

NORTHWEST REVIEW

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
WEDNESDAY
WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL
AUTHORITY.

At St. Boniface, Man.

REV. A. A. CHERRIER,
Editor-in-Chief.

Subscription, in advance, - - - \$1.00 a year
Six months, " " " " " \$0.50.

ADVERTISING RATES.

ade known on application.
Orders to discontinue advertisements must
be sent to this office in writing.
Advertisements unaccompanied by specific
instructions inserted until ordered out.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents wanted, in town and country
places of Manitoba and the Northwest,
who shall solicit and collect subscrip-
tions for the **NORTHWEST REVIEW**. Very
liberal terms made known on applica-
tion to the Publisher.

Address all Communications to the
NORTHWEST REVIEW, St. Boniface, Man.

Northwest Review.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1900

CURRENT COMMENT

"Sidelights on Irish Char-
acter" is a suggestive, thought-
provoking contribution. The
state of mind it represents is
doubtless fast disappearing in
proportion as the disabilities in-
flicted on the Irish by their
English persecutors disappear.

Father Maas's articles on
Biblical Criticism in the Ameri-
can "Messenger of the Sacred
Heart" dispose effectually of the
myth theory by which preten-
tious and shallow critics essay
to explain the miraculous events
of the Old Testament. Father
Maas, with a full and detailed
knowledge of all the contem-
porary literature on this subject,
says "it is needless to repeat
that both external and internal
evidence point to the Mosaic
authorship of the Pentateuch."
The trouble with the so-called
"Higher Critics," as with all
sceptics, is that their judicial
faculty is very weak, they are
quite incapable of weighing
evidence. Let an objector shout
loud, although what he shouts is
nonsense, and they will forth-
with take up his silly cry.

We have received from Messrs.
Longmans, Green & Co., of
London, through the Copp
Clark Co. of Toronto, Longmans'
Illustrated school edition of the
first book of Caesar. The price
—one shilling and sixpence (36
cents)—is wonderfully low for
so beautiful a text-book. Worthy
of commendation are, especially,
the plans of battles, the fine
clear map of Gallia, the instruc-
tive illustrations of arms, etc.,
the useful notes and the
excellent vocabulary.

To the same publishers we
owe Longmans' advanced "Ship"
Literary Reader, which comes
to us as a fresh dip in the
Pierian spring. They certainly
do these things vastly better
in England than in America.
Is it because those who have
drunk in culture with their
mother's milk have a literary
taste and a sense of proportion
which no amount of mere talent
and labor can give? Here we
have in the short compass of
250 pages a fairly representative
presentation of English literature
from Dean Swift to Richard
Blackmore. We say "fairly,"

because we miss Newman and
Ruskin and might have been
satisfied with one sample of
Robert Curzon; but on the
whole the selections are classi-
cal and yet not too trite. What
more charming than Elizabeth
Gaskell's description of how
Miss Jenkyns preferred Dr.
Johnson to the author of the
Pickwick Papers? Price, two
shillings.

We occasionally receive letters
requesting us to publish a
review, kindly copied from
some periodical, of a book we
have never seen. This we will
not do. Send us a copy of the
book, and if we agree with
every detail of the proffered
criticism—a very unlikely
event—we may possibly pub-
lish it with a word of approval.
But we decline to take our
opinions ready-made from any
correspondent, be he ever so
learned or pious. Some ex-
tremely learned and pious books
are wretchedly written, and
this we should not fail to re-
mark, did we review them.
Idiomatic prespicuity of style is
as elementary a requisite for a
book as a clear and correct
enunciation for a preacher. The
NORTHWEST REVIEW lays no
claim to be a voluminous organ;
its dimensions are very humble;
but, as a review, it has a repu-
tation to maintain. While
gladly praising deep and noble
or witty thoughts in others, to
whom it never intentionally
fails to give credit, it not in-
frequently expresses ideas that
could not easily be duplicated
anywhere else, and it is natural-
ly jealous of the exclusive
mental territory it thus covers.

Elsewhere we reproduce with
pleasure an article of our
judicious and well balanced
contemporary, The Providence
Visitor, embodying a dignified
plea for more encouragement
from Catholic readers. The
tone and temper of the entire
article are so thoroughly at one
with our own views of the
good work done by a Catholic
weekly that we had at first in-
tended to substitute the word
"Review" for "Visitor" through-
out the article with a prefatory
note of acknowledgment; but
on second thought we deemed it
better to print the original
exactly as it appeared and say
here that we endorse every
sentence thereof.

