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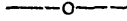
REVIEW



Vol. I. No. I.

September, 1898.

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University of Ottawa REVIEW

Vol. I.

SEPTEMBER 1898.

No. I.

ADDRESS OF SIR WILLIAM HINGSTON, LL.D.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 22, 1898.

Reverend Gentlemen of the Faculty, Ladies and Gentlemen :



MY first duty, as it is my chief pleasure, is to thank the authorities of this seat of learning for the signal honor they have deigned to confer upon me. And here it would be prudent I should rest, for I cannot venture to think—still less to hope—that my fellow graduates of to-day, fresh from the study of what is beautiful in art ; of what is trustworthy in literature ; of much that is reliable in science, and of all that is safe and unerring in religion, would find either pleasure or instruction in listening to one who, in a life of ceaseless and unremitting toil and labour, could now and then succeed in stealing a few moments only, to drink at the fountain of the Muses. Indeed were it not that I implicitly confide in the generosity of the youth around me—and youth is always generous—I should not venture to speak. Yet, custom requires that I should say a few words of the time and circumstances of this interesting event—yet when about to say to them, I feel they will

fall far short of the words that will come unbidden, a few moments hence, when I shall be regaining the car which is to take me home. It was Lowell, I think, who once said, in reply to a question, that the best speeches he ever made were those which he made in his cab, in returning home. It was *then* he thought of all the brilliant things he might have said, but did not say, and could not say, a few minutes before.

A word, however, in very plain prose, on the exceptional advantages enjoyed by you to-day, and on the duties of parents and guardians to profit by them. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world has there been greater necessity than there is at present for a suitable mental outfit for those who are about to enter upon life's serious battle. I said, advisedly, *suitable* mental outfit. And in what does that suitability consist? It consists not in a knowledge of a greater or less number of facts thrown together, as is often the case, without order or sequence or connection, and without bearing on other facts; but of a preparedness of mind for the reception of facts, if facts they are; or for the rejection of what are claimed to be facts, if such are found to be untrustworthy. *There* is the difficulty of the present day, and especially for young men about to enter upon the serious duties of life. I tremble to think of the trials and temptations to which youth and manhood are to-day exposed. Even the code of morals has changed, most markedly, within the limit of my experience—and not for the better; and this in spite of all the supposed aids which modern public school education has procured; and of all the advantages which the godless schools and colleges of to-day claim to have over those of yesterday, and, let me add, chiefly in being godless.

This is the age of *isms*, and this continent has had her share in framing them. When I began my professional career there were already a few. Atheism hardly dared to show itself. It was unfashionable—and there is a great deal in fashion, even the ladies will admit that. Agnosticism, that most impudent of all the *isms*, had not yet claimed attention. But how pretentious did it soon become. Atheism when met with was sad, sullen, gloomy; but it was silent. Agnosticism, on the other hand, while it claimed

that it could know nothing, acted as if it knew everything ; and that was the difference between them. The latter became the fashionable *ism* of the day, and even men in my own profession, who should know better, seemingly lost their mental equilibrium in studying it, and unhappily jeopardized at the same time the simple faith of the pupil to whom they thoughtlessly taught it, and as gratuitously as the principle had been assumed, for after all it was an assumption.

Evolution, that rehash of an exploded theory, came in about the same time ; and relationships were hunted for among the *Simians*—the tribe of monkeys—with as much diligence as one would labor to establish descent from a Norman baron, let us suppose, or a Viking, or, perhaps, if ambitious enough to have it established, “*qu’il est sorti des cuisses de Jupiter.*”

It is necessary to be prepared for severe, uninterrupted, life-long competition. It is necessary to do more than to learn one’s language, French or English, or even both. It is necessary to go on steadily from elements to rhetoric, and thence to the keystone of all education, Philosophy, which is supposed to terminate a proper collegiate course, but which is but the beginning of a life of study, to end only with one’s existence.

Facts are said to be everything, but a knowledge of facts is of little value unless they may be compared with others. And how can comparisons be safely made, and how can facts be fitted into their proper places and have their proper value, without a knowledge of the rules whereby they may be located and their value estimated ? The man who knows ten million facts, and has them stored away in a most retentive memory, to be thrown at us like isolated texts of Scripture, without their contexts and without their bearings, may yet be an uneducated man, while another, who may not know half a dozen facts, but who knows their value and bearing, may be an educated man.

We are often asked, “What is the use of classics ? What is the use of all this Greek ? We don’t talk Greek. And of all this Latin ? Latin is a dead language to-day.” I answer : A knowledge of Greek and Latin is exclusively the property of the educated man, and without them one is not educated. Were the educated

man to forget in a day, all he has ever learned of Greek or Latin, the mental gymnastics he had undergone to acquire that knowledge will have conferred upon him advantages which will last all through life, and which the one not so trained will be deprived of.

But what advantage, it is often asked, is a classical education to the business man? It certainly will not teach him how to put sand into sugar; or substitute margarine for butter; or put cotton into wool and label it all wool and sell it as such; or glazed earth into pure milk; or convert paste into cloudless diamonds, or pass off pinchbeck for gold. Perhaps not, although education will help him even in these devious paths of deception and dishonesty; but these are not the highest or the noblest, or even the most profitable attainable by man, nor are they the best calculated to bring happiness or contentment.

Education, to attain its true end, must ever be of a religious character, otherwise it is a dangerous weapon. Secular education of itself never has made, never will, never can, make man better, and that should be the end and aim of all education. I should say nothing if it kept him as good as it got him. But that would be the effect of a religious education and of that alone. Let me say to you, parents: The loss of those principles which you instilled into the minds of your little ones can never be compensated for, by any amount of science, or by any amount of classical attainments which it is possible, even for genius, to acquire. If one is disposed to evil, his non-religious education will enable him to do evil more methodically, more secretly, more refinedly. The rough, blunt, ignorant man, impelled by anger, or jealousy, or hate, or excited, perhaps, by stimulants, strikes down and kills. He is caught almost in the act. He is hanged, and society is at once rid of him. The learned, perhaps, in many of the sciences, especially of chemistry and toxicology, insures the lives of his friends—wife, sisters, brothers or parents; uses the most subtle of poisons, and his victims die; but he escapes detection. This is again and again repeated as often as money is required, until the whole community is aghast at the frequency of these mysterious deaths. Which of these two persons is the more dangerous to society?

Religion is to education what the sun's rays are to the earth. That luminary is many millions of miles from us—say ninety-three millions. It would take a rail car, travelling day and night, with the speed at which I came to this city, more than seven hundred years to make the round trip from the sun to the earth; yet the warmth of that distant luminary is felt everywhere. It vivifies all that has or can have life, and without it there can be no life. In its journey to this earth it gives off none of its heat to the air through which it passes. Its heat is reserved for our wants. Suppose that by a miracle, or by some great cataclysm, the distant sun were annihilated, this earth, and all which it inhabits, would, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, be one solid rock of ice, to float in its own chilly orbit. And thus it is with education. Withdraw the presence of the Creator, who is the source of all that is brightening and all that is vivifying, where would be the warmth and the light without Him who is the source of all brightness and of all warmth? Or grudgingly permit His presence for a half hour at the end of a day's school work, as some of our legislators would generously permit, when it would be a mistake to weary the already wearied ones with lessons of morality and religion; for if they once get a distaste for such, 'it will hardly be possible,' says Spalding, 'to impress them with a sense of its importance.'

I am glad to know that while in this institution classics and mathematics and history and the sciences are duly cultivated, something far more important is instilled into the mind of the youth—a knowledge of God and of His laws.

Let me say to you, my young friends, for it is to you I address myself chiefly, education has an enormous value. You know it; for have you not spent years in acquiring it? But allow one who has had some experience in life to say to you that that part of education which has made you to comprehend, somewhat, the unbounded love and wisdom and mercy of the Creator, is that portion of your education which may, at times, be forgotten, but which will never be unlearned, and which, in the trials and tribulations, born of your very existence, will be appealed to as to an inexhaustible fund of consolation of which it is not in the power

of adversity or ill fortune, or sickness or disease, or even of death, to deprive you.

I am here reminded of the lines of a Christian poet who lived in the world of flattery and adulation, yet who never forgot the teachings of his mother, and the religious training of maturer years :—

“ This world is all a fleeting show ;
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but Heaven !
Poor wanderers on a stormy sea
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light our troubled way.”

You are on the threshold of life. What is life? says one. It is natural for you, who are about to return home, to say: “ It is something joyous, and to be enjoyed: something to be struggled for.” “ It is,” says another, “ to be rich and to be in a position to make a display of riches.” Wealth, without the opportunity of displaying it, has little value in the eyes of the rich man. This is the stage of luxury, and the first desire of luxury is to display it.

Do not misunderstand me. I speak not of wealth honestly acquired and modestly and judiciously expended. The man of wealth who regards himself merely as the diligent steward and dispenses of wealth entrusted to him in works of benevolence and charity, is a blessing to a community

To be really rich is to be rich in love, and knowledge, and well doing, and especially in friends and fellow beings, to whom one may have brought something of joy and strength, something of comfort and happiness.

Is that the kind of riches, now commonly sought for in education, and commonly realized? A distinguished American prelate gives the result in the adjoining Republic:

“ We here in America are the most prodigious example of success which history records. In little more than a century we have subdued a continent to the uses of civilized man ; we have

built cities, railways and telegraphs ; we have invented all kinds of machines to do all kinds of work ; we have established a school and newspaper in every hamlet ; our wealth is incalculable ; our population is counted by tens of millions, and yet, in spite of all this, we are a disappointment to ourselves and to the world because we have failed in the supreme end of human effort—the making man a wiser, nobler, diviner being. We have uttered no thoughts which have illumined the nations ; we have not felt the thrill of immortal loves ; we are not buoyed by a faith and hope which are as firm-rooted as the rock ribbed mountains. * * * We have trusted to matter as the most real thing ; we have lived on the surface, amid show, and our souls have not drunk of the deep infinite source of life. Our religion and our education are cherished for the practical ends which they serve for the support they give to our political institutions. * * * The people have become less disinterested, less high minded, less really intelligent, and among their leaders it is rare to find one who is distinguished either by strength and cultivation of mind or by purity and integrity of character. Are we destined to become the most prodigious example of failure, as of success, recorded by history ?”

Do we wish to have a picture of ourselves such as that, or to have an education which was not only intended to give you solid and substantial knowledge, but to make you well informed, well mannered, courteous, truthful, honorable—in a word, to make you educated gentlemen ? To your teachers let me say :

Socrates, at one time a sculpror, chiselled the statue of the Graces and presented them to the gods. But, although pleased with their beauty, he recognized, with pain, that his right hand could not execute what his mind conceived. The old man in the Temple at Athens gave to Socrates this counsel : “Learn to know the divine germ which lies in thee, and in every human heart cherish it and thou shalt produce the godlike within and without thyself.”

Socrates now turned his thoughts to the instruction of youth, and the world, for all time, has been enriched with his embodied thoughts.

And Socrates the sculptor, now the orator, turning to his pupils, asks them: "Are ye not the noblest expression of the Divine grace, and shall I not live longer in such images than in cold, fragile marble?"

His reward noble teachers and a greater will be yours, for you have inculcated principles—unknown to him—which are as lasting as the heavens, and the youths who leave you to day will, I trust extend the sphere of their application.



CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

What man can check the aspiring life that thrills
 And glows through all this multitudinous wood;
 That throbs in each minutest leaf and bud,
 And like a mighty wave ascending, fills
 More high, each day with flowers the encircling hills?—
 From earth's maternal heart her ancient blood
 Mounts to her breast in milk! her breath doth brood
 O'er fields Spring-flushed round unimprisoned rills!
 Such life is also in the breast of Man;
 Such blood is at the heart of every Nation,
 Not to be chained by Statesman's frown or ban.
 Hope and be strong: fear and be weak! The Seed
 Is sown: be ours the prosperous growth to feed
 With food, not poison——Christian Education!

--*Aubrey de Vere.*



THE GREATEST OF GREAT CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

"If I, but tell uncolored tale of him, I shall seem to utter hyperbole and set before you rather ideal which no man has ever attained than narration of actual history. And of a truth, as I gaze upon the figure of him in the form and light which History has delivered unto us and contemplate the work he wrought, I suppress wondering incredulity only by recurrence to a distinctive call of the Most High God, and distinctive aids from heaven's bounty as explanation of his phenomenal life and deeds"—Rev. Dr. Keane, O. P. on O'Connell.

TO judge rightly a public man," claims Léon Gautier in his *Portraits Contemporains*, "it is necessary to obtain an exact idea of the situation in which he found men and affairs upon his entry into public life and of the situation in which he left them. We must not judge great minds by their merits solely, but by their influence as well." Guided, then, by this principle, comprehensive but just, I will endeavor to justify the title of the present article by drawing attention to the uncommon merits and world-wide influence of Ireland's Liberator, Daniel O'Connell.

