

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 R. Vendome, Stationer, 290 Main St., opposite Manitoba Hotel, and at The Winnipeg Stationery & Book Co., Ltd., 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.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents wanted, in town and country places of Manitoba and the Northwest, who shall solicit and collect subscriptions for the NORTHWEST REVIEW. Very liberal terms made known on application to the Publisher.

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

Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14 1899

CURRENT COMMENT

Kate Vannah's "Sequence of Sonnets" in the February Donahoe's lifts that otherwise rather colorless number to a distinctly higher level. One almost regrets that such genuine, evidently lived out poetry should not find a more worthy environment. The lines fairly glow with thought and pulse with the deepest, tenderest, most delicate feeling.

"Robert Emmet" by Katharine Tynan Hinkson comes next in value and makes a trite subject live again. In "Night unto Night" Mr. Herbert M. Sylvester has wrought into painful obscurity and pretensions conceits an early remarkable power of description and a natural wealth of vocabulary.

The name of Mr. Henry Aristin Adams is conspicuous by its absence from the pages of this magazine. Apparently his retirement, announced a couple of months ago, is an accomplished fact.

How infinitesimal must be the humour of those solemn personages who indite Orange Grand masters' addresses! The outgoing G. M., Toombs, a very appropriate name by the bye, gives vent to a sepulchral howl over the disheartening prospects of protestantism (with a small p; for, curiously enough, the Telegram decapitalizes "protestant" wherever the word occurs in this address, while printing "Catholic" with an initial capital). The funny thing about this voice from the tombs is that it professes a hatred of tyranny and a gospel of love while it really breathes despotism intolerance, unwarrantable interference with other people's business and fanatical hatred of the true Church. The climax is reached when that monstrous old hypocrite, Chiniquy, is canonized. This would remind us of the Abyssinian calendar rating Pontius Pilate as a saint, were not the latter, as compared to Chiniquy, a very respectable saint indeed. The fact is, Grand Master Toombs is terribly afraid. He says: "At the present rate of in-

crease [at which] Roman Catholics are coming into this country they will soon outnumber the protestants." However much we wish it were so, we regretfully recognise that Brother Toombs exaggerates, though we think he realizes the general drift of things often noticed in these columns. Protestants, of the Orange type especially, don't take kindly to the command, "increase and multiply," and therefore must ultimately disappear.

After reading Father W. A. Jones's sketch, in the February Catholic World, of the noble work done in the Philippines by the religious orders during more than three hundred years one's astonishment at the audacious mendacity of the Protestant press grows into a feeling of downright stupefaction. The writer quotes the following doubly valuable testimony, coming, as it does, from the noted freethinker Jean Réclus in his "Nouvelle Géographie Universelle": "The Filipinos are the most civilized people of the Orient. The friars have civilized them. If in matters of industry, commerce and enlightenment, they be inferior to the Japanese, they nevertheless occupy in another respect a superior plane. The Spaniard, in the person of the friars, identified himself with the Filipinos, and thus elevated their moral standard. Gradually have they become imbued with European culture, without suffering through the process those miseries which so often accompany a too rapid transformation."

It is to be hoped that the gaunt remnants of the Hotel Manitoba's walls, at least those that face Main street, will be pulled down without delay. They are a standing menace to life and limb. As to the difficulty which the contractors foresaw of getting ropes up to so great a height, they cannot have been so serious since the tallest chimney was successfully pulled down last Saturday evening.

Meanwhile the Telephone Company are very slow about repairing their wires. They seem to be waiting till other people shall have removed the walls. Almost a week has elapsed since the fire and all St. Boniface subscribers are still cut off. This is a great hardship especially during the severe cold when crossing the river is quite an undertaking. It seems to us that, if the Telephone people were more enterprising, they could have run an extra wire through one of the streets west of Main so as to get round the ruins of the burnt hotel and restore communication with the south end and St. Boniface.

