

# Northwest Review

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS WEST OF PORT ARTHUR.

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## Calendar For Week Ending December 31st.

25 Sun (of precept) Christmas—Nativity Our Lord.  
26 Mon St. Stephen, First Martyr (35).  
27 Tue St. John, Apostle and Evan gelist (101).  
28 Wed Holy Innocents, MM.  
29 Thu St. Thomas A. Becket, Bp. M. (1170).  
30 Fri St. Sabina, M. (301).  
31 Sat St. Sylvester, P. (325).

## Ecclesiastical Province of St. Boniface.

I. HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION.  
1. All Sundays in the year.  
2. Jan. 1st. The Circumcision.  
3. Jan. 6th. The Epiphany.  
4. The Ascension.  
5. Nov. 1st. All Saints.  
6. Dec. 8th. The Immaculate Conception.  
7. Dec. 25th Christmas.

II. DAYS OF FAST.  
1. The forty days of Lent.  
2. The Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent.  
3. The Ember days, at the four Seasons being the Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays of  
a. The first week in Lent.  
b. Whitsun Week.  
c. The third week in September.  
d. The third week in Advent.  
4. The Vigils of  
a. Whitsunday.  
b. The Solemnity of SS. Peter and Paul.  
c. The Solemnity of the Assumption.  
d. All Saints.  
e. Christmas.

III. DAYS OF ABSTINENCE.  
All Fridays in the year.  
Wednesdays in Advent.  
Fridays in Holy week.  
Thursdays in Holy week.  
Saturdays in Holy week.  
Ash Wednesday.  
The Ember Days.  
The Vigils above mentioned.

Do you agree with the Catholic Bishops that is with the Roman Church?—St. Ambrose [A. D. 385-397].

## CHURCH NOTICES.

**CATHEDRAL ST. BONIFACE.**  
Sundays—Masses at 7.30 and 10 a m.  
Vespers at 3 p. m.  
Week Days—Masses at 6.30 and 7.30.

**ST. MARY'S CHURCH.**  
Sundays—Masses at 8.30 a. m. with short instruction, and at 10.30 a. m. with sermon.  
Vespers at 7.15 p. m.  
Week Days—Masses at 6.30 and 7.30 a. m.

**IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.**  
Sundays—Masses at 8.30 a. m. with short instruction, and at 10.30 a. m. with sermon.  
Vespers at 7.15 p. m.  
Week Days—Masses at 6.30 and 7.30 a. m.

**ST. MARY'S PARISH.**  
Sundays—Masses at 8.30 a. m. with short instruction, and at 10.30 a. m. with sermon.  
Vespers at 7.15 p. m.  
Week Days—Masses at 6.30 and 7.30 a. m.

**ST. JOSEPH'S FRIENDLY UNION.**  
Sundays—Masses at 8.30 a. m. with short instruction, and at 10.30 a. m. with sermon.  
Vespers at 7.15 p. m.  
Week Days—Masses at 6.30 and 7.30 a. m.

**ST. MARY'S COURT No. 276.**  
Sundays—Masses at 8.30 a. m. with short instruction, and at 10.30 a. m. with sermon.  
Vespers at 7.15 p. m.  
Week Days—Masses at 6.30 and 7.30 a. m.

**Catholic Order of Foresters.**  
Sundays—Masses at 8.30 a. m. with short instruction, and at 10.30 a. m. with sermon.  
Vespers at 7.15 p. m.  
Week Days—Masses at 6.30 and 7.30 a. m.

**ST. JOSEPH'S WORK.**  
Sundays—Masses at 8.30 a. m. with short instruction, and at 10.30 a. m. with sermon.  
Vespers at 7.15 p. m.  
Week Days—Masses at 6.30 and 7.30 a. m.

