

**The Northwest Review**

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A Catholic correspondent wanted in every important town. Address all Communications to THE NORTHWEST REVIEW, Post office Box 508, Winnipeg, Man.

**The Northwest Review**

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30.

**EDITORIAL COMMENT.**

The passage we reproduce from Harold Frederick's correspondence to the New York Times about the jubilee of "United Italy" is more than a month old; but it is one of these old things that are worth repeating, because they shine with the newness of eternal truth.

On Oct. 23rd, at a session of the Ontario Sabbath School association, Mr. Alfred Day, secretary, stated that of the 600,000 public school pupils in Ontario not more than two-thirds attended Sunday school. This statement of an official report bears out what we said some time ago about the vast number of Protestant children who get no religious instruction whatever. In country places they are less neglected; but in cities the inadequacy of the Sunday school attendance is lamentable.

Dr. Bryce made, last Friday evening, one of his pontifical pronouncements "urbi et orbi." In many places this breezy document reveals the converting influence of Principal Grant's letters. We may perhaps dwell on special paragraphs latter on. Just now we select for animadversion this sentence: "Only let the minorities accept the situation, and the minorities may be relied upon to give not only fair but sympathetic consideration to marked predilections, which do not interfere with the school law." How kind of our Manitoba dictator! Having lately, by dint of roping in delegates, got himself elected President of the Winnipeg branch of the Dominion Alliance, the ambitious doctor feels himself well nigh monarch of all he surveys in Manitoba, and, in the magnanimity of his imperial position, he will deign to exercise that virtue of absolute rulers—a wise and benign clemency. How very kind! "Step into my parlor," said the spider to the fly.

But the fly has wings, which the spider lacks; and it has more eye-facets than the crafty web-weaver. Besides, being gifted with more varied powers and endowed with greater heterogeneity of structure, it is, according to modern scientists, higher in the scale of being than the comparatively homogeneous spider. However, Dr. Bryce will hardly admit this basic principle, that progress is an advance from undifferentiated homogeneity to differentiated heterogeneity; for his fétich is precisely the contrary, the dead level of absolute sameness, or as he calls it, unity and homogeneity.

This particular fly has already been caught in the web, though it fortunately

broke through it. It is, therefore, a wary fly. It knows what the unctuous spider's promises are worth, and says to itself: "How hard pressed by hunger the old fly-eater must be to make me so pretty a speech! He must surely be trembling for his life, or he would never talk in that maudlin way." The fly has the wings of justice and the eyes of ancestral wisdom, while the poor spider has nothing but the slender threads of promise that come from its empty belly and will break at the first breath of the people's will.

**A TIMELY PAMPHLET.**

Some time ago we received a pamphlet written by the Rev. Peter Rosen, Heidelberg, Minn., entitled: "A Catholic cannot consistently be a member of secret societies because they are religious organizations." The learned author, in the opening sentences of this very timely pamphlet, informs us that his chief intention is to refute the statements so very generally made, that our Holy Father Leo XIII, acted without sufficient information in issuing his recent decree against Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and similar societies. He begins by quoting the following from the Northwest Odd Fellow Review:

"If there is anything in the general make up of our society which merits this condemnation we would like to know it, and take measures to apply a remedy; and if on the other hand there is no justification for this imposition, then those of our members who are affected by it, and those who are debarred from hereafter participating in the benefits we have to offer in exchange for membership, should have their eyes opened so that truth may guide them in the choice between the two institutions of church and lodge." Then this Review goes on to abuse the Catholic church and its august Head in the usual vituperative style, in which it introduces "Foreign potentate," "terrorism," "middle ages" and such like threadbare claptrap. Without taking any notice of this lame substitute for argument further than quoting it, the Rev. author at once proceeds to point out to all Catholics why they cannot consistently belong to or remain members of these secret societies. After stating the aims and objects of those societies, he shows that the movement of the non-Catholic world to-day, however near it may approach the Catholic model, can be regarded, by those who understand it, only as a conscious or unconscious effort to reproduce the gentile rationalism of the old Alexandrian school. To this school all religions are equally true or equally false, true as parts of a whole, false when regarded each as a whole in itself.

