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REV. A. A. CHERRIER,
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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29, 1900.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

SEPTEMBER.

- 2,—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
- 3, Monday—The Mother of the Divine Shepherd.
- 4, Tuesday—Votive office of the Apostles.
- 5, Wednesday—St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop.
- 6, Thursday—Votive office of the Blessed Sacrament.
- 7, Friday—Votive office of the Passion.
- 8, Saturday—Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady.

CURRENT COMMENT.

In our issue of August 15, there occurs a meaningless repetition in the statistics of the Chinese vicariate of Kiangnan. The catechists are first put down as 1230 and later on as 34,481. The latter figure is that of the catechumens, i.e., of those who are preparing for baptism.

...

The Midland Review's prognostications as to the possible result of the Chinese difficulty—which we reproduce in another column—are quite in harmony with what Lord Wolseley wrote some years ago in an English review. His forecast of an armed Chinese invasion of America and Europe was pooh-poohed at the time and voted down as supremely ridiculous after the defeat of giant China by little Japan; but the general verdict of our Catholic missionaries who have had experience in both the Island Empire and the Middle Kingdom, is that the latter is far more formidable than the former. This is also the opinion of Europeans in the service of China. In particular Count G. de Galenbert, who lately spent a few days here, and who is Deputy Commissioner of the Chinese Customs and has lived twenty-two years in China, says that there is no comparison between the intellectual and material resources of China and those of Japan.

...

The contrast between Catholic and Protestant Missions to the heathen, which the late T. W. M. Marshall pictured so forcibly in those classic volumes of his on "Christian Missions," is coming out more and more vividly as we get to know more of the present Chinese crisis. The Protestant missionary, seeing his plight hopeless, wires the Missionary Board at home: "All is lost. Revenge our death." The Catholic missionary cannot help showing his delight at the prospect of martyrdom, and stands bravely by his converts, while the non-

Catholic pseudo-apostle abandons his and rushes for the treaty towns or the earliest homeward bound steamer. The preacher of truth identifies himself with the great Chinese nation as far as he can without sacrificing religious tenets; he wears the queue and the national dress, he adopts the national customs in food and language. The preacher of heresy sneers at Chinese ways, snubs the people, affects to despise their language; only lately has he, as a general rule, taken to Chinese costume and attempted to master the language. The Catholic priests and nuns live with great frugality, their largest edifice always is the church, for themselves they put up smaller, inconspicuous buildings. When there is a Protestant mission in a village, the missionary's house is sure to be the finest edifice in the village, his church or school being comparatively insignificant. And no wonder, for he is a shrewd fellow. When he writes home his imaginary conquests he is careful not to remind the generous patrons of missionary effort that money in China is worth eight or ten times more than in America, and so they grant him what would be a large salary here. In China, where skilled labor costs only ten cents a day, that salary enables him and his wife and children to live as wealthy people would here. The Chinese see this contrast, the foreign Protestant is ashamed of it, the foreign Catholic thanks God that his missionaries have not degenerated, and the average Protestant traveller in China is continually saying that, if he had any religion, he would be a Catholic.

...

Considering that the year 1900 is already far spent, merely as a matter of arithmetical accuracy, is it not about time that we Catholics should change our formula with regard to the age of the so-called Reformation? Instead of saying, as we have been doing for the last eighty years, that the Reformation began "more than three hundred years ago," is it not high time to change the formula and say, "nearly four hundred years ago?" In seventeen years the fourth century of Protestantism will be complete. Why not call its age 'nearly four' centuries instead of 'over three'? This idea struck us when reading lately a passage in one of Dr. Lam-cert's masterly articles in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal. He was proving that whatever belief in the Bible still lingers among Protestants is simply a survival of Catholic doctrine, and he went on to write: "It has taken *over three hundred years* for the seed of infidelity, buried in the core of the original false principle of Protestantism, to grow to its full development and bear its legitimate fruit, scepticism, agnosticism and infidelity. The fact that it took so long to eradicate the Catholic belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures from Protestant peoples is, to the philosophic mind, a striking proof of how profoundly the Catholic Church had impressed that truth in the minds of Christian peoples in the time just previous to Luther's revolt." Obviously this argument would receive added weight if the italicized words were changed to "nearly four hundred years."

...

By the merest chance, in sorting some old exchanges before committing most of them to the furnace-pit in anticipation of the winter, we lighted on this kindly note by the warm-hearted editor of the Midland Review. Though dated July 12, it is one of those forget-me-nots whose fragrance never evaporates.

"Ever since the close of our friendly controversy with regard to M. Frechette's Catholicity, the really enjoyable 'Northwest (Manitoba) Review' has failed to reach

our table. We like the Review, and earnestly strove to avoid wounding its cultured editor. May we not hope its absence is due to some cause other than soothing a pain given unintentionally by us, if given at all?" Yes, you may, dear friend. Its absence was due to suspended animation during two months. "Its cultured editor" — many thanks—does not take offence. He was not built or brought up that way. Besides, his frequent references to your excellent work since his resumption of editorial duties prove that he never dreamt of being wounded. Finally, he is sending you an article of the Hon. Thomas Chapais in the "Courrier du Canada" which, he trusts, may help to convince you that Mr. Frechette's Catholicism is not precisely what an artist in words like Mr. Charles J. O'Malley should call "ardent."

...

