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REVIEW

No. 8

APRIL, 1900.

Vol. III

THE ROBIN'S EARLY SONG.



OUR seasons are our own and yet
To-day I heard a robin sing
Upon a barren branch of spring,
And these his words to music set :

Oh, apple tree ! the while 'tis snowing
How your teeming buds are glowing,
Growing, blowing, glowing,
On every twig I see.
And somewhere in your branches hiding
One small nest is safe abiding,
Waiting, waiting, waiting
My little love and me.

Oh, brook ! because the ice is near you,
Do you think I cannot hear you
Singing, singing, singing
Of daisies and of spring ?
Oh, meadows white ! with snow drifts over
Don't you know I smell the clover,
Coming, coming, coming,
While loud the blue-bells ring ?

Oh, frozen flakes ! that cling together,
You are every one a feather.
Falling, falling, falling
 To line the world's great nest.
Oh, night and darkness downward pressing !
You are wings spread out caressing,
Brooding, brooding, brooding
 All tired things to rest.

H. B.



THE CHARACTER OF OLIVER TWIST.

THAT the most amiable qualities of mind and heart are not inconsistent with lowliness of birth, poverty or misfortune, is a fact of every day experience. And yet there are many who still persist in trampling on the "thick-crowding poor"; who pass their less fortunate neighbours in the street with a look of cold scorn; who, if ever they happen to come in contact with a person on whose name there is a stain, throw up their hands in holy horror, thus aggravating the ignominy of one who is probably deserving of their sympathy. If such a course of action were always prompted by pride, it would at least be readily understood; but very often this is not the case. Not infrequently this deplorable lack of christian charity is evinced by men who are known among their friends and associates as far removed from anything like the least semblance of vanity. They act on principle: on that absurd principle — like all popular fallacies, wide-spread and fashionable — that all who do not move in, or above, his particular social circle are unworthy of the notice of a polished gentleman; they have been trained up in that exclusive, aristocratic school, which, with characteristic shortsightedness, condemns indiscriminately all those who go to make up that miscellaneous class to which we apply the generic term "poor," and hence they invariably treat all paupers alike, without ever stopping to consider the peculiar circumstances of the unfortunates who come to their notice. It is not a matter of rare occurrence to see the rich man refuse to the applicant for charity the crumbs that fall from his table; and this too, not from any motive of niggardliness or avarice, but solely for the reason that he thinks every poor man is a tramp, or worse. This mistaken notion of those unhappy mortals who form the lowest class in society is all too common and the sooner it is fully exploded the better. Because perchance a fellow-creature contending against "the thousand nameless ills that one incessant struggle render life," has fallen into poverty and become the victim of want and neglect; because a person happens to be born in poor circumstances,—or even in disgrace—is not an infallible proof that he is destitute of all the

qualities which make one man worthy the esteem and love of his fellows. This truth, and the salutary moral lesson it embodies, is aptly illustrated by the prince of novelists, in the well known character which forms the humble subject of this brief sketch.

Oliver Twist was born in a parish workhouse, and in the same blissful abode he continued to reside during the first nine years of his existence. All this time he was under the immediate supervision of a female designated "the matron," while Mr. Bumble, by reason of his holding the exalted position of parish beadle, contemplated the working of the eleemosynary machinery from a convenient distance, and in his official capacity favored the matron with an occasional call. The workhouse, though highly satisfactory to those who were in no way connected with it, and doubtless productive of many good results to those who were not supposed to profit by it, was not exactly all that could be desired in such an institution; the atmosphere of the place being highly noxious, its general tone was quite at variance with the laws of sanitation; but in spite of this and various other disadvantages, as the years rolled on, it became apparent that Oliver was gradually increasing in size, in strength, and especially in age. Shortly after his ninth birthday, instead of dying, which indeed would have been the most suitable return for the kindness of the workhouse, not to say anything of its advisability as a precautionary measure, this wonderfully precocious youngster began to awaken to the hard realities of his miserable situation. And what a melancholy awakening must that have been! If a grown person shrinks from the thought of being alone and friendless in the world, it is difficult to imagine what must be the feelings of a child at the first dawning of this terrible truth. Considering as he had passed through Oliver must have been surprised to find himself alive; it certainly was a most astonishing thing that anyone should have survived in such an establishment. Be this as it may, the fact that he began to grow conscious of his miserable condition, and to resent the cruelties of which he was the innocent victim soon became a matter of much anxiety to the tender-hearted matron. This woman, suited to the position she occupied, only in so much as she gave entire satisfaction to the beadle, conducted the business according to a methodical plan which had that

gentleman's unqualified approval; hence it was not surprising that the matron and her employer were on terms of closest intimacy. But the matron knew the calibre of her friend; she knew him to be a man endowed with a highly developed sense of justice and so felt that her credit stood on slippery ground; she was fully conscious that in spite of her high standing in public opinion, the slightest evidence of mismanagement would be sufficient to dash to the ground for ever her hopes of becoming Mrs. Bumble. The actuating principle of her life was the desire to form this very suitable matrimonial alliance and hence she hailed with joy every opportunity of demonstrating her ability. In such a state of mind Oliver Twist, who of late had, in his small way, given evidence of a fighting tendency was just the sort of chap she liked to deal with. She resolved to subdue him. Their first altercation ends in Oliver's presentation to the reader under most distressing circumstances, having just been released from the coal-cellar where he had been confined for "atrociously presuming to be hungry." Even this severe punishment does not seem to have produced the desired effect for a short while after we find him in other and more serious mischief. A council was held among the workhouse occupants, and lots were drawn to see who would get up, after supper, and ask for more gruel. The task fell to Oliver. Although the little fellow knew too well what must be the inevitable result of such behavior, yet he did not flinch from his chance-imposed duty; without the least hesitation he made bold to repeat the atrocity of being hungry, and did it with such coolness and determination, such an evident consciousness of the justice of his demand, that for a moment, the attendant was utterly stunned, and stared at him in blank surprise. But the attendant was too well accustomed to sights of suffering to be capable of a feeling akin to compassion or pity; his ordinary composure being presently restored, he immediately made known to the matron, this instance of unparalleled audacity. The startling intelligence came as a shock, even to this paragon of female resourcefulness, and all but caused nervous prostration. The news of the uprising was communicated to "the board," that body of sages, who, under Mr. Bumble directed, or rather misdirected, the destinies of the paupers intrusted to their care. The gentlemen of the board

shake their several wise heads ominously: this is evidently a serious case. Mr. Bumble however is equal to the occasion; having consulted his cocked hat for inspiration, he deems it expedient to call his confreres together in solemn conclave in order that the most efficient means may be adopted to keep this juvenile trouble-maker in subjection. After several hours deliberation it is resolved that the only way to instil into Oliver a wholesome fear, and inspire him with a proper sense of dependence on the charity of the parish, is to make him appear before the board. Forthwith our little hero is summoned to the presence of that august body to which he is indebted for such a magnificent allotment of hardship and misery.

Oliver's indomitable courage, as manifested during the proceedings which resulted in his falling under the displeasure of the board, cannot fail to elicit our unbounded admiration. To resist the authorities in this way required an amount of daring hardly to be expected, and very seldom met with in a systematically ill-treated child; to presume to be hungry was practically to tell the notoriously heartless officials of the establishment, that their outrageous system of starvation was to be resisted: a thing altogether without precedent in the annals of the institution. But certainly no more conclusive proof of the little fellow's sturdy spirit can be adduced than the fact that, even half-starved as he was, he survived the encounter with the parochial officers. The "gentleman in the white waistcoat," offering what consolation it was in his nature to bestow, ventured the remark that Oliver would eventually be hanged, and pronounced him a fool at first sight. Whatever may have been the effect of this weighty and authoritative statement on Oliver, it failed to produce any alteration in the imperturbable gravity of his judges; they were determined above all to give the rebellious ingrate the benefit of a fair trial. These parochial officers were deep philosophical men; they had long since foreseen that the culprit before them was going to be a source of trouble, but even the gentleman distinguish by the unusual personal decoration already mentioned, could not have imagined that he would be so bold as to resist the authorities of the brick and mortar elysium of which he was an inmate. Now that the unexpected had happened, the hazard of harbouring such

an intractable spirit was at once recognized and accordingly Oliver was condemned as an enemy to the system and branded as a dangerous character requiring the closest watching. But this was not all. The necessary steps were taken to notify the public that Oliver twist was *to let*, and that a reward of five pounds would be freely paid to any person willing to relieve the workhouse authorities of such a nuisance. This offer was irresistible. It was readily accepted and the troublesome little pauper became the apprentice of a certain Mr. Sowerberry, a coffin-maker in the village. This event marked—certainly not the beginning—of Oliver's troubles, but rather the first turning-point in the long march of misery, begun at his birth, by which he seemed destined to atone for the sin of his unhappy parents.

