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University of Ottawa REVIEW

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Vol. IV

VALEDICTORY.

Written for THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW

BY

ALFRED AUSTIN, Jr.



HE station smokes—at least the locomotive
On air unwinnowed pants its blended fumes,
Sulphuric chiefly. Through the choking fog
The downless cheeks of students shine aglow
With yard-long smiles. While lip-bar'd ivories glint,
Forth issues laughter in a babbling stream,
And fleet feet scurry; for the hour has come
When at the end or side, of two steel rails
Long absent sons will find a welcome. There
They troop all eager to depart, and shake
The unswept dust of Ottawa from off
The burnished soles of lately purchased shoes.
The joys of mothers and fond fathers' prides
Choke full of learning—luscious Latin roots
Greek particles, and sciences galore,
With "ologies" too numerous to be named—
Crowd there, and talk of nothing learnedly,
Or cast a furtive glance on maidens coy,
With hair done up like bison of the plains
And pockets cramm'd with candy. Tearful maids
Now gaze your last upon the football giant,
Or him who scaled the fence on eagle wing

To meet you at the corner. Gaze your last,
 Nor deem his thoughts are solely set on you.
 Alas! you have a rival; dreams of pie
 Home-made divide the fancy of your swain!
 While hand clasps hand in parting, and lips speak
 The last salute, forth from a baggage car
 Springs lightly as rebounding rubber ball
 The Baggage Smasher; man of leather lungs
 And bovine width of shoulder. Hear him howl
 Above the thunder of the College cheer
 His horrid hymn that cleaves the poisonous air:

“Smash, smash, smash,
 Through station and car, O trunk!
 And I would that my strength were able
 To sliver thee into punk!
 Oh, well for the flimsy valise,
 That was left safe at home far away!
 Oh, well, Saratoga, for thee,
 Thou art out of my clutches to-day!
 And the piles of baggage come on,
 To be pounded and banged by me;
 But O for the strength of a Samson's arm,
 And then would I happy be!
 Weep, weep, weep,
 At thy journey's end, O boy;
 But bid last adieu to this baggage of thine
 For I shall smash it, or die!”

Scarce has the bellowing ceased, when “All Aboard!”
 Commands the gay Conductor, and the crowd
 Dissolve: The major portion take their seats
 Of faded plush within the sultry train,
 Which instant moves, first slowly and then fast,
 And faster, till the huts of Ottawa,
 One after one, like sheep in evening's murk,
 Are shut from sight by banks of mud, half hid
 In clouds of smoke, the engine's sable plume.

London, 1st April, 1902.

Those Filipinos.



SO many conflicting statements have been made regarding the Philippines that it is no easy matter for the impartial observer to find out the real state of affairs in the islands. Native characteristics, insurgent warfare, Spanish Friars, "American Methods," are the chief topics discussed in current periodicals. After considering all the pros and cons, we have come to the conclusion that a change of masters has so far done the Filipinos more harm than good.

The Americans have been deeply disappointed to find that their new subjects are not as capable of understanding the advantages of American liberty or as far advanced in the arts of civilization as the people of New York or Chicago. But though they have but scant ideas of self-government and the responsibility of public trust, the Filipinos are by no means barbarians, and have really made wonderful progress, considering the fact that they have been converted to Christianity only during the last three centuries. A few of them are highly educated and the majority are able to read and write. They make fervent Christians, but like all Oriental nations they love splendor and outward show and require an imposing ceremonial to awaken their love and reverence for the Eternal Truth. The inherently indolent disposition common to peoples living in warm climates is also characteristic of them, for it requires little labor on their part to extract from the fertile soil those rich crops of tobacco, rice, cotton and spices for which the islands are noted. This hereditary dislike for over much exertion has this disadvantage, that it generates a lack of enterprise and leaves all the profitable traffic and commerce in the hands of foreigners and Chinese half-breeds.

Opposition to American rule is fostered by a secret society similar to the Masonic organizations of Europe. Promoted and spread among the natives by the Metizos, or Chinese half-breeds, it imposes a tax on each of its members; and, owing to its secrecy and its uncompromising method of "wiping out whole families" opposed to its measures, it is more widely feared and more readily obeyed than even the American government. Most of the crime

and hypocrisy that sullies the native character to-day is directly due to its influences. Its members do not hesitate at the means, provided the end is attained. Armed for warfare on occasion, they lie in wait by hedge or in forest to shoot down the passing enemy, but if the foreign soldiers become too numerous in any locality, they hide their rifles in bush or furrow and pass for peaceful country laborers.

The Spanish Friars have come in for an unmerited share of abuse. They are described as a corrupt body of men—rich land-owners, trampling on the impoverished natives in the name of religion. Such a sweeping denunciation of missionaries who in a quiet and unostentatious way have accomplished more in the conversion of the heathen than all the combined Protestant societies with their millions of yearly income and their millions of bibles, is altogether unreasonable. Individuals among them may have exceeded the bounds of justice and morality, but, as a body, they are a mighty force for good. It is true their conduct rendered them hateful to the insurgents. To show that they deserve more praise than blame for their attitude toward these men, I quote (from the *Rosary Magazine*) the words of Father Garcia, one of those who suffered imprisonment and ill-treatment at the hands of the rebel chiefs: "To avoid the reproaches levelled at us to-day from all sides, we should, contrary to all the teachings of the Church permit in the midst of the people confided to us the free propagation of pernicious doctrines: the free establishment of secret conspiracies against the legitimate power of the Spanish government, then established in the colony; it would be necessary to hold strictly to the material exercise of our parochial ministry, without ever mixing up in any act of the public and the civil life of the country, contrary to what Spain has the right of expecting from us; and to adopt that course in order to facilitate the secret work of anti-Christian Revolution which worked so actively for the religious and moral ruin of the country. We could not, however, thus act. Neither our duty as rectors, nor our dignity as priests, nor our position as faithful subjects of the Crown of Spain, nor our honor as Spaniards, permits us to be co-operators in such base conduct. You have now the secret of the ill-will of

which you see us the object. Believe me that the mass of the Philippine people do not profess with regard to us the sentiments of hatred with which those are inspired, who in these latter times have excited and directed it." Thus we see that the Spanish priests did only what their duty as ministers of God and subjects of Spain demanded of them. Undoubtedly American missionaries would be expected to act in the same way in similar circumstances. Regarding the charge that the Friars are "fabulously rich," the *Parish Calendar* of the Augustinian Fathers of Lawrence, Mass., makes the following remarks: "Secretary Root recommends that the United States buy out the Friars and says that about five million of dollars will be sufficient for that purpose. Just think of the monstrous cupidity and grasping injustice of 1,400 Friars, who in 300 years have secured for the Church's support but \$5,000,000 worth of land. Be it remembered that this land when first taken must have been of insignificant value. The Filipinos number over six million Catholics. Here, then, from an official declaration of Secretary Root, is a little less than one dollar per head invested in Church lands." In how many of our American cities can we find so small a proportion of landed property appropriated for religious purposes. In New York and Boston alone the Protestant Church Corporations have millions set aside for the support of their ministers.

We now come to "American methods." This term is used in contradistinction to the comparatively gentle policy of the Spanish government. Under this head are classed the "treason and sedition" act, the operation of the "water cure," the orders "to kill and burn" and make "a howling wilderness" and other atrocities little calculated to have a civilizing or moralizing effect upon the Filipinos. Doubtless many of the cruelties perpetrated and the tyrannical mandates enforced, resulted from the exasperation of the American officials at the treacherous and unyielding conduct of the insurgents. Not a few of our leading papers have cried out against them and the home government has appointed a commission to investigate, but why allow such barbarians as Funston and Smith not only to escape punishment for their awful misdeeds but to retain their posts in the American army? Bismarck

is reported to have said that British pride of empire would find its tomb in the diamond fields of South Africa. In the same way we might say that the "deified" ideals of American liberty, equity, and constitutional government, have been consigned to the earth in the Philippine Islands. From their ashes arises imperialism mighty and imposing, but grasping unscrupulous and despotic.

And what benefits can accrue to the Filipinos? Theirs is only the lot of slaves subjected to a tyrannical power. They do not love Columbia, and they will not. They cannot admire the scenes of rowdyism, debauchery, and drunkenness that too often disgrace the American camp—so different from the uniformly polite and decorous ways of the Filipinos and Spaniards. No doubt the resources of the country will be developed, but not to promote the welfare of the native population. They will hold, in the estimation of the conquerors, a position not much more elevated than that of the Negro population of the United States. How can they compete with the hungry "carpet-baggers" that follow in the wake of the invading army—the astute villains and unprincipled adventurers whose wasted fortunes or crime-shamed life, spoiled future prospects in the Western world. But aside their material prosperity there is surely a grave danger for the Filipinos in the matter of religion. The disappearance of the Friars is only a question of time. The Spanish government has no more interest in having the Islands supplied with them, while the American officials as well as the insurgent chiefs, would like to dispense with their services. Already a crowd of American Protestant missionaries and school-teachers, many of them government paid, are actively at work, not among the uncivilized pagan and Mahometan tribes, but among the Christians who have so far known only the ministry of the Spanish priests. With the Catholic Church of the United States lies the responsibility of keeping out the "wolves" from among Christ's flock as far as possible in this part of the American dominions and of seeing that true shepherds are not wanting. Above all Catholic Americans should be on their guard that money of the public treasury which Catholics have helped to fill, be not used to spread heresy among a Catholic people.

S. M., '03.

The Silver Trumpets.

THE Spirit of the Lord hath passed
 Adown the nave's unmeasured space
 The marble statues—giants massed
 Along the walls in Grecian grace,
 Thrilled with great joy, these letters trace :
 Hosanna in altissimis !

Hear ye the rustling wings aloft ?
 Feathers of gold and silver sheen,
 Myriad Angels floating soft,
 Altar and arch and dome between,
 Song of lilies in Spring moonbeam :
 Gloria in altissimis !

Methinks my soul be raised above
 The cares of earth, and Heav'n enjoy.
 Or else—perhaps excess of love
 Hath made the Heavens this means employ
 My heart to win, my soul decoy.
 Hosanna in altissimis !

For this is truly Heaven on earth,
 Angelic peace with joy bedight,
 And this the Virgin-band's pure mirth,
 As following in the Lamb's own light,
 They sing their song with visage bright :
 Hosanna in altissimis !

Hear ye not Saint Cecilia's voice,
 Excellent with the organ blend,
 As mothers with their child rejoice
 Midst kisses ; or as friend with friend :
 Such the caress the trumpets send.
 Hosanna in altissimis !

