

NORTHWEST REVIEW

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Northwest Review.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7 1897.

CURRENT COMMENT.

There comes to us from the American Type Founders Company the quaintest and daintiest of pamphlets, advertising, through the medium of historical narrative printed in several sizes and modes of typography, "a new series of type with appropriate initials for the decoration and profit of the printers of the world." And for once an advertisement lieth not. Yea, it maketh ye very mouth to water of him that hath an eye for ye beautiful. And verily, were it not that our purse flingeth flaccid to ye wind, we should e'en purchase of this olden type made new again a plentiful store. Forasmuch, as not only is it in itself a beautiful object & therefore an ever present joyance, but likewise ye pamphlet, which is yclept "SCHÖFFER'S OLD STYLE," recounteth how that ye first works of said Peter Schœffer, disciple of ye great Gutenberg, him that put forth ye invention of type-making, are, after four hundred & forty years to this our day & before ye "Blessed Reformation" which is supposed by some to be ye starting-point of all advancement by sixty years, most graceful in form & workmanship, in such wise that that same has never since been excelled & full seldom equalled. Ye pamphlet itself, albeit seemingly writ by one not of ye Household of ye Faith, sayeth of Schœffer his Psalter: "It hath been asserted that this Psalter is more neatly printed than any modern book," & presently subjoineth that which beareth witness to the devout Catholic mind of Schœffer, to wit, the colophon of ye aforesaid Psalter in this wise: "This book of Psalms, decorated with antique initials, & sufficiently emphasized with rubricated letters, hath been thus made by ye masterly invention of printing & also of type-making, without ye writing of a pen, & is consummated to ye service of God, through ye industry of Johan Fust, citizen of Mentz, & Peter Schœffer of Geruzheim, in ye year of Our Lord 1457, on ye eve of ye Assumption, August 14;" ye which sheweth how sweetly these goodly workmen were mindful of our Sovereign Ladye, ye Blessed Mother of God.

By far the weightiest article in the December *Catholic World* is Fr. Rivington's "Since the condemnation of Anglican Orders." Writing with unparalleled knowledge of the communion of which he was not so long ago a shining light, he says that the bull *Apostolica Curæ*, which fell amid the jumble of Anglican views "as a bolt from the blue," "acts as a throw-back to all hopes of reunion in the case of those who are so wedded to the Anglican system that it has become their all, but in the case of those whose minds were, in any real sense, kept open to the truth, the Bull only clears the air."

Very opportunely, as it were to give a touch of life to Father Rivington's splendid and luminous analysis of the contemporary Anglican mind, the *Catholic World* gives, in the same issue, the great convert's portrait—a strong, hon-

est face, with a suggestion of that quiet humor which is the natural fruitage of a logical intellect. In an all too brief sketch of his providential career, we read: "Dr. Rivington's powers of oratory are unusual, while the delicacy and persuasiveness of his manner, and the charm of his marvellously modulated voice lend such aid to his keen logic and his complete mastery of the science of ecclesiastical history that one does not wonder when those who know him best aver that in these twelve short years he has made more converts than any other priest in London."

Canadian French.

The article on "Our Neighbors" which we gladly borrow from our well edited Oregon contemporary, *The Catholic Sentinel*, proves conclusively that the language spoken by French Canadians is not a patois. This contention needs no proof for those who are acquainted with the history and the present state of the French language in France. But some amateur students of French, with more pretensions than real knowledge, are fond of casting aspersions on the ordinary language of the French Canadian people. Such shallow critics need reminding that the peculiarities of Canadian French are archaic, not dialectical; they are a survival of the accent and pronunciation current at the court of the French King as late as the beginning of last century. In this respect the French used by the natives of the Province of Quebec bears a certain analogy to the English spoken by the farmers of New England and their congeners, the U. E. Loyalists of Ontario. In both cases archaic forms and nasal drawl are noticeable features; but as no one would call the English of the latter a patois or a dialect, so no one is justified in giving that name to Canadian French.

We do not hesitate to say that the French habitually spoken in Canada is purer than most of the French habitually spoken in France. In the mother country, outside of Normandy and the departments of the north and northeast, the language is, as a rule, very incorrectly pronounced. This is especially true of all the south central and southern departments. In what used to be called Gascony, Languedoc and Provence the French one hears in the streets is far less pure and less intelligible than the French of Quebec. Canadians experience no difficulty in giving those nasal syllables, "in," "on," "an," which though essential to the purity of the French language, are indescribably jumbled up and spoiled by the vast majority of southern Frenchmen. A citizen of Marseilles or Bordeaux or Toulouse who does not murder the nasals is a curiosity. On the other hand, any Canadian who makes the slightest effort at clear and discriminating utterance can easily equal the best French of Tours, Blois and Orleans, cities which pride themselves on speaking better than Paris.