The abuse and cruelty to which the little fellow was subjected during his residence at the coffin-maker's need not be detailed. It was, to some extent, a new sort of torture, and this circumstance coupled with a sufficiency of food, though of the poorest quality, made it easier for him to endure fresh trials. For a considerable time his efforts to imitate Job were successful; he bore with exemplary patience all the taunts and insults of Mr. Sowerberry, of Noah Claypole, and of Charlotte. From his submissive attitude one might have supposed his former dauntless spirit was at last broken, but subsequent events go to show the groundlessness of any such supposition. He thought it useless to make any show of resentment against such odds, but none the less he felt the full force of every jeering insult, as only a sensitive child can. In this way matters continued for a short while; the climax came on the eventful day when Oliver was left alone in the kitchen with Noah. On this occasion Noah was naturally inclined to indulge in his favorite amusement, that of teasing his young companion. All his taunts failed to produce the desired effect, of bringing tears, or indeed any other visible effect until the dastardly poltroon began to talk of Oliver's mother. "Yer knew, work'us," continued Noah, speaking in a jeering tone of affected pity,—of all tones the most annoying—"yer know, work 'us, it can't be helped now, and of course yer could'nt help it then, and I'm very sorry for it, and I'm sure we all are, and pity yer very much; but yer must know work 'us, yer mother was a regular, right down bad 'un."

This was more than Oliver could endure. Undaunted by the fact that his head would no more than reach to Noah's top waistcoat button, he rushed on his tormenter, dealt him a blow that felled him to the ground, and forced the coward to cry for help. As too often happens the outcome of this quarrel was that the innocent came in for all the punishment; while Noah who was an adept at deceit and lying effectually cleared himself of all blame. In the absence of Mr. Sowerberry, the beadle was called in as the only available person capable of managing such a stalwart refractory as Oliver had shown himself; but even the presence of this functionary failed to bring the young rebel to subjection. In fact Mr. Bumble, having heard of the ferocity of his late *protege*, though it prudent to parley before allowing him to escape from the dingy apartment in which, by the combined force of all the members of the Sowerberry household, he had been locked up. "With this view he gave a kick at the outside by way of prelude, and applying his mouth to the keyhole said, in a deep impressive tone:—

'Oliver!'

'Come; you let me out,' replied Oliver from the inside.

'Do you know this here voice, Oliver?' said Mr. Bumble.

'Yes,' replied Oliver.

'Aint you afraid of it sir? Aint you atrembling while I speak, Sir?' said Mr. Bumble.

'No,' replied Oliver boldly."

This unexpected reply took the parochial officer by surprise, and caused him so much agitation that even the cocked hat was perceptibly moved. He ultimately concluded that it was better not to molest the little prisoner for some time, and with his usual humanity suggested that he should be starved for a few days, then fed on workhouse diet.

Oliver's conduct on this occasion is well adapted to give us an insight to his disposition. His filial love, in anybody an infallible mark of a noble nature unknown to meanness or servility of any sort, is in him doubly praiseworthy from the fact that he never saw his mother and knew absolutely nothing of her. Shortly after his quarrel with Noah our little hero conceived the idea of running away from the coffin-maker's, and accordingly we find him one morning bright and early on the high road to London. The

hardships, fatigues, and privations which the youthful wanderer underwent on his journey furnish ample food for reflection. How different was Oliver from the ordinary child of ten years, who as a rule is unwilling to be disengaged from the mother's apron string! Oliver may have been clinging to some such imaginary string, as it is reasonable to suppose that his thoughts were with her for whose sake he had quit the service of his late master; nor can it be doubted that such visionary things are often sources of much consolation but it does not come within the domain of probability that they should be of much service during a seventy mile walk in winter time. That Oliver did not die before he reached his destination cannot be ascribed to the fact that he was sustained by abundance of meat and drink; of these he had none save what he owed to the charity of those he met, and he was too timid and too unsophisticated to make a successful beggar: it must therefore be attributed to his extraordinary will power and uncommon force of character.

Oliver's early experiences in the great English Metropolis were at once trying and perilous; however he remains unchanged and never in any circumstance does he fail to demonstrate the same noble nature and to vindicate his claim to our unmitigated admiration. How little he was influenced by his association with Fagin and Co. is shown by the fact that he heroically resolved to alarm the house to which he was brought by robbers in order to assist in executing their nefarious schemes. As a teacher in the rudiments of vagabondism Fagin's previous efforts had been attended with the fullest measure of success; one of his pupils, Artful Dodger, was indisputably the most accomplished pick-pocket and the most brazen-faced, all-round scoundrel in London; yet all his various plans for making a thief of Oliver failed signally. On the evidence of the Jew himself, as gleaned from the following scrap of conversation between him and one of his associates, Oliver's innate repugnance to the occupation was proof against all enticements.

“ ‘Why not have kept him here amongst the rest and make a sneaking, snivelling pick-pocket of him at once?’ demanded Monks.

‘ I saw it was not easy to train him to the business,’ re-

plied the Jew ; 'he was not like other boys in the same circumstances.'" Surely no more irrefutable evidence of Oliver's sterling qualities could possibly be adduced.

After his almost miraculous escape from the hands of this band of ruffians and his restoration to health under his new found friends we see him in an altogether different light. Henceforth only his gratitude and love for the kind benefactors to whom he owed his life, attract our attention. His first act on regaining consciousness was to assure his protectors of his deep and lasting gratitude for their kindness, and of his eagerness to repay them by performing any little offices they might think fit to impose. He is never so happy as when employed in the service of Mrs. Maylie and her niece Rose ; he has only one thought, and that is the happiness of his kind friends. His anxiety to see Mr. Brownlow, the gentleman who had formerly befriended him and from whose house he had been kidnapped by the emissary of Fagin, is another evidence of his loyal and generous heart ; while his sorrow and disappointment on finding that Mr. Brownlow had gone to the West Indies is scarcely less touching. His untiring devotion to Rose Maylie during her illness, and his heart-rending grief at the thought of losing her forever, show that he was indeed worthy of the confidence that had been placed in him.

In fine, *Oliver Twist* is throughout an ideal specimen of boyhood. With scarcely a single objectionable trait, he unites all the ennobling qualities of our nature. In his good fortune he did not forget his little workhouse friend, Dick ; in the midst of pleasures he had none so great as the coming back to make little Dick happy too. We last see him weeping bitterly in the midst of a host of loving friends, and all because he has found that poor Dick is beyond the power of assistance,—a fitting scene with which to close the history of one who in all the vicissitudes of his strange career gave so many proofs of genuine heroism.

J. A. MEEHAN, '00.

THE THIRTEENTH LEO.



HE grand old men who were born in "Eighteen hundred and ever so few," and who counted many of them, eight decades and more of the splendid century now closed, have all been outrun in the race, by the wonderful man, who holds the mystic keys, the precious trust of Jesus to Peter and of Peter to his successors. Leo, the thirteenth of the name, the two hundred and sixty-third calling himself the "Servant of the servants of God" is a leader known and renowned as such; a leader of the people, not in the old world nor in the new world alone, but of the people, rich and poor alike, the whole world over; a leader, loving and beloved and yet supreme. Such is Leo; his name has been well chosen, from the first to the thirteenth, the Leos have been, as men and pontiffs, *sans peur et sans reproche*. The present bearer of the name is a man who has read the age, and knows its evils and its fallacies by heart, just as he knows the remedy of all.

One need not fear after this long test under "the strong white light" that strikes all summits, to say that Leo the thirteenth is the most widely known and supremely, unquestionably, influential man of this age. His influence is felt in all states and conditions of life, by the individual, the classes and the nations. He is known and talked of not only by Catholics and in Catholic countries, but by men of every sect and in all countries; he is a diplomat, a man of infinite tact and of many resources, a man of the world, in the best sense of the word, but he is above all a man of God, *the* man of God. It is more as a sovereign and as a leader that he is thus well known. As a man, possessing individual tastes and characteristics, unburdened of all public responsibility and free to follow the inclination of his will in his pursuits and manner of living, there are but few that know him, and thus by the multitude, he is and can be only half appreciated. But how absurd and ridiculous to speak of Leo XIII being without responsibility; how foolish to imagine that a Pope of Rome is for a moment released from his great weight of care. Not for him comes that happy mood

“ In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world is lightened.”

