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**Northwest Review.**

TUESDAY, JULY 20 1897.

**CURRENT COMMENT.**

**Our New Year.**

on its thirteenth year. This is the time to pay up subscriptions. We take this opportunity to thank several of our subscribers who have recently squared their accounts with us, and to remind those who have not done so that they are in duty bound to keep their engagements with us.

**Mr. Thorne's Letter.**

reply to our criticism of his June issue of the *Globe Review*. He is quite right in saying that we never meant to be unjust. Nor do we admit that we have been objectively unjust; but Mr. Thorne's reading of history has been for so many years tinged with Protestant views that he still fails to realize how non-Catholic historians take a wrong view of the main facts of Church history. They all look at the tapestry on the wrong side, so its outlines are distorted and the whole picture is a caricature.

**Aristotle.**

We do not swear unreservedly by Aristotle; but we treat him as mathematicians do the great developers of their own science, as historians do the great provers of facts, as scientists do the great ascertainers of fixed laws, as spiritual men do the great framers of systems of perfection. No sound mathematician questions John Napier's logarithmic artifice, no shrewd historian despises the cuneiform revelations, no scientist doubts the truth of Newton's law of gravity, no recent spiritual writer scoffs at the wisdom of Loyola's *Spiritual Exercises*; and in the very same way no philosopher worthy of the name can deny that Aristotle created scientific logic substantially as it stands to-day after the lapse of twenty-two centuries, just as no Greek scholar can withhold his admiration for the universality of Aristotle's genius equally at home in systematizing all available knowledge and in giving to his thoughts either that technical phraseology which he himself invented or that literary form which Quintilian and Cicero so greatly admired in the Stagirite. Compared to him the system-weavers of our day, like Mr. Spencer, are the veriest of pygmies.

**The Middle Ages.**

Before we can be convinced that we shall need to learn and adopt Mr. Thorne's view of the Church in the Middle Ages, we are curious to hear the recital of his facts. To dogmatize without proof may seem very reasonable to him; but, considering how all the most conscientious Protestant historians are gradually veering round to the traditional Catholic view, he should not wan-

der if we call our definite facts. Are we the Catholic view, he should not wonder if we call for definite facts. And ere he grapples with these, it might be well for him to dip into such works as *Parsons' Studies in Church History and Some Lies and Errors of History*.

**Carlyle.**

Mr. Thorne is, of course, welcome to his estimate of Manning and Newman, an estimate which is rather more original than plausible. As to Carlyle, he lauds him beyond measure in that same number of his *Review*. We hold Carlyle to have been the prince of humbugs and the most tiresome of mannerists, a Germanized Jeremiah lamenting the sins of others while his own stink in the nostrils of all true men. The bare fact that Carlyle never realized the beneficent influence of the Catholic Church stamps him as a narrow-minded bigot.

**Self-respect:**

In reply to Mr. Thorne's offer that we should point out any paragraph of his work that betrays lack of self-respect, it would suffice to refer in a general way to all those passages in which he seems to lose his temper and swear all round him. We say "seems," because, in the last number of Mr. Preuss's excellent *Review*, Mr. Thorne maintains that he is never angry: so deceptive are appearances. But we are willing to specify.

Thereferences are to the *June Globe Review*. At p.183 and in many other places he rudely drops all the usages of polite society and speaks of "Keane and Ireland." To speak thus of Archbishops certainly betrays a lack of self-respect, because the man who respects not others brings disrespect on himself. See also p. 221, "Farley and Doyle and other temperance cranks," the former being a bishop and the latter one of the most respected and eloquent of Catholic priests. And yet, in spite of all his faults, the editor of the *Globe Review* is a genuine man, sound to the core and invaluable as a free lance.

**LETTER FROM MR. THORNE**

The *Globe Review*,  
Decker Building, Union Square,  
New York City.  
July 12th 1897.

To the Editor of the  
NORTHWEST REVIEW.

Sir,

I have just read the comments on *June Globe Review*, which appeared in your issue of July 6th.

I always appreciate what you say of me. It is honest, intelligent criticism, and you must not interpret this letter as a complaint.

I thought you understood, however, that my studies and readings and thinkings these past forty years had well supplied me with facts on all the subjects I treat, but that it was and will remain my chosen method not to display those facts in detail, but to make my own assertions on the basis of them, leaving friend and foe to accept or reject as he may be inspired.

Therefore, while your criticism of my references to certain philosophers may be just from your point of view, as regarding the articles in the *June Globe* your generalization in regard to myself is absolutely unjust, and this I do not think you mean to be. I look upon Aristotle as a sort of first of our modern brood of scientists, so called, rather than a philosopher, and I do not swear by him as unreservedly as some of the rest of you.