Rev. Father Antony Coudert, O. M. I., was consecrated coadjutor by Archbishop M'Gillivray, O. M. I., in the Cathedral of Colombo, Ceylon, Nov. 30th, 1898 in the presence of Archbishop Zaleski, the Delegate Apostolic for India and Ceylon. Besides the two assistant Bishops, Mgr. Pagnani, O. S. B., Bishop of Kandy, and Mgr. Joulain, O. M. I., Bishop of Jaffna, two other Bishops, Mgr. Van Reeth, S. J., Bishop of Galle, and Mgr. Barosso, Bishop of Meliapur, were also present. This is the second time in this century that an episcopal consecration takes place in Colombo, and all the ceremonies of so great a function were perfectly carried out.

THE BURNING OF THE MANITOBA.

Seldom has the burning of one single building, and that a hotel, been felt so keenly as a personal loss by so many people in a city of 40,000 inhabitants as has last Wednesday's Hotel Manitoba conflagration. This popular breavement is all the more remarkable in that it was attended by no casualties of any importance. The wind was blowing stiffly, it is true, but in the one only direction where there were no other buildings near. Had the wind been from the south or west, as it has so often been lately, it would have been impossible to save many buildings in Main and Water streets. The violence of the mighty draught of the three hundred foot high flame was great enough to hurl pieces of burning timber more than three hundred yards; but these brands were seen coming and were therefore soon extinguished.

St. Mary's Academy stands a short fifty yards from the Hotel Manitoba. Half an hour after midnight the whole household was up, and the nuns and pupils, quickly but thoroughly dressing with winter wraps, packed up all their movables, bedding and all, and came downstairs ready to leave the house in case the wind should change. The side of the convent that faced the burning hotel was lit up as in the brightest sunshine and the heat in the rooms, in spite of the double wind ows, which, by the way, remained cold to the touch, was well nigh unbearable. At five o'clock in the morning, when all danger was past, the grateful inmates went to bed for a good sleep with many a heartfelt praise for God's sweet mercy.

The Hotel Manitoba was, by long odds, the most imposing edifice in Winnipeg. There was an air of massive solidity about its seven stories that made the idea of its burning up like a house of cards somewhat absurd. And yet that is precisely what it did. The fiercely searching flames revealed the fact that it was, like so many other creations of this age of humbug, very largely a sham. What was supposed to be solid wall was mere patch-work. What was thought to be fireproof turned out to be a fire-trap. The fault lies, of course, with the owners who, since they were spending so much on so beautiful a hostelry, ought to have made sure that the beauty was more than skin-deep.

The fire engines worked badly. No doubt the intense cold—forty below zero—severely handicapped the firemen, though the universal mantle of snow kept the flames from spreading to other buildings as they undoubtedly would in summer; but, after making all allowances, there is no denying that our Winnipeg fire appliances are not up to the needs of the city.

It is hardly likely that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, who lavished such vast sums on so unsubstantial an edifice, will try their hand at rebuilding it in anything like its pristine splendor. From certain hints thrown out by the Free Press it is more probable that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will seize this opportunity of constructing an hotel of their own that will be solid as well as stately and that will rival the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE MOVEMENT.

The "Irish World" publishes a stirring appeal in favor of the revival, or rather the practical and earnest spread of the Irish language. Father T. E. Ryan, of Woonsocket, R. I., writes a strong letter to promote the preservation and cultivation of the vigorous, expressive, flexible speech of the Gael. He says that "delightful little volumes and manuals of the language are issuing nearly every month from the Dublin presses" and that "Father Hickey, with the spirit and intelligence of the great McHale of the West, is filling the souls of 600 students—the future priests of Ireland—at Maynooth with burning enthusiasm for the cause."

The manifesto of the Irish Language National Fund, drawn up last May, and signed by the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Raphoe, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the President and Vice-President of the Gaelic League and the Editor of the Gaelic Journal, states that Irish is spoken to-day in Ireland by fully three quarters of a million of the race. Hence "there is no question of the revival of the language, only of its rehabilitation, of its obtaining fair play side by side with English, especially in the Irish-speaking districts where at present the system of education condemns thousands to practical illiteracy, who, taught in a rational manner, would be bilinguals with a fair chance of the material prosperity which bilingual races certainly succeed in obtaining."