"Zeal" is the general intention recommended to the prayers of the Apostleship for next month. The first and last sentences of the article thereon in the American "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" are worth quoting: "Zeal is a much-needed virtue at all times and it requires careful cultivation in a restless age like our own, when so much time and energy are wasted on trifles or employed for evil—Every parish should be a centre of zeal, priests and people vying with each other to do most to save even the weakest brother for whom Christ died."

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE.

Our Catholic college opens, for boarders, this evening at 7 o'clock, for day scholars, to-morrow morning at 8. Punctuality and the earliest possible attendance are considered particularly urgent this year, as the new University four years' course begins with 1900-1901, and each yearly session is shortened by three weeks, the examinations beginning on the third Monday in April.

The claims of this, the only Catholic college in the vast central region of Canada extending from Sandwich, Ont., to Edmonton, Alta., on the patronage of all western Catholics ought not to need emphasizing. Even if it were slightly inferior to some eastern College, the advantage of growing up with the country and with one's future fellow-citizens would more than counter-balance any such slight deficiency. But no such inferiority can be pointed out. On the contrary, there is probably no college in Canada where the students work so steadily and well as St. Boniface College, thus acquiring habits of industry which are more valuable than mere learning.

This diligent application on the part of the students is due to the university competition with three Protestant colleges, and, in the Matriculation years, with all the high schools or collegiate institutes of the province. In this respect the advantages of St. Boniface College are absolutely unique, not only in Canada but in all America.

The reproach that English was not sufficiently taught may have had some foundation years ago, but it is quite foundationless now. The extraordinary success of "The Private Secretary," played last year by students of St. Boniface College, proved not only the correctness but the elegance of the English accent cultivated there. It is hardly necessary to add that the admirable rendering, last March, of the Greek play, "Philoctetes," praised by a Collegiate Institute teacher, who had taken part in "Antigone," played in Toronto University, as superior to the Toronto performance, was a fitting sequel to the winning, by St. Boniface students, three years in succession, of the

two University Greek scholarships. Nor is their proficiency in Mathematics less remarkable. At the Previous examinations last May Adonias Sabourin, of St. Boniface College, who won the first scholarship and the most highly prized of University medals—now abolished because he won it—was first in Algebra, Euclid and Geometry out of 90 competitors from the four colleges. In natural sciences, such as chemistry and physics, our students generally take the first places, probably because, being less numerous, they get more laboratory work and more continuous coaching.

Attached to the college is a very well equipped commercial department, taught in English, where students from the country and city are initiated into the mysteries of shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, commercial law and other business requirements, and where, as boarders, they are carefully preserved from the city dangers which beset youths far from home.

THE TONE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

In the American "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" for September D. Gresham relates how a Protestant overhears his Catholic wife explaining to some poor children the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. A voice is heard reading from the New Testament: "The Jews therefore strove among themselves saying: 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?' Then Jesus said to them: 'Amen, amen, I say unto you: Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood you shall not have life in you. . . . For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.' Many therefore of his disciples, hearing it, said: 'This saying is hard and who can hear it?' . . . After this many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then Jesus said to the twelve: 'Will you also go away?' And Simon Peter answered him: 'Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'"

"You see, Ally," the Catholic wife is saying to the mountain girl, "why we believe we receive our Lord in Holy Communion; if any one should ask you again, tell him to read that whole sixth chapter of St. John." The husband steals softly away to unearth his own Protestant Bible and see for himself if those were really the words of St. John. Slowly he went over the texts, weighing every word, and like a flash he realized that to Protestants they were nothing, to Catholics everything.

Shortly afterwards a recent convert says to him: "You know I have not always been a Catholic, and strangely enough I got my first doubts at Haward. I had always an especial fancy for the Epistles of St. Peter. They struck me as being spoken with an air of authority. I asked a clergyman why the tone was so different from the other Apostles, and why, indeed, was St. Peter mentioned by our Lord in a different manner from the others. He said, in an offhand sort of way, that St. Peter was a troublesome kind of fellow, and that it was necessary to conciliate him. My efforts to discover more weighty reasons from other divines brought no better results. I therefore hunted up the matter on my own account, coming down on a priest for his explanation, and he convinced me that Peter was the Rock and the Head, and I had but to follow his successors."

These two cases illustrate a curious fact. Protestants read their New Testament very carefully; yet they fail to seize its tone. Not having that mental perspective which an uninterrupted tradition of truth gives, they view texts out of all due

proportion. Secondary and obscure texts they make much of, while texts of primary import and crystalline clearness escape their notice. They are like children learning a pretty tune from a grand opera; they know nothing of the general tone of the entire composition, they have not a dream of the "leit-motif" or leading musical ideas, they miss the keynotes of the whole. Thus Protestants fight shy of St. Peter's epistles, where reigns that unmistakable air of authority mentioned above, and where is struck one of the keynotes of the New Testament, viz., the warning about "certain things hard to be understood" in the epistles of St. Paul, "which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction." Other keynotes which they miss, while of course delighting in the most obscure texts of St. Paul, are the Real Presence of the flesh and blood of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, the blessedness of poverty, chastity and obedience, persecution and not prosperity as the especial badge of the chosen servants of the Lord, the power of binding and loosing and forgiving sins bestowed on the apostles for all time and therefore on their successors, the necessity of obedience in the smallest details of faith and practice, the great value of tradition, and above all entire submission to "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth," consequently, the infallible teacher.

These keynotes Catholics, even if they do not read their New Testament, cannot miss. They hear them struck continually in sermons, they see them acted in the Catholic life around them. To recur to our simile, they are musical experts listening to a Wagnerian opera played by living musicians, while the others are tyros painfully spelling through the dead printed notes of the score.

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