Some ten years ago, at a lecture given before the Historical Society of Winnipeg, the Rev. J. J. Roy instanced his own remarkable experience. All his early education he received in the Province of Quebec. When he was first examined as to French pronunciation in the University of Paris, he was surprised and pleased to find himself listed fifth out of over eighty candidates from different parts of France. We have known a Canadian, who had never lived in France till he travelled through half of its departments, mistaken at every turn in railway carriages for a Frenchman of the purest water.

The Inconsistencies of Persecutors.

It has often been remarked that France harries and molests religious orders at home, while she protects, lauds and decorates their members in her colonies abroad. Germany is now following suit. Fathers Nies and Henle, German Jesuits from the House of Missions at Steyl in Holland, where they were obliged by the persecuting Falk laws to take refuge, have recently suffered martyrdom in Shan Tung, China Straightway the Minister to China of that German government which refuses to allow the Jesuits to return to Germany, demands of the Emperor of China the discovery and execution of the murderers of the missionaries Nies and Henle; the punishment of the implicated officials, including the Governor of the Shan Tung province; the reconstruction of the missionary buildings; the payment of an indemnity of 600,000 taels (about one million dollars) to the relatives of the victims, the payment of a heavy indemnity to cover the expenses of the German naval expedition and the maintenance of the German force at Kiao Chau Bay; the railway monopoly of the Shan Tung province; and the occupation of Kiao Chau Bay as a German coaling station. So formidable has this reparation appeared to the Chinese Em-

peror that he protests he would rather abdicate than fulfil such onerous conditions. Meanwhile Germany maintains its demands in the teeth of Russian and Japanese opposition.

Thus we have almost a *casus belli* faced, for the sake of martyred Jesuits, by the very Government that expelled the Society of Jesus from the German Empire and still resists the reiterated demands of the Centrum for the repeal of that last remnant of the persecuting May laws excluding the members of the Society from residence within the limits of the Fatherland.

Surely, if those two murdered missionaries were blameless enough to have their death avenged by so tremendous an atonement, it is hard to see how their presence in Germany could be a menace to the state.

Tekahionwake at the Indian Industrial School.

Last Thursday was a memorable day for the Indian girls and boys of the St. Boniface Industrial School. Between three and four in the afternoon the famous Indian poetess, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, accompanied by Mr. A. E. Forget, Superintendent of the Indian Department, Mrs. Forget, Mr. A. Richard and Mrs. Lecompte, visited the school.

The children, drawn up in ranks in a large hall, welcomed their distinguished guests with an overture by their fine brass band. Then Mr. Forget greeted them in a few well chosen words, this being his first visit to them, and introduced Miss Johnson. This young and stylish lady, whom one would easily mistake for a handsome brunette of the palefaces, in a neatly worded speech with equal earnestness and ease of manner, expressed her joy at seeing the cheerful, healthy appearance of the children, and gave them two points of valuable advice: first, always to be proud and never ashamed of their red skins, she was a redskin like them and she was proud of it; secondly never to forget how they owed all their educational advantages to the Roman Catholic Church, the oldest and grandest in Christendom.

At Mr. Forget's request Miss Johnson consented to recite one of her poems. She said she would choose something light and amusing, and indeed she did win enthusiastic applause from the ordinarily undemonstrative Indian boys and girls; but, during her recital, they, as well as her grown up audience of guests, priests and nuns, were nearer tears than laughter. The way she gave "Beyond the blue," a dog story in the style of Trowbridge, would have made the best elocutionists green with envy. It was agonizingly realistic.

When the boys went through dumb-bell exercises and the girl, figured steps and songs, Miss Johnson clapped her hands in almost childish delight. She was afterwards shown all over the building and went back of her own accord to mingle and talk familiarly with the children, who looked immensely proud of their far-famed poet sister. Miss Johnson was profuse in thanks to Rev. Father Dorais, O.M.I., director of the school and to Rev. Sister Fisetto and the other good Sisters who take such loving care of their dusky wards.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, whose Indian name is Tekahionwake, belongs to the Six Nations (Iroquois) Reserve, Grand River, Ontario. Her present home is at Brantford, six miles from the reserve. Her father, Chief Onwanon-syshon of the six Nations, died twelve years ago. He was a full blooded Indian. Her mother, still living, is a purely white English-speaking woman, who maiden name was Emily Howell, a relative of the American author of that name who was at one time U.S. consul in Canada.

