

NORTHWEST REVIEW

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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24 1899.

CURRENT COMMENT

The Montreal Star says Chiniquy was charged with every crime from murder down to the lesser offences. It adds: "Many criticize his judgment. He was certainly quite uncontrollable, as well by the Presbyterian Body as by the Roman Catholic Church".

There is a curious surface resemblance between Cardinal Newman and the late Charles Chiniquy, somewhat like the physical resemblance between Voltaire and the saintly Curé d'Ars. Both Newman and Chiniquy lived about ninety years, and spent one half of their lives in the Catholic Church and the other half in Protestantism. But here the parallel ends.

When Newman became a Catholic he enjoyed the highest possible reputation for virtue and especially sincerity, and Protestants have never since questioned that reputation. When Chiniquy became a Protestant he had no reputation to lose, especially on the score of veracity, and since his perversion Catholics, who know all about him, have always spoken of him as one of the worst men that ever lived.

Newman is the acknowledged head of an army of highly educated men and women who have entered the Church through his persuasion. Chiniquy is the acknowledged leader of that vile rabble of ex-priests who sell their souls for filthy lucre.

The secular papers that have made comments upon Chiniquy's death are very non-committal as to his virtue or the value of his books. All that a Presbyterian editorial writer for the Tribune could muster up courage to say, three days after the poor wretch's death, was that he was "a striking figure." So is Satan—very striking indeed. The same writer adds: "His book, Fifty years in the Church of Rome, has been widely read and has, RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY, largely influenced the mind of Protestants as to the work and status of the church in Canada." Note the phrase, "rightly or wrongly." Even a professed defender of

Chiniquy dare not say that he was right. But if that farrago of lies did really largely influence the mind of Protestants, what a despicable thing that mind must be!

The General Intention recommended to the associates of the Apostleship of Prayer for the coming month of February is "The Parochial Clergy." The Faithful need reminding that they ought to pray for the clergy, and especially for the parochial clergy who are, so to speak, the thews and sinews of the Church. Whosoever, by his prayers, contributes to the greater perfection of a parish priest thereby ensures the salvation of a great number of souls. He is investing his prayers where they will produce the most abundant returns.

KIPLING'S LATEST.

Though we read every line of "The Day's Work" three months ago, and have read innumerable eulogies of it since, we have refrained so far from adding our humble voice to the chorus of praise. We wanted to see if anybody would say what we thought. As nobody has, here goes.

In the first place, the book is no recent creation. Almost every one of the stories it contains has already appeared in some magazine or newspaper. The artist's signature, "W. L. Taylor, '95", on one of the pictures of "William the Conqueror," proves that that story in particular was first published more than three years ago. Hence the evident "labor limae," the triumph of handicraft.

The very name, "William the Conqueror," had already been used by Rosa Nouchette Carey of a man. Kipling's peculiarity consists in applying it to a woman, and this woman, as well as Miriam in "The Brushwood Boy," reveals the fact that Kipling is beginning to realize the potentialities of the weaker and fairer vessel.

That "Brushwood Boy" also reveals another fact—that Sir Galahad is, at bottom, with all Rudyard's rollicking realism, a favorite of his. God bless him for that revelation. Georgie Cotlar forswearing dances and all worldliness, cleaving to his one dream-love, is an elevating, lovable personality.

"An error in the fourth dimension" has been unaccountably overlooked by the reviewers, perhaps because it was too genuinely American.

We purposely commended the work to one of the best practical engineers in America, and happily in the world, that he might read carefully and weigh in the balance "The Ship that found herself," "The Devil and the Deep Sea," and ".007." He took his time and reported that the engineering was unexceptionable.

"The Devil and the Deep Sea," of course, he said, was rather hard to swallow, but there was nothing in it absolutely impossible; only Mr. Wardrop must have been a genius, as is our practical C. P. R. critic.

In "Bread-upon the waters" Kipling handles the Scotch dialect better than the best literary Scotsmen. Nothing in Barrie, Ian Mac Laren and Crockett can touch Mc Phee's smooth and easily intelligible "broad Scotch."

One only fault do we find with this latest masterpiece of the contemporary wizard. The animals in "The Bridge-Builders" talk too long and so become metaphysical and obscure. They even drop into a fault of grammar—which is odd in Rudyard—when one of them says "the Woman WHOM we know is hewn twelve-armed."

ROSE LEAVES GATHERED

AT STE. ROSE.

Another year gone by, bury him deep under mountains of snow, let him go with the past sunsets and the sweet days dead, and welcome the bright New Year who like a young prince comes driving along, hardly two weeks old, although 99. LE ROI EST MORT VIVE LE ROI.

So Time goes on, IMAGE FLUIDE ET MOBILE DE L'IMMOBILE ÉTERNITÉ. I don't think I can put that into English, but it is very beautiful. On account of Time, life has become to us like a house long inhabited; we know the ways of it and feel at home in it. Children, "resting as lightly on the earth as bird upon the spray," die more easily: such a little while ago their spirits came from God, it is like going home to go to Him. What fear have they who have never soiled their white wings with the smirch of the world? But we, like those same children, shrink from venturing out into the cold, dark night, though we know all that our heart holds dear lies beyond. They say there is a dim and dreaded river we must cross and cross alone. Ah! yes alone. Thousands die every minute, yet we each die separately and alone with God.

"Alone? The God we love is on that shore, Love not enough, yet Whom we love far more, And whom we've loved all through, And with a love more true Than other love,—yet now shall love Him more:— True love of Him begins upon that shore!"

