

Northwest Review.

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CURRENT COMMENT

How inaccurate is the information sometimes volunteered by over-enthusiastic Catholics may be seen in the contrast between Mr. Sharf's Washington letter and the exact statistics of Mr. Preuss's "Review." The former tried to show that Catholics form the majority in fourteen of the United States, for instance, he said they were 71 per cent. in Massachusetts, 58 per cent. in New York, 51 per cent. in Michigan. Mr. Preuss carefully compared the national census of 1900 with the figures of the Catholic Directory for 1903 and found that Mr. Sharf's estimates were all wrong. There is only one State with a Catholic majority, and, curiously enough, that is Rhode Island, where 66 per cent. of the population are Catholics. When Roger Williams—first among Protestants in America—established freedom of worship in the brave colony he founded at Providence, he little dreamt that, in less than three hundred years, the Catholic Church would prove, by its numerical preponderance in Rhode Island, how she thrives in the atmosphere of liberty.

Only one Territory, that of New Mexico, has a Catholic majority, 68 per cent., and this, of course, explains why it is refused statehood. The next highest percentages are: Arizona, 33; Connecticut, Louisiana, Massachusetts and New York, 30; Wisconsin, 29; California, Illinois and New Hampshire, 25. The lowest percentages are: Mississippi, 1½; Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia and Tennessee, 1; South Carolina, two thirds of one per cent.; and, lowest of all, North Carolina, one quarter of one per cent.

Those of our readers who are especially interested in the financial soundness of our Catholic fraternal insurance societies would do well to consult the files of "The Review," 13 North Third St., St. Louis, Mo. This excellent Catholic weekly publishes, from time to time, criticisms, by an insurance expert, of assessment life insurance concerns, which reveal the unsoundness of many such insurance societies. In its vol. 10, no. 10, there appears a statistical article on the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, based on the official insurance reports of New York State, in which is located about one-half of the U. S. membership of the C.M.B.A. The writer of the article begins by granting that, for a long established society, working on the assessment plan since 1879, the C.M.B.A. has a fairly good record, the best feature being its small expense account. "There was a slow but steady increase in membership, which kept the apparent death-rate fairly uniform, or rather prevented a marked increase for some time. But lately the ratio is slowly increasing, and unfortunately the reserve fund is entirely out of proportion with the steadily increasing liabilities." This is proved by an array of figures giving the annual death losses paid, reduced to cost per member and per \$1,000 of insurance respectively; whence the writer draws his conclusion:—In 22 years the C.M.B.A.

"has accumulated a reserve fund of less than ten dollars for every \$1,000 of outstanding insurance. It stands to reason that this amount is not sufficient. True, by getting new members, pushing business in States where it was formerly unknown, the C. M. B. A. may postpone the day of reckoning. Yet, unless the increase of the reserve fund can be made to correspond with the yearly increasing liabilities, the C. M. B. A. is bound to have the experience of the numerous other assessment life insurance concerns, that flourished for a time, only to sadly disappoint the surviving members in the end."

of April 21 reproduces without acknowledgment no less than seventeen lines of a description which first appeared in our own columns on April 4. Our special Regina correspondent, Mr. Windeatt, a gentleman of wide experience in old country journalism, described three weeks ago how Mr. Druschewicz constructed every part of a pipe organ out of materials collected in the Northwest, and then made a free gift of his organ to the Moose Jaw Catholic Church. The Free Press man adds only two details to our description and those details are wrong: the gift was a pipe organ, not a cabinet organ, and

number it takes "Le Canada" to task for reprinting, without protest, a Paris telegram belauding General Andre, minister of war, perhaps the most rabidly anti-Catholic of all the ministers of the Third Republic.

One of the most absurd phases of the Combes' persecution in France is the declaration of Premier Combes himself that he dared not accompany Loubet to Algeria owing to the "violent and threatening attitude" of the condemned religious orders. This is the old fable of the wolf complaining about the lamb's tyranny.

cross, in the centre of which is the Sacred Heart, while at each corner of the blue ground is a fleur-de-lis. We regret that the maple leaf has not been added, and we believe an effort will be made to preserve this time-honored Canadian emblem.

The blue ground with the fleur-de-lis in the four corners recalls the flag used by Montcalm, Levis and Bourlamaque, when in 1758 they defeated Abercrombie at Carillon; the cross was common in the flags of the days of Jacques Cartier and Francis I., and is, of course, conspicuous in the British Union Jack; the image of the Sacred Heart would be a fulfilment of Our Lord's wish expressed to Blessed Margaret Mary that this emblem should appear on the flags of France; now that France repudiates all religion, it is becoming that her truly Catholic daughter should repair the mother's fault. Of course, this proposed flag would not interfere with the British military flag and would in no way supplant it as an official ensign. The purpose of the new flag would be to express the patriotic sentiments of French Canadian Catholics, who cannot forget that more than half of their glorious history was wrought out before the British flag first floated upon the ramparts of Quebec.

