

# Northwest Review.

THE ONLY CATHOLIC WEEKLY PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH BETWEEN LONDON (ONTARIO) AND THE PACIFIC COAST

VOL. XXI, No. 16

WINNIPEG, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1905

\$2.00 per year  
\$1.50 if paid in advance  
Single Copies 5 cents

## CURRENT COMMENT

Of our three daily contemporaries only one, the Tribune, took any notice of the blessing of the new Ruthenian Catholic church on Sunday, Jan. 15, and yet the morning papers, which had ignored this most significant event in which fifteen hundred people took part, devoted each half a column or more to the blessing of the Red River on Jan. 19 by that ecclesiastical mountebank, Bishop Serafim, of the Greek Orthodox church, whose following on that occasion is put down by both papers, with suspicious accuracy of agreement, at nearly or about two hundred, which doubtless really means fifty at most. The fact that Serafim has been officially repudiated and declared, by the Russian government, never to have been consecrated a bishop, and that the gang of disreputable illiterates whom he attempted to ordain here have publicly rebelled against him and denounced him, has no weight with our contemporaries. They boom him just because he is not a Catholic, while they ignore one of the most striking manifestations of Catholic unity ever witnessed in the west.

So has it ever been with the caterers to Protestant public opinion. Whoever secedes from the centre of unity by heresy or schism is sure to be praised even for those very things that are blamed in Catholics. The devotion of Russian or Greek Orthodox to icons is admirable, but the pious use of these same icons (pictures) by Catholics is superstition or idolatry. Cassocks and flowing robes may seem effeminate in a Catholic priest or bishop; they are full of majesty when worn by a schismatic clergyman. Catholic blessings of water are ridiculed; but any Orthodox charlatan may bless the waters of a whole river and exhort his followers to dip up and preserve this liquid just where it is most polluted by sewage, and all this is highly commended; "every devout believer of the orthodox creed," we are told (Free Press, Jan. 20,) "filled some receptacle with the holy water to take home and preserve till the same season next year. Should illness visit the home or some member of the household die, the house or body would be sprinkled with the carefully guarded water." It would indeed be strange if disease did not visit the homes in which Red River water, taken at the foot of Selkirk avenue, where typhoid and other germs must be plentiful, is "carefully guarded" in loosely corked bottles for a whole year.

The third volume of the biography of Louis Veillot by his brother Eugene, comprising the years from 1855 to 1869, besides being one of the most interesting books ever written, deals with the period when Veillot's power as a writer was greatest. Experts in French literature will understand what this implies when they are reminded that Jules Lemaitre, one of the greatest living critics and one who does not profess belief in Catholic doctrine, could write twelve years ago: "I do not hesitate to count him among the half dozen very great prose writers of this century (the nineteenth)." And Veillot's reputation grows every day. Quite lately the Abbe Delfour asserted that he was undoubtedly the greatest master of French style in the nineteenth century. Unfortunately Veillot is too persistently Catholic in all that he writes to be chosen as a model in non-Catholic schools and colleges, which are thus, as in the case of Newman and others, debarred from all that is loftiest and cleverest in literature. This third volume fairly sparkles with gems of thought. It is a pity that French book-makers do not take kindly to the alphabetical index, for Veillot is, of all men, pre-eminently the one whose works would need that indispensable adjunct to any book worth reading. True, the undertaking, if applied, as it ought

to be, to all his works together, would be a gigantic one, since they already fill fifty volumes and fifty more could be filled with selections from his editorials during forty years of unparalleled journalism; but the labor would be valued and paid for by the increasing number of his admirers who always want to know what he thought on a thousand and one live questions. In the very latest number of the "Etudes" (Jan. 5) Father Longhaye, admittedly the best of Catholic critics, whose work on the literature of the 17th Century has been crowned by the Academy, says that, "from 1850 onwards, L. Veillot is the first of French prose writers and Sainte Beuve the second." No other writer in French or any other language, past or present, has ever handled so many vital questions with such sincerity and, on the whole, so much truth, with such vigor of style such pungency of wit, such crushing satire, such captivating and wholesome realism, so much deep tenderness and lofty poetic vision, and always and everywhere with such faultless precision of language and such utter devotion to Catholic ideals that Cousin once said of him: "Whatever may be alleged against Veillot, he always has on his side the Pope and the grammar."

Take for instance these two passages on Renan, the truth of which forty subsequent years have amply confirmed. Louis Veillot, in 1862, described him as "a man skilled in getting others to sound in his honor the cymbals and trumpets of renown. But noise is only noise; no balloon, however tightly it may be inflated, ever assumes the consistency of marble. There is affected pathos and overniceness in M. Renan, there is stucco in his style as in his erudition. If his doctrines were not horrible, people would hiss his pretty style, as foreign to the gravity of science as his science itself is foreign to the majesty of truth."

Eight years before that, in 1854, Louis Veillot—we translate from the biography—made M. Renan the subject of a character sketch in the "Univers" which was much talked of. It was a propos of certain articles of this young "would-be-philosopher" on saints and sanctity. Louis Veillot explained to him that, having hastily passed from the Seminary to freethought, the state of his mind was incompatible with a proper treatment of such a question.

Even at that early date Renan aimed at preciosity and open-mindedness. He strove to judge the Church from on high, without anger, without bias, as a disinterested teacher who bore her no illwill, although he had betrayed her. With almost a friendly tone, as if yielding to evidence, he reproached her with having lost the sense of holiness. To the saints of yore, who were men of mark had succeeded—he recorded the fact with regret—narrow-minded saints; unfortunately, there would never be any others, modern times not admitting of that higher sanctity which represented the "ideal and divine aspect of human nature."

Louis Veillot called attention to this proposition with ironical disdain; then, discussing it, he slashed it vigorously. Having broadly defined sanctity as "that invention of Divine mercy which lavishes upon men all the means of gaining heaven," he passed judgment on the writer and the "thinker" who declared it to be dead. Without denying that the ex-seminarian had some literary worth, he twitted him with attitudinizing as a gloomy exquisite, with his affectation, with his extreme research of elegance, "I point out this defect," he added, "in order to stop, if possible, the swelling tide of Gongorism which is invading the younger members of the university, and which threatens to make us regret the barely grammatical dryness of its emeriti. I have little hope, nevertheless, that M. Renan will succeed in correcting his taste, because the root of that wretched taste,

is in the wretched state of his mind." Renan profited somewhat by this advice. If he did not give up "his manner," he corrected it enough for Louis Veillot to acknowledge later on that he had "a pretty style." As to the state of his mind, he justified this forecast of his critic: "M. Renan does not make a formal declaration of unbelief; but that is what his whole article intimates, and I congratulate him on desisting that sharp diplomacy with which men of his school often strive to appear Christian still, when they are so no longer. Should I be mistaken, he will protest." Renan did not protest.

The Winnipeg Street Railway are running a splendid new car, number 154, on the Broadway-St. John's route. It has a smoking and luggage compartment at one end. The seats, two on each side of a narrow aisle, are set across the car, which is geared for forty miles an hour. One evening, between six and seven, last week, there was the usual crush; all seats filled, and the aisle jammed with men and women standing up, even the vestibule crowded. By the way, this arrangement of cross seats, though more comfortable for long trips, as between Minneapolis and St. Paul, or Duluth and Superior, is very awkward in the city where frequent stoppages make the frequent exits from the seat nearest the windows a regular tussle through the overcrowded car, and lead to a continual struggle of conflicting anatomies. Two Englishmen, wedged in to the far corner of the vestibule were discussing the situation. "This sort of thing would not be tolerated at home," said one. "No, indeed," replied the other, "when people pay for a seat in English trams, they get it. The companies provide enough cars for all passengers. There are enough people here to fill two cars." Then a Frenchman, who had lived in Paris, but spoke excellent English, volunteered the information that a Parisian tram conductor would be fined fifty francs if he took one passenger more than the seats could accommodate. This led to a discussion as to why the people in this country and in the States submitted so tamely to the overcrowding of cars. The consensus of opinion among the three was that Canadians were not trained to stand up for their rights, and that, even if laws were passed securing the comfort of travellers, these laws would not be enforced, because the people were too careless and indifferent. It seems to us that there is another obvious answer to this question. We Canadians are accustomed to rough it. We had rather take things easily than grumble over them. Besides, when we are in a hurry, as we generally are, we prefer any amount of good-humored jostling to waiting, were it only two minutes, for another car, especially when the 15 below zero north wind cuts like a knife. In fact, we rather enjoy being overcrowded. It is such a warm contrast to the bleak, lonely prairie drives of the olden time.

Last Sunday's first news of the severity with which the St. Petersburg strikers were punished was very alarming. Nothing less than a second French Revolution was anticipated. Coming, as this news did, through English channels, it lost none of its fictitious bulk on the way, first, because of the long standing enmity between England and Russia, and secondly, because it is an axiom of the English speaking world that popular government is the only right form of government, an axiom, which, like many other first principles accepted by the unthinking hordes, would need more proof than has ever been deemed necessary by those same hordes. When, however, after a day or two, the main facts emerged from a sea of exaggerations, it was found that the several thousand people killed and wounded dwindled down to about seventy, and that the grievances of the strikers were rather vague, their only distinct demand being the permission to vote. The whole thing looks very much like an attempt at revolution disguised as an appeal to the "Little Father," and organized by a fanatic who took good care to run away and

hide at the psychological moment. Very likely, when we shall be in possession of all the facts, the whole thing will turn out to have been nothing more serious than the wise and necessary repression of a great socialist demonstration at Charleroi, in Belgium, some fifteen years ago, when the sacrifice of half a hundred lives saved the whole country from the horrors of anarchy. Had Louis XVI. been more of a man and less of a booby, all the benefits of the French Revolution might have come gradually without any of its unimaginable atrocities. On the day in 1790 when the rabble invaded the palace of Versailles, Napoleon, then a mere subaltern, exclaimed: "Oh! If I only had one cannon to stop that mob." And five years later, the very day after he had received command of the garrison of Paris, he swept the streets with grapeshot, terrorizing the Terrorists, bringing the Revolution to an end, and ensuring to France twenty years of internal peace and external glory.

## Clerical News.

Mgr. Ritchot is gradually sinking. Rev. Father Cherrier went to see him early this week and found him very quiet and resigned.

Rev. Father Lacasse, O. M. I., who is now stationed at St. Mary's Presbytery, begins on Friday a short retreat to the Sisters of Mercy at St. Norbert.

Very Rev. Father Allard, O. M. I., of Fort Francis, was here this week in the district confided to his care there has lately been built, at Big Fork, a neat little church dedicated under the title of St. Patrick, 34 feet by 18. It cost \$750, 550 of which are already paid.

