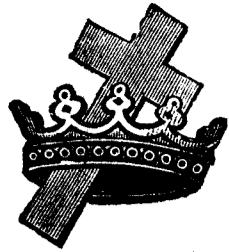


Northwest Review



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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IN MEMORIAM.

From the Northwestern Chronicle.

Most Reverend A. A. Tache, O. M. I., Archbishop of St. Boniface, who died June 22, 1894. High Priest of God, beloved in all the land, Around thy grave thy sorrowing children stand, And not thy faith alone; here all creeds join In grief that bears the stamp of honest coin. No more the Red man from the shore shall mark, With joy, the coming of the Father's bark, Who poured baptismal waters on his brow, That bark is moored in Heavenly rivers now. No more the weary march and lengthened fast, The Tree of Life now yields a full repast, And for the chiming of the Vesper bell Heaven's host the tide of melody shall swell, Bells of St. Boniface! he held you dear, And we, who linger still, will often hear With throbs of pain your mellow call to prayer, Knowing the well-loved Bishop is not there. If thou canst look from Heaven's heights and see Thy faithful children when they bend the knee; Or tone of earth can reach a sainted ear, Thy name in loving accents thou shalt hear. Farewell, thou crowned of Heaven, oh may we, Who still on earth's path tread till death sets free, Follow the steps thy sainted feet have trod, That lead at last to peace and rest with God.—Mrs. A. MCGILLIS. Winnipeg, Man., Xmas, 1895.

THE DANGER OF SPURIOUS CONVERSIONS.

From the N. Y. Catholic Review.

The conversion of a soul to the Catholic faith is a wonderful work of divine grace. Faith is the gift of God and it is ordinarily vouchsafed to those humble, earnest and obedient souls who, wearied with the uncertainty and endless controversies in which Protestants of every name are involved, even upon the most essential principles of the Gospel, long for certainty, for some stable ground of faith, some reliable authority to decide what to believe and what not to believe. Such a soul is sure to find rest and peace in the Catholic Church.

But there are converts who have not been truly converted. They have come into the Church without really entering into its spirit and comprehending fully its nature, its divine organization, its supreme authority, its compact unity, its indestructible integrity, especially that transcendentally glorious and distinguishing feature, the prerogative of infallibility in teaching faith and morals residing in the tribunal which our Lord himself established in Saint Peter and his successors. A person may be pretty well acquainted with the circle of Catholic doctrines—with the arguments and reasons for each; he may be attracted by its ceremonial, its prestige, the external grandeur of its organization and its history, and he may circulate on the circumference of the circle comprehending more or less of the beauty and attractiveness of the system without ever reaching the centre and comprehending the system as a compact, unique, harmonious whole.

Such converts, of course, cannot be counted upon as permanently reliable and faithful members of the Church. They will be subject to any adverse, adventitious influences that may arise in their experience in their new relations. They may be disappointed in not finding the degree of perfection they anticipated in the Church, or not finding things quite to their mind. They may be offended by scandals; they may be disappointed in their ambitious aspirations, not receiving the attention and eclat that they desired and expected, and consequently they may fall from grace and return to the weak and beggarly elements of the world.

We have rather a striking instance of this kind of fall in Rev. Walter C. Clapp, a Ritualistic clergyman who joined the Church under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers. He commenced studies at their House of Studies in Washington and is recently announced as having gone back to his first love.

There is something quite remarkable in the reasons which are given for his secession. It seems that he left the Episcopal Church on account of certain "Broad" tendencies which exist there, but unfortunately he found what he con-

sidered the same freedom of opinion in the Catholic Church. He was particularly exercised on the inspiration of the Scriptures. It is said: "He thought he would find certainty of faith and peace of mind by submission to the infallible authority which settles all questions and resolves all doubts."

That was certainly a great expectation. The Catholic Church has indeed the power and the prerogative of infallibly settling all questions and resolving all doubts in regard to faith and morals, but there are a thousand questions in theology, in science and history which she has never formally decided upon. The inspiration of the Scriptures is one of those questions and as long as there has been no formal decision, of course liberty of opinion to a certain extent is allowed, though not the liberty indicated by our disappointed convert. The Holy Father's recent utterance on the subject though not a professedly ex cathedra decision, is sufficient to indicate that no Catholic can consistently hold opinions derogatory to the divine inspiration of the Scriptures.