A few weeks ago a nurse from St. Boniface Hospital was engaged to attend a very serious case in southwestern Manitoba. Two other nurses from elsewhere had failed to give satisfaction. The mother of the patient, a five-year old boy, was discouraged and could with difficulty be prevailed upon to try another nurse; but the doctor insisted that he could not continue to watch the case without the help of a trained nurse, and so, as a last resort, the Superior of St. Boniface Hospital was appealed to. The circumstances were peculiarly delicate, as the family and surroundings were aggressively and exclusively Protestant. But the brave little Catholic nurse did her duty so gently, intelligently and devotedly that she effected a cure and won the mother's heart so completely that her services were there and then secured for a month and engaged beforehand whenever the mother might need them again. When the nurse's term was at an end she was invited to a reception tendered to the physician who had sent for her and who was about to leave that town. She objected that she had nothing to wear but her uniform, and this was overruled by the mother of her patient offering one of her own dresses; but then the nurse demurred that it was against her religious principles to go to a dance during Lent. So the party was abandoned and the retiring little nurse was bombarded all evening with a running fire of questions about her religion. The ignorance displayed by these good people was intensely amusing; their false views of Catholics were pitifully funny; and yet the sweet-tempered nurse went gaily through the ordeal and came out of it more and more strongly entrenched in the esteem and affection of that hospitable family. Who shall say that nurses have no apostolic work to do in dispelling prejudice and so letting their light shine that others may see their good works and glorify their Father who is in heaven?



HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF ST. BONIFACE.

The cut which we inserted at the date of Mgr. Langevin's consecration anniversary not having been a satisfactory one, we are pleased to be able to present this week a more faithful reproduction of His Grace's most recent photograph.

While echoing this note of warning, we are aware that the Canadian C.M.B.A. is financially distinct from the U. S. society, and that the strictures anent the American association do not apply to our Canadian branches, which separated from the parent stem precisely with a view to greater financial soundness. But it remains none the less true that no amount of vigilance about the reserve fund can be considered excessive, and that it behooves the leaders of the C.M.B.A. and of all other assessment insurance concerns to look carefully to the liabilities that must increase with the lapse of years.

The writer of the "Music and Drama" column in the Free Press

Mr. Druschewicz is not a German, but a Pole.

"La Croix," of which we have received the first two numbers, April 5 and 12, is a thoroughly Catholic weekly. Now that "La Verite" lies dormant for six months on account of Mr. J. P. Tardivel's exhaustion, it is fitting that there should be at least one French Canadian Journal, apart from the "Seminaes Religieuses," that is Catholic first and always. The other French journals edited in Canada by Catholics, nominally or practically such, are political organs that profess Catholicism. Religion does not quicken their political life. Not so with "La Croix." In its second

The death of Sir Oliver Mowat last Sunday removes one of the grandest figures in the political history of Canada. His was a clean record for 24 years of uninterrupted sway in what was then the model province. And all his cabinet ministers were also a clean lot. How times are changed!

As we were among the first to protest against the use of the French tricolor for a French Canadian flag, we cannot but rejoice at the movement now taking place among French Canadians in favor of a distinctive flag. The one that seems to win most favor is that which "La Croix" gives in colors on its front page: a blue ground traversed from end to end by a broad white

A CATHOLIC CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

(Continued from last week.)

None but a mastermind could control the details of the extended undertakings in which he was engaged; yet to him they seemed easy. Once his consummate skill had arranged his plans, everything went as smoothly as a piece of well-fitting machinery.

This was the commercial side of his character, with which we have no concern but as it related to the religious side. Excuses are made every day by business men that their time is so occupied with necessary worldly affairs that they have no moments for prayer. It is unfortunate for them that, unlike Thomas Nevins, they are not gifted with that extraordinary grace which followed him through life and remained with him through every phase of his career; because he never lost sight of the fact that it is the life we live more than any outward display of piety which counts in the sight of God. With him religion was solid, sincere, enduring; it was at the beginning and end of all his undertakings. He never began a work without praying and having prayers offered and Masses said.

Unlike those persons who serve God in the right way only until worldly fortune smiles upon them, Thomas Nevin made religion the strong, unyielding foundation on which his earthly successes were erected. The greater his prosperity, the more religious he became; the more he received from God, the more he gave Him in return. Better than this, there was nothing he detested so much as irreligion or the ridicule of sacred things. He has been seen to rise from table when some pretentious coxcomb sought to air his views to the disparagement of the Gospel. If at any time a guest at his own table happened to be the offender, the delinquent never appeared at that board again.

He had also a great contempt for that large and ever increasing class of Catholics calling themselves by the misapplied title of "liberal," whose faith is usually measured by expediency or human respect. "I have met," he has been heard to observe, "in various places people who were loud in their profession of Catholicity. I have watched them closely, and I have never known them to give anything to the Church except impudence and criticism. This is the only thing, so far as religion is concerned, of which they are lavishly generous. I always doubt the genuineness of their faith, and would not be surprised any day to hear that they had given up their religion altogether. In the case of several, I have remarked that their great wealth has not lasted beyond one generation."

How marked the contrast between this true picture and his own method of life, so perfect in faith and abandonment of himself and his concerns to the care of the God he delighted to serve! Once, conversing with the reverend writer of the biography from which this sketch is compiled ("Reminiscences of the Late Thomas Nevins, Esq., of Mountshannon, County Limerick." By the Rev. John McLaughlin), he said, with beautiful simplicity: "Father, I can never understand how it is that people who call themselves Catholics can live calmly and unconcernedly in deadly sin for weeks and months together. If I thought I was in mortal sin I could not retire to rest at night; for I feel it would be impossible for me to sleep."

