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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1899

CURRENT COMMENT

The "Midland Review" chimes in with Prof. O'Hagan's suggestion that Catholic writers of eminence should be invited to the summer schools. But there is a difficulty which the cultured editor and the brilliant lecturer do not seem to have faced. Few great writers are good speakers. Most men of letters have an invincible repugnance to assuming what is known in London literary slang as "a hind-leg attitude." A very high and thorough cultivation of one faculty is apt to entail the neglect of another, and surely no faculty needs so much practice as that of easy and attractive public speech.

The College number of "The Western Presbyterian," a new fortnightly paper published in Winnipeg, has a very thoughtful article entitled "Wanted: A Principal." It is an able plea for a speedy termination to that state of orphanhood in which Manitoba College has been ever since Dr. King's death last winter. The college, we are told, needs a principal (1) for the proper exercise of authority within its walls, (2) because the presence of a commanding personality at the head is often for students the main attraction to a college, and (3) because "benefactors are largely influenced by the personality of the principal. Men who either during life have given money to an institution or have left money to it at death have generally been those who admired or loved the man at the head of it and gave of their wealth humanly speaking for his sake." It is curious to note that, amid all the motives given for choosing a principal "with considerable public gifts," no mention is made of his possible influence in the University Council. We are reminded that "he will have in great measure to represent the college before the people of the country and before the courts of the church." Just here we should have expected the University to appear. Have our friends the Presbyterians so completely captured it that they can afford to treat it as a servant whom one does not even bow to?

These "children of this world are in their generation wiser

than the children of light." Talk of organization as explaining the successes of the Catholic Church. Why, these pushing Presbyterians are far better organized than we are, especially in financial matters. Soliciting from benefactors is a recognized department of their college work. Why should it not be so with us? We have right here, "in our midst," as the Western Presbyterian would say, a Catholic college which occupies, on this continent, a unique position in that it actually competes most successfully with the best non-Catholic colleges in the land. We have some Catholics who could found scholarships in St. Boniface College. Three thousand dollars, we understand, would provide a yearly revenue sufficient to educate a boarder for ever. Six hundred dollars would found a scholarship for a day pupil. Is there any better way of investing one's superfluous resources for the glory of God and the benefit of one's own soul? And remember, the interest of that scholarship fund goes on for ever; you are educating a boy in Christian culture long after you are gathered to your fathers, and that boy and all his teachers will pray for you and bless your memory.

"Keeping Cows for Profit" is the title of an artistic booklet, neatly illustrated and gratuitously circulated by the De Laval Separator Co., 74 Cortland street, New York. While the purpose of this little publication is no doubt, to a considerable extent, an advertising one, there is much that is commendable in it, there are many useful hints to dairy farmers. The statistics it gives are really valuable. We find, for instance, that the average U. S. yield of milk per cow is less than 4,000 lbs. a year, and only about 130 lbs. of butter; while to be profitable—and this is just what this booklet teaches—the milk yield should be from 5,000 to 6,000 lbs. and the butter production never under 200 lbs. The publishers of this treatise offer to send a copy to every reader of THE NORTHWEST REVIEW who shall write direct to them at the above address.

M. George Johnson, F. S. S. (hon.), Government Statistician (Ottawa), has kindly sent us "The Statistical Year-Book of Canada for 1898," in which, as he had promised us in a letter published last year in these columns (Nov. 22, 1898), he adopts our suggestion, made Oct. 18, 1898, that the bodies of water often called "The Great Lakes" be henceforth styled "The Laurentian Lakes," because Great Bear, Great Slave and Winnipeg lakes are larger than Lakes Erie and Ontario, two of the so-called "Great Lakes." Amid such a mass of dates as this 606-page book contains, mistakes are inevitable. At page 6, line 3, opposite 1777 in the list of important Canadian dates we read: Order of Jesuits abolished by Papal decree and consequent escheat of their estates in Canada to the Crown." This would seem to imply that the Society of Jesus was suppressed in 1777, whereas the date of Clement XIV.'s brief of suppression is 1773.

Elsewhere we reprint from the

Montreal Herald of Oct. 18th a letter which the Montreal Gazette had not the manliness to print. The latter journal's insult to Archbishop Falconio, the Papal Delegate, was telegraphed all over the Dominion, and now it basely refuses to publish the protest written by Mr. Henry J. Kavanagh, one of the leading Q. C.'s of Montreal, and brother of Rev. I. J. Kavanagh, S. J., well known here. This cowardly and bigoted conduct on the part of the Gazette is all the more surprising because it so strikingly belies its past record.

How completely out of touch with historic Christianity the more respectable dissenters are was made manifest by a sentence in a sermon delivered on the 15th inst. in St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, by the Rev. Joseph Hogg. Treating the subject of the origin of wars, this highly respectable and apparently pious Presbyterian minister is reported, in the Tribune of Oct. 17 to have said: "If we go further back, was it not in unrighteousness that the Crusaders made war when so many thousands perished who tried to get possession of an empty tomb?" The man who can utter such a sentiment cannot, in any but a Pickwickian sense, be called a Christian. For him, to wrest the tomb of Christ from the infidel is an unrighteous act. And it seems that what makes it particularly unrighteous is the fact that the tomb is empty! Had Christ not proved, by this very emptiness, that He has risen from the dead, perhaps it would have been righteous to rescue His ashes from the unspeakable Turk. And yet these sanctimonious triflers see nothing unrighteous in robbing the Boers of their hard-earned home. Had there been no crusades, that Winnipeg preacher would not have been Reverend, nor Joseph, nor Hogg; being a capable man, he would probably have been a pasha, speaking Turkish or Arabic, enjoying the society of a hundred wives instead of one. Perhaps, however, he would prefer this to the crusades.

