

Northwest Review.

THE ONLY CATHOLIC WEEKLY PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH BETWEEN LONDON (ONTARIO) AND THE PACIFIC COAST

VOL. XXII, No. 16.

WINNIPEG, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1906

\$2.00 per year
\$1.50 if paid in advance
Single Copies 5 cents

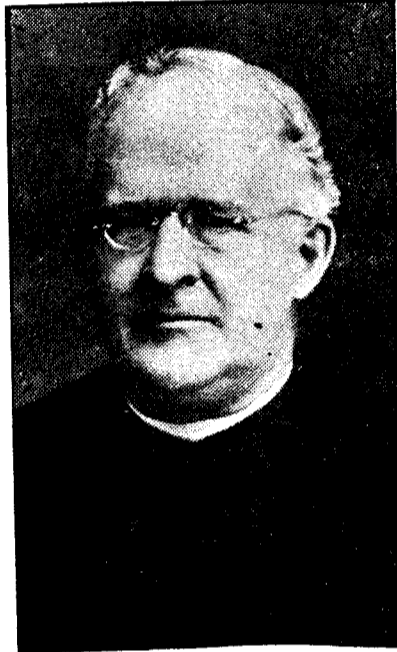
Current Comment

The "Northwest Review" was the first paper in this country to direct attention to Mr. Lincoln Steffen's admirable sketch of Mark Fagan, the truly Christian mayor of Jersey City. Our editorial on the "McClure" article appeared on January 6. But our friend the editor of "The Casket" followed close upon our heels, publishing an editorial with the same title as ours, "A Servant of God and the people," Mr. Steffen's own title, on January 11. The coincidence is all the more gratifying to us because the nearness of the two dates together with the distance of half a continent precludes the possibility of collusion, suggestion or inspiration. Besides, the "Casket's" article was much more comprehensive than ours. "McClure's Magazine" sketch of a mayor who is honest and fearless because he is a fervent Catholic has since given rise to much admiring newspaper comment everywhere. But, of course, non-Catholic editors cannot be expected to emphasize the most important lesson of Mark Fagan's life, the very kernel of the secret which Mr. Steffen wrung from him with such kindly mercilessness. We mean his practice of frequent confession. It will be remembered that when the interviewer pressed him hard to reveal the secret of his strength of will he said: "I'm a Catholic, and I go to confession ever so often. I try to have less to confess each time, and I find that I have. Gradually, I am getting to be a better man." What a splendid, practical answer this is to the misinformed people who think and say that the confessional weakens character. We Catholics know that its effect is the diametrically opposite one, that it strengthens character because it imparts that self-knowledge which is the bed-rock of all moral strength. But the ignorant maligners of the confessional are deceived by bad Catholics who have never approached the holy tribunal in the proper disposition of humble contrition and by apostate priests who have abused this great sacrament for the ruin of souls. What a revelation Mark Fagan's experience must be to those well meaning dupes, especially when it is published by a non-Catholic in a secular magazine. What adds to the value of this revelation is the evident reluctance that accompanied it. As none of Mark Fagan's friends could account for his wonderful hold over the citizens of Jersey City, Mr. Steffen went to Mark himself. "I went to his home with him," he writes, "and I asked him questions. He squirmed, and it wasn't pleasant for me, but I had a theory I wanted to test. Maybe it wasn't right thus to probe into the soul of a man, and maybe it isn't fine to show what you see. It hurt Mark Fagan, that interview, and the report of it will hurt him more. But I am thinking of those of us who need to see what I saw when I looked in upon the soul of Mark Fagan."