He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. The piety he had learned at his Irish mother's knee remained with him to the end. His wife has borne testimony that during thirty-seven years of married life, no matter how urgent his business, she never knew him once to omit the duty of morning prayer. When travelling by train or steamer it was his custom to repeat the Rosary, not once but over and over; saying that he found it much more profitable than spending the time in idle gossip. Nor was he ever known to miss Mass on Sunday during his long and busy career. He would arrange his journeys so as to manage this; and even when

crippled with rheumatism could not be induced to stay away. And he was not satisfied with being personally present himself, but would bring facilities within the reach of those who seldom had an opportunity of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. Anything connected with the altar, the Church and its ceremonial commanded his unstinted generosity. Altar rails, sanctuary carpets, vestments, statues, tabernacle lamps, were gifts he gave freely and gladly wherever needed; and more than one church owed its timely completion to his beneficent hand.

Many ecclesiastical students, who would have been unable to carry out the wish of their hearts without his friendly aid, owe to his memory a great debt of gratitude. This kind of beneficence gave him an especial pleasure. "One of my greatest consolations," he observed, "is the thought that those priests whom my little offering helped in some way to arrive at their high calling will remember me when they enter the sanctuary and stand at God's altar to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. That remembrance I prize beyond all the silver and gold the world can bestow."

After the intense affection he cherished for his wife and children there were two loves that held a high place in his heart: love for America, the country of his adoption and his successes; and love for his native land. He regarded with admiration and gratitude this country of the free, where millions of his fellow-countrymen, driven from their own homes by tyranny and injustice, had found a livelihood and a home. At the same time he was firm in his belief that this forced exodus of the Irish people had worked for infinite good to the Republic: it stood for religious truth and practice against indifference and infidelity; for Irish priests and people were a Christian force that can not be overvalued within the open doors of that shelter of every wanderer from every clime.

But to his faithful heart and patriotic spirit "the Emerald Gem of the Western World," as he fondly loved to call his motherland, represented all that was most beautiful and tender upon earth. Says the sympathetic writer of the memoirs, who was in touch with every generous sentiment of his heart: "There were other countries larger, freer, richer; but to his mind there was no nation under the sun where that greatest of all blessings—the inestimable blessing of a happy death—was so easy of attainment for the average Christian as the old land within whose green bosom the holy relics of St. Patrick are enshrined. He had the feeling that the powerful prayers of the national Apostle still surrounded her like a spell, and swayed such a special Providence in her favor that, whatever else she might be deprived of, strong, practical faith should ever remain her most striking characteristic. 'All other things might be torn out of her bleeding hands, but faith can never be wrenched from her grasp.'"

He sometimes philosophized on the condition of privation in which it had pleased Providence to permit her to suffer so long. And here once more his reasoning was based on the truths of faith. It was a favorite theory of his that Ireland had sent more souls—in proportion—to heaven than any of those countries which possessed the fullest freedom and stood on the highest level among the great powers of the world. And he often expressed the doubt whether so many of her sons would have kept on the right path if her history had been an unbroken record of exceptional material prosperity. Many thoughtful minds have held the same opinion.

It was this great love and appreciation for his native land which had always caused him to cherish the intention of returning there to lay his bones in the soil he thought sacred. He had an idea that if wealthy Irish Americans should return, establish their residence in the Old Country, and use their wealth judiciously for the benefit of their countrymen, much good could be accomplished. But he could not persuade others to cherish these views, and this to him was a sore disappointment. His patriotic project entailed many sacrifices; for he

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had lived so many years in America that all, or nearly all, of his friends and associations lay here. But he carried out the project, and never repented the change.

His home at Mountshannon was an ideal home. In this house there was no punctiliousness and no standing on ceremony; yet everything was in good taste. He welcomed every visitor with outstretched hand. He rarely left his own domain for social purposes, finding his greatest pleasure in the bosom of his family. Next after God, his first concern was the welfare and happiness of his wife and children; and he had the inexpressible consolation of knowing that their affection was equal to his own. It is doubtful if any son ever occupied a higher place in his father's heart than his. How different his plan of action with regard to that son,—how unlike the response to those of the thousands of wealthy men who build great

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WEEK DAYS—Mass at 7.30 a.m.

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

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

C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.

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

Agent of the C.M.B.A.

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

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

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"I saw the boy," Mr. Nevins said, "grow up and develop according to my own standard and taste; and I early began to indulge the hope that he would become before many years my chief mainstay in the business. When he was between fourteen and fifteen I brought him into my office. I found him an apt pupil, a clear-minded apprentice; and learned a little later that he had mastered completely the details of the business. He was not rash or impulsive; on the contrary, he weighed matters with calm deliberation, and decided accordingly with a mature judgment far beyond his years. At sixteen I made him my chief consultant and adviser, and since that time I have never entered into any large scheme without asking his opinion. Thenceforward I gave him a free hand in signing cheques, and allowed him full control over my exchequer. Some people thought it unwise to place one so young in a position of so great responsibility; but events have fully justified my action.

"When he was nineteen I made him my sole partner. I have never had any reason to regret it, but every reason to rejoice at it. He has been a source of the greatest consolation to me. It was a wonderful relief. I feel that I can now be at my ease. I can with safety leave everything in his hands; for at the present moment he understands the details of the immense business better than I do myself. There has never been one angry or unpleasant word between us.

And when I go hence—as I expect to do soon,—it will be a consolation to me to think that there is good reason to hope that his married life will be as happy as my own; that he will continue to be what he has been so far—a staunch, loyal son of the True Church; and that he will ever be a solace to the one being whom I love beyond all the world—the affectionate mother to whom he has been from boyhood so fondly devoted."