On seeing this perfectly equipped woman of the world, whose conversation reveals infinite resources of tact and knowledge, one can hardly believe that she has had only six years of schooling, three on the Reserve and three at a Brantford public school. But then the talent revealed in her poems, especially in the volume called "The White Wampum," in which savage lays and Christian musings are strangely interwoven, explains all.

Miss Pauline Johnson, who belongs to the Church of England, "very High" as she puts it, hopes some day to contribute to the church which Father Laboureaux is erecting at Penetanguishene in memory of the martyred Brebeuf and Lallemand, thus, as she says, making some amends for her ancestors who butchered these heroes of the cross. Speaking of the Indians on her native Reserve, she also expressed the opinion that those of them who are still heathens—and it appears that there are still quite a number of heathen Onondagas, though all civilized and law-abiding farmers—would never be converted except by Black Robes from the Church of Rome.

The late Mr. Francis Waldron.

Our readers can hardly have forgotten the sad tragedy that occurred in Winnipeg on the 19th of last October, when a young and promising English lad was asphyxiated by the escape of illuminant gas. Letters have lately been received from Mr. Francis Waldron's friends. Mrs. Waldron, grandmother of the deceased, whose parents were long since dead, writes from Havelock House, Formby: "Needless to say it was a most terrible shock to the whole family. Francis's Grandfather, who is over eighty, was in a very serious illness when the news arrived, and I was obliged to keep it from him for several days. Francis always wrote cheerfully up to the last, so the news of that terrible accident was a great shock."

The Catholic Rector of Formby, near Liverpool, Rev. Wilfrid Carr, writes to Rev. Father Drummond:

"I hasten to reply to your kind letter of the 26th Oct. containing accounts of the lamented death of my young friend, F.X. Waldron.

"It is especially consoling to his family and to myself to learn from you that he was attentive to his religious duties, so that his death, if sudden, was not unprovided.

"His grandfather, with whom he has lived since his father's death some seven years ago, is a retired Liverpool tradesman, spending his declining days in this quiet suburb. He is a devout religious man, and received the mournful tidings with resignation to the Divine Will. He and the whole family, with the two brothers of the deceased, are grateful to you and to the people of Winnipeg who have shewn such sympathy with the young stranger whom you have harboured and laid to rest in your midst.

"Let me once more convey my most profound thanks to the Reverend clergy and yourself in particular for the care you have bestowed on this boy whom I committed to your pious care." Instructions are also sent that the dead boy's clothing shall be given to the poor, and his other personal effects, books, etc., returned to his family.

The Newman Literary Guild.

A NEW CATHOLIC ORGANISATION FOR THE CITY.

On Monday evening of last week about twenty-five Catholics of the city assembled in St. Mary's school-room in response to the invitation which had been issued to all those who felt interested in the formation of a Literary Guild. Mr. J. J. Gokien was voted to the chair and Mr. A. E. Kennedy appointed Secretary of the meeting. After talking over the steps which had led to the calling of the meeting a motion was proposed and unanimously carried to the effect that in the opinion of those present it was desirable to form a Literary guild. Subsequently it was decided that the new organization should be called "The Newman Literary Guild" and that at least for the present, the membership should be confined to the merner sex. A short recess was taken to enable a committee to draw up the few rules thought to be necessary and this was soon done. It was decided that the officers should consist of a President, Vice-President and Secretary; that all present should form the first members; that all new members should be proposed and voted on; and that the meeting should be held every Thursday evening in St. Mary's school-room. There will be no dues. The officers elected were: President—J. A. McInnis; Vice-President—D. Coyle; Secretary—A. E. Kennedy. The first regular meeting of the guild will be held at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening of this week when the programme will be a short paper read by Mr. F. W. Russell, and a debate to be led by Mr. F. Smith supported by Mr. E. Golden on one side and by Mr. J. J. Smith supported by Mr. D. Coyle on the other.

Much travelled Priest.