For this watchman on the tower, this is not as for the poet of the lakes and hills, an unintelligible world ; he knows what ails the world as Christ knew and revealed it to Peter. It is right and just we should seek to know and love the beauty of his manhood and his soul, his happiness and labour in his beautiful life. Man's nobility is *in* the man ; and Leo, with his great soul, his profound and brilliant intellect and sweet simplicity is the noblest nobleman of them all. And he the leader, the teacher and father of God's children, he the Pope of Rome, is denied the freedom of his own states, and is kept a prisoner within his own palace ; so stern are the requirements of the consistent holding of his great trust. The disastrous error of his despoilers does not, however, disturb his peace of mind or lessen his happiness in the doing of his daily work, nor does it render him less kind and courteous to any of all those who have to do with him. We have heard so often from those privileged to be near him how he lives, we could not feel as strangers were it given us to pay our personal homage. We know that despite his weak frame, and his white old age, he rises early and spends some time in his private chapel, alone with God, whom he invokes each new day as the “ God that rejoiceth his youth ” ; and from whom he seeks and finds the strength and grace for each day's tasks. We know, with mingled pride and wonder, that each day he gives his attention to the affairs of the Church. How easily that is said ! But how stupendous is the real aspect of the whole world to one man the keeper thereof ! Even yet as constant reports from Rome tell us, there are certain days on which he must receive and give audience to his children who come individually and in pilgrim bands from the farthest ends of the earth, to kiss his hands and praise God for his being. When he retires at night from the “ cares that infest the day,” it is not always to sleep and rest, but often, even in these last months of increased anxiety on the part of his attendants, he spends much time in planning for the improvement of his people ; he plots and plans for the honor and glory of God ; he doubtless has realized how “ night unto night uttereth knowledge and

speaketh wisdom." Was it in the silence of the night he conceived those wonderful Encyclicals of the past few years—the Encyclical for the revival of Thomistic studies in our schools, the Encyclical for the readjustment of capital and labour, that message to the rich and the poor, to the working men and women and their employers? Was it in the calm serenity of the night he analyzed and stated so clearly the condition and position of the laborer and the capitalist as opposed to each other? Was it then he thought of and worked out the only solution there is for the evil which exists and which would not exist only for this opposition? What a gratifying return for all his unselfishness, love and care, must be found in looking on and seeing the blessed effect of his message among his people; above all how must he feel repaid when societies of working men in all parts of the world thank him for so strongly and justly defending the cause of right. If France must needs go through another *Reign of Terror*, even if a bloodless one, will she not be forced to say: Pope Leo warned us, he showed us how we might avert this awful cataclysm by making of our Republic a strong Christian Government.

We see, as we review his life within the Vatican, that Leo XIII., Vicar of Christ, and Joachim Pecci are one and the same in all their ambitions and desires, that it seems an absurdity to attempt to distinguish between them, that this scion of the noble Pecci family shines pre-eminent a very "*Light in Heaven*"! His memory will go down the ages, crowned with the triple halo of pontiff, scholar and saint. The first act performed by him, as Supreme Ruler of the Catholic Church, was to complete the work begun by Pius IX. of re-constructing the Catholic hierarchy in Scotland. What very special reasons for loving loyalty do not the English-speaking Catholics, the world over owe him for his speedy recognition of the great Oxford agitator, John Henry Newman! How kindly and firmly he prevented a wrong construction being put on the School Question in the United States, and as he began so has he continued.

Not content with doing the work which lay before him, he as sought and found in every country and among every people work to be accomplished. Throughout the history of the world, we know of no other Sovereign to whom Leo can be so justly and

so favorably compared as to Charlemagne, that great Christian monarch, who, in the latter part of the eighth and the beginning of the ninth century, so greatly promoted the glory of God and the honor of His Holy Church, not only in his kingdom among his own people, but in barbarous countries, among the barbarians. Like Charlemagne, Leo is a protector and lover and pursuer of learning; promoting at every chance, the intellectual possibilities of the Catholic world, having above Charlemagne, the advantages of ten centuries of development. Like him too, Leo is loved and appreciated. This was shown at the time of his Golden Jubilee in 1887, when pilgrims came from every quarter of the globe laden with gifts to lay at his feet as testimonials of their admiration, gratitude and love. And now nearly fifteen years later, we see him still striving and struggling against ignorance and skepticism, and oppression of the poor; dignified in his resistance to the false principles of those who base the happiness of Italy on the spoliation of those small states that are his by every right sacred in the laws of civilized peoples; fearless in challenging the so-called scholars to prove that the Catholic Church dare not go the full length of Reason in her systems of scientific research. The assertion that "history is a vast conspiracy against truth" stands for what it is worth, still no true lover of truth but has yearned for a rewriting of many sections of history; perhaps it was with that hope that Leo XIII opened the Vatican Library to the world, the hope that by conscientious study of the real documents, history would be written in such a way as to show that:

Through all the wonderings of our race
Clear may we read God's power and grace,
Till through all History's tale shall glow
Heav'n's kingdom founded here below.

Of Leo XIII. it may truly be said: He rejoiceth with the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

"Twine laurels for him, the Pontiff, the classic,
The statesman and poet, far over the sea.
We waft gratulation
And wreath of ovation
Pope Leo, to thee!

For, lo, in thine age, when Europe was arming,
The fisherman's ring was a circlet of calm,
It hushed in the Rhineland,
And France, the fair vine-land,
War's muttering storm.

Hail Pontiff of peace, of light and advancement !
With lays and with music thy name we entwine.
God's music supernal
And laurels eternal,
Pope Leo be thine !

WILL. L. STONER.

Ottawa, April 1901.



THE CAPTIVE.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



LET me out ! 'Tis April,—
 I have heard a sound
 From the white narcissus
 Creeping from the ground.
 I have heard a whisper
 From the springtime wood ;
 I would leave the city
 For the solitude.

Hark there call the voices
 Of the ancient trees ;
 Hush I hear faint tidings
 From the distant seas.
 Spring is at my threshold,
 Calling me away.
 Let me out ! 'Tis April,—
 I would live to-day !

Give to me the rapture
 That my heart would know
 Could I see the voilets
 First begin to blow !
 Lo ! the breath of springtime
 Lingers at my door,
 Let me out ! 'Tis April,—
 I would live once more !

—*The Rosary Magazine.*

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

II. ATMOSPHERIC MOISTURE.

Lecture delivered before the Scientific Society by J. T. Warnock, '01.

THE watery vapors which arise from the land and sea become diffused in invisible particles throughout the whole range of the air, and are generally supposed to occupy the intervals between the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen. Certain, it is, however, that with an increase in temperature, a much greater quantity of moisture can be sustained. In fact experiment shows, that when the same volume of air increases in temperature in arithmetical ratio, its capacity for moisture is augmented in geometrical series, while the same also holds true when both are diminishing.

The amount of moisture present in the atmosphere is determined by means of an instrument called the hygrometer. This is in many different forms, but the simplest in use, consists merely of two common thermometers, made as nearly alike as possible, the bulb of one being tightly covered with a piece of muslin. In making observations, this bulb is slightly moistened, and the water evaporating cools the tube, thus causing the mercury to fall. Then by taking the difference between the readings of the two thermometers, we can deduce the relative humidity of the atmosphere.

From this we can find out that air intensely heated will sustain a great amount of water vapor. Should this temperature be lessened, however, it will not be all retained, the capacity for moisture decreasing at a much faster rate. Thus it is that the rain, the cloud, and mist will be produced; but should the loss of heat be very excessive, such phenomena as hail, hoar-frost or snow will be the result.

RAIN AND ITS DISTRIBUTION.

Rain is the result of a diminished temperature in an atmosphere which is highly charged with water-vapor. The minute particles are made collect together, and thus form drops, which on account of their weight cannot be sustained.

Moisture is essential to vegetable life, and hence the rainfall is distributed throughout the earth. But yet there are two causes which make this distribution unequal; these are latitude and height above the sea level.

Near the Equator, where the mean temperature of the atmosphere is very high, a large quantity of water vapor is united with it, and hence the rainfall will be very great. Thus the amount of rain which falls seems to depend for the most part on the latitude. In lat. $5^{\circ} 40'$ North the annual rainfall is 229 inches, while in lat. $65^{\circ} 1'$ it is only 13.5 inches. Along the coast, however, even in high latitudes, a great abundance of rain falls, a circumstance which is accounted for by the proximity of the ocean. We are aware that the higher we ascend in the atmosphere the colder it becomes, for the air lessening in density is unable to retain any great quantity of heat, hence does its capacity for moisture also decrease, and in those places which are far above sea level very little rain falls.

Within the tropics but two seasons are noticeable—the wet and the dry. For a period varying from three to five months the weather is scarcely ever clear, there being almost a continual downpour of rain. In the northern hemisphere these storms last from October to April, while their duration in the south extends from April to October. The shifting of the monsoons marks the opening of this dreaded season; and such terrific lightning and thunder storms accompany these that they are certainly to be feared.

That these periodical rains are caused by the sun is evident, for in his annual course he gives rise, in the northern hemisphere, to the southwesterly monsoon, and to the southeasterly in the southern, and these carry vast quantities of moisture from the equatorial seas and deposit it over the tropical lands.