Charity was one of the greatest virtues of Mr. Nevins. He was a father to the poor; hundreds—nay, thousands have had reason to bless his generous benevolence. He had a particularly strong sympathy for those who, once in opulent or comfortable circumstances, had been reduced to indigence by misfortune. This sympathy nearly always took the form of practical assistance. Any day on which he had not relieved a suffering fellow-creature would have been considered by him a day ill spent.

The death of an amiable daughter hastened his own. He was resigned, as became a true Christian; but the blow had struck his heart. He went to rest beside her before the beloved wife who, he always hoped and prayed, would live after him, saying that her death would be a sorrow he should not be able to endure. He died on the 21st of August, 1902, three months after the death of his daughter. He was only fifty-eight years of age. His beautiful life teaches numerous lessons, but we will here mention especially two: patriotism and religion. To quote Father McLaughlin once more:

"It is to be hoped that in his display of national philanthropy he was, as in so many other things, a pioneer; that other Irish-American millionaires will follow his example and let the effects of at least a portion of their great wealth become visible in the old land. Perhaps the foregoing brief description of the heartfelt blessings poured on his head, during life by an intensely thankful people, and of the numberless prayers that followed him to the grave and beyond it, may stimulate others to work in the same noble sphere and earn a similar recompense. What earthly recompense equal to that? And what more likely to lead to the 'reward exceeding great'?"

It is refreshing, in this age of irreligious criticism and grovelling cynicism, to find a busy man of the world who may justly be styled the personification of practical faith. It is no exaggeration to say that such a one was the subject of this memoir. If I were asked to point the type of a true Christian man, swayed, elevated, perfected by the supernaturalizing influences of religion, I should point to Thomas

Nevins. Rarely indeed has the command of Our Lord, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice,' been more edifyingly obeyed than it was obeyed by him.

"He was indeed a glorious sample of a true-hearted Catholic. He seemed lifted high above the multitude. When we look at his enormous business undertakings, branching out north, south, east and west, we find it difficult to realize how he could have so much time to give to his spiritual life; and when we consider how much he did for and in the sphere of practical religion, it becomes a mystery how he had any time left for the claims which his temporal concerns had upon him. But in him the power of uniting the two shone conspicuous,—a power which, while it made him great in the eyes of the world, made him still greater before the eyes of Heaven. In fact, in describing this phase of his character, I feel as if I were giving the reminiscences not of one of the busiest among business men, but of a monk in a cloister, or of some zealous priest in the world who sought nothing but the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Would there were more of his kind!"

In all these works of pious zeal the cheerful and encouraging co-operation of his wife was with him. Her aspirations in the domain of religion were the same as his own. What he loved, she loved; what he desired, she desired. Rarely if ever have two hearts beat in more perfect unison. Would there were more of their kind!

Young Woman's Corner

THE DEAD FRIEND.

Not to the grave, not to the grave my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear:
The spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbbled in that cold heart,
Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp;
The spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave;
Earth, air and water's ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolved their uses done.
Not to the grave, not to the grave my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved;
The spirit is not there.
Often together have we talked of death;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim
To view the depths of heaven!
O Edmund! thou hast first begun
the travel of Eternity!
I look upon the stars
And think that thou art there,
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee,
And we have often said how sweet it were,
With unseen ministry of angel power
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund! we did not err!
Sure I have felt thy presence! Thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstained and pure.
Edmund! we did not err!
Our best affections here,
They are not like the toys of infancy;
The soul outgrows them not;
We do not cast them off;
Oh, if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

Not to the grave, not to the grave my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved
But in the lonely hour
But in the evening walk,
Think that he 'companies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And, though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

—Robert Southey.

If punctuality were made a poetic virtue many girls who now shrink from the contemplation of it might



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be induced to commence the practice of it in real earnest. There are punctual girls, but there are many who are not. Some of those who are, are so under pressure, others in that self-congratulatory manner that is anything but pleasing, and yet others in such a martyr-like manner that one asks to be delivered from the punctual. Be punctual cheerfully. Be punctual because in that way you lend yourself to others comfort. Be punctual at church as an example, but best of all as an act of reverence.

And where does the poetry come in? The poetry comes in the harmony produced by punctuality.

Without punctuality there cannot be harmony.

The habitually unpunctual person disturbs herself and disturbs those with whom she associates. The person of unpunctual habits cannot have a serene mind. Instance the person who goes late to Mass. Suppose her tardiness in arriving at church is due to her not giving herself sufficient time to get ready. She hurries so in dressing that she carries with her the fear that she does not present a nice appearance. Her mind is flurried. She goes at an ungraceful pace. The poetry of harmony is lost.

Take the case of an appointment. When the unpunctual person arrives after the time appointed she finds the one waiting—to use a homely expression—out of tune. She may not show anger, but the chord of sympathy between the two is as hopelessly lost for the time being as "The Lost Chord."

There is discord where there should have been harmony. The feelings of the injured one would be better expressed in plain prose. It would be easy to recite examples of how punctuality or the want of it influences life's associations for good or ill.

Punctuality makes the wheels of life run smoothly and conduces to poetic thought and poetic expression.

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POPE LEO XIII.



SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1903

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

APRIL.

- 26—Second Sunday after Easter. Feast of the Holy Sepulchre.
- 27—Monday—St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, Martyr.
- 28—Tuesday—St. Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionists.
- 29—Wednesday—St. Peter, Martyr.
- 30—Thursday—St. Catherine of Siena, Virgin.

MAY.