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## THE LATE CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

### Obseques at Algiers.

The obsequies of the late Cardinal Archbishop took place at Algiers on Friday, and were attended by the entire population, all the shops being closed. Six Bishops were present, Mgr. Combs, Bishop of Constantine, who was deeply moved, officiated, and delivered a panegyric, outlining the work of the deceased, which he said is imperishable. The function of the Church began at eight and ended at ten. The Governor-General and all the military and civil authorities were present. As the cortege emerged from the sacred edifice, military honors were paid to the remains. An enormous crowd followed, the windows, balconies, and terraces, and every available point of view being occupied by spectators. The ships in port had their flags at half-mast. Two salvos of artillery of twelve cannon shots were fired at the beginning of the ceremony, and when the body reached the admiralty, and two others at the moment when the body was received on board the Cosmao. Upon the arrival of the cortege at the Admiralty the coffin was placed upon a catafalque, and the last prayers having been said, it was lowered to a small boat adorned with red draperies, which conveyed it to the Cosmao, where it was received by the captain with the customary honors. It was then deposited in a chapel, situated in the battery.

At the moment of embarking M. Cambon, the Governor-General of Algiers, delivered the following farewell discourse—"The moment has come—and I cannot bring myself to comply with the request of the Archbishop of Algiers! I cannot let the man whose coffin all France to day salutes leave without a word of farewell. The Cardinal will be that his body should be transported to Carthage, but he has left us his heart. It was here, in fact, gentlemen, that the Cardinal conceived and pursued the grand work of his life, and that at a time when no one thought of Africa. The Cardinal had dreamed of conquering Africa for France and civilization, and he had carried out that undertaking like a good Frenchman and a good European. He was the precursor on African soil of all those courageous travellers, those sailors and soldiers who seem to revive among us the glory of the Conquerors of the New World. And all through his life this valiant man struggled, God knows, at the cost of what vexations sometimes! He was born for action. He was one of those minds that all progress attracts, and the anxiety how first to realize the end to be attained wholly preoccupies. It was thus he sided with the Republic. He often said to me himself, 'I am the servant of a Master they could never shut up in a tomb.' Let me be allowed to say also how gentle and tender to those he loved was Cardinal Lavigerie, constant in his affections, and always fring with his generous ardour those who came near him. His memory will be dear to them, and France, he so loved, will cherish his remembrance as that of one of its best and noblest children."

The Cosmao lifted anchor immediately after the embarking, and reached Tunis on Sunday night. The body on reaching Tunis was first deposited at the Marine, from which it was conveyed to the Cathedral, an immense funeral procession following the hearse. The troops paid it military honors, and the whole population was massed on Marine-avenue. The ceremony in the Cathedral was most impressive. A fatal accident unfortunately marked this moving ceremony. A lady who was leaning over a balcony to see the funeral pass fell from a third floor and was killed. On Saturday morning a Requiem service for the late Cardinal was celebrated in the chapel of the Catholic Association of Paris students, his late Eminence having been one of the principal patrons of the Association, presiding for several years over the Ozanan conference. Requiem services were also held in the Cathedrals of Nancy and Chartres, by direct order of the Bishops of those sees.

**A WORD TO WOMEN.**  
Judicious Attention to Little Hobbies Will Work Wonders.  
A man may, perhaps, look bored if he is talking to a woman who is bent on conversing about things in which he has no interest.

For instance, if he is a man of literary tastes, an embryo savant with rather dull and prosy ideas, she will never be able to get a word out of him if she rattles on until doomsday about the latest society gossip, the fashionable walk, or the new opera; but let her touch ever so lightly on the question of books, even though her knowledge be very, very slight and see how he awakens to new activity.

He will then do all the talking, and if she is only clever enough to be a good listener, and not yawn in his face, even though at times he goes beyond her depth, she will never have occasion to complain of her inability to get such a one to talk.

It is the same with men in every walk in life. Every single one has some special hobby which if you are fortunate enough to touch will prove the key-stone of an interesting conversation that is bound to teach you something well worth knowing. The humblest artisan may not, of course, be possessed of society lore, but he can talk intelligently and well concerning the trade he understands from A to Z.

Any woman can please a man if she

has tact enough to draw him out on those topics that he himself knows he is able to talk about, but he does not enjoy the feeling that what interests her he has no knowledge of, and rather than make mistakes he will remain silent, for men are very sensitive to ridicule, and are not going to let a girl laugh at him if they can help it, but touch on his favorite hobby and he will think you charming, simply because he has introduced a topic on which he feels at home.