Beyond the tropics great irregularity is noticed in the distribution of rain. But the fact that the currents of air in these regions are ever changing furnishes us with a reason for this. In Germany, for example, twice as much rain falls in summer as in winter, while in England just the reverse holds true. Hence, for extra tropical countries no fixed law can be given.

We have thus far been viewing those portions of the earth

which are blessed with a sufficiency of rain, we must now turn to those parts which are not so favored, to those desolate tracts of land which mar what would otherwise be the most beautiful continents of the globe. Africa gives us a striking example in the Sahara, while Arabia, Persia, and the table-land of Thibet, in which is the vast Desert of Gobi, all present us with barren wastes of sand. Egypt, too, is saved only by the Nile; for were it not for the fact that this mighty river overflows its banks and inundates the country, Egypt's fertile fields would be little better than the unyielding plains of Sahara.

On the other hand, there are regions in which rain falls almost without intermission. In the low plains of Guiana, which are covered by impenetrable forests and over which the moist Trade Winds blow continuously Humboldt declares that rain falls unceasingly for a period extending to even five or six months.

So much, therefore, for the cause and distribution of rain. However, before considering another of the aqueous phenomena it might be interesting to note the quantity of rain which falls throughout the year. Johnson in calculating it has placed the fall at 8.5 ft. in the Torrid zone, 3.05 ft. in the Temperate, and 1.05 ft. in the Frigid, which amount would cover the total surface of the earth to the depth of five feet. According to Maury "the annual downpour will fill a lake 24,000 miles long and 3,000 miles broad to a depth of 16 feet." These are immense quantities it is true, but neither estimate seems exaggerated if we consider the great volume of water which daily evaporates from the ocean and the large lakes and rivers on the earth's surface.

FOGS.

Another phenomenon and one which springs from a cause very similar to that of rain is the fog. Like rain it is formed from the moisture in the air, though the particles of vapor are very different from drops of rain being, as they are, minute, hollow, watery globules. Very little change in temperature is sufficient to produce them if the atmosphere be at all moist.

In the polar regions dense fogs prevail throughout the year. There during the summer the air over the land is much more highly heated than that over the sea, hence the cause of this

phenomenon. In winter the case will be reversed, though the fog always remains, for the land has now become colder and the result produced is the same. But they are not confined to the polar regions alone, the maritime provinces and even portions of the continent farther inland, are subject to them. Along the coast they frequently make navigation so dangerous that it has to be suspended for a time. In inland districts they are generally caused by the junction of two bodies of water which are of different temperatures, though a fog will also rise if the air above a lake be much colder than the water itself. They are prevalent therefore in the autumn season.

Occasionally during summer a cloudless sky will assume a hazy appearance. This is generally attributed to the existence of fog. However, this phenomenon is not similar to the ordinary mist, for its cause can generally be traced to an extensive fire which is filling the air with smoke. Thus it is often called a dry fog. Fogs exist almost continuously in the higher regions of the atmosphere, though in this case they receive the name of clouds. The uprising currents of warm moist air is their chief source, for as they ascend they come in contact with layers of air which cause their temperature—and hence their capacity for moisture—to be lessened. This moisture then collects in minute globules and from these the clouds are formed. Usually they are far above the earth, though their height varies from 1,300 feet to five miles. Aeronauts have ascended to the great distance of 23,000 feet, but still there were clouds which appeared miles beyond them. Their thickness is likewise considerable. From the high tops of the Pyrenees engineers were able to measure one which proved to have a depth of over half a mile.

We are all aware, however, that clouds have hardly ever the same appearance, nor are they always attended with the same phenomena. Acting in accordance with these facts, Mr. Howard has divided them into seven classes, three primary, the Cirrus, Cumulus and Stratus, and four compound, the Cirro-stratus, Cirro-cumulus, Cumulus-stratus and Nimbus. The Cirrus is a light fleecy cloud floating high in the air and generally supposed to be the precursor of a storm. The Cumulus on the other hand is a massive cloud which often has the appearance of a snowy

mountain. It floats much nearer to the earth than the Cirrus. The Stratus is an extended sheet of vapor which rises generally in the evening but dissolves again before sunrise ; its outlines are very indistinct. The names which the compound clouds bear give us an idea of their appearance, the Nimbus alone requiring explanation. It is a dark cloud which is usually of a bluish-black color but before falling in rain assumes a light gray. It is the rain-cloud, and seems to contain a combination of all the other varieties.

DEW, HOAR-FROST AND SNOW.

The moisture of the air brings still another phenomenon before our notice. This is dew. The popular belief that this is formed in the atmosphere and falls like a fine rain seems wholly without foundation, for if such were the case it is hardly possible that these little sparkling specks which cover everything would be so perfect. The scientists therefore tried to explain the phenomenon more rationally. The cooling of the earth, they say, causes the air to decrease in temperature and hence it loses its moisture, this collecting on the cool objects on the earth with which the humid atmosphere is coming constantly into contact. In the autumn season the temperature sometimes falls below the freezing point and then the drops of dew becoming frozen form into beautiful little crystals, thus producing hoar-frost.

When the temperature of the air falls so much as to be continually below the freezing point the moisture which it contains is congealed and forming into variously shaped flakes, falls to the earth and covers it with a fleecy mantle. The exceeding whiteness of snow can be attributed to the presence of air within the minute crystals which go together to form the snowflakes. In countries where the cold is very intense illustrations of how snow is formed are by no means rare. If a window of a room which contains warm moist air be suddenly opened, immediately we see the room fill with flakes. The juncture of two currents of air of very different temperatures accounts for this.

Throughout the earth there are places which are continually covered with snow, though their height above sea level varies greatly. At the equator the snow-line is highest, being many thousands of feet above the sea, while it slopes gradually to the

pole. Mountains whose tops are above this line of perpetual frost are therefore continually snow-capped.

The snow on these mountains by partial thawing often becomes a solid block of ice, and this on account of its elasticity commences to flow down the sides of the mountains into the valleys. Thus are formed the glaciers. These mighty rivers of ice play an important part in the work of erosion which is carried on in the higher latitudes. They are also the parent of the icebergs, for when they flow into the ocean—and they almost always do—great blocks of ice many tons in weight are sometimes broken off, and these falling into the sea are borne into the warmer waters by the Arctic currents.

HAIL.

Their remains but another of the aqueous phenomena to consider. This is hail. It is seen usually in summer showers and is caused by an intensely cold body of air coming in contact with an atmosphere which is both warm and humid. Practically it is frozen rain. The hailstones themselves are icy pear-shaped masses which upon being cut reveal a centre composed of a snowy nucleus surrounded by concentric layers of ice and filled with rows of radiating air-bubbles. Sometimes the hailstones are very large as they gradually increase in magnitude in their descent, and thereby acquire considerable force. In towns and cities especially these storms are to be dreaded as they usually have impetus enough to break even thick plate glass.

But even with the many disasters which a moist atmosphere brings it is very necessary, since it always contains two very valuable properties, the power of radiation and the power of absorption. To the first may be attributed the torrent-like showers which frequently occur within the tropics, while the second may be said to regulate the radiation of heat from the earth's surface, which in a dry atmosphere would be so rapid as to cause intense and injurious cold. Concerning the utility of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere Tyndall says: "It is a blanket more necessary to the vegetable life of England than clothing is to man. Remove for a single summer night the aqueous vapor from the air which overspreads this country, and every plant capable of being destroyed by a freezing temperature would perish. The warmth of our fields and gardens would pour itself unrequited into space, and the sun would rise upon an island held fast in the iron grip of frost."

TO THE NORTHERN GOLD FIELDS.



THIS being the time of the year when navigation on the Yukon and its tributaries opens, most of the miners having claims in the Canadian Eldorado, and who have been spending the winter in Southern Canada or in the United States, have left or will soon leave for the scene of the summer's operations. Others attracted by the news that the government will soon open the reserved claims, or in search of new beds of the yellow metal will follow the old adage, "the early bird gets the worm," and reach the mineral district as soon as possible. Besides these, a large number of adventurers and speculators will take advantage of the first passage to Dawson or Atlin so as to have a longer season to work, or to study the resources of the country. The influx of the latter class will likely be very great, as they are largely induced to go to the gold country by the prediction of good times by influential residents, some of whom have stated that the output for the district about Dawson city alone for this year, will reach \$30,000,000.

Of the numerous routes to the Klondike each having its advantages, the White Pass route is now almost solely used; the Yukon route via Behring Sea and the Yukon river is still extensively used for freight, the transportation companies having regular steamship lines from Vancouver and Victoria to Dawson.