My God! I hope, believe, and love
In Thee alone, Who from above
Dost come in might and power down
On earth, to bless the Triple Crown.
Which Leo, full five lustrums now,
Hath borne in glory on his brow.

With him Thy Spirit, God of peace!
For ever be and make Thou cease
The evils that his soul oppress;
Increase on earth his happiness.
Until, his course triumphant o'er
He reigns with Thee for evermore!
Benedictus o qui venis in nomine Domini
Hosanna in Excelsis, hosanna in Excelsis!

JOHN H. SHERRY, O. M. I.

Rome, March 3rd, 1902.



A Daub of Paint.

ALPHONSO sat thinking while the smoke from his freshly lighted cigar curled itself into the clear cool air of the morning. "Yes, I have two and a half hours to wait before I may see him, probably for the last time," and with a bitter feeling of hatred still rankling in his breast, he commenced to pace the balcony which surrounded the baronial pile of his Austrian home, his home till yesterday, when his more fortunate brother became the owner. There was nothing for him of all the ancestral grandeur and vast wealth of one of the oldest and largest estates in the land of his birth. He had not, up to the present, taken life seriously, and now when its tinselled possessions were passing from him he longed for revenge.

The chiming of the bells told him it was long past the hour for Rudolph to appear, he must have risen early and gone by the old road to the little church on the other side of the river. Strange, he heard no noise of horse's hoofs on the road-bed, no sound louder than the beating of his own heart.

Surely circumstances were changed; an outcast from the home of his youth. No wonder that his whole being swayed with passion. He had forfeited his rights by his licentious living, brought sorrow to the declining years of his father, a weight of shame, and later death, to his beautiful mother. All these things haunted him to-day. The vision of his youth arose before him, when as a little child he gambled with his brother in the gardens of his palatial home, and when tired out with play never failed to find rest and quiet in the caressing touch of his gentle mother's hand.

As the years passed and he left his childish toys for the more serious ones of youth, he became the idol of his father's heart, from whom he inherited nobility of character together with an intellectual essence of artistic genius.

His brother, his junior by two years, differed from him in appearance and manner, the one tall and fair with an attractive face and charming personality, the other with the character of the soldier stamped upon him, from his square shoulders to the commanding light in his dark eye.

And now the parting of the ways came, Alphonso with the impulsiveness of youth set out to do great deeds, but lacked the spur of necessity, so necessary to human nature, to force him to efforts which are seldom made without that disagreeable incentive, and with other Bohemians he wandered from place to place, from the Latin quarter of Paris to the land of the sun-kissed opal, that lovely Mexican country.

With the precious days of his early manhood wasted, his health crushed, his intellect bruised, he returned to his home, the happy home of his early years, but his no longer, having forfeited all rights by his long silent absence. Thus it was he found himself a stranger at his brother's door, and whether it was the cool stillness of the morning air or the incentive born of genius, he resolved to leave as quietly as he came; and wandering along in his own country, he came upon a deserted cabin in the Tyrol. Here he lived his days, drinking in the grand panorama of nature, restoring his crushed health, and healing his bruised intellect. The painter's brush and canvas lie before him, all nature speaks to him in a hundred different voices, from the gentle zephyr whispering low music, to the tiniest blade of grass drinking in the morning dew.

The easels are set up and two boards of canvas are placed thereon to catch the best possible light, the one with a little bit of shadow and the other with several shadows. On the first he outlines a head, a beautiful, shapely head, and with patient care and masterful touch the face of a woman comes out; the head is covered with a wealth of auburn tresses; shell-like ears, pearly tinted; eyes perfect in form, brown in color, and wear a half dreamy expression; nostrils appear to dilate with the breath of life; the whole face speaks out from the canvas, so an ordinary onlooker would say, not so to the eye of the master who had studied nature from his boyhood, for had he not seen the light with the dark, the rough with the fine, the strong with the weak, the good with the bad, the loud with the quiet, and so on down from the height of the mountain-top to the low-lying land of the valley. "Yes, I have painted a beautiful face, (a long, weary

thought) but not a picture that reveals anything to a tired soul, hungry for happiness."

There is just a little too much shadow here, and moving closer to the second easel on which is the virgin canvas, he again outlines a face, this time the face is smaller, and as his brush strokes the lines diffusing soft shadows, he sees before him a verdantly rich meadow and lying in the centre of it is a little child radiant in its loveliness, encircled in a halo of wondrous light, over the head a couple of branches from a hawthorn tree have entwined themselves into the form of a crown, while some of the white blossoms have scattered their petals at his feet. Near by are some Alpine rose bushes, and close to these, in a swampy part of the meadow, several little fauns appear, all with cloven feet and distorted features; Envy with her lip curled in derision, Hatred with her scowling brow, Anger with bulging eyes and nashing teeth, Revenge with every feature set, all snarling and snapping at each other, and as Shame lifts her little shrivelled arm to her face to ward off a ray of light, a thorn from one of the rose-branches pierces it, and with a cry of pain she looks to the child, who in pity reaches out his little hands and with a look of sweetness in his heavenly blue eyes says, "Come little one to me and I shall love you."

Alphonso threw down his brush and wondered what had fame to do with this! It mattered little to him who said it was only a daub, it was his best effort, and reflected his whole soul, the longing of his hungry weary heart, and now after years of close work he had at last given the final touch which completed the light and shadow of his life, so he thought, for, had he not felt through his whole being the vibrations of nature's passions, here and there the shades of light intermingled with the dark strokes of sorrow: and this was fame. He alone saw life, thirty odd years of it, the love of his childhood, the aspirations of his youth, and the reality of his manhood.

D.

A THRENODY.



WOULD'ST thou wish thy last dread hour
 To come midst winter's gloom,
 When nature's every charm is dead
 To shadow forth thy doom?

When the noise of the storm and the moaning gale
 Stamp a blancher hue on thy features pale,
 And the chill of the damp grave opening wide,
 Over thy limbs is creeping slow
 In spite of the fire's ruddy glow
 And thy friends so true beside.

Or wouldst thou in the glad May time
 Be freed from mortal strife?
 When the swallow twits in the balmy air
 And the world is fresh with life,
 When the bee abroad in the mellow morn
 Seeks the honeyed buds which the dews adorn,
 And the primrose vies with the lily's bloom
 By the leafy wood and the meadows green—
 Thou canst not then much love, I ween,
 The dark and stilly tomb!

Since life must end I care not when
 Grim death his sorrows bring—
 Or let it be on a winter's night,
 Or the blithest morn of spring;
 If but my days be days of grace
 And never canker sin deface
 The Maker's form that in me lies—
 The throes of death I need not dread,
 For when they're past, my spirit's fled
 To endless bliss of Paradise.

M. S.

The Latest Theory.

THE efforts of experimental science to link together the phenomena of the material universe in a consistent system recall the vain efforts of that legendary unfortunate, who was doomed to weave forever ropes of sand in the path of the incoming tide. How many flimsy hypotheses have vanished with the ebbing of the years? Is past failure a warrant of future disappointment? Is science, as M. Brunetiere so emphatically declared, bankrupt on the threshold of the 20th century? Alas! it would seem as though the hypothetical ether and the impossible atom have found their occupant gone; the day of the electron has dawned, and the reign of the 'ion' has been ushered in, and, where yesterday men spoke sententiously of the 'vortex,' now they discourse tentatively of "disassociation." We are justly proud of the discoverers who have thus advanced scientific thought, Roentgen, Marconi and Loeb, but we cannot but see that their work has necessarily had an iconoclastic tendency, a tendency to knock the props from under hitherto infallible theories. It is true that the scientist as a theorizer knows scarcely where he stands.

" His little systems have their day.
They have their day and cease to be."

And so must science grope and stumble, as long as the ambitious 'ologies arrogate to themselves the explanation of all about the origin, nature and causality of matter, as long as they pose as the solvents of physical and physiological problems to the exclusion of metaphysician and theologian.

The most aggressive of modern branches is undoubtedly the new born Physical Chemistry. Its claims are, to say the least, presumptuous and may well be illustrated by the characteristic declarations in the *May Century* of an eminent votary, Prof. Matthews, of Chicago University. The scientific finds of the Professor are noteworthy, but his deductions and prophecies sometimes faulty, and as regards the system he has elaborated it may be said of it what Card. Gerdil said of poor Malebranche's work :

"La liaison qui enchaîne toutes les parties du système pourra servir d'excuse à la noble assurance avec laquelle il propose ses sentiments."

He launches forth thusly: "Certain physiologists among them myself, have for some time been convinced that the artificial formation of living matter was not far away." After explaining his work on the basis of the experiments of his associate, Prof. Loeb, he concludes that his physical explanation of the phenomena of life "is a step nearer to the artificial synthesis of living matter. *There is apparently no inherent reason why man should die except from ignorance.*" (Italics ours.) The latter part impressed us at first sight as an admirable paraphrase of the serpent's hopeful speech to Eve. "No, you shall not die the death, you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Gen. III, 4, 5. We Catholics at least know that God alone breathes into man the breath of life, whereby he becomes a living soul, and that God has doomed the race to lose that life, "for dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return." If the writer in the *Century* maintains the contrary he merely advertises an absurdity, and we must not forget that he is not a medieval alchemist crazed in his search for the elixir of life, but a *savant* of the 20th century. It is certainly interesting, now that the spontaneous generation ghost has been laid, and the Tyndall eozoon proved a hoax, to find the question of the genesis of life, that crux of evolutionists, raised in a novel way.

These strictures do not interfere with a generous appreciation of the scientific value of the work of both Loeb and Matthews.

Prof. Loeb's statements on the processes of vital action support the view that food sustains life not by generating heat, as the old physiologists taught, but by supplying electrical charges "under whose influence the nerves flash intelligence, the muscles act and the heart beats time to the hymn of life." The initial step towards this conclusion was the familiar class-room experiment of Galvani, by which muscular action may be stimulated in a frog's leg after systematic death has set in. Followed experiments on the electrotonic state, on the sympathetic relations between muscles depending on electrical conditions. To scientifically ex-

* The bond of union which connects the parts of the system, can readily be taken as an excuse for the splendid assurance, with which he proposes what he thinks.

plain these facts he had recourse to the "ion reaction" doctrine of Physical Chemistry. The ion is a nucleus of matter surrounded by electrons of energy. The phenomena observed are merely the result of disassociation of ions by certain reagents. The extent of the phenomena is proportional to the amount of disassociation. This in turn depends on the electric valence of the ions of the fluid reagent. And as conclusive proof that the electrolysis is instrumental the frog's leg tetanises in salt solution, but not in water alone. Hence Loeb's conclusion that muscular contraction depends on electrolytic conductivity.

