

A GLANCE OVER
THE PAST.

BY "CRUX."

Several times I have been asked to give a hurried glance over the history of Canada, from the days of the first discoverers, down to the present. This would be a huge task, no matter how hurriedly one would pass over the countless and important events of the three and three-quarters centuries that have elapsed since the opening incident of Canada's career as a nation. However, I recall having once sketched in a general manner, that story, from the days of Cartier down to the period of Confederation. It is now some twenty years since I dashed off that sketch, and if it will serve in any way the purposes of those who have made the request, I will gladly reproduce it. My remarks, in those days, ran somewhat thus:

Standing upon the grave of 1535 and looking down into its depths, I summon up the shadowy forms of past events—and so I at my call our cities, villages and railways, our steamships, our monuments and our inhabitants disappear. Where, to-day, the flag of England and Canada waves from the spires at Ottawa, the pine tree swayed before the blast that swept the Ottawa Valley; where to-day, the vast structures and towering monuments mark the city of Montreal, from the summit of Mount Royal the Indian warrior gazed down upon the Council fire that blazed in the village of Hochelaga; where, to-day, that mighty structure, the American Gibraltar, and the hundred spires of antiquated Quebec pierce the blue of a Canadian sky, the wild Huron and fiery Iroquois met in deadly strife upon the since memorable historic and classic heights of Stadacona. From the Heights of Land to the Straits of Belle Isle there was naught but one vast, boundless forest, here and there intersected by the rivers and streams that eventually merged in the Atlantic. Where now the village spires rises from amongst the trees showing that civilization and Christianity have found an abode, the traveller could only know when near the habitation of man.

"By the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the tall elms that a cottage
was near."

Such was the state of Canada on the morning of the 10th of August, 1535, the day consecrated to St. Discoverer and founder of this great discoverer and founder of this great land, first set foot upon the shores of the giant stream—which has ever since borne the name of the saint upon whose day it was claimed. The sailor of St. Malo planted his nation's standard on the banks of the St. Charles, and then there did France's envoys commence, the one party to conquer, the other to convert the primeval inhabitants. Cartier ascended the stream; he gazed upon the land in all its pristine beauty and grandeur, and leaving a few followers to sustain and bring fuel to the flame of Christian civilization, he returned to France to tell the great King the story of his success, and to lay before his fellow-countrymen the plan and resources of the vast forest tracts that, extending from Atlantic to Pacific, were one day to be of such importance.

For half a century was this land, to the men of the old world, as some snow-clad region too wild for human habitation. During that half century now and then a ship sailed to the shores of New France. Gradually the savage tribes became accustomed to their trans-Atlantic brethren, by degrees they accepted the lights of the Gospel. Those coming here found that, sooner or later, this would become a land whereon civilization might flourish; and some, more foreseeing than others, even began to contemplate the foundation of cities and settlements. Already had the wooden structures of the white man been intermingled with the bark wigwams of the Indians in the village of Hochelaga. Already were the inhabitants of Stadacona becoming accustomed and attached to their pale-faced neighbors. They dealt with them, they fear no more the fire devil of the ships; the forests have been cut along the shore, and in several places the land has been cleared and prepared for the reception of crops.

Canada was at this stage of her progress when, on the 3rd day of July, 1608, Samuel de Champlain founded the city of Quebec. Seeing the lofty heights and commanding position, the mind of Champlain contemplated the scenes of future strife, and he resolved to lay the foundation of a fortress city, powerful enough to withstand the efforts of outside invasions or the attacks of internal revolts. He then planted the Fleur de Lys on the summit of Cape Diamond, where, for half a century, it was to wave to the breezes of heaven. Canada's conquest and civilization was a mighty undertaking and time and means were necessary for its accomplishment. Quebec grew apace, the village at the foot of Mount Royal increased in proportion. Further up was not much known. A little church stood at the mouth of the Saguenay, where is now the village of Tadoussac. Hundreds of Indians had been converted; thousands still worshipped the great Manitou. Success attended many of the missionaries; yet a rude cross or solitary mound marked, at irregular intervals, the last resting place of many who had perished at the stake or fell beneath the savage scalping-knife and tomahawk.