Rev. Father Guillet, O. M. I., who had been invited to a special meeting of the Oblate local chapter this week, wrote from Duluth that he was unavoidably detained.

Rev. Nicholas Yunker will be ordained priest next Sunday by His Grace in the German Church. Rev. Mr. Speeman will, on the same occasion, receive minor orders.

The rumor, published last week, that Father Fleming, of the Parry Sound district, had been drowned while going to a sick call, is happily unfounded. He is quite well.

Rev. Father Loriau, F. M. I., was the Archbishop's guest on Thursday, the 26th.

His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Boniface, accompanied by Rev. Fr. Camirand, went to St. Alphonse last Sunday.

Rev. G. Belanger, pastor of Selkirk, has been laid up for a few days in St. Boniface Hospital. Rev. D. Plante, S. J., took his place at Selkirk last Sunday for the High Mass and sermon and the service at the asylum.

Rev. Fr. Thibaud, F. M. I., having been obliged to go to France for his health, Rev. Fr. Loriau becomes superior of the Missionaires de Chavagnes at St. Hubert and Cartier.

Rev. Fr. Noret, of St. Malo, has lately completed a record trip to France, going and returning in less than four weeks.

Rev. Fr. Thibaudeau, O. M. I., has lately been appointed parish priest of St. Charles, which place Rev. Father Marion, O. M. I., has left for the French Canadian church at Duluth.

Cardinal Satolli is very seriously ill. Pneumonia is feared.

Rev. Fr. Costiou, O. M. I., becomes assistant to Rev. Simeon Perreault,

O. M. I., at the Indian Boarding School of Crooked Lake.

During the absence of Rev. Arcade Martin, who is visiting his aged parents at St. Jacques le Mineur, Que., Rev. Fr. Lamy, of the Three Rivers diocese, is acting pastor of St. Joseph.

Rev. Fr. Libert, F. M. I., supplied for Rev. Fr. Noret during the latter's recent trip to France.

Rev. Fr. Hella, is assisting Rev. Fr. Bourret at St. Agathe.

## Persons and Facts

Madame Loubet, the President's aged mother, died at her home at Montelimar on Sunday last. She was of sturdy character, and on her ninetieth birthday wrote a public letter to her son, asking him to stop Combes' crusade against the religious Orders. President Loubet was much devoted to her, and when Combes came Sunday morning to place his resignation in his hands, he told him to come again; that there was an old woman dead down in the south of France whom he would bury before he undertook any more funerals.—Western Watchman.

Sherborne School, Dorsetshire, England, which was founded by Edward VI. in 1550, issues an interesting annual report and list of members of the Old Shibernian Society. One of these "old boys" who resides in Winnipeg, has kindly allowed us to look into the last report issued in October, 1904. Therein we read that Sherborne will celebrate next June the twelve hundredth anniversary of the first coming of St. Aldhelm to that town in 705 A. D. There will be dramatic scenes, processions and living pictures illustrating the long history of the town. Of the sixteen projected scenes eight are thoroughly Catholic, one of them being the introduction of the Benedictine rule by Bishop Wulfy III.; but, of course, nothing will be said about the contrast between the Sherborne of the first eight hundred years, wholly Catholic, and the Sherborne of the last four hundred years, overwhelmingly Protestant. No such dangerous historical reminiscences would have been tolerated by the advisers of the thirteen year old king, who refounded the old Catholic church school of Sherborne.

To judge from a picture of the Grand Duchess Caroline of Saxe-Weimar, published in Wednesday's Free Press, her death from inflammation of the lungs is but the inevitable result of the efforts she seems to be making to shoulder her way out of a very low-necked dress.

Answer to S. H. M.—You are right in so far as "fakir" for a humbug, is preferable to the spelling "fakir," which is common in the States, probably because Americans generally stick to the old pronunciation of "fakir," a Mohammedan ascetic. Smart (1835) used to pronounce this word with the accent on the first syllable; but all Englishmen who have lived in the east, the home of fakirs, now pronounce this word "fah-keer," with the accent on the last syllable.

An unfortunate mistake, exaggerating the severity of our climate, was made in the St. John's weekly weather report published in the Telegram of the 27th inst., and the Free Press of the 28th. The highest temperature for the week ending Jan. 26 is there set down as 19.8 below zero on Jan. 25, whereas the mercury rose above zero on that date (see Free Press News Bulletin, Jan. 26).

The death of Professor E. B. Kerrick on Thursday, the 26th inst., will be a great loss to the practical scientific interests of this country. He was a most distinguished analytical chemist.

A collection recently recommended by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface in aid of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Makinak, realized \$736.24, this total being the result of contributions from 39 parishes, six convents, several persons who, through the Archbishop, sent \$160, Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, who gave \$48.55 (ten pounds) and Mr. Bleau of Montreal, who gave five dollars.

A report comes from Ottawa to the effect that a proposal has been made by the Oblate Fathers in charge of the Indian school at St. Boniface to close that institution and devote the money granted towards its maintenance to three schools to be established in reserves where the Indians belong to the Roman Catholic faith. There is insufficient land in connection with the St. Boniface school to teach agriculture efficiently, and the Fathers are of the opinion that better general results in the education of Indian youths can be obtained by conducting schools on the reserves. Under present conditions they feel that they have not accomplished all that is to be desired in the training of the Indian children to take their place in higher walks of life than those trod by their forebears. The Fathers offer to take over the St. Boniface property and utilize the buildings for some branch of the church's educational or charitable work. Free Press

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM ROME

Here are a few extracts from a private letter, written from Rome to one of the Jesuit Fathers of St. Boniface by his niece. The letter is dated Jan. 6. "We run about all day, have an Italian lesson thrice weekly, and are tired at night. Since the New Year we have seen some dozen churches, the chief among them being San Pietro in Vincoli and San Pietro in Montorio, St. Philip's Chiesa Nuova, Santa Cecilia, Santa Maria in Trastevere, Santa Maria degli Angeli, made out of the tepidarium of Diocletian's martyr-built Baths, by Michael Angelo. Besides we have feasted our eyes and frozen our feet in two. Gallerie (picture galleries)—San Luca and Doria, the latter very fine. The grandest picture of all is when, from our high window in the fourth flat of the immense Palazzo Moroni, we watch the sun set sky glow and fade behind the Dome. First, its cloudless, limpid expanse turns to a pure, clear gold, faintly green near the blue zenith. Then it deepens to orange and deep pink. Finally, an indescribable mist, of a blue at once soft, opaque and pale, wraps up buildings, houses and minor domes, until only St. Peter's, like a vision of cloud-built beauty, stands clearly out against the last flush of the west. Now, I must go back to December 30th. The day before, we went to see Mgr. Bruchesi, who had obtained an almost private audience for Baroness Macdonald, Sir John M.'s widow. As we were going out, I whispered to M. "I wish we could go on Friday." Mgr. Bruchesi saw me and insisted on knowing what I wanted. When I mentioned it, he promised to let us know if it could be done. Next day Canon Roy came to tell us we were to see our Holy Father at five o'clock on the 30th. For the second time, we dressed in our black silks and veils, and drove to the Porta di Bronzo, to the left on approaching St. Peter's. We passed the sentry, turned to the left again, and mounted several wide flights of marble steps. We soon met Mesdemoiselles La Roque, daughters of the Canadian Zouave. After some waiting we were led up more noble stairways and through many splendid halls to an anteroom, where we met Mgr. Bruchesi, two priests and Lady Macdonald. There also, on a sort of counter, in charge of liveried servants we left our cloaks. Across the lofty hall we could see four guardsmen in the quaint uniform of yellow, red and black, sitting by a great door; it looked like a bit of stage scenery. More immense rooms, one all hung with gorgeous tapestry, till we reached the room where we first saw our dear Pope. I recognized the red damask hangings and hairs, the antique clocks, the great crucifix on the table, and the golden throne under a warm-toned canopy. Half an hour elapsed, several cardinals passing through. Then Mgr. Bruchesi vanished, and we waited again. A grand usher in pretty, red doublet, knee breeches and well fitting hose, led us—eight only—through two more high, imposing rooms, red in tint, if I remember right. As I followed, almost lost, I had an impression of green and white under the steady light of two electric lamps just opposite. The green was from the color of the curtains on the

windows and on the inner side of the glass bookcases all around the spacious chamber; the white was the cassock, hair and cap of our Holy Father himself. He was standing not a yard away, near the red covered armchair, at the end of a large long desk covered with books and papers. As we each came up Mgr. Bruchesi said a word of introduction. When our turn came he mentioned Mamma's two Jesuits, as he had done the first time, and we knelt and kissed the Fisherman's ring with hearts full of joy and reverence and love. The La Roque had brought two photos of the Pope to be signed by him and a priest had a large one. The Holy Father turned to his desk to write and then looking around, he pointed to a semicircle of chairs in front of his desk, between it and a long, shiny table, and said: "Asseyez-vous" (Be seated) so kindly. We all sat down save myself, there being one chair less than our number. We saw him so well as he bent over the desk, where so many of his hours must be spent. He is, perhaps, less handsome than some of the familiar photographs, but far kinder and more fatherly. His face is at once strong and gentle, his hair nearly as white as the little cap, his look deep, earnest, kindly. There is something of weariness and fatigue in his expression. The winning simplicity of his manner made us see in him a picture of what St. Peter must have been among the first Christians. As he wrote and then sprinkled sand over each signature, Mgr. Bruchesi spoke to him of "Ville Marie," and once or twice a beautiful smile lit up the Pope's expressive face. At last he stood erect and said slowly and carefully: "Je vous benis, avec vos familles et tous ceux que vous avez dans votre esprit et dans votre cœur" (I bless you, with your families and all those whom you have in your mind and in your heart). Then he raised his hands, and, fervently and earnestly, pronounced the Latin words of blessing. I thought of all our dear absent ones. After that he said: "Maintenant, une petite visite particuliere" (Now, a little personal visit), and came down to us. Being nearest that end of the desk, I was the first to kiss his warm, kind hand—loath to let it go. As he passed on—and only then—I noticed that he had slipped a small box into my left hand. The box contained beautiful medals, the size of a fifty cent piece, silver gilt; on one side Our Lady's head, with "Reg. sine labe," etc.; on the other, "Pius X. Pont. Max. Ann. II." Once the medals gave out, and he opened a cupboard behind the desk and took out some more. My heart went out to him. By skirting the little group, I managed to kiss the ring several times. It was touching to see the two Protestants, Lady M. and her companion, do homage just as we did, but even more touching to see Mgr. Bruchesi moved to tears and asking another blessing for his aged mother and for his diocese. As he said "Buon anno," Pius X. wished him "ad multos annos."

