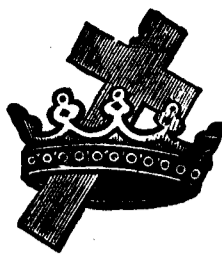


# Northwest Review



Senate R. Room.

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## CURRENT COMMENT

"La Semaine Religieuse de Quebec," the accredited organ of the Archbishop of the Mother See of Canada, edited by the distinguished Abbe Huard, says in its issue of Nov. 11:

"We had indeed remarked the very important article of the 'Catholic Times,' a journal published in England, which the 'Northwest Review' reproduced on September 30 last. We had even put it aside to reproduce it in our pages. But we had not yet found time to translate it, when 'La Verite' published it in its issue of October 28, and we beg its leave to borrow its translation.

"The uncompromisingness with which the English Catholics mean to keep the control of their schools is, perhaps, calculated to make the Catholics of Canada understand that there are questions on which they must not yield, especially when they have the Constitution on their side. What lends still more authority to the appreciations of the 'Catholic Times' is the fact that that journal at least cannot be accused of friendship or hostility with respect to either of our political parties."

After this introduction "La Semaine Religieuse de Quebec" reproduces the entire 'Catholic Times' article, to which we once more earnestly refer our readers, and if any of them have not kept that important number of the 'Northwest Review' and wish to consult it again—for it may be of greater value in the future—we still have a few copies left which we would be happy to send.

Meanwhile we reprint here the vital point of that masterly article. "The control is the school. As a man is the servant of him who pays him, so a school is the school of him who controls it. Every single child in a school may be a Catholic and every teacher a Catholic, and the school may be owned by Catholics; but if the Catholics do not control it, it is not theirs."

"The valiant editor of the 'Catholic Times,' while urging this vital point, does not minimize the difficulty of maintaining it, for he expressly mentions the "insignificant, because disunited Catholic population" of England, a condition which has occasionally paralyzed the proper influence of our large Catholic population in Canada; but what reassures him is the thorough and complete union of all the members of the English Episcopate, who always act as one man. "That the Hierarchy," he writes, "will refuse to abate one jot of their just claims need not be questioned; the matter is one of life and death for the Church whose defenders they are."

The broadening of education has a tendency to make it thin, superficial and inaccurate. One is continually startled nowadays by the surprising ignorance of people who are supposed to be highly educated. Only the other day we noticed one of our most learned exchanges applying the phrase "modern instance" to a very recent event. Now, this phrase has but one stereotyped meaning, that which Shakespeare gives it in "As You Like It," where (Act II, sc. 7) Jaques, in his immortal description of the Seven Ages of Man, says, of the fifth age,

"And then the Justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances."

"Modern" here has but one meaning, and that is "trite, trivial, commonplace." This was the usual Elizabethan and the only Shakespearean sense of the word. The dictionaries now mark that use of "modern" as obsolete. But it is none the less certain that if anyone quotes Shakespeare he ought to quote him as he wrote, and that to quote "modern instances" in the sense of recent examples is almost as bad as to under-

stand saw in "wise saws" as a cutting instrument with a toothed edge. Evidently, what Shakespeare meant was to represent the Elizabethan judge as an elderly, prosy person, fond of quoting proverbs and reciting thricetold tales.

Akin to this blunder is the substitution of one word for another in time-honored quotations. "Fresh fields and pastures new" is so common a rendering that most people think it is correct, whereas the text of the last line of Milton's Lycidas, one of the best known poems in the English language, is "fresh woods and pastures new." The mistake arises from slipshod habits of memorizing, and especially from not cultivating at the same time the memory of words and the memory of ideas. In memorizing the thoughts as well as the words one cannot help noticing that "woods" introduces an idea distinctly different from "pastures," for which "fields" is merely a weak synonym.