Monday's Morning Telegram,
while giving timely notice of
the beginning of Passion week,
is not quite accurate in calling
it "the seven days immediately
preceding Easter week." The
latter term is applied not to the
week that precedes but to the
week which follows Easter.
Even in the Book of Common
Prayer the Monday and Tues-
day immediately following
Easter are said to be in Easter
week. The week that precedes
Easter is called by Catholics
Holy week, and thus Passion
week is really the seven days
immediately preceding Holy
Week. The two together form
the holy fortnight in which the
penitential spirit should be
more particularly cultivated.

Archdeacon Fortin is livid
with rage. His anger makes
him say rash things. For in-
stance he accuses us of throwing

mud. Mud is not in our line;
we use more trenchant missiles,
sharp facts, to which the mud-
slingers reply by translating
chaste technical Latin, which is
as necessary for theologians as
are for physicians technical
treatiss on pathology, into un-
chaste English for the horror of
the hoi polloi, or by recommend-
ing immoral works of incredible
fiction. The venerable ninny's
farrago of absurd assertions
might amuse that stupid, illiter-
ate and fanatical crowd which
gathers in Exeter Hall; but we
refuse to have anything to do
with controversy of this un-
educated, caddish type.

MEN'S RETREAT.

His Grace the Archbishop of
St. Boniface preaches every
evening to men alone in the
Cathedral. At the opening
sermon of the retreat last Sun-
day women were allowed to be
present, because it was a Sunday
vesper service; but on other
evenings they are excluded, as
they have already had their
special retreats. The attendance
of men is very large and atten-
tive to the Archbishop's eloquent
treatment of the great truths of
salvation. The first sermon
was an appeal to make use of
the means of grace, based on the
text, "Come to me, all you that
labor and are burdened, and I
will refresh you" (Matt. XI. 20).
The second was on Sin in
general with special insistence
on Intemperance. The third, last
evening, was on the final Judg-
ment. The men of the parish
seem deeply impressed.

**WASHINGTON NOT A CHRIS-
TIAN.**

In these halcyon days of
superficial, showy knowledge,
one need not prove what one
asserts. Be startling in your
assertions; say something out of
the common; amplify it, not
with proof, but with other
ways of saying the same thing;
and the groundlings will
applaud all over the world.
We find a recent instance of
this fashionable method of hood-
winking the masses in a special
Washington correspondence to
the Catholic Journal of Memphis,
Tenn. At a meeting called
recently in Washington, D.C., to
organize a great centennial cele-
bration of the transfer of the seat
of the U.S. government to the
District of Columbia, Senator
Chauncey Depew said that
George Washington, like most
great men, did not work for
fame. He never supposed that
he would become the great
figure in the world's history
which he is to-day. His ambi-
tion was purely local. He lived,
as Longfellow says, "in the
living present." History records
the name of only one man who
seems to have lived for his
niche in history; and that was
Napoleon. Poor fellow! What
a wreck his life was.

So far Depew. He may be
right with regard to the im-
mortal George, although we
doubt if he could prove that
even he did not think of future
fame; but he is certainly wrong
in his sweeping assertion about
history. There are hundreds,
nay, thousands of men of whom
history records that they lived
for their niche in history.
Suffice it to mention Alexander

the Great, Julius, Caesar, Cicero,
Haroun-al-Raschid, Marlborough
and most of the victorious
leaders of men, Addison and
most of the masters of style.
The fact is that all able men,
unless they be deeply religious
and therefore keenly realize the
emptiness of human fame, or
unless they be natural philan-
thropists and therefore delight
in doing good to others, really
thirst for fame.

However, Archbishop Keane
takes a still higher view of
George Washington. Referring
to Senator Depew's remarks on
the first President's noble
ambitions, he said:

"The idea of the orient, the
Greek idea, the Roman idea,
all were incomplete. They
strove for they knew not what
It was the Christian ideal which
fired the soul of Washington,
that put consecration on his
sword, and enabled him to lead
to victory. His fundamental
conviction was that the Chris-
tian ideal was the true one for
the individual and for the
nation."