The happy moments over, as we passed out one by one, the Holy Father was standing there, one hand on the back of a chair, bending forward a little with that deep, almost sad look in his dark eyes and a faint, kind smile on his lips. Would you believe that, as I took his hand for the last time, I had courage to whisper "Buon anno?" He looked as if he wanted to make us happy and to say just what we needed.

Regina Notes.

The annual meeting of St. Mary's Altar Society was held on the afternoon of January 15. There was a large and enthusiastic meeting. Mrs. C. J. McCusker, the president for 1904 read a very interesting report of the year's work. Rev. Father Suffa, who is spiritual director for 1905, in a few well chosen words thanked the president, officers and members for the excellent work accomplished during the past year. The election of officers then took place. Madame Keenan was elected president; Mrs. E. McCarthy 1st Vice pres., Miss Lenhard 2nd Vice pres., Miss McDonell secretary and Miss McLaughlin Treasurer.

On Friday morning January 20, Rev. Father Kasper, O. M. I., left Regina to take charge of the missions of Maria Hilf and surrounding country with headquarters at Crooked Lakes. During Father Kasper's sojourn of over a year in Regina, he endeared himself to all who knew him. All, and especially the children, will regret his departure. Father Kasper may feel assured that the prayers and good wishes of St. Mary's congregation will ever follow him. May he long be spared to work for his Master.

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Acts Like Oxygen.

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The choir has wonderfully improved since the New Year, Madame Keenan needs no comment from my pen. The addition of male voices is what causes the great improvement. Mr. Lyons was heard on Sunday in a solo, "Star of the Sea" and really it was a treat. Mr. Lyons has a beautifully clear and well cultivated voice. We have excellent male singers in our congregation and we hope to see them all, ere long, assisting in the choir. It certainly should be a coveted honor to be able to creditably sing the praises of the Lord.

Rev. Father Suffa has had a fine new organ placed in the church. The weather has been very cold but not stormy. Curling has been the order of the day for the past week. La Grippe seems to be very prevalent and it seems in almost every family one or more members have been visited by that unwelcome guest. Two very sad deaths occurred in our city lately. Rev. Mr. Sinclair of the Industrial School died in Regina Hospital while undergoing an operation, and on Wednesday night, Lydia Wain, a little girl of nine years was burnt to death, the accident being caused by a celluloid comb catching fire from a lamp.


GENA MACFARLANE.

WORKING CHEAP

"Are you paid anything for swearing?" Eli Perkins once asked a commercial traveller. "No, I do it for nothing." "Well," said the lecturer, "you work cheap. You lay aside your character as a gentleman, inflict pain on your friends, break a commandment, and lose your own soul—and for nothing. You do certainly work cheap—very cheap."

A STUDY OF OLD AGE

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Ascariasis Kidney Diseases
Asthma La Grippe
Bacillary Dysentery Leucorrhoea
Bacterial Dysentery Lymphatic Tuberculosis
Bacterial Typhoid Malaria
Cholera Cholera Infantum
Diphtheria Erysipelas
Dysentery Gonorrhoea
Erysipelas Gout
Fever—Gall Stones Gonorrhoea—Gleet
Typhoid Fever Tuberculosis
Typhus Typhus

Resema—Erysipelas Tuberculosis
Fever—Gall Stones Tumors—Ulcers
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**REV. FATHER EMARD DELIVERS POWERFUL DISCOURSE ON ENORMITY OF SIN**

Rev. Father Emard, O.M.I., formerly of Rat Portage, has been named assistant to the pastor of the new French Catholic parish in Winnipeg. Father Emard last evening preached at St. Mary's church, delivering a powerful discourse on the enormity of mortal sin.

The preacher opened with a text from the Prophet Jeremiah, wherein he weeps over the ruin of Jerusalem wrought by its sins. Jerusalem, once the queen of the world, the meeting place of all that was great in the east, was in ruins. No should sinners mourn the loss of their soul through mortal sin, for that soul, once a queen, is now in ruin. Mortal sin seems to realize the wish of the Roman Emperor who would that the people of Rome had a single head so that he could wipe out the whole with one stroke of the sword: mortal sin wipes out in a moment all the beauties of the soul.

Mortal sin, a sin grievous in matter, committed with full realization of its gravity, was considered from three standpoints, as a rebellion against the authority of God; as an ingratitude, for the sin is committed with those very gifts, the free will, etc., bestowed by the Creator; lastly, as an insult to God.

The sermon was concluded with a caution that while it is well for the sinner to recognize the gravity of his offences, he should never despair in God's mercy. David, once a shepherd, was elevated to the high position of king, after which he sinned grievously; yet, when he became repentant and said, "Have mercy on me, O Lord," he was forgiven. He urged those in the state of mortal sin to repair to confession, and then with sincere contrition, and a firm purpose of amendment to begin anew the Christian life. Winnipeg Tribune, Jan. 23.

**A MINER'S HARD KNOCKS.**

By Christopher P. Connelly in Donahoe's for January.

The story is told that Heinze in the early part of his career in Butte, when he had his hard knocks and his downhill kicks, as every man of genius and accomplishments has had them, and will ever have them, secured a lease with another party named Burton on a little Jim-Crow mining claim on the flat south of Butte and tried to extract a few dollars from mother earth to buy a meal ticket. He worked hard and faithfully, but luck was against him. He owed Billy Jack's hardware store in Butte two or three hundred dollars for tools, supplies and powder, and it looked very much as if the end of his credit would soon be reached. One day Jack looked over his books, discovered the account against Heinze and his partner, asked who they were, was told they were two young fellows struggling for a try-out in the great world of fortune; that they had worked hard, stood a good chance to make good, and in fact had just run across some ore. "Go down and see what's on their dump," said Jack to his man, "and report to me." His clerk came back and reported that Heinze had probably \$500 or \$1000 worth of ore on the dump. "Get out an attachment at once and levy on it," said Jack. This was done, and in due time the deputy sheriff presented himself at Heinze's lonesome digging where he and his partner were at work. He stated his business and said he would be back in half an hour to confiscate the ore and haul it to the smelter. When he had gone, Heinze called down to his partner to come at once to the surface. "Work, now," said he, "as you never worked before." Side by side with the ore, which was raised on a little platform, was about the same amount of waste-rock that was worthless. The two men worked like Trojans, shifting the waste on to the platform, and the ore on to the spot where the waste was. When the deputy sheriff returned, he did not, of course, notice the change, it being sometimes difficult for the unpracticed eye, as indeed it is for the practiced eye, to tell the difference between ore and waste. He carted off the waste to the smelter, where it was treated at the expense of Billy Jack, and Heinze immediately had the ore removed to another smelter and got his returns. When Jack called up on the telephone a few days after to get his returns he was informed by his friend, the Superintendent of the smelter, to which the deputy sheriff took the waste, that the ore was worthless and that Jack owed the smelter a neat bill for treatment charges. When Heinze got ready he paid Jack's bill.

**LEGAL QUIPS.**

Lord Brampton's "Reminiscences" is full of good stories. Almost as keen as one of the famous thrusts which Curran gave Lord Norbury was Henry Hawkins' retort to the judge who rudely interrupted his argument by saying: "Mr. Hawkins, what you are saying to me goes in through one ear and out through the other." "Well, My Lord, what's to stop it?" was the ready reply. Another anecdote, not recorded in the book, may be less appreciated here than in England, since we do not regard the pun as the highest form of witicism. Mr. Hawkins was arguing a case concerning a ship named the "Hannah" before Sir Arthur Channell. The judge was unable to sound an initial H, and always called the ship the "Anna." A waggish lawyer inquired of Hawkins what the vessel's name really was, to which the future Lord Brampton answered: "Her name is the 'Hannah,' but the H has got lost in the chops of the Channell." This is really a clever pun, worthy to be classed with that of the judge who deprecated criticism when obliged to hear an Admiralty case without being familiar with the workings of that Court: "May there be no moaning of the Bar when I put out to sea."—The Casket.

**THE FACTS IN THE CASE.**

There is an art in correcting mis-statements, as in all things, and the Peterborough "Citizen" undoubtedly has that art at command. It draws attention to a little paragraph in "The Weekly Dispatch," which ran as follows:

In a graveyard in Peterborough there is a coffin, containing the body of a man, perched high up in the branches of an old oak tree.

"There are several small errors," says "The Citizen," after quoting this, "in the announcement:"

I. There is no graveyard in Peterborough with an oak tree in it.

II. There is no coffin in any oak tree in Peterborough, either in a graveyard or anywhere else.

III. There is no man in any coffin perched in a tree, either high up or low down.

"There is however one statement in the paragraph that is true. There is a graveyard at Peterborough." So now we know the facts.—London Monitor and New Era.

**HIS KEY OF HEAVEN.**

The following pointed little story was told by the late Archbishop Elder to a reporter who called to interview him not long before his death. "I will never forget a beautiful story of an old monk, which illustrates perfectly my idea. This venerable religious character spent his entire life in plain, useful work—he was a tailor. For fifty years he plied the needle that others might be clothed. He did his work faithfully and well. Then at a ripe old age the monk was prepared for the visit of the angel of Death. As he lay on his death bed he said to the other monks. 'Bring me my key of heaven.' And they brought him his Bible. 'No, that is not it. Bring me my key of heaven,' he repeated. And they brought him the Crucifix. 'No, not that. Bring me my key of heaven,' he again asked, and they finally brought him his little needle. 'Ah, that is my key of heaven,' he sighed, and passed away. The old monk earned his way to heaven by his years of toil for others, faithfully performed. So I wish all our people would spend their lives. The true, real life is the one spent cheerfully in the doing well of the many little things."

Lady—Generally speaking, women are—

Nasty Man (interrupting)—Yes, they are.

Lady—Are what?

Nasty Man—Generally speaking—Punch.

Father—So you took dinner at Willie Stout's house to-day? I hope when it came to extra helpings you had manners enough to say "No."

Tommy—Oh, yes, sir; I said "No" several times.

Father—You did, eh?

Tommy—Yes sir; Mrs. Stout kept askin' me if I had enough.—Philadelphia Press.

"But you must have noticed that he likes you."

"Well, yes; I suspected something when all the girls began to tell me how disagreeable he was."—Brooklyn Life.