Another misquotation, for which inaccurate verbal memory is responsible, occurs in Fenimore Cooper, Thackeray and the works of a host of lesser writers. Cooper, describing in "The Pioneers" the death of Chinkachgook, makes Mr. Grant say: "He has been as a brand plucked from the burning." In "Vanity Fair" Thackeray says "save the brand from the burning." (end of chap. 41). "Brand from the burning" has thus become common and undisputed property. But the origin of this phrase is to be found in the prophet Zachary, or Zechariah (III. 2): "And the Lord said unto Satan: The Lord rebuke thee . . . Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" The text is identical in the Authorized and Revised Versions and in the Douay Bible. The original figure of violent rescue is lost in Thackeray's version, and, although it is preserved by Cooper, the latter's phrase "from the burning" is less forcible than "out of the fire."

The Tribune editor must have been napping when the scissors man published in that paper last Saturday with approving headlines "Glimpses into a child's mind" by Katharine Tynan, for surely the editor would know that Katharine Tynan is a famous Catholic, or he might have guessed it from some of the boy's questions, and how can anything but ignorance and intolerance come from the Church of Rome? And the wily scissors man, whose unfamiliarity with great names is betrayed by his calling the author "Mrs. Tynan," instead of "Mrs. Tynan Hinkson," the illustrious Katharine having married Mr. H. H. Hinkson twelve years ago, is careful to warn the reader that he omits many paragraphs in his reprint from the National Review, no doubt because these paragraphs would have still more clearly revealed the wonderful vistas which infant training in a Catholic home opens up to a child's mind.

The "Cosmopolitan" magazine, though owned and edited for many years by John Brisben Walker, a Catholic educated in Georgetown University and West Point, was never Catholic in tone; but it may be said to have not been distinctly unchristian during Mr. Walker's proprietorship. Now, however, that it has passed into other anonymous hands, it is becoming from month to month, more and more aggressively unchristian. After booming, in its November issue, a forthcoming serial by Mr. H. G. Wells as a work of "the one writer of the day who has not stopped growing" and "who has as wonderful an imagination as had the late Jules Verne, but also what the Frenchman never possessed, a thoroughly logical and well-trained mind," the Cosmopolitan publishes in its December number the first instalment of that much advertised serial, "In the Days of the Comet." The gentle reader needs to keep up his courage by remembering what the November puff solemnly asseverates, viz., that Mr. Wells is going to reorganize society

"upon lines in which everyone will have a fair show," for this first instalment is not precisely entrancing. In this, as in all his previous efforts, there is no witchery of style, no play of brilliant fancy, nothing but the dismal grind of a purely mechanical imagination harnessed to the dire service of revolutionary theories and iconoclastic dreams. Of logic, of thorough mental training, of a knowledge of the solid grounds of hope for betterment of the human race, of familiarity with the great spiritual forces of the world there is not a trace. Mr. Wells's heroes indulge in more or less intelligent sneers at a "quaint, old-fashioned, narrow faith in certain religious formulae," and at "a hell in that religion of my mother's, a red-haired hell of curly flames that had once been very terrible;" but they advance no reason nor fact to justify their dropping all belief in eternal life or death. So far as this first very meagre instalment goes, the tale gives promise of dreary disquisitions enlivened by impossible situations and relieved by earthly hopes which the most elementary knowledge of human nature, and its up-to-date degeneracy whenever it departs from Christ's teaching would suffice to dispel. As a counterpoise, we suppose, to Mr. Wells's antichristian and socialistic tale (for he borrows generously the main drift of Bellamy's "Looking Backward"), we have in this December number "The Poetry of Jesus" by Mr. Edwin Markham, the overestimated author of "The Man with the Hoe." But it is a very flimsy counterweight, being a feeble attempt to apologize the world-transforming realities of Our Lord's life into a poem. These features together with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's vapourings and glittering generalities about American civilization, Mr. Ernest Crosby's attempt to make a hero out of that human machine known as Bernard Shaw, and sundry explosions of iconoclastic fever in the editor's "Magazine Shop-Talk," are more than sufficient to warrant us in raising the danger signal and in warning our Catholic readers that the "Cosmopolitan" is not a safe magazine for Christian families.

