

# NORTHWEST REVIEW.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7, 1900.

### CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

- 11—Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost. Dedication of all the churches in the diocese. Martinmas.
- 12—Monday — St. Martin, Pope and Martyr.
- 13—Tuesday — St. Stanislaus Kostka, S. J., Confessor.
- 14—Wednesday — St. Josaphat, Bishop and Martyr.
- 15—Thursday—St. Gertrude, Virgin.
- 16—Friday—St. Didacus, Confessor.
- 17—Saturday—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop.

### CURRENT COMMENT.

This seventh of November is the great day of the General Elections throughout the Dominion. The campaign has been carried on with great activity and vigor by both sides. Each has foretold its own victory. We shall know to-night, or to-morrow at latest, which of the two was a true prophet. Meanwhile we pray that the better set of men may be elected and that the result of to-day's polling, whatever it be, may contribute to the ultimate settlement of the school question, which, as we have so often said, echoing the late Mgr. Tache, will never be settled till it is settled right.

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The General Intention recommended this month to the prayers of the associates of the Apostleship is "The Propagation of the Faith." Our bright and interesting Canadian Messenger briefly sketches the foundation and splendid work of the Lyons society bearing the name of "La Propagation de la Foi." Among many valuable reflections suggested by this theme Father Devine has the following: "What is it that gives the missionary the supernatural power to move the souls of poor infidels? The grace of God alone does this? This grace is, in great measure, due to the prayers which are addressed to God by the millions of our associates, working in union with the Heart of Jesus. It is evident, therefore, that the Apostleship is a powerful help to the Propagation of the Faith, as well as to all associations engaged in missionary work. While these are preparing the instruments and the means by which grace is spread, the Apostleship, by its prayers, obtains the grace itself, without which even apostolic men would be but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

Speaking of the obstacles which Protestantism and the Greek Schism present to the propagation of the true faith, the American *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* says very suggestively: "But neither of these obstacles can be permanent. For, in the first place, higher criticism is destroying Protestantism in Europe and America, and the effect must soon be felt in the missions. Secondly, Democracy must presently have something to say to Russian absolutism, and as the Greek Church is a political machine, its power must inevitably wane in the near future."

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We had prepared last week a notice of a remarkable article in the October *Donahoe's*, but, as we stated then, the manuscript was mislaid and could not be re-written in time for that issue. This article, "Catholicity in Japan," by the Rev. J. M. Gleason, Nagasaki, contains many facts not generally known. For instance, Father Gleason, who had spent two months in Nippon, writes that "the relics of the past glory of the faith are on all sides: that the multitudes of beautiful islands in the harbor of Nagasaki are populated entirely by Catholics; that in the valley of Urakami, the scene of two persecutions, there are now six thousand Japanese Catholics; that St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1865, is known as the "Discovery of the Christians," for on that day Bishop Petitjean learned that there was still a large body of Christians "who through 250 years of interdict and persecution had held their faith" without priests; that "the damnable practice of *Fumi ye*, or trampling on the figure of Christ, was instituted in 1629; that in 1669 "twenty bronze plates were cast and embellished with the crucifixion in relief by a Nagasaki engraver," and that "the credit of this dastardly device has been laid by historians at the door of the Dutch traders of Deshima, who, to advance their commercial interests and monopoly in Japan, did not hesitate to bring about the death of Catholics." These bronze plates are on view in the National Museum in Ueno Park, Tokyo, together with the original edict of persecution of Ieyasu.

Father Gleason says much information in compact form on this subject is to be found in the chapter on Missions in Mr. Basil Chamberlain's "Things Japanese." Though this work was not written by him as a Catholic, it may have helped him to become a Catholic, as he did in 1898.

"The Church is in excellent condition throughout the entire country, and when it is remembered that persecution ceased officially only in 1873, and that the anti-Christian spirit still survives, it must be conceded that the Church has done wonderful work. Today there are 54,000 Catholic Japanese."

Father Gleason describes in detail the archdiocese of Tokyo and the other three dioceses of Nagasaki, Osaka, and Hakodate, all of which he visited carefully. By the narrow-minded policy of the Japanese government a foreigner cannot own an inch of land in Japan; thus it is on the honesty of the Catholic Japanese who lease the property of 116 churches and 99 chapels that the ecclesiastical authorities must depend. The Brothers of Mary, so highly esteemed in Winnipeg, have colleges at Nagasaki, Osaka, and Tokyo, and count five Japanese professed brothers, besides a large number of novices. "Their schools are attended by Europeans and Japanese, Pagan as well as Christian, and the least good result of their work will be

the eradication of prejudice." All these workers are preparing a rich harvest of souls.

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A contributor to the *Midland Review* tells a good story, which shows that Gladstone had some sense of humor as against most of his biographers, who pretend that was the only gift he lacked.

"On one occasion, while addressing a meeting, Mr. Gladstone was repeatedly interrupted by an individual who alternated loud guffaws with the imitation of a dog's howls. The speaker inquired the name of this fellow, and was told that he was a certain John Larf. 'Mr. Larf,' he said, raising his voice, 'our friend Goldsmith clearly had you in view when he said: 'The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind, And the loud Larf that spoke the vacant mind.'"