In the salt solution the sodium and chlorine particles are separated and oppositely charged, the sodium being kationic or positive, and the chlorine anionic. Immersion in such a medium affects the electrical equilibrium of the muscular ions and the manifestation of vital action is altered.

Dr. Loeb applied this knowledge to the lower forms of life, renewed in a beheaded Jelly-fish the rhythmic conditions that constitute its life, and made the excised hearts of animals of higher order beat again. He claims to have fertilized eggs by chemical solutions, and although merely suggestive as regards the originating of life, he speaks of the possibility of prolonging and checking life at will.

It remains for his disciples to exaggerate, as schools usually do. Prof. Matthews' researches on the connection between chemical and physical phenomena are grafted on those of Prof. Loeb, the younger professor making a specialty of nerve study. By actual experiment he has found sufficient data to ascribe the excitement of irritability in the nerve exposed in a salt solution, to the chlorine ion, while the destruction of the same is ascribed to the sodium ion, which is positively charged. He then enunciates the law that salts positively charged are poisonous to vital action in proportion to their valence or number of charges. They are poisonous in as much as they counteract the tendency of the negative charges to produce a "gel" or colloidal change in the protoplasmic nerve-fibre, and thus hinder that molecular change electrically transmitted, which is known as stimulation. As confirmation of this law he adduces the fact that anything tending to resist

the colloidal process attacks life, and vice-versa. Thus, freedom from moisture and heat excite irritability, toxicants being highly charged positively are fatal, anæsthetics less so.

The theory may be summed up in a few words. Stimulation is gelation; gelation is the effect of negative charges in excess. The conclusion is that the positive charge, which means an active death process, may be controlled, by a knowing manipulation of the influencing agent. By using e. g. citrate of potassium, in a solution of which the double negative charge of the anion more than counterbalances the single positive charge on the potassium, a reaction is necessarily brought about, conducive to vitality.

Such is the empiric work of the scientist, certainly ingenious and if not "*tutt' a fatto vero, e ben trovato.*"* But to jump from the identity of chemical and electrical stimulation to the solution of the life problem is too much—thinking man is something more than a chunk of wayward clod, galvanized by natural forces.

* * *

In connection with the above, 'twill be of interest to know that Dr. P. J. Gibbons, of Syracuse, an alumnus of the institution, has achieved some distinction on similar lines of experiment, and some years ago created a sensation by his theory that in the case of a person electrocuted and pronounced dead, 'twas often a case of suspended animation. In a paper published in the N. Y. Medical Journal, April 20th, 1895, two paragraphs read as follows:

"They can also use the electric batteries to keep up body heat, body electricity, and to excite the heart and lungs to action."

"Before giving up hope I recommend the injection of an alkaline solution into the body."

He is now experimenting for treatment that will correct the negative ions to positive ions, and he expects that five years will revolutionize methods of diagnosing and curing diseases.

W. P. O'BOYLE, O.M.I.

*"If not quite true, 'tis well invented."



W. C. Collins



J. A. McQuinn



E. J. Hill



E. C. Collins



Rev. T. P. Murphy, O.M.I., '89



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C. J. Nolan



J. G. Collins

EDITORS OF THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW 1901-1902

Mainly About Books.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY.

EIGHTH PAPER



THE moon of holiday reading is with us, and without necessarily tending toward the lunatic asylum, we are all influenced more or less by the moons. Primarily a holiday means relaxation, the unbending of the taut bow; and holiday reading should be of the lighter sort. Despite the contention of too many Labor-Unions, intellectual labor is the most wearisome of all toil, and the diligent student, exhausted by long months of intense application, stands most in need of rest and change. I feel certain it is good for us all occasionally to indulge in recreation under the shade, even in the midst of a hot day's work, when the open furrow of the hour awaits its seed of thought or of action. When the work is renewed it will not be the worse done for such respite. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," sayeth the old proverb, which is based on a philosophy far too kind not to be very wise. But men differ in the manner of their relaxation as much if not more than in any other earthly consideration, politics even not excluded. What is pleasure to one man is drudgery to another, and the reverse. The story of the old horse, whose duty it was on every working day, to walk in a circle around and around the capstan of a threshing machine, enjoying his Sunday leisure by returning to the scene of his labor to tread the selfsame circle, but in an opposite direction, is, I think, applicable to the selection of relaxation by the majority of men, and especially students. Students are essentially bookmen, and bookmen in their hours of leisure naturally stick to their books, merely changing the chief subject of their reading. Gladstone used to rest by laying by one task and taking up another, equally onerous, but not many could stand the mental strain of such an arrangement. In nine cases out of ten, the student will spend his leisure time, beyond what is required for sleep, meals, bodily exercise, and society, in reading. But instead of reading for knowledge mainly he will probably read for amusement; that is to say, he will, like the old mill horse, reverse his customary

process while he was a cloistered toiler chained to the desk of collegiate study. If this be the case, his great danger lies in the fact that there is in his mind, as the great physician Abernethy complained of his own, a point of saturation, which if he passes, by putting in more than his mind can hold, he only drives out something already in. The seductive novel is the besetting demon that more than any other thing leads one to destroy the valuable result of long study by overreading. Much has been well said about the difficulty of deciding which novels to read in our days when the enormous number of stories produced weigh down the shelves of the libraries. A novel is a drama staged and acted between the covers of a book. The novelist holds "the mirror up to nature" as much as Shakespeare's player. Indeed, the stage and the novel, each at its best, collectively are the mirrors of human life. It will generally be found, I make bold to think, that if the novel is regarded as a drama, and the same strict law of exclusion applied to stories that every right-minded man almost instinctively applies to the scenic representations of the stage, the difficulty of choosing legitimate novels will almost altogether disappear. Do not read about scenes in a book that your manhood would withhold you from witnessing in a theatre. The great truth to keep on top of the mind is that every book read influences the thoughts—the printed page leaves its mark. The one who remembers this fact will scarcely be exposed to the irretrievable error of wasting his brain in vapid reading, and of gorging and enfeebling it by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify his nature. There are no Professors of Books and Reading, although professors of almost every other art we have in profusion, but even if there were it is doubtful if the most learned of them could formulate a rule for novel reading that would fit every case. The universal literary *gustator* and guide has yet to be born. Frederick Harrison, who, barring his absurd Comteism in and out of season and reason, comes as close to being a universal guide in reading as anyone whose writings I have perused, says that he is inclined to think the most useful help to reading is to know what we should not read. Precisely so :

" Life is a privilege. Like some rare rose
The mysteries of the human mind unclose.
What marvels lie in earth, and air, and sea!
What stores of knowledge wait our opening key?"

With such a view of life before him, every Christian who has learned his shorter catechism knows what he should not read. In a word, he knows right well that he should read nothing not directly calculated to make him a better or a wiser man, or both. If the reader have acquired a taste for the highest types, the masterpieces of literature, he will need no rule for reading. Our best books, our time-acclaimed classics, are truly "the King's treasures," as that eloquent old scold, John Ruskin, finely called them. On the other hand, if one does not know, which is seldom the case, or if one forgets, which frequently happens, that the use of books, even novels, is to stimulate and replenish the mind, to give it material to work with—ideas, facts, sentiments—one's condition is pitiable. I venture to hope that, with the overwhelming majority of my readers, owing to the training they have received, the choice of novels may be left to individual taste and judgment. This assumption leads me, even at the end of my article, to enter a brief plea for the poem, or the book of travel, as an occasional substitute for the novel. Poetry expresses the common thought and feeling which lie deeper than ordinary speech. Surely it is not going too far to ask the well-meaning reader to close his novel for a time and lend himself to such an invigorating interpreter? "Poetry," says Father Roux, "is always all-powerful over souls that have not become cloyed." Disraeli tells us that travel teaches toleration, and, in the same way, it is not, I sincerely hope, pressing a wise reader beyond proper bounds to request him to relinquish the romance for a season that he may learn from authentic books of travelers something about the great, strange world that lies beyond the turn of his road, and the interesting peoples, customs and institutions subsisting in historic climes farther removed than the necessarily circumscribed horizon of his vision.

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At the Red House, Chamberley, near Aldershot, in England, on Monday, the fifth of May, died Bret Harte, after a lingering

illness, caused by an affection of the throat. Francis Bret Harte, known in literature by the last two names, was born in Albany, in the State of New York, on the 25th August, 1839. After having received an ordinary common-school training he went to California in 1854, and was successively a miner, school teacher, express messenger, printer, newspaper editor, and, finally, secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco, which office he held till 1870. In 1868, the *Overland Monthly* was started, with Harte as editor, and the second number contained the first of his long series of California stories—the “Luck of Roaring Camp”, “Miggles,” “M’liss”, “The Outcasts of Poker Flat”—to name only a few. In 1871 he went to the Eastern States, and took up his residence, first in New York, and subsequently in Boston. He was appointed United States consul at Crefield, in Germany, in 1878, from which post he was promoted to the consulate of Glasgow, in 1880, where he remained five years. One of the finest features of the United States government, and a source of strength to the Republic, is the arrangement by which distinguished literary service is rewarded by a post in some consulate. Since July, 1885, Harte has lived quietly in England.

An industrious writer, from the time he went to California, it was only in 1869, when his highly original humorous poem “The Heathen Chinees” appeared that he gained wide recognition, so true is it that an author almost always requires long practice to make him perfect in his art. Henceforth, recognition came to him like a flood of sunshine, and during the remaining forty-three years of his life, he has been a popular author, especially in England. The best of his work takes the form of “the American prose sonnet”, the short story. It is almost unnecessary to state that the short story, as a separate form of fiction, has become a leading and distinctive feature of American literature. Since the days of Irving and Poe it has been a favorite with American novelists, if exception is made of Cooper, whose style was so diffusive as to defy compression. The motto of the American short story is *multum in parvo*. It explicates in a few pages a plot that is often quite extensive and intricate. It delineates one, and frequently more than one, character so vividly that it stands out in bold relief

before the mind's eye. The incidents are generally of the most dramatic order, the narration is condensed and rapid, the situations striking, if not thrilling. In the construction of such miniatures of romance Harte had very few equals and no superior.

