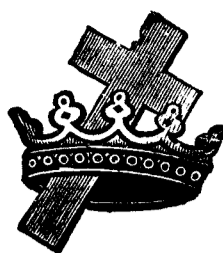


Northwest Review



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CURRENT COMMENT

The appropriation of the name "American" by the United States advances apace. Not long ago consuls of the great republic were advised from Washington to use in their communication, wherever they could, "the American language". It is now the fashion to call Mr. Choate, not the Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, but "the American Ambassador". And — what we have never seen noticed before — on the banknotes, technically called "Silver Certificate, United States of America", is the seal of the Treasurer of the United States bearing this inscription: "Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigill." i.e. "Seal of the Treasury of North America." Inasmuch as this seal must have been officially approved, it constitutes a most audacious encroachment on the rights of Mexico, Central America, and all the British possessions in North America (Canada, Newfoundland, Barbadoes, Bermuda, Jamaica, Honduras, etc.). Assuredly this ought to be made the subject of a question in Ottawa and at Westminster.

The Brandon "Catholic Annual for 1905" is full of interesting local information. The lists of baptisms, marriages and burials from Dec. 1, 1903 to Dec. 1, 1904, show that two-thirds of the children born in that period were Slav or German, and that almost the same proportion holds for the burials. Of the 19 marriages recorded nine are distinctly un-English names, one is between an Englishman and a Slav woman, and another between a German man and a Scotch woman. The parochial information contained in this annual is limited to Brandon and the Manitoba missions attended by the Redemptorist Fathers. Thus Yorkton, Assa., is mentioned incidentally only as the present residence of Very Rev. Father Girard, Rev. Fathers Delaere and Vrydaegs, and Brother Idesbald, all formerly stationed at Brandon. The new arrivals at the Brandon monastery during 1904 are Rev. Fathers Decoene and Billiau and Brother Vitis. Besides good views of the Catholic churches of Brandon, Austin, Souris, and Rapid City, the Brandon House of the Redemptorists and St. Michael's Convent, there is an excellent likeness of the late lamented Father Godts, the organizer of the Redemptorist work in the west, and another of Pope Pius X.

In the February "Catholic World", Father Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., writes a learned and deeply interesting article on "The Mass in the Time of Justin Martyr." Making good his ground at every step by copious footnotes with exact references, he clearly establishes the broad historical fact that, as early as 166 A.D., the principal parts of the Eucharistic Sacrifice were substantially the same as they are now both in western and eastern liturgies. His principal authorities are St. Justin's Apology and the eighth book of the Apostolic Constitutions. Father Conway mentions the modifications introduced into the liturgy, for the sake of clearness, by St. Gregory the Great, after whose time (590-604) but very few unimportant verbal changes have been made in the Canon of the Mass. "It would be good", says the learned Paulist in conclusion, "for the modern non-Catholic, who has lost entirely the liturgical idea of Christian worship, to go back to the writers and liturgies of the first days of Christianity, and compare them with the Mass as celebrated to-day in every corner of the globe. Many by so doing have been led to acknowledge the Catholic Church as the only true guardian of the living Eucharistic Christ." And we venture to add that, for the multitude who cannot have access to these ancient writings, Father Con-

way's own article, read alone or in connection with the article, "Liturgy" in the "Catholic Dictionary", is enough to convince any fair-minded reader that the many changes in ceremonies and prayers during the course of ages in the East and in the West have affected merely the externals of the liturgy and left its essence unchanged.

In the same number of the "Catholic World" the compiler of the department headed "Columbian Reading Union" ought not to have left unchallenged or uncorrected Mr. J. Holland Rose's assertion, quoted from his "Napoleonic Studies", that "the inmost (religious) convictions of Hannibal, Caesar and Charlemagne are almost unknown." Surely, whatever may be our ignorance of Hannibal and Caesar's religious convictions, there can be no doubt about Charlemagne, who is honored in many places as one of the Saints of the Catholic Church. Although he has not been canonized by the infallible voice of the Holy See, his entire history bears witness to the fervor of his belief in all Catholic doctrines and to the earnestness with which he propagated them.

That universal genius, charming writer and devout Catholic who is known all over the States as James J. Walsh, Doctor in three faculties, medicine, philosophy and law, discourses most entertainingly, in the Feb. "Messenger" on "Vesalius as a Horrible Example." Mr. John Hay, the bigoted author of "Castilian Days," Mr. Andrew D. White, lately Ambassador to Germany, formerly President of Cornell University, and always a certain Mrs. Edith Wharton, who seems to have been simply the dupe of Professor Foster's fanaticism in his "History of Physiology", are the three distorters of history whom Dr. Walsh quietly but irresistibly refutes. With variations in language they agree in saying that Vesalius, the father of modern anatomy, was persecuted by the church and especially by the Spanish Inquisition. Dr. Walsh proves that the opposition of the Church and the Inquisition is nothing but a myth. There was opposition; Vesalius was persecuted; but his opponents and persecutors were not ecclesiastics; they were rival anatomists and brother physicians.