- 1—Friday—Saints Philip and James, Apostles.
- 2—Saturday—St. Athanasius, Bishop, Doctor.

A SOCIALISTIC DIATRIBE.

In our issue of April 4 we reprinted, under the heading, "Democracy," with a few introductory remarks of our own, an editorial from "The Pittsburg Catholic" and extracts from a recent address of the new Archbishop of Chicago before he left Buffalo, on the dangers of Socialism. That socialistic sheet, "The Voice," of this city, is sorely exercised over this article. It fumes and foams at the mouth. So blinded is it by insensate fury that it mistakes the editorial preface of the "Pittsburg Catholic" for the quotations from Archbishop Quigley's address. We had at first thought of reproducing the Voice's screed without comment as the ravings of a madman, and even now we commend it as a specimen of socialistic literature to those of our readers who may have any curiosity in that line; it will be found in "The Voice" for April 10, page three; the date is rather old, but, as we never expect to see any logic or sound judgment in its columns, we seldom glance at them, and did not notice this effusion till a kind friend called our attention to it. However, on second thoughts, we prefer not to sully our paper with such bilingsgate, and so we shall confine ourselves to the only scraps of tangible assertion in this dung heap.

The "Pittsburg Catholic," not Archbishop Quigley, had said: "The pestilential theories of

anarchism and socialism have been carried to the shores of the great Republic by emigrants from Europe." Quoth the Voice: "I would remind Dr. Quigley that Catholicism, with its 'pestilential' dogmas and superstitions, was itself imported, along with slavery, alcohol, syphilis and a few other 'blessings' of that type, not so very long ago, as history goes." Thus does the Voice betray its ignorance of history. Catholicism was not imported; it discovered America, it colonized and civilized Canada in particular 150 years before the advent of heresy made socialism possible.

The "Pittsburg Catholic," not Archbishop Quigley, had written, with a tinge of exaggeration which the more prudent prelate would not have indulged in, about "the safety and permanence of the great fabric of constitutional equality and freedom which sprang from the brain of George Washington." Here and here alone the Voice scores a point by ridiculing the boasted preamble of the Declaration of Independence about all men being born free and equal, a preamble which has never been accepted, save in a Pickwickian sense by the best Catholic philosophers. The Voice socialistic editor writes: "The free thinkers, Paine and Jefferson, had more possibly to do with the said 'fabric' than Washington, but that by the way. What does it amount to anyway? The equality of the millionaire and the miner; the tramp and the trust magnate; the 'freedom' of the breaker boy or the Carolina child factory slave." Quite true, equality even in the United States, nay, especially there, is a sham; but then the Voice overlooks the fact that these extremes of inequality, this tyranny of the monied classes, these crying abuses, are the result of godless education, not of truly Christian training. The only thing that men are equal in is human nature; they are and always will be unequal in rights, capacities, opportunities and talents. The fundamental blunder that underlies all socialistic views is the attributing all misfortunes to this inequality; hence the bootless effort to destroy all inequality, which would be as impossible as the destruction of all varieties among mankind. The real cause of all misery is the non-observance of Divine law first by original sin, the consequences of which will always be with us, and then by actual sin. We may minimize them both by the practice of virtue, but we can never hope for the realization of a socialistic utopia.

Yet, without once quoting Archbishop Quigley—the Voice man evidently lost his temper before he got to the prelate's address—he ends with a word of warning: "Socialism, despite archbishops and others, is inevitable and necessary" like the measles or small-pox, which few die from and most people recover from. "Our friend had better reconsider himself. If he and his class are complaining the worst that may befall them is that they work for their living," as Archbishop Quigley has always done with much more vigor than the agitator that writes against him. "But, if they withstand a justly incensed and exasperated people, 'their blood be on their own head.'" These concluding words of the Voice scribe constitute the favorite argument of him and his class—brute force culminating in murder. Well, the Church is accustomed to martyrdom. She wore out the Neros and Diocletians of the first three centuries, the Elizabeths and Robespierres of more recent times; she is quite prepared to see her champions martyred by misguided mobs; but she is immortal like her Head, and the common sense of

mankind will one day acknowledge the truth of Archbishop Quigley's contention—wisely ignored by the Voice—that she is the best friend of the workingman as she always is the Church of the poor.

Clerical News

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, accompanied by Rev. Father Theriault and Mr. Mireault, left for Balgonie last Saturday and thence went to Montmartre, where Father Theriault remains in charge.

The Very Rev. A. Dugas, V.G., went last Saturday, with Rev. Father Poirier, to visit the new parish of St. Adelard, 15 miles from Teulon.

Rev. Fathers Thibaud and Lorieu, E. M. I., arrived from France last Saturday and are awaiting orders from their superior, Rev. Father Boutin, E. M. I., who will confer with them at the Archbishop's House. They do not know how soon their own houses may be closed in France. Father Thibaud sang High Mass at the cathedral last Sunday.

Rev. E. Proulx, S. J., left last Saturday for East Grand Forks, Minn., where he conducted the Sunday services, and whence he was to go on to Grand Rapids, Minn.

Rev. Father Campeau, of St. Eustache, and Rev. Father Claude, C.R.I.C., were guests of the Archbishop at the end of last week.

Bishop Moeller, who was appointed to the see of Columbus, Ohio, April 6, 1900, has now been transferred to Cincinnati as Coadjutor of Archbishop Elder.

The new Bishop-Auxiliary of Westminster, the Right Rev. and Hon. Algernon Stanley, was consecrated in the Church of St. Gregory, in Rome by Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Propaganda, assisted by Archbishops Stoner and Merry del Val.