Thus another century passed away since the foundation of Quebec. St. Louis fort had been built; Quebec had already surrendered to Admiral Kirk, and returned again to the French in three years; Champlain had died; Sillery had been settled; Montreal was progressing; villages along the St. Lawrence began to peep up; the waves of the Ottawa had been ploughed by the explorer and the cataract of the Chaudiere had been reached; a Royal government had been formed at Quebec; Governor Frontenac had fulfilled his mission, and with it closed his eventful career in 1698; Quebec had been vainly besieged by Admiral Phipps; Montreal had been fortified, and France claimed Canada as her bright possession. Half a century rolled by, and England, not content with her possessions on the east coast of America, cast an eye upon this new and rising country. In September, 1759, two hundred years after Cartier first set foot on the banks of the St. Charles, one hundred and fifty years after Champlain conceived the idea of building the fortress of Quebec, England's troops, under the immortal Wolfe, advanced upon that stronghold—the key of Canada.

No necessity of detailing the siege of Quebec. On the 13th September, 1759, the city was captured by the English. Wolfe died in the arms of victory, and brave, noble Montcalm expired before he witnessed the surrender. In five days the city capitulated, and the Fleur de Lys was replaced by the Meteor flag of England. A year after the French and English met at St. Foy, the result was a short lived victory for the former. In 1763, by treaty, Canada was ceded to England, and from that day the sons of England, Ireland, Scotland and France united hand in hand, forgetting past injuries and enmities, they became a common people upon a new soil and pledged themselves to its protection.

These promises and pledges may, perhaps, have been looked upon as cold and formal at first; but twelve years had scarcely passed till upon the very same field the sons of France and England united to repel the invasion of Arnold and Montgomery. On the 10th November, 1776, these two Generals blockaded Quebec. The colony, for a time, was in great peril. But disunion and misunderstanding arising in the American camp, their plans were frustrated and on the 31st December, the blow was given to their undertaking, when a stray shot from the heights struck the gallant Montgomery. The American troops hovered about Quebec until the 6th May, 1776 when they retreated, leaving Canada to England and leaving its people in union and happy peace.

But while we have lingered around Quebec other places have been rising into importance. Montreal is already the rival of Quebec, and promises one day to outstrip the old fortress city in size, commerce and importance. Toronto, under the name of York, has appeared in the West; Kingston and other towns are emerging into day; on the Ottawa, Bytown has been formed, a spot destined to play a great role in the future of Canada; further up the white man has cleared a way through the forests, and here and there, a few villages are to be seen. With rapid strides the country advances till in 1791 it is divided into two great portions, Upper and Lower Canada. A parliament house has been built in Montreal; laws have been formed and England

has sent out her governors to represent the King. Men who no longer meet on the field of battle begin to struggle in the political arena; two great parties have been formed, taking their origin in the principles of the two political bodies of the old country.

It is about this period—1836 or 1837—that the country is shaken by the volcano of rebellion, the effects of which were mighty at the time, and the influences of which have come down to us. I have no time to pause or comment upon motives or opinions. In 1837 Viger, Nelson, and Papineau followed by the Canadian patriots, arose, and at St. Denis and elsewhere gave evidence of valor and strong patriotism. The struggle was followed by another one in 1838, which had the desired effect. From this period downward we enter the field of commerce and industry, and leave behind us the region of strife. In 1840 the provinces were united in one. It was then the lumber trade was in its vigor; our commerce became almost universal. The nations of Europe began to look upon Canada with an eye of interest. Daily villages became more numerous; cities grew in importance. Bytown was changed to Ottawa; Hull, Pembroke, Hamilton, London, Windsor, Sherbrooke, Three Rivers, Sorel and hundreds of other places became daily more important; Montreal became the commercial metropolis of the country; Quebec became the city of relics and monuments; Toronto became the rendezvous of the West; Ottawa became the centre of the lumber trade. Manitoba was now and then visited, and mighty projects with regard to the great Northwest danced in the minds of our statesmen. Forests no longer border the rivers; the tribes have gone to the setting sun; railways traverse and intersect the land; Canada is ripe to receive the gift of her nationhood! It is 1867!

This brings us, in a very hurried manner, down to what may be called our contemporaneous history, which is surely familiar to every reader.

