

# Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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## MR. EWART'S DILEMMA.

He Does Not Know With What to Cleanse Himself.

If Because of the Gravel Revelation He Must Leave the "Jesuitical" Work, He Asks Mr. Pringle to Answer a Query—Very Able Letter on the School Question.

To the Editor of the Mail and Empire:

SIR,—Among the late Cardinal Newman's sermons is one (Occasional Sermons, p. 148) in which that most eloquent controversialist complains that when the world "starts with the hypothesis that we are hypocrites or tyrants; that we are unscrupulous, crafty, and profane, it is easy to see how the very same actions which it would extol in its friends it will unhesitatingly condemn in the instance of the objects of its hatred and suspicion. When men live in their own world, in their own habits and ways of thought, as I have been describing they contract not only a narrowness, but what may be called a one-sidedness of mind. They do not judge of us by the rules they apply to the conduct of themselves and each other; what they praise or allow in those they admire, is an offence to them in us. Day by day, then, as it passes, furnishes, as a matter of course, a series of charges against us, simply because it furnishes a succession of our saying and doing. Whatever we do, whatever we do not, is a demonstration against us. Do we argue? Men are surprised at our insolence and effrontery. Are we silent? We are underhand and deep. Do we appeal to the law? It is in order to evade it. Do we obey the church? It is a sign of our disloyalty. Do we state our pretensions? We blaspheme. Do we conceal them? We are liars or hypocrites. Do we display the pomp of our ceremonial? Our presumption has become intolerable. Do we put them aside, and dress as others? We are ashamed of being seen, and skulk about as conspirators. Did a Catholic priest doubt of his faith, it would be an interesting and touching fact, suitable for public meetings. Does a Protestant minister, on the other hand, doubt of Protestant opinions? He is but dishonestly eating the bread of the Establishment. Does a Protestant exclude Catholic books from his house? He is a good father and master. Does a Catholic do the same with Protestant tracts? He is afraid of the truth. . . . The Catholic is insidious when the Protestant is prudent; the Protestant frank and honest, when the Catholic is rash or profane."

Perhaps the most striking example of this one-sidedness that has ever occurred in this one-sidedness to be found in the Orange whirlwind aroused by the "Gravel" incident. I say so, because one-sidedness is there seen, not only in completest absence of proportion between fury and asserted fact, and in the completest separation of asserted fact and real fact; but also in the assumption that that which in "the Catholic is insidious" "in the Protestant is prudent."

And, first, What is the relation of asserted fact to real fact? The asserted fact in Mr. Pringle's words is this:

"The Privy Council was, in pursuance of that presumption, corruptly approached; and not only was a false statement of the case submitted, but a threat was virtually made that the 'hearts' of the Papal subjects in Canada would be 'alienated' if the forthcoming legal decision failed to meet the views of the hierarchy."

The real fact is that Bishop Gravel in his report, said as follows:

"I am asked if the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda can usefully intervene to assist in the settlement of this important question. It is certain that the Sacred Congregation can contribute assistance of great value to the bishops by giving them their support. But in what way can the Sacred Congregation accomplish this intervention? It might perhaps through the intervention of his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan represent among other things to the Colonial Minister that his predecessor, Lord Carnarvon, in his own name, and in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, gave assurance to the Catholics of Manitoba that they should have their separate schools, and that consequently the

Crown is bound in honor to fulfil those solemn promises, if it does not wish to alienate the hearts of the Catholics of Manitoba. An intimation of this nature might have a good effect in reference to the judgement which the Privy Council will render within a few months upon the question which the Canadian government has submitted to it."