The author then examines the rituals and ceremonials of the Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias, and, as the easiest way to prove his problem and show how impossible and inconsistent it is for Catholics to belong to such societies, he makes very copious quotations from their ceremonies and the obligations imposed on their members. We wish that space would only allow us to set these authentic quotations before our readers. From the cited texts it becomes self-evident that these societies claim and dogmatically teach a religion of their own, a large amount of which is opposed to the teachings of the Church, in a word, they pretentiously attempt to take the place of the church in society and ignore its divine mission and the teachings of its founder Jesus Christ. They have their "high priests," their "priests of the first, second and third degrees" and their "prelates." In all their ceremonies the Odd Fellows prate about the "Bible," "Abraham," "Isaac," "Rebecca," the "Ark," etc.; but, like all other secret societies, they eschew the sacred Name at which every knee should bow.

The reverend author says: "The teaching of Odd Fellowship in its various branches, as shown in the foregoing (quotations), would be grand if there was no Christ and no Church of Christ. No reference to Him and his Church is found in the Ritual; He is utterly ignored, and as clear as daylight is it taught that He is not necessary; that man can go to Heaven without Him."

Dropping the Odd Fellows, he turns his attention to the Knights of Pythias, of whom he says: "The Knights of Pythias do not employ such a lengthy ceremonial, but their teaching is, if it were possible, even more antagonistic to that of Christ. Prelates and candidates use prayers and symbols; but all the symbols refer to friendship existing between Damon, Pythias and Dyonsius. The Bible plays an important part in the ceremonies, somewhat as in the Odd Fellows ceremonies. The main objectionable feature is the thorough ignoring of Christ in the rule of life and the practice of virtues; and the extolling of the teaching of Pythagoras." So Pythagoras, the Pagan, and not Christ, the Light of the World, is the teacher. After exposing the ceremonies of these secret societies, and thus proving that they contain a distinct religion in themselves, more or less opposed to the divine teachings of Jesus Christ, the writer asks: "Need more be said in proof that the Lodge seeks to supplant the Church? Where Christ is not the teacher the Catholic cannot listen. He must hear the church and the church speaks to us through the mouth of the divine teaching authority. The Vicar of Christ, the Pope of Rome, is for us the law-giver, like Moses of old."

The entire pamphlet deserves attentive perusal. It may be had of the author at the address given in the opening sentence of this article. We should like to see it in the hands of every Catholic layman that is likely to come across admirers of these secret societies.

**HIS GRACE RETURNS.**

He Says the Delay in His Visit to Rome Has Nothing to do With the School Question—Compromise Rumor.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin arrived home over the west train this morning. A Nor-Wester representative had a short interview with him. His Grace said he had been in the west on ordinary diocesan business. He went by rail to Qu'Appelle, and drove thence to the missions in that large and scattered district, completing his circuit at Fort Ellice, and returning to Winnipeg via Moosomin. In all of these missions he had been holding confirmations. He finds the work both among Indians and whites progressing favorably.

The press man asked His Grace if he could in any way account for the origin of the rumor which said that a compromise was being arranged between Premier Greenway and him.

He replied—"No. I cannot understand how the man who made the assertion could in any way account for bringing my name into the matter. I do not deny that I at one time thought a compromise might have been suggested from the other side. As a matter of fact, such a thing has never even been hinted at. Certainly, I have never been approached, either verbally or otherwise; and I myself have never made any overtures in the way of a compromise."

"Has Your Grace heard that it was rumored here that you had delayed your visit to Rome till you were able to assure His Holiness that the Manitoba school question was definitely settled?"