A RECENT DIVORCE DECISION

That the canon law of the Catholic Church on the subject of divorce is not regarded as affecting the civil law of New Jersey is the gist of an opinion just rendered by former Judge Francis Child in a suit brought by a young woman who calls herself Miss Lena Boehs and who lives in Newark, for the annulment of her marriage to William Haenger, said to be an inmate of the State reformatory in Rahway. After hearing all the testimony the special master refuses to grant the petitioner's request.

The complainant alleges Haenger fraudulently induced her to become his wife in that he failed to tell her he was divorced and that his former wife was living. When she learned of the other marriage she left him and refused to return, being informed by the authorities of her church, she says, the second marriage was null and void. It was a law of the church, she contended, and was so held by the Bishop's court, that marriage was a contract, dissoluble only by death, and therefore Haenger being still married in the canonical sense, was not entitled to marry again.

The marriage took place on September 29, 1901, and they lived together for a year. In her petition the complainant alleges that Haenger failed to support her. Haenger's first marriage was in 1898. He was divorced only a short time before his second marriage. Admitting Haenger deceived Miss Boehs in withholding from her the information of which she complains the special master says:

"I further report that in my opinion the fraud the defendant practiced upon the complainant in alleging he had not been married before is not sufficient ground for the annulment of the marriage. In my opinion the said marriage was a lawful marriage, and the prayer of the complainant to have the marriage declared null and void ought not to be granted."

The complainant in her bill asserts Haenger concealed the fact of his previous marriage because he knew she was a Catholic and would not be married to a divorced man. She says he was paying court to her before the divorce was granted and entrapped her into a "so-called matrimonial union," which she would have been bound in conscience to reject and would have refused to enter if she had known the truth.

"And your oratrix," the petition continues, "is advised by the canonical authority of her church to regard the said marriage as void and

of no effect and to apply to this honorable court to annul and dissolve the alleged marriage, so that her status as a single woman may be established before the civil law as well as the ecclesiastical law."

It was contended by counsel for the petitioner that as a marriage was a contract it was nullified by fraud, as is any other contract, but the special master held marriage was not a contract in this sense.

So far as the records show the decision of the special master is a precedent in New Jersey. Counsel for the petitioner says an appeal will be taken to bring the issues before Chancellor Magie in person.—Pittsburgh Observer.

IN MEMORY OF
IRISH IMMIGRANTS.

At the Request of and Dedicated to a Reverend Friend, on His Return to Montreal After an Absence of Forty-two Years. June, 1904.

Far from their own lovely Ireland they're sailing
While dear, blinding tears hide her
dear shores from view—
Green hills they could gaze on for
ever and ever,
Now grander and dearer, as they bid
their adieu!

Stranger! bow down, for such sorrow is sacred,
They are leaving the mother by cruel
foe oppressed
Driven from the arms that vainly
would shield them—
But in spirit forever they'll cling to
her breast.

Like Mother of Maccabees stands
saintly Erin
To her soul the same strength Christ
has given:

Her faith was the light that illumined
the way
Of those children that left Ireland for
Heaven.

Ye Angels of pity! Ye Recording
Angels!

Bear up every sigh of each poor
Irish heart—
Be it wafted as incense to God in this
gloaming

For 'tis in His Holy Name they truly
depart.

Ship after ship glides up the St.
Lawrence—
Ship follows ship like a funeral pall
And the signal that told, "they're
landed among us!"

Was to many an immigrant Heaven's
last call.

Oh! that arrival fraught with dire
desolation
Gave the last breath of Hope its
death knell—
That God given anchor in their ocean
of sorrow

When they bade Holy Ireland fare-
well.

But there stands, like a star in the
darkness—
A beacon in the night of their gloom
'Tis the Father to comfort and greet
them

The lone Irishman's "Soggarth
Aroon."

Sure they'll know him wherever they
wander—
Always ready to bless, help and
cheer,
Or prepare the poor soul for its jour-
ney

The true friend, for whom death has
no fear.

Ah! my poor pen fails to tell you
what followed—
Fathers and mothers lay dying
abreast,

While they gasp out "Who'll care for
the children?"

Soggarth and Sister are doomed with
the rest.

Brothers were severed forever from
sisters—
And O God! shut out the dread
scene!

The last prayer of the priest for the
mother

Was hushed by her babe's parting
scream

In numbers they died, and in numbers
were buried

Trenches yawned for these dear Irish
bones.

Heaven's light the torches attendant
The dirges—countrymen's dying
moans.