In giving the following sample of Dr. Walsh's style, we have only to add that his own counter-assertions are proved up to the hilt in the course of his article.

In his sketch of Reuchlin, the German savant of the Reformation period, Mr. W. S. Lilly has called attention, in his "Renaissance Types", to a notorious passage of supposed history written by that wonderful master of historic romance, James Anthony Froude. This passage of some twenty lines contains more than that many errors of history. In this, it is far ahead even of the passage we have just quoted from Mrs. Wharton. There are, we believe some twenty-two places in which the insertion of a "not" before the verb in the Froude passage gives the truth, though Froude has omitted the "not". There are at least eleven places in Mrs. Wharton's note in which the insertion of a "not" before the verb will give the exact historical truth, while without the "not" — well, you have the proposition just contradictory to the truth. It is a lady that is in question, and that seems to be as far as it is desirable to go in designating just what the propositions are without the "not". Let us give an example: "This closed his life of free inquiry, for the Inquisition forbade all scientific research and the dissection of corpses was prohibited in Spain." "Not" can be

inserted before each one of the verbs in this sentence and then you have the truth.

In the latest issue of the "Catholic Columbian" Col. James R. Randall's weekly letter — an unusually interesting one — contains this capital story, racy of our Manitoba province, which boasts the buffalo as its crest, about Dr. John C. MacEvitt, "one of the most eminent physicians and surgeons, not only of Brooklyn and New York, but of the whole country," and also — Randall adds, perhaps by way of warning — "a genial wag."

In the Spanish-American war, Dr. MacEvitt volunteered as a surgeon in the Navy and his services had national recognition. He is very fond of manly sports, hunting, yachting, etc., when he can spare the time for their enjoyment. On his parlor floor is the hide of a large buffalo. "I will tell you", he said "how that was captured, but you will not believe me. Some years ago, when buffaloes were plentiful in Nebraska, I joined a hunting party and attacked it. On horse-back, there. We soon found a small herd armed with a short rifle, I charged a bull and, when alongside, prepared to discharge my gun, but my horse stumbled, my rifle flew from my hands and I was precipitated on the buffalo's back. Being strong and active, I bestrode the beast, clung to his shaggy mane and had a most uncomfortable gallop. Keeping my head and nerve, I reflected that the safest place for me was on the animal's back as long as I could cling there, because, if I dropped off, the on-rushing herd would trample me to death. Presently, my medical training came to my aid. I had a hypodermic syringe with me, charged with morphine. I drew it forth and began piercing the creature's neck. As the 'dope' became more and more effective, the monster became less and less strenuous, gradually yielding to the poison and at last sinking under it. My companions in the chase came up, after a while, and were amazed at my adventure. They would not credit it, though perfectly true. You are the first man to whom I have told it, who believed it."

One unsurmountable obstacle to the correctness of this story is that no hypodermic syringe known to the medical faculty could hold one-fourth of the quantity of morphine necessary to disable a buffalo. A minor objection arises from the improbability of a doctor going out on a hunting expedition with a hypodermic syringe fully charged.

A Canadian girl who has been confined to her bed in Rome, writes: "This rest cure—fever and violent coughing over—is getting quite perilously pleasant, even in Rome, with some four hundred churches, not to speak of other monuments, waiting to be visited. Perhaps it is precisely because of them that it is pleasant on the principle, 'I have so much to do that I'm going to bed'. There is plenty of time to read, and, thank God, to think, the last thing one does in this helter-skelter travelling. In that way it has been to me something like a retreat, very lame certainly, but I hope good for the soul. Then there is the pleasure of hearing the bells twice and occasionally three times a day. That glorious chorus of bells! More than anything here it tells me what Rome really is—the spot where preached those 'who spoke with the Lord,' and which holds within itself the proof of their teaching of the Incarnation. Then I wonder and wonder how those who are not of the Household can so love Rome. Surely, mere art cannot really satisfy them, and how can they bear to be reminded at every moment, loudly, triumphantly, of a Faith in which they do not believe?"

I have just finished the "Shelburne Essays", by Paul Elmer More, well written, clever, thoughtful. They had previously appeared in the foremost American periodicals, Evening Post,

Atlantic Monthly, etc. I thought them thought and criticism, and the groupings of one well meaning, scholarly, earnest, blind leader of the blind. I awfully interesting and awfully sad (I mean just that misused adverb), as showing the trend of modern have also re-read in part Marion Crawford's 'Ave Roma', which in Rome turns out eminently unsatisfactory and aggravating. Pilgrim Walks in Rome by Father Chandlery, S.J., has delighted us more than any other book of the kind. It tells everything about the Rome of the Saints, which is, after all, the most true and most interesting of the varying aspects of Rome."

Mr. John Emerson, Mayor of Calgary, is a shrewd, sensible man. Interviewed by a Telegram representative on his way through the city last Sunday, he said:

"About the school question? We have none and we desire none, and we do not take kindly to the effort made by eastern papers to create one. The Territories have the best school system in Canada, and all are satisfied, Catholics and Protestants alike, with existing conditions. Why should we create any disturbance now?"