The closing years of the 18th century were stormy ones indeed. The French Encyclopedists, those worthy precursors of the French Revolutionists, had instilled their subversive principles into the educated minds of every land. Even to Catholic countries—to Spain, to Portugal, to Austria, to Italy—did the infection spread. In France it was rather contagion. But principles lead naturally to practical conclusions and so on every hand the Church was subjected to violent persecution. Catholic rights were ruthlessly trampled upon. Catholic liberties were despised. Catholic principles were rejected with ridicule and scorn. Kings and princes tried their profane hand at ecclesiastical legislation and lawgivers dabbled in rubrics. Example as is its wont, in this case proved a skilful teacher. The rulers had cast aside the divine authority of the Church and now, in turn, the masses, restless, dissatisfied, tired of subjection, openly manifested their disrespect for the authority of the state. Hence upon the first signs of an up-heaval in France, a thrill of sympathy ran through Europe

entire while the nations echoed in delight that portentous cry: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality. The French Revolution, however, gave to its abettors not liberty but licence, and as that devastating flood of the Reign of Terror swept over poor misguided France, its breakers beat upon the farthestmost boundaries of Europe. Then kings were to be seen leaguings with kings to support with mutual hand their tottering thrones. Nation joined with nation to preserve their national existence. And now out of that awful chaos, a mighty genius is slowly coming to the front, moulding events as he comes, the despot of the France of the day, the tyrant of the Europe of the morrow—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Here in Canada, a people conquered and oppressed but tenacious of its religious and political rights, was engaged in a struggle, at first constitutional indeed, but eventually openly rebellious and even embittered by racial and religious animosity. To the South, a young nation scarcely beyond minority rose exulting in her freedom but with the notes of her joyous song of liberty mingled the groans of a race enslaved. South America still bore the yoke of Spain—a yoke daily growing heavier and heavier because of the persecuting policy of rulers that had imbibed the spirit of the Encyclopedists; while the sun in his torrid march around the world, never for a moment set on the backs of Britain's slaves.

And Ireland, O'Connell's native land? Let us retrace our steps to 1782. Thanks to Grattan and the Volunteers, Ireland was given her legislative independence; yet Catholic Erin continued to wear her chains; for, if we except the meagre concessions of 1772 and 1778, the penal laws remained still in all their force. In the Irish Parliament, however, Grattan nobly espoused the cause of his down-trodden fellow countrymen, and sought to obtain for them a full measure of justice. For ten years his efforts were nullified by the overwhelming majority that bigotry marshalled against his purpose; but, at length he succeeded in securing the passage of the Relief Bill of 1793, which, while leaving the Catholics, as of old, debarred from all the higher preferments such as the Lord Lieutenancy, the Chancellorship, as well as from the Legislature and the Bench, granted them

electoral franchise, trial by jury, the right of entering into the professions and of receiving their education in the colleges of the land. Noble-minded, brave-hearted Grattan! He rejoiced at this victory of Tolerance over Persecution. Little indeed did he think of what the future had in store. Bigotry was not conquered. It had only raised a flag of truce beneath whose white folds it might advance its deep-laid plans against an unsuspecting foe. While Ireland, too, was rejoicing—ah, why could she never learn to read between the lines?—and all unsuspecting, was enjoying the benefits of her demi-emancipation, Parliament passed an Arms Act which legalized the forcible entrance into private dwellings in search of arms. This act aimed at the confiscation of all the arms in the hands of the Irish and at the disbanding of the Volunteers, the one bulwark of Irish liberty, the one menace to English ascendancy in the Island. The volunteers disbanded, all the arms in the country seized—what danger was there now for the land whose “flag had braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze”? Pitt rejoiced with rejoicing because the way lay clear for the accomplishment of his cowardly designs. To achieve his pet project—the legislative union of England and Ireland—was only a matter of time. “The Irish have no arms; harass them persecute them, *goad them on to rebellion*; then we’ll strip them of both their liberty and their independence”: was there ever a plot more diabolical concocted outside the gates of hell? Yet such was the plan adopted by the cold blooded Minister Minister and his myrmidons of Dublin Castle. Henceforward, every motion in Parliament tending to better the condition of the Catholics was ignominiously voted down while coercive legislation went on apace until Grattan and the friends of liberty, quitted in despair those halls from which justice itself had fled. Orange outrages, too, came to aggravate the situation. The insulted, injured, outraged populace seeing no means of redress, sought a doubtful shelter behind the veil of secret societies which began to multiply with marvellous rapidity. The spirit of insurrection stalked abroad: England had scored another point. One bold move more and the Irish would be goaded into open rebellion. That move was made without hesitation, without scruple—Ireland was placed under military law. Judges, pardoned before hand for

all the atrocities they might commit,* went to excesses that were incredible, did not the impartial testimony of History oblige us to believe. Witnesses were subjected to the horrible tortures of the lash and the picket. Magistrates made their circuit accompanied by executioners and condemned to death or to perpetual exile all that were dragged before them. The courts-martial, without enquiry, without any formality whatever, put to death any one and every one whom informers might choose to designate as suspicious. Moreover, the militia were authorized by the Riot Act, to fire upon any assemblage without notice; and so the slaughter of the Irish went on. Nor was this all, though Heaven knows it were a thousand times too much. An abandoned soldiery was billeted upon a defenceless but virtuous people and—the Castle well knew it—the Irish above all races in the world could not stand *that*. England had her wish. Ireland, unarmed, undrilled, unfriended, rose in her agony of despair. She rose—but let us draw a curtain before the awful scenes that followed, scenes of martial butchery, of unmartial massacres of men and women and children, scenes of judicial slaughter. Let it only be remembered that though the Sun of Liberty had often risen upon warring Ireland to shine for one brief day through the ruddy haze of her martyrs' blood, yet never had it set as now in a cloud of thrice-dyed purple and with no promise of a morrow. It was the darkest night that had ever settled upon the shores of Innisfail. Ireland was almost drowned in her own blood. Her friends throughout the world, wept as they that weep for the dead. The hearts of her sons were broken and their souls sang a song of sorrow, to which even the poet's tear-provoking lamentation sounds like a cry of joy:

“ Oh ! Ireland, my country, the hour of thy pride and thy splendor
is passed,

And thy chain that was borne in thy moment of power, hangs
heavy around thee at last.

.....
In the nations thy place is left void; thou art lost in the list of the
free;

Even realms by the plague or the earthquake destroyed, are
revived; but no hope is for thee,”

* “The Indemnity Act protected magistrates from the consequences of exercising a vigour beyond the law”,—Magee, Hist. of Ireland.

The enemies of Ireland were jubilant. They too thought her dead. They were taking her out to burial when they met a savior on the way. O'Connell blocked the passage. "Hold!", he cried "She is not dead but sleeping." The funeral cortege at first stared at him in surprise. Then the mourners wept the more as the sad reality struck them with ten-fold force. The scoffers scoffed with redoubled scorn. They had not counted on a hidden germ of life. O'Connell, all undismayed, approached the would be bier, and spoke the magic words: "Ireland, *Catholic* Ireland, I say to thee arise:" And Ireland arose but with the stupor of death still upon her, and the clouds of ignorance born of three centuries of untutored slavery, still darkening her mind. She leaned a dead weight on the arm of her deliverer, and he educating her the while, supported her tottering steps towards the Mountain of Liberty. His strong arm cleared away the roughnesses of the way. Single-handed, he defended her against the attacks of her ambushed enemy, and alone he fought the mighty forces of her foes, and he left her not until far up the mountain-side she breathed the air of freedom. Let us follow in meditation this Way of Deliverance.

Scarcely had O'Connell set foot in Ireland on his return from his foreign *Alma Mater* when the Rebellion of '98 broke like a sudden storm over the Island. The young graduate thus witnessed with bursting heart the hopeless days of frenzied struggle that precluded the utter prostration of his native Land. Devastation, desolation,—the words seem weak indeed to describe the situation of Ireland as she lay before his gaze; but here that he was, he lost not courage even amidst such scenes and when to all but himself hope seemed none, then did he vow himself to the cause of freedom. He would free Ireland, but how? By force of arms? No, assuredly not. About him was strewn evidence the most convincing of the disastrous results of such a course. Then how? O'Connell was an advocate. His was an advocate's plan. He would plead the cause of Erin. The nations of the earth would be so many assistant counsel; Ireland, his only witness; the Parliament of England, his jury; the Government of England, his judge. Before that bigoted jury, before that unfeeling judge, would he argue the case of Erin and from them wrest a victory

the more glorious because bloodless. It was a gigantic undertaking, a seemingly chimerical project. The Irish were disunited in disunion unparalleled even in the annals of Ireland. McGee tells us that, owing to the wily policy of the Castle authorities, the year '98 found "the nation subdivided within itself: Protestant civilian from Protestant ecclesiastic, Catholic layman from Catholic priest, tenant from lord, neighbour from neighbour, father from son, and friend from friend." Not only were the people divided, but their very spirit was crushed within them. The clergy, too, were averse to a renewal of the struggle under any form. The hierarchy was afraid with a fear that was indeed most reasonable. The upper classes considered it wiser to leave bad enough alone. Even the Catholics of England were numbered amongst Ireland's foes and those foes were backed by the wealth and the might of the mightiest, and wealthiest of Empires. And he that now swore to free this people, was a young man three years above minority, a beardless youth scarcely admitted to the Bar, with no weapons for the fray but the brains Almighty God had given him and the heavenly gift of a golden tongue.

O'Connell's maiden speech was made on behalf of Ireland. On the 13th of January, 1800, the Catholics of Dublin had assembled to protest against the Bill of Union. Hardly was the meeting opened when the tramp of armed men was heard without, and in marched a body of troops under the command of the infamous Major Sirr, who in those woeful days when Irish men and Irish women were indiscriminately massacred, when Irish prisoners were placed as living targets in public shooting-galleries, when Irish children were tossed from bayonet-point to bayonet-point in more than barbarous sport, had earned for himself the opprobrious nick name of "the Irish Marat." Sirr advanced and demanded a copy of the resolutions about to be passed. The list was given to him while fear struck dumb every man present except O'Connell, who at that perilous moment arose to support the resolutions in a speech of fiery vigor and to protest in unambiguous terms against the iniquitous scheme of Union.

When Legislative Union had become a *fait accompli*, a Catholic Committee was formed to agitate for Catholic rights, but the

majority of its members were too timid for the task they had undertaken and so after a precarious life of some years it was easily suppressed in 1811. All this time O'Connell had kept his own personality in the background though in reality he was the very soul of the movement. He was content to leave to others the glory of the leadership so long as they labored for the furtherance of his patriotic plans. Now, however he saw, was the time for a bolder move. Hitherto, the Catholic Committee had confined its agitation to the circle of the prominent and the few who were naturally fearful of bringing upon themselves the wrath of the Government. But now O'Connell felt that he himself must take command. He must go out to awaken the people from their death like lethargy and to unite them as one man if he would have Ireland for his witness in that vast court wherein he intended to plead. From that moment dates his wonderful, single handed campaign against the might of England. He spoke anywhere and everywhere, at all times and under all circumstances; and so powerful was his eloquence that he succeeded in his object. In a few months he had so roused and united his countrymen and had gained such an ascendancy over them that he was recognized by all as the spokesman of the Catholic population of Ireland. England grew alarmed, and ever skilful in sowing seeds of discord amongst united Irishmen, she promised by the mouth of Canning complete Emancipation *provided* that the Government be allowed the right to veto the appointment of Bishops to Irish Sees. That provision, as England had plainly foreseen, proved to be a bone of contention. Immediately the Irish camp was divided into vetoists and anti-vetoists. The clergy and the mass of the people were uncompromisingly opposed to the measure. The wealthier classes, the titled and landed Catholics, eager for peace at any price, were loud in support of the proffered legislation. The struggle convulsed the Catholic Board in which the battle was all the more violent because more concentrated. Here Shiel the eloquent mouth-piece of the vetoists, contended in single combat with the mighty O'Connell whose battle cry was "Emancipation but no veto." Full many a day, these intellectual gladiators contended for the palm of victory, until at length, Shiel conquered but powerful still, retired with his friends, and the Catholic Board collapsed. O'Connell had won at the expense of all his influential

friends. Nothing daunted he began once more his solitary labors for God and native land. This time the clergy came out unreservedly in his favor. The hierarchy, reassured by his noble stand in the question of their rights, blessed his cause. The people flocked to him in such numbers that again great England viewed his movements with alarm. It was felt that he must be silenced at any cost. A murderer was hired to cut short that precious life but Providence had decreed that D'Esterre not Daniel O'Connell, should fall. England was chagrined. Ireland was jubilant and O'Connell was the hero of the land.

