

NORTHWEST REVIEW

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.

At St. Boniface, Man.

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

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

The NORTHWEST REVIEW is on sale at the following places: Hart & Co., Booksellers, 364 Main St., and G. R. Vendome, Stationer, 300 Main St., opposite Manitoba Hotel.

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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10 1897.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A misprint has as many lives as the proverbial cat. Respectable editors, who ought in kindness and self-interest to kill it off, heedlessly propagate it by giving it the endorsement of a great name. The most recent case in point occurs in the English "Catholic Times" of July 23rd. That great "Organ of the Catholic Body," as it styles itself, represents Monsignor Merry del Val as writing, in his open letter to Monseigneur Langevin: "We can scarcely hope that the holy work of peace and justice desired by the Holy See and by all of us will be fully realized." Had the editor reflected for a moment, he would have seen that the Apostolic Delegate could not possibly have written that word "scarcely;" else he would thereby have written himself down a failure. We admit, however, that it was not easy to guess what adverb should be substituted for "scarcely." The "Catholic Times" had not the benefit of seeing, as we have seen, the original French letter, in which the words used were: "Nous devons esperer." This was translated by the secular press: "We can surely hope;" but the printer's devil got hold of it and turned it into "scarcely," and the error went booming across the ocean.

It was because we noticed this and several other errors in the current English translation that we set to work and published in our issue of July 13th, what we then called "an amended and more correct translation than any hitherto printed." If the exchange reader of the "Catholic Times" does not measure the value of the NORTHWEST REVIEW by its size and therefore neglect to read it (as would appear from the fact that the "Catholic Times" comes to us a day or two late because it is still addressed "Winnipeg"), he will have by this time read our translation and will, we trust, correct that absurd adverb "scarcely." He might with advantage adopt our version: "We must hope that the sacred work of peace and justice desired by the Holy See and by us all will be fully realized."

Nursing Sisters.

Nothing could be more timely than Dr. William Scot's letter to the NORTHWEST REVIEW. He attributes the complete recovery of the small-pox patients, in a great measure, "to the efficiency, unremitting care and attention of the Sisters of Charity." This is a strong and unexpected confirmation of what we wrote last week.

Mgr. de Mazenod.

The news that Monseigneur de Mazenod's case is about to be studied by the Roman Congregation of Rites with a view to his being declared

"Venerable," will gladden the hearts, not only of all his faithful sons, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, but also of all Canadian Catholics. Mgr. de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles, was, as every one knows, the founder of that illustrious Congregation which has done so much for the propagation of the faith to the northernmost limits of our vast Dominion, and which now numbers in Canada more religious than any other Order of men. It was that great and holy bishop who sent into this then Great Lone Land such missionary giants as the late Mgr. Tache and such saintly souls as the present senior bishop of Canada, Mgr. Grandin. Mgr. de Mazenod's family is still represented by the Count and Viscount de Mazenod.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

According to Mr. Winkler, the well-known curb-stone orator, who airs his peculiar views every Sunday evening at the corner of Main and McDermott Streets, and who usually succeeds in attracting a large, and oft-times, amused audience, there is not a single Protestant minister in Winnipeg to-day who is doing his full duty. This is surely a serious charge especially as it comes from one who is able to announce that he was formerly a member of the Methodist Church, and, evidently a valued one, inasmuch as he was a lay-preacher of that persuasion. But grave as the accusation is, it must be admitted that he who makes it gives good ground for it. The point of the matter, as put by Mr. Winkler last Sunday evening, is very easily understood. It must be borne in mind that this gentleman holds peculiar views regarding the immortality of the soul. By a conscientious use of that truly Protestant privilege of private interpretation he several years ago came to the conclusion, amongst other things, that the wicked who die unrepentant are not for ever punished in hell but that after judgment they are annihilated. For holding these views he was expelled from the Methodist Church, and his disciple, a Mr Knight, who sells boots and shoes during the week and interprets the Holy Scriptures with Mr. Winkler on Sunday evenings, has more recently been expelled from the Baptist church in this city. Incidentally Mr. Winkler asks what right had the Methodist and the Baptist churches to expel himself and his friend when their only offence was that they did what every Methodist and Baptist should do, viz., study the Bible and follow what they find to be its teachings. But apart from this Mr. Winkler makes the assertion that not a single Protestant minister from the beginning of the year to the end dare raise his voice in the pulpit to preach a sermon on Hell. If they believe in it he claims they should preach it, for they should preach the whole truth or nothing, and they should be particularly zealous in warning their confiding flocks of the dreadful punishments in store for those who die in their sins. But they do not preach it and the reason for their silence is that it is an unpopular subject with Protestant congregations who would not tolerate sermons on so unsavoury a topic. Hence, he claims, the ministers are not fit guides for the people inasmuch as they allow worldly considerations to stand between them and the preaching of the whole truth as they profess to understand it. We think Mr. Winkler, however illogical and absurd he may be and undoubtedly is in most of what he says, makes a good point against the Protestant ministers and one which they will find it difficult to explain satisfactorily.