Rev. Father Allard, O.M.I., of Fort Frances, was a guest of the Fathers of St. Mary's this week, returning home on Friday.

Very Rev. Father Lacombe, O. M. I., V. G., of Calgary, and Rev. Father Lestane, O. M. I., of Macleod, are now at St. Albert consulting with his Lordship the Right Rev. E. Legal, O. M. I., on the interests of the St. Albert diocese.

Rev. Father Proulx, S. J., returned from East Grand Forks on Wednesday, the 22nd.

Rev. Fathers Lavigne, Gendron, Jubinville and Lalonde were at the Archbishop's house this week.

Two Brothers of the Cross of Jesus, from France, were the Archbishop's guests this week.

Sacristans will kindly note that there is a mistake in the "Ordo" for April 27. The color is red, not white, and St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen was a martyr, not merely a confessor.

It is hard to keep up with even the clerical immigration. "Les Cloches" of April 14 gives, in its diocesan statistics, 127 priests, but the Jesuits are one more than marked therein (10 instead of 9), and two more Enfants de Marie Immaculate have arrived since, so that the number is now (April 23) 130—the total given in "Les Cloches" is not warranted by the separate items. The total of

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Sisters, obtained by the addition we made of the separate figures, gives 208, but the Sisters of Mercy have lately received one more nun from Montreal, and the five Sisters of Providence at Rat Portage are omitted; so that the total is really 214.

Rev. Father Chaumont, O. M. I., was here this week; so also was Brother De Byl, O. M. I.

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Aunt Jane.

"Anything exciting in your letters this morning, dear?"

"Well, I don't know," said Lucy; "here's a letter from Aunt Jane."

"Aunt Jane? Did I ever meet Aunt Jane before we married?"

Lucy got up and went round the breakfast table, looking troubled.

"Tom, dear, you remember that day you asked me to be your wife?"

"Yes," he replied. "Why, what's the matter?"

"You remember I said I had an awful sin to confess—a past, a present and a future; something you might never be able to forgive?"

"Yes. I wouldn't listen." He put his arm round her.

"Well, it was—it was Aunt Jane?"

"Great Scott!" he replied. "Was it as bad as that? But I don't remember having heard of her."

"No, I kept her away—in a cupboard. I know it was wrong of me. She didn't write, to congratulate, or anything, even on our wedding day, so I thought it might be all right. I quite hoped she would forgive me, or I would have told you before, I really would."

"Well, well," he said, "it can't be helped! Who is she, and what does she do?"

"She pays visits chiefly. And she says here that she may forgive me."

"She hasn't actually done so?"

"No."

"Then why despair?" He cheered up.

"No, but she says that, though I have married an abominable man—"

"You mean to say you've never told her you've married an angel?"

"No. Would it be quite true?" she asked, simply.

"Only three months married, and you ask that?"

"Well, she says that, in spite of it all, she won't be too hard on me till she has seen you herself; that she thinks it a great mistake that young wives should ever be left alone with their husbands; that I shall always find her house a refuge and asylum when I want it—"

"Asylum!" he echoed. "Oh, is that the trouble?"

"I don't think she means that exactly," said Lucy; "but listen—this is the last sentence: 'I feel that I ought to do all I can to brighten your life, so I will come on Wednesday to stay a week or two.' Aunt Jane's invitations always were so indefinite. She always left a loophole for remaining." Lucy put the letter down and sighed.

"Only once that I can remember did she go within a month of the time that she came for, and then it was because Willy broke out all over in spots. She always had a horror of anything with spots ever since her gardener was eaten by a leopard."

"To-day is Wednesday," said Tom gloomily.

"Darling," she cried, "I shall never forgive myself for bringing this upon you!"

"It's not your fault altogether," he replied; "few of us can choose our aunts."

"Oh, there's a postscript!" she exclaimed. "Of course, the length of my visit will depend on the character of the man who has deluded you."

"Humph!" said Tom, "that's ambiguous. Will she go because I'm good and she can trust you to me or because I'm bad and she can't stand me?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lucy. "Oh, here's another postscript. 'You will kindly remember my weakness for a hot water bottle!'"

"That throws no light," he said.

"What am I to do?"

"Never mind, darling; we must bear it together."

He clasped her fondly in his arms.

"Would you still have married me," she asked, timidly, "if you had known of this dreadful thing?"

"Yes, dear," he replied, with emotion. "I am as bad as you are; you have yet to meet my Uncle George," and he hurried off to his work with guilty haste, before she could ask any questions.

Aunt Jane arrived as threatened, punctually a quarter of an hour late. She was always a quarter of

an hour late, on principle. It arose out of a dislike for being kept waiting when asked out to dinner, for instance, and rapidly spread over the whole of her movements, owing to her morbid passion for regularity. To be late for breakfast and in time for luncheon upset her for a week, and she was scrupulously late for everything. This was annoying, unless you knew her and allowed for it; but so were most of the things Aunt Jane did. She was small, but enjoyed a deep bass voice.

"Ah, my poor child," was her greeting, "how ill you are looking."

"I didn't know it," said Lucy, meekly.

"Never mind, never mind; you've nobody to blame but yourself, and you've got to make the best of it. Give me some tea, child."

She folded her veil and sat down with an air of pity.

"Put the sugar in first, then the tea, and then count five slowly before adding the milk."

"Yes, Aunt." Long habit had taught absolute submission.