**EPISCOPAL MINISTER'S CONVERSION.**

Rev. George Albert Cain, lately a curate of the Protestant Episcopal church of the Holy Innocents, at Hoboken, N. J., has announced his conversion to the Catholic faith, and expects soon to begin his studies for the priesthood. He was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. Hubert D. Gartland, chaplain of Newman school, a preparatory school for boys conducted under Catholic direction at Hackensack, N. J.

Mr. Cain, upon his ordination as an Episcopal clergyman, became a curate at Grace Church, Broadway and Tenth street, New York, leaving there later to become rector of St. John's church, Long Island City. For the last year he has been curate of Holy Innocents, Hoboken, the church erected by the Stevens family.

Mr. Cain's father, Rev. Albert Cain, of Andover, N. J., and his brother, Rev. Charles Cain, are Methodists.

The church of the Holy Innocents is classed among Episcopalians as a very high church. When Mr. Cain resigned as curate it was given out that he intended to give up the ministry and become a teacher.

**THE FRENCH CONVENT CHILD.**

By Katherine Tynan in Donahoe's for January.

Poor little Desiree; she didn't want to annoy anybody. She only wished to go back and finish her childhood in that quiet convent among the sea-flats. How gentle the nuns were! How merry the little French children! It was the convent of the Infant Jesus, and the atmosphere of childhood was all about the place. Even the nuns were no more than wise, grave, merry older children. Desiree had heard nothing of her fortune there. Only she was a little dearer to the nuns because she had no father and mother like the other children; and so she must be given to the Blessed Mother. How lonely Desiree was for the nuns' eyes, and the demure, bright romps in the playground, and the dormitory with its little white beds, and the glass corridor where they played when it was wet, and had their sewing-classes under the eyes of the great statue of the Holy Child.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1905

## Calendar for Next Week.

### JANUARY.

- 29—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.  
The Finding of the Boy Jesus in the Temple.
- 30—Monday—St. Martina, Virgin, Martyr.
- 31—Tuesday—St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.
- 1—Wednesday—St. Ignatius, Bishop, Martyr.
- 2—Thursday—Candlemas. The Purification of the Blessed Virgin.
- 3—Friday—St. Francis de Sales, Bishop. Doctor (transferred from Jan. 29).
- 4—Saturday—St. Andrew Corsini, bishop.

### AN EXCELLENT CORRECTION

It is a pleasure to be set right by a real scholar. This pleasure we experience in reading the Catholic Fortnightly Review's kindly criticism of one of our leaderettes in its latest issue, Jan. 15 (Vol. 12, No. 2). The critic, being accustomed to all the possible mistakes of printers, has in the first place, rendered us a real service by calling our attention to the evident dropping out of one or two lines of type in the final adjustment of the printed matter. As we did not correct the page proof, we never noticed that the corrections we had made in the galley proof were all jumbled up by the awkwardness of the workman who lifted the lines from the galley on to the page form; and we are now very glad to be able to correct a mistake which must have sorely puzzled our readers and which Mr. Preuss remedies as well as he can from the context. First, we shall give the passage as it stood, so far as we remember, in our manuscript. Those who keep the Northwest Review on file will note the discrepancies between this version and that which appeared in our issue of Dec. 24 last, page 1, last paragraph.

One of our Catholic contemporaries is too severe on the Protestant version of Luke, II, 14, "On earth peace good will towards men." This is not a false translation, but a fairly correct translation of a probably incorrect manuscript. The whole difficulty turns upon the absence or presence of a sigma (s) in St. Luke's original Greek text. If there was a sigma, that is to say, if the Greek word for 'good will' is to be read 'eudokias,' then the Catholic version is the only correct one. If there was no sigma, that is, if the Greek is 'eudokia,' then the Authorized Version of King James is right. Now two of the best manuscripts still extant, a great many other old manuscripts, all the Latin Fathers, and some of the most learned early Greek Fathers at a time when there still existed New Testament manuscripts two or three centuries older than the oldest manuscript we now have (which dates from the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century)—contain the Catholic reading, "On earth peace to men of good will." The Revised Version adopts the Catholic translation, for it reads, "On earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased." The only concession it makes to the Authorized Version is this marginal note "Many ancient authorities read 'peace good pleasure among men.'" In a second marginal note the Revised Version says: "Greek: 'men of good pleasure.'" thus completely ignoring the Greek New Testament text of the Oxford Clarendon Press, which has 'eudokia.' The weight of the best scholarship, is therefore, on our side. However, even granting the text as in the authorized Version, there is no real difference in doctrine. To wish "peace on earth, good will to men," practically amounts to saying that those only shall have peace who have a good will. But the Catholic version is the more compact and rational.

After quoting this paragraph, the Catholic Fortnightly Review says: "This

explanation is not quite to the point. To wish 'peace on earth and good will to men,' does not, in our humble opinion amount to saying that those only shall have peace who have a good will." We still think it does, and our impression is confirmed by what our critic goes on to say afterwards. Taking 'eudokia' to mean God's good pleasure, he agrees with us in saying that the sense of both versions is identical. But good will in man is the effect and the correlative of good pleasure in God. Therefore to wish 'peace on earth and good will to men' is to wish peace to those in whom God is well pleased.

However, the important and excellent point made by our St. Louis contemporary is the following. After adding still stronger testimony to the now commonly accepted opinion that the sigma ought to close the disputed text, Mr. Preuss continues: "But 'eudokia' does not signify 'good will' in the sense in which this phrase is generally understood and in which it is taken by our esteemed contemporary at the end of its above quoted note. It means good pleasure' (beneplacitum) and refers not to men, but to God." To prove this he then quotes the Latin text of Joseph Knabenbauer, S.J.—"our latest and best authority"—in his Commentarius in Evangelium secundum Lucam (page 122). We translate: "The phrase, 'en anthropois eudokias' [in hominibus beneplaciti(divini)], shows that men shall no longer be children of wrath, but children of grace, that is to say, children whom God loves, who are pleasing to him, whom God has honored with his good will and grace (Maldonado). For in this sense of the Divine good pleasure is 'eudokia' and also 'bona voluntas' to be taken, as most of the commentators understand these words" (he then refers to more than twenty of the most celebrated commentators); "for 'eudokia,' as they rightly remark, is said of the divine good pleasure, of God's gratuitous good will towards us; compare" (in the Greek text) "Matth. XI, 26; Luke, X, 21; Eph., I, 5 and 9; Phil., II, 13. For, as Jansen remarks, 'eudokia' is never attributed to man with respect to God, but often to God with respect to men."

Whereupon Mr. Preuss resumes: "That is to say, 'eudokia' means good pleasure; it is never applied in Holy Scripture to men with respect to God, but frequently to God with respect to men; and this interpretation of the word in Luke II, 14, is approved by a long series of the very best authorities. Hence, though 'eudokias' is to be preferred to 'eudokia,' the "Northwest Review" is right in saying that the sense of both versions is essentially identical; but it is wrong in adopting the interpretation of good will on the part of men, against which Fr. Knabenbauer expressly warns exegetists and preachers as follows: (we translate from the Latin) 'It is clear that the 'good will' of the Vulgate should be explained of God's benignant will make points continuous. Wherefore great care should be taken not to give a false explanation to the versions commonly found in modern languages: aux hommes de bonne volonté, die guten Willens sind, to men of good will.' (Ibid. pp. 123 and 124.)

"We have entered into this subject so extensively," concludes Mr. Preuss, "not only because the Northwest Review is a journal of high scholarship, in which we seldom find inaccuracies, but also and chiefly for the reason that the error into which it has fallen is, as the warning of Fr. Knabenbauer seems to indicate, almost as common among scholars as we know it to be among our Catholic people."

### FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

(By the Rt. Rev. A. F. Gasquet, O.S.B.)  
(Continued.)

We may now turn to the situation of the religious orders in France and to the legal status which they possessed since the Concordat and until recent times. It has been frequently asserted that in the agreement made by Napoleon with the Pope the religious Orders were purposely excluded. It is indeed true that by the legislation of 1789 and subsequent years the French congregations were suppressed and also that they are not specially mentioned in the restoration of religion under the Concordat. But it has been shown conclusively by the Comte de Mun (p. 69) that they are really included in the first articles of that treaty between the Pope and the Emperor, which guarantees the "full and free exercise of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion." How can there be "full and free exercise of the Catholic religion when the regular or religious life is prohibited and excluded? Is not the regular life, perhaps not necessary to the essence of the Catholic faith,

certainly an integral part of its full development? Will anyone be found to deny this? Moreover, the work of the Comte Boulay de la Meurthe in "la negociation du Concordat," makes it certain that the Pope especially desired and strongly urged that the case of the religious orders would be expressly mentioned in the document, and that the First Consul was unwilling to include them, not because they were thought to be prohibited, but precisely because he desired that they should be regarded as purely religious societies, not needing State recognition and depending for their creation and regulation upon "a Brief (of the Sovereign Pontiff) should he deem it expedient." If other proof were wanting that the Concordat in no way contemplated the suppression of the regular orders or their prohibition, we should still have the fact that in spite of the laws of 1789, 1790 and of 1792; in spite of the silence of the Concordat: even in spite of Article XI of the Organic Articles, which were no part of the Concordat, the religious congregations had already appeared in France three or four years before the date of the Concordat. Houses, convents, schools and hospitals had been opened by religious not merely in secret, not merely with the tacit recognition of the government, but with the direct approval and encouragement of the State. "I ask of any man of good faith," writes M. de Mun, "whether in the face of these facts it is possible to pretend that the silence of the Concordat can be interpreted as meaning the suppression of the religious congregations."

From the time of the reconstruction of social order under Napoleon as Consul, for many years, and probably for half a century, it was, however, considered useful for religious congregations to secure the protection of the State by obtaining authorization under some "Ordonnance," or patent, issued by the existing authority. In this way, whether under the Empire, the Monarchy, or the Republic, a large number of religious houses and congregations became known as authorized. Side by side with these, however, there grew up other bodies which did not desire or indeed ask for State recognition. The tendency certainly has been for these latter—the unauthorized bodies—to increase in number, especially since 1877; and in consequence of the uncertainty which followed the Ferry Laws of 1880. It has been suggested, and at least in the British press, it has been frequently asserted as incontrovertible, or what is the same, assumed as self evident, that the existence of the non-authorized religious bodies (which were in 1900 even more numerous than the authorized congregations) was undoubtedly illegal and prohibited by the law of the land. This is a completely wrong view of their position. The laws of 1817 and 1825 required authorization only in the case of bodies which desired to obtain State recognition, in order to secure advantages which come from the possession of the civil personality secured by legal existence. Until the recent law of 1901 the non-authorized congregations, though not recognized by the State, were not in any way illicit or illegal. It is necessary to bear this in mind because it has been the policy of M. Combes to suggest the opposite, and to endeavor to rob the congregations of the sympathy of law-abiding people, by representing them as rebels and law-breakers who did not dare to place themselves in relation with the State.