In Montreal the other day a man named Norman Murray was charged with having published and sold an immoral pamphlet. In the course of a rather incoherent defence, in which he boasted that, having once been a Protestant, he was now a free-thinker, he said that he made it a rule not to sell any of the incriminated pamphlets to children. The presiding officer of the Police Court, Judge Desnoyers, thereupon remarked: "This is a confession in itself." Norman Murray replied by this question: "Do you consider all the passages in the Bible fit to be read by children?" Judge Desnoyers' rejoinder is worth noting: "That is why we Catholics object to the reading of the whole Bible by children. I don't say that there is any harm in the Bible, but we Catholics consider it better not to read it indiscriminately."

Might it not be well if the Western Presbyterian were to call the attention of the Lord's Day Alliance to the fact that last Sunday, as the train from the east passed through Selkirk,

a number of men were to be seen busily at work on the roof of one of Sir William Van Horne's new buildings there? Somebody in the car exclaimed. "Who are these pagans working on Sunday?" And when the reply came that they were men in Sir W. C. Van Horne's employ, though the latter was probably not aware of their working on Sunday, the first indignant traveller said: "Well, then, Sir William ought to be told of this." So he ought, and if the Lord's Day Alliance tell him so, the telling may be more effective. Railway magnates ought not to give, even constructively, bad example in so important a matter as the Sunday rest.

TEACHING BY TALES.

Christian Reid, who is one of the greatest of living novelists and is certainly unsurpassed in the Catholic field, is publishing in the Milwaukee "Catholic Citizen" her latest tale of Southern life. The heroine of "A New-comer at Clarendon" is a niece of the master of Clarendon, a typical country-house of the highest class. She is a fervent Catholic because her father, having married a French lady, lived and died in France, and became a convert. Renée Leigh is now an orphan heiress, and she comes to live with her uncle and his charming family of wife, two daughters and a son. As they are Anglicans, the father has decreed that religious discussions shall be tabooed. But the strangeness of the new scenes in Clarendon, the religious isolation of Renée and the irresistible proselytizing tendency of Protestantism bring about casual remarks or transient tête-à-têtes on religion in which the new-comer more than holds her own. Some of her repartees and reflections are pregnant with the deepest truth expressed in a startlingly simple way.

Helen, the more sympathetic of the two Protestant girl cousins, goes to see Renée in her room shortly after the latter's arrival. She finds the room changed: "Against the soft blue wall was hanging a large and beautiful carved crucifix, and below it an alabaster statuette of the Blessed Virgin stood on a bracket from which a vase had been removed." These things strike Helen as "awful in the sense of awe-inspiring. They make one feel as if one were in church,—as if one must not talk and laugh and be gay." "Oh, but that is a mistake," said Renée. "Innocent gaiety never displeases our Lord. But if the presence of His image keep us from sinful thoughts or words, is not that well?" "I suppose so," said Helen, doubtfully; "but it seems like being under a constant restraint." "What else is the presence of God?" asked Renée. "We cannot get rid of that by banishing the crucifix." Well might Helen glance "at her with one of those startled surprised looks which Protestants often give when some perfectly new idea from the world of Catholic thought and piety is presented to them."

On another occasion "Helen shook her head. She was ill-equipped with arguments; but the invincible Protestant repugnance was strong in her, and after a moment she took refuge in

an objection as common as it is foolish. "How can she [the Blessed Virgin] hear your prayers, unless you imagine that, like God, she is everywhere?" "I do not imagine that," Renée answered; "but I do imagine—or rather I know—that God is all-powerful, and that He can make our prayers known to her. If you say that he cannot,"—Helen's face said so,—"then you limit His power; and if His power is limited, He is no longer the omnipotent God."

Here is the impression produced on a Catholic girl by a would-be priest. Renée glanced at him with the most open and direct curiosity. He wore a Roman collar, and he was clean shaven,—in so much he was like a priest. But these points of superficial resemblance seemed to deepen the radical dissimilarity of which she was at once conscious. The face was handsome, well cut and intellectual; but there was no priestly character stamped upon it; and to one who knows this character, its absence is always so strikingly apparent that no degree of masquerading can enable the "highest" Ritualist to deceive the humblest Catholic whose eye may fall upon him. To Renée, who had never before seen such a masquerade, the effect was absolutely repulsive."

This clergyman once attempted to convince Renée of the error of her ways, but he soon found himself acting on the defensive, when he had intended to expound and instruct. He twitted her with knowing little of what the fathers teach. She replied: "I know sufficiently to be sure that they teach the supremacy of the Pope, the seven sacraments, the real presence." "Oh! for the matter of that, I believe in the real presence," said Mr. Craven; "though it is a subject on which one must speak with caution—in public—as yet." Renée looked at him with unconscious scorn in her eyes. "What is that but denying Our Lord?" she said. "If you believe, are you not bound to confess Him and His truth before men?" After some more attempts at parrying such thrusts, Mr. Craven said, "We will drop the subject." "Finally, if you please," said Renée. And finally it was. Never again was she troubled by any allusion to religion from Mr. Craven.

Margaret, the aggressive cousin, was engaged to Mr. Craven, and her sister was explaining to Renée, before she had made this would-be priest's acquaintance, that she would necessarily see a great deal of him, "for he spends almost all his evenings enjoying the pleasure of Margaret's society." Renée did not answer. She was trying to adjust her mind to the idea of a clergyman who spent his evenings in the pleasures of courtship. She had never, even remotely, come into contact with a Protestant minister, so she had no conception of the type; and before her mental vision there rose only the clergy she had known—men of various characters and different orders, but not one of whom her wildest imagination could conceive in such a position, any more than she could conceive St. Paul."

Describing the brother Bertie, who was somewhat annoyed that Renée should insist on finding out when the Catholic priest