"He said that, did he?" cried Larf, as he turned round and struck a little man who was in the crowd a severe blow over the head. And it was only after a violent rough-and-tumble and much vituperative language that Mr. Larf was convinced that the man he had assaulted, and whose name was Goldsmith, was not the gentleman referred to by Mr. Gladstone."

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"The Temperance Banner," a new venture published in Montreal, together with the usual exaggerations of theory and doctrine in which Prohibitionists indulge, contains many startling facts. One article on the value of a license, taken from the *London Express*, states that Mr. E. N. Buxton, the brewer, puts the average value of a full license (excluding the large hotels) at from ten to eleven thousands pounds. A man built a house close to Burscough Junction, near Ormskirk, in Lancashire. It cost him £400. The owner applied for a license, got it, and sold the house for £4,000. Had he sold the house before, he would have got £400. "He walked into court," as Mr. Caine told the House of Commons, "worth £400; he walked out (with a certificate for which he had paid nothing) worth £4,000."

In this way John Bull gives away hundreds of millions sterling in order to enable rum-sellers to debauch the nation.

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These real, ultimate reason why well-meaning, tender-hearted Protestants are always originating utopian schemes like prohibition, socialism and the single-tax theory, is that they are are astonishingly ignorant of human nature, and the reason why they are so astonishingly ignorant is that they do not confess their sins to a priest. The world that does not go to confession lives in unreality, in dreamland, in utter ignorance of its secret motives. On the contrary, the world that confesses its sins, not in a vague, general way, but in detail, has to examine its conscience, and this habit of self-examination brushes away the gilded cobwebs of worldly pride and reveals human limitations in all their humiliating truth, while, at the same time, it anchors the soul in the depths of God's unceasing mercy and lifts it into a purer atmosphere where humbug and hypocrisy are unknown.

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We are glad to find our highly esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Record*, of London, Ont., coming round substantially, in its issue of Nov. 3, to our account of the present situation of the school question in this province. We are especially pleased to note that the

*Record* indignantly repels the supposition that the Catholics of Manitoba were asking for favors and not, as they really are, demanding their rights. Our contemporary admits that "the state of things revealed by the NORTHWEST REVIEW as existing still in the country districts," viz., the solemn declaration required from Catholic teachers that there have been neither religious exercises nor religious teaching during school hours, "is abominable." This is stronger language than we ever used, though not at all too strong for the case.

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A report of the opening of the Separate school at Regina, by His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic, is crowded out till our next.

### THOUGHTS ETERNAL.

A priest writes: "Could you recommend some interesting book for daily meditation? I am a very busy man, interrupted at all hours of the day. I want something that will wake me up and force me to think, something, if possible, up to date in the practical applications."

Yes, it so happens that we can heartily recommend just the sort of book our correspondent would like. It is entitled "*Noxa et Vexera*: informal meditations for times of spiritual dryness," by George Tyrell, S. J. This book, which has since acquired great and fully deserved celebrity as a thought-provoker, was first published in 1897 by Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, in their well known excellent style of binding and printing, for six shillings.

What the author says in his preface prepares one for the remarkable originality of the work. "There is less apology needed than might perhaps appear at first sight for offering to the public a book which is hardly more than a record of private musings. Doubtless it contains little or nothing that has not been said before, and said better, yet in many cases the truths are said in the writer's own way; and so far he can claim to bring forth from his treasury old things and new — old, because truth is eternal; new, because its expression is infinitely variable. To give a new edge to truths and truisms blunted by use, it is not needful that they should be clothed in language either gorgeous or elegant; but only that their expression should be such as we are not accustomed to; such as to make us stop and listen."

Now, see how he applies this principle. Here is his meditation on "God our happiness," page 105: "For one who has the faith the greatest happiness and substantial peace of his soul is the grace and favor of God. This sounds unreal, because we do not notice or attend to permanent and habitual comforts. To tell a man that he enjoys the air he breathes more than the music he hears, sounds nonsense; but deprive him of both, and which will he ask for first? Unconscious as we are of the presence of grace when we have it, and altogether miserable as we may be at the same time about other things; let us but lose it, or think we have lost it, and what other happiness can console us, or what other misery concern us? We mostly love God far more than we think; and it is only real or fancied separation that first opens our eyes to the extent to which He is entwined and woven into our life." Mark how Father Tyrell makes us "stop and listen," when he says: "This sounds unreal." This is one of those modern touches born of the habit of putting yourself into the minds of others, and getting

at their point of view. Such eminently practical remarks seldom occur in the old-fashioned books.

Father Tyrell's meditations vary wonderfully in size. Some are only half a dozen lines long, a mere suggestion; others run on into the seventh page, and these are, we think, the very best.

To the longer class belongs "Love's Archetype," page 78, from which we cannot refrain from making the following extracts: "Ego et Pater unum sumus (I and the Father are One)." "Consubstantial with the Father, not merely similar, not the exact counterpart, reflection, replica; but the same substance in no way distinct or distinguishable, held in common by two, as though two men had one body between them and one soul, thinking, willing, acting, not alike but identically. This is no barren or fruitless dogma to those who have dwelt on the mystery of Love with its craving for union, absorption, identification, and its conflicting demand for distinctness or 'otherness,' its protest against extinction. It is in the mystery of the Trinity that Love

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