In the height of their Jubilee enthusiasm the civic Fathers gave an order to a local artist to paint a picture of the Queen. He fulfilled the commission and now the ancients of the city are much exercised in their minds as to

whether or not the picture is one that they can accept. Some say it is "flashy," others that the expression is not good, the attitude not sufficiently stately, and that the coloring has given Her Majesty the complexion of a young girl which does not fit-in with her hair and figure. There seems to be a unanimous agreement that a blue ribbon and lace ornament have been well brought out, but as these are the only points on which the aldermen agree there is a dead-lock. They have examined it by gas light and they have viewed it by day, and what they will eventually do about it we don't know, but of one thing we are certain and that is that in some ways our civic fathers are the veriest children.

Captain Boycott is dead, but if the man and his doings pass out of remembrance, his name will forever remain well-known, for it has become a part of the British language. And we have in this Canada of ours a certain public man whose memory will be for all time perpetuated in much the same way, for it may be taken for granted that "sifted" will be found in all the dictionaries of the future, and it will mean "to be made a victim of political spite and treachery; to be dismissed from the public service after years of faithful labor to make room for a partisan hack and wire-puller." Not many desirable citizens will envy the present minister of the interior the reputation he is gaining and is thus to retain for all time; and it is possible that even he, in years to come, when he is older and wiser, and age and experience have toned down his vindictiveness, may be forced to confess that it would have been better for him to have remained in the obscurity of private life and retained the respect of his fellow citizens than to be remembered through the dictionaries as the minister of the Crown who introduced into Canadian politics one of the very worst features to be found in the political life of the Republic to the South and one so utterly repugnant to all British sentiment and precedents.

"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS"

Again.

As several of our readers did not understand our last week's allusion to Mr. Rudyard Kipling and the feast of Our Lady of the Snows, which fell on last Thursday, the 5th of August, we here reproduce for their benefit, and as a preparation for the great feast of next Sunday (the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady), the leader we wrote for our issue of May 18th last.

Rudyard Kipling lately wrote a lyric on Canada which he called "Our Lady of the Snows." The Montreal Star has answered the general drift of this well-meant but apparently unwelcome compliment in an editorial that rhymes, though printed in prose.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, himself a poet, called the attention of the House to Kipling's poem as derogatory, in its very title, to the climate of the Dominion. Several other members took part in the discussion. Though some of the latter are Catholics, none of them, except Sir Adolphe Caron, seemed to be aware of the allusion contained in that title, an allusion which we feel sure Rudyard Kipling, who knows everything about any word he uses, must have had in his mind.

"Our Lady of the Snows," as all well informed Catholics know is the name of a feast that falls on the 5th of August. It commemorates a beautiful story found in all collections of Feasts and Fasts or Lives of the Saints.

Under Pope Liberius in the fourth century, John, a Roman patrician and his wife, being childless, wished in some way to consecrate all their wealth to the honor of Our Blessed Lady.

After they had prayed and fasted much to discover what would be the most pleasing offering to God and His Mother, during the night between the 4th and 5th of August the Blessed Virgin appeared separately to husband and wife, telling each that it was the wish of her Son and herself that they build a church on the Esquiline hill, which they would find next morning

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covered with snow. On awakening they told each other their vision and hastened to communicate it to the Pope, who had had the very same revelation. Thereupon the Holy Father, accompanied by a number of the clergy and laity, went to the Esquiline hill, to verify the vision, and there they found a space, just large enough for a church, covered with snow in spite of the fierce heat of the dog-days. On this spot was accordingly built the church which was first called the Liberian Basilica, and later on, to distinguish it from other Roman churches bearing Our Lady's name, it was called, as it now is, St. Mary Major or the greatest of the churches dedicated in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Such is the legend of "Our Lady of the Snows, or Santa Maria ad Nives," which Rudyard Kipling doubtless alluded to when he gave Canada that name. Surely, since it originated in semi-tropical Rome, where snow is a rarity, it implies no slur on Canadian weather. What it does imply is the fact that Canada was first settled by men who honored and loved the Mother of their Lord, and who called what is now its metropolis by the sweet name of "Villemarie," which the church has immortalized by officially naming the great diocese of Montreal "Marianopolis."