Let us then walk hopefully, nay joyfully, for God loveth a cheerful giver, over this little bridge called Time, which for us spans the two Eternities of past and future, equally long, and mysterious, but both of which are only present time to God. "How far, how far, O sweet! The past behind our feet Lies in the even-glow! Now on the forward way Let us fold our hands and pray. Alas! Time stays, we go."

Does it seem so long ago after all, that in our childhood's games under Napoleon the Great and the Grand (a picture in the old home) we frolicked galore? We did not know French then and thought "Le Grand" meant grand, written with a mistake somewhere. There was also a picture we liked a good deal called "Winchester Cross," being one of the many beautiful stone crosses erected in memory of the Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward 1st., who died, when with her husband and his army in Scotland and who was brought back, dead, by slow stages, all the way to London, to be interred in the burial place of Kings at Westminster. At every place they halted, the King caused a beautiful stone cross to be erected. These were called Queen Eleanor's crosses, the last being in London. How many people, I wonder, are aware that the great Hotel and Station of Charing Cross takes its name from CHÈRE REINE CROIX? Edward might well do so much for her who had saved his life in Palestine, after he had been shot by a poisoned arrow; she it is of whom Tennyson sings:

"And she who knew that love can conquer death, Who kneeling, with one arm about her king, Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath, Sweet as new buds in spring."

THE CATHOLIC FORESTERS.

We learn from the last number of the official organ of this excellent Catholic benefit association that the total gain of membership to the order during the past year has been 10,721, making the actual number now on the lists 65,979. From a financial point of view, too, the organization is in an equally satisfactory condition and it is a fact that the C. O. F. has now reached a position of permanency and solidity that puts it amongst the foremost associations to be found on this Continent, and all that is necessary to its future success is a continuation of the wise and conservative management which has characterized it in the past.

Such being the case we find it extremely difficult to account for the want of appreciation of this organization which exists in Winnipeg. One would naturally expect that the young men would flock in hundreds to obtain the protection and benefit to be derived from membership in the Foresters, but instead of this the addition of a single member to the local roll is a very rare occurrence. We are glad to hear that a determined effort is to be made by the members of St. Mary's Court to improve this state of affairs. They start out on the New Year with a good, substantial, fund to their credit in the bank and with a determination to at least do their best to double their membership during the coming twelve months. Considering the advantages they offer and the field they have to work in, it will be very surprising if they fail to realize their fondest hope in this respect. We heartily wish them every success and sincerely recommend every eligible reader to at once take steps to secure membership in the order.

AURICULAR CONFESSION

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those who are not Catholics to test my assertion by questioning their Catholic friends—is absurdly untrue. The priest to whom the confession is made very often does not know his penitent and it frequently happens that the penitent does not know the name of the priest to whom he confesses. He confesses to one priest here in Winnipeg one day, several months after to another in Montreal, later still to another in London, another in Bombay, another in Melbourne. Of which of all these confessors is he the slave? Of none. They all give him the same advice, because they have all studied the same theology. They are all acting as impersonal representatives of God. If the penitent is the slave of any one, he is the slave of God himself and of His law, which he finds every where the same.

I am fifty years old. I have been to confession at least three thousand times to fifty or sixty different priests in different parts of the world. Most of them are dead. Of which one am I the slave? No, they have each and every one brought to my soul a fuller measure of that truth which alone can make me free.

THE STATE OF LATIN COUNTRIES.

Consequently all the Archdeacon's tirade about the "crumbling away" of Latin countries is mere rhetoric. If Latin countries are crumbling away it is because a large part of their population is giving up the practice of confession through the influence of atheism and immorality. For it is fact which anyone can ascertain by himself, that Catholics

who go to confession regularly are remarkable for their morality, while those who give up the confessional are liable to lapse into infidelity, or at least, carelessness about morals. And after all, the Latin countries, which the Archdeacon abuses so roundly, are still the happiest people on the globe. There is more cheerfulness, sprightliness and general peace of mind at this very moment in Mexico, the United States of Colombia, Spain, the Catholic parts of Ireland, the Catholic parishes of Canada, than in all the Protestant countries of the world. The supremacy of money and of armies is no scriptural test of virtue. On the other hand the countries that have given up auricular confession are a prey to divorce, child-murder and suicide. In the very number of The Tribune which contained the report of the Archdeacon's sermon the announcement was made that in a Protestant part of Germany, in the space of ten years, 400 children had committed suicide. These were public school children who never confessed to a priest. Such crimes are extremely rare in Catholic countries.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN MORTAL AND VENIAL SINS.

The Archdeacon professes to quote from Liguori's moral theology. Has he ever seen it? I have my doubts, or he would surely have given some explicit reference. The work is in six volumes. How am I to find the passage he pretends to quote? However, I will examine his passage for what it is worth, premising a few remarks about the difference between mortal and venial sins.

When the Archdeacon exclaims in ill-feigned horror at this distinction he does not seem to be aware that he is flying in the face of his own Book of Common Prayer, which in the Visitation of the Sick says: "Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter." Now this "weighty matter," which the Archdeacon objects to, implies that there are other offences that are not weighty and thus implicitly recognizes the distinction between mortal and venial sin.

"The Catholic Dictionary," a recognized authority, says:

"The church holds that justification consists in a real renewal of man's nature by the grace of Christ, and cannot therefore

A New Departure.

Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French physician, has at last opened his magnificent equipped laboratory in Windsor, Ont. There is a large staff of chemists and physicians at his command, and the men and women of Canada may now procure the advice of this famous specialist free of charge.

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