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Open Day and Night

"It cannot be too often repeated," says the Comte de Mun, "that until July 1, 1901, the non-recognized congregations were within their rights (in remaining non-authorized); their existence was licit though they could claim no civil personality or advantage as corporations acknowledged by the law.

Authorization then gave to the religious houses that possessed it merely a legal status, and it was M. Waldeck-Rousseau's professed wish by his bill of 1901 to extend to all religious the opportunity to regularize their position. He was anxious—if we may accept his reiterated expressions—whilst making unauthorized congregations henceforth illegal in France, to extend the approval of the State to all religious bodies applying for it, and comply-

ing with certain formal conditions, such as making a general statement of the ends and object of their institutions, and of the extent of their property and means of support.

Better informed, no doubt, as to the real intentions of the party possessing power in France, than those who relied upon the words of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and on his reiterated assertions that the object of his bill was not to destroy the Orders, but to afford them a legal position in the State, some religious bodies found refuge and freedom to serve God in other countries, preferring expatriation—which means so much to the sons of fair France—to those greater evils that might perhaps befall them if they asked for an authorization which they foresaw would certainly be denied them

by the avowed enemies of religion. Many, even among Catholics, at the time, thought that those who thus early gave up the struggle to vindicate the right of every free man to serve God in religious life, were ill-advised, and that the future would prove them to have read the signs of the times wrongly. Unfortunately this has not been the case; but the fate of those religious, who, with full faith and truth in the honesty of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, made their applications for authorization, has shown how little honesty, or justice, or fair dealing remains to-day in the Government of France.

Of those that remained, fifty-four congregations of men and a great number of congregations of women (said to comprise in all some six thousand houses) sent in their applications for recognition. Most of these had long been established on the soil of France and could show a good record of work done for God and their country. A great many, for three-quarters of a century, had openly carried on the purposes for which they were established without let or hindrance; they had been in constant and official communication with State officials in regard to their work, and they had enjoyed the confidence and respect of the public authorities in the places where their good works were carried on. They came in all good faith to the French Assembly to submit to the new regulations and to ask for the authorization now for the first time required by the new law.

LECTURE BY MISS O'CONNOR.

The following report of a Christmas entertainment and lecture appeared in the Prince Albert advocate of Jan. 2, but did not reach us till the 19th. Although rather late we gladly reprint it especially on account of the lecture which is full of bright and deep thoughts, suitable for all seasons as well as for Christmas.

A very successful entertainment was given on Wednesday night in the vestry of the R. C. church, by the children of the separate school.

The programme was well carried out and each number was well received by the large audience present.

The following is the programme as rendered:

"Angels we Have Heard on High"—Chorus.

"Christmas Sheaf"—Amelia La Plante—Recitation.

"A Boy's Complaint"—Ernest Dele Gorgendiere—Recitation.

"Come back Old Santa to me"—Chorus.

"Christmas Has Come"—Bertha Lacroix—Recitation.

A paper on Christmas—Miss O'Connor.

"My Old Kentucky Home"—Chorus.

"Spelling Lesson"—Louis Lacroix—Recitation.

"Papa's Letter"—Marguerite Benoit—Recitation.

"Christmas Bells"—Chorus.

Miss F. Lacroix, accompanist.

At the end of the programme Father Sinnett, in a few words described the coming of Santa Claus, who arrived in a few minutes, and proceeded to distribute his numerous presents to the little ones. This in itself was quite an undertaking. The two large trees were overflowing with good things and as much more was piled on the floor.

Below we publish in full the paper read by Miss L. O'Connor:

Christmastide has once again come to us with its many blessings, joys, messages of peace, friendship and goodwill. This is the time of the year when all should be brightest, when no trace of trouble should mar the happy season, when life's grandest message of peace and goodwill is to be transmitted in honor of the great Prince of peace. Even mother earth aids much in the celebration, donning her most beautiful garb, her white robes, indicative of greatest purity. Preparations both exterior and interior have been made throughout the universe and there is no reason why it should not be so. We are celebrating the greatest festival of the year, the greatest event that could possibly occur. Even on the coming of an earthly ruler what great preparations are made, what decorations, what show. Why should we not do so even exteriorly for the coming of the greatest of all sovereigns.

Long centuries have come and gone since the first Xmas night. The world has plunged forward through many revolutions. Nearly all things have changed to an almost incredible de-

gree. Time moves, but eternity stands still. Thus amid perpetual change the faith which is the representative of eternity on earth remains and is at rest. The Bethlehem of that first Xmas night has never passed away. It still lives a real life, not the straggling village, but the old Bethlehem of that momentous hour which gave to the world its Redeemer.

But even independently of this august reality Bethlehem exists as a living power in its continual production of supernatural blessings in the souls of men. It is ever impressing its own peculiar characteristics of self-sacrifice and love on souls. It is a divine type which moulds the actions of beings upon itself. An act of kindness and unselfishness from a soul, even in a feeble state of grace, is a grander thing than the discovery of a continent. Yet Bethlehem especially at Christmastide is eliciting tens of thousands of such acts daily from the souls of men. This is the season when by acts of love and self-sacrifice, joy should be brought to all. There are some who believe that joy is a mere shallow thing. Surely this is not the case. True joy is frequently undermost and sorrow is uppermost, but from this very cause joy is the deeper of the two. As under every stone there is no moisture, so under every sorrow there is joy. We dig into the bosom of sorrow to find the gold and precious stones of joy. Sorrow is but a condition of time; joy is a condition of eternity. In heaven joy will cast out sorrow, whereas there is not a lot on earth from which sorrow has been able to completely banish joy. There are souls too in this world of ours (for it is a pleasant old world after all) who have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them when they go, whose influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. Indeed this seems to be the spirit which is universally prevalent at this glorious season of Christmastide and has been for many centuries past. Man seems to borrow at this season in particular a small part of the love and self-sacrifice of the little infant, whose birth is being celebrated, the remembrance of which is ever extending its good work.

Its sphere of influence is the whole wide world, the regions where Christmas falls in the heart of summer as well as in this land of ours. It is everywhere in dense cities, even in the haunts of hopeless poverty it comes as a ray of brightest sunshine. Bethlehem is daily a light in a thousand dark places, beautifying what is harsh, sanctifying what is lowly, making heavenly the objects which are most of earth. It is all this because of the inexhaustible depth of love supplying countless souls with stores of peace and goodwill and love of endless variety, and yet all of the most exquisite loveliness.

How often has the wish occurred to each of us to have been present at that first little crib of Christmas night, to have extended some little welcome to the Creator of the universe when he was repelled and forgotten by all. But that thought seems to remain a retrospection and we overlook the present and the hundreds of opportunities of repaying now the wrong done. We have the little ones who are so infinitely dear to him to whom this season seems specially appointed for enjoyment and there is no reason why it should not be a time of rejoicing, both spiritually and materially.

(Christmas gifts are made especially to children.)

It would indeed be interesting to examine the different ways in which this spirit has manifested itself at different ages and among different peoples of the world. Gifts are made especially to children who, on account of their tender age and innocence are the most faithful image of the divine child. If we look upon a child in its simplicity, humility, candor and innocence, what is more natural for us than to think of the divine Child who was born on Xmas day? Our hearts expand and we feel urged to give the Holy Child proofs of our love and gratitude and, as we bestow nothing upon him personally, we make our gifts to innocent children, who most resemble him, and are dearest to him. The gifts therefore which are made to children on Xmas day are in intention made to the Infant Jesus.

But not by any means the least among the pleasures afforded is the visit of our dear old Santa Claus, no matter under what guise he makes his call, whether in the good old fashioned manner, with the family gathered about the fireplace in the flickering candle light, while Grandma

tells such wonderful tales of the "Little Green Man of Tipperary Hills," or whether he came in a little more dignified manner; if he appears a more highly educated fellow, drawn by his two sleek and swift midget reindeers, with a wonderful knack of coming down the house chimney and depositing very extravagant gifts with a sort of cunning knowledge of what is wanted, probably discovered by listening at keyholes, peering through windows or even sometimes deep into the very heart of the little one.

But even when he causes his magic tree to sprout, Santa is most joyously greeted; when among the foliage he leaves every trace of his magic hand, as he has certainly done for us tonight. Whether it be the dear old Santa who contributes to the simple tastes of his dear little friends or the more stately Santa Claus with the difficult tastes to suit, but ever readily adapting himself to all, he leaves behind but good cheer and happiness.

This tree had its origin far back in the early ages. It symbolizes the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and also the tree of the cross of Calvary, which is for us, really the tree of life. Its color, green, is also the color of hope, but perhaps in this case we may limit our hopes to the very immediate fruits which it will bring forth.

And yet in spite of such indisputable proof we sometimes hear a whisper, seldom above an undertone, however, which says, "Is there a Santa Claus?" The question hardly needs an answer. Since the first Christmas eve in the stable at Bethlehem Santa Claus has yearly been making more and more extended visits. They who doubt him are merely the sceptics of a very sceptical age. They do not believe unless they see. They think nothing is true which is not comprehensible to their little minds, for all minds, whether those of grown folks or younger ones are really little. Yes, there certainly is a Santa Claus. He exists as truly as love and generosity and devotion exist and we know that they abound and give to life its highest beauty and joy. How dreary indeed would be the world if there was no Santa Claus. It would be just as dreary as if there were no little folk. There would be no childish faith then, no romance, no poetry to make tolerable this existence. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well doubt half the pleasures of life. You might engage men to watch all the chimneys on Xmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see him coming down what would that prove? Have you ever broken your glass marble to find the color inside and felt very disappointed to find only colorless glass when it was broken? That did not prove that the color had not been there; you destroyed it in looking for it. The most real things in the world are those which neither children nor grown folks can see.

No Santa Claus! Yes, he lives and will live forever, a thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood, and will still bring them back to the origin of Santa and his first coming in the little crib at Bethlehem.

A WREGULAR WRUMPUS.

A belligerent wren  
Once wattedack an old when—  
By wrage and wrosentment winduced—  
But the wrow wasn't wlong,  
For the wren, wyoung and wstrong  
Wrushed the wrathful when off the  
wroost.

EVIDENCE AND PROOF FROM RELIABLE SOURCES AS TO THE BEST METHOD OF DEALING WITH THE PROBLEM OF DRUNKENNESS AND DRUG ADDICTIONS.

Bishop Shanley Sees and Speaks.

