

a member," he says, "is to weigh his words, to express not the opinions he holds but those less offensive to his constituents or those which would not compromise him in the future when political questions which loom up but indistinctly at present will become real actualities."

"The Church its own Witness" by Cardinal Manning is reproduced from the *North American Review* in *Donahoe's Magazine* for December. Let those who imagine the Catholic Church is a thing of the past weigh this essay, which abounds with evidences of the historical, philosophical and theological learning of the most prodigious worker in England.

"A Bostonian in New York," "Protestants Views on the School Question," and "The Slave Trade," are excellent of this kind. The Juvenile Department is exceptionally good.

The Catholic *World* for November contains a pleasant chat on the New University. The Catholic Hierarchy of

America are [determined to make this institution a rival of its European sisters.

Katherine Tynan is the authoress of a sympathetic study of the greatest of Irish journalists, and the most loved of all the Nationalists, William O'Brien.

Father Gmeiner points out the duties of Catholics both lay and clerical in regard to scientific questions.

The Water Lily, a poem by Frank Waters, is carefully analyzed by Elward Eu. The critic displays a good knowledge of the art of verse-making and of what constitutes a true poet.

"Children as Suicides" by Agnes Repplier is one of the most forcible and trenchant articles that has appeared in the *Catholic World* for some time. That something must be done to diminish the number of children who yearly commit suicide and that there is something rotten at the bottom of our society is the conclusion which forces itself upon us when reading this article.

A GENTILE AMONG THE MORMONS.

To the Editors of the Owl,

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA :—



OW WELCOME could be heartier than that which I extended to your spicy little journal on its arrival here.

Pregnant with news of scenes and faces familiar to a memory which still retains a vivid recollection

of the days passed within the precincts of the "corridor" I eagerly conned it over from title page to cover and the only disappointment I experienced was when I had finished its perusal.

The matter, contained therein shows clearly the enthusiasm, the unanimity, the good fellowship that animate both professors and students. It shows that your institution is destined to prosper and ere long take a leading place among the universities of North America.

Here in the home and Mecca of Mormonism you find extremely little to remind you of Ottawa. There is no bustle, no excitement. Everything seems quiet and self-possessed. The pharisaical ex-

terior of the Latter-Day Saints seems to envelop everything. You think it almost a sacrilege to laugh aloud in the streets. The city is entirely free from toughs and hard characters. I have yet to see a drunken man in its streets. Saloons are numerous enough. The Prohibition movement has not had effect here yet so there is no danger from the poison of illicit retailers.

You could not imagine a more beautiful site for a town. A wide valley about 10 miles in circumference, surrounded on all sides by bold precipitous mountains, possesses all the charms of the romantic nooks of Switzerland or the enchanted vales of the Himalayas.

The building of the town detracted nothing from its beauty of locality. Fine rows of houses, fronting on broad and well-paved streets—sidewalks lined on both sides with stately trees give an appearance to the city which is as pleasing as it is indescribable.

The whole arrangement reflects great credit on the genius and foresight of its