For the next seven years, the great agitator strove to close the breaches made in the Irish ranks by the veto controversy. Again he sacrificed everything personal—his profession, his income, his rest, his peace. Again his voice rang through the length and breadth of Ireland, commanding Irishmen to unite in common cause. To precept, he added practical example and proffered the hand of friendship to Shiel and his fellow-recalcitrants. Thanks, therefore, to his generous patriotism, in 1823, Vetoists and Anti-vetoists joined forces in the newly-founded Catholic Association, which soon became so formidable as to merit the condemnation of the Government. This suppression of the Society was closely followed by the rejection of the Emancipation Bill of '25. Any other than O'Connell would have given way to despair. Look where he would the political sky was covered with an ebon cloud through whose opaque mass not one chink was there to reveal a silver lining. "Where now," he cried in this darkest hour, "where now is there rational hope for a Catholic? Where shall I look for consolation under the present great and serious disappointment? Am I to look back? Alas, there is nothing cheering in the events which have for some time past met us on the way to success and dashed our hopes to the earth. Does history furnish any grounds for the supposition that those who have been found incapable of maintaining their plighted faith and preserving the terms of a great national contract will now in the hour of success be induced to yield any reason, any inducement to us to proceed in the course we have adopted?" And this was the result of 25 long years of sleepless anxiety and unceasing agitation—disappointment sore and galling with no prospect of future

success. It was indeed, "to hope against hope itself," to look with confidence into the coming years. And yet hope O'Connell did. He was not one of the class of great men whose greatness is achieved by being borne passively along on that

"tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on
To fortune",

to glory and to fame. Such men are the spoiled children of fortune. They are guided by the "Spirit of their age." The Arch-agitator belongs to the very circumscribed category of the great that rise superior to circumstances howsoever adverse, that dominate and mould events, and that create the Spirit of their time. He was, in a word, a genius; and true genius, though ever humble, is for all ever self-confident too. O'Connell therefore did not despond. "The Catholics," he cried* in response to the taunts of his prematurely jubilant foes, "were sometimes in derision termed *Roman*. I am a Catholic, and proud am I to say that in one thing at least I am a Roman—I never will despair." Not he—"despondency" is a word not to be found in the vocabulary of genius. But how to inspire his fellow-countrymen with his own undying hope? That was now the question. "How can I tell the people of Ireland they ought to be tranquil and not ferment in their hearts that black stuff which makes political discontent mischievous? How can I tell the people of Ireland to hope when they see this unprincipled, disastrous measure (Suppression of the Irish Cath. Association) has been adopted?" These questions found a ready answer in his prompt action. He immediately revived the suppressed Catholic Association under the name of the "*New Catholic Association* which was ostentatiously proclaimed to have been founded" for charitable and *other purposes*." Then once more he gave himself to the wearisome task of agitation. Hitherto his call had been to Union. Now his message to United Irishmen was "organization;" and the tenor of his appeal, "Prove to England that we are one in action as well as one in sentiment and she will not dare to thwart our will." The

* Vide Speech in British Cath. Association on the Defeat of the Emancipation Bill, May 26, 1825.

people hearkened to his voice and mustered their forces and he organized them as never other man has organized other nation. He fused the souls of eight millions of people into one with his, so that they directed their whole minds to what he directed his, they willed what he willed, they felt as he felt, they loved whom he loved and hated whom he hated. They acted as one mighty machine when he commanded to act and as he commanded to act ; and they became tranquil at once at his bidding.

(To be continued.)

E. J. CORNELL, O.M.I.



“ God works through man, not hills or snow !
 In man, not men, is the God-like power ;
 The man, God’s potentate, God foreknows ;
 He sends him strength at the destined hour.
 His Spirit He breathes into one deep heart ;
 His cloud He bids from one mind depart,
 A Saint !—and a race is to God reborn !
 A Man ! One man makes a nation’s morn,
 A man, and the blind land by slow degrees,
 Gains sight ! A man, and the deaf land hears !
 A man, and the dumb land, like wakening seas,
 Thunders low dirges in proud, dull ears !
 One man, and the People a three-days’ corse,
 Stands up, and the grave-bands fall off perforce ;
 One man, and the nation in height a span
 To the measure ascends of the perfect man.”



Poems Worth Reading.

THE CELT IN CANADA.



HE exiled sons of Erin's Isle are scattered o'er the earth,
From the wilds of far Australia to the ice fields of the
North.

They're guarding Britain's honour 'neath a scorching
Indian sun,

In France and Spain, the gallant Celts, imperished fame have won.
They bore the Green with the Stars and Stripes in fair Columbia's
cause,

In Forum and Assembly they enact the nations' laws ;
And in our broad Dominion, this undaunted Celtic race
Have by their mighty voice and pen attained a foremost place.

Dread pestilence and famine gaunt compelled them forth to roam
In other lands, to seek the life denied to them at home.
But worse by far than hunger's pang or fever's tainted breath,
Were tyrant landlords' mandates causing misery and death.
The seaports swarmed from day to day with Erin's boast and pride ;
There stalwart Youth and hoary Age departed side by side,
All bound to the land of the future hopes by Canada's far off shore,
They bid adieu to their native isle, the land they'll see no more.

But the carrion bird of fever hover'd o'er the ocean wave,
And thousands 'neath its briny foam there found a watery grave.
Their whitening bones in Atlantic deep have formed a mighty chain,
Uniting their beloved land to the one they sought in vain.
On the banks of broad St. Lawrence, 'neath Mount Royal's giant
shade,

Six thousand other victims in a lonely grave are laid.
 To seek a home in Canada they fled their native sod,
 But as they reached the promised land, were summoned to their
 God.

Kind priests and nuns and noble hearts of ev'ry race and creed
 Rightly lent a willing hand in this the hour of need.
 Their loving hearts and gentle hands defied contagion's dread,
 To tend the suffering exile's wants, and cheer his dying bed.
 In pity kind Canadians dried the orphans' welling tears ;
 And sheltered in the rural homes they passed their youthful years ;
 'Mid loving peace and friendship, in the fear of God they grew,
 And by this fostering care they form'd affection's ties anew.

To-day Dame Fortune smiles upon the young Canadian Celt,
 And in the higher walks of life, his voice is oft'times felt ;
 But mem'ries of those earlier years can never pass away,
 Nor the kindness shown our fathers then, in Ireland's darkest day.
 Since then the children's children of that little Celtic band,
 Have spread themselves both far and near o'er our Canadian land.
 The Shamrock and the Maple Leaf are lovingly entwined
 In lasting bonds of friendship and fraternal love combined.

Thomas Whelan, in Montreal Star.

HE KNOWETH BEST.



O! no!" I cried. "I will not have that cross—
 'Tis heavy, and hard, and bare.
 Give me a rose, a ring, a pearl whose gloss
 Light makes more fair."

Out of my life His gifts I flung away,
 Because I would not get
 The thing I asked for, as I knelt to pray
 With lips tight set.

And reckless down a rosy slope I went,
 From thralldom free ;
 The hours that made my little day are spent,
 And night meets me.

Into its ebon darkness, Lord, I go.
 Oh, my lost prayer !
 I searched my heart and soul for you, and lo !
 A cross was there.

Gently and lovingly on my shoulder laid
 By Hand Divine
 He sayeth : " Best for thee ; be not afraid—
 A cross was mine."

Mary Josephine Enright, in Irish Monthly.



THE PERFECT PLAN.



ALTHO' I lie so low and still
 Here came I by the Master's will ;
 He smote at last to make me free,
 As He was smitten on the tree,
 And nailed there. He knew of old
 The human heart, and mine is cold.
 And I know now, that all we gain
 Until we come to Him is vain.
 Thy hands have never wrought a deed,
 Thy heart has never known a need
 That went astray in His great plan
 Since far off days when youth began.
 And in that vast and perfect plan

Where Time is but an empty span
Our Master waits. He knows our want,
We know not His—till pale and gaunt
With weariness of Life we come
And say to Him, "What shall I be?"
"Oh, Master, smite, but make me free,"
Perchance in those far worlds to see
The better thing we sought to be.

And then upon thy couch lie down,
And fold the hands which have not sown,
And as thou liest there alone,
Perhaps some breath from seraph blown
As soft as dew upon the rose,
Will fall upon thee at Life's close.
And thou wilt say, At last! At last!
All pain is gain, when pain is past.
Then to the Master once again—

Oh, keep my heart too weak to pray;
I ask no longer questions vain
Of Life and Love, of loss and gain,
These for the living are and strong—
I go to Thee, to Thee belong.
Once was I wakened by Thy Light,
Long years have passed and now the night
Takes me to Thee. I am content
So be it in Thy perfect plan
A mansion is, where I am sent
To dwell among the innocent.

R. J. in Boston Pilot.



THE CABIN ON THE MOOR.

(FROM "THE SHAMROCK.")

THE day had been dark and the weather indications heralded a fall of snow. I was alone on a mountainy road, within a half an hour or less of nightfall, and some miles distant from the house of a friend in a remote part of the Co. Wicklow. I had been foolishly tempted to make a short cut, with the result that I lost my way, and was now endeavoring to regain it. I was alone and on foot; just sufficiently clad for a brisk winter walk, but not at all prepared for a snow-storm, and for more than an hour I had not seen a human habitation.

To the right and left of the road stretched a moor, relieved here and there by a stunted plantations, and beyond this on either side rose a chain of hills that looked repellantly sombre under the dull leaden sky. The road in front of me, after winding for a mile or more, disappeared round the shoulder of a steep mountain, brown and bare, save for a few pine trees, scarcely distinguishable in the waning light.

While I was mentally calculating what time it would take me to reach this, a few snow-flakes fell. This spurred me on, but I had not advanced more than forty or fifty yards when the snow began to fall heavily, so that I could not see more than a few feet ahead. Fortunately there was no wind, nevertheless it was with difficulty I pursued my way, and after a while a feeling of loneliness that was almost dreadful took possession of me. I knew that a few steps to the right or left might precipitate me into a bog-hole, for the road was not lined with fences and the fallen snow made it impossible for me to know whether I was walking on the hard road. I was, therefore, compelled to proceed cautiously, that is to say slowly, and it seemed to me that I must have been travelling for an hour before the snow-fall ceased. But

the clouds still covered the sky and it was impossible to discover where I was. Suddenly a light, such as might come through a window of a cabin, caught my eye. For the first time in my life I discovered the full meaning of the word fascination. Whether it was fear or hope, or both, operated on my mind I know not, but it seemed to me that if death were lying in wait for me I should try to reach that light. The desire to reach any shelter under the circumstances was but natural, but there was something more than desire—something that, while it drew me forward irresistibly, congealed my blood. I could not look away from the light, and advanced like one staring with unwinking eyes, until I suddenly stumbled and fell up against the wall of a small cabin. A candle was burning inside the single pane of glass that served for a window. I tried to get a glimpse into the interior, but the light in my eyes prevented this. The strange feeling which until then had possessed me had almost worn off and given place to one of thankfulness that I was close to human fellowship and to a hospitality—which I knew I might count on however poor the inmates of the cabin were.

I knocked at first gently and then briskly. To my surprise there was no response. I knocked louder. No reply. I then lifted the latch and pushed the door. It gave way, and I found myself in a one-roomed cabin. On the hearth a few sods of turf nearly burned out, and scarcely showing a red gleam through the grey ashes. Then I heard a low moan, and under the window stretched along the wall, was a truss of straw. On this was the wasted figure of a man whose sunken cheeks were greyer than the ashes on the hearth, but whose eyes flashed like live coals. I approached the bed and bent over him.

Suddenly he put forth from under the wretched cover a skinny hand, hot with fever.

"I am dyin, dyin!" he cried, in a voice that seemed to owe its energy to tenor, "and I can't go, I can't go into the dark, lonesome grave with the secret on my soul. I'm afeard of him—afeard of her—Whist! whist!" and the poor, delirious creature lifted himself up on his elbow. "Do ye hear 'em callin' outside? Do ye hear 'em?"

The door rattled, and the candle flame flickered, and what seemed like the wail of a human voice crooned round the cabin.

"Ah, they are cryin' out agin me, and 'tis often I hard them; but I shut my heart agin 'em, but I darn't to-night, for I'm dyin', dyin'."

"It is only the wind," I said, "the wind has risen, and is crying across the moor."

"Do ye tell me it's the wind—the wind did ye say? Ah, no, no! Oh, God, it's her voice—the colleen, and didn't I love her, and wasn't it because I loved her I—. But there 'tis again, and they are comin' for me!"—

A ruder blast of wind made the door rattle on its hinges, and sweeping down the chimney scattered the ashes on the hearth, and extinguished the candle.

"Are they there? Are they there?" cried the old man hoarsely with scant breath. "It's only the wind," I answered, although fear was gripping at my heart with icy fingers; and taking the candle from the window I beat down over the dying embers and tried to blow them into flame. After a while I succeeded and relit the candle.

"Is there anyone in the room but you? Is there? Is there? Tell me!"

No I answered, in a voice so strange that it startled myself.

"Then boult the door, boult the door, I must get it off my mind before they come. Are ye listenin'? Man, are ye listenin'?" and the poor creature dragged himself into a sitting position in the bed.