It was his rare good fortune to break new ground, and to become the first literary interpreter of a new and stirring life scene. When he went to California he found himself surrounded by rough miners and frontiersmen, who acted from the primitive passions; the direct simple emotions that are not dependent on culture and civilization for existence and for strength. He everywhere beheld wild frontier life enacted, the basic passions at work. He seized the chance offered by the situation, and set out to portray the eccentric, the humorous, the grim, even the terrible. He employed the method of the dramatist, his background or scenery possessed the aromatic fire of a California noon, or the awful gloom of a western mountain, his descriptions were cut with a chisel—etched—his art had a singularly graphic quality, and the nett result of his effort was that he succeeded in presenting a fresh and amusing account of a picturesque phase of American life and one that captivated thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. His fiction was generally true to life, and he assures us that in only a single instance was he conscious of drawing from his imagination and fancy. He adds, speaking in the third person: "A few weeks after his story was published, he received a letter authentically signed, correcting some of the minor details of his facts (!), and enclosing as corroborative evidence a slip from an old newspaper, wherein the main incident of his supposed fanciful creation was recorded with a largeness of statement that far transcended his powers of imagination". He rarely touches upon the didactic—more is the pity—and offers few solutions of the innumerable riddles of life, while his tendency to confuse recognized standards of morality by extenuating lives of recklessness, and often criminality, with a single solitary virtue, is exceedingly annoying to individual tastes. Those are serious defects in the author, because literature is the fittest medium for the dissemination of morality, the safeguard of commonwealths and kingdoms. Almost all the stories he produced while he was in his prime reveal the cunning

and delicacy of the artist's hand, but he stuck too long to an exhausted field with the inevitable result that in later years his declined. He was original, but his close study of Dickens reveals itself in many of his works. Human invention is not infinite, and to such earlier work as "The Tales of the Argonauts", as well as to all his recent work, it may, I think, be justly objected that there is insufficient diversity in these themes themselves, or rather in their prevailing character. Furthermore, his art had its limitation and when he strayed outside of the short story he was lost. His long novel "Gabriel Conroy", an elaborate study of the cultured conditions of early California civilization, is nothing more than a number of episodes that refuse to be bound together and harmonized into an artistic whole.

That most sympathetic of critics, Edmund Clarence Stedman, pronounces the verse of Harte less creative than his stories; a judgment with which we have no quarrel. The really original feature of the poetry is its strong dramatic tendency. Harte applied the method of Browning to American material. His poems in dialect struck a new note, and have not lost their popularity. Forty years ago dialect was not the overworked drudge of all stations that it has since become. The humorous poems have the power to move the feelings, and I know persons who have wept on first reading "Her Letter." His "John Burns of Gettysburg" has justly won world-wide appreciation. His serious poems, while marked by no great originality, are carefully finished and repay the time spent in their perusal. Considered in connection with the prose and verse he produced, Bret Harte was a man of uncommon endowments, a careful literary artificer, and the possessor of an imagination which, while it was not unbounded, he compelled serve him in making valuable additions to American literature, chiefly by the aid of that humor which surrounds all he did like a refreshing atmosphere.

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With the possible exception of Markham's finest creations, and one or two productions of Paul Dunbar, the Negro poet, nothing in verse possessing the quality of positive and enduring value has been written by an American born since the death of

Whittier, the last of the native poetic giants. The ideal Republic of the heroic Washington and the wise Jefferson has fallen on evil days. The bartering tribe of Shylock who now control the American public do not indulge in poetry, and they regard the poet as "the idle singer of an empty day." The insatiable money-hunger inseparable from the great mass of the American people is rapidly eating into the mentality of the nation, and destroying its finer capabilities. Nor should it be forgotten that negro-burning at the stakes the "water-cure," and divorce, are national recreations only indifferently fitted to produce the greatness of heart and nobility of character out of which fine poetry is begotten. Again, poetry that is to live must possess thought as well as technique. The poetry of the American magazines and newspapers is often exquisite in *finesse*, but its underlying stratum of thought is exceedingly thin or entirely absent. Irreproachable mechanical execution is a good thing in verse, but thought is an essential without which there can be no poetry. With the decline of poetry among Americans has begun a want of reverence for the poet and the poetic memory. On the recent twentieth anniversary of the death of Longfellow, his bust in Westminster Abbey was hung with wreaths by his English admirers. In Boston and vicinity, where he chiefly lived and wrote, and must have had some admirers, if there was any recognition of the anniversary, it was so quiet as to escape the lynx eye of the press. Yet Longfellow was a poet whose memory any great nation might be proud to keep green. He was among the very few literary artists the world has seen who could be simple, and distinguished. Simplicity melts by imperceptible degrees into banality; but Longfellow's genius stopped this tendency at the proper moment. He allied simplicity of thought to simplicity of utterance, and managed to preserve in the compound the essences of grace and distinction, thereby achieving one of the hardest tasks of literature, and proving himself an artist of the highest order. Apparently the hour has struck for the great Republic that is to usher in the tuneless era which Oliver Wendell Holmes foresaw but slighted:

“ They tell us that the Muse is soon to fly hence,
Leaving the bowers of song that once were dear,
Her robes bequeathing to her sister, Science,
The groves of Pindus for the axe to clear.”

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Bad as the American poetical outlook is, that of Britain is no better. The imitators of Tennyson are mere empty echoes out of which the sense and music of the original fitted. The Poet Laureate is, indeed, *sui generis*; but to discuss his qualities would be positively cruel to him. Mr. George Meredith has sweet lines and lines that are neither sweet nor wholesome. As a raconteur the late William Morris reminded one of Chaucer, but he has left no successor, although he has left a worthy namesake, the bard of “The Epic of Hades.” Mr. Austin Dobson is the soul of fine technique, but it is very generally the only soul that lurks in his verse, and one soon grows tired of his glittering thropes and carefully constructed cadences. Mr. Kipling has been likened to an explorer laden with strange spoils from unvisited lands, and the comparison holds good of his subjects, although there is nothing foreign about his manner, which consists of revamping an old air and passing it off for a new air. Mr. Bridges sings sweetly within very narrow limits—a linnet in a little grove—and he is frequently stilted. Mr. Swinburne, the master of the dactylic element of the language, the erstwhile composer of gorgeous odes that carry the mind of the reader back to the great Greeks of old, and the greatest planet of the present English firmament, has apparently done his work, and judged by his recent poetical output, all that now remains for him is to advocate the murder of European monarchs in most musical numbers, and heap abuse on brave men battling for liberty against terrible odds, with the unsavory vehemence of a half-drunken fishwife. I venture to think that the most enthusiastic under-study of Kipling and the Swinburne of our day will do little more than accentuate the belief, which is already widespread, that at no other time in their history have the English been more true to their ancient ideal of brute force than at this moment. Mr. Thomas Watson leads the new generation of bards, and his figure looms larger and larger every day. He is

broad-minded and warm-hearted, qualities by no means too common among English bards ; so may his fame continue to grow in splendor ! For the rest, the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease" in Great Britain hold little in common with the starred and crowned poet. The little twinklers are quite plentiful in the British firmament, but their aggregate lustre scarcely surpasses that of a stale fish in a dark cellar ; they form a milky-way of mediocrity. The spacious writing of Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron and Tennyson is a thing of the past. As matters now stand, poor and distracted Ireland can boast as fine an array of original singers as England with all her wealth and luxury.

THE END OF THE SERIES.



CORPUS CHRISTI.

"Pange lingua, Gloriosa," rolls the organ's thunder peal
 Through the frescoed vaults, low breaking where a thousand rap-
 tured kneel ;
 Sweet the air with dying roses, silvered by the incense cloud,
 Sun-glint through the painted windows, drifting o'er the awe-
 hushed crowd,
 Golden floods of radiance streaming from yon taper galaxy
 Seem a reflex of the unseen glory, seraph ecstasy.
 From the casement's bright mosaics, crimson lights fleck cope
 and stole,
 Sapphire glints from Mary's mantle glorify the transept's whole ;
 Play above the sculptured cherubs where the tall white pillars
 swerve
 To the lofty vault, art marvel, azure latticed—base and curve.

"Pange lingua," human heart thrills when the White Host, lifted
 high,
 Incense clouded, seraph shadowed, gleams upon the altar nigh ;
 "Pange lingua," let the ages swell the paean, Nature ring
 Homage to the Heart of Jesus, to our Sacramental King.

SR. ANTHONY, S.N.D., in the *Dominicana*.

The Annual Excursion of the Ottawa University Scientific Society.

THE Ottawa University Scientific Society concluded an eminently successful season in the usual satisfactory manner of an annual outing, which this year took place on May the 24th. At 5.30 a.m., everything was in readiness for the excursion. Outside the west end gateway stood two great vans drawn by prancing teams; inside, thirty lusty scientists loaded with baskets, bags, boxes, etc., containing things that the appetites of even scientists do not disdain, awaited the word to march.

A few minutes later two precious loads of holiday goods were escorted through the capital's yet empty streets while thirty vigorous voices impressibly announced to the drowsy citizens that in real earnest "The Ottawa College Boys are out to-day." Crossing the Chaudière bridge, the falls seemed grander than ever before and the spray against the boys' faces caused a momentary shiver. Hull came next, and Hull was sleeping, but before the suburbs were reached, many a window had been darkened by a night cap above a pair of peering eyes that seemed to wonder what the matter was. The disturbing element passed and Hull slept on.

After a delightful drive of four miles northward along the Gatineau river, a suitable spot was selected for breakfast. The ever essential farm-house was at hand to supply fresh milk and cooking accommodation. Tables were soon arranged on the grass, and by the time the eggs and cocoa were prepared, all else was in place, and a hearty meal soon changed its form and place. Father Lajeunesse, the Director, here had his first opportunity to make a photo, and it is expected that on the screen before the society's new lantern next season, will be reproduced that memorable breakfast.

From here to Chelsea, five miles further along the banks of the picturesque river, Keeley's Orchestra was much in evidence, and between Ric's piccolo and the harmonicas of two or three of the artists, music of the highest order was in abundance. On entering the village about 11 o'clock, the songs of the day were made

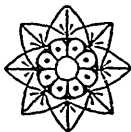
the songs of the hour, and the inhabitants took up positions on the door-steps, where they might see and hear to the best advantage. Just outside the village, the excursionists dismounted and followed their Director half a mile, to where the blue waters of the Gatineau, in great volume and at high-speed dash fiercely over an irregular precipice, and form one of the prettiest and most majestic cascades in this part of the Dominion. After half an hour of admiration for the unusual beauties of water and land, many of which were impressed upon photographic plates, the boys turned back toward the busses. Here they encountered a veritable "Deserted Village"—it had been, many years ago, a lumbering station, but now the old mills with their dry sluice-ways, the vacant and decaying houses with their faded street numbers above the creaking doors, the grassy, flower-strewn main-street and the death-like stillness covering all, must have given rise to deep sentiment in the minds of these scientists. Gabriels was visibly affected. Seeing the old mill-bell hanging idly where it had perhaps been silent for many a year, he soon climbed to where a short tattered rope swung in the wind, and "loud and strong" the deafening clamor seemed to resurrect the little village. And this was not all a dream, for, poor boy, he barely escaped a vicious man who came angrily running to punish the disturber of the peace.