But Mr. Clapp was scandalized by Professor Zahn's lectures on the subject of "The Creation and Evolution," in which he undertakes to reconcile the Mosaic account of the creation with a doctrine of evolution, so as to stem the tide of Agnosticism which has been the result of the Darwinian theory. He also professed to be surprised to find a difference of opinion among the theologians on the validity of Anglican orders, some even holding to the validity of those orders. Now, even admitting the full extent of these varying opinions as claimed by Mr. Clapp we cannot for the life of us see that they constitute a valid argument against the claims of the Catholic Church. It is manifestly absurd to expect the Church to decide scientific questions, and as for the validity of Anglican orders, though the Church has never formally decided the question, yet the practice of the Church for three hundred years ought to be considered a sufficient declaration of her opinion for all practical purposes. Even admitting their validity, that can never justify Anglicans in remaining separate from the Roman obedience. If necessary the Church will in due time decide this question definitely and it has this advantage over all other organizations that if at any other time any writer should give utterances to opinions trenching upon the integrity of faith or morals there is the ever-living voice—the divine infallible tribunal ready to denounce the error and cause the writer to retract, as was the case with St. George Mivart not long since.

Here, then, is the real position of our vacillating convert, he forsook the Anglican communion because they had no power to correct the broad and liberal views which were agitating that body. On becoming a Catholic he found that though there was, indeed, a supreme tribunal of final resort to decide all questions in dispute in faith and morals, there were certain questions which had never been formally decided though he thought they ought have been. So he concluded to return to the organization which had no tribunal of final resort and where he must, therefore, for ever remain in doubt and uncertainty not only on those particular theological and scientific questions which were disturbing his mind but even the most essential principles of the Gospel. He evidently failed to appreciate, or else, chose to ignore, the great fundamental difference between the Catholic Church and the Anglican communion and therefore he failed, through the influence of some secret and unexplained motive, to find that rest and peace which he expected to find in the Holy Mother Church. The more the pity.

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES NEAR HOME.

It was Tannhauser that enamored me of pilgrimages. I sat in a corner, where no one could see me, and enjoyed the wonderful music till the tears poured down my face.

It is the story of the soul, marching forward "in grave peace," to the Pilgrim's song of Hope. As it becomes conscious of, and drawn towards the allurements of sense, wild, beautiful, fantastic strains are heard, faintly at first, but growing louder and more emphatic, em-

erging at last, into the awful grandeur of the mortal conflict between Light and Darkness.

Thundering harmonies and crashing discords follow one another for what seems a life-time of agonizing suspense. At last all seems lost. The despairing soul feels itself sinking into an abyss of impenetrable darkness. Hell's forces triumph with hideous revelry; when high above the hurried tumult sound the clear calm strains of the song of hope. Alas, it was with dying eyes Tannhauser saw the budding of his pilgrim staff. It was upon ears dull in death that the welcome message of pardon fell.

But pilgrimages, like some other things, are not what they used to be. A friend of mine, who was going upon one, shewed me some lovely new gowns (made for the purpose) and said something about staying at good hotels and enjoying the scenery. I thought of Tannhauser's tattered garb, and eyes bandaged that they might not behold the beauties of Italy, and concluded that we had improved upon his methods.

However, if I did not feel drawn towards the modern pilgrimage, I was by no means sure I was up to the medieval one, so I invented one for myself. The first shrine I visited was the humble little church of "Our Lady of the Scapular." I knew very little about it beyond the fact of its existence. "Somewhere away over on the east side near Belle-Hospital; only very poor people go there;" my informant added.

Early one summer evening I started out alone, if not in distinctive pilgrim-garb, at least almost as poorly clad as Tannhauser himself. I was going to walk all the way, many miles, and as I could not bandage my eyes, I crossed to the east side, where instead of beholding vanity, they might rest upon my poor brothers and sisters. The surging, swarming life of the slums! What pen or pencil can do justice to it? One sees a half a dozen comedies, tragedies, in a single block! The pretty girl walks unabashed, with her lover's strong arm about her slender form; the drunkard's wife, with bleeding mouth, tells the story of her wrongs to all who will listen; white-haired men hobnob over short black pipes; children of all ages, sizes and tints, swarm everywhere.