His eyes, almost baleful, fastened themselves on mine

"There's a stool there; there's a stool there," he went on. "Draw it near and sit down beside me."

I obeyed almost mechanically, and seeing this, he lay down on the pillow, closed his eyes, and drew two or three long inspirations. Then he again stretched out his wasted hand and caught mine.

"'Twas in the time of the troubles," he began. "I was in the yeos, and he was out with Michael Dwyer. We were sisters' children, and we grew up together like two brothers, till she came between us not that 'twas her fault, poor colleen, for sure no one that set eyes on her could help lovin' her. But she fancied him and did not care for me. He was a wild, harum-scarum fellow, and his talk was as bright and as rushing as a stream running down the hillside of a summer morning, and she never tired listenin' to him; I couldn't talk to her as he could, and I allow that I was not his equal for strength, or activity, or daring, but I would have plucked my eyes out at a word from her. But she gave me the go-by everywhere, at the dance or the fair, and hardly could I get her to bid me the time of day.

"But all that was before the troubles, and when they broke out he and I were in the yeos under the command of our landlord, Captain Y——. There was bad work, and God pardon me tonight for the share I took in it; but they tould us— I mean Captain Y—— and the rest of the gentlemen— that if we did not put down the United men they would put us down, and not leave us hearth or roof. And so we hounded and harried them, and many's the house I fired with my own hand, and sure for months there never was a night in Wicklow that was not reddened with the blaze of a burning homestead. And the night came when we got orders to burn the house where she lived, and to consign it to the flames, for her father was suspected, rightly, I believe, of being a United man. For some time previous to this my cousin and rival was missin', but this gave me little concern, for now I was glad of it. I believed my chance had come at last. I was in charge of the company that had been ordered for the duty of this particular night. I possessed sufficient authority over them to satisfy me that they would implicitly obey me even if I should call on them to act leniently and permit the occupants of the doomed house to go unscathed.

"I determined, however, to exact my own terms and that before the sun rose on the following morning Nora Favey should be my bride. The night was dark, so dark that we could not see a dozen yards before us, but we knew our way and arrived at

midnight at our destination. The whitewashed walls of the house showed faintly, but no light was anywhere visible. I set my men around the house so that no one could escape. Then I hammered at the door and called on the inmates to open in the king's name.

"I heard a rustling inside, and someone approached the door with the intention of opening it, I thought; but I found it was only for the purpose of further securing it against me, and that a barricade was being erected.

"If you do not open I shall fire the house," I shouted, but my threat had no effect. Some of the yeos had lighted a sod of turf, and were about applying it to the thatch when I stopped them, and bade them fire instead a stack of corn in the haggard that was close to the house. I hoped this would be sufficient warning and compel surrender.

"The corn readily caught fire, and in the glare we all stood out distinctly. Again I hammered at the door, and I had just ceased when there was a rattle of musketry. I saw several of my men fall like nine pins, and the rest scattered like frightened sheep. I turned round to find myself face to face with my rival, no longer in the uniform of the yeos, but wearing a green jacket, and in his hat the rebel colours. His pistol was at my head.

"'Hunt those fellows down,' he cried to his companions. 'Leave this man to me.'

"With a wild shout they rushed on after the fugitives, and my rival and I stood there together in the glow of the burning straw.

"'Open, Nora! It is I,' he said.

"At once the bolts and bars were undone, and the door was drawn back.

"'Come,' he said, taking me by the arm. And before I well knew how it had happened, I was in the room where Nora, her father, and some other relatives were. Nora flung herself into my cousin's arms.

"The sight maddened me. Rage, jealousy, and despair made me for the moment a veritable madman. My cousin had not disarmed me when he took me, as it were, prisoner and led me

into the house. My pistols I had left in my holsters, but I carried a short sword or, rather, dagger hanging in my belt. This I drew and struck at my cousin, while Nora was still in his arms. The blood spurted from his back out on to her face. I thought I had done for him and I fled.

“But I was mistaken. The stiff collar of his uniform caused the blade of the dagger to swerve, and only a flesh wound, long, but not deep, had been inflicted, and I learned to my mortification, in the course of a week or two, that my rival had recovered, and was again with the rebels on the mountains, and that Nora Favey had become his wife.

“There was now only one thought in my mind—to track my rival and his bride. The next time my blow would be surer—the next time I would strike at two, not one, and would strike home.”

“But months passed, and although at times I was on their track, I was unable to come up with them. My cousin was a mountaineer bred and born, and knew every glen and cave, ay, every hole that would hide a fox, in the mountainy districts, but though I was again and again disappointed, I never tired. I might, perhaps, have been more successful if I had set others on his track; but I wanted to have my vengeance all to myself, for I lived for vengeance—vengeance!”

Here the old man was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and he fell back on his wretched bed, and it seemed for a moment as if he was about to expire.

I looked round the miserable room to see if there was anything in the way of medicine or drink of any kind. He appeared to divine what was passing through my mind, and when his fit of coughing ceased he pointed to a black bottle that was close to the fireplace.

I took this and smelt it. It was poteen. I put it to his lips. He took but little of it, but the little seemed to revive him somewhat. Then he strained his ears, as if listening intently, and when the door shook before a blast of wind he trembled like an aspen.

“It is but the wind,” I said, by way of reassuring him.

"Whisper!" said he to me, in a low, eager voice. "Do ye think ye could hear the feet of the dead walking across the snow?"

The question made my blood freeze, but I answered boldly—

"The dead do not walk, these are but idle superstitions."

"Do you believe that—do you believe that?" he cried, with fervent anxiety? "Ah, but you never killed; you never murdered—but what is that? Do you not hear?"

"Only the cry of a curlew," I said, and then, less from curiosity than from a desire to stop these gruesome questions, I asked him if he were forgetting the story.

"No, no, I must tell it—I must tell it—I must tell it before I go—but where's this I was. Well, I tracked them and tracked them. In a skirmish with the rebels in the Glen of Imale my rival fell wounded into my hands. His men were driven off, as our numbers were superior to theirs.

"I bent over him, and his eyes met mine.

"Save me for Nora's sake!" he cried.

"My answer was to plunge my dagger into his throat. This time the blood spurted into my face. This time I had struck home. He died without a groan. But his starin' eyes seemed to burn into me, and they have haunted me ever since.

"I left his corpse where he had fallen, but my task was not yet done. I had yet to seek out Nora, and now a wild hope danced before my eyes that I yet might make her mine.

"That very evenin', by a strange accident, I found her hidin' place. It was a cave of fair size, the entrance to which was concealed by a clump of turf. I noticed a blue smoke risin' from it. I spurred my horse against the turf heap. It gave way, and showed the entrance. I entered. On a bed of leaves in one corner lay a woman. It was Nora. Beside her breast was the head of a baby—

"I—I—but I can't go on. You must guess the rest. There was also in the cave, which was lighted by a cleft in the top, an old woman, makin' three in all. When I left the cave I left be—

hind me three corpses——But whist! whist! don't you hear the feet of the dead? 'They are comin', they are comin'."

I tried to reassure him, and begged him to sue for mercy and forgiveness, but he only replied by moans—

"'They are comin'. Don't you hear them?'"

The wind had risen to a gale, and it seemed every moment as if the door would be blown in off its hinges. The candle, too, was almost burned out. Suddenly a fiercer blast struck the house, howling like a wild beast. As it did, the door was shot in.

"'She's come! she's come!'" screamed the dying man.

I recoiled a step in terror. On the floor was standing a woman with dishevelled hair. She stretched her bare arms in the direction of the man, uttered a wild mocking laugh, and then disappeared into the night.

I turned towards the old man. His mouth was open, his eyes staring, in his face there was an inexpressible look of horror. He was dead!

I rushed to the door and peered out into the night. I saw, or thought I saw, a black object in the distance moving swiftly over the snow, but I could not satisfy myself of this.

I stepped back into the house. The candle was now flickering, in another moment it would go out. To remain in the dark alone with the dead yeo was too much for my nerves. Better, I said, face the inhospitable night. I took my chance of keeping to the road way, and in less than an hour found myself once more close to a human dwelling. It was the house of a small farmer. Here I got a cordial welcome. I told them of the death of the old yeo, but nothing of his story. I told also of the apparition of the woman.

"'He ought to have been shot long ago, the ould murderer,'" was one of the mildest remarks called forth by my news. The woman, they told me, must have been poor 'Moll of the Ribbons', a half-witted creature, fond of wandering on wild nights. I confess the explanation was a relief to me, for I fear I had begun to share the old yeo's belief, and that the feet of the dead had walked across the snow

CENTRAL CANADA EXHIBITION.

THESE is perhaps no more appropriate season than the present for the appearance of an article on this most interesting and beneficial public institution. Agricultural Exhibitions are the natural attractions of this month in almost every Province and State in North America. Autumn is chosen for it is the time when all the products of the farm are gathered and fresh ; and from the almost endless variety and limitless quantity grown the best is chosen to be placed on public exhibition. When in our fertile Canada we visit the Exhibitions we feel like pitying Malthus, and think he would never have dreamed of making the calculations from which he evolved his famous theory on population, had he been granted the privilege we enjoy. We see such abundance that we have no reason to fear the future will ever find us unable to provide for ourselves.

Through the kindness of Mr. E. McMahon, the genial Secretary of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, the writer has been furnished a good opportunity to compare the various Fairs and Exhibitions that take place this autumn in many parts of Canada and the United States. Even from far away Buenos Aires comes a catalogue of "The 3rd International Exhibition of Live Stock" held in that place "from the 8th to the 18th September 1898." What an opportunity for a person given to instituting comparisons ! Beginning with Canada we find special encouragement given to Live Stock, Agriculture, Horticulture, Dairy Products and Utensils, Ladies' Work (fancy and useful), Fine Arts and Industrial Arts, Economic Minerals (collections of these properly named and classified), Agricultural Implements, Miscellaneous Manufactures, Textile Fabrics. Each Province or State offers special inducements for the products peculiar to it ; thus, in Nova Scotia large premiums are offered for Fish and Fishing Tackle ; in Manitoba, for Wheat and Farm products ; North Carolina, for Cotton, Tobacco, Rice. In this state Cotton is the first on the list and to it is given the largest premium, the book reading "Best bale of Cotton, \$15," Tobacco comes next

with "Best twenty pounds bright lemon wrappers, \$5." Wheat is "Best bushel, \$2 and \$1." Central Canada gives "\$3, \$2 and \$1," North Carolina gives \$2 and \$1 for Rice and \$2 for Peanuts. Buenos Aires, the capital of one of the greatest grazing districts in the world has room for no other department than Live Stock. No Agricultural Products, no Fine Arts, no Ladies' Work, no Manufactures! At once we note an ominous difference in the Prize Lists, which seem to tell us either that the Directors take no interest in encouraging these products, or that there is no competition in them. The latter alternative would indicate these industries to be at a very low standard of excellence. It may be that there are Art Exhibitions at other periods of the year, a state of affairs which would indicate that they are in advance of us. On this the writer is not sufficiently well informed to pronounce judgment. We must note however that this is their Spring Fair at which we cannot expect Agriculture to take a prominent part, but why should not Arts and Manufactures?

To many, an Exhibition is merely a good opportunity of seeing large crowds, and witnessing the greatest number of sights in the shortest possible time. To others it is a means of making money. They have exhibits that are sure to capture the best prizes, so they travel from one Exhibition to another gathering in the dollars by exhibiting and selling their products. They start on their annual trip with the first great Fair and return when the last one is ended. By this time many have all their exhibits sold. They are pedlars with this difference that instead of selling pins and needles for a cent, they sell Heavy Draughts, and High Steppers, Ayrshires and Durhams, for hundreds of dollars. Attractions in the form of Balloon Ascensions, Parachute Leaps, Diving Horses, Fireworks, Acrobatic performances, form the drawing cards for a large number of young people, and many older ones may be considered young on this score. Tradesmen take this opportunity to make a grand display of their goods in some prominent part of the Main-Building. It is their cheapest and best advertisement, being not a mere enumeration of their goods as in the papers, but the articles themselves arranged in the most artistic ways known to a professional Decorator.

The real object of an Exhibition, however, is not these side attractions. It is not "The Siege of Delhi" or "The Diving Horses", it is the magnificent display of the resources of the Country. It is to give public rewards to those who have been toiling daily to produce the best results in their Live Stock, their Agricultural Products, their handiwork. It is an encouragement in the form of premiums for work well discharged, directly for themselves, but indirectly for the advancement of the country. What words of praise are not due to those who devote their time and labor for the maintenance and prosperity of these great Associations. Among these should be mentioned the name of Mr. Wm. Hutchison, M.P. who has displayed such whole-souled devotedness for the furtherance of the interests of the Central Canada Exhibition Association. Through his untiring efforts in its behalf, it has become one of the foremost Associations in the Dominion, and it is to be hoped in its interests that he may continue many years to fill the Presidential chair.