Dinner-time found the party at Kirk's Ferry, some miles farther up the river road. Here, near one of the summer cottages, tables were erected and a splendid camp dinner provided. The re-Mark-able cook was supplied all necessaries by A. Mart in the kitchen, and when all was ready any king might have counted himself lucky to claim a plate at that board. After this interesting and well-executed portion of the programme, the boys divided. Some went bathing; others took the canoes and skiffs out among the small islands and rapids, while those remaining—the land-lovers—employed the musical instruments to good advantage and showed they knew how the cake-walk should be executed and how good singing is produced. In a few hours the party prepared to return, but did not forget before leaving, a choral serenade and "V-A-R" for the cottagers.

If the trip going was animated and full of delights, the return seemed even better. The rich country air and the odor of freshness everywhere, seemed to increase the vigor and good spirits, and as the vans rolled through the Chelsea streets again, it was easily evident that no ordinary driving party was passing, for all doors and windows were filled with onlookers who seemed to enjoy a real smart species of an unusual kind of greeting. Supper by the roadside farther on, was a gem of the day, and those who still could eat, ate, and those who couldn't, or at least shouldn't have, ate also, and, well! filled, tired, and supremely happy, all tumbled into the rigs and were satisfied to point for home.

On approaching Ottawa the rockets from Parliament Hill and Rideau Hall reminded the boys that others also were busy doing honor to the memory of their late Queen, but they felt sure that no celebration for themselves could have equalled for a moment the one in which they had so happily been sharers. The drivers called a halt before the College doors at 9 p.m., and a good old V-A-R-S-I-T-Y for the Director put a seal on the splendid union of good feeling that had so warmly united the hearts and wills of the excursionists during a day never to be forgotten by the members of the Scientific Society of 1901-02.

L. M. P. STALEY, '05.



The World's Song.

Written for THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW.



HOU poet of the sweetly soulful song
 All nations joy to sing, no brighter fame
 Crowned lay of bard since Homer lived than thine,
 John Howard Payne.

Thy touch along the keys
 Of feeling strayed, and, half unconscious, stirr'd
 That which is seldom touched by poet now,
 The deep-set chord whose vibration wakes
 Within the inmost chamber of the heart
 Music that thrills, and gently prompts to thought
 Raptured yet tender, till the glowing mind
 Impenges all its powers upon a theme
 Whose myriad charms are summ'd in one word—home !

“ 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 “ Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home :
 “ A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there,
 “ Which, go through the world, you'll not meet with elsewhere.
 “ Home, home, sweet home !
 “ There's no place like home !”

Of such the simple strain whose melody
 The separated tribes of man delight
 To voice, wherefore its cadences have grown
 Familiar as rain-sounds ; its silver chimes
 Strike oft, but never lack some exiled soul
 Responsive to their music ; its refrain
 Serves as the watchword of our roaming race :
 Deep feeling is the soul-breath of true song,
 And sympathy the universal bond.

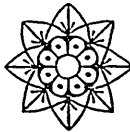
" An exile from home, pleasures dazzle in vain :
 " Ah ! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again ;
 " The birds singing sweetly that came to my call—
 " Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all.
 " Home, sweet, sweet home !
 " There's no place like home !"

Oh, bitter contradiction ! he who sang
 Of home in seraph numbers had no home,
 Nor peace of mind, nor soft domestic tie,
 But wander'd wide, and died far, far away
 From all he loved, and chief the commonwealth,
 His churlish mother, whose sharp greed is set
 On dollars.

Peace be to his ashes, he
 Has carried peace to multitudes, and made
 A haven for hearthless waifs, by conjuring up,
 To bless their lonesome dreams, the forms of friends
 And vivid gleams of loved but long-lost scenes.

Ottawa, June, 1902.

C.



A Trinity Function.

AT the Trinity Ordinations conducted by His Grace the Archbishop at the Basilica, Rev. Chas. McGurty, O. M. I., was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. In the presence of friends who have watched the young priest's career with interest, and surrounded by members of his family doubly solicitous for his welfare, he received the sacrament of Holy Orders and was made a priest forever. To the secular ecclesiastic ordination means much; to the neophyte of Mary Immaculate it is the '*sola nobilitas*,' the relief from strictest discipline and yet but the beginning of more arduous duties. That Fr. McGurty will succeed in the performance of his sacred functions we have no doubt. Whether in the class-room urging his students to greater efforts, whether leading the choir which he brought to a high standard of excellence, or whether pitching ball for the *Soutanes*, success has always been his. Little wonder then that the students desired to show their appreciation, to congratulate him and kneel for his blessing. His First Mass celebrated, he was invited to the Senior Study Hall, where, with several fathers, the students were waiting to receive him. Mr. Martin, in behalf of those assembled, read the address, saying in part :
Reverend and Dear Father :

Realizing the awful grandeur of the Sacerdotal Character, we can in some measure understand how, on this day, when for the first time you were permitted to offer up the Adorable Victim of Sacrifice your soul should be filled with the most highly wrought emotions. And with justice, indeed, may you rejoice, for how wonderfully has the Great God favoured you in binding you to him with the double link of the Sacred Priesthood and the holy religious state. If, then, the King of Heaven has deemed you worthy of such high honor, why should not we, the students of Ottawa College, some of whom know you as a comrade, others as a teacher, and all as a friend gather about you on this happy occasion to express to you, though very imperfectly, our deepest sentiments of joy and gratification.

But, dear Father, if we appreciate the favors that have been conferred on you, no less mindful are we of the obligations that these favors entail, obligations whose fulfilment is beset with the gravest obstacles and difficulties. Therefore, shall we pray the Spirit of Truth to enlighten your heart and mind that you may perceive the dangers that confront you and find a sure way of avoiding them. And we are assured that if you listen to His promptings in simple faith and apply them with unbending will, you shall be true to your sublime calling and merit, in truth, the title of Alter Christus.

In conclusion, then, dear Father, we would ask that while your soul is still fresh with the impress of the purest character you do not forget, in your requests at The Throne of Grace, the students of Ottawa College.

Fr. McGurty thanked the boys for their good wishes and at the same time imparted some advice, urging us to remain true to the teaching of our professors, telling us that if we stood by them they would in turn remain true friends to us. As an example of this he referred to Rev. Father Reynolds who came from Lowell, Mass., to assist at his pupil's first mass. That reverend gentleman responding to the numerous calls for a speech, arose, thanking the students for their kindly interest, and congratulated Father McGurty and all present. Fathers Fallon, Kerwin, Murphy, O'Boyle, Bros. Ouimet, Hammersly and Stanton spoke in a similar strain.

M. P. C. '03.

Prize Debate.



THE Second Annual Prize Debate took place on Friday, the 16th inst. To say the speeches equalled last year would be but doing simple justice to the participants and, considering the difficulties under which the debators labored—the men had barely ten days in which to prepare—the “Second Annual” might be judged to have eclipsed its predecessors. Certain it is, that not one feature essential to a good debate was lacking; brisk argument put forth in spicy form, coupled with reasoning eloquent and vindictive lent the necessary versatility, while the close attention of the audience gave assurance of its deep interest in the question. The musical programme too elicited merited applause.

The question, “Resolved, That Strikes are Justifiable” gave ample scope for an interesting discussion. The affirmative was ably argued by Messrs. J. J. Macdonell, '02, and C. F. McCormac, '03, while Messrs. E. E. Gallagher, '02, and L. M. P. Staley, '03, strove to convince the judges that the negative side of the question was the proper one. The judges were the Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D. D., Rector; Messrs. Chas. Moss, Ph. D., and Wm. Kearns. After the College Quartette, comprising Messrs. Nolan, Keeley, King and Hurley, rendered “Dream On,” the chairman, X. O. Martin '02, stated, that twenty minutes should be allotted each speaker with a few minutes rebuttal for the first affirmative, calling the debators alternately. The small amount of space at our disposal forbids a lengthy criticism of the speeches. Mr. Macdonell took the moral side of the question, proved that Strikes were not an issue of the present day but remnants of remote ages, and in his clear, melodious voice impressed both judges and audience. Mr. Gallagher, the next speaker, showed a zeal for his side of the question that called forth the greatest interest. He argued that strikes are not practical because of the multifarious evils attendant on them, cited instances substantiating his reason for viewing them in this light, proved that the soldiery is, in many cases, called out to suppress disorders resulting from strikes and concluding sought

a remedy for the same. Mr. McCormac followed in a very eloquent speech. Shunning the evils of strikes, he declared them superfluous to the nature of the resolution, argued that only under certain conditions could a strike be unlawful and with these absent it must be perfectly justifiable, and in conclusion vindicated Trades Unions showing them to be recognized legally as well as industrially. Mr. Staley, to whom the prize medal, donated by Very Rev. Rector, was awarded, was the last speaker. At the outset he pointed out the contract made between employee and employer. He said this contract could not be broken without the consent of both parties, gave statistical proof proving strikes detrimental to man and to society in general, and summarized in a manner that convinced the judges of the strength of his arguments.

While awaiting the decision of the judges, Mr. G. I. Nolan, always a welcome and willing addition to our concerts, sang sweetly, "Out in the Deep," responding to an encore. The Quartette was again called upon, rendering "Slumber Sweet," Mr. McCormac acting as accompanist. To the Moderator, Prof. T. F. Horrigan, to the President, W. A. Martin and his energetic executive, congratulation for bringing so successful a year to such a brilliant close; to the Debating Team we also unite in expressing our joy, thanking them in general for upholding past records and the honour of the Debating Society, and in particular for the manner in which they conducted themselves at the Second Prize Debate.

CAMROC '03.



L'Union Francophile.

"L'UNION FRANCOPHILE" is a new member added last Autumn to our College Societies. It is composed exclusively of English Students of the 3rd, 4th and 5th form who are desirous of speaking the French language. Its institution is the happy idea of Rev. Fr. Gervais, O.M.I., the Prefect of Studies, who is always ready and willing to foster anything to advance the interests of the students.

During the year, regular meetings were held and several interesting debates took place. So successful was the society that it was decided to give a public debate and musical entertainment, which took place on Wednesday evening, April 30th.

The large lecture hall in the Scientific Building was filled to overflowing by the student body and others when the members of the faculty arrived.