No matter what it is, if you simply arrive at the keynote there will be no trouble about conversation, and in this easy way you will have established your reputation as a charming, intelligent, well-informed woman, when, in all probability, you will be only permitted to nod approval or say yes and not at proper intervals.—Philadelphia Times.

**BENEDICTION.**  
To the chapel, just at twilight,  
I passed from the world outside,  
And there in the sacred cloister,  
By the Cross of the Crucified,  
I cast aside all weariness,  
And all of earthly pain,  
A fuller sense of blessing  
And of heavenly peace to gain.  
Softly I murmured the "Ave,"  
In love and deep gratitude,  
To her whose gifts are unceasing,  
"Our Lady of Infinite Good."  
And as reverently I knelt there,  
Soft strains fell upon mine ear,  
And mingled with "Ave" voices,  
That were slowly drawing near.

Two by two passed the white-veiled  
Maidens,  
Soft chanting the Vesper Hymn,  
A vision of fair children.  
To my eyes by tears made dim;  
But when all the portal had entered  
The sweet strains died on the air,  
And lips ill yare as the veiling  
Gently whispered the evening  
prayer.

Long, lonely days have passed since  
Then,  
Many brighted with bitter pain,  
But each night as twilight approached  
I close mine eyes and dream that  
again,  
Within the dim, cloistered chapel  
I pass from the world outside,  
And see the vision of children,  
And the Cross of the Crucified.

Gertrude Eastman, in Boston Pilot

**Winter Reading.**  
The long winter evenings have arrived, and the question of how to dispose of them is one somewhat embarrassing to certain minds. There are those who do not care to go out after dark, for social intercourse or amusement, and who must find their resources at home. Little is presented at the theatres that is not objectionable upon one ground or another; if the plays are harmless from a moral point of view, they are too often silly and unfruitful intellectually; and to robust natures, the diversions of society are wearisome to a degree.

In the country especially the evenings are apt to be tedious. As Christmas approaches the afternoons grow shorter and the twilight earlier, and there is a long and trying period between the lighting of the lamps and the hour for retirement. Tea is a pleasant break; but that, too, is soon over, and then follows an interval which, if not wisely used, may be an irksome one.

In this difficulty there is always one perfect and delightful resource—good books, when they come from the press daily by scores; it is the day, too, of newspapers and magazines and of literature generally, and the only embarrassment is what to choose. With wise discretion, the period between eight and ten o'clock in the evening may be made the most delightful and profitable of the day.

We can hardly realize how dreary the evenings must have been in times past when lights were bad and books few in number. Those fond of literature were then obliged to peruse the same volumes over and over. True, they learned them well, and perhaps, in this had an advantage over us at present, who read hastily. Even the novels of a century, and a century and a half ago were not many, and we find amazing accounts of the devotees of fiction who stuck steadily to the same stories, and when they had got through their collection, began again and made the journey once more. These old novels—those of Richardson, Fielding and Smollett—are never looked at nowadays, it is next to impossible to become interested in them, and we wonder when we learn with what eagerness and delight they were once perused.

In the present period of the hurrying world we have a superabundance of books, and no one could pretend, even by devoting his whole time to the subject, to read them all, or a fourth. He could scarcely skim them in the Macaulay fashion, taking the heart out of the work. Accordingly we have the numerous reviews and literary weeklies that tell us briefly what is fresh from the presses and its scope and character, and by this convenient device we keep, as the expression is, in touch with all the literature of the day.

The enormous quantity of fiction put forth is something amazing; but not more amazing than the feeble character of most of it. There is no species of reading more unprofitable than a second or third-rate novel. Nothing is taught by it, no lesson in life or morals conveyed, nothing remembered. The "exciting" plot keeps the attention on the stretch for a while, but such books, like all other stimulants, are unwholesome; and one of their worst effects is that they vitiate our taste for better books. The reader whose senses are gratified with stirring incidents and dramatic situations soon finds the story of character tame and unattractive.

Fiction should be a means of recreation merely, and by no means a steady course of reading. No healthy mind could endure novels as a regular system

of reading. What digestion could stand a continual diet of sweets and confectionery? Outside of this field there is an unlimited range of good books, pleasing as well as instructive—travels, biography, history and even art and science.

