

The Northwest Review

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

At 124 James Avenue East.
WINNIPEG.

Subscription, - - - - - \$2.00 a year.
Six months, - - - - - \$1.00.

P. KLINKHAMMER,
Publisher,

THE REVIEW is on sale at the following place: Hart & McPherson's, Booksellers, 364 Main street.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Made known on application.
Orders to discontinue advertisements must be sent to this office in writing.

Advertisements unaccompanied by specific instructions inserted until ordered out.

Address all Communications to THE NORTHWEST REVIEW, Post office Box 608, Winnipeg, Man.

The Northwest Review

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A Dangerous Plaster.

We learn from a despatch to the Free Press, dated Ottawa, August 21st, that "The Rouge members are in fear and trembling over the school question. They say nothing but separate schools will satisfy Quebec." The telegraphic correspondent might have added "and Manitoba Catholics." Rumors of a settlement which would restore to us only the ghost of the shadow of our rights have been industriously circulated quite recently. We are getting tired of this nonsense. If the so-called settlement is to be merely a make-believe, a bare permission for the clergy to visit schools and teach catechism there, it will be found to be no settlement at all, "and the last error will be worse than the first." To put a plaster over a festering sore only makes it break out with renewed virulence elsewhere.

Kipling. When Rudyard Kipling burst upon the literary world as a star of the first magnitude, his name appeared so strange as to give rise to the notion that it was rather Scandinavian than English or that he had invented it as a nom de plume. But the root "Kip" is thoroughly English and has several meanings to which the diminutive "ling" could be added. Besides, the word as it stands is already historical. Careful students of history will remember Kipling as the Yorkshire birthplace of one whose name is a household word among Catholics in America. Sir George Calvert was born at Kipling, in Yorkshire, in 1582. Knighted in 1617, he became secretary of state to James I. in 1618. Six years later, having become a Catholic, he tendered his resignation; but the king was so fond of him that he retained him as a member of the Privy Council, re-granted to him the estates he had long before received in Ireland and created him Baron of Baltimore. It was he who drew up the immortal charter for Maryland, which, however, he did not live to see first observed by liberty-loving Catholics and then trampled under foot by tyrannical Protestants. Thus Kipling is a word fragrant with Catholic memories.

Corrections. We regret very much that an article borrowed from our admirable contemporary, the Catholic Record, of London (Ont.), should have appeared in our last issue without acknowledgment. When we clipped the Record's editorial, "An Anglican Divine on Separate Schools," we wrote under the heading the words "From the Catholic Record," and when, on correcting the proof, we noticed that these words had been omitted, we again inserted them in the proof. Imagine our dismay—the word is not too strong, as we have always made it a point of honor to acknowledge our selections from other papers—when

we found, too late for correction, that the acknowledgment had been once more, though of course unintentionally, omitted. However, we were somewhat consoled by the fact that this article appeared, not on the editorial, but on the fourth, page, and thus suggested to newspaper men that it was not intended as original matter. Such mistakes incline us to leniency when we find borrowed articles unacknowledged, provided they be not deliberately palmed off as editorials. Another ridiculous blunder marred our issue of August the 12th. Reprinting a list of Europe's Sovereigns drawn up by some non-Catholic paper, and meeting the phrase, "Pope Leo XIII., who is not a temporal ruler," we deleted the "not" and wrote instead "de jure," so that the phrase should have read, "who is de jure a temporal ruler." Our feelings on reading, several hours after the REVIEW had been mailed, "who is not de jure a temporal ruler," implying that the Pope has no right to his temporal principedom, would beggar description.