The Officers include a President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, and twenty-four Directors besides about forty Honorary Directors, a Solicitor and two Auditors. The duties of the President are onerous during these years when so many important improvements are being made. He has overseen within the last three years the expenditure of \$130,000 in improvements. This year a new steel frame Main-Building has been put up at an expense of \$80,000 and the President has for a great part of the time personally supervised its construction. This along with superintending the other improvements in levelling and beautifying the grounds has not been accomplished without many sacrifices. The Treasurer's duties consist in looking after the financial condition of the Association. During the week of the Fair he is a busy man, for all the gate receipts must be looked after by him. He is aided in his task by a large staff of competent and responsible men.

Perhaps one of the most difficult positions to fill, since it requires a thorough knowledge of the minutest details of the whole work, is that of Secretary of the Association. There are so many departments that must come under his personal super-

vision that for weeks before, and till the end of, the Fair he is one of the busiest of men. He must possess many good qualities who would be a competent man for the position. Especially must he be obliging and patient, steady and methodical.

For weeks before the date of opening the Secretary's correspondence swells to such dimensions that the post-man feels relieved when he has disburdened himself at the secretariate. No man has greater reason than he to thank William Pitman for his great invention. Instead of writing he merely dictates his letters, and the stenographer, that maker of mysterious-looking hooks and curves, takes them down. The clicking of the type-writer is heard for a short while and a beautifully type-written letter then appears to which he has nothing to add but his signature. Should the letter be one of importance it is copied into the Letter-Book before being mailed. The Secretary is supposed by some to have an extraordinary memory. Of the many acres devoted to spaces of 14 x 16 rented to individuals during the week of the Exhibition he is thought to keep a mental record. Some say: "I want the same space as last year," and expect him to answer off-handed: "Yes, you had the 16th space in the 11th row, section E on the South-East of the old Main-Building; but since it is torn down the spaces are changed, and that one is now the 19th in row 22 of section G. Let me see. . . . It is not yet rented; so you may have it at \$30." As well try to learn Webster's Dictionary by rote. The Secretary does not allot the spaces. He sells the "Privileges" but the Superintendent on the grounds chooses the space to be occupied by these venders of small wares, refreshments, etc., as also the location for tents to exhibit such wonders as six-legged calves and other monsters. There is one applicant for space who is never allowed admittance on the ground; he is the gambler. The law on that point reads as follows: "No person shall carry on, or assist, or aid in carrying on any kind of gambling, or any game of chance at any agricultural, horticultural, live stock, or industrial exhibition or fair, or within half a mile thereof." The person infringing this law is subject to a fine of "not less than \$20 besides costs and not more than \$100 besides costs."

The Secretary must make arrangements, subject to the approval of "The Attractions' Committee," for all attractions, music, etc. This brings him an extra amount of labor, as all correspondence regarding engagements must pass through his hands.

But the heaviest part of the work is the receiving of entries, or the names of all articles properly classified, to be placed on exhibition. The Exhibitor's Number must be entered opposite each prize number competed for and a ticket made out for each article. For each article in Horticulture, Poultry, Dairy Products, Ladies' Useful and Fancy Work, Fine Arts, Numismatics and Philately a ticket like the following must be written. Let us suppose the exhibit to be in Ladies' Work; it would be class 9. Fancy Work is section 61: Useful Work would be section 62. The Prize Numbers in the former run from 969 to 1051; in sec. 62, from 1052 to 1099. Let the Exhibitors No. be 570. If the article were Kensington Embroidery the Prize No. is 1002 and the ticket would read:

1898 - OTTAWA - 1898	No. 570,	:	1898.
CENTRAL CANADA EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION		:	No. 570.....
OTTAWA, ONT.		:	Class 9.....
		:	Section 61.....
<i>Class 9 ... Section 61 ... Prize No. 1002</i>		:	Prize No. 1002
<i>Article, Kensington Embroidery</i>		:	Exhibitor detach
.....		:	and retain this
		:	check, which
		:	must be present-
		:	ed on taking a-
		:	way the exhibit.
<i>Exhibitor, Miss Jemima Blank</i>		:
<i>Residence, 44 Blank St., Blankville, Ont.</i>		:	
<p>This Ticket must be fastened securely to the Exhibit, and remain there during Exhibition, or no Prize will be paid.</p> <p>E. McMAHON, Secretary.</p>			

THE TICKET.

This ticket must be placed within the following envelope and sealed ; and the two, all but the " check " as will be afterwards explained, are firmly fixed to the exhibit.

<p>No. 570.</p> <p>This Envelope must not be removed until Judges have made their Awards.</p> <p>Afterwards to be removed by Supt. in charge of Department.</p> <hr/> <p><i>Class 9. . . . Section 61 Prize No. 1002</i></p> <p><i>Article, Kensington Embroidery.</i></p> <p>.....</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Please Attach to Exhibit.</p>
--

THE ENVELOPE.

It will be noticed that the ticket bears the name and address of the exhibitor. The reason for this form of ticket is readily understood. After the judging is over the Exhibitor may have the envelope torn off by the Superintendent of the Department and his name appears. The reader will note that the right hand upper corner of the ticket contains the Exhibitor's Number along with the class, section, and prize number of the exhibit as does also the main body of the ticket ; also that there is a dotted line marking off that corner. This line is perforated, making it easy to detach. The corresponding corner of the envelope is cut off allowing this corner to protrude. When the Exhibitor receives his tickets he detaches this corner and it serves as the " check " for his goods. When an Exhibitor, as often happens in Horticulture, Poultry or Ladies' Work, sends in from fifty to one hundred entries one can easily conceive the amount of work done in making out these double tickets.

The question as to how the Exhibitor's Number is allotted now comes up. There are four entry books, one each for Live Stock, Agricultural Products, Ladies' Work and Fine Arts, and for Agricultural Implements. When a stock-raiser, for instance, makes an entry, his name is entered in the Live Stock book according to the index. Each line where names are written has a special number throughout the four books, so that each name is opposite a different number: this is the Exhibitor's Number and stands for his name throughout the Exhibition in whatever departments he may exhibit. It will thus be seen that each "check" differs from the others in this number at least, though it may correspond in Class, Section and Prize No. with fifty others. There is thus no misunderstanding when the goods are claimed at the closing of the Exhibition. For all other exhibits than those mentioned, viz:—for Live Stock, Agricultural Products (except Horticulture), Machinery, and Manufactures another ticker is used. It is merely a tag containing the Exhibitor's Number, the Class, Section, and Prize No. along with the name of the article. There is much less work in making these out, as the names of the Exhibitor does not appear and there is no corresponding envelope. The following is the form; it somewhat resembles the former "inside" ticket, but has no "check" in the corner.

1898.	No. 299.
Central Canada Exhibition Association.	
OTTAWA, ONT.	
<i>Class 1</i>	<i>Section 3</i> <i>Prize No. 25.</i>
<i>Article, Pair Matched high-steppers</i>	
.....	
<i>Exhibitor</i>	
<i>Residence</i>	
This Ticket must be fastened securely to the Article, and remain there during the Exhibition, or no Prize will be paid.	

Exhibitors sometimes do not come with their exhibits. In that case they address them, after fixing the tickets firmly to the articles, to the Superintendent of the Department in which they intend to compete ; and such care is exercised that nothing is ever lost. Some manifest less faith in the officers and even bring the goods to the office to make their entries. This of course is a very useless procedure. The entries are made and the owners simply have to carry the articles home and wait till the opening of the Fair to bring them to the grounds. Others are more cautious and wish to know against whom they must compete. Of course this information is refused ; all they can be told is to make their entries and take their chances.

Entrance to the ground is all by tickets of which there are several kinds ; Members' tickets which cost \$5 ; Complimentaries which are very desirable and which are given only to Directors, benefactors, and prominent men in the government, militia and city council ; Press Complimentaries given to newspaper reporters ; Judges' tickets, the most desirable as they entitle the receiver to a daily lunch at Ashe's, and Exhibitors' and Attendants' passes. The Exhibitor's passes are given to Exhibitors only, and to those in particular whose entry fees amount to \$1.50 or more, or who pay up the difference between their fees and that sum. The Attendants' ticket is given to men employed by stock-raisers, machinery men, and to laborers on the grounds. No ticket is transferable though men are known to have given and even sold them. A judge is known to have given his ticket to a friend, he himself having to leave the city on business. The receiver, not content with coming in free at the gate, had the audacity to come to the Secretary for lunch-tickets. The Secretary, however, knew all the judges personally.

"Where did you get that ticket?" he asked.

"It is mine, I judged in class——, section——."

"There must be something wrong as I know the man who judged in that class, and you are not he."

"Don't I know I judged that class? You should know me, I am ——."

"I don't know you. Now be honest ; tell me how you came by that ticket."

"Well, since you are so——smart, you can find out for yourself."

He turned on his heel and walked out. The ticket of course, was confiscated. In another instance an Exhibitor sold his ticket for twenty-five cents. It happened, however, that the Treasurer, all unknown to the parties concerned, was a witness of the transaction. Mr. Bate secured the seller's name, and when later the man wrote for his prize money, amounting to about \$75, the Secretary replied saying he was sorry he had not yet been sent the prize-winner's receipt. "But I have not received my money" the worthy wrote back. "Well, some man presented your ticket, and what was I to do?" returned the Secretary. The upshot of it was that the man had to admit everything, upon which the amount of his prize money was forwarded to him. Needless to say he does not come to the Central Canada Exhibition any more.

The week of the Exhibition is one of bustle and excitement. For weeks before hand the small boy has been on the lookout and has been promising himself a good time. His bank has been steadily becoming heavier ; he will not touch it till the morning of the opening. Then his respect for its treasure ceases ; one by one he shakes out the coins with the intention of using them all in the pursuit of pleasure. Many grown persons are still small boys in this respect. The grounds are covered with them ; their eyes are hungry for sights. They are so eager to see that they go about it as though they could take in everything with one great look, or here and there seeing the same things over again. Others, however, adopt a method to visit the Fair. They proceed systematically from class to class, section to section, and see everything worth seeing. They derive benefit, and possess clear notions about the whole Exhibition.

The first two days, namely: Friday and Saturday, are spent in placing the articles to the best advantage, and Monday is the real opening. The Fair lasts till Friday ; for on Saturday, the last day, the exodus begins, and the Exhibition loses all the

beauty acquired by the charming order in which everything was disposed.

Daily the Grand Stand is crowded to overflowing, for before it the Live Stock must be passed in procession after having been judged in the "rings", places set apart for this purpose. Nightly it is filled. More than 20,000 people each evening witness the magnificent fire-works display which is the chief attraction secured annually by the energetic "attractions committee." The stand, also, is the most advantageous spot from which to see the astonishing feats of the acrobats, the laughter-provoking antics of the clowns, and to hear the singing of the best minstrels that can be secured.

The office of the Secretary is a busy place during these days. The tickets in all cases made out once have in many instances to be written over again. They have been lost, were left at home, never received, etc. ; and the poor clerk has to re-write these to make up for someone's negligence. Then questions innumerable and as various in kind as the exhibits themselves, have to be answered. The Judges' Books have to be prepared. All the Exhibitors have had their Exhibitor's Numbers entered opposite the Prize Number for which they are competing. These numbers must, now that the entries have ceased coming in, be transferred into the Judges' Books which are exact counterparts of one section or more of the four large Entry Books already mentioned. The judges take their books and go about each in his own department. Having decided which articles take the prizes they make their awards and enter the Exhibitor's Number in the award column opposite each Prize Number, and then place First, Second, and Third Prize Cards respectively on the articles judged worthy of these distinctions. And as the judging is all done during the first few days, the winners have a chance to satisfy their vanity by having the envelopes torn off, thus exposing their names to the public.

There is something remarkable in the Prize Cards for the Live Stock. In the Horse Class the First Prize *card* is red and the Second, blue, while for the *badges* the First is *blue* and the Second *red*. The Third Prize card is green while the corresponding badge

is yellow. Why the First and Second Prize colors should be interchanged has not yet been satisfactorily explained to the writer.

When the great processions are ended, when the "Professor" has folded his balloon, when the wax-works and the cinematograph have received their last visitor, when the last rocket has been sent sky-ward and the "Siege of Delhi" has been presented for the last time to an enthusiastic Grand Stand, when the last admirer has bidden good-bye to the Art department, when in a word, the Exhibition has come to an end, every body deserts the grounds as though they were a plague-spot. Nothing remains to show that tens of thousands of busy people have been there but the paper littered about, the marks of myriads of footsteps, and the reports kept in the news-papers and the books of the association.

But the work in the office is not finished : there still remains the task of adding the Prize-moneys. This is a tedious undertaking and requires great care and accuracy. When it is finished, each prize-winner receives personally or has sent to him, an order for his amount on the Treasurer. The fortunate ones are happy, having not only the honor of carrying off the prizes but something more substantial than mere empty glory. The less favored ones have acquired new ideas which will help them to attain the desired distinction in future Fairs.