John P. Ebbs, '04 took the chair, called the meeting to order and announced the following programme :

1. Les Rameaux..... J. J. Hanley.
2. Discours d'ouverture, Eloge de la langue française, J. P. Ebbs.
3. Débat. L'Impérialisme est-il favorable ou non aux Canadiens.
Alf., I. Burke, H. Letang; Neg., R. Devlin, W. Richards.
4. La Charité..... R. Halligan.
5. Chœur. Les Ruisseaux. Francophile Quartet.
6. Dialogue. Argan. F. French.
Antoine. J. Harrington.
7. Chant. Oh Canada! Francophile Quartet.

Mr. Hanley sang "Les Rameaux" and had to respond to an encore.

Mr. Ebbs, the chairman, opened the deliberations. The following is a version of his speech in part :

"The subject of this evening's debate is Imperialism. But before commencing the debate proper, I do not think it would be considered amiss to say a few words regarding the study of French for all in general and for Canadians in particular. For instance he who has a practical knowledge of French is able to contrast the master pieces of Corneille, Racine and Molière with

those of Shakespeare. Again the French language has by its clearness and precision merited the distinction of being made the international language."

Continuing he said :—

" But there are many important reasons why Canadians especially should speak French ; they owe it to the French as their lawful right. It is necessary for a French person to speak English before he can obtain employment. Then the French language is spoken in parliament. Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, who speaks two languages fluently, says that a man who has two languages at his command, has a distinct advantage over him who has only one."

Here he read the subject of the debate, " Resolved that Imperialism is favorable to Canadians," and called on Mr. John E. Burke, the leader of the affirmative.

" We are assembled here this evening gentlemen to discuss a great—yes I may say one of the greatest political projects that the genius and intelligence of man has ever yet produced. It is a question upon which Edmund Burke dreamed over one hundred years ago. It is a problem upon which the greatest politicians not only of England but wherever the British flag floats have been endeavoring to solve for well nigh a half century. It aims to unite the different parts of the British Empire ; to make them one as regards foreign powers, to unite their forces and their power—in a word to make one nation under one flag."

Mr. Burke was followed by Mr. R. Devlin, who in his own inimitable way threw cold water on the Imperial Federation scheme and claimed it was but a plot of conniving with British politicians to further their own ends. He pointed out how in the future England might do the same with us as she has done with Ireland, and concluded his address by appealing to the hearts and sentiments of the Canadians by advocating the old, old, battle-cry of Canada for Canadians."

Mr. H. Letang, seconder of the affirmative, said in part :

" Though this question is not a new one, yet actual circumstances, such as the South African War and the Coronation Conference, have given it a special importance.

" The magnitude and power of the British Empire is known to all, but its name alone is not sufficient to maintain this greatness. The extent of the Empire and the separation of its different parts renders it necessary to have it united and armed at all points. The rivalry of the other Great Powers compels England to maintain a powerful army for her very existence, so to hold her position which is already threatened, union is necessary.

"If the conference should end without anything being done in this direction there would be great rejoicing among our enemies. They would take it for granted that throughout the empire there is no unity of sentiment nor any sense of national duty, and would, no doubt, soon attempt to take advantage of our seeming discord."

Mr. W. A. Richards followed Mr. Letang. The following are a few of the arguments he employed against Imperial Federation :

"If Imperialism were forced upon us, we would have nothing to gain and everything to lose.

"Canada would be obliged to send fighting men to the front, no matter who England's opponents might be.

"Our government would have to deal with the political questions of Europe, giving all business concerning the Dominion a secondary consideration.

"Some say England would protect us if Imperialism were in force. But, does she not do so now? The mother country would be very unwilling to let such a country as Canada slip through her fingers without doing all in her power to prevent it.

"If Imperialism would be an advantage to Canada, why would the leaders of each political party be opposed to such a step?"

The debate finished, Mr. R. Halligan rendered "La Charité," very acceptably. A dialogue from Moliere rendered by Mr. J. Harrington and F. French, procured for the members "up the Creek," tumultuous applause.

The judges, who by the way were Rev. Father Rector, Fathers Gauvreau, Gervais, Lambert, Lajeunesse, awarded the debate to the affirmative. The Rector congratulated all those who took part and said everything met with his approval.

Mr. H. Mack moved, seconded by Mr. F. Blute, a vote of thanks to all those taking part. It carried unanimously.

A chorus "O Canada" by the society quartet, brought a very pleasant evening to a close. Gratitude must be expressed to Rev. Brother Fortier and Prof. Belanger, B.A., for the assistance the members received from them in preparing for this event.

Obituary.

Death has claimed one of our former companions Rev. Arthur Guertin, O.M.I., aged 23 years who died May 21, at the Scholasticate of the Oblate Fathers in Ottawa East. During his three years at the Juniorate, he made many friends. Entering the Oblate Novitiate in 1899, he took his perpetual vows last September.

The Solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. Fr. Guertin, S.C., an uncle of the deceased. Another uncle, Rev. Fr. Guertin, O.M.I., of Montreal, acted as deacon. A third uncle, Rev. Fr. Guertin, O.M.I., of Mattawa, was unable to attend.

A month's mind mass was offered by the students on May 14th, in the University Chapel.

During the current year, one of our former companions has been most cruelly afflicted. First his mother was taken off by death, then his sister, both to be all too quickly followed by a father and an uncle.

Senator Deschenes, who died in Montreal on April 30th, belonged to a family the members of which have been prominent political men in Quebec. Energetic and successful himself, he was an excellent christian and a good father. To their old college mate and to the bereaved family the students tender the expression of their most sincere sympathy.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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No. X.

JUNE, 1902.

Vol. IV.

VALEDICTORY.

Another college year has drawn to a close, another senior class has run its course. Yes, only a little while and the graduates of 1902 must bid adieu to the dear old walls of their college home. Then must this be for them a time for retrospection ; in the few short hours that still remain will be conjured up all the tenderest memories of good old college days—days that will never be forgotten. The time is drawing nigh when they must say farewell to dear old student friends, to happy associations and youthful companionships. True, the parting will be hard, yet it is a consolation for them to know that they leave with the good will and best wishes of those whom college days have rendered near and dear.

Before the hour of parting, then, let THE REVIEW tender its sincerest thanks to the graduates of 1902 for the good work which

they have done in its behalf, for, if in the past few years our University Journal has sustained itself in the forefront of College publications, much of the credit is due to their noble and untiring efforts.

Then graduates of 1902, farewell. May Heaven's richest blessings be showered upon you.

MOTU PROPRIO.

In a circular addressed by the Most Rev. Archbishop Duhamel to his clergy is a brief from the Vatican. This is fresh proof of the desire to promote universal peace and harmony which has animated His Holiness the Pope in all the acts of his glorious pontificate. The papal document was addressed to Cardinal Archbishop Vaughan. Translated, it reads as follows :

MOST EMINENT LORD.

I am happy to inform your Eminence that the Holy Father, in his desire that Catholics throughout the British Empire may more easily participate in the festivities that will mark the Coronation of His Majesty the King, has deigned to dispense them from the law of abstinence on Friday, the 27th June, and from the law of fasting and abstinence on the Saturday following, which is the Vigil of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.

But it is the desire of the Holy Father that Catholics should make up for this dispensation by the recital of certain prayers, the choice of which he remits to the judgment of your Eminence.

Your Eminence is also authorized to communicate the above dispensation to the Episcopate, so that it may be duly brought to the knowledge of the faithful.

I readily avail myself of this occasion to repeat the assurance of profound veneration with which, &c., &c.

I am,

Your Eminence's humble and devoted servant,

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

ROME, 15th April, 1902.

OUR CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS.

The Exchange page makes no reference to a certain class of exchanges—our Catholic newspapers. These have found themselves side by side in the College reading room with more pretentious publications. Have they suffered by the comparison? Rather, their superior worth became the sooner appreciated. The Catholic press has one quality that inspires confidence; its mission being to diffuse correct ideas of truth, justice, morality, its conservative action supplies the best of antidotes for the poison of that unscrupulous, misguided sensationalism, that pervades to too large an extent secular journalism. For our part, we rejoice at the opportunity of acknowledging how much we owe to our Catholic weeklies. They have rendered immense service to us in our profounder studies; they have kept us fully abreast of the times, always proving to be reliable sources of information in matters of which no Catholic can afford to be ignorant. Many a time also in the last few months, when our heads were heavy with the tedium of close application to our class manuals, a dip into the Catholic newspapers was often sufficient to restore our good spirits.

It is invidious to express preference for one more than another particularly when each one is found to excel in some peculiar capacity. We only mention the *Boston Pilot*, the accurate register of every important issue, religious, social and political; *The Catholic Standard and Times*, watchful of every movement on foot at Washington and Rome; the breezy *Intermountain Catholic* from far-off Salt Lake City; *The Catholic News* of New York no less valuable; *The Sacred Hearth Review*, representing Catholic culture in the Athens of America. *The Republic* of the same city and *The Irish World* of New York, are semi-political in character, the latter being the ably directed organ of the ultra-Irish Americans.

One of the most esteemed of our exchanges hails from across the ocean, the Liverpool *Catholic Times and Opinion*, a paper among the foremost of those published in the English language.

We take no less pride in referring to our own Canadian Catholic journals. We have *The Catholic Record*, of London, that able advocate of christian education, especially in behalf of the young men whose opportunities are much too meagre. The Toronto

Catholic Register has been a true well-wisher in Rugby while the *Montreal True Witness*, the *Antigonish Casket* and the *Winnipeg Northwest Review* have placed the varied wealth of their pages at our service. *The Canadian Freeman* is the only semi-political Canadian Catholic organ now on our files.

For these exchanges, one and all, our appreciation has grown with every issue. It is safe to say that the taste for the kind of reading found in their columns, contracted by the Ottawa College graduate, will continue to show itself by a habitual ransacking of one or several of our Catholic newspapers.

NEW PROFESSORS.

In pursuance with the oft-expressed policy of the Rector, Dr. Emery, O.M.I., every effort is made to hold this institution in touch with all the requirements of higher education. The outlay for the most recent scientific equipment has been, and will be, great; several professors are to be added to the staff. In this respect the University is receiving congratulations on account of the acquisition of the services of Mr. Stockley, M.A. Mr. Stockley is the professor of English and French in the University at Fredericton, N.B. Besides acknowledged ability to impart knowledge, he has a prolific pen, many of his articles appearing in the best magazines. Mr. Stockley is a convert to the Faith. Proof of the consideration in which he is held by the ecclesiastical authorities of the Maritime Provinces is furnished by the following letter of Archbishop O'Brien, himself a *litterateur*:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, HALIFAX, N.S.

Jan. 15th, 1901.

To the Rev. Father Rector, Ottawa University.

I venture to recommend to you Professor Stockley, of the University of N. B., as a gentleman and scholar who would, I feel sure, be a most successful Professor of English, and in every way would help to uphold the good name of your institution. I really wish I were in a position to avail myself of his services for this Diocese.