In connection with the very live question of compulsory education which we consider at some length in our editorial page, we are in receipt of an important letter from a lawyer of wide experience. Here are some extracts therefrom.

"You will remember that at the recent Anglican Synod at Quebec the Hon. T. M. Daly of Winnipeg and some others spoke strongly in favor of compulsory education in Canada and a resolution to that effect was passed. Legislation of that nature is now and has been for many years in force in England. When practising law in London I witnessed the result of this legislation. First, I witnessed the persecution of the very poor, who were fined or imprisoned for not sending their children to school, while they could not procure proper clothing for them and in many cases really required some of the children at home to look after the smaller children while the parents went out to earn money to buy bread. Secondly, I witnessed Catholic parents forced either to send their children to Godless or Protestant schools because there was no Catholic school near, or to suffer fine or imprisonment. All of this is rank tyranny and is the result of the exaltation of the State over the rights of the Church and the parent. The resolution of the Anglican Synod has borne fruit.

"I understand that some Winnipeg barristers have drafted a compulsory education bill and that the Winnipeg School Trustees have submitted a copy of the bill to the Hon. Colin Campbell, who is reported to have promised that he and the Hon. Mr. Roblin will do their utmost to have the bill made law at the next sitting of the legislature. Mr. Roblin is a fair man and probably has not noticed how the Catholics could be persecuted under such a law and how our children could be taken from us and forced into the Protestant schools."

This letter strikes a note of undisguised alarm. Without attempting to minimize its just cause for grave anxiety we are loth to believe that the Provincial cabinet can be so imprudent as to antagonize the entire Catholic body by making the compulsory clauses of their bill require attendance at the public schools.

Mrs. Chisholm having said at a women's meeting in Hamilton that Galician parents frequently sold their daughters against their will to a husband for twenty-five dollars, the Free Press interviewed the two men in this city who know the Galicians best, Father Albert Kulawy and Mr. Philip L. Harvey, interpreter at the Dominion Emigration Hall, as well as the Commissioner of Immigration, who all testified that this was a groundless slander on the Galician people. The next day Mr. Blazowski, who calls himself pastor of the Independent Polish Catholic Church, came out with a self-sought interview, declaring that Mrs. Chisholm was right, for he knew of several such cases. The value of his gratuitous testimony may be judged by the vile attacks he afterwards went on to make upon the Roman Catholic priests who minister to the Polish-speaking population. Blazowski, in the midst of his ravings, was careful to name no names. His nearest approach to a definite charge was this: "There was a case last week. A young man came to me with a girl of 13. I asked him if he belonged to my parish, and he said, 'No, I belong to Father —'s parish.' Then, why don't you go to your own priest?" I asked. "He wants \$50, and I can't pay it," was the answer. Of course I refused to marry them and they went away." We need hardly point out that this case does not in any way confirm Blazowski's contention that girls of tender age are sold by their parents into wedlock against their will. This girl does not seem to have been forced by her parents, no parents being mentioned. However, let that pass. It is all of a piece with Blazowski's other wholesale slanders. But we challenge him to give the name of any Catholic priest who ever married a girl against her will, or of any priest who asked the sum of \$50 for any marriage. If he does name such a one and prove his charge, His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface will immediately suspend that priest from all exercise of priestly ministrations.

That picturesque humbug, "Bishop" Seraphin, alias Stefan Usowski, was found guilty last week of granting a divorce and thus abetting bigamy, but was released on suspended sentence because he pleaded ignorance, saying that he thought he could do as in Russia, where, according to him, "the Russian Orthodox Greek Church gave its bishops power to grant divorces." This is denied by all the other well informed persons in Winnipeg, and their denial that any such power is granted to Russian Orthodox bishops is confirmed by the recent action of the Tsar. Surely if anyone knows the powers or pretensions of the Russian Church it is its recognized head. Well, everybody knows that he recently refused to sanction the marriage of one of the members of his family with a divorced princess, and the reason he gave for so doing was that divorce was not allowed in the Russian Church.