What you say of my view of the church of the middle ages in only very imperfectly true, and you may need to learn my view of the case rather than I to learn yours.

I consider you all wrong in the comparative view of Manning, Newman and Carlyle. I hold Manning as stronger intellectually than Newman, and Carlyle as stronger by diameters intellectually than either of them; but I tried to make it clear that what nature had denied them grace had more than supplied. I did not pretend to go into the detail on which this generalization is based.

I thank you for the incision on the Lay Sermon. I felt that the local references were out of place, but had not the courage to cut them out.

I do not think that your summing up paragraph was just to yourself or to me, and if you will bring to my attention any paragraph of my work that betrays lack of "self-respect," I will apologise. You cannot measure me by any man, living or dead.

Truly yours,

W. H. THORNE.

**Rev. Father Gillis Writes From ROME.**

His Grace kindly allows us to make the following extracts from a letter written by Rev. Father Gillis, of the Scotch crofter settlement near Wapella, Assa. It will be remembered that early in the spring the Rev. Father went to Europe in the hope of restoring his shattered health. His first visit was to the home of his parents, Scotland, where he went by way of Glasgow and Oban to Uist, and thence to Edinburgh. The doctors there advised him, to go to the France, as they feared the cold he caught on landing at Liverpool might settle on his lungs.

He left for France and arrived in Paris on April 24th. There he was obliged to spend two days in an hospital, where the doctors gave him the same advice as did those in Edinburgh. Father Gillis asked them if Rome would do as well as the South of France. They said it would be even better. Accordingly he went to Rome and took up his residence on the 1st of May at the Canadian College, 117 Via delle Quattro Fontane. Since his arrival there he has not been an hour ill; in fact the climate of Rome seems to suit his constitution admirably.

We now give his own words:—  
"I had the happiness of assisting at Mass celebrated by the Pope in the Sistine Chapel on the 6th of May, and on the 27th I was present in St. Peter's at the ceremony of the canonization of Saints Fourier and Zaccaria. There has been no such grand celebration in Rome since 1870. Many a Bishop and Cardinal never saw anything so magnificent. And I, a poor missionary, had the happiness not only to be present, but I was there as a Canon of St. Barberini. Indeed, if God would give me no more pleasure on earth than to permit me to witness that great day in Rome I am quite satisfied.

It took 250 men from the first of April till the 26th of May to decorate the interior of St. Peter's. There were 47 Cardinals, 319 Bishops of the Latin Rite and 7 Bishops of the Greek Rite, priests without number, the Emperor of Siam, etc., etc.

On the 19th of May I went up into the golden ball upon the cupola of the dome of St. Peter's. I kissed the foot of the cross that enters the golden ball, and there I said the Lord's prayer standing in the ball, and "St. Andrew pray for me and for the parishioners of St. Andrew's parish, that we may have such a love for the Cross as you had." After having again kissed the Cross, I came down the 370 steps to the roof of St. Peter's and I don't know how many steps from the roof to the ground.

I have said Mass in 22 churches, visited 67 churches and am every day visiting places of interest.

It was through the influence of Monsignor Schmitz of Rome and Monsignor Magennis of Boston that I got admitted to the tribune in St. Peter's for the great feast of the canonization. Perhaps it was through the prayers of a saintly old woman of St. Andrew's, Wapella, whose death I have since learnt, that I was thus favored. The very Rev. Father Quinan, Vicar General to Bishop Cameron, arrived in Rome from the Holy Land on the seventh of May, and remained in Rome on purpose for the feast. Through the influence of his Bishop and of the Rector of the Propaganda he secured a title ticket to the tribune; but when he presented his title ticket, the Noble Guard refused to admit him; so he had to stand in the nave with hundreds of other priests, among whom were Monsignors in violet. Yes; poor old widow Mc Intyre must have prayed for me. I believe with all my heart that she is in heaven, because she was a holy woman.

How my heart does long to get back to my dear good people at St. Andrew's. But, indeed, since God does not give me good health there, perhaps it is because He does not want me there at all. Or perhaps His Providence brought about my visit to Rome in that way, that all I have seen and heard may strengthen my own faith and help me to be a better priest and thus be better able to help others to believe and practise their religion, when He enables me to go back to my mission of love among those poor but good people of St. Andrew's."