It is because I know it does save them, because I know it is God's truth that I take the deepest interest in the Keeley Cure, and so long as I live I shall raise my voice in advocating its efficacy.

RT. REV. JOHN SHANLEY,  
Bishop of North Dakota.

The Keeley Treatment is administered only at the Institute itself, where each patient is carefully examined by experienced physicians and individually treated as the symptoms demand. Those interested can obtain further information by addressing the Manager, 133 Osborne St., Fort Rouge, Winnipeg.

Flourfax Fables.

The Young Wife and the Honest Grocer.

A young wife decided to go to house-keeping and do her own marketing.

"Now I want to save all the money I can," she told the grocer.

"I am going to buy just as economically as I can, and I am going to do my own cooking and bake my own bread."

She saw some eggs.

"How much are eggs?"

"Well, we have them at various prices. The best are thirty cents a dozen."

"My, how expensive! Haven't you some for twenty?"

"Yes m'am, but I can't recommend them."

"But we are try'ng to save money."

"True, but you can't afford to save money on eggs, butter and flour."

"Those are three things you want good and you can't have them too good. You can save in lots of ways but don't do it on the necessities."

"What is your best flour?"

"Royal Household."

"How much does it cost?"

He told her.

"Have you cheaper flour?"

"Yes, cheaper in price but really not as cheap in the end. You see in Royal Household Flour you get the largest amount of flour value for your money."

"What do you mean by 'flour value'?"

"The largest amount of wheat nutriment—of pure flour."

"The cheaper the flour the less nutriment it has in it and the more bran."

"The bran is in all flour till its taken out."

"It's all taken out of Royal Household Flour, and that means the best machinery and the best milling."

"And another thing, m'am, perhaps you haven't heard of the new process of making Royal Household Flour."

"It is milled by Electricity and that seems to make all the difference in the world in flour."

"Everybody wants 'Royal Household' now—they seem to think it is healthier, and I guess it is."

Suddenly, she looked suspicious at the earnestness of his argument.

"Don't you make more money on Royal Household Flour?"

"No m'am—not as much as we make on cheaper priced flour."

"Then why do you recommend it?"

"Because when a customer once tries 'Royal Household' our trouble is all over. It sells itself after that and we never have any complaints. If you send to The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, Montreal, they will send you the Royal Household Recipes."

"Well; send me a barrel of 'Royal Household' then; and I'll have some of those 30c. eggs too."

FLOURFAX.

IRISH BUYING UP THE LAND

A prominent Irishman at the New Willard, Washington, D.C., is Mr. William F. Bailey, who is one of the three government land commissioners appointed to carry out the administrative details of the Wyndham land purchase bill.

"This measure," said Mr. Bailey, "contemplates the ultimate ownership of the bulk of the land of Ireland by those who have heretofore been tenants of the estates. It has been in effect a little over a year, and the applications for purchase money aggregate about 15,000,000 pounds, and, of this, approximately one-third has been acted upon. The British government advances the money whereby the lands are bought of the present owners, and the loans are made on easy terms, the payments being 3 1/2 per cent. annually, one half per cent. going to the sinking fund, thereby allowing sixty-eight years for the entire cancellation of the indebtedness.

"The price of the land is agreed on between the landlord and the prospective buyer, and there can be no compulsion to force a sale. It is estimated that a total of 100,000,000 pounds or \$500,000,000 is about the sum necessary to bring all the land under the ownership of those who live upon and cultivate it."

WHAT IS CATARRH?

It is an inflammation of the mucous lining of the throat, bronchial tubes and nasal passages excited by germs that can only be destroyed by fragrant, healing Catarrhzone which is breathed direct to the seat of the disease and has never yet failed to cure. Pleasant to use, absolutely certain to cure, Catarrhzone always gives satisfaction. "I suffered from nasal catarrh so badly that I couldn't breathe through my nostrils," writes G. K. Wilmot of Meriden. I used Catarrhzone for a few minutes and was relieved. It cured in a short time." No other remedy just like Catarrhzone—it's the best. Two month's treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

TIME TABLES

Canadian Pacific

Table with columns: Lv., EAST, Ar. and rows listing various routes and times.

Canadian Northern

Table with columns: Lv., EAST, Ar. and rows listing various routes and times.

**LORD ROSEBERY ON SCOTTISH GRIT**

After a long service as treasurer, Lord Rosebery is this year president of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and took the chair at the St. Andrew's dinner of that ancient charity.

The Royal and patriotic toasts having been heartily honored, Lord Rosebery then gave "The Royal Scottish Corporation," and in the course of his remarks, he said:

"I have so often presided at this dinner that I am at a loss for something to say, but I do think I owe it to the distinguished strangers to-night, more especially to the distinguished stranger on my right, The Chinese Minister—(cheers)—who comes from that vast empire with which Scotland and Scotsmen have had many dealings—I do owe it to him and others to give brief explanation of who we are and why we are here. We are a rude and hardy nation, come from a rugged and barren country, who have found our natural limits too small for our expansive capacity, and it is our custom, exiled as we are from the home of our birth and our traditions, to celebrate two great national festivals in the year. One is dedicated to St. Andrew, a saint whom we share with the great Empire of Russia, and whose body reposes in the Cathedral of Salerno, and the other celebrated on January 25, is dedicated to one whom I fear the most enthusiastic admirer can hardly characterize as a saint—(laughter)—who is perhaps the antithesis of a saint in that he is the idol of his country. We have only these two festivals. I believe that the interval between the two is spent in recovering from the festivity of the last. (Laughter.) I do not know that the Chinese Minister has tasted our national delicacies to-night, but I am quite certain that if he has he will understand why it is that a long period of recuperative repose is necessary after one of our national celebrations. (Loud laughter.)

"Our history is a somewhat mingled one. We were once a subject of invasion, more or less successful, on the part of our Southern neighbour, in whose dominions we are met to-night. (Laughter.) But for about three centuries the invasions have been all the other way, and have been not only eminently gratifying to ourselves, but universally beneficial to the invaded on the other. (Laughter.) It is now about three centuries since the Tweed first overflowed its banks and covered the Kingdom of England in a deluge as beneficial as that of the Nile. (Laughter.) It was under the strictly pacific Monarch that the legions of Scotland were led to the conquest of England. It was under James VI. I suppose I may here be pardoned for recognizing him better under the name of James I. (Laughter.) It was, I say, three centuries ago, because it is a curious fact that Secretary Cecil, the ancestor of the present Lord Salisbury, in 1567 had returns taken of the aliens, as we call them now—(laughter)—and whom we are now, as I believe they were then, endeavoring to keep out—the aliens inhabiting the Metropolis—and the return is rather interesting. There were 512 Frenchmen, 2,993 Dutchmen—high and low—(laughter)—and how many Scotchmen do you suppose there were?—thirty-six all told. (Laughter.) Well, we have changed all that. (Laughter.) Think what a miserably small leaven thirty-six Scotchmen were for so considerable a lump as the population of London. (Laughter.) I think you will agree with me that London would not be what it is had the proportion remained what it was then. (Laughter.)

"The question arises, not with reference to these figures, but to the enterprise of our ancestors—Stands Scotland where it did? I think the unhesitating answer must be that Scotland stands better than it did (Cheers). Our prosperity is the marvel of the world. I know that in these days you may not speak about national prosperity without a pocket-handkerchief in one hand and a potsherd in the other—(laughter)—but for the purpose of our dinner this evening we may at least be allowed to remember that we have a Scotsman as a Prime Minister—(loud cheers)—and that in every other department we have our share of the good things of this life. (Cheers and laughter.) I am also aware that some envious spirits—none of them hailing from the North of the Tweed—(laughter)—think that we have more than our share of the good things of this life, but when we come to remember the fact of our material prosperity, do not let us forget those darker times when our nation and our country were a byword amongst men. It is not in these moments of triumphant exultation that we should forget from what

we are sprung, even when we realize to what we have risen. (Cheers.)

"In one of the books I was reading I saw a description of Scotland which I thought was very happy. The writer in 1735 writes: 'The face of Scotland, which yields nothing to sloth, but refuses not any boon to the hand of industry and thus provides for the health and happiness of her sons. In that very book they compare the music of the bagpipes to which we have listened with so much pleasure, to "the shrieks of the eternally tormented." (Laughter.) I venture to say that there is no part of the Empire in which fond and affectionate hearts are not turning at this moment with a warmer feeling than usual to the land of cakes. Let me before I sit down quote a stanza which I think one of the most eloquent that has ever been written about the Scottish exile, and of which strangely enough, we do not know the author. I am sure I shall not quote it correctly, but I will quote it sufficiently for my purpose:—

From the lone shieling on the misty island  
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas;  
But still our blood is strong; our hearts are Highland;  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

**BLESSING OF RUTHENIAN CHURCH.**

The solemn High Mass was sung with the clergy within the sanctuary and His Grace assisting at the throne, after which Very Rev. Fr. Philas preached for about twenty minutes. He spoke in a low voice, and yet was heard all over all the building, the acoustic properties of which are excellent. Father Philas, whose demeanor at the altar and throughout the entire ceremony lasting more than three hours, was full of simple dignity and devotion, preaches with a quiet earnestness that is impressive even for those who could not understand anything but a few proper names here and there. His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface then addressed the congregation in English, which, we are told, about one third of the people present understood. He expressed, with intense feeling, his joy at witnessing so striking a proof of the unity of the Catholic church, and his admiration for the grand old liturgy of St. John Chrysostom. "I was resolved," said His Grace, "that this church should be dedicated according to the Ruthenian rite, because, as Archbishop and Metropolitan, I must be the guardian and if necessary, the defender of this rite approved by the Church of Rome." Father Philas then translated the Archbishop's address for the benefit of the majority who did not understand English, after which he intoned the "vivats" or acclamations which the people sang with a mighty will, the volume of sound being wonderful. They wished long life first to our Holy Father the Pope, then to the Archbishop of Lemberg in Galicia, the head of their rite, then to the Archbishop of St. Boniface, then to the clergy, and finally to themselves, the faithful. After all was over, His Grace and the rest of the clergy took dinner in Father Hura's presbytery.

Mr. Juskowski, a Pole who has spent eighteen years in Canada, two of them here, is the architect of this fine church, of which he estimates the cost at a little over \$18,000. Speaking, as he does, English, French, German, Polish and Ruthenian, he is the chosen and worthy representative of the Slav element in this city, and he says there are so many Ruthenian Catholics here that, even if but three persons from each family attend Mass they could easily fill the church twice with a new congregation each time. Very Rev. Father Philas, who left for Europe on Monday, promises to send more priests of his zealous Order.