Inasmuch as there is not the slightest evidence that this suggestion was ever acted upon, how is it that Mr. Pringle dares to allege that the Privy Council was approached, corruptly or otherwise? If he says that it was done because it was suggested, I pity him and his one-sidedness. And what was it that was suggested? That the Cardinal should approach the judges? No, not a bit of it; but that he should represent so and so to the Colonial Minister—that is to say to a political functionary. Is that such a desperately abominable thing that Mr. Pringle should become hysterical over it? And what was the political functionary to be asked to do? The bishop does not say, but we may infer that the Colonial Minister was to be asked to inform the judges of Lord Carnarvon's promise. There is a scheme—a "gigantic Jesuitical intrigue" to influence the judges! What magnificent finesse, and what surpassing craft! Great Britain's Colonial Minister is to be politely requested to become the principal actor in a corrupt approach to the Privy Council, and the bearer of "a false statement of the case, whereby the law is to be perverted and the judges suborned!" No wonder that Mr. Pringle has come to the conclusion "that the other Christian churches, as well as the Protestant politicians, have always been outwitted or outgeneralled in statecraft by the Jesuits!" And yet the scheme was such a simple one—only to put a little salt on the tail of the Colonial Minister—only to get a statesman of that standing to enter upon a "gigantic Jesuitical intrigue," and the thing was done. But then all great schemes are simple when they are explained; and this one, although perfectly easy, as every one will see, in performance, could only have been conceived by the crafty mind of a Jesuit—unless indeed by a parson—or possibly by an infidel!

I say "by a parson," for now let me relate to Mr. Pringle the facts of another case and ask him what he thinks of them. The Northwest Presbyterian Synod on two occasions (prior to the first Privy Council decision (July, 1892) passed vigorous resolutions containing their views upon the school question. These resolutions were sent to the Privy Council before the judgment was given. After the judgment had been given, and on the 22nd of November, in the same synod, the Rev. Dr. Bryce (a member of it) said that:

"We knew that the action of the Presbyterian synod, as representing the strongest religious body in the Northwest in declaring for national schools two years ago (on two previous occasions, is another report) and which was sent to the Privy Council, had an important effect in the matter of the decision which was given."

Where was the whirlwind when this announcement was made? There is no mere suggestion here of approach but a completed scheme, and one not merely conceived, but carried to a successful conclusion. "He knew that the action of the Presbyterian synod had an important effect in the matter of the decision which was given."

Now, I want to ask Mr. Pringle two questions:

(1) Does he not think that, although in the Catholic Gravel it was a most "insidious" thing to suggest that the Colonial Minister should be got to make improper representations to the judges; yet that it was on the part of the Presbyterians a most "prudent" thing to give the Privy Council the benefit of their views? And

(2) If, because of "this latest revelation, I am to wash my hands of the whole business without any unnecessary delay, and leave the Jesuitical work . . . to be done by the Jesuits," shall I not, if I take up the other side, have to furnish myself with pots and pans instead of soap?

A short answer in a steady, bass voice will much oblige

JOHN S. EWART.

Winnipeg, July 17.

## SAM SMALL ON BIGOTRY.

Sam Small, the noted evangelist, is editor of the Evening News, Norfolk, Va. Under the caption, "The Anti-Catholic Crusade," he says:

"What is it all about, anyhow? This is a land of religious freedom, and the faithful devotees of the Roman Catholic religion have as good a right to the liberties of the land as Episcopalians, Methodists or Baptists. No matter whence they come they are entitled, when they are citizens, to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. Any feeling of enmity fomented against them because of their faith and religious allegiance is un-Christian, un-American and unjust and indefensible. Those who are guilty of such incitement are neither good men, good patriots nor good followers of Jesus Christ."

"The honest, manly Catholic is no more, and often times not as much, the servile subject of the Pope as most Methodists are of the Bishops, who often rule them with an autocratic power that Romanism cannot well match. No Catholic can ever become more a Papal infidel, even by denying the dogma of Papal infallibility, than Dr. Baigis is said to be for refusing point blank submission to certain Presbyterian standards. And a Roman Priest would hardly bring down upon his head for a repudiation of the Blessed Virgin's offices a greater swarm of stinging rebukes than the Episcopalian priest, Dr. Heber Newton, has suffered for his opinions on the Resurrection."

"But it is charged that the Roman Catholics take part in politics. Do not the other Churches do the same? What caused the present division of the Methodist Churches North and South? Likewise of the Baptist and Presbyterian denominations? What of the ten thousand resolutions affecting politics and national policy adopted from time to time in denominational assemblies throughout the Union? Beware the glass house!"

"Well, they get money from the public treasuries for their schools and charities! Yes, and Protestant politicians vote it to them. And other denominations share the appropriations with them. We could wish very heartily that all national moneys were as well deserved and well spent as the appropriations made to aid government schools for Indians and hospitals for the indigent conducted by deputies from the Catholic orders."