"No, I had not heard that. The statement is most incorrect. I did hope to go to the Holy City this fall; my reason for not going was that I felt I could not do so, till I was able to say to the Pope that I had visited my whole diocese. That I have not yet done. I am sorry that I could not at this time for two reasons: First, I am afraid that His Holiness is in a very feeble state of health, and if I do not go soon I may never be able to see him in this world; in the second place, had I gone about this time, I should have been able to accompany one whose companionship and experience would have been of great value to me."

Then your delaying the matter of Rome had nothing to do with the school question?"

"Certainly not."—From the Nor-Wester, Oct. 25.

**THE PANDERING TO PREJUDICE.**

From the Toronto Catholic Register. The Letter which we publish to-day from Mr. E. W. Thomson, should be taken to heart by every Canadian who entertains any love of country. There are few journalists or public men who know our politics more accurately than Mr. Thomson. We do not think there is a newspaper in the Dominion that will refuse respect to the opinion of

the former editor of the Globe. And what has his long experience as a political journalist taught him? "All my life," he says, "the horrible hullabaloo against Catholics which one continually hears in Canada has distressed me.....It is my belief that literature written in Canada by Canadians—who to be good Canadians must be as Catholic as the Confederation Act, which provides for the just liberties of both races and both creeds—will yet accomplish the noble work of allaying that infernal spirit of prejudice and persecution which the worst class of politicians of both races so much try to exacerbate."

**A "HORRIBLE HULLABALOO."**

Mr. E. W. Thomson on the "Infernal Display of Prejudice and Persecution" Displayed Towards Catholics.

Mr. E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," and formerly editor of the Globe writes as follows:

Boston, Mass.

September 28th, 1895.

Editor Catholic Register, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—Nothing in connection with the publication of "Old Man Savarin" has given me more gratification than The Register's admirably written notice of the book. To be quite frank, I had felt rather aggrieved that no American Catholic journal saw what The Register has seen in one reading; though the book was published in Boston, by T. Y. Crowell & Co., on the 16th July, and sent to the Catholic as well as the Protestant journals. In alluding to what The Register has seen, I mean, of course, that tenderness for Catholics and the spirit which I have so often found in Catholics which appears to you in the book. I am not of your communion, but was bred in the Church of England, yet I hope that I am Catholic in a right Catholic sense. All my life, the horrible hullabaloo against Catholics, which one continually hears in Canada, has distressed me; I never failed, while I was a political journalist, to write in such a way as I hoped would allay the Protestant or Orange distrust of Catholics; I have loved many Catholics since I was old enough to think; and among my choicest friends Catholics have always been. So far as my book has any other interest than to be a sort of truthful shadowing of the things on which it is based, it was designed to advance a better order of things in Canada, my native land. I was even prepared to be attacked by the narrower class of Protestant writers because of my sympathetic dealings with the Catholic types I have known. And it did cut me that no Catholic had said one word indicating perception, until The Register, absolutely unolicited, published a review that is what my heart sought; though my head says you are far too kind in respect of the literary quality of my work, which has been done at the odd times of a man who has always had to labor steadily at other things than literature to get his daily bread.

I like to think that Toronto has a Methodist Book Publishing company, liberal enough to publish a book that commends itself to The Catholic Register, and that The Catholic Register has the fine Catholic spirit to approve warmly the venture of the Methodist Publishing company. It is my belief that literature written in Canada by Canadians—who to be good Canadians must be as Catholic as is the Confederation Act, which provides for the just liberties of both races and all creeds—will yet accomplish the noble work of allaying that infernal spirit of prejudice and persecution which the worst class of politicians of both races so much try to exacerbate. May I live to see the good day! Should my little book tend in the least to hasten it I shall have a particular right to rejoice.

The Youth's Companion will hereafter be exchanged for The Register, as you have requested. And you will find the Companion owned and edited by Mr. D. S. Ford, one of the leading Baptists of the United States, conducted on what I call a most Catholic spirit; that which seeks to promote good will on Earth and Peace among men of all creeds.

Yours very truly,  
E. W. THOMSON.