The Ave Maria. A correspondent asks if there is such a thing as a weekly Catholic magazine for family reading. We are happy to answer that there is, and a most excellent one. The Ave Maria is, in this respect, unique. There seems to rest upon it a special blessing from her who is the "Cause of our joy" and the "Seat of Wisdom." Every week this charming magazine furnishes thirty-two pages of deeply interesting matter. In its several departments of history, fiction, poetry, criticism, children's corner, comments on current events, and literary notes it always bears the stamp of scholarship, taste and true religious fervor. During the thirty-one years of its existence it has constantly improved. Just now it is publishing three original serials, any one of which would suffice to place it in the front rank of magazines. Catholic or non-Catholic. The Rev. James Bellord relates the life of that Oriental marvel of mind and virtue, St. Ephrem; Charles Warren Stoddard's inimitable pen portrays the wondrous deeds of St. Anthony of Padua; and Christian Reid unfolds with puissant witchery a tale full of startling situations and still more startling dialogue, thanks to which this fascinating writer has managed to keep her readers for months on delicious tenter-hooks as to how a secret which they have known all along will be divulged.

The Catholic World. The best articles in this month's Catholic World are "The Convention of the Irish Race," which, though unsigned, is really comprehensive and powerful; "Are Anglican Orders Valid?" where the Rev. Charles J. Powers writes fluently and vigorously against their validity; "Fifty years of American Literature," in which we have noticed, among a host of deft characterizations, but one important slip, the calling George W. Cable, whose unreal pictures Christian Reid so ably refutes in "The Man of the Family," "the only fitting historian" of the Creoles of New York. Cable never could understand the French Catholics of the Crescent City. "Mary of the Blessed Sunshine" is a beautiful tale of sweetness overcoming ire and gloom. Dorothy Gresham talks pleasantly of a visit to Ireland under the title "Where the turf fires burn." John Paul MacCorrie discourses logically of women's rights. In one place we think his answer to the plea of "absolute freedom" on the part of the women of ancient Greece would have been more effective had he shown that the only Greek women who enjoyed this "absolute freedom," which is simply unblushing licence, were the hetairai or demi-monde. "One of the English Embassy" chats very superficially about her "Reminiscences of Constantinople after the Crimean War"; this frivolous old lady does not seem to be even a professing Catholic; however there are one or two good things in her rambling twaddle, as

when she tells us that the hotel-keeper at Prinkipo, "hearing that there was a milord among the party, gave the best room to the one whose appearance he took to be most distinguished—namely, Mr. Antrobus, a tall, handsome young man," one of "the two nicest members of the embassy," "while Lord Strangford, with his spectacles, shabby clothes and unkempt beard, was taken for the servant and given the room next to my maid." This Mr. Antrobus afterwards became a Catholic and a priest of the Brompton Oratory. "The Church in the Sandwich Islands" is the sort of article which a careful editor would have either rewritten or handed to an intelligent writer so that it might be put in to better shape. The writer calls it a "simple, unadorned narrative"; but there is a simplicity of clearness and consecutiveness, there are unadorned narratives that are direct and concise, and these are precisely the qualities this one lacks. We never know where we are in this twelve-page sketch, and we are treated to repetitions whilst essential facts, suggested by the narrative, are omitted.

A Great History. Do not fail to read Walter Lecky's article, reproduced on our first page, anent Janssen's "History of the German People Since the Close of the Middle Ages." Two volumes of the English translation have now appeared; five more are eagerly looked for. This great work has had in Germany a sale even greater than that which greeted Macaulay's History of England, and, unlike the latter, its value as a truthful record increases every year. The few attempts made to challenge the facts with which it fairly bristles have signally failed. Janssen proves that, before the Reformation, the German people were far more prosperous than they have ever been since, that education was widespread and thorough, that the arts and sciences flourished, that the Holy Scriptures were eagerly read and studied; and that the Reformation destroyed prosperity, ruined the morals of the country, introduced a bleak and distorted rationalism, killed imagination, banished fancy and the fine arts, and dethroned religion. All Protestant histories of that period are, as the Protestant Boehmer declared to Janssen and as the latter proved by quotations and statistics, "mere farces." If you want to make a really valuable present to a thoughtful friend, a present which will grow in worth with the growth of time and therefore increase his gratitude, order the English translation of Janssen's history.