Calgary boasts a population of 12,000, growing rapidly. Edmonton is forging up to the 9,000 mark. Meanwhile Regina, safe in her royal prerogative of undisputed Assiniboian supremacy, loftily looks down upon the rivalry of the two Albertan bailiwicks, which, she says, will never be more than distributing points.

There is, however, going to be a lively tussle between the two embryo provinces on the question of the boundary line. Alberta wants all that part of Assiniboia which lies west of Swift Current, so as to place all the ranching country in the same province. Perhaps all these conflicting interests may lead to the creation of only one new province instead of two.

A new phrase comes to us this week in a cablegram from England: "editorialize away," meaning "to explain away in an editorial." We are told that "the speech of Arthur Hamilton Lee, civil lord of the admiralty, at Eastleigh, Hampshire, on Feb. 2, has created such a storm in Germany that government organs in London this morning (Feb. 6) are busily endeavoring to editorialize it away." The new coinage is felicitous, for it is in keeping with that thoroughly English idiom which projects the special force of a verb into the following adverb. Note the radical difference between "to explain" and "to explain away". The former means to make a previous statement plainer; the latter means to utterly destroy its obvious meaning. A learned and clever Italian learning English in advanced middle age, once said to us: "English is a queer language; you say 'blot' when you mean a stain, you add 'out—blot out,' and away goes the stain." One practical consequence of this peculiarity, and one which is never, to the best of our knowledge, insisted upon in treatises on pronunciation, is that the chief accent should fall, not on the monosyllabic verb, but on the following adverb, not on 'blot,' but on 'out'. Of course, those who have always spoken English observe this proclitic tendency unconsciously and throw the accent forward on the adverb. But teachers in the primary schools, who have just now to teach the elements of the English language to so many foreign immigrants, are continually confronted with this difficulty. So are all of us, who constantly meet with foreigners learning English. Accustomed as they are to consider the verb as one of the most important words in the sentence, they emphasize it and slur over the following adverb, thus making their reading unintelligible to English ears. How often do we hear 'come on', 'sit up', 'sit down', accented on the verb instead of on the adverb. Take such a sentence as this: "The hammer broke in the head of the barrel." If

you accent "broke", you mean that the hammer was broken as it struck the head of the barrel. If you accent "in", you mean that it was not the hammer but the head of the barrel that was broken.

The Liverpool "Catholic Times" of Jan. 20 reveals a terrible state of destitution in some parts of England. "The extent to which distress prevails at present in some of our towns is only too painfully clear from a report made by the secretary of the Central Free Breakfast Fund at Sunderland, Mr. J. McMann. His investigation into the condition of the school children has convinced him that at least three thousand out of the thirty thousand scholars in the borough elementary schools go to school each morning without having broken their fast. Day by day children faint in their seats through want of food. What does this mean? That in Sunderland quite a multitude of families are starving. Fathers, mothers and guardians would not allow children to go to school breakfastless if they had any food whatsoever in their houses. There is only too much reason to fear that of the deaths that occur at this time a far larger percentage than people are aware of is due to destitution. Sufferers bear up heroically for a time, and then they are carried off by what appears to be a slight illness, so that their demise is not publicly set down to want." And this happens in great and wealthy England. Prosperity with such a reproach at its doors is not real prosperity. Such dire and widespread want was unknown in the days when England was Catholic. It is still unknown in any Catholic country. Yet we are taunted with the backwardness of Catholic countries and the prosperity of Protestant ones. God save us from such prosperity!

La Verite, of the 4th inst., calls attention to the following extract from the Free Press of January 13, last page, under the heading "Oddfellows Celebrate", a report of the 22nd anniversary of Minnehaha Lodge No. 7, I.O.O.F.

"The closing address was delivered by Bro. Horace Chevrier, M.P.P., in response to the toast of "Our Own Members," and although the hour was getting late when the eloquent member for St. Boniface rose to his feet no one present thought of leaving until the address was concluded. Odd-fellowship in general received an able advocacy at the hands of Mr. Chevrier whilst the claims of lodge No. 7 received a particular meed of praise."

This clearly proves that Mr. Chevrier is a member of that secret society. Now he still professes, as far as we know, the Catholic religion; but he cannot practise it, nor can he hope to receive Catholic burial after death, so long as he remains a member of a secret society condemned by the Church, as the I.O.O.F. undoubtedly is. This is a very anomalous position for the representative of a Catholic constituency. Apart from all religious convictions, we consider this a most injudicious move on his part, and one that will bring a feeling of disappointment to the many Catholic admirers of Mr. Horace Chevrier's ability and energy. We certainly thought that the member for St. Boniface, who hangs to that honor by the slender thread of one vote, was too shrewd ever to put his sturdy neck in the secret society yoke. Has he elected to antagonize all his Catholic brethren for the sorry pleasure of enjoying the cheap applause of a set of organized tomfools? We can hardly understand how so shrewd a business man does not realize that he will lose more by the withdrawal of Catholic custom than he can possibly gain by catering to that horde of oath-bound slaves who think they cannot succeed without the support of some lodge or other.

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