With best wishes, I remain,

Yours in Christ,

C. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

The following is from the Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick :—

November 21st, 1899.

Mr. W. F. P. Stockley has been my colleague for the last fourteen years. No one could have been more efficient. He was recommended to me for the Chair by one of my old classmates, Professor Dowden. Professor Dowden spoke of Mr. Stockley at that time as an essayist whose critical acumen was recognized in the University of Dublin. Since then, by his College lectures, by his University extension lectures, and by his more public addresses, Mr. Stockley has amply fulfilled the early estimate of Professor Dowden. The University Senate consider him to be the best examiner in English and French that we have had.

THOMAS HARRISON.

Mr. Stockley possesses this warm recommendation from one of the foremost Shakespearean scholars of the day, Professor Dowden, Trinity College, Dublin.

November 18th, 1899.

Professor Stockley, M.A., has given such proof of his ability, his learning, and his capacity as a teacher, that it seems to me almost unbecoming that I should add to such proofs any feebler words of commendation. But as his former Lecturer and Examiner, I should like to say that he was among the best students that ever obtained our Senior Moderatorship and Gold Medal in Modern Literature—the highest distinction obtainable in the University of Dublin. He is not only an excellent English, but also an excellent French scholar—a true and thoughtful lover of literature; and he has great and successful experience in teaching. He is most conscientious and courteous, and he would be a colleague with whom one could work happily and confidently, while his influence upon pupils could not fail to be for their good.

FOOTBALL NEXT FALL.

“ Home again ” is wafted on every zephyr. The student is waiting to see books packed, trunks checked, and ticket in his vest-pocket. What about return after the long vacation under the family roof tree? The very mention of it produces unaccountable dislike and dubious strutting of shoulders. Coming back! is as hackneyed as—well as the rag-time selections—our *vocalists* console themselves with every evening on the way back from the campers. Yet for many reasons the question is very practical. The student does not set out merely to make a year or two in college, afterward to adopt a commercial pursuit, or enter a profession, or answer a still higher vocation; by doing so he wastes his time and remains a dwarf intellectually. To make success in the proper sense of the word possible, he would complete his course. But these remarks are for another object. Varsity is best known to the youthful generation by its famous record on the athletic arena. Apart from the popularity of manly sports among the most cultured peoples and the services they undoubtedly render in education there is something Homeric, something for our lads to look forward to, to behold the Garnet and Grey bravely borne forth into the thick of the fray. What would Varsity desire of them. To find every man of her experienced candidates on hand the first Wednesday of next September, anxious to pitch in and recommence intelligent training. Their old time opponents will be already in the field, bent on stripping them of their laurels. Varsity will have to put up the contest of her life. Thus outside these old gray walls, the world seems not to rest. It will require the whole student body to hold the trophy where it is. College wants everyone back the opening day in order that she may have every possible assistance in keeping at home the Championship both of Quebec and of the Dominion.

Book Review.

The Divine Plan of the Church, where Realised and where Not.

The Rev. John MacLaughlin has already made his mark in polemics by a very valuable book entitled "Indifferentism, or is one religion as good as another?" His former readers will be led to expect much from his latest work "The Divine Plan of the Church" and it is safe to say that no one, whether Catholic or otherwise, can read the book without great profit. They might then understand something of the eulogistic declaration attributed to the late Cecil Rhodes. "I have a great admiration of the Catholic Church; it is in my opinion the only logical religion in the world." The drift of the treatise is much as follows. It may seem difficult if not impossible to-day amid the endless variety of warring sects to adhere with conviction to any form of religion. Yet since even reason and common sense declare that the Supreme Being has an inalienable right to the worship of His creatures, that worship must exist somewhere in a suitable form, recognizable too by unmistakable marks; and if that worship be not practised through ignorance, there is a strict natural obligation to dispell such ignorance when possible. It is the aim of Rev. Father MacLaughlin to point out how easily the true religion may be found if sought for in the Catholic Church. The process by which he arrives at this conclusion is clearness and simplicity itself.

The rev. author begins with some necessary distinctions and considers the difficulties non-Catholics are placed in by the hazy idea they hold in regard to the definite Divine plan of a church. He then points out that in the mind of Christ,—whom he first proves to be God—there was a distinct definite plan according to which His church was to be formed and developed. This same plan by the fact of its antiquity, or eternity, is absolutely inviolable, beyond the tampering of man or angel. It is then shown what this plan was: in it, private interpretation could have no place; in it, however, were necessarily included certain things, for instance, doctrine, worship, sacraments, heirarchy. Other specifications of the Divine plan were infallibility and constitutional unfailling-

ness or indefectibility. The latter quality in the church is shown not to be affected by the abuses and faults, to which individual members and the visible head are liable. The closing chapters of the book deal with the claims of the Church of England.

The author, through modesty, disclaims any attempt at style. He succeeds somehow in giving freshness to his theme: his manner of illustration greatly aids comprehension and conviction. With the Liverpool *Daily Post* we agree that "Father MacLaughlin makes points with considerable skill, and, though he can give some good sturdy blows, he does so with a complete absence of that bitterness of spirit and opprobrious language which so often characterize religious controversy.

From the American Book Co., New York, we are in receipt of *Francois' Advanced French Prose Composition*. It is a book designed for the second year in colleges, or the third and fourth years in high schools. Here are ample materials for thorough drill on the constructions and idioms of the French language, embodied in a large variety of entertaining and helpful exercises. A distinctive feature of this volume is the use made of the new grammatical rules, promulgated by the Minister of Public Instruction of France, in 1901. The book in fact opens with a list of the most important licenses (tolérances) adopted by the French Minister, M. Georges Leggues, with the approval of the French Academy. Cloth, 292 pages; price 80 cents.



Among the Magazines.

The new century has awakened a sharp competition among booksellers to place enlarged and revised editions of their encyclopedias first upon the market. One of these, Appletons' Universal Cyclopedia, and Atlas gives occasion to some severe comment on the part of the editor of *The Messenger*. Upon the work in question a formidable array of talent and science was employed. The editor-in-chief, Charles Kendall Adams, LL.D., President of the Michigan University, is "assisted by a corps of associate editors

composed of the ablest and most distinguished scholars in the United States and Canada of eminent specialists in both Europe and Canada": the revision is claimed to be made with every "attention to accuracy on the part of 800 or more contributors"; the policy to be impartial in every way "has in no department been more rigorously observed" than in that which relates to religious belief and Church polity." Yet, notwithstanding, all these boasts have been found empty and mendacious. What indeed could be expected, with one Catholic of note only, in that crowd of 800 shortsighted "experts," chosen too from every part of the globe—this disparity of representation being presumably due to the hopeless lack of intellectual attainments in Catholics. But test the vaunted claims of scholarship, accuracy and impartiality by means of such articles as the "Reformation," "Middle Ages," "Monachism," "Auricular Confession," "Education," "Indulgences," "Mariolatry" "Gunpowder Plot," "Philippines," etc., without going into questions of Scripture, Science and Philosophy. "Poisoning of Wells" becomes painfully evident. All the stock slanders and twistings of Catholic teachings which have long since been laughed to scorn by even Protestant scholars like Mallock and Starbuck are given the old place of honor in this Cyclopaedia. To support misrepresentation and depreciation of Catholic doctrine, history, practice, non-Catholic authorities are quoted, standard Catholic works being either overlooked or explained away. "Nothing is forgotten, nothing is learned." The scholarly, accurate, impartial compilers are unaccountably ignorant of Catholic occurrences and personages of the day. Not a mention is made of such dignitaries as Cardinal Satolli Martinelli, of Archbishops Ryan, Elder, Feehan, Williams, of a host of other Catholic men and women notable in literature or in public life. Catholic colleges and similar well-known institutions are overlooked though the establishments of the denominations are set forth one by one. The Knights of Pythias and the smallest secret society are not forgotten, but we look in vain for the Knights of Columbus and similar associations among Catholics. The same partisan spirit has been charged home by the London *Tablet* in its issue of May 17th to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in one

article, particularly, treating on the validity of Anglican Orders. the Catholic side of the affair receiving but a shabby notice. Yet it is estimated that 50,000 copies of this work were sold in England and 400,000 went to the United States. How many complaints and warnings are to be seen in our Catholic papers about nearly every work of this pattern. The "poisoning of wells," or, the contaminating of the sources of information is manifestly carried on over a large scale. "Eternal vigilance is here the price of truth." How essential is it not to verify for oneself if the goods advertised, are *accurate* and *impartial*. Catholics are and may be unconsciously lead into error by trusting too implicitly to such guides, while fair-minded and enquiring Protestants may for the same cause remain where they were—in ignorance and prejudice regarding matters of most vital import, to a very large section of society, at least.



Exchanges.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-MAN.

I was always a conscientious exchange editor. First I relied solely upon my own genius, but, as I grew in months, I saw that it was my manifest duty to study the rules of my art from the great masters in the neighboring college papers. The various bits of wisdom that came from these inspired pens were carefully posted in my scrap-book. The first of these was, that, generally, ex-men are too lazy to find mistakes, and, indeed, belong to a Mutual Admiration Society. But soon the vast amount of righteous (?) indignation, expressed in all sorts of language from slang to Latin, made me think the Admiration Society had been dissolved. After this, for a long time, having grown more cautious, nothing further was put in my scrap-book except pictures of editors (of both sexes) and such like.

But all mortal things change, and another bit of wisdom at length arrived. It was, that if you felt it your duty to revise the essay of some poor unfortunate who has possibly taken three

months to write it, do it through the mail, but not through the ex-column. It was also stated that the column was not written for ex-men alone, but should give general views of the state of culture and education at the various institutions of the continent, etc., etc. I immediately followed this magnificent advise. Next month my column commenced with a short essay (to be continued) on college journalism, and others on the position of the ex-man, the college essay and the college poem. It was glorious—while it lasted. My brother editors congratulated me, so did my friends. Next month in my continued essay on college journalism I spoke about editors and said as a rule the editorial half of a paper was worse than the contributed portion. I pointed out the difference between the well-written editorial and its more common substitute; criticised rather severely the average book and magazine reviews. It was to be my *magnum opus*. But alas for human vanity. The managing editor refused to publish it! He admitted its truth, but questioned its propriety. As if this were not enough, a couple of exchanges as they came in were found to contain strictures on my attempting to dictate about what a college paper should be.