Sixtus VI.! Poor Innominato! His last letter to the N. Y. Sun is dated July 25th and he has still no suspicion that after all a monk has already been appointed Delegate Apostolic to the United States. The appointment of Father Martinelli, an Augustinian friar, was made public only on July 30th. So Innominato, unconscious of the shattering of his forecast about the impossibility of a monk being appointed, proceeds to proclaim another new era, that of plenary powers conferred on the Washington Delegation, which era we all know to have been in full swing for over a year. But he puts his foot in it still more ridiculously when he says that the Roman "Congregations" or standing committees were established by Sixtus VI. As he repeats the number "VI." twice in the same paragraph, this can hardly be a misprint. But the last Sixtus was Sixtus V. To talk of Sixtus VI. is as absurd as to talk of Henry IX. of England. Poor Innominato? Did he ever receive a Catholic education?

BARNARDO AND BOSCO.

In the July number of his Review of Reviews Mr. Stead waxes enthusiastic about Dr. Barnardo's success with wails and wasters. He dilates especially upon the fact that, after thirty years of devoted labor, the great philanthropist has gathered under his paternal wing in different places, "a family of five (thous-

and children. Now, albeit Dr. Barnardo is, even according to Mr. Stead, a bigoted, narrow-minded Irish Protestant who sees the Pope through lurid spectacles, we have no wish to disparage his really noble work. We would merely point out to ignorant journalists like Mr. Stead, who knows next to nothing of Catholic deeds, that Dr. Barnardo's success is not particularly new or surprising to Catholics. Living in the wealthiest and most generous country in the world, to which his ardent Protestantism commends him, he has special opportunities for reaping a great harvest of money for his poor children, and thanks to his undoubted ability, untiring energy and shrewd advertising, we do not wonder that he rakes in £140,000 a year. This is, from a Catholic point of view, an absurdly large sum for the support of 5,000 waifs; it supposes that each of them costs about \$140 a year; a Catholic institution would support them comfortably on half of that sum, but then, of course, the Catholic brotherhoods and sisterhoods would not be burdened with the support of their own families and the consequent need of salaried officers.

At any rate we venture to say that a very cursory examination of Catholic records in this nineteenth century would reveal the existence of at least a score of workers among the poor whose efforts have been crowned with greater and more lasting success than those of the widely advertized Dr. Barnardo. In the first place any one of the many founders of orders of charity has done a more lasting and more economical work than he. When he disappears who will take his place? We read of no one fit to inherit his mantle. Not so with our Catholic communities of men or women; their essential characteristic is that they never die, that their spirit lives on. For instance, how much more widespread and effectual is the work of the Little Sisters of the Poor, which, like all other orders, arose out of the zeal of one man or woman who merged the selfishness of personal direction in the greater boon of a heaven-blest organization. In our own Canada the foundress of the Providence Nuns of Montreal did far more, in thirty years, than Dr. Barnardo achieved in the same period; but she did it noiselessly, without counting lawsuits, without concentrating all power in her own hands. Don Bosco, who died only the other day and who worked in circumstances and upon material far less favorable than Dr. Barnardo's English surroundings, enlisted nearly a hundred thousand co-workers of every class, founded clerical seminaries to spread his spirit abroad by means of six thousand priests, built two hundred and fifty institutions while Dr. Barnardo built half a score, and educated in his schools three hundred thousand boys, not one of whom has ever undergone a sentence of a court of justice. If Mr. Stead were only to read a life of Don Bosco and enter into the spirit of his work as he has idealized Dr. Barnardo's, what a character sketch he could write.

A WELCOME TRIBUTE.

The following editorial note from our invaluable contemporary, The Oasket, is extremely gratifying to us and makes us all the more deeply regret that our straightened financial condition does not allow us to make our "paperlet" more worthy of the high encomium bestowed by so able and fastidious a critic.