Thus is carried on in the main, one of the most useful institutions of our country : useful because it causes emulation between producers leading them to greater and more intelligent efforts for the perfection of their products, and bestowing incalculable benefits upon the whole country.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '99.



Literary Notes.

THE VACILLATION OF CRITICISM.

F a traveller from New Zealand, or even a less distinguished personage of an inquiring turn of mind from any other land, were to request me to furnish off-hand the most striking example to be found any where in the world of "how *not* to do it," I should unhesitatingly respond by naming press criticism. *Iipse dixit* seems the one only process known to the band of writers who judge books for the newspapers and magazines. The poet Pope must have had a vivid prevision of the contradictory, and therefore mutually destructive, judgments made to do duty for criticism in modern periodicals, when he subscribed to the bitter sneer that "critics all are ready made." If our critics had to serve their time to their trade like shoemakers and tinsmiths, they would probably act upon set principles which in their aggregate would merit the title of a system. Ask two shoemakers for their opinions of a piece of foot-ware and if they be honest men, their judgments will be much alike. Ask a tin-smith to state the relative value of two tea-kettles and he will do so in such an exact manner that if another of the same trade be consulted the latter can merely say "ditto" to Mr. Burke, by repeating the opinion of the former in all its important features. But when two literary critics are asked to pronounce upon a piece of literary workmanship, we are almost certain to hear them contradict each other along the whole line! Our craftsmen know their trades and they know what their trades should produce, should we not expect as much from our critics? The latter may be honest, in fact they are honest as a rule. Yet, like the "awkward squads" that are the terror of our militia regiments, they almost invariably shoot wildly, and pepper one another instead of the target.

The two criticisms of the same book—"Cuba, and Other Verse," by Robert Manners--which I am about to quote furnish a delightful example of the prevailing gross contradiction of periodical criticism. The first extract is from the learned critic of the *Montreal Star*. I give it at some length, because aside from the point under discussion, it is, I think, worth the space it occupies. Here it is :

"Aspiration unfortunately is not always inspiration, but in many cases is more akin to desperation. This is frequently the case with would-be poets, and the worst of it is that, belonging to what Horace calls "genus irritabile"—a waspish race—they hate to be told the truth. They have the will, but not the power, to accomplish great things, and refuse to recognize that there is any difference between the two. They may be wholly destitute of "the vision and the faculty divine," but, because they have a genuine love of poetry, they cannot rid themselves of the belief that they belong to the sacred band of poets. What, then, is to be done with writers of this class? Bearing in mind the maxim,

"Praise undeserved is satire in disguise."

the critic must break the truth to them, not unkindly, or with an air of superiority, but in a way that cannot be misunderstood. To a man of feeling, it is, of course, infinitely more pleasing to praise than to blame, but truth must be respected at all hazards.

"The author of "Cuba, and Other Verse" has omitted to study the essential principles of poetic art. He has utterly disregarded the accepted laws of both rhyme and metre, and, as a natural consequence, has failed to produce a volume which will win him any fame. "There are poems," writes Leslie Stephen, "which dominate and haunt one; which, once admitted, sting and cling to one; the tune of which comes up, and runs in one's head at odd moments; and which suddenly revive, after years of forgetfulness, as vigorous and lively as ever. Such poetry, as Wordsworth told Arnold, has the characteristic of being 'inevitable.'" The Canadian author's [Robert Manners] disregard of correct rhymes and exact metre, is apparently owing to a defective ear, and we fear

that the melody is almost incurable. We find these defects on almost every page. Here is an example that occurs on p. 12 :

“ A terraced stair, with marble balustrade,
Rose from the lake, and thence an avenue.
‘Neath palms o’er-arching, stretched up the hillside,
To where, crowning its summit, the chateau
In simple beauty stood.”

“ Any novice in the art of verse will at once discover that the metre halts, and the rhymes are imperfect. The last syllable of “balustrade” cannot match that of “hillside,” nor that of “avenue” mate with the termination of “chateau”. Again at page 29 we find the same careless metre :

“ Yes, I have dared enlist for liberty,
The life which love consecrated to thee,
‘Neath whose promptings returned to thee, I bear
My anxious heart, which asks thine own to share
The sacrifice.” etc.

“ To prove that we are not wrong in censuring this seeming carelessness, we quote from various pages of the book the following quaint attempts at rhyme : “Scaled and concealed”; “influence and lineaments”; “minister” and “arbiter”; “morn” and “dawn”; “feet and hate”: the last syllable of “envious” and “bliss”; “heart” and “wert”; “keep” and “shriek”; “foot” and “cut”; “Philomel” and “madrigal”; “pass” and “precipice”; “wheel” and “mill”; “voice” and “skies”; “hymn” and “perfume”; “all” and “bountiful” twice on pp. 50 and 51 ; “sphere” and “visitor” on p. 58; “sustain” and “within”; “happiness” and “embrace.” In fact, the writer seems almost incapable of detecting a false rhyme. Here are two lines from p. 72 :

“ And these alone remain to me of all happy time.

In the heart’s darkened chamber hung, draped in memoriam.”

Finally, to dismiss the disagreeable subject, we find at p. 91, “remember” used as a dissyllabic rhyme to “zephyr.””

Of this same volume the learned critic—all critics are learned, are they not?—of the *Canadian Magazine* speaketh more briefly but with infinite dogmatism as follows :

"William Briggs, Toronto, has just published "Cuba, and Other Verse," by Robert Manners. This is an excellent volume of general compositions which possess much more than the average grace and thought. * * * * * The poem entitled "Cuba" is the longest in the collection. Besides this, there are many general poems, several fine sonnets, and some graceful and vivacious songs."

Here is difference between doctors with a vengeance. Imagine the condition of the reader who depends exclusively for guidance in the choice of books upon the *Star* modified by the *Canadian Magazine*, or *vice versa*! He must be in a condition to sympathize with the ass of the Latin fable between the bundles of hay. Both critics are perfectly honest, no doubt, but they differ as pole from pole. And the two opinions cannot be correct. Indeed, Disraeli was absolutely right when he affirmed that it is much easier to be critical than to be correct. Precisely who is right and who is wrong in this instance, it is fortunately not for me to determine; although after a dip into the poems in question, I feel strongly disposed to vote with the *Star*. This is only one sample of the divergence of opinion underlying the great mass of current criticism. I could easily cull a large volume of just such amazing variation. But it is unnecessary. Criticism may be considered as useful only when it rectifies error and improves judgment. When critics contradict one another point blank on rudimentary questions, their efforts, I am forced to conclude, cease to be benignant and begin to be malignant, as the evil heart of Procrustes turned the bed, the symbol of repose, into an instrument of torture. It is a safe rule to read the books themselves instead of what is written about them, even in these notes.



KINGSFORD'S CANADA.



THE reader who sets out uninterruptedly to peruse Dr. Kingsford's History of Canada, a monumental work in ten bulky volumes the last (perhaps) of which has just been published, has need to keep all his attention most actively concentrated. Historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced. Those three qualities are so seldom found in any one man, that my Lord Macaulay, probably after a penitential glance back over his own brassed pages, remarked that to be a really good historian is perhaps the rarest of all intellectual distinctions. It is but just to the author under review to state that he possesses the characteristic of loving what seems to him to be the truth for its own sake, and the enviable disposition to endure any amount of drudgery and encounter any sort of toil in order to secure it. I wish I could add that he also commanded the special qualification which a distinguished critic, Carlyle it was, I believe, calls the "historical eye," meaning thereby the ability which would enable him to seize the important facts in an infinite mass of detail, and the power of describing vividly what he saw clearly. This abiding want constitutes, to my mind at least, one of the most serious short-comings of the Canadian historian. Owing to it, however faithful the picture is it is never vivid. The artist does not possess an imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque. His imagery fails to loom before the memory. The scroll he unrolls has few spots upon which the eye of the soul delights to dwell. The author acts as if he were ignorant that stolidity is not accuracy, and that the truth may be told without being dull. There is throughout the ten volumes an appalling lack of artistic proportion. The landing at Lachine of an Indian canoe fleet, laden with fur from the West, for example, is accorded almost the same extent of canvas and certainly the same amount of color as devoted to the capture of Quebec. Although possibly quite unconscious of the fact, Kingsford holds a brief for the English race, and viewed from the

standpoint of the special pleader his efforts are generally able ones. Under such circumstances, it is, I think, the part of wisdom to read his tomes with one eye occasionally fixed on the history of Dr. Garneau, who may be regarded as the advocate of the other side. The volumes of the latter historian present a strong and lively defense of the French. The tomes of Dr. Kingsford contain a strong defense of the English, with all that the term comprehends, but one which is anything but veracious. In the vexed question of the treatment of the Acadians, our historian always following the shrewd but prejudiced Francis Parkman, and not unfrequently going him one better, is passionately unwilling to admit that those unfortunate people reaped more ruin than they sowed with their own right hands. But on this important point the schoarly and vigorous volumes of Edouard Richard offer a complete and most highly entertaining corrective. I differ from Dr. Kingsford in both race and religion and I do not hesitate to say that I seldom find it possible to see eye for eye with him. Indeed, on every page I find my predilections rudely shattered and my conclusions ruthlessly traversed. Even if time and space were at my disposal, want of reading and research would prohibit me from quarrelling with his facts; yet I am certain his conclusions are wrong in many important instances. I venture to think Kingsford would have done his subject matter infinitely more justice had he paid heed to the valuable advice which Mr. Augustine Birrell offers to men of his calling, when he states that maxims, the historian will have if he is wise, never a one; and as for a moral, if he tell his story well, it will need none; if he tell it ill, it will deserve none. It is but fair to point out, though, conclusion depends on the point of view, and that the latter is prone to change with the individual. Dr. Kingsford has an undoubted right to his opinions. I have a right to mine. No two men can see the same thing in the selfsame way. No two tongues will describe a series of events in identical terms. Many of his statements will meet with speedy refutation from competent authorities. The vigorous race of Richards is, let us hope, very far from being exhausted. The histories that are final are, indeed, few. That Dr. Kingsford's is not one of the classics I firmly believe. Historical truth is a quality that time

seldom fails fully to establish. The greatest friend of truth is time, as her bitterest enemy is prejudice. Those of us who find our pet predilections disarranged by this history can surely afford to bide our time in patience if not in comfort.

When we consider Kingsford's history as merely a mechanical achievement, a matter of endless reading and tireless extracting, of prolonged sifting of evidence, an affair of painful writing and re-writing, we can cheerfully accord the aged author a large amount of the most hearty praise. The English and American historians—and the remark has a far broader application, of course—in writing the annals of their respective countries, can take for granted that there lies behind them an intense feeling of nationality, which will show itself not in noisy boastfulness, but in genuine appreciation; that with the matter of the work their countrymen will sympathize, whatever may be the opinion of the latter as to its execution. No such supposition can be made by the Canadian historian; no such belief inspires him to exertion. He may hope to create interest; he cannot venture to assume its existence. In other words, the Canadian historian enacts the role of the martyr to duty, and much may and should be forgiven him who strives to execute a useful work for his countrymen without hope of adequate pecuniary reward.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS. ✓

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Vol. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 1

EXPLANATORY.

It is in somewhat the mood of half-repentant iconoclasts that we, the editors of '98-'99 address our first words to the public. For years have we longed to enter into the mystery-shrouded *Sanctum sanctorum*, and now, when at length we have succeeded in penetrating into the sacred precincts, lo! our first act is to cast down from its venerable perch, the OWL, that idol beloved of student and alumni. But all, whether graduate or undergraduate, have loved not excessively, but wisely, knowing well that no "idol made of hands" is or can be perfect. Moreover, since it was not the OWL precisely as the OWL that appealed to their devotion but rather as the representative of their *Alma Mater*, all have felt—some there were who from time to time protested—that the name was of too undignified and non-descriptive a character. This conviction has likewise long been ours; and so influenced not by hearts that clung with warm devotion to that idol around which clustered fond memories of halcyon days of yore but directed rather by reason, that guide and ruler stern, we have rejected what before we worshipped. But as the destroying of one altar

is the erecting of another, so the *Sanctum* of the OWL has become the *Sanctum* of THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

SELF-LAUDATORY.

Compared with the OWL, the OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW presents many new features. Its dress is new. The type is new. The general style is new. In keeping, too, with its more magazine-like form, it contains several new and important departments; thus, while sufficient space will, as heretofore, be allotted to College doings and to College happenings, there will be more matter than formerly, calculated to be of interest to the general public. We have every confidence that all these changes will meet with the hearty approval of our subscribers.

VALEDICTORY : SALUTATORY.