This would be very nice if
only it could be proved. Un-
fortunately Mr. William F.
Carne proved the exact reverse
in the "Ave Maria" for Feb. 24,
1900. Washington carefully
kept a journal for 52 years, and
this now fills the greater part of
twenty large printed volumes
containing all that he ever
wrote. Now in all these volu-
minous writings the sacred
name of our Divine Saviour Jesus
Christ never appears. Could
one, whose "soul was fired with
the Christian ideal, that put
consecration on his sword, and
enabled him to lead to victory,"
have spent his whole lifetime
without mentioning the name
of Christ? Moreover, Washing-
ton never once professed faith
in Christ in any degree what-
ever. Though christened in
infancy he was never confirmed.
Though outwardly a vestryman
of Fairfax parish (a semi-politi-
cal situation), he seems never to
have partaken of the Episcopal
rite of the Lord's supper and to
have purposely remained away
on Communion Sundays. The
most convincing proof that he
was not at heart a Christian is
the manner of his death. Though
conscious to the last, attending
carefully to the medical treat-
ment, to his will, to the time of
his funeral, and thanking the
physicians, yet he says not a
word of religion, of the next
world, he calls for no minister,
he utters no prayer, he has not a
thought of God, he dies like the
brute that perishes forever.
This is the man of whom Arch-
bishop Keane says: "His funda-
mental conviction was that the
Christian ideal was the true one
for the individual and for the
nation." It is a pity that exag-
gerated patriotism and misplaced
charity cannot be made to
square with facts.

A Wellington paper, comment-
ing severely on the supposed
ritualistic practices at Welsh
Hampton, spoke of the vicar as
"practising the most unblushing
celibacy."

That hacking cough is a
warning not to be lightly treat-
ed Pyny-Pectoral cures with
absolute certainty all recent
coughs and colds. Take it in
time. Manufactured by the
proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-
Killer.

ST. VITUS CURED.

**THE STORY OF A BRIGHT
YOUNG GIRL'S RECOV-
ERY.**

SHE WAS FIRST ATTACKED WITH
WITH LA GRIPPE, THE AFTER
EFFECTS RESULTING IN ST.
VITUS' DANCE—FRIENDS DES-
PAIRED OF HER RECOVERY.

From the Acadian, Wolfville, N.S.

The mails from Wolfville to
Gaspereau are carried every day
by an official who is noted for
his willingness to accommodate
and the punctuality with which
he discharges his duties. His
name is Mr. Merriner Cleveland
and his home is in Gaspereau,
where he resides with his wife
and grand-daughter, Miss Lizzie
May Cleveland, a bright girl of
fifteen years. A few months
ago the health of their grand-
daughter was a source of very
great anxiety to Mr. and Mrs.
Cleveland, and the neighbors
who learned of the physical
condition of the little girl grave-
ly shook their heads and said to
themselves that the fears of the
fond grand-parents were by no
means groundless. When the
news reached the ears of an Aca-
dien man, a short time ago, that
the health of Miss Cleveland
had been restored, he hastened
to interview Mr. Cleveland as
to the facts of the case. When
he explained his errand both
Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland appeared
only too eager to give him the
information sought and it is in
accordance with their wishes
that we give to the public the
facts of this remarkable cure.
Early in December, 1898, Miss
Cleveland was taken ill with a
severe attack of la grippe and
fears of her recovery were enter-
tained. Careful nursing, how-
ever, brought her through this
malady, but it left her system in
a completely run-down condi-
tion. This showed itself princi-
pally in a weakness of the
nerves. In January symptoms
of St. Vitus' dance began to
show themselves. At first
these were not very prominent,
but it was not long before she
was rendered altogether help-
less by this terrible malady.
In a short time she lost all
control over the movements of
her hands and feet. For weeks
she had to be carried from
room to room and was unable to
feed herself. Her grand-parents
naturally became very much
alarmed and having tried other
remedies without effect, deter-
mined to give Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills a trial. Developments
showed that their confidence
was not misplaced. When
three boxes had been used the
condition of the patient had im-
proved considerably. Then Mr.
Cleveland bought six boxes
more and continued their use as
before. The sufferer rapidly
began to recover. When she
had consumed the fifth box
Mrs. Cleveland reduced the dose
to one pill a day and by the
time the sixth box was gone a
complete cure was effected.
Miss Cleveland is now as vigor-
ous and healthy as could be
desired. Her grand-parents are
persuaded that Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills are alone responsible
for her cure and are devoutly
thankful for the results which,
under Providence, they have
produced.

Sold by all dealers or sent
post paid at 50c. a box or six
boxes for \$2.50, by addressing
the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brockville, Ont. Do not be
persuaded to try something else
said to be "just as good."

A letter from Father Locombe,
written just before his departure
from Montreal, says that he was
to sail from Halifax on the 28th
ult. This differs from the Free
Press statement, reproduced by
us last week, that he was to sail
from St. John.