"Last of all, it is charged that the Romanists want to rule the nation. If they are in the majority in the United States, or can command a majority of the votes, what law is there to prevent them from dominating the government? Until such law is made we see no way to keep them from that right whenever they can cast votes any more than the Protestants can be so debarred."

"The truth is that all this anti-Catholic talk is worse than lunacy. We are in no more danger in this country from Pope and priests than we are from Presbyterians and 'perfectionists.' The nation will live and prosper and the people will never more readily and easily give up their religious than their civil and political liberties."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

BELCOURT, N. D., JULY 28TH 1895.

The solemnity of the feast of St. Ann, patron of this church, was carried on with great pomp. People from all points began to gather early in the morning. At ten o'clock a.m. began the solemn High Mass, having as celebrant the Rev. Father Shalk of Indiana, U.S., and the Rev. Fathers Dupont and Accorsini as Deacon and sub-Deacon respectively. After the gospel the Rev. Father Dupont preached an eloquent sermon on the feast of the day, and was listened to with marked attention. At intervals during High Mass the band of Rolla gave some select pieces, and after Mass the Band was entertained at dinner by the ladies of the parish. Fully 700 or 800 people were present and Mass was celebrated in the open air, the Church being too small to hold half the people. In the afternoon took place the procession. All the people gathered at 3 p.m. on the grounds of the Sisters' Convent. The veranda of the Convent was tastefully decorated

and carpeted, in the middle stood an elaborate stand decorated with satin and chosen flowers. In the center stood a handsomely decorated picture of the Mother of the B. V. Mary. On one side sat the Rev. Clergy, and on the other the Band. Fully one thousand people were gathered from different points; Willow City, St. John's, St. Michael's and especially non-Catholics of Rolla, 6 miles East. At 3 p.m. the Band began to play and in a few moments the Rev. Father Jos. Accorsini appeared on the platform to deliver his discourse. It would be useless here to try to picture the audience during his discourse which lasted over 45 minutes. His eloquence, his fluency of speech, his pathetic and natural voice, kept his audience spell bound, and non-Catholics were profuse in showering compliments upon the young and Rev. Father. Father Accorsini spoke on the Catholic belief in the intercession of saints, their struggles and warfare in the world, like ours against the concupiscence of the flesh, but their undaunted courage and advancement in virtue enabled them to save their immortal souls and now the Church has placed them as our models whose footsteps we should follow, whose virtues we should imitate, to save our immortal souls, etc. At the end the Rev. Father had a burst of touching eloquence, when he said: "You ask of me the worth of your soul?" Then he took the crucifix, (from the table) in his hands, and in a feeling but stern voice, he pictured the tortures and sufferings of our Blessed Redeemer, spoke on each wound of the Redeemer, so that none but the most obdurate hearts would not have melted in tears as he himself did; then he said: "Ask me not the price of your immortal soul; you have before you your crucified Jesus," etc. After the discourse, the procession, headed by the picture of St. Ann held by four little girls of the Convent, and many others dressed in white. When the head of the procession entered the Church, the Clergy had not yet left the Convent a distance of one quarter of a mile; then took place the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament sung by the Church choir, and "Nearer my God to Thee" by the Rolla Band. Thus ended the beautiful ceremonies of St. Ann's day at Belcourt, a day which superseded all previous days in decorations, ceremonies, devotion and piety. Great credit is due to good Father Dupont, its pastor, who has labored so hard in this district for nearly a year. A model of priestly regularity, he is loved and esteemed by all who come in contact with him, so much so that most of his people call him "le bon petit pere de la montagne," (our good little father of the mountain).

A SUBSCRIBER.