SISTERS OF CHARITY

And the Small-Pox.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER Explains Itself.

Morden, August 3rd. 1897.

To the Editor of THE NORTHWEST REVIEW.

Dear Sir,

In view of a reference made at the commencement of the recent small-pox quarantine in connection with the employment of Sisters of Charity as nurses, I should be much obliged if you would kindly publish the following Extract from my Report as Medical Superintendent. There "I attribute the happy and complete recovery of these patients as being in a great measure due to the efficiency, unremitting care and attention of the Sisters of Charity, of whose aptitude, skill, and devotion to their patients I wish to speak most highly, as also of the cheerful, uncomplaining way in which they accepted the duties, deprivations, and accompaniments incidental to the care of such a disease and to a state of Quarantine.

It is with a certain amount of diffidence that I express a public criticism in connection with such work as theirs, which unsought for on their part was accepted, as at the call of duty, and with no direct pecuniary or other such personal benefit to themselves. Their calling, position and sex greatly debar them from public reference or reply—....."

Thanking you in anticipation, should you accord me space in your paper,

I am Yours truly, WILLIAM SCOT.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

As a matter of fact we believe the above report to be perfectly accurate, but if we consider the thing from a moral point of view we cannot but feel shocked and deeply humiliated that even Catholics should seem to be unable to carry out a day of amusements without having it wound up with dancing, even round dances.

The Picnic held on Tuesday last was for a good aim, viz. in aid of the Catholic Schools, moreover it was conducted under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the C.M.B.A., C.O.F., and C.T.S.,

and it was announced from the pulpit both of St. Mary's and the Immaculate Conception Churches as well worthy to be patronized.

How the Rev. Pastors of both Congregations must feel now that the affair is over needs no questioning. For without any attempt to quote here the Fathers of the Church on the subject, suffice it to mention two celebrated orators of ancient pagan society. Cicero in defending the Consul Lucius Mornna who was accused of dancing, exclaimed; "Such a thing cannot be believed, especially in regard to a consul, without making known the vices to which he was subject before giving himself over to this kind of excess. For no person dances, either in private or in public, unless he is a drunkard or a fool. Dancing is the last of vices and includes them all." Demosthenes, the prince of Greek orators, wishing to cast odium on persons belonging to the train of Philip, king of Macedon, accuses them of dancing. In the time of Tiberius, the Roman Senate banished all dancers from Rome; and Domitian even excluded from the Senate some members who were attached to licentious dances.

It may perhaps be argued that dancing as nowadays carried on is not to be compared with the licentious dances of Pagan ages. Granting that our modern society may be more refined than that of either the Romans or Greeks of old, it cannot be denied by christians still less by Catholics that such amusements are extremely dangerous to chastity and utterly unworthy of all who pretend to be followers of Christ.

THE REV. PALIN d'ABONVILLE, S. S. Becomes Honorary Canon

OF THE

CATHEDRAL OF MONTREAL.

The Rev. Father Palin d'Abonville S.S. was, on the 26th ult., elevated to the dignity of Honorary Canon of the Cathedral of Montreal. This was the 1st act accomplished by Archbishop Bruchesi in the exercise of his jurisdiction as Metropolitan of Montreal. To those acquainted with either Mgr. Bruchesi or the Rev. Father Palin it will undoubtedly prove very interesting to hear of the particular and touching circumstances under which the honor was conferred upon the venerable priest.

We translate from La Semaine Religieuse of Montreal:

"During more than 30 years that apostle of the young had been the spiritual Director, Guide and counsellor of our new Archbishop. To-day he is lying at hospital Notre Dame, the victim of a relentless disease. Physicians have lost all hopes of his recovery, and he with his eyes constantly fixed on the image of the Crucified Saviour, sighs for the moment when the gates of heaven shall be opened before him. In fact, ever since his return from Rome where he has spent eight years as Director of the Canadian College, from month to month his strength has been failing with an alarming progress.

Near the revered patient and in his room, the Archbishop moved by a sentiment of gratitude and filial affection, chose to say his first mass as bishop; and in favor of this noble priest also did he exercise for the first time his administrative power as titular of the See of Ville-Marie.

Mr. Palin d'Abonville of the Society of Saint Sulpice, the priest referred to above was able to attend at that mass, he received holy communion at the hand of the beloved son to whom he had himself so often administered the Sacred Host, and whom he now rejoices to see ranking among the princes of the Church.

Mgr. Bruchesi's mother and Mr. Palin's