**THE SUCCESSOR OF THE LAMENTED FATHER DAMIEN.**

The Following Excerpts From a Letter Received From Father Conrardy, the Successor of the Lamented Father Damien Will be Read With Interest, Not by Catholics Alone, but by Every One Who Admires Personal Heroism and Devotion to Duty.

KALAWAO, MOLOKA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, July 18, 1895.

Mr. W. C. BRANN, Waco, Texas:

DEAR SIR,—Upon reading your scathing article anent the ex-priest Joseph Slattery, contained in the June number of the Iconoclast, I conceived the idea of writing you a personal letter on the subject, which is penned from Moloka, known throughout the world as the leper settlement.

While reading your justly caustic criticism of Slattery and the "A. P. A.," I came to the touching tribute which you pay to the worth and character of our venerated Brother Damien, whom I came to assist in his life's work, and after reading same made my way to his last resting place, the tomb, which is enclosed within my garden, and culled from his grave a few blossoms, which I enclose to you as a token of gratitude for the tribute paid my deceased friend and co-laborer, while I must say at the same time you exalt him too much.

In 1875 I was a missionary priest among the Indians in Oregon, and having heard of Father Damien among the lepers, I tendered my services to aid him in the work. But owing to the fact that I could not secure a substitute to take my place among the Indians, and Father Damien then being strong and well, with less than 600 of his leper charges to care for, I delayed my journey to the leper colony until Father Damien was himself stricken with the fell disease, when I renewed my offer to come and assist him, in reply to which the reverend father wrote as follows:

"If you are willing to come, come at once to my assistance, as my hands will soon refuse their use in celebrating Mass, hence I have to cry from the bottom of my heart, come to my aid at once, to help me, to replace me."

As soon as I was given my freedom by my Bishop I proceeded at once to Moloka. I found Father Damien a prey to the fell destroyer, leprosy, which at that time only extended to his hands, neck and face. I stopped with him at his own house and was with him constantly. The last years of his life he worked almost unceasingly, building a large stone kitchen and dining room for the members of his colony.

He also erected two large dormitories and a church edifice, built of wood and stone, finally concluding with a house for himself. In all this he had only the members of the leper colony to aid him, many of whom were in far advanced stages of the disease.

Scarce two months had elapsed after the completion of this work before the "master workman" (Damien) was carried to his last home, having fallen a victim to the fearful plague before attaining his 50th year.

Leprosy, however, is not always so bad as painted. Very few of the afflicted lose all of their fingers and toes. It is true that the disease is not so bad as it once was. In fact Father Damien's cup was not nearly so bad as many fancied it to be.

An evidence of this may be found in his own words contained in a letter written by him to me, in which he said: "I am the spoiled child of Providence; I have always been happy."

Although a victim to the plague, Father Damien lost none of the members of his body therefrom. While his neck, face and hands were badly swollen and his fingers very sore at the joints, he retained the use of them all.

Even were things so bad as they are represented, that would not have kept either Father Damien or myself from being happy in our work; for were my fingers to drop off and the flesh to fall from my bones I should only be that much lighter and the worms would be cheated of so much in the end.

While among the Indians I gained the sobriquet of "The Fearless," because of my indifference to personal danger, or suffering in the pursuit of my calling, and in imitation of our Divine Master.

True it is among men that some really suffer more than others, or else feel their sufferings more acutely. As, for instance, a mother over the loss of her babe, or a husband over the loss of his life's companion. In fact, the white race is more susceptible to suffering than the colored. Death and its agonies are felt far less by the Chinese, Japanese, Indians, etc., than by the Caucasian race, especially those who are educated and refined.

Incidentally I would suggest that Joseph Slattery be advised to come out here and take up his abode among our leper colonists, where men live and die for their neighbors without expecting much appreciation for their labors or gratitude for self-sacrifice made in their behalf, for there is but little gratitude even in the breast of a Hawaiian leper. Indeed, as a rule, he thinks very lightly of his disease, and so does not have a very exalted opinion of those who fight against its ravages, ever though they do all in their power to alleviate the condition of its victims.

In conclusion I desire to congratulate