Going to confession "ever so often," to use Mark's word—which means at least once a week—is the secret of holiness. The proper effect of the sacrament of penance is to purify and enlighten the soul. No doubt, when one cannot receive absolution often, as in the case of the lady who live in a country places seldom visited by a priest, or in the case of a lone missionary with no priest near enough for frequent confession, the Holy Ghost will supply extraordinary grace to the prayerful soul; but it is God's will that we should use the ordinary channels of grace, the sacraments, when we can, and no one can be said to aim at perfection unless he receives absolution "ever so often," not for mortal sins—for it is inconceivable that anyone who sincerely aims at perfection should fall frequently into mortal sin, and even for those who confess only once a month or four times a year or once a year, continual relapses into mortal sin may raise serious doubts as to the validity

of their past confessions—but for venial sins, deliberate or indeliberate. This frequent reception of absolution, though not necessary for salvation, cleanses the soul more and more and keeps alive that abiding sorrow for past sin, whether mortal or venial, which is the surest test of spiritual progress. "Wash me yet more from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." (Ps. 50, 4.)

The more or less frequent practice of confession is, as it were, the thermometer of spiritual life. The so-called Reformation was made possible chiefly



REV. FR. DRUMMOND, S.J.

because Catholics had become remiss in the practice of sacramental confession, and the true reform began when, in the sixteenth century, new religious orders revived the custom of frequent confession. In our own day the improvement of the Catholic vitality of a parish is always due to the increased frequency of confession. True, the fullness of spiritual life comes with the reception of the Blessed Eucharist, whose proper effect is to unite the soul with God; but even Holy Communion will not produce the glorious transformation from worldliness to spirituality, unless it be preceded by the soul-searchings of a fervent confession, by which, like Mark Fagan, we get to be gradually less and less sinful.

The following judicious remarks of "The Casket" confirm what we said at the time about Sarah Bernhardt.

If the Governor General were to travel a hundred miles by rail on Sunday, there would be meetings of presbyteries to pass resolutions condemning his action. But when Earl Grey invites to dinner an actress who has devoted a long life and extraordinary talents to debauching the French stage, and is nothing less than a moral plague-carrier, the "Presbyterian Witness" seems to think this notorious woman has received a certificate of character which makes the rotten-egging of her by a body of students an act discreditable to the civilization of Canada.

The Halifax "Presbyterian Witness" utters no word of censure upon the lewd plays lately presented in several of our cities by Sarah Bernhardt; instead, it has a covert sneer at Archbishop Bruchesi for his want of success in keeping his flock from attending the performances. It hints that Sir Wilfrid Laurier should give the same rebuke to the assailants of the Evangelist Mage, as he gave to the

(Continued on page 4)

SECOND RECEPTION OF ST. MARY'S LYCEUM

St. Mary's Lyceum at its second complimentary reception, tendered the Catholic community on Thursday of last week in the parochial hall, maintained the high standard established at the inaugural reception. Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., always admirable on the lecture platform, was in his best mood, and the musicale must have been a source of more than passing pleasure to the Catholics attending, a source of pride in the talents of their young men and their becoming use of these gifts. The attendance manifested local Catholics' appreciation of the efforts of the young men, the hall being quite filled.

Mr. Albert Prefontaine, M.P.P. for Carillon and Mr. Joseph Prefontaine, M.P.P. for Assiniboia, in this province, have gone to Montreal to attend the funeral of their cousin, the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, minister of marine and fisheries.

Lord Strathcona arrived safely in London on Monday last, completing his 150th voyage across the Atlantic. Pretty good for a man whose health has been rather delicate for a good many years past, and who is now in his 86th year.



MR. T. J. MURRAY
Vice-Pres. of the Lyceum, who occupied the chair at the Reception.

Excellent Musicale

Vice-President T. J. Murray opened the programme with a few introductory remarks, President Thos. J. Coyle being absent from the city. After a spirited rendering of the march "The New Arrival" by the Lyceum orchestra, Mr. Austin Donnelly contributed a novel number in the form of a vocal solo with full orchestral accompaniment. The basso's full, deep voice was heard clearly above the dozen instruments in the selection, "Asleep in the Deep," by Petrie, and he was obliged to respond to an encore. Mr. J. A. Z. Hebert played with fine effect the cornet solo "Rosalie," accompanied by the orchestra.