One unusual feature of the throng which filled the church last Sunday was the great preponderance of men, hardly one third of the congregation being women—a fact which was easily noticeable as the men are on the right or gospel side and the women on the left or epistle side; but, on this occasion the men overflowed into the left side, leaving, however, the front places to the women. A more intelligent-looking congregation it would be difficult to find.

**Obstinate Coughs and Colds.**

The Kind That Stick.

The Kind That Turn To Bronchitis.

The Kind That End In Consumption.

Consumption is, in thousands of cases, nothing more or less than the final result of a neglected cold. Don't give this terrible plague a chance to get a foothold on your system.

If you do, nothing will save you. Take hold of a cough or cold immediately by using

**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.**

The first dose will convince you that it will cure you. Miss Hannah F. Fleming, New Germany, N.S., writes:—"I contracted a cold that took such a hold on me that my people thought I was going to die. Hearing how good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was, I procured two bottles and they effected a complete cure."

Price 25 cents per bottle. Do not accept substitutes for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Be sure and insist on having the genuine.

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**We Guarantee It.**

Every garment, bearing the Stanfield label—no matter what its price—is absolutely unshrinkable. We guarantee it, and back up that guarantee with "money back if it shrinks."

**Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear**

fits like a new skin—fits every part of the body—is warm, snug and comfortable. Made of the famous Nova Scotia wool—in all weights to suit all temperatures from Halifax to the Klondyke.

Insist that your dealer gives you Stanfield's—the Underwear that will not shrink.

**NO LOVE FOR CLUBS**

Archbishop Farley is no lover of clubs and does not hesitate to say so. Before he succeeded to his present office Herman Ridder gave Mgr. Farley a dinner at the old Manhattan Club house, formerly the A. T. Stewart mansion. After dinner he was taken through the house and its artistic beauties were pointed out to him. When these had all been passed in review, and the party returned to the reception room and began preparations for departing, one of the members of the club asked the prelate what he thought of it all. "Well," answered Mgr. Farley, "as we passed through the rooms I could not help thinking how much better for themselves and everybody else it would be if all those men were quietly at home at their own family firesides."

**IT IS HIGHLY INJURIOUS**

To use a cheap, drastic physic. Safest remedy for constipation and torpid liver is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut which loosen the bowels without griping pains. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Department Store Ribbon Clerk—I simply cannot mesmerize people into buying this ribbon at six cents a yard. Floorwalker—Well, cut it up into two and three yard lengths and mark it "Remnants—only eleven cents a yard."—Judge.

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**Family Herald and Weekly Star**

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Two Beautiful Colored Pictures . . .

**"HEART BROKEN"**  
and  
**"HARD TO CHOOSE"**

Each 22 x 28 inches, in 11 delicate tints.

AND

A Large Colored Map of the Dominion of Canada (22 x 28 inches), with Special Maps for Each Province and for the United States.

The two pictures to be given are typical bits of child life. The prevailing note in each is—as it should be—bubbling enjoyment of the moment, with just a touch of one of the evanescent shadows of childhood to throw the gay colors into relief. They will please and charm upon any wall where they may hang, bringing to one an inner smile of the soul even on the darkest day. For what can shed more happiness abroad than the happiness of children?

One of the pictures is called

**"Heart Broken"**

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

**"Hard to Choose"**

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

**Quick Reference Map of The Dominion of Canada**

SPECIALLY PREPARED

The map of the Dominion of Canada will fill a long felt want. It has been prepared specially for the Family Herald and Weekly Star, and is right up-to-date. It is printed on a sheet 22 x 28 inches, each province in a different color; it shows the adjacent portions of the United States, the exact location of the towns, villages, etc., all railroad routes, including the new G. T. Pacific. It gives the population according to the very latest census, of all small and large places in Canada. With the Dominion maps will be enlarged provincial maps, that appeal to subscribers in each province, as follows:

**For Subscribers in Man., N.W.T. & B.C.**

With the Dominion Map will be found an enlarged map of Canada's Great West beyond the Lakes, right up-to-date complete information regarding location and situation of all towns and villages in the Western Provinces.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star is too well known to need description. It is the greatest Family and Agricultural paper in Canada. Its regular subscription price is \$1.00 per year, and you can't get it anywhere else for less except from us, and we will give it to you for

**ONLY 25 CENTS**

Any one of the premiums are worth more than that alone

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**Northwest Review**

# DION AND THE SIBYLS

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

later, to be the cruel assassin of Germanicus—"I have orders always to admit you, and always to watch you."

"You to watch a Roman knight!" "For that matter, most honored sir," answered Lygdus, "the rank of the person watched does not alter the eyes of the watcher. I could watch a Roman senator, or even a Roman Caesar, if necessary."

"I will be security you could," said Thellus, whose great and almost diaphanous nostrils quivered as he spoke.

Lygdus, by way of answer, withdrew a pace. The decurion, meanwhile, had taken off his helmet, and the starry heavens were not more clear than his indignant, simple countenance.

"It is well," said Paulus. "I will ask for you at Formiae. Go now." Lygdus therefore went away.

"Decurion," said Paulus, "say to the esteemed Velleius Paterculus that I am very grateful to him; but what must be, must be."

"And what is that, noble sir?" answered the decurion, "in case my commanding officer should ask me for an explanation?"

"That I have given my word adventurously, and will keep it faithfully," replied Paulus.

"Is this, noble sir," said the decurion, "what you mean by that which must be?"

"Have I, then," answered Paulus, "said anything obscure or confused?"

"Only something unusual, excellent sir," said the decurion; "but not anything confused or obscure. Permit me to add, that the whole camp knows the circumstances of this miserable undertaking, and wishes you well; and I feel in my single bosom the good wishes of the whole camp for your success."

"What is your name, brave decurion?"

"Longinus." "Well," replied Paulus, "if I survive the struggle with this creature, I mean to join the expedition of Germanicus Caesar, and I will have my eye upon you. I should like to be your informant that you were promoted to a higher rank, and to call you the Centurion Longinus."

Tears were standing in the Roman decurion's eyes as he bowed to take leave.

Thellus and Paulus, being now left again alone, resumed their walk up and down the laurel alley.

"I am not so conversant with horses," observed Thellus, "as I could for your sake at present wish to be. But all animals, I notice, are more quiet when blinded."

At this moment the branches of a cross-walk rustled, and a stately figure in the Greek laena (Xtaiva) approached them.

"Are you not Aemilius, the nephew of the triumvir?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," replied Paulus.

"Who is this?" continued the newcomer, looking at Thellus. "I have something to say which may concern your safety."

"You may trust this brave man," said Paulus: "it is my friend Thellus."

"Well," pursued the other, in a very low tone, "take this little pot of ointment; and two hours before you have to ride the Sejan horse, go into his stable, make friends with him, and rub his nostrils with the contents. He will be then muzzled, you know. You will find him afterward docile."

"Whom have I to thank for so much interest in me?" demanded Paulus.

"My name is Charicles," replied the stranger hesitatingly, and still speaking almost in a whisper; "and I have the honor of numbering Dionysius of Athens among the best of my friends."

"My mother," returned Paulus, "would, I think, be glad to see you some day soon."

"I shall feel it an honor; but pray excuse me to her tonight," said Charicles. "Tiberius Caesar knows nothing of my absence, and I had better return at once to Formiae. I will visit you again."

"But would this ointment injure the horse?" inquired Paulus.

"Not by any means," said Charicles; "it comes from a distant eastern land. It will merely make him sleepy. I have been more than an hour and a half handling the ingredients, and I can hardly keep awake myself. Forgive my hurry—farewell." And the stately Greek made an obeisance as he disappeared.

Paulus remained, holding the pot, which consisted of some kind of porcelain, in his hand, and looking at it, when Thellus exclaimed:

"Why, this laurel hedge is alive!" In a moment he had sprung through it and returned, dragging in his mighty grasp Lygdus the slave.

"Not yet departed?" said Thellus.

"Sir, I was asleep," replied the slave, with a look of terror.

"I have but to tighten my fingers," cried Thellus, "and you will sleep so as not to awake in a hurry."

"Thellus," observed Paulus, "I am not depending either on this man's knowledge or on this man's ignorance. I have quite other hopes and other grounds of confidence. Let him go."

"Ah!" said Thellus, "I would like to have the chastising of you. But go, as this noble gentleman desires; go, then, as the young Roman knight bids you!"

He shook the reptile-headed, down-looking, and side-looking slave away, and the latter disappeared.

"O friend and noble sir!" said Thellus, "it nearly breaks my heart to see you thus bound hand and foot, and doomed to destruction."

"Have a good heart, dear Thellus," said Paulus.

So they parted, the gladiator returning to his vehicle, and Paulus retiring to his room, where, as he lay on his bed and listened to the splash of the fountain in the impluvium, he silently and calmly offered back to the great unknown God whom Dionysius worshipped the life which he, that unknown Deity, could alone have given.

## CHAPTER II.

Next morning, before the family were out of their beds, Phylis the slave had returned from Monte Circe with the following note:

"Marcus Lepidus Aemilius hails the widow of his brave and valiant brother. Come with your children. The last of mine has, alas! died under the clemency of one man, and the liberty of another. The clement man is Augustus, the liberal man was Maecenas. All that I now retain is yours; and yours shall be all I may be able to leave. Farewell."

But despite of this note, Paulus could not persuade his mother to depart from that neighborhood till after the trifling display of horsemanship, as he called it, which he had to afford for the amusement of the Roman world on the evening of the third day ensuing. A little ruffled at his failure to persuade the Lady Aglais to go away, he summoned their freedman Philip, and with him for a companion started on foot for Formiae before noon, along a road as thronged at that moment and as animated as the road to Epsom is the eve of what Lord Palmerston has rather affectedly, and, as applied to an annual event, very incorrectly, called the Isthmian games of England.

Scarcely had he and Philip entered the southern gate, when they noticed a little crowd around some nurses, one of whom, apparently a Nubian, held the hand of a magnificently-attired child of any age between five and eight. At his side was an eastern-looking youth of about eighteen, whom the reader has met before. Thellus the gladiator was standing with folded arms on the outskirts of the suddenly-collected concourse. The child had dropped some toy, which a dog had seized in his mouth, and had thereby defaced. The dog was now a

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prisoner, held fast by the throat in a slave's hands.

"The poor dog knew not what he was doing," said the nurse.

"I care nothing for that," cried the child, who was purple with passion. "Strangle him, Lygdus."

And accordingly Lygdus tightened his grasp of the dog's throat till the animal's tongue was thrust forth; the grasp was yet longer maintained, and the dog was throttled dead.