Souls now shining in mansions of
beauty

God surely hallows the bones as they
lie

And though scattered beneath us in
endless confusion

Such benedictions around us lead up
when we die.

One rude stone, by kind hands erect-
ed.

Tells the place where those martyrs
lie low—
The spot where those relics of Erin
are resting

Way down where our noble St.
Lawrence doth down

Near that stone, bide the Sons of
Alphonse,
Who there, till their heart beats do
cease
Will offer the Blood of Love's victim
For the flock who awaits them in
peace.

K. C. E. de M.

May their Souls Rest in Peace!

THE TIDE PREDICTING MACHINE

Written C. H. Claudy in the American Inventor.

One of the most wonderful mechanisms in existence is the machine which predicts tides. It is in use in the coast and geodetic survey at Washington, where it turns out predictions embodied every year in the thick paper-covered volume called "Tide Tables" issued for the benefit of mariners and the shipping industry.

To understand even roughly the manner in which this more than human mechanism does its work, it is necessary to know something of the theory of tides. Tides are caused by the attraction of the sun and moon upon the water covering a portion of the earth. But the earth is not a perfect sphere, it is not covered with water over its entire surface, nor to an equal depth; the water has friction both against air and the sea-floor and possesses both viscosity and inertia, so that tide predictions include the minor factors of land configuration, depth of water, wind action, weather action, additions to the water from land sources, such as freshets and heavy rains or melting snow and a number of other elements.

At least a dozen elements are necessarily known before a tide can be predicted for any station with any degree of accuracy. These elements are obtained in a very interesting manner. For instance, an observer at a particular station learns by actual observation the tides which occur daily for a long period. These are plotted in the form of a curve on paper, the ordinates being the hours and divisions, the abscissas being the raise and fall of the water in feet and inches. Knowing the astronomical tidal causes, it is easy to see that a subtraction of the astronomical elements will leave the elements of local conditions and the weather. A long series of observations eliminates the weather factors, and thus the observer can reduce his observations to the elements of land configuration, depth of water, etc.

When these data have been obtained, instead of employing a corps of computers, the coast and geodetic survey has recourse to the wonderful tide-predicting machine. It is provided with nineteen dials, taking account of nineteen factors of a tide, and these are set by means of pointers before the machine is operated. Once these dials are set for any station, a clerk can turn a small handle to the left of the machine and read off from the dial the times of occurrence of high and low tides for an indefinite period ahead and the depth and height of such tides for that particular station.

This performance is the more wonderful when it is considered that every factor has an influence on every other factor. Over each of the dials is a pointer connected to a shaft on which is eccentrically mounted a pulley wheel. Over this pulley passes a small, flexible, hardened steel chain connected with all the other pulleys and dials. It is obvious that a change in the eccentricity of any one wheel will affect the movement of all the rest of them. Just how the various pulleys, shafts, and the many gears are connected to the five dials of the machine is a problem of description entirely baffling. It must be seen and studied to be appreciated, and to entirely understand the action of the machine requires not only a knowledge of mechanics and mechanism, but a thorough familiarity with tidal predictions. But any one can understand the statement that the machine actually does the work of forty computers and was completed at a cost of \$3500. It was the invention of Professor William Farrell, who gave the invention to the United States Government. A new machine is being built which will take account of the thirty-nine factors of a tide, and will give the time of high and low tides, their depth and height, and the state of the tide at any hour.

A fault which humbles a man is of more use to him than a good action which puffs him up with pride.

Honor is like the eyes, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is measured by the least flaw.

POPE OF THE ASSUMPTION.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

In a recent interview with some eminent prelates the Holy Father passed a remark that is very suggestive of one great act that he has in contemplation. One of the prelates said, in referring to the coming celebration of the semi-centenary of the Immaculate Conception, that "Pope Pius IX will live in history as the Pope of the Immaculate Conception." In reply Pius X. said, "And I as the Pope of the Assumption." The dogma of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary has never yet been defined, or promulgated. Like that of the Immaculate Conception, prior to 1854, the feast of the Assumption has always been most religiously observed, not as a feast of obligation, but as a festival of great importance in the Church. In Ireland "Lady Day" which was the title given to the day on which the mother of Christ was translated, body and soul, into heaven, was always one of traditional rejoicings and special devotions. In all Catholic countries the faithful have, in all ages, made it a point to commemorate that important event in the history of Mary in an appropriate and loving manner. No Catholic has ever cast a doubt upon the truth of Mary's Assumption into heaven; but so far, circumstances and conditions have never been such that it was deemed either necessary or advisable to have that great teaching proclaimed "ex cathedra," to be a dogma of the faith. It has pleased the present Pontiff to contemplate the crowning of his reign with this grand act of homage to the Mother of God, and should he carry his design into execution the Church and the faithful, all over the earth, will rejoice with him in its accomplishment.