Judged by the standard set up by a Catholic magazine in Boston—the measure of superfluities—the NORTHWEST REVIEW, of Winnipeg, would occupy a very inferior place in the ranks of the Catholic press. If, however, we decline to adopt the Bostonian touchstone, and continue to classify Catholic papers according to the excellence of the matter they contain, we shall have to place our Winnipeg contemporary very near the front. In the brightness of its editorial page and the soundness of its views it compares favorably with the best Catholic papers in America. The Genius of Dullness, which haunts the abodes of so many of our Catholic papers, needs no exorcism from the sanctum of the REVIEW. Our contemporary's grasp of Catholic

doctrine and principles, too, is sufficiently thorough to enable it to detect false philosophy even when sugar-coated with ecclesiastical gossip. It is therefore not of the number of those Catholic journals that are imposed upon by the thinly-disguised secularism of "Innominato," whose letters it has frequently condemned. In its current issue, it exposes the surprising lack of historical knowledge displayed by that writer when he says that the Holy Father would not appoint a monk ("Innominato" is apparently innocent of any knowledge of the distinction between monks and friars) as Apostolic Delegate, because monks represent charity, virtue; they are not the government. The REVIEW calls his attention to the elementary fact that monks, in the proper sense of the term as well as in that in which he uses it, have been, even in recent times, distinguished wearers of the Tiara itself; and that Leo XIII., with whose most secret thoughts "Innominato" professes such a perfect familiarity, himself appointed a monk, in the proper sense of the word, as Apostolic Delegate to Canada. "Innominato's" history is no sounder than his theology and philosophy, notwithstanding the "facilities" which Dr. Lambert assures us he possesses.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

The Reverend Mr. Wynn, Baptist minister, put this question to Mr. William E. Gladstone: "Would you, if your heart's desire were fulfilled, see the whole of Christendom under the sway of the Pope? If not, why ask Papal sanction for the validity of the Anglican orders or any form of ministry?" In reply Mr. Gladstone wrote: "The Church of Rome recognizes as valid a baptism when regularly performed by other Christian communions. For baptism read orders. Papal sanction would strengthen Christianity." The answer is thought by some to be evasive, but it at least brings out the good that Mr. Gladstone seeks in acceptance by "the first Bishop of Christendom" of the orders of the Established church—it would strengthen the hold of that institution on sincere persons for they could then be told: "Why go over to Rome? Rome recognizes our orders. You can get the sacraments of Rome here and choose your own belief on its latest defined doctrines." But if Rome decides that the clergymen of England are only laymen, intruders in the sanctuary, without sacramental powers as clerics, then the Establishment collapses as a "branch" of the Church Catholic.—Catholic Review.

"How have the mighty fallen!" Only a year ago Signor Crispi was flushed with a recent great victory at the polls and had a powerful majority behind him in Parliament. Early this year came the great disaster to Italian arms in Africa and his being summarily hurled from power in consequence. Now he is old and broken, and the once mighty Premier knows that his political career is ended. But he still has his former effrontery, and has appeared as a beggar at the treasury door of the kingdom that he has brought to bankruptcy. He has applied for a pension, to date from the beginning of last month. He asks it because of his advanced age—he will be seventy-seven next October—and because the sciatica, from which he suffers and which has lately taken an acute form, prevents him from earning a living, as formerly, as an advocate. There is another appeal of far more consequence to him that he has yet to make—he has to ask forgiveness of the God he has been offending and the Church he has been persecuting during the best part of his life. And it is high time for him to think of this.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"When a Protestant church begins to deny its Protestantism," says the Independent, "the first indication is its emphasis of orders." Our esteemed Protestant contemporary is writing about the anxiety of Lord Halifax and Mr. Gladstone to prevent Pope Leo XIII. from giving judgment against the validity of Anglican Orders. It must indeed seem strange to thorough-going Protestants that a religious body which for over two hundred years gloried in being as Protestant as Luther, rejecting the Sacrifice of the Mass, and consequently all ideas of a sacrificing priesthood, in so far that the very word "priest" was abominable to it, should begin through a large proportion of its membership, to covet the old Catholic name again, to resume, in great part, the long discarded ritual; to insist that its ministers are priests, and that it always meant "to make them such"; and to account it of immense importance that the Pope of Rome should not deny the claim. Such