## THE RUSSIAN GERMAN OF THE NORTH WEST.

A few miles up in space, the earth's individual sounds are no longer distinguishable; the howling of lions, the din of battles, the roar of volcanoes, the swell of oceans, and millions of other noises, all blend together and send forth one mournful wail, one continued sob—the sob of the universe. But this sound, breaking through the clouds, soars upwards to heaven; and space, which lower down seemed able to diminish its force, now is held in no account, for the pulsations of the earth pass the portals of heaven, the universal sob enters no longer as a unity;—the moanings of the poor, the laughter of the rich, the blasphemies of the bad, the music of the good, and every other particle which goes to make up the whole, each is distinctly audible. To describe all that is heard there would be a heavy task. If I could do justice to only one small atom of it, I would be more than satisfied; and if it is judged that I have chosen a dull particle from such an unlimited choice, I will admit that all men are entitled to think as they please, but for me, nothing is devoid of interest that records the beatings of a human heart.

To appreciate the character and social life of the Russian-Germans scattered over the North West, it is, I think necessary, to take a glimpse at them before they leave the old country.

Nominally a freeman—virtually a slave—the Russian exerts toils for his master, and not only toils himself, but

shares his degradation with his wife, she is yoked to the plough with him; together they gather and break the stones which are to cover the roads on their master's demesne; and for what? a wretched hovel to shelter themselves and their miserable offspring—black bread—and not enough of it, for food, coarse raiment, barely sufficient to cover their nudity. And when the poor fellow would have the hardihood to stop a moment that he might wipe the sweat from his brow, the stinging knout of the overseer would be down on the unfortunate's back as if to bring out more clearly the words: "To work! dog!" Who could dare to blame the Russian, if amid such surroundings he would not try—win it or steal it—to get back, if only a small mite of what should have been his own. No wonder, he hates the very name of Russia, which to him is synonymous with tyranny and wrong. Still through many a weary year, the serf toils on, even he has a hope, a bright hope and very soon it will be a realization.—He has heard of a wonderful land far away, where all men are free, where rich and unlimited prairie lands are given as gifts and where gold can be picked off the side-ways.—Now, at evening, after his heavy toil and scourging blows, he goes to his ragged bed, from beneath he draws out a hidden box and with greedy eyes, he counts over his little store, so long in gathering but gathered at last. Now he has enough to bring himself and his family across the ocean—perhaps indeed he must leave a child or two behind, but they will rejoice him soon. His very ticket is now bought—and on the eve of parting, his neighbors gather in his hut; they each receive a gift; the furniture: table, stools, kettle, tin cups which he no longer needs, his friends are glad to get—and he,—the future rich man, disdains to sell such miserable trifles. Buoyed up with such thoughts as these, the emigrant suffers stoically all the sickness and hardships of his long sea voyage. Poor mortal! in Russia he still owned a hovel; on board ship the very cattle get food and shelter before him. But the Russian does not despair, the Promised Land is near. In Canada, at last, the train is speeding on towards the west—the great North West with its untold riches. The capital is reached; things look a little disappointing at first; his idea of a capital is a little limited. But no time is lost, he takes his farm; how glorious to have no rent, no exorbitant taxes to pay! Is not everything free here! Yes! He has traveled far, still he sees nowhere the gold they told him grew like stones; he is rudely awakened from his dream, he holds the land, no doubt, but he begins to realize that there can be land and yet no bread—land and yet no water—land and yet sufferings and poverty; his ideal is shattered; nevertheless, the German is not going to break down; though difficulties arise he is ready to face them. The language, manners and customs of the people he now meets are strange to him, but with undaunted energy he overcomes that obstacle; if he toiled and slaved in Russia for a tyrant surely he can toil and work in Canada for himself and for his children! And so he does! At first, he is laughed at, ridiculed, condemned, his faults are easily detected and quickly pointed out; but the Russian German has his virtues. One treasure he is finding and if that were all he gained by his sojourn here, it would have paid him well to come for it—the warmth of Christian charity. At first he does not know what to think when he sees the good missionary enter his cabin and seek how he can help him. The Russian is poor, yet he is not despised; the missionary eats with him at table, sleeps under his roof—this is indeed wonderful. With eagerness and awe, he gathers the wife and children round and they all listen when Herr Priester speaks and explains a religion which they were always proud of before, but which now has become for them a living reality.

If the Russian German does not yet quite fulfil all that is expected of him as a Christian and as a citizen—patience—the time is fast coming. This is a land for hard workers and the hard workers only can succeed. Even now the German is pushing forward, he is not afraid of a little cold, a little heat, a little thirst—he is the future of the North West.

E. O'RYAN.