathbed—its opportunities were bewilderingly enticing, but at the same time full of stupendous difficulties,—difficulties that would yield only to a mastermind." That these difficulties, although triumphantly surmounted by the composer, still face the performer of Elgar's oratorio, is attested by a remark which Mr. Chas. A. E. Harris, the organizer of the musical festivals now delighting Canadians everywhere and Winnipeggers in particular. When, on the occasion of his first visit here, we asked him if he intended to give any selections from Elgar's Dream of Gerontius, he replied with a laugh, "O, dear no; we couldn't attempt anything so difficult as that."

The truth about Philippine outrages is at last reaching the general public. Catholic papers here, for more than two years, affirmed these atrocities, but hitherto the U.S. government has tried to hush them up; now, however, General Miles's report shows shocking cruelties on the part of American officers and soldiers, natives flogged to death or butchered in bunches, priests put through the water torture, and all this excused by the perpetrators on the score of un-

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usual conditions. General Miles is going to change this horrible state of affairs; but what about reparation and punishment for these military brutes?

Last Saturday a special meeting of the University Council was held to express sympathy with Rev. Dr. Hart and Mrs. Hart in their sad bereavement by the recent death of their daughter, Ethel, who was one of the most distinguished graduates of the University, and highly esteemed by all her friends. The resolution of condolence was moved by Rev. Dr. Sparling, and seconded by Rev. Father Drummond and Rev. Dean Matheson. Miss Hart, whose health had been failing for some months past, was married April 15, at Redlands, California, to the Rev. James S. Scott, of Brantford, Ont.

#### WHICH IS GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE?

Andrew Carnegie is reported to have said that some years ago he wanted to cross a mountain in Pennsylvania and a youngster offered to take him over for 50 cents. Mr. Carnegie thought the price was too great, but, after long argument, paid it, "not because the trip was worth it," as the story goes, "but because I had to get on the other side of the mountain." Mr. Carnegie adds: "I predicted that the boy would some day make a fortune, and he has. His name was Charles M. Schwab."

That reminds me of a story. Years ago a young man owned the only woodyard in a prairie town out west. He had a goodly store on hand when heavy snows came and blocked the roads. For weeks no wood could be hauled to the town, yet the young man went on selling at his regular price of \$2.75 a cord. A friend said to him that he could get five dollars as easily, because the people must have wood. The young man said he knew it, but that he was making a fair living profit. So he continued to sell his wood at the same old price. Everybody predicted that he would always be poor, and he is. God bless him! Never mind his name; you wouldn't know it if you heard it; but it is a synonym of human love and tender sympathy throughout all that prairie country.—Ex.

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