I had yet two months more to write, and all my resources were gone. Not wishing to go back to the dry-as-dust method with which I had commenced, nor yet make my column the home of wandering college jokes, I resolved upon the desperate plan of criticising our own magazine. Of course, I did not do it directly. I was too experienced to do that. But by expressing my opinions of the criticisms of it which appeared in rival papers, I accomplished my end, as I thought, nicely. I was certainly justified; for what paper could I criticise as of which I knew all the secrets. So I said, this paper said we had the spring fever, another that the lack of original poetry was becoming chronic, a third that our March number was rather uninteresting, and so *ad libitum*. I have said I had two months' exchanges to write when I commenced this plan. Those two months' exchanges never appeared in print. Next year they are going to have a less conscientious exchange editor.

Priorum Temporum Flores

Congratulations, to two graduates, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, now in Columbia University, and the Hon. Frank Latchford, member of the Ross Cabinet, re-elected on May 29th in South Renfrew.

Mr. J. F. McLaughlin, ex-'01, who for the past while has been confined to the hospital suffering from an attack of appendicitis, is around again. His many friends and classmates will be pleased to learn of his timely recovery.

Mr. A. P. Donnelly, '01, writes us from Winnipeg, Man., where he has established himself in business. THE REVIEW extends best wishes for success.

Mr. Thos. Costello, of the matriculating class of '99, has successfully passed the second year's examinations in medicine at Queen's University, Kingston.

At the recent ordinations in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Messrs. J. Dulin and P. Kelly, class of '00, received Subdeaconship, Mr. J. J. O'Reilly, ex-'01, minor orders, and Messrs. J. E. McGlade, J. F. Warnock and J. R. O'Gorman, all of class of '01, tonsure.

Mr. M. E. Conway, '01, who, as Secretary of the Dominion Educational Association, has been residing for the past while in Toronto, is home for the summer.

Mr. Binnie Kearns who is pursuing studies in medicine at Queen's is home for vacation.

At the Trinity Ordinations, Saturday, May 24, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel conferred the different degrees of Holy Orders upon the following students of the Theological Seminary :

Priesthood.—Rev. C. McGurty, O.M.I., Rev. J. Ethier, Rev. C. Pare, Rev. A. Hanon, O.M.I., Rev. E. Blanchin, O.M.I., Rev. J. Paille, O.M.I., Rev. J. Prieur, O.M.I., Rev. C. Soubry, O.M.I., Rev. A. Graton, O.M.I., Rev. E. McQuaid, O.M.I., Rev. A. Franceur, O.M.I., Rev. P. Hetu, O.M.I.

Deaconship—W. Kelly, O.M.I., H. Rivet, O.M.I., O. Plourde, O.M.I., J. LeClainche, O.M.I., J. Allard, O.M.I., W. Ouellette, O.M.I., E. Latulipe, O.M.I., D. Dalge, O.M.I., L. Boisseau, O.M.I.,

Sub-Deaconship.—A. J. Fortier, O.M.I., L. Carriere, O.M.I., O. Jasmin, O.M.I., M. Magnon, O.M.I.

Minor Orders.—J. Coursol, O. Lalonde, H. Yelle, H. Racette, O.M.I., O. Paquette, O.M.I., A. Paquet, O.M.I., G. Simard, O.M.I., N. Dubois, O.M.I., F. Gagnon, O.M.I., A. Auclair, O.M.I., G. Leonard, O.M.I., O. Chagnon, O.M.I., O. Peloquin, O.M.I., J. Bertrand, O.M.I., A. Sasseville, O.M.I., A. Demers, O.M.I., J. B. Levesque, O.M.I., J. Duvic, O.M.I.

Rev. J. P. Reynolds, O.M.I., of the Sacred Heart Church, Lowell, Mass., preached the sermon on the occasion of the first mass of Rev. C. McGurty, O.M.I., in St. Joseph's Church, Sunday, May 25th. Father Reynolds is an old 'Varsity student.

After this issue the class of '02 can look for a place among the *Priorum Temporum Flores*.

Of Catholic laymen occupying prominent positions in Canada, one most worthy of special mention is Mr. J. K. Foran, a former student and LL. D. of the University. Having distinguished himself in various capacities of a literary nature, Mr. Foran now occupies one of the highest offices in the gift of the Dominion Government, that of chief English translator of House of Commons. We have every confidence of his success.

We are glad to notice that Dr. Chabot, '89, who suffered a few days from a severe cold, has again taken up his professional duties at the college.

Rev. M. Murphy, O.M.I., '03, has returned to his studies after a successful operation for appendicitis. He had for companion of misery M. James McLaughlin.

Rev. D. V. Phalen, '89, or Dave Creedon of the *Casket*, we regret to learn, has been invalided for the last few months to a sanitarium near Montreal. There he was joined for the sake of their health by Rev. Mrs. Dowdall and Quilty, the pastor and curate of Eganville. Rev. Fr. Groulx, secretary to His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, has had to resign himself to inaction on account of a bad knee.

Of Local Interest.

J. K. has a higher estimation of the populace than his old friend, Horace, had. To Joe it is the "*vulgus profundus*."

A certain sophomore complained, a short time ago, of having *fully genders* of the heart. Masculine or feminine?

Smithy is going to spend his holidays looking up *epitaphs* to hurl at his antagonist from Lowell.

The economist from Watertown would like to know if the State has the right to *level* taxes.

P. S.—Say, Smithy, I have put up with enough of your *idiosyncracies*.

H. S.—Well, I guess I ain't no *Indian*.

Prof.—"Organismus nascitur, non fit." Is that good English, Mr. B. B.?

B. B.—(Throwing out chest.)—Certainly.

Prof.—Well, what is the difference between an organization and an organism?

B. B.—Bosh, an organization is something that is organized, while an organism is something that is *fit*.

Cap.—Give me a match Huge.

H.—No, I carry no more *blase(s)*.

Cl.—My, I would like to hold that Willie's hand.

Joker—Why?

Cl.—To slap his wrist real hard.

Upon a certain date, as yet unknown, there will be produced for the first and last time, a sensational melodrama entitled "Among the Adirondacks." Don't fail to see the "smash-up," in the first act. The company carries its own baggage, and under the able leadership of our Torontonian *Manager*, the band will *execute* music

Clippings from the S. S. Trip.—Dreaming of Mother!

The "bucket-brigade," under the guidance of "Cap," performed stunts worthy of notice; chief among these was the "emptying act."

Pres.—Avez-vous de la vache?

M.—Phat are you sayin—

J. K. told G-I, and G-I *tolled* the bell.

Ric's cake-walk was a total failure. Why?

Oh! my Dolores.

To be(e) or not to be(e), according to L—S, the latter is more desirable.

Instead of hearing a *sigh*, our baritone Joke-ingly said that he saw a scy(the) protruding from the barn.

The sympathy of the students is extended to Mr. John J. Cox, of Parsons, Pa., who was called home by the serious illness of his mother.

What the future has in store for the graduates of 1902, we are not permitted to know. The following abridged dictionary may, however, give an idea of their prospects:

J. P. G.—Timor.

J. O'B.—Indifferentia.

W. A. M.—Aggravatio.

E. E. G.—Somnus.

G. H. K.—Simplicitas.

F. P. B.—Appetitus.

U. V.—Immensitas.

P. J. H.—Semivigilia.

J. J. M.—Potentia.

J. K's soliloquy on the loss of his pipe :

Full many a bowl with thee alone
I've emptied, when at eve
My work was done.
Now thou art gone,
And I am left to grieve.
Whilst on the scientific trip
I waited for the dinner,
Unto my lips, my dear old friend,
I pressed thee once again.
Ah ! let me turn my head away
My moistened eyes to weep,
I lost thee on the road to-day,
My old, short *meer-sham* pipe.

Students to whom no diploma compares with the privilege of sitting at the feet of eminent professors, will be glad to find Mr. Stockley, M. A., among them next fall. This gentleman is already well known, not only for his work in other universities but also for his frequent contributions to the magazines. This is what the Hon. Sir William H. Hingston, M.D., LL. D., writes : " I learn from reliable sources that Mr. Stockley, of Fredericton, N.B., is desirous of entering a Catholic College as a teacher, and his attention has been directed to Ottawa College. I merely write to state that in every respect, as scholar, teacher and in the practice of morality, as a worthy Catholic, he is far, far above what we are accustomed to find outside of the religious. He is one of the best English teachers I have known. His style is excellent and his manners good."

The Physics department has just added to its already well-stocked equipment a full set of wireless telegraph apparatus, with the latest approved form of oscillator and coherer, also the X Ray outfit of Dr. Roentgen.

Athletics.

On May 17th College defeated the "Census" by a score of 27 to 5. From the beginning it was evident that College had a walk-over, and the many errors of the "Census," coupled with poor batting, made the game very uninteresting. For the home team Gabriels pitched a faultless game, and was ably supported.

The teams were as follows:—

Census.—Frechette, Jackson, Casgrain, Mercier, O'Regan Collins, McDonald, Allen, O'Keefe.

College.—Gabriels, p; Dowling, c; Blute, 1b; Smith, 2b; Gillies, 3b; McCormac, ss; Kearney, 1f; Halligan, cf; Dooner, rf;

Umpire—Davis. Scorer—J. P. King.

The lacrosse team inaugurated its organization and first regular game by defeating the Nationals of the city league series by a score of 4-1. The game was interesting throughout, as the Nationals put up a good, hard game. They could not, however, withstand the combination and shooting qualities of the collegians.

The teams lined up as follows:

College.		Nationals.
R. Byrnes,	Goal	Blain.
L. Brennan,	Point	Durocher.
W. Callaghan,	Cover-point	Davidson.
F. Brown,	} Defence {	Murphy.
J. J. Macdonell,		Leger.
H. Gilligan.		Lacroix.
H. Letang.	Centre	Dupuis.
F. Gaboury,	} Home {	Sauriol.
W. Richards,		Dupuis (capt.)
G. Lamothe,		Lacroix.
J. P. Gillies (capt)	Outside	Gallien.
H. Smith,	Inside	Groulx.

Referee—J. W. O'Brien.

Umpires—W. J. Collins, McKinley.

Timer—J. O. Dowd.

The games were scored as follows :—

1. College, Lamothe, 2 min.
2. Nationals, Gallien, 5 "
3. College, Smith, 7 "
4. " Smith, 2 "
5. " Gaboury, 8 "

We see by the Montreal papers that the Montreal Football Club has turned out for practice. Now, our Rugbyites have fallen into the execrable habit of returning from their homes about a week before the first match, in which Varsity is scheduled, takes place. Would it not be better to come early and have the fighting togs ready? The ragged quality of ball played lately by Varsity at the beginning of every season has done much to lessen the faith and number of its supporters, and keeps the O. U. A. A. treasury practically bankrupt.