"Is it dead?" screamed the child.

"Quite; see," replied Lygdus, casting away upon the street the breathless carcass.

"Ah! beautiful!" cried the child; "now come away."

"Nice and neat as an execution," said a powerfully-built, dusky, middle-aged man, having a long, ruddy beard, streaked with gray, around whom were several slaves in Asiatic dress. This person also the reader has met before. "But," added he, "I am going up for my own trial, and I hope it will not be followed by another execution."

"I only hope it will," cried the interesting child. "What fun it would be to see a man strangled."

"Who is that infant monster, Thellus?" asked Paulus.

\* I am aware of an apparent anachronism here of some four or five years, according to Dio, Tacitus, Suetonius, and others; but Caligula was, I think, a few years older than these authors represent; for Josephus furnishes a somewhat different calendar from theirs.

(To be continued.)

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**A LIVING WITNESS CORROBORATES FATHER FOX**

To the Editor of the Northwest Review.  
Dear Sir,

In your issue of the 14th inst. there appears an extract from an article by the Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I., in Donahoe's for January, headed, "An incident of a mission." I would be glad to have seen the whole article, as to me it reads like a dream, reminding me of the long past.

I attended that mission when I was a boy. I belonged to a neighbouring parish. The people from the district, from ten to fifteen miles outside the parish, were largely represented at the mission. I remember seeing the Cross mentioned by Father Fox being carried round the Chapel yard by a number of stalwart men, and then set up in place. I remember the closing exercise. The congregation was so large that no Church in the world, except St. Peter's in Rome, could hold it. So the closing exercise had to be held outside. It was a calm midsummer night. Each person present had a lighted candle in their hands. The number present was about thirty thousand. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten. I heard that before Lord Leitrim sent for Father Kair (not Father Kain as appears in the extract) he asked what the cross meant, and then replied "It must come down. It's like the Devil!" Lord Leitrim has long ago given an account of his stewardship, but the Cross still stands there and also the two little rooms. They never were taken down.

I will mention another incident regarding Lord Leitrim and one of his tenants. It happened about the same time and in that same parish.

Previous to this time the tenants had to do their own improvements, build their own houses and such like, and then, when the land had increased in value by these improvements, the landlord could come and tell the tenant that he had to pay more rent for the place or else move out and let some one else come in who would pay more. Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister of the British Parliament, had a law passed that compelled the landlords to pay the tenant for his improvements, if he took his holding from him. But there was a clause in the Act, by which the tenant should ask permission of the landlord before making any improvements. In some cases where the tenants did not understand the Act they made their own improvements as usual, not consulting any one. This tenant made a ditch to reclaim some bog land, and after spending some weeks of hard labour, and the ditch near being finished, Lord Leitrim or his agent, I forget which, appeared on the scene and demanded to know on whose authority he made the ditch, and if it was not filled in by ten o'clock on Monday morning the sheriff would be there to evict him from his little farm; and, sure enough, the sheriff was on the ground at the appointed time, but he met with a surprise. Word was given at the 12 o'clock Mass at the Chapel above referred to about what was going to happen, and all the men and boys went home and brought spades and shovels, or any tool convenient, and by three or four o'clock the ditch was filled in.

At Lord Leitrim's death his vast estates went to his nephew. Some years after that, I read an account in the papers of one of said nephew's visits to that part of the country, and that he was met by the Catholic Bishop of the Diocese and the Protestant Archbishop and a very large number of the people, to thank him for his kindness and for the large amount of money he spent in promoting industry in the neighbourhood. So you see all landlords are not alike.

Yours truly,  
JAMES HARKIN.

Sintaluta, N.W.T.  
EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mr. Harkin can obtain the whole of Father Fox's article by sending 25 cents for the January number to the Donahoe's Magazine Company, 18 Boylston St., cor. Washington, Boston, Mass.

**MR. ANGELL'S DEFENCE.**

In a recent issue of "Our Dumb Animals," its editor, Mr. George T. Angell, says:

"It seems to give offence to some persons who write us long letters (enclosing no money) that we are disposed to speak kindly of 'The Sisters of Mercy,' and other good Roman Catholics.

We assure these writers, once for all, that so long as we control the publication of this paper it shall, without fear or favor, tell the good deeds of Roman Catholics just as freely as of Protestants.

If a Roman Catholic policeman, or driver, or teamster, or Sister of

Mercy, says a kind word or does a kind act to or for dumb animals, we shall be glad to mention it; and on the other hand, if any of these writers can point us to a single Roman Catholic school or college in which cruel vivisection is practised—or any of those college and school outrages so common in some of our Protestant institutions of learning—or a Roman Catholic clergyman who spends his summer vacation shooting harmless birds for fun—or any Roman Catholic Sunday School in which the boys are being armed and drilled in U. S. army tactics, we shall tell that.

But we shall never forget that in nearly all our large cities most of the men who are liable to be called upon at any hour of the day or night to risk their lives in defence of the lives and property of their fellowcitizens—and most of the drivers and teamsters upon whose kindness and mercy depend those whom it is our duty to protect are Roman Catholics—nor shall we ever forget the great assistance we have received in our humane work in Northern, Southern, and Western cities from Roman Catholic clergy and lay men and women.

When in 1870 we began the formation of the Illinois Humane Society, one of the first to give us substantial aid was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago.

When we started the "American Band of Mercy" one of the first to join was the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, and one of the first Bands of Mercy formed was in the parochial school at Lynn.

When ten years ago we asked the school committee to grant us permission to address for one hour every public school in Boston, the first to rise and move that we have the unanimous consent of the school committee was a Roman Catholic.

Among those who have served with us, on the Board of Directors of our two humane Societies during the past quarter of a century, more than three quarters have been and are Protestants, and many of them have been and our dear friends, but none we think more truly so than Patrick Donahoe and John Boyle O'Reilly.

And we never shall cease to regard any man who is seeking to promote discord, strife, hatred and war between religious sects as a public enemy, who deserves to be sent to some great reformatory where he can be properly educated, and made over (if possible) into a good citizen and decent Christian.

While Patrick Donahoe was calling at our office some years ago we told him that we had just received in our morning's mail a letter from some little paper away out west, saying that it's editor never wanted to see Our Dumb Animals again, because of the kind manner in which we had spoken of the Roman Catholic Church.

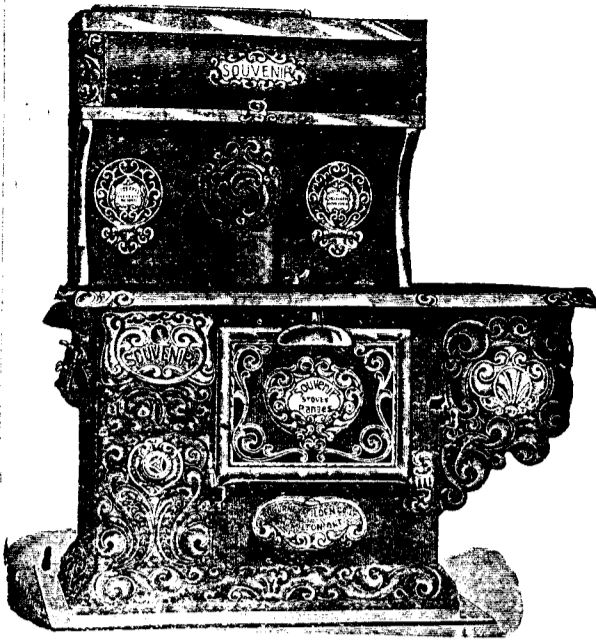
"Poor fellow," said Mr. Donahoe, "I will pray for him."  
GEO T. ANGELL.

**OBITUARY.**

It is our painful duty to record another death among the older residents of the Immaculate Conception parish. Ann Reilly Lavell, a good Irish Catholic, who had come from dear Ireland some 21 years ago, breathed her last on the 14th inst. at the advanced age of 76. In 1889 she had been left a widow by the loss of her husband, who died on the 19th of April of that year. Ever since she has led a most retired life under the filial and tender care of her son John and two of her daughters, Ellen and Nora, whose love and respect for their aged mother has proved most admirable to the last. Four years before her death, she had sustained severe injuries from a fall and had remained a cripple for the balance of her earthly life. But never did she complain, on the contrary she bore her sufferings always with cheerful and Christian resignation. The visit from her pastor, who from time to time went to give her the comforts of the Sacraments of the Church, was always a welcome and cheering call. She died the peaceful death of the just. She seemed to have never known the wickedness of the world, and therefore could not fear to meet her Maker. But what was a gain and rest to her old age, proved to be a very painful blow to her bereaved son and daughters.

The funeral service took place on Jan. 16th from her late residence to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Reverend A. A. Cherrier, Parish Priest. The remains were then taken to St. Mary's cemetery and laid side by side with

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her late husband Owen Lavell. The Rev. Father Sauve blessed the grave and with the sign of the Cross uttered the last prayer of the Church over her dead.

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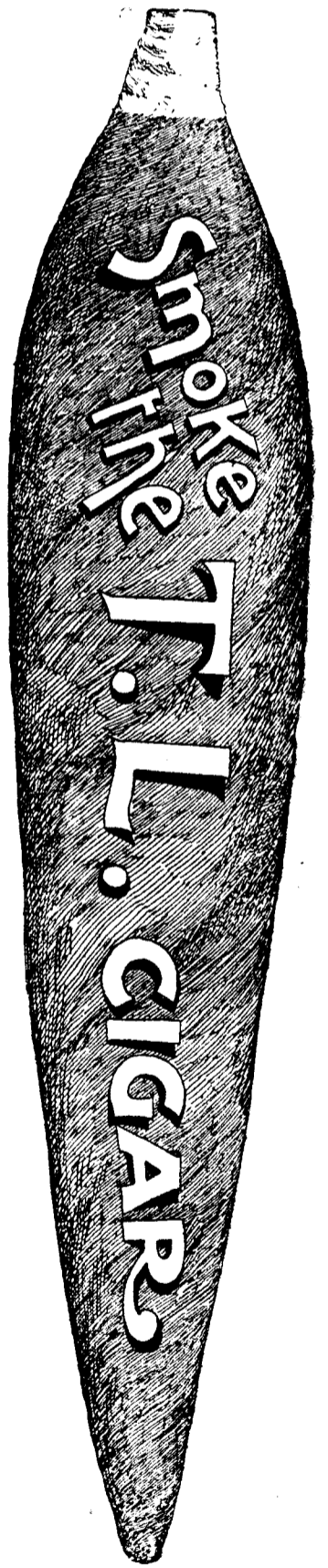
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