The heart-rending parade of thousands of hungry women through the streets of London, as described by the Daily Mail and reproduced last Saturday in the Free Press, ought forever to silence the shallow bigots who extol the prosperity of Protestant countries and compare it triumphantly with the supposed wretchedness of the masses in Catholic countries. The shoe is really upon the other foot. No Catholic country presents anything like the repulsive misery that exists in England's capital and in all the large cities of Great Britain. No country can be truthfully called prosperous where ten per cent. of the people are ever on the

verge of starvation. What Carlyle wrote many years ago is still true. "To whom is this wealth of England wealth? Who is it that it blesses; makes happier, wiser, beautifuller, in any way better? . . . As yet no one. We have more riches than any nation ever had before, we have less good of them than any nation ever had before. . . . In the midst of plethoric plenty the people perish." In spite of generous efforts to lift up the submerged tenth of the slums, in spite of the marvellous economic results of co-operation in England, the spectre of want still haunts the abodes of wealth. The fault lies with the Protestant hatred of the first beatitude, "Blessed are the poor," with the Protestant deification of respectability and riches. No government plans will remedy the evil, nothing but a return to true and unadulterated Christian Catholicism. Pitiable, indeed was the Prime Minister's wail as he spoke at the Lord Mayor's banquet of the wretchedness of the delegation of women that had called upon him. The special London correspondent of the New York "Sun" says: "The Premier rose at the table, which was loaded with gold plate and every costly appurtenance of a great banquet, and in a solemn, sympathetic manner raised the skeleton of the feast. As he dealt pathetically with the misery revealed by the recent visit to him of a deputation of women, and pictured the tragedy of family life broken up by want, the utmost silence fell upon the throng of gorgeously uniformed men and bejewelled women. It was Lazarus at the gate appealing to Dives through the chief guest at the rich man's table." And the chief guest was powerless and helpless to feed Lazarus even with the crumbs that fell from the table.

Last week Professor Buller, of the University of Manitoba, delivered a lecture on Evolution in which there was nothing new except the ingenious dogmatism with which he affirms that the theory of evolution "should be thought of not as a theory but as a fact. No biologist has any doubt of it, with him it is a living conviction. He looks upon it as an accurate and historical fact as the Norman conquest of England, or the landing of the Pilgrim fathers on the shore of Massachusetts Bay." He gives no detailed proofs, he answers none of the objections, such as the great difficulties against evolution presented by palaeontology, as Geikie himself admits. No, the lecturer boldly says that the strongest proof is from palaeontology, and then he trots out the one only plausible instance of the horse, which was, we are told, once some sort of sheep with five toes, which he gradually consolidated into one. But he maintains profound silence as to the absence of all other connecting links in the geological record. His lecture will convince no one who has realized the difficulties of evolution. There is neither method nor logic in it.

### An Excellent Piano.

Mr. S. L. Barrowclough, the well known musician and western manager for the Morris Piano Co., has just unloaded a carload of fine pianos. He says, go were you will, search every piano wareroom and every piano factory from coast to coast, and you will not find a piano that will give you more solid, permanent satisfaction than the Morris piano. Viewed from any standpoint, it will justify the most extravagant praise. In tone, quality this piano possesses an individuality that at once places it in a class of its own. It is looked upon by musicians, piano experts, and the trade, as one of the few really artistic pianos in the market. Mr. Barrowclough says that the Morris piano finds a ready sale because its discriminating buyers are quick to recognize the many excellent qualities of its tone and action. He invites the most critical comparison of the Morris pianos with those of other high-grade makes. Whether you wish to buy or not, you will be a welcome visitor at the Morris warerooms.