Skagway, now almost as familiar to newspaper readers as Dawson, is the starting point of the White Pass route. The voyage from Vancouver to this port takes about three days in favorable weather. Its situation is at the head of Lynn canal, a natural inlet north of the Queen Charlotte islands. Two and a-half miles to the north-west on the same body of water lies Dyea, the landing-place in the mad rush to the gold fields in '95 and '96. To-day it is deserted, its long, racked, temporary wharves, from their association with so many reckless attempts to reach the Klondike give it a sad appearance. Whether from its unhealthy situation or its drawbacks as a port, Skagway has so far neither grown in population nor improved very much in appearance, there being only about three or four hundred of a stable

population, most of whom live in log huts and cabins. There are two custom houses here, one Canadian and the other American. It is also the headquarters of the White Pass and Yukon Territory R. R., the only railroad in the Territory. Owing to the poor construction of the road, trains run very slowly over it and it takes a day to travel the one hundred miles already built, to its terminus on Lake Bennet.

The journey from Bennet to Dawson city can be made in five days when there are no delays. Taking steamer at Bennet, which has dwindled from a town with a population of several hundred in the days of the stampede, to a mere hamlet, the passage through Lake Bennet and the little river which forms its outlet into Lake Tagish is devoid of interest to the traveller, the eye resting continually on the monotonous growth of stunted spruce all along the shore.

Tagish Lake is the divisional point between the routes to Dawson and to Atlin. On its shore is Tagish, a mounted police station, where there is also a Canadian customs' office. To reach Atlin the second place in respect to size in the northern mining country, the route is south through the lake, and then through an arm of the lake known as Taku Arm, which is very dangerous for small craft on account of high winds which blow across it almost constantly. The distance from there to Atlin, which is just beyond the boundary in British Columbia, is very short and may be made overland or by way of a small river to Atlin lake. From Taku a tramway two and a-half miles long, for freight, is operated.

The northern route through Tagish Lake leads to Dawson. Leaving the lake we descend a small river which brings us to Marsh Lake, a sheet of water twenty miles long, and from the foot of it the Lewes river is free from danger as far as Miles Canyon twenty-five miles further down. A few yards below are the once-dreaded White Horse Rapids, where so many lost their lives in 1895 and 1896. Both can be run without any danger, with a staunch boat not too heavily laden, the channel of course being known. The majority of the gold-seekers used "to portage" the distance, three-eighths of a mile, past the rapids. The country all along is hilly and mountainous, and covered with small trees and

other sparse vegetation. Twenty-four miles further on the river expands into Lake Laberge. From there to the junction with the Teslin river, a distance of thirty-one miles, the current is very strong, but only one hindrance to continuous, easy navigation occurs for the rest of the way to Dawson, that is, the Five Fingers, so-called from the five channels made by barriers of rock, standing in the channel, backing the water up so that it is a foot or two higher than that immediately below. The Rink Rapids some six miles below can be run by keeping to the right side, where the water is sufficiently deep to make the passage safe.

At the confluence of the Lewes River with the Big Salmon there is a police station. Other police stations are passed at the mouths of the tributaries Little Salmon and Pelly. At the point where the Pelly and Lewes rivers unite to form the Yukon stand the ruins of Fort Selkirk, once the most important post of the Hudson Bay Company in the far north. It was destroyed in 1852 by the Indians. These dusky inhabitants are still very numerous in the Yukon, and they are met with at all the stopping-places along the river. They live mostly on the flesh of the moose and cariboo, both of which animals are plentiful in this region.

Dawson city is by far the most important place in the great mineral country. It was on the Klondike river, which flows into the Yukon on one side of the city, that the first gold was found, and since then Dawson has become the centre of the mineral district which at present is confined within a radius of about seventy-five miles of the city. It is thus destined, for some years at least, to be the principal provision and outfitting place in the Yukon Territory. Although somewhat picturesquely situated on the bank of the river at the foot of a mountain, its location is so low as to make it very unhealthy. This condition has made the enforcement of sanitary laws of strict necessity. For the short time it has been in existence it presents quite an imposing and business-like appearance, although the majority of the buildings are small. However there are some fine, large structures. On arriving near the city the first of these to meet the eye are the large sheeted warehouses of the transportation companies. The post office, the banks and the several churches are among the finest buildings. The Catholic church is in charge of the Oblate Fathers who have met with

great success here in their missionary labors. The Sisters of St. Anne whose mother-house is at Lachine, P.Q., have charge of the hospital and parochial school. There is also a general hospital. Almost the only industry carried on in the city is lumbering. There are four saw-mills, one of which is owned by the famous Jos. Ladue, one of the lucky pioneers of the Klondike country. The only wood fit for making lumber is the spruce. It is also very valuable for heating purposes and for thawing the ground in placer mining. The ground around Dawson never thaws to a greater depth than a few feet, although the months of June, July and August are warm enough to grow such hardy vegetables as radish, lettuce and carrots.

Dawson supports three newspapers, the "Daily Nugget" the "Daily News" and a semi-weekly the "Yukon Sun." The law courts for the Territory are located here, being presided over by Judges Dugas and Craig. The city has many of the baneful features of a western mining town, but nevertheless there is a wholesome fear of the law. The recording office where claims are registered is also here.

Atlin, the other important place in that northern region is picturesquely and much more healthfully situated than Dawson, although not nearly so large. It overlooks Atlin Lake, and is regularly laid out having fine wide streets. The population of both places is largely American, especially that of Dawson. A peculiar incident last summer in the latter town, was the celebration of the Fourth of July on a grand scale. Among Atlin's best buildings are the post office, the hospital and the churches. There is a recording office and police court here, the latter presided over by Judge Woods. There are two saw-mills in Atlin and a weekly newspaper, the "Atlin Claim."

Both in the Dawson and Atlin districts the mining is nearly all placer, although there is some digging in creeks bottoms. In placer mining the preliminary operations are begun in winter. By means of fire the ground is thawed sufficiently to be dug, and the frozen lumps of earth thus taken out are left in heaps by the side of the excavations until the summer thaws them. Then the fine gravelly earth is thrown into sluice-boxes and washed down with a strong current of water; in this operation the particles of gold

drop to the bottom and the fine earth is carried on. There is every indication of rich quartz veins existing, but so far prospectors have sought the easier method of obtaining riches by seeking the yellow metal in gravel beds and creek bottoms.

The development of this northern region has evidently just begun and it is likely that several other railroads will be built into it before long. A charter has recently been applied for in parliament by a company, for an all Canadian railway to Dawson City from some point on Kitenat Harbour in British Columbia. Several other companies have also been organized for transportation by water to the Yukon Territory.

T. E DAY, '03.



RACHEL.



EARLY fifty years ago, in an obscure little inn in Munf, Switzerland, a poor pedlar's child first saw the light ; and following her Jewish parents through Switzerland and Germany, for ten years, suffered all the evils attendant upon a wandering life of poverty. Finally the family settled in Lyons, where Madame Felix opened an old-clothes shop, and the husband taught German. And here in this old French city, their children first attracted attention wandering daily through the streets, singing their quaint French ballads. Sarah, who was the eldest, possessed a pleasing voice, and her thin wiry younger sister, with long raven braids and large eyes, recited verses, and took care of a still smaller member of the family. After some time they removed to Paris, and there, hungry, cold, and poorly clad the children continued to toil and struggle for a few pennies. And so it happened that, one evening, when Mons. Morin was enjoying his wine in a certain *Café* in the Rue de la Hachette, the little ones stopped in front to sing. The kind-hearted Frenchman called them near, and, after listening to a ballad from Sarah, promised her his influence at the *Conservatoire*. His offer was not forgotten, and, when they came again, he discovered that Rachel, the younger, could not sing, but only recited verses, so she was placed among the choristers of the *Conservatoire*. Choron also became interested in Rachel, and advised her to study elocution. Afterwards, St. Aulaire took her under his charge, and at this period, while reciting from *Abufar*, by Ducis, her genius first manifested itself ; for the harsh guttural voice swayed her listeners so completely that fiction seemed reality. Thus her early life passed, and the child began to develop and mature ; but, whether selling an old umbrella for the coveted Racine, or evidencing a will made resolute by ambition, her genius grew with her growth, and "bent and broke each circumstance to her path."

Never discouraged, never allowing herself to think of failure even when failure came, she struggled bravely through each phase of her dark life, at last procuring an engagement for three years,

where her talents were measured by a two-act piece of Duport's, *La Vendéenne*, written expressly for her *début*. In this she did very well, and here, for the first time, she was heard in *La Marseillaise*, which years after, and in a season of vast moment, thrilled thousands at the *Français*.

"She is not pretty, but she pleases," was the verdict rendered at the *Gymnase*. "She utters no screams, makes no gestures; ... she excites tears, emotion, and interest."