As I cross a street a filthy baby, in a single cotton garment, is lying crying at my feet. He is not more than eighteen months old. What can I do to comfort him? Pilgrims do not carry lollipops. As I say this his eyes, still full of tears, rest with a hopeful gleam upon my bag. Can it be that this precocious imp understands the value of money? He does, indeed, for a penny dries his tears and sets him on his tiny feet filled with self-importance.

Here I cross a very narrow street where all traffic is suspended, that some half hundred children may dance to the music of a hand organ, ground gratuitously by a kind hearted itinerant. A gracious sight as they trip lightly round, Hungarians, Poles, Jewesses with flashing eyes, and tow-headed Gretchens, a veritable kirmess. The sun seems disposed to linger round as though he found it good to look at.

I am getting near old Bellevue, her grey walls loom up in the distance, and an ambulance rattles by. I hear the surgeon on the back seat say to the driver: "Go as used as you like now, he's dead!" Dead in the street? Oh, yes; ten chances to one he lived there most of the time too. The children stop their dance to follow the ambulance. It is beginning to grow dark. A fresh breeze blows up from the Sound.

"Do you know where the Carmelite church is?" I ask an infirm old Irish woman who is hobbling painfully along the avenue. "Do I know where it is? To be sure I do. I'm going there myself, and if you will give me your arm it will be a great help for I am all doubled up with rheumatism." Then she tells me that one of the good brown Fathers had died and is lying in the church, and there is to be a service for him.

"May his soul rest in peace! It will, if the prayers of the poor can help him, for a kinder man to them never lived."

We are soon at the little brown church, small, simple. So old, yet so new—built but yesterday, out of wood grown a few years since, in this new country, by men belonging to an order that dates

back to the days when the prophet Elias dwelt on Mount Carmel!

The building is crowded to the door and the infirm old woman has to kneel on the bare floor. She does not seem to mind, but sways back and forth, praying and beating her breast.

Before the High Altar in a plain wooden coffin, mounted on a scaffolding covered with rusty black, lies the dead monk.

His face is ghastly white and thin and pinched. He is clad in the full vestments of a priest and holds a silver chalice in his hand. At his feet are palm branches crossed, for victory over death, and white lilies for spotless purity of life.

Long yellow tapers burn gutteringly around his bier. One of his brethren, clad in a robe of coarse, dark brown serge, stands in the pulpit, and tells the story of the dead man's life. He tells of the ordinary pleasures of youth exchanged for days of labor and fasting and nights of prayer and watching, of wonderful zeal for souls and love of the poor and oppressed. I only half listen to the panegyric for the dead face fascinates and holds me. As the scaffolding upon which the coffin rests sways a little beneath its weight, his head moves from side to side as if in deepest humility to deprecate the eulogies bestowed upon him. And to me the thin dead lips say, "I did not do half enough. I am an unworthy servant."

The full deep tones of the monks in the sanctuary are answered, from the organ loft, by the clear, high voices of children, as they chant the mournful vespers of the dead.

The old woman still kneels on the bare floor. As she tells her beads she sops to wipe her dim eyes and to say between her "Paters" and "Aves"—"I have lost a good friend! He was kind to the poor! He was good to me. May his soul, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."

As I walk home, alone, through the darkness, I do not envy the dead Carmelite his lilies and palms, nor the eulogies of his brother. These may mean much, or little. But would to God that I, like him, might hear those blessed words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the LEAST of these, ye have done it unto Me."

AN AUTHOR'S CONVERSION.

The Writer of "Jack Harkaway" Series Received Into the Church.

From the Standard and Times, Philadelphia.

Bracebridge Hemynge, the original Jack Harkaway and the author of all the famous worthy's adventures, has entered the Church. He was baptized in St. Francis Xavier's Church on West Sixteenth street on Nov. 18th by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, of the Society of Jesus. Stephen Keeler Reynolds, an electrician, of 67 West Ninety-seventh street, also a convert, was Mr. Hemynge's sponsor.

Mr. Hemynge was born in Australia on March 5, 1842. He was educated in England and was called to the bar. Briefs were scarce and so he began to write his famous series of stories of the adventures of Jack Harkaway, which achieved immense popularity. A list of Mr. Hemynge's works occupies twelve pages of the catalogue in the British Museum.