We may expect, however, that a cry will arise from certain quarters that the Church has discovered a new dogma, has changed the teachings of centuries, has added something heretofore unheard of to the faith exacted from Catholics. But, as in the case of the Immaculate Conception, that cry can be of no avail to those who make use of it; it can in no way affect the truth of the situation; it cannot establish as a fact that which does not exist in fact—namely that the promulgation of a new dogma is an innovation. It is not the promulgation that gives rise to the dogma, but the dogma that gives rise to the promulgation. It is not possible to define that which has no existence; and if the truth had not a prior existence, it could not be defined as such.

However, anticipations and speculations are at present unnecessary, for we only base our remarks on the reported words that fell from the lips of the Holy Father in the course of an ordinary interview with friends, the highest point and to propagate in the fact that the joyous mysteries and glorious, as well as the sorrowful, mysteries, in the life of Mary—as we have them set before us in the Holy Rosary—should be completed. It is not a matter of surprise for Catholics that a mystery which he has been taught to revere from childhood should, at a given moment, be made to assume all the importance of an article of faith, fully defined and duly promulgated. No doubt the Church, through her Popes of the last century, has given emphatic evidence of a special desire to raise the veneration of the Mother of God to the highest point and to propagate it throughout the entire universe.

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OUR
CURSTONE
OBSERVER

In our age of activity, business methods people, time to indulge in much even in reading romance. Circumstances of the times have birth to another way of only the public; short, humorous clever stories and amusing have been introduced. The fact almost every newspaper of has its column of "Wit and or some equivalent. One runs eye down the tiny ladder graphs, each rung being slightly or than the preceding one, a mind takes in a multitude sayings, quaint remarks, ha pices, humorous situations stories. Unless you mark of these tit-bits, it is probable before you have laid the pe a minute you have absolutely ten every one of the jokes that you have read. T scarcely any impression; the calculated to leave any; the tended for pastime, and a they afford.

There is one danger that long since detected in these stories and queer jokes: it neath the foliage, like the the rose-leaf. It is not that any one of the hurried funny paragraphs would det it has its influence, and its to be noticed in many spher cred, clergyman, and aught associated in the mind wit anity becomes the subject, item or of a short story.

A LARGE BEQUEST FOR
A CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE

Some time ago we mislaping taken from one of our changes in regard to a bequest of \$250,000 made managh lady, the late Miss Crudden, for the purpose of lishing a Catholic Orphanage diocese of Clogher, and of to pay the salary of a ch looking through some men the other day we found th and now reproduce it for of our readers, and partic those who are in any way with the administration asylums.

Certain difficulties origin in connection with the adm of the bequest. The testa expressed a preference for a site for the orphanage, and by her will that while ch both sexes should be adm orphanage, there should be building. These matters brought before the Vice- and he decided that the should not be confined in tion of a site, but might a site or sites within the di Clogher. He also decided institution should be divi two branches. The matte fore the courts, to which ing plan of settlement was and accepted.

It provides that the shall be called St. Joseph age, and that it shall be o tion, under a single com management, such institi divided into two branches and females respectively, erected upon such site or in such place within the d Clogher as the trustees a The control and manage phanage when completed the committee of managem Catholic Bishop for the and the Chapter for the of the diocese of Clogher. orphanage shall have be and fully completed, equip furnished, the balance of funds, after payment ther costs and all accumulat come of the trust funds, sh ed in the Commissioners' able Donations and beque land, who shall pay the come to the Committee ment; and the site or site phanage when completed vested in the trustees, the Dr. Owens, Bishop of Clog Very Rev. Canon Berming D.D., V.G., P.P., Carrick Right Rev. Monsignor Smi deacon, V.G., P.P., Ennis Very Rev. Canon O'Ne