**A CONTRAST.**

**A Noble Nun's Jubilee.**

The Irish World.  
On the same day on which Victoria was born, seventy-seven years ago, another babe came into the world whose reign has not been less remarkable than that of the English Queen. This is Mother Elizabeth Strange, a Sister of Mercy in Pittsburg, Pa., honored for special reasons by

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REV. J. M. MCGUCKIN, O. M. I., Rector.

the entire order, one of the greatest nuns in the world. Mother Elizabeth was born in New Ross, County of Wexford, Ireland. She belonged to one of the old families of Ireland, and was full cousin to Cardinal Wiseman, one of the most brilliant lights of the Church in this century. Before Victoria ascended the throne the blue-eyed Irish girl had given herself to the Church and dedicated her life to the work of the newly founded Order of Mercy. Almost before the echoes of her consecration music were silenced, Right Rev. M. Bishop O'Connor, first Bishop of Pittsburg, made a plea to the Order of Mercy in Ireland for a band of Sisters to establish an order in America and open a pathway for the work of education, nursing and visitation. Small and slender, with deep blue eyes, delicate features and an expression of quiet, almost stern at times, she was one of the band of seven who responded to Bishop O'Connor's appeal, and came to the new country to begin work.

"I was in Ireland at the time of Victoria's coronation," she said in a conversation with the writer. "There were great festivities in our town and a grand procession. My father and sisters went to see it. I did not accompany them, but I remember very distinctly the decorations, which made the town very gay and bright.

"I remember that keen interest was aroused by Victoria's first speech from the throne. In it she referred to the distress of Ireland, and it was thought that a new era had dawned for the unhappy country. But sixty year shave passed and she has remained neutral; all those budding hopes have perished; as have most of the hearts that felt them.

"Victoria has been greatly praised and greatly blamed. She has been blamed principally, I think, by those interested in Ireland because of her steadfast neutrality on Irish questions. I think her best influence has been directly on English society.

"She has been a good woman, a good wife, a good mother, and the strong moral principle which has guided her life cannot but be effective on home life in England—in fact everywhere that Queen Victoria is regarded with interest, but alas! poor Ireland!

She Was a Nun When Victoria Married.

"I can remember Victoria's marriage. I was at that time a nun, but remember very well the widespread interest in the royal bride. It was not long after the marriage that I left Ireland to come to Pittsburg, where I have lived ever since. The dearest recollection I carry with me from those days, however, is not of Queen Victoria, but of Mother McCauley the venerable foundress of the Order of Mercy. I am, I think, the only one living of the thousands and ten thousands of Sisters of Mercy scattered over the world who met and talked with Mother McCauley. I remember a visit she paid to the convent during my novitiate and the blessing she gave me, with my young companions, in our chosen life".

During all the seclusion of her life, when teaching and

visiting the sick was her only communication with the world, Mother Elizabeth has never lost touch with events of Government and nations. She has watched the progress of the world, and her mind, always active and keen, has kept pace with the growth of education and civilization. She is, for instance, strongly in favor of the restriction of immigration, deeming that unrestricted welcome has not been advantageous to either Ireland or America.

"When I left Ireland, almost sixty years ago, the country was dotted over with little villages. When I visited there a few years ago, these villages were gone. Life had congested in the cities, the free country life which was happy even in spite of poverty had almost disappeared. The landlords seemed to favor emigration, and the results, I think, have not been beneficial to the country.

"But the West offers the best haven to Irish emigrants. If they would only go West and take advantage of the farming laws of our Western States. The accumulation of wealth by individuals is one of the problems which humanity must face. The handling of great fortunes by individuals must always be productive of unhappiness, discontent and want somewhere, and not every man knows how to distribute wisely the blessings which his money may buy. Mother Elizabeth lives to see the little seed which was planted in 1843, in Pittsburg, blossom and send forth thousands of branches throughout the United States. From the mother house here, which was the foundation of the order in this country, came the boarding school, where the highest education can be had, to the kindergarten with its tots from 3 to 7 years; the home for working girls, one of the best modeled in the country; the hospitals, orphan asylums and maternity, all looked after and cared for in a manner creditable to the Church and State. Under advice and care of the Mother House in Webster avenue, Miss Drexel, now Mother Catherine, studied and made her vows and formed her plans for the Indian and colored mission to which she is devoting her life and fortune. Mother Elizabeth is still the kind adviser to sisters in religion, and to all who need aid and sympathy. The sisters of Mercy in Pittsburg are celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of the Spouse of Christ.

**Most True.**

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,  
That the highest suffer most;  
That the strongest wander farthest  
And most hopelessly are lost;  
That the mark of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain;  
And the anguish of the singer  
Makes the sweetness of the strain?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,  
That whichever way we go,  
Walls of darkness must surround us,  
Things we would, but cannot know;  
That the infinite must bound us,  
Like a temple veil unrent,  
While the finite ever wears,  
So that none's therein content?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,  
That the fulness yet to come  
Is so glorious and so perfect  
That to know would strike us dumb;  
That if ever for a moment  
We could pierce beyond the sky  
With these poor dim eyes of mortals,  
We should just see God and die?

—Sarah Williams.