"And now tell me," said Aunt Jane, after a few minutes' general conversation, "does he yet use actual violence to you?"

Lucy looked at her in astonishment.

"Don't be afraid to tell me all, child; always tell all the truth to your doctor and your aunt. I have come here to cheer you up."

"I don't understand what you mean, Aunt."

"I quite see that you are entirely at the mercy of this man; but, of course, though I sympathize, I can't forget that you ran into it with your eyes open. Your mother did just the same, poor dear!"

"Mother had nothing to make her unhappy," said Lucy, indignantly.

"Ah, temper, temper! No, my child, I know better; I see below the surface. Trust an old woman's instinct for that. Now, don't lose your temper. You are doing so rapidly, my poor child. I don't say that you haven't plenty to try it sorely in your new life."

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that she would become hysterical. Tom was not due home for two or three hours.

The old lady chatted on cheerfully.

"You think you're happy, but I know better, poor thing. I see from your looks, from your manner, that you are utterly miserable. Now confess, haven't I guessed right?"

"I'm—I'm perfectly happy," groaned Lucy, dismally. "I mean, I was till—till—"

"Till you came," was what she wanted to say, but her courage failed.

"Till you married!" said Aunt Jane, triumphantly. "Didn't I say so?"

(To be continued.)

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26 Drott 24g., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Persons and Facts

The chaplain of the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford has received the following telegram from the Duke of Norfolk at Rome: "The Holy Father lovingly blesses you and all the Catholics at the University of Oxford."

Mr. Francis de Zulueta, an old Oratory boy, has just added to his laurels by obtaining the Vinerian Scholarship. Mr. de Zulueta has had a distinguished career at the university. He obtained a scholarship at New College, a 1st Class in Moderation, a 1st Class in Literae Humaniores, and a 1st Class in Law. He then obtained an open Fellowship at Merton, and the Vinerian Scholarship.

Baron Renaut de Baccarat and Mme. Marie Duchan-Fauvel were married, March 29, at the Church of Saint-Medard, Paris, each for the fourth time. The Baron is 70; his bride, 58. During the Franco-German war (1870-71) she directed with notable skill the ambulance service organized by the French press.

Surgeon-Major-General William Roche Rice, M.D., C.S.I., late Director-General of his Majesty's Indian Medical Service, died on Friday, the 29th March. Father Joseph B. Ward, of Brighton, gave him the last Sacraments at 2 p.m. He was operated on at 5 p.m. and died at 7:55 p.m., never having rallied after the operation. The deceased was a member of a well-known Kerry family.

The Rev. George Stewart Hitchcock, B.A., some time curate of St. Paul's Anglican Church, Chatham, and latterly minister of Chatham Unitarian Church, is now, the daily press states, a candidate for admission to the Catholic Church.—Catholic Times.

The official announcement that the King and Queen will go to Ireland in July or August next is believed to lend color to the report that the Government intend to give Ireland a measure of Home Rule.—Cath. Times, April 3.

Monsignor Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, speaking at a meeting of prominent Catholics held to protest against the closing of the Congregational schools, is reported to have declared that the closing of the schools constituted a prevarication and a snare, since the Government had advised the members of the Congregations to ask for authorisation while intending all the time not to grant it them. The Bishop is said to have added: "As Bishop of Orleans, assuming the responsibility of my words, and being very glad if they involve me in a police court action, I proclaim aloud that the Government has broken faith."

The death of the Most Rev. Archbishop Klotkowski, metropolitan at St. Petersburg and spiritual chief of the Church in Russia, is all the more deplorable in view of the Czar's recent decree providing for freedom of worship throughout the Empire. Three other important Sees are now vacant in Russia, and it is feared that the schismatic authorities may succeed in having the Czar's beneficent decree modified in such a way as to hamper the action of the Church.—Ave Maria.

Very Rev. Father Zoldak and the Ruthenians in this city celebrated Easter last Sunday according to the belated Greek calendar. Owing to their being thirteen days behind the Gregorian calendar and to the vary-

ing dates of the full moon, the difference between the date of their Easter and ours may be as much as five weeks.

We beg to assure Mrs. Thos. Bennett, one of the Review's best friends, of our heartfelt sympathy in the recent bereavement she has suffered by the loss of two of her little girls.

The forthcoming billiard tournament for a valuable cue, presented by the Brunswick Balke Company, is creating a good deal of interest among the crack players and the would-be-crack players of the Catholic Club. It has been jocularly remarked that the aspirants fall under three heads: those who do play, those who think they do, and those who wish they could.

The Most Rev. James Edward Quigley, the Canadian who has recently been installed Archbishop of Chicago, has already taken an energetic stand against the Mark-Cooley Education Bill, now pending in the legislature of Illinois. This bill the Archbishop denounces as an effort to place the schools under the direction of one superintendent, who, being practically a dictator, could build up in five years a machine that would make it impossible for anyone to remove him. Archbishop Quigley says he believes President Harper, of the University of Chicago, is back of this measure, and that it really was introduced for the purpose of advancing the interests of that institution. Its passage would make it possible for the superintendent of the Chicago public schools to say that no teacher, unless he or she should have taken a course in the University of Chicago, shall be eligible to a position. The Archbishop has therefore written to all the priests in the diocese, calling their attention to the measure, and advising them to use every influence in their power to bring about its defeat.

The Rector of St. Louis University took over, on March 19, the Marion - Sims - Beaumont Medical College, which now becomes the medical department of St. Louis University. The staff of the Marion-Sims-Beaumont is excellent. The students in medicine number 488, including the dental department.