One pregnant truth is inculcated by the manifesto: "In the fact that the Irish language so lives lies one of the best hopes for the future of the Irish race; for the decay of a language is the measure of the decay of a nation, and NO COUNTRY ALTOGETHER LOSING ITS LANGUAGE CAN HOPE TO PRESERVE ITS HISTORIC INDIVIDUALITY." On the other hand, history shows that the revival of the language of a people precedes any permanent national awakening. This is shown clearly in the case of Greece, of Belgium, of Hungary, of Bohemia, and of Finland.

To our mind a still stronger motive for the resumption of Irish speech is the revival of the traditions of the ages of faith. The mass of the Irish people, who in the English schools learn nothing of Ireland's religious glories in the past, will, as they drink more deeply of the pure wells of Irish literature, revive in their minds the memory of Irish greatness and lead Irish virtue they will live in an atmosphere of Catholic fervor. If this movement succeeds, as we hope and pray, Irishmen will wipe out forever the reproach that have allowed themselves to be so despoiled of their classic tongue as to be so ashamed of its unknown beauties, while German scholars are making those beauties known to the learned world.

Rev. Father Cherrier's cousin, Rev. Father Bourdeau, now parish priest of Manteno in the diocese of Chicago and formerly assistant at the Immaculate Conception and parish priest of Brandon, has been visiting Father Cherrier and sang High Mass in church last Sunday. He returned south yesterday.

ROSE LEAVES GATHERED AT STE. ROSE.

Concerning certain secessions from the Church of Rome and other things.

The stars have fallen from Heaven it is said. Ah well, there are always a few aerolites cruising around, but they don't disturb, to any extent, the music of the spheres. And there are a few, a very few Catholics who, never from conviction, but, for a mess of pottage, or for some dream of ambition, have renounced their sacred heritage and sold their birthright. They do little however to swell the ranks of Protestantism. When the Pope weeds his garden now-a-days, he seldom (I do not say never) throws anything over the wall into Luther's field of many allotments, nearly all goes to pile up the great festering heap of infidelity, round which demons dance.

I travelled once with a Protestant nun, one of Dr. Pusey's nuns (poor Pusey who was almost a Catholic and who is reputed to have said about us: "They prayed for Newman, but they did not pray for me.") This nun was very nice, I can tell you, and her conversation interested me much. When she got out of the train at some small station, not far from Oxford, a gentleman who was present said to me: "She was trying to coax you." She did not know that the small maiden sitting so demurely in the corner had been taught DE VIRGINITATE in its natural abiding place, being safe within the gates of Rome, having been cradled there in fact. It seems pitiful, almost, how they try to get back to the sanctity of virginity, and after all why not? Even the Pagans had their Vestal Virgins. There have been wafted through the ages faint echoes of the song, sung only by the white-robed ones who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth and the sacred words of that song have been engraved on many a consecrated heart; pure souls of which this world is unworthy, who, like inland lakes, guarded by mountains, reflect nothing of earth on their limpid waters, but only the glories of Heaven. I did not try to convert this dear little nun who was so happy in all the good she was doing; why should I doubt in a heart at rest? Incredible ignorance may climb the golden stair.

À propos of this I heard a little story of a Protestant bishop who was visiting in a house where there was a Catholic servant, Irish of course. One day the bishop said to her: "Then you don't think, Biddy, I shall go to Heaven?" "Oh well, sor, she replied (she would never say 'My Lord,' to a Protestant bishop) "I would na say but ye might, on account of yer inconsavable ignorance." The bishop was greatly tickled at her cruel kindness.

Rev. Father Judge, S.J., founder of the Catholic hospital in Dawson City, is dead. No details as yet.

"The Catholic Citizen," of Milwaukee, boasts that, after absorbing the circulations of the defunct Omaha Western Chronicle and the Detroit Catholic Witness, it is now in a position where it can claim the largest circulation of any Catholic paper in the United States.