By Rev. Father Fallon's resignation of the chair of English Literature, the students in general and the editors of the University Magazine in particular have suffered a great loss indeed. For four years, was Father Fallon the oracle of the *Sanctum*, and to his constant encouragement, to his ever-ready advice, to his unflagging energy is it due that his apprentices turned out the four largest and best, the four most interesting and most instructive volumes of the Owl. In the class-room, Father Fallon was an ideal professor. He was not merely an instructor, but an educator. His was the rare faculty of ever opening up new horizons to the minds of his pupils. His the rare tact of brushing dexterously aside a few intervening branches of shrubbery to disclose soul-enrapturing vistas in the delightful sister-realms of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. Thus he roused to activity the inventive aptitudes of his pupils, and gradually led his youthful disciples to form all the mental habits—habits of observation, habits of thought—characteristic of the truly educated mind. But Father Fallon has become enamoured of the sacred duties of the ministry and St. Joseph's rejoices while we are sad. And thus it comes,

that in the first joyous moments of its new life the REVIEW is called upon to pronounce that saddest of sad words—Farewell ! In the name of the student-body, and in the name of the Editorial Board, we wish Rev. Father Fallon a heart-prompted *God Speed* on the way of his choice.

And now it is but meet that, with respectful salutation, we greet and introduce to our readers, Father Fallon's successor. Rev. Father Cornell's success as professor of English during the past four years, is our guarantee that the course of English Literature will continue under him to be up to the same high standard as heretofore ; while his well-known literary ability specially fits him for his additional office of Managing-Editor, and affords us the assurance that the REVIEW, under his guidance, will reach even a higher degree of excellence than the OWL. Once more then, to Father Fallon—Adieu ! God-speed ! To Father Cornell—Greetings ! Welcome !

INFORMATORY.

The changes in the University Staff have been unusually numerous this year. Rev. Father Nilles has been appointed to the important office of Vice-Rector and succeeds to the chair of Philosophy left vacant by the departure of Rev. Dr. Gohiet for Europe. Rev. Father Campeau, as Prefect of Discipline, replaces Father Hénault who in turn takes up the duties of Prefect of Studies in the Commercial Course. Rev. Father Murphy still supervises the Classical Course of Studies, but the staff under his command comprises many new faces. Rev. Father Howe resumes his old station of Latin professor, after an enforced absence due to the pressing care of St. Joseph's parish during several months succeeding the translation of Very Rev. Father Constantineau from the pastorship of St. Joseph's to the Rectorship of the University. Two new English professors have been added to the teaching-body in the persons of Rev. Wm. Kirwan and Rev. C. McGurty ; while, as stated above, Rev. Father Fallon's classes fall in heritage to Rev. Father Cornell.

Events of the Month.

By D. McTigue.

Keeping strictly within the limits of time implied by the title of this department, I can scarcely justify the treatment of events that occurred previous to the first of September. But as our magazine did not appear during the months of July and August, and as the vacation-period was marked by some happenings most worthy of attention, I think it better to cast a hasty retrospective glance over the two previous months before taking up the regular work of the department.

Mortality Among Canadian Prelates.

The death of Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, some few months ago, seems to have been the forerunner of a sad mortality amongst Canadian prelates. Since the close of last college term two other eminent Bishops have passed to their eternal reward—Mgr. Laffêche, of Three Rivers, and Mgr. Walsh, of Toronto. Thus Canadian affairs occupy at present a very large share of the attention of the Roman Court.

General Chapter of Oblates.

Some months ago was held in Paris a General Chapter of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The Oblates from all points of the globe were there assembled in the persons of their delegates to elect a new Superior General in the place of the late lamented Most Rev. L. J. Soullier, and at the same time to treat of the general affairs of the Congregation. The choice of the Chapter proved to be Rev. Father Cassien Augier who was duly proclaimed Superior General. Most Rev. Father Augier is a brother of Rev. Father Celestin Augier, formerly Rector of Ottawa University and later Provincial of Canada. The first official act of the new Superior General was to summon Very Rev. Father Constantineau to Paris that face to face they might treat of matters for the welfare of the University.

A few weeks ago the world witnessed the death of a **Bismarck.** man who lived his whole life for his country and himself Prince Bismarck. If the "Iron Chancellor" ever had any other ambitions he never cared to push them. For all that he ever did seemed to be for the advancement of Germany and Bismarck. He accomplished a great deal for both. For the former, unity and strength; for the latter, fame. This fame is of the kind that is more memorable to his enemies than to his friends. It is worthy of note that his death, although the most notable since that of Mr. Gladstone, did not disturb the equilibrium of the nations of the world, not even of the German world.

During the warm summer days when the world **Leo's Encyclicals.** at large was refreshing itself at the ocean side and in the cool glades of the mountains, there was one venerable, glorious old man whose solitary residence did not change, but whose tireless energy in the interests of his flock preserved its usual beautiful qualities. I refer to Leo XIII, who in the past two months occupied himself so earnestly with the grave problems of his time that the result was the issuance of two encyclical letters. The first was addressed to the clergy and people of Scotland, and given out on July 25; the second was to the Italians, which was published on August 5. The letter to the Scotch was written because of his earnest desires "to bring back to the embrace of the Good Shepherd those whom manifold error causes to stand aloof from the one fold of Christ," and because he "deeply deplored the unhappy lot of those who are deprived of the fulness of the Christian faith." The Holy Father draws attention to the perniciousness of the right of private judgment, and the evil of its becoming widespread among the people. He points out its incompatibility with the scriptural interpretations of the Apostles, who were inspired by the divine founder of Christianity, and whose doctrines were upheld by the Scottish people for more than a thousand years. The letter is a strong appeal to the common sense and close-reasoning characteristics of the people to whom it was sent. In the letter to the Italians the Pope speaks plainly of some of the

latest despicable acts of the Italian government. Directly his words are addressed to the clergy and laity of his own beloved country. but indirectly it may be inferred that his language contains a ringing warning to the government to look to its security by a modification of its tyranny. He advises his people to resist every invasion of their rights, by all the lawful, Christian means at their command, and to prove, by their conduct in the future, as in the past, that the disturbances for which their associations were suppressed, were more odious to them, as Catholics, than to their Herod-like condemners. It is doubtful if the politicians who control the government will take heed of the dangers resulting to the country through their new policy, that the encyclical so strongly points out. That fools are blind to their destiny because they are blind to the warnings of it, is a truism which holds good for every generation. But one of the certainties that may be expected from it is that it will assist the Catholics of Italy in their agitation for a change of present conditions, at the same time helping them to bear their tribulations until the day when they shall finally triumph over their persecutors.

Nicholas'
Encyclical.

The month of August witnessed the promulgation of one of the most extraordinary documents of recent times—the proposition of the Czar of Russia for universal peace. It was published soon after the close of the Spanish-American war, this time apparently having been chosen by the wily Russian as the most favourable. And a more advantageous time for its proper reception could scarcely be selected. The two late belligerent nations were engaged in becoming friends again, with both of them, we may confidently say, quite willing to arrive at any terms which would ensure a lasting peace. The governments of Europe, seeing one of their number so completely defeated, were taking the deepest interest in the progress of peace arrangements. In the United States there was a manifest disposition on the part of many statesmen to increase the size of the standing army as a better provision for the emergencies of war. Thus, with the people in this frame of mind, the Czar's proposition to all nations

to agree to a reduction of armament and a decreased expenditure for military equipments, was received with a kind of reaction to peaceful sentiments. The document is most carefully and diplomatically worded. It was not written in a day. The thoughtful rounding of the sentences gives evidence that it was premeditated for many days, worked at and revised, and withheld for a good opportunity of publishing. There is a vast deal more of plans and hopes between the lines than is discoverable from the text. Considering Russia's own interest in the proposition, cannot forbear to think that it is not so much a desire to assist the world to greater progress and liberty—because no nation which holds despotic sway over its citizens can lay claim to much on that score—as it is a bold scheme of monarchial selfishness to keep the Czar's dominions intact, while making their maintenance less burdensome financially.

International Conference at Quebec.

A noteworthy event of last month was the opening of deliberations by the International Conference to adjust the differences between the United States and Canada. The commission representing the two countries is composed of men who can be depended upon to make every effort to get the most and give the least for their respective governments. If this policy were carried to extremes there would be great danger that the conference would result in no benefit to either party. But as present conditions are not conducive to the best interests of trade, there will likely be some agreement reached which will unite the two countries more closely together. Very little can be said at present about what the commissioners are doing. They have so far consistently kept their business to themselves, so that the press or public has been unable to learn anything which would enable them even to conjecture the outcome.

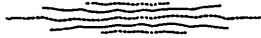
In the church of Notre Dame at Montreal on the Mgr. Bruchesi. eighth of August the pallium was conferred upon Archbishop Bruchesi. The ceremony was performed by His Lordship, Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, and was witnessed by a large number of priests and bishops from various parts

of the country, as well as many from the United States. Among the latter was the illustrious Archbishop of New York, Right Rev. Dr. Corrigan, who delivered an address at the dinner following the event.

Hispano-American War. The Hispano-American war is closed. On August 12, President McKinley for the United States, and Ambassador Cambon, of France, acting for Spain, signed the protocol of peace. The war was extremely disastrous to Spain, and of great gain to the victor. It was begun professedly to establish an independent government for the Cubans, but there can be no doubt now that it developed into a full-fledged war of conquest as a means of recompense. Through this the United States gains the beautiful island of Porto Rico and the valuable Philippines. Spain has lost all these, and much more in men, ships and money, and is now without a single colonial possession in North America. Although hostilities ceased last month, a great deal of talk about the war is still going on. This talk is not of a very elevating character, and is likely to rob the victorious government of much of the glory it might otherwise have retained. This is so, chiefly because it was so widely heralded as a war for humanity. It may have been, and I sincerely believe that it was, in its inception, a war for humanity, so far as it regarded the Cubans, but it is daily becoming more evident that, in its later developments, it was a war of inhumanity, as far as the treatment dealt out to some Americans is concerned. And in these "some Americans" I include not only General Miles, General Coppinger, Admiral Schley and other officers of the army and navy whose standing entitled them to the leadership of the forces in Cuba, but also the large number of volunteers who were starved, ill-treated and neglected in their sickness by the incompetent favorites of the "powers that be," who were fitter to be the servants than the commanders of the brave men who were placed in their charge. Secretary of War Alger and Adjutant General Corbin are not nearly through explaining the mistakes they made in the conduct of the war, nor is President McKinley for keeping General Alger in his cabinet.

**Assassination of
Empress of Austria** One of the most shocking crimes of recent years was committed at Geneva, Switzerland, on the tenth inst. The Empress of Austria, leaving the country, while about to embark on her ship, was deliberately murdered, stabbed to the heart by an Italian anarchist. In reflecting on this foul deed our mind becomes disconcerted with mingled feelings of abhorrence of the unnatural fiend that perpetrated it and of tender regard for the unhappy victim. Empress Elizabeth's domestic afflictions had broken her heart. The tragic death of her son, Crown Prince Rudolph, and the sad fate of her sister, Duchess d'Alençon, in the Paris bazaar fire, coming upon her in her old age, caused her to withdraw from her royal duties and seek a spiritual seclusion. She gave up her social obligations, and devoted herself to a course of charitable work among the poor. Her kind ministrations were so fruitful that she endeared herself to her subjects, in a manner unequalled by any other European sovereign. The disposition to retirement, which afforded solace to her afflicted heart, led her to many places without the necessary precaution of protection for her royal person. She travelled with confidence in human nature, and a feeling of consolation in humbling herself. It is sad, therefore, to think that so noble a woman was so unmercifully stricken down, and simply because she was a queen. The base, cowardly assassin who plunged the dagger into her generous heart, had no grudges against her individually, but hated the class to which she belonged. He had been searching for men of high rank, and failing to find them exposed, he vented all the hatred of his diseased mind on a woman, who was already weighted down by an uncommon portion of life's sorrows. I cannot conceive the utter unnaturalness of the man who committed this crime, and would like to comfort myself with the belief that such heartless beings are not numerous. But the frequency with which these outrages occur, and the rabid demonstrations against law and order in European cities, together with the constant danger that surrounds royalty, compels me to the belief that their number is terrifyingly large. When they band themselves together in anarchistic associations there is no limit to the cruel, malignant designs that animate them. Their individual

vileness is nurtured and expanded by the influence of many like natures. No nation to-day is free from these pests, although they are most numerous in the old countries of the world. The peculiar conditions of European governments have produced them. And it is a noteworthy fact that their outbreaks are usually directed against the heads of these governments and the ruling classes. In the assassination of Empress Elizabeth there was no purpose sought to be gained, no tyranny to be rebuked, no misdeeds to be punished. By her the title of empress was honored through dignity and elevated through morality. She was murdered because she was the wife of an emperor. This is deplorable, and most humiliating to mankind.



The College World.

BY P. J. GALVIN.

Though changed in dress, and with other evidences of a sort of regeneration, still it does not appear proper that a formal introduction of ourselves should be exacted of us. It should create no surprise when we speak of former acquaintances among the college publications. The OWL passed out of existence during the summer months, and, as none of the feathered race was at hand to fill the vacancy, the REVIEW stepped in. Therefore possessed of many of the accoutrements of the extinct OWL, and doing business at the same stand, the REVIEW extends to such of its brethren as have appeared a hearty welcome, and a cordial invitation to those that have not arrived.