"Call Me Back," by Denza, a charming tenor solo, was sung by Mr. J. F. Kane in such excellent voice and with such expressiveness as to merit a warmly demanded encore.

The Lecture

Rev. Father Drummond was called to the platform with remarks by the chairman which, though given in his quiet and suave style were really eloquent in the happy phrases that told how beloved by local Catholics was this Jesuit Father, as a man of intellect, of heart and of soul.

The lecture was prefaced with some local touches of humor that worked the audience into a fine spirit. Then the lecturer told his story of "The Secret of Joyful Service." It was not his story exactly, for the tale was written by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, a foremost American journalist, who has been contributing a series of articles to McClure's Magazine on conditions of corruption in the big cities in the States. His articles, remarked everywhere for their straight truth and cruel candor, had been relating most unpleasant things of the rulers of those cities—until he came to Jersey City and began to inquire about the Mayor of that place that is the heart of the loohest of the

(Continued on page 5)

Persons and Facts

Teefy, sister of Rev. Father Teefy, superior of the Basilian scholasticate in Toronto. Mr. Beck's two sons, Cyril and Austin, students of St. Boniface College, were delighted to welcome their father and their new mother.

As we mentioned in this column on the 13th inst., Foster, in his weekly forecast of the 6th inst., announced that after the 20th of this month there would be "a severe cold wave that would affect the whole continent." Sure enough, on the 20th, last Saturday, the cold wave reached here and attained his greatest intensity on the following Tuesday morning, when the thermometer sank to 30 degrees below zero, some thermometers marking as low as 36. That same morning Dawson reported 60 below, Atlin 50 below, Prince Albert and Qu'Appelle, 30 below; Chicago was tied-up with sleet breaking telegraph and telephone wires; but the whole continent was not thus affected, for the temperature from Toronto eastward was unusually high.

On Tuesday Miss Josephine Bawlf returned to Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

The late Captain Douglas, whose funeral took place this week, had a great respect for the clergy. Whenever a priest offered to pay for his dinner at the Leland, so long as it was under his management, he always refused to accept any money, adding that it was a practice he had inherited from his father, a hotel manager also, never to accept payment from any clergyman of any denomination.

Wednesday's Free Press contained three letters from three different correspondents complaining of the car service to St. James, St. Charles and the North End. Overcrowding is the great complaint. Ladies shiver in the cold while car after car goes by "packed with struggling humanity to the bottom steps." The same complaint is still in order for the St. Boniface cars. But there is a new complaint in this case. On one of the coldest days of the recent very cold spell the stove in the wretchedly small St. Boniface car had gone out and the only comfort was the shelter from the icy wind. One correspondent suggests that "if a car stops for a passenger, and that passenger cannot get a seat he should refuse to pay fare." This suggestion has been acted upon for some time by several Norwood men, and if it becomes at all general it may force a remedy. Or, if this suggestion seems too radical how would it do to offer the conductor one or two cents in consideration for the shelter afforded? One of the correspondents appeals to Mr. William MacKenzie, then in Winnipeg, as to "a man who likes to give at least a fair value for the money he receives from the public." Perhaps he does "like" to do so, but he does not succeed in his Toronto or Winnipeg street car system. He ought to take a leaf from the Montreal Street Railway, which like many other things in Quebec, is far more progressive than similar concerns in Ontario and the West. Why, even the finest, newest cars, provided with the most modern electrical heaters, on the Broadway line, for instance, are often miserably cold.

Mr. O. H. Vavasour, one of the pillars of the Catholic congregation at Austin, Man., has this week a very suggestive letter in the Free Press, urging that the game laws should be so amended that farmer's who have the most intelligent interest in the preservation of game, may have a shot at ducks and prairie chicken before the season closes. He suggests the formation of farmers' clubs to look after their interests in the framing of laws, not only with regard to game, but also to many other duties which the farmer alone has to pay. Mr. Vavasour, being a farmer himself, with long experience in England, knows whereof he writes.

Mr. N. D. Beck, K.C., returned from the east this week with his bride, nee