Her people always rallied to her aid, and nightly the boxes were occupied by this class of Parisians. But though the house was generally full, still she could not be called a success, for the Jews were unable to give her reputation. Her voice and manner were also unsuited to comedy, in which she was afterwards tried; for, despite careful study, she failed so entirely in this line that Poirson kindly cancelled her engagement, feeling convinced of her unfitness for the stage.

Then her old friend Sanson worked for and with her, and at length succeeded in procuring for her an engagement, at four thousand francs per year, at the *Théâtre Français*. Here again circumstances were against her, for it was summer, and Paris was out of town. The Israelites again thronged the house, and a few appreciative critics were pleased, yet to the many she was still "the little fright." Then Jules Janin saw her, and he was the first to realize that the genius of the girl would yet make her the queen of tragedy.

At last, Paris awoke, and the citizen-king listened, condescending to say that he would be glad to hear her again. Indeed, a royal footman brought Mlle. Rachel a present of one thousand francs, the day after the king's visit to the theatre, and her salary was also increased.

At this time, her *répertoire* consisted of Camille in *Les Horaces*, Emilie in *Cinna*, Hermione in *Andromaque*, Aménaïde in *Tancredé*, Eriphile in *Iphigénie en Aulide*, and Monime in *Mithridate*.

She had now fairly asserted herself, and the most aristocratic courted her presence. But, notwithstanding all the attention and flattery offered, the young girl was faithful to her studies, and touching pictures of the simple household come to us; how she controlled the younger children, always retaining her position as

the daughter, and even preparing the simple food with that quiet dignity which was her especial characteristic. Studying carefully, persevering indomitably, was it surprising that she could demand where others sued? "Neglect is but the fiat to an undying future," a great thinker has told us, and so those early, cruel years proved to Rachel. But though success was sweet, and the voice of applauding thousands a necessity, yet a very short time was sufficient to develop the great characteristic of her race, and the insatiable greed for gold was stronger than her strongest passion. Certain money transactions were bruited that did not redound to her honor, and many of her best friends grew cold. Then, with all the passion of a pythoness, she roused herself, and, making each endeavor stronger by her womanly antagonism, she determined to succeed despite their displeasure.

The first night of *Roxane* closed, and for the only time in her life "the woman sank dismayed at sight of unfriendly brows." This was ice to her heart, but it was the ice that quickens and intensifies the flame. So rallying with a grand courage worthy a better motive, she prepared herself for the second night. Thunders of applause repaid her, and her "*Sortes!*" brought down the house. Hers was a new school, where the rules that had once been laws were entirely disregarded. No studied declamation, no loud ranting, marred the classic beauty of her perfect rendition, but each phase was true to nature, each gesture told its part; and the actors themselves were startled by the fearful earnestness of her tones. The fiercer and more terrible passions seemed hers pre-eminently; and hatred stole the fires of hell, while jealousy incarnated the passion of devils, when her genius made them realizations. Not so much a living impersonation of characteristics, she possessed the art of waking conceptions of what might be, and, with these premonitions of the possible, she would pass onward to some newer and more sublime translation.

Never finding expression in screams, indicative always of mere surface-feeling, hers was the utterance of controlled passion, which you saw gleaming in her burning eyes, or listened to with bated breath in each whisper of her distinct voice. Her physique was very frail, but there was wonderful power in each movement; and more than any other actress has she realized the eloquence of action.

She never appealed by her sex's gentleness, neither did this woman dazzle by the beauty others owned ; but she extorted what you could not withhold—she demanded as a queen, and you dared not deny her tribute. The most exclusive saloons were now open to her, and the noblest of France offered their homage. Chateaubriand petted her ; Récamier welcomed her with winning grace.

Her career has been reckoned from 1840 to 1856, closing in January, 1857 ; and during this long period the public gave her a loyalty that was always faithful. But those who are most exalted must expect the world to treat them as a marksman would a first-rate target. Therefore, in Rachel's case many and in quick succession were the arrows aimed. The artist only acts, said one, and the woman is devoid of feeling ! — but had they seen her after the imprecations of Camille, when, panting for breath, her large eyes would close, and her purple lips prove the fearful strength of her passion !

At this time, she appeared as Pauline in *Polycette*, but the public was not pleased with this, and it was only when she concentrated her strength in the magic words, " Je crois — je suis Chrétienne ! " that her eyes kindled, and her audience felt its old inspiration.

Many incidents have been recalled to disprove her want of feeling ; but none are more touching than that at Lyons. She was at her zenith then, with two continents echoing her acclaim ; and again she trod the well-known streets, and entered the poor *café* where the chilled and trembling child first assayed her verses. She was rich and powerful now ; thousands passed through fingers ; but she only saw the faded calico dress ; she only heard the hungry cry for " two sous ! " " They willingly give me a louis, now I am rich and celebrated," she said then, while assisting some charity. " They refused me two sous when I was a poor child dying of hunger ! " And, with this full tide of the past sweeping her passionate heart, she sat in the little *café* near the *Théâtre Célestins*. The triumphs of the artist were forgotten, and the great burning eyes of the woman wept !

Now came the famous English tour, in all respects a triumph ; then she extended her travels to the provinces, and afterward farther on the Continent. But the Parisians never liked her absence, and were always sulky on her return.

Then the February of 1848 came, and Rachel entered Paris amid the shouts of "La Marseillaise." Who could resist that hymn? for, as a young girl told Béranger, "One felt in the air a mighty breath of hope, that bore along with it all youthful hearts."

And she, the idol of the people, she of the masses, chanted the great hymn of liberty. Clad in long flowing white drapery, grasping the tricolor in her right hand, she appeared before the footlights, half-chanting, half-reciting the Marseillaise. "The whole figure," writes a contemporary, "in its terrific grace, its sinister beauty, was a magnificent representation of the implacable Nemesis of antiquity, and struck every heart with terror and admiration." Then when she sank to the ground, clasping the flag, the enthusiasm of the people broke forth in one spontaneous, electric shout of applause.

There were free performances at this time, and with the sash of a *commissaire* bound around her waist, she created such a furore that even the gamins passed their hats, collecting sous for a monster bouquet to present. But times changed, the empire succeeded the republic, and the Marseillaise ceased even in the streets. Then *Adrienne Lecouvreur* appeared, calling forth a remarkable criticism, and contradicting the heartlessness so often urged; for it was now said that her success was more that of the woman than the *artiste*. Only on rare occasions did she allow glimpses of her better nature to appear, but these showed a kindness none the less real. Witness her generosity to the poor peasant aunt in Germany, whom she invited to stay with her, bestowing upon the old woman a sum that made her comfortable for life. And again, when her quick passion made her forget the deference due to her mother, she would never rest till she had speedily returned for pardon.

At one time, it was reported that, in Rome, she was desirous of being baptized by the Holy Father, and this impulse is said to have originated in deep feelings, the result of powerful impressions. Indeed, after her return from the Vatican, she exclaimed, "Yes, *this* is the true faith. This is the God-inspired creed. None other could have accomplished such works. Truly I will be one of them yet." These words excited great alarm in her family who looked with horror upon the prospect of her

becoming a Christian. However, the precious grace then apparently given was never followed. We fear that by a life of worldliness and even sinfulness it was soon crushed.

Rachel was treated with distinguished courtesy both by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia ; and her success in Russia was said to be due not only to her genius as an actress, but to her personal influence over the young officers and *noblesse*. At one of the farewell dinners, the invasion of France was discussed, and then the tact of the *tragédienne* was most happily displayed.

“ We shall not bid you adieu, but *au revoir, mademoiselle*,” said one of the officers. “ We hope soon to applaud you in the capital of France, and to drink your health in its excellent wines.”

“ Nay, *messieurs*,” she replied ; “ France will not be rich enough to afford champagne to all her prisoners.”

She returned to Paris, and then the fatal American journey was first broached. Raphael, with his keen love of money, urged it, because Jenny Lind's harvest had been easy and abundant. She was now in her splendid maturity, and at this time Rachel first realized those grand conceptions of Racine and Corneille which she had heretofore only rendered from close application. But now every shadow of passion represented was intensely felt in each fibre of her being ; therefore as Phedre she held Paris spell-bound. Her death-scene was thrilling, and the people of her heart rewelcomed her with unswerving fealty. But at this time her youngest and darling sister Rebecca died, and this event sadly afflicted her. Then, rousing her darker nature, came the Francesca of the beautiful Italian. Right gracefully did Ristori yield her meed of appreciation, but Rachel's was extorted by public opinion. Perhaps her quick jealousy urged her to surpass herself during that triumphant London season, and perhaps pique hurried her across the ocean to America. Strange was the omen shadowing the first day of that voyage, for it was marked by death from consumption ; but they were enthusiastically received in New York, and on the 3rd of September, 1855, Rachel appeared as Camille, afterwards came Phedre, and then Adrienne. In a few weeks, she visited Boston and Philadelphia, and in this last city from neglecting to heat the theatre, her cold

engendered by the varying New York climate was aggravated. and she became ill. Family dissensions also tormented her, for Raphael was grasping, and Sarah passionate beyond control ; then even her maids quarrelled, and her rapidly developing-disease preyed upon her body and soul. She was restless and eager to return, for an early fancy had proved later an earnest passion, and for the first time Rachel felt that she loved.