Few exchanges have yet reached our *Sanctum*, so difficult is it to rise from the lethargy in which the educational world has lain during the past few months.

The July-August number of the *Manitoba College Journal* has an altogether too decidedly religious tone. Its articles have nothing at all of literary excellence. The exchange column is a medley of clippings from various sources, betraying at once a gross

lack of taste on the part of the editor, and a carelessness that leads him into misrepresentations. A paragraph taken from the *Evangelical Churchman* is reproduced to give an idea of "what Romanism is, not as presented by the reformer, but by a conservative Roman Catholic." The words of Erasmus are quoted to show that, in the Catholic Church, the time that should be devoted to "better things" is taken up with "howling." Leaving aside the consideration of the music of the "Church of Rome," which is ever conceded to be of the sublimest order, we should like to remind this admirer of the *Evangelical Churchman* that Erasmus is a poor type of staunch upholder of the Catholic Church. He was, on the other hand, quite inimical to the Church. Owing to the efforts of Luther, he was so far deluded as to cast his lot for a short time with the avowed reformers. It is, therefore, absurd to parade his writings as those of a "conservative Roman Catholic" in order to point out on the testimony of a member of the Church, and not by the words of the reformers, the abuses existing in the Church. Moreover, it would be well for our Manitoba friend to consider, before endorsing the opinions of the *Evangelical Churchman*, whether it be wise to set aside all the easy means of finding out "what Romanism is," and go back to the writings of a man who died about five hundred years ago.

A "Study of Shelly" that appears in part in the *Notre-Dame Scholastic* promises to be, when completed, an able and exhaustive criticism of our great ethereal poet.



Among the Magazines.

By P. J. GALVIN.

The Magazines have appeared on our table in due time. War topics are given precedence in many of them. "The Economic Results of the War" is treated, somewhat briefly however, in *Donahoe's Magazine*. The pith of the article, in itself very concise, is as follows:

Besides the large field opened up for speculation, there are great opportunities for a development of material interests. A large increase of trade with the East and the West Indies will be the certain concomitant of such satisfactory treaty stipulations as the outcome of the war would lead one to expect; and, as a result of this increased trade, the southern cities, on account of their proximity to the West Indies will be brought into prominence. Capitalists as well as industrialists will be on the alert ready to seize favorable chances. English capital will rush in to supply the deficiency that will have been caused by the withdrawal of American money. The monetary agitation, that was all important during the late Presidential campaign, will thus become stifled. This important change, together with the prosperity of the western and southern states will cause a reconstruction of political parties along new alignments. Lastly, in the proposed increase of army and navy, other economic results are recognized, by the opening up of new avenues of employment.

Current History, 2nd Quarter, 1898, has arrived at our *Sanctum*. It contains much interesting and important information, especially relating to the recent war, to politics, and to diplomacy. The topics are treated in a concise and lucid manner.

The utility of such a publication is beyond question. All who desire to follow closely the events of the day can hardly dispense with it. Even to constant newspaper readers it is of great value; in fact they, above all others, will appreciate its importance. When the daily habit of following the course of the world's events is once formed, a reader naturally strives to fathom all questions and become thoroughly acquainted with their every aspect. Now it often happens that the opening of what afterwards develops into an interesting and complicated case escapes his notice, or is not of such a nature as would claim his attention. He is, therefore, at sea when he examines long columns relative to the matter, and will probably remain ignorant of their import, unless he has some such source of information as *Current History*.



Book Notices.

By J. M.

LET US FOLLOW HIM.

By Henryk Sienkiewicz.

Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin.
Boston: Little Brown and Co.

Admirers of Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's translations from the Polish of the distinguished author, Henryk Sienkiewicz must have read with interest and pleasure a little book bearing the title prefixed to the notice. The story in question is included in "Hania," a recent volume from the pen of Sienkiewicz, but has been published apart owing to the noteworthy fact that it gave its author the idea of writing "Quo Vadis" a book that, during the past couple of years, has attracted widespread attention. "Let us Follow Him," of which the principal chapter is skillfully limned into the sublimest scene in the world's history, is summed up as follows in the "Publisher's Notes:"

"The period of 'Let us Follow Him' is that of the death of Christ. Antea, the wife of a Roman patrician, ill with terrible visions, is advised by a physician to seek the air of Jerusalem. There she and her husband meet Pilate, who tells them of the doctrine of the Nazarene, Jesus, and his condemnation to death. They are present at the Crucifixion, and Antea gives honor to the condemned Nazarene, saying, "Thou art Truth."

The little book gives us a very striking picture of the emptiness, the horrible void that is found in the hearts of those that know not God. It shows us how futile, how utterly unavailing, is every earthly joy and sensual gratification in the effort to make enduring that hopeless vacancy. Jesus, the Saviour, the Nazarene, came on earth to fill up that void in the hearts of men. He came to teach mankind, both by word and by example, how to live and how to die. He came to show men that human existence beyond the grave, far from being the repulsive unknowable

blank of pagan belief, is the only life in which perfect happiness may be found. He came to impress upon a sensual world that obedience to the laws of the One True God is the only price that can purchase this endless bliss. Viewed from a standpoint of faith the little book we are considering is, then, a valuable addition to Christian literature; it cannot fail to have a cheering and ennobling effect upon the reader. It must needs lead him to exclaim in the words of the hopeful Cinna: "Whithersoever He calls us, let us follow Him."

The story, however, seems to lose a good deal by the abruptness of its conclusion. We would like to see something more about Cinna and his beloved Antea in their newly found state of happiness. Perhaps (for I humbly confess my unacquaintance with *Hania*) this desired information is contained in the larger volume from which the story is taken. Still, even if such be the case, since "Let us Follow Him" is published apart, it ought to give the reader more satisfaction regarding these two leading characters. The generous resolve "Whithersoever He calls us, let us follow Him," is very good indeed; it is excellent. Yet it is only a simple resolution made in a moment of fervor. We would like to see it put in practice.

THE PAROCHIAL HYMN BOOK.

Edited by the Rev. A. Police, S. M.

Boston · House of the Angel Guardian.

The most practical little volume that has come under our notice lately is one published with the above title by "The Brothers of Charity," who have charge of orphan and destitute boys at the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston. "This collection of hymns, the largest and most complete of its kind, contains all the chief truths of our holy religion, expressed in beautiful verse; it likewise unfolds the meaning of the liturgical seasons and chief festivals of the ecclesiastical year, thus giving the faithful an insight into the sublimity of Catholic worship, and tending thereby to increase in their hearts love for God and Holy Church."

Although this latest addition to our collections of divine chant and sacred song is called the "Parochial Hymn Book", such a title is far from suggesting the real wealth of matter the volume contains. In addition to the above mentioned complete collection of liturgical and other beautiful hymns, the work comprises a treasure of devotional exercises suitable for confraternities and for all classes of the faithful.

To say that the book was edited by the late Father Police S. M. of Boston, is, in itself, no small commendation. Still this is not the only claim it has to our warm approval. The work has, moreover, been highly praised by many distinguished Archbishops and Bishops resident on both sides of the Atlantic; it has, likewise, been very favorably received by the Catholic press. We take great pleasure then in recommending this little volume to every Catholic teacher and pupil throughout the land. It cannot fail to impress upon our young people a just appreciation of the inestimable value of things divine; thus its influence will do a great deal towards making them grow up good faithful Catholic men and women.

The publication (complete word edition) is sold at 25 cents a copy, paper cover, and 35 cents cloth binding stamped in gold, delivery prepaid. A special edition with music is sold at \$1.00 a copy, postpaid.

Of Local Interest.

By W. P. EGGLESON.

Although but a short time has elapsed since the return of the students, several of the college societies and associations have been re-organized and are now in active operation.

On Sunday the 11th inst., a meeting was held for the purpose of re-organizing the Reading Room. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Tobias Morin; Secretary-Treasurer, A. P. Egleson; Librarians, F. Stuart Albin, P. J. Galvin; Curators, J. A. Meehan, M. O'Connell, R. Lafond.

The Cecilian Society lost no time this year in getting down to work. Rev. Father Rouzeau, O.M.I., has been appointed director, and daily practices have been held regularly since the beginning of the term. It is the intention of the society, to take part in the musical programme at the consecration of Most Rev. C. Gauthier, Bishop-elect of Kingston. The energy and earnestness displayed by the members augurs well for the success of this most popular college organization.

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The University Choir is again under the direction of Rev. Father Lambert, O.M.I., and bids fair to eclipse all its predecessors. These are at present one hundred and twenty members. As the success of former choirs has been the result of the hearty co-operation of members and director, we hope that the same spirit will continue to prevail this year.

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The Dramatic Association has decided to present a French comedy entitled "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon". The selection is pronounced a good one and should draw a good house.

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On Saturday the 24th inst., Rev. E. J. Cornell, O.M.I., was ordained to the Holy Priesthood in the Basilica by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel. Rev. Father Cornell is a native of Carleton Place, and has the honor of being the first from that town to receive Holy Orders. All the students join the REVIEW in wishing the young priest a long and happy life in the service of the Lord.

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At a meeting of the Altar Society, held on the 27th inst., the following officers were elected :- President, J. F. Breen ; 1st Vice President, J. A. Meehan ; 2nd Vice President, F. Boylan ; Sacristan, J. F. Hanley ; Masters of Ceremonies, Chas. McCormac and W. Callaghan.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

BY M. A. FOLEY.

The members of the class of '98 have in most cases informed us of their whereabouts. To Montreal go Messrs. Hanley and Bolger to enter upon their theological course. From Naugatuck comes the report that Thomas Clancy may enter Baltimore Seminary. Raymond MacDonald is about to study Law at Arnprior. Rumor hath it that Eddie Gleason will soon depart for Toronto there to enter upon the study of law, and may hap initiate the Legalites into the mysteries of football as played by Ottawa 'Varsity. Mr. Lappe is still in Ottawa, where he expects to engage in the study of Law.

Quite a little reunion was there in our most when we were favored with a visit from Messrs. Quilty, Foley, Ryan and Fay who were journeying to Montreal to resume their theological studies.

Messrs. Richard Shanahan and Frank Joyce have entered St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, to begin their philosophical course. To their fellow Syracusan, "Joker" McDowell we also profer our congratulations on his success in the examination for the B. A. degree at Manhattan.

The REVIEW extends the heartest congratulations of the faculty and students to the Rev. Father Mea on his elevation to the priesthood. Father Mea has been appointed to a professorship in Regiopolis college, Kingston. We wish him the fullest measure of success in his chosen work.

It is with the keenest satisfaction that we note the success of Mr. Frank Conlan at the North American Business College in Toronto. Upon his graduation last June Mr. Conlan had the great honor of receiving the gold medal offered for competition in that school.

Two more prizes have also been awarded to College students by the Ottawa Exposition. To Messrs. Gingras and Grant were given the first two prizes for the best exhibition of map drawing. We congratulate these two young artists and offer to them a word of encouragement to strive still harder.

Some of the former students of Ottawa University have given undying proof of their fidelity to the Stars and Stripes in the war between Spain and the United States which is now happily concluded. From Santiago we learn that Charles P. Cushing a member of the 71st regiment New York Vols., was killed in the first day's engagement. To his brother Leo who attended the college last year and to his bereaved family we offer the condolences of the faculty and the students.

Jack Slavin of Orillia a private in the 7th Regiment Regular Infantry was also killed before Santiago. While here Mr. Slavin was a universal favorite and it will be with the deepest regret that his former classmates will learn of his death.

Mr. Edward O'Sullivan (formerly State Senator of Massachusetts) was also wounded at Santiago. Football enthusiasts will remember that it was Mr. O'Sullivan who introduced the game into Ottawa College circles. To him we offer our sympathy and hope for a speedy recovery.

Athletics.

The football season of '98 promises to be a memorable one in the annals of the O.U.A.A. The Varsity team is once more entered in the Quebec Union with strong teams from Montreal and Kingston. From present appearances the team will be equally as strong as the champions of '97, although careful coaching will be required to replace that impregnable triple link : Clancy, Smith, Gleeson.

Below is the schedule of the Quebec Rugby Union for the season of '98 :

Oct. 1	Montreal	vs.	Granite	Montreal.
" 8	Montreal	"	College	Montreal.
" 15	Granite	"	Montreal	Kingston.
" 22	College	"	Granite	Ottawa.
" 29	Granite	"	College	Kingston.
Nov. 5	College	"	Montreal	Ottawa.

At a meeting of the members of the Athletic Association on Sept. 15th, J. E. Doyle was elected 1st Vice President ; T. Morin, 2nd Vice President and J. J. McGuckin, Councillor. Mr. J. J. O'Reilly was the unanimous choice for Manager.