It now appears that President Roosevelt will not be present at Father Villalonga's Grand Act, on April 29; but he will visit the University of St. Louis that afternoon and address the Faculty and students on the necessity of religion in the United States. St. Louis University has been directed by the Society of Jesus for more than three quarters of a century. It is the oldest university in the west.

Gamey says that he went to Buffalo not to avoid arrest, but because he needed a rest.

Obituary.

The funeral of the one-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Cronin took place Friday afternoon, April 17, from the family residence, 426 Notre Dame avenue, to St. Mary's church, where services were conducted by the Rev. Father McCarthy, and thence to St. Mary's cemetery. Although the funeral was private, many beautiful floral tributes were placed on the casket, among which were: Wreath, employees of Mr. Velie; wreath, Mr. and Mrs. Cass; very large spray of Easter lilies, Mrs. Thomas Kelly, Mrs. A. Kelly and Miss M. Kelly, and many others not carded. The bearers were Lawrence Kelly, Edward Kelly, William Barret and Henry Parrisseau.

Brandon Notes.

Rev. Father Lietart spent Sunday at Rapid City.

Miss Fitzgerald of Oak Lake has accepted a position as stenographer in Messrs. Henderson, Mathison & Ingram's law office.

Miss Shea of Alexander has taken up her residence here, having bought the property south of Victoria Ave. on 6th St.

Mr. Eugene Murphy of Mount Forest, Ontario, who has been West on an extensive business trip, is delayed in the city, owing to a severe attack of La Grippe. He is the guest—and patient—of his cousin, Mrs. Philip Purcell.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Chapman have moved into their apartments in the new Yukon Block, Rosser Avenue.

NOTE OF THANKS.

Mrs. and Mr. T. J. Bennett desire to heartily thank their friends for the many kindnesses and expressions of sympathy that they received during the illness and death of their two little girls.

To Dr. Lowe, who did all that a skilled physician and a kind friend could do, they feel incapable of expressing their gratitude. Also to Mr. and Mrs. McCusker and many others.

Chats with Young Men

"Eternal vigilance is the price of success." As I look back upon the lives of men whose rise to success I had an opportunity of watching, or of learning from true sources, I have been daily more strongly impressed with the force of the above truism. Vigilance has been the watchword of successful men. They have been vigilant of themselves, of others, of times present and future. But, forceful as is the truism of times past, I am convinced that vigilance in every department of our lives must be the watchword of the times now at hand.

The problem of success for a young man in these days, including as it always must include success in material things coupled with the maintenance of honest and virtuous manhood, is a much more serious problem than that which our forefathers had to face. With them the faith was strong, honesty and virtue were made easy by faith, and their bodies, not served by facilities and pampered by luxuries such as those of the present day life, looked only for the hard-handed, sure-footed returns of manly toil. We are inclined in our day to sympathize with them when we hear of the almost incredible feats which they performed in eking out a living. But while we are sympathizing with them and congratulating ourselves on the many conveniences that life has now, I believe that their spirits look sadly on our heritage and cry to us to be vigilant.

The first vigilance that they would have the young man of today to exercise would be over himself as a man. The marvelous changes that have been brought about in the modes of travel and communication place the modern young man side by side with a hundred temptations of which our fathers never dreamed. It is therefore true that he must be on the alert at all times, lest the novelties and attractions that beset his daily life steal little by little, his high regard for his manhood. It is plainly more difficult, almost more meritorious, yet not less possible, to walk the narrow way now than it was in days gone by. On the other hand the very exercise of buffeting the numerous temptations which pursue the young man of today should give us stronger men, better and wiser men than we ever

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had before. To be sure we need such men to sway, by word and example, the great masses that are debilitated by the follies of the age. If a single Redman were aiming his arrow at you, you could look him straight and foil his aim, but if Redmen on all sides pointed arrows at you, two eyes could not exercise sufficient vigilance and you would feel the need of a strong armor to parry the blows. The young man of our day, with so many facilities for doing wrong, had better not trust his eyes, his ears, his hands or feet, but instead should put on the strong armor of faith, with the determination to do all that it teaches. Then only, while enjoying what is easier is life than our fathers had it, while yet retaining his manhood unimpaired, can he lament their toils.

Next in importance to vigilance over oneself is vigilance over one's worldly affairs. There was never a time when men had to look out more sharply to bring success to their business. Every branch of trade has been reduced to a science, every profession has been sought, until almost all of them are overcrowded. There may still be instances here and there where a slow-going man may get along well, but the great majority have only fighting chances. The men who will succeed now are men of knowledge and experience—the experience acquired by eternal vigilance. They will be men who look back, who survey the present and who peer into the future; men who learn all they can about their own business and all that it is possible to learn of their rival's business; they will be men who superintend their business from top to bottom, and their employees from managers to messenger boys; they will be men who plan, who originate, who anticipate all competitors. Vigilance will be their watchword and success their reward.

The danger for young men in these times of fast maturing life is, that the ease with which they are surrounded may tempt them to recline on the banks when they should jump into the stream. They will let the fresh morning of life pass; then at lazy noon-tide they have neither ambition nor energy to start after their fellows who were borne away by the morning current. There was never a time when all the energy and abilities and knowledge which a youth possesses demanded more exercise in the forenoon of life than they do to-day. So let every youth keep sentinel in his vigilance tower and I promise that before his sun has reached the meridian he will desec success.

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