For some reason she altered her plans, and with part of her family proceeded to Charleston, South Carolina, where much was expected from the warm climate and balmy air. Her physician in this city recommended six months' rest, but she would not consent to it. Act she would, act she must, and on the 17th of December a crowded house beheld the *tragédienne* for the last time as Adrienne. Expectation was at its height, and the *élite* of a very proud city crowded the small theatre. Some of the tickets sold as high as five dollars, and every seat was quickly secured.

Can we ever forget her, as she first appeared, tall, lithe, and self-contained, with those large, burning eyes of deep, passionate strength ? The face was perfectly colorless, and ever and anon the fatal cough shook her frame. Then the voice, as we hear her repeating the lines of *Roxane*—no rant, not even a loud note, but you hold your breath to listen, too absorbed, too enchained, to applaud. So we pass from the exquisite music of "Les deux Pigeons," when her newly awakened love sounds in each softened modulation, and watch her in the marvelous splendor of her diamonds, when brow and bosom flash with a royal gift ; see her as she passes the Duchess de Bouillon, her rival ; catch that one look of withering scorn, as, in all the haughty coldness of contempt, she pronounces,

" Je sais mes perfidies,
 Enone, et ne suis point de ces femmes hardies,
 Qui, goutant dans le crime une tranquille paix,
 Ont su se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais."

For that moment she was the queen regnant and dominant, even though compassed with all the passion of the woman. Again she comes, but the diamonds no longer flash upon her bosom ; the festive dress is put away ; and ghastly, dying, she leans in her

white robe on the dark velvet of her low chair. Gasp by gasp she had studied this in the hospitals of her own Paris, but she is nearer reality now than she dreamed then, and each words bears a cruel truth and terrible premonition. Could she feel it? Dared she realize it, and life so precious now? See her gasp, and grow whiter, as she leans on the cushioned velvet—hear her cough, not violent, but deep and hollow and sepulchral! Watch the death-shadows creep and darken—aye, the scene is before us, the tones are sounding now, though blood and battle stand between the present and that December evening.

“Maurice!” A whole lifetime of love concentrates in that eager, impulsive welcome. Then, hold your heart, as you bend forward breathless to catch each word that is barely whispered, not loudly spoken; but from parquet to tier no syllable is lost, and the hush grows intenser, the silence more profound, as she continues:

“Ah! what sufferings . . . it is no longer my head, it is my breast, that burns . . . it is here like a live coal . . . like a devouring fire which consumes me.

“Ah! the pain grows worse . . . I do not want to die . . . at present I do not want to die.

“O God! hear me! . . . O God, permit me to live! . . . a few days longer . . . I am so young and life was opening before me so beautiful!

“Life! . . . life! . . . vain struggles! . . . vain prayer! . . . my days are numbered. I feel my strength and my very being passing away!”

Who can forget her “Adieu!” in which all of life’s passion merged into the agony of the long parting?

Thus the scene passed from us; and to the *tragédienne*, her own life furnished a drama too sadly real to allow assumed feeling; therefore, despite the murmurs of the Havaneros, among whom she afterward sojourned, she was utterly incapable of appearing again on the stage.

The company then disbanded, and on the 28th of January, 1856, she returned to France.

How strenuously she fought death, those who watched her can testify. for she yearned for life with a craving that would not be subdued.

The climate of the Nile region was recommended but in May she came back unimproved.

A Parisian winter was thought too severe for her, so she prepared to remove ; and in September, when her carriage drove past the *Gymnase* to the *Théâtre Français*, where for fifteen years she had triumphed, she stopped for one long, last gaze, and fondly watched it while even a single line remained within her vision.

She was lifted from her carriage to the railway station, whence she went to Cannes, and from that place to Cannet, a little village near, where she accepted the loan of a little villa from a friend.

And here we are told of the bedroom with its snow-white walls, its friezes, and antique sculpture, and even of the white bedstead, and statue of Polymnia, all of which had been fatally foreshadowed in a dream which came to Rachel in the flush of her splendid career. Five years before, she dreamed that a giant hand crushed her chest with fiery pain, and, still dreaming, she thought that she waked in a room strangely like the one into which she was now ushered, when a voice cried aloud to her, "Thou shalt die here under my hand ! Thou shalt die here under my hand !" strange warning, and strange coincidence ; for the life was being crushed by the same burning pain, in the very room with its white walls and antique sculpture !

Carefully and persistently she followed the advice of her physician, but the winter of 1857 found her rapidly passing away. On Sunday, January 3, 1858, her suffocation was painful, and, after dictating a little to her father, her thoughts wandered to her youngest and favorite sister, whose death she had so faithfully mourned.

"My dear sister, I am going to see thee!" she exclaimed, evidently realizing the approaching change.

Sarah, who nursed her with tireless affection, and who was also the most orthodox Jewess of the family, at once telegraphed to the Consistory at Nice, which sent ten persons to assist in the last offices. Rachel was slowly sinking ; but as she still clung despairingly to life, fearing to agitate her, Sarah delayed introducing the party till the last moment : then, as she grew rapidly worse, they entered and two women and an old man approached the bed, commencing to sing in Hebrew the psalm "Ascend to God, daughter of Israel."

Rachel then turned her face, and looked upon the singers, who continued :

“In the name of thy love, God of Israel, deliver her soul : she aspires to return to thee ; break the bonds that bind her to dust, and suffer her to appear before thy glory.”

The effect upon the dying woman seemed soothing, for her countenance grew calmer and milder ; so they sang on :

“The Lord reigneth, the Lord has reigned, the Lord will reign everywhere, and for evermore !”

Sarah held her hand, for now Rachel was really dying.

“God of our fathers, receive in thy mercy, the soul that goeth to thee ; unite it to those of the holy patriarchs, amid the eternal joys of the heavenly Paradise ! Amen !”

And when the last notes sounded, her soul echoed the “amen !” in a higher court, before the Supreme Judge. On earth the voices said, “Blessed be the Judge of Truth !”

Thus the great star passed from our horizon, leaving the darkness blacker than before. She had risen with her magnificent genius just in time to rescue French tragedy from neglect ; for Talma and Duchesnois had passed away, and romanticism triumphed where classic drama once reigned. It was at this crisis that the young Israelite swept the stage, and for almost a score of years two continents echoed with her fame.

More than ten year have passed since her death ; and whether the state of the age is educated by the spirit of the age, or whether lust for gold engenders a love of pinchbeck, future ages must resolve. Only this we realize, that for the past quarter of a century there has been a perceptible decline of all genius, save the genius of invention.

—*From the Catholic World.*



THE VERY REVEREND RECTOR'S RETURN.



FTER an absence of nearly five months, occasioned by serious illness, the Very Rev. Father Constantineau, O.M.I., D.D., Rector of the University, returned to assume his duties on Thursday evening, April 18th. We are glad to announce that the Rector, after the treatment he has received at the hands of a renowned specialist in Lowell, Mass., comes back to us fully restored in health, a fact which will surely be pleasing news to the many friends both of himself and of *Alma Mater* over which for the past three years he has so ably presided. That none were more pleased than the students to learn of the Rector's complete restoration to health and to have him once more amongst us, was fully testified by the rousing reception tendered him almost immediately after his arrival. On behalf of the students Rev. Father Campeau, O.M.I., Prefect of Discipline, requested the Rector to visit the Study Hall, where the students had assembled for the purpose of reading an address of welcome and congratulation on his convalescence. A good old V-A-R greeted the appearance of the Rector in the Study Hall. and after the cheering had subsided Mr. T. G. Morin, '01, read the following address :

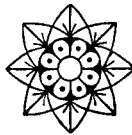
VERY REVEREND AND DEAR RECTOR,—

When, some months ago, you were compelled through serious illness to retire from the arduous labors of the Rectorship, the student body was deeply grieved, and fervent prayers were offered that it would not be long ere God, in His goodness, would restore you to your accustomed good health.

It was then, with no little pleasure that we, the students of Ottawa University, heard that you were about to return to assume your duties, and we felt that we could not allow the occasion to pass without, in some manner, giving you an assurance of the joy we feel at once more having you in our midst. We were doubly glad, too, to learn that you come back to us fully restored in health and strength, and we fervently thank God that He has spared you to continue that good work you are doing and have already done in this institution.