The Advance of Catholicity.

Referring to the recent disturbance of missionary work in China, the Reverend Doctor Behrends, of Brooklyn, remarked before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions:

"None of us should be either surprised or alarmed because the new and aggressive civilization which Christianity introduces is resisted now as it was at its birth. 'Asia does not want our religion,' the critics tell us. 'Your preaching has thrown Constantinople into a panic.' Neither did the Roman Empire want Christianity. But Europe would fight for it to-day to the last ditch; and Asia will yet swing into column, even if she must endure the baptism of fire through which her younger sister has passed. The Cross is not a picture, but a power. It is not an amulet or talisman, but a spiritual energy. It means that the world is not conquered except by those who suffer and die in its redemption. It

is our business to close our ranks and redouble our energy."

This declaration is a sufficient answer to those scoffers who object to the insistence with which missionaries bear the Gospel into unwilling countries. It is also creditable to the courage of non-Catholics and their zeal for the spread of the Kingdom of God,—all the more so because their missionaries are confessedly unsuccessful. What noble Catholics, what glorious missionaries, many of these men would be! But—it is the verdict of history—Protestantism never evangelizes any country.—Ave Maria.

Celibacy.

Celibacy is beneficial to women, and, if as chastely observed, would no doubt be beneficial to men from the point of view of longevity, if these statistics taken from the Medical Record of this city, are a criterion: "At the date of the last French census there were 213 genuine centenarians, of whom 47 were women and 66 men; 33 of the women were old maids and 11 of the men bachelors." A large number of our priests and nuns reach old age, and more of them would see their four score and ten if they took care of their health. But they spend themselves in good work and get to heaven all the faster.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

The New Zealand System.

To the Editor of the Free Press.

Sir,—It may interest your readers to see in parallel columns "Catholic's" version of Archbishop Croke's words and Mr. W. T. Stead's own report:

Extract from letter from Dr. Croke to the New Zealand system: according to Mr. W. T. Stead:—"I think," replied Dr. Croke, "that the New Zealand system is FAIRLY SATISFACTORY. The State provides an education solely secular, and ministers of all denominations are authorized to impart religious instruction to their pupils one day in the week. The Catholic priests in New Zealand attend regularly for one hour in the week to catechize the Catholic scholars in the Public Schools. The system works admirably.—A N D W H Y SHOULD IT NOT? IT IS A MISTAKE TO BE ALWAYS TRUSTING DOGMATIC TEACHING INTO EVERY KIND OF INSTRUCTION. RELIGION CAN BE ALL THE BETTER TAUGHT IF IT IS NOT MADE TOO STALE BY A MONOTONOUS REPETITION."

You will, Sir, immediately observe (1) the impassable gulf that yawns between "fairly satisfactory"—which means less than even the faint praise contained in the feeble adjective "satisfactory"—and "and the best in the world;" (2) the substitution of "one hour" for "some hours;" (3) that, whereas Dr. Croke says, in the tone of an apology, "the system seems to work admirably," "Catholic" makes him say unhesitatingly that "the system works admirably," and then clinches all this garbling with (4) a caustic gloss of his own. He, or the original forger from whom he may have borrowed this version tacks on nearly six lines to the eleven lines reported by Mr. Stead; and the beauty of this interpolation is that it constitutes the climax of the letter. Without it, the whole communication would have been pointless. Thanks to it, "Catholic" is enabled to add, with truly Pecksniffian unctious, "A noble sentiment, indeed from a Catholic archbishop, and one which, were he other than what he is, would bring down upon him the anathemas of no small section of his own church." All this, Sir, is decidedly artistic, a masterpiece of invention. But your clever correspondent has, it strikes me, reckoned without the intelligence of your readers, many of whom no doubt receive the Review of Reviews and will search in vain through Mr. Stead's twenty-four column character sketch of the archbishop of Cashel for one single word to justify this ingenious interpolation.

Lewis DRUMMOND, S. J.

St. Boniface, Jan. 11.

Note—The quotation published in "Catholic's" letter to the Free Press was compared before insertion with the actual interview as published in the American Review of Reviews, and found to be correct.—Ed. Free Press.