Father Brady O.M.I. of Dublin is the Guest of Rev. Father Cashman, of Chicago

A man who has visited five continents and who thinks nothing of a journey by sea of 50,000 miles is in Chicago. This traveller is Rev. Tr. of Dublin, who is the guest of Rev. F. Cashman, pastor of St. Jarlath's Church. With him are Father O'Reilly, who is also somewhat of a tourist, and Father O'Brien of Dublin. Father Brady spent nearly a year in southern Africa, and as an Oblate father labored in the Roman Catholic missions of the land of the Boers. He spent some time in the Orange Free State and in the Transvaal, and also in Basutoland. He saw and was present at a reception to Paul Kruger, president of the Boers, and says that while he is a man of excellent judgment and of sound sense his education stops with the signing of his name to official orders.—Exchange.

Ste. Rose du Lac.

Our quiet village was the scene of two weddings this week. Monday, 22nd, Mr. Ludovic Normand led Miss Marguerite Perrault to the altar. The bride was tastefully attired in pale French grey and white satin.

Tuesday 23d, at high Mass Mr. Jim Robison, youngest son of William Robison, Esq., formerly of Dauphin, was married to Miss Marceline Ramsay, eldest daughter of R. Ramsay Esq., in the presence of a large number of their mutual friends. The bride was handsomely dressed in brown velvet, ornamented with gold fancy braid, and a stylish hat to match. Her bridesmaids were Miss Cleophila Neault and Miss Cassie Robison, accompanied by Mr. B. Ramsay and Mr. J. Hamelin. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the bridegroom's residence where a delicious breakfast was served to a number of guests. In the evening there was a supper and dance at Mr. Ramsay's in honor of the occasion and the rejoicings were kept up till after daylight next morning. Our best wishes attend the happy couples.

Mr. le Vicomte d'Aubigny is opening a new store in the village, which it is said will be well stocked. Mr. R. Robinson has lately improved and enlarged his store.

There are 65 children on the school register and for sometime a daily attendance of 50 children, quite a large school for this settlement.

THE POPE AND MANITOBA.

Touching the Pope's pronouncement with reference to the school question in Manitoba, the New York Tribune remarks:

The Pope does not accept the Laurier-Greenway settlement of the Manitoba school question. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier is Prime Minister of Canada, and Mr. Greenway is Prime Minister of Manitoba, and the settlement is likely to stand.

The question with the Pope was not who is Prime Minister of Canada or of Manitoba, or whether the settlement is likely to stand. That would be a political consideration merely. The Pope's primal duty, as chief pastor of the Church of God, is to instruct Catholics in faith and morals. Now, the question of morals enters into the question of education; and, in pointing out to those committed to his care principles for their guidance, which his office obliges him to do, no sensible Protestant will take exception. But no matter who takes exception, the Pope must do his duty.—IRISH WORLD.

"The Infallible Pope Before The TRIBUNAL OF REASON."

The Jesuits' Church, says the Montreal *Sax*, was again crowded last night to hear the Rev. Father O'Brien Pardow in his third lecture, "The Infallible Pope before the Tribunal of Reason." The speaker is a close reasoner, and he appeals more to the mind than to the heart. The thesis he set himself to prove last night was that sound reason requires that man should have some ultimate authority to which he may refer, and whose conclusions are final, in the matter of faith and morals.

In the course of his lecture Father Pardow said:

"Does the doctrine of infallibility of the Pope teach that he can never make a mistake? It teaches no such thing. What then becomes of the much-disputed papal infallibility? The Catholic Church teaches that when the Pope, as head of the Church, proclaims a point of faith or morals, he is so assisted by the Holy Ghost as to be kept free from error in this his official act. How this dogma could have raised such a storm in the world is inexplicable, unless we fall back on the dearth of dictionaries."

The preacher heard many non-Catholics say: We could accept what all you Catholics believe except the infallibility of the Pope; that, our reasons forbids us to admit. It is strange, in-fact, that their reason should suddenly become so jealous of its rights, when these very people, as all Christians, have been admitting for centuries the infallibility of many men, and yet their reason seems to have entered no protest. Why do all Christians accept the Bible as the word of God? Did God write it? God in the Old Testament wrote the Ten Commandments on tables of stone. He wrote nothing more, not a line. Who then did write the Old Testament? Men. Were the men fallible when they wrote? If you are consistent, you must say that they were fallible when they wrote, otherwise you make them "practically equal to God." But if they were fallible when they wrote, then you are not sure that you have the Word of