One thing must be said of the writers of the present day—whatever their subject, they seek to make it, first of all, entertaining, and, so well is the art of writing now understood, they seldom fail. As everbody reads—for this is the greatest age for reading in the history of the world—so they write for popular appreciation. The result is delightful books on even the most obtrusive subjects; or such subjects as were formerly considered obtrusive; and so it is that solid reading is no longer solid in the old acceptance of the term, meaning heavy uninviting and hard to get through with.—Catholic Mirror.

**PROTESTANTISM A FAILURE**  
So Says Rev. M. C. Peters of the Reformed Church.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters preached in the Bloomingdale Reformed church on last Sunday morning on "Why is Protestantism a Failure in New York City?" In the course of the sermon he said:

"In 1800 the Catholic population in the United States was 100,000. In 1896 it was 8,277,039. A fair estimate of the Catholic population of New York City is 750,000. A third of this number represents the Protestant church-going population of the city. In 1840 we had in this city one evangelical Protestant church to every 2,071 of the population; in 1850, one to every 2,442; in 1860, one to 2,777; in 1870, one to 2,480; in 1880, one to 3,040; and in 1890, one to 3,549, or if we take the police census, one to 4,006. In comparison with the growth of the population, the Presbyterian church has lost 17 per cent. in this city in twenty years. The Methodist church in this city in nineteen years increased only 20 1/2 per cent., and during the same time the population increased 80 per cent. The Dutch Reformed Church sustained a loss of 10 per cent. relative to the population. There is not a Protestant church in this city that has grown at all in proportion to the growth of the population.

The drift of our Protestant churches is always toward the more fashionable parts of the city. The magnificent churches built up-town have been built by the people, but the money came from the sale of down-town churches, where hundreds of thousands of dollars were often realized for the ground and churches left behind chapels for the poor on back streets. The Protestant church deserves to fail, so long as, in defiance of the Christ spirit, it builds fine churches for the few and pauperizes the poor by building plain chapels for them. God's house should be built for all alike.

"The churches must follow the people," is the cry. Who are the people? The up-town rich and fashionables, where the churches all seem anxious to crowd and hinder each other's growth by ruinous rivalry? Only a few days ago the New York Presbytery advised the down-town congregations to dissolve their organizations and sell their churches to get money to build churches for the rich few.

The Catholic church never surrenders an old field; none of her churches are ever turned into stables, &c. The people must build their own churches. To what, then, is the Catholic church indebted for its triumphant march? To the monstrosity of our frequent moving days, the indifference of Protestants, and the enthusiasm of Catholics. It is because the Catholics are thoroughly devoted and earnest, and are prepared to make sacrifices and to suffer in order to support what they believe to be true.—Catholic Mirror.

**Power of the Press.**  
The printing press has made kings, killed poets, and polished genius with criticism. It has made worlds get up for roll call in the morning, given the putrid lungs of iron and a voice of steam. It has curtailed the power of monarchs, and graced the pantry shelves, it has converted bankers into paupers, it has educated the homeless, and robbed the philosopher of his reason. It smiles and kicks and cries and dies, but it can't be run to suit everybody, and the editor is a fool who tries.

**A Powerful Protection.**  
"The Sign of the Cross," says St. Cyril of Jerusalem, "is a powerful protection. It is gratuitous, because of the poor; easy because of the weak; a benefit from God, the standard of the faithful, the terror of demons." The Sign of the Cross is the type of our deliverance, the monument of the liberation of mankind, the souvenir of the forbearance of Our Lord. When you make it remember what has been given for your ransom and you will be the slave of no one. If you engrave it on your forehead, no impure spirit will dare stand before you. See the blade with which he has been wounded, the sword with which he has received his death blow.—St. John Chrysostom.

Little Girl—Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants ter put 'em under a hen.

Neighbor—So you've got a hen sitting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens.

Little girl—No ma'am, we don't; but Mrs. Smith's going ter lend us a hen that wants ter set, and ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs, we'd find a nest ourselves.