We pray you, then, Very Reverend Rector, to accept the students' heartfelt welcome, and our assurance of the gratitude we feel toward our Heavenly Father for the restoration of your health. We also desire to extend to you our best wishes for your future well-being, and may God long spare you to guard and prosper your and our beloved *Alma Mater*.

Father Constantineau made a suitable reply expressing the pleasure he felt at once more being able to assume his duties, and thanking the students most heartily for the kind manner in which they had welcomed him. At the request of the Rev. Prefect of Discipline and as a mark of his appreciation of the rousing welcome they had extended him, the Rev. Rector concluded his remarks by granting the students a holiday which, needless to state was thankfully accepted, for the following day. The REVIEW joins heartily with the student body in congratulating the Rector on his recovery and wishes him many long years of renewed good health.



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.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cents. Advertising rates on application.

Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT.

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No. VIII.

APRIL, 1901.

Vol. III.

A WORD OF WARNING.

It may not be out of place for the REVIEW, in its spirit of solicitude for the welfare of the student-body, to address a word of warning and advice to those who, in a few weeks, will write on examination for degrees or diplomas. On the question of examinations, history is quite explicit,—the successful are those who, having worked assiduously from the beginning, persevere with untiring energy until the end. This, at least as a general rule, is true; and it would not be reasonable for one to confide to chance in a matter of such vital importance to him as the ultimate success of his studies.

The past is gone. We have no means to propose by which the indolent student may once more have at his disposal that which he refused to put to service when it was his; and he who has diligently applied himself is not seeking for such means.

We are now concerned with the future only,—the short interval which still remains before the examinations.

That portion of the year immediately preceding the closing is undoubtedly the most valuable for the student. It is time devoted to review : and a review not only refreshes the mind in what we have already studied, but it also gives us a firmer and more comprehensive grasp on what has been seen piecemeal and disconnected. To have prepared one's matter well for each individual class does not suffice. It very frequently occurs that those who have taken high rank during the year, meet with no great degree of success in final examinations, because they trust to their monthly class standing and neglect a serious review.

For the student who has not sufficiently devoted himself to his work, or who, for some reason or other, is weak in any branch, the faithful employment of every moment of study yet left to him is evidently his only hope.

Now, judging from the result of the recent Easter examinations, we are forced to give it as our opinion that an unusually large proportion of the candidates will find in the ordeal of June next failure and humiliation, unless they are graciously favored with some extraordinary supernatural assistance—which is rather improbable—or every effort is put forth to insure success.

We are not given to causing discouragement, yet we know whereof we speak; and, without publishing confidential secrets or dealing in exaggerations, we can assure many candidates that their showing at Easter gives them anything but reason to feel over-confident regarding the outcome of the mid-summer University examinations.

THE PRIZE DEBATE.

In the January number of the REVIEW great hopes were expressed for the success of the Debating Society of 1901. And glancing now in retrospect over the work that has been done, we are gratified to note that these hopes have been fully realized.

Urged on by the marked excellence of the season's work, the society felt the necessity of thrusting aside its accustomed modesty, and resolved to let its light, which had so long been

hidden under a bushel, appear before men. The committee proposed holding a public prize debate, and in this they were very favorably met by the Rev. Rector, who generously donated a medal. Tuesday, May 14th is the day appointed for the contest. Messrs. A. P. Donnelly, '01 ; J. R. O'Gorman, '01 ; W. A. Martin, '02 ; G. I. Nolan '03, the gentlemen chosen to compete, will, we are confident, do credit to themselves, to the society and to Alma Mater. In the selection of judges, the greatest discretion has been used, and the committee is to be commended in securing the services of N. A. Belcourt, LL. D., M. P., C. F. McIsaac, M. P., Mr. H. J. Logan, M. P., Ald. Jos. McDougal and Mr. D'Arcy Scott.

The potency of a public debate in acquainting the outside world with the work done by our Alma Mater is recognized by both faculty and students alike, hence the REVIEW trusts that each and everyone will contribute, inasmuch as he is able, to make the prize debate of 1901 such a success that its continuance in years to come may be fully assured.

OBITUARY.

The sympathy of the students is extended to Mr. John J. Cox, who was called home during the month by the sudden death of his father, Mr. Michael Cox, of Parsons, Pa. *Requiescat in pace.*



Exchanges

On opening *The Mount* the first article that meets our eyes is "A Royal Elopement," and from the title we are inclined to expect something interesting. Interesting, indeed, it is, but alas ! the interest is lost when we find that this same article is taken almost entirely from one in the "Dublin Review" of 1890. It is a sort of paraphrase, and a very poor one at that. Surely "The Mount" essayists have talent enough to write their own compositions, without resorting to the writings of others.

The articles contained in the *Holy Cross Purple* are of a high and praiseworthy standard. "Emulation of Models" is a thoughtful and elaborate essay, well suited to stimulate and develop the nobler part of man's nature, while the style is, in itself, a model to emulate. "The Midnight Hymn" is a good specimen of the short story, highly interesting, although a tone of something strange and unnatural pervades it throughout. "The Greatest Irish Rebel" is an essay conveying much information about a point of history only too little known.

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The most noticeable thing in *The Mitre* is the confusion of its pages; it appears as if they were thrown in at random. In the "editorial" a few comments are made upon the great marks of character necessary for a religious reformer, "Had John Henry Newman been able to behold the English Church as it is to-day," so much further advanced than it was an hundred years ago (?) it is hard to say what his feelings would have been, but happily, his footsteps guided by his "Kindly Light," he found the Church, and the only Church that is to-day what it was two thousand years ago, and will be until the end of time, and to this Church he clung.

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The Easter number of the "Nore Dame Schoiastic" has arrived at our sanctum, and the first thing that attracts our attention is the artistic design of its cover. On looking the magazine over, we find quite a number of well written articles on subjects appropriate to the season. The stories are bright and the verse musical. In an article entitled "A New Soul for English Letters," the author makes an earnest plea for the valuable influence on our literature, which the revival of the Gaelic tongue may have. The author of the "Angel Child" is quite an adept in stories of child-life.

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"A Chinese Lily" is the title of a short but very pathetic story.

“Dramatic Material in the Life of Silken Thomas” gives one example of the many dramas that could be drawn from Irish history, a fertile field, as yet untouched and awaiting the hand of an Irish Shakespeare.



Of Local Interest.

In our last issue we recorded the indoor pranks of windy March. This month we must join in with the on-rushing spring and snatch up items from the wayside, for young summer is stirring everywhere, and too soon will have outstripped us. But the college boy thinks the spring never comes too fast. It rolls him into new spheres of athletics, inspires him with a taste for ancient pastimes and gives him room to extend his manifold plans to speedy execution. Can anyone forget so soon the scenes that marked the first long sunny days that harbingered the spring? The small boys tossed their marbles with unique boyish skill; older lads with pick and shovel encouraged the melting snows to seek rivulets, and eagerly led each growing channel to the sewer; not even a sheltered patch of snow was left as a ruin of winter's kingdom but was scattered impatiently to the keen rays of the burning sun. Who can censure

such impatience in striplings flush with young life and vigor and eager to branch out into all the realms of summer pastimes after leading life for four months in the narrower paths of winter sports? Play on boys while the sap is still rising in the tree of life! Play on before summer heats distemper the keen edge of your enjoyment! Play on in careless college days, for spring is never so sweet and bright as when the heart is young and gay!

* * *

Easter Sunday this year fell on April 7th. It was anything but an ideal Easter. The sun did not appear, and rain fell drearily nearly all day. Weather, however, is not a barometer for the mirth of the college boys. They spent the joyous feast in a manner that indicated their pleasure at the prospect of brighter days to follow the lenten purple. Many students were home for the day and some less fortunate ones were with their city friends.

On Thursday, April 12th, His Excellency, Mosig'r. Falconio, transferred his headquarters from the University to his new home on Canal Road. For nearly two years, it has been the privilege and the pleasure of the priests and students of the University to have almost daily in our midst this distinguished and saintly representative in Canada of Leo. XIII. This privilege we always highly appreciated, and it was with no little regret that we learned that His Excellency was about to leave us; for during his sojourn under the College roof he has endeared himself to us by the simple grace of his life, by the kindness he has always bestowed on all, and by the cheerfulness and readiness with which on many occasions he has taken part in functions in which the students were deeply interested.

On Thursday morning he celebrated Mass in our chapel, and after Mass made a farewell address to the students. He referred to the pleasure he had experienced in being surrounded during his months spent in Canada by the priests and students of this Catholic University. He encouraged the students to make good use of

their time amidst so many excellent opportunities, and in conclusion promised to meet them often while he remains in Canada.

After Mass His Excellency negotiated with the Vice-Rector and obtained a holiday for the students. This act of kindness was highly appreciated too, needless to say.

* * *

On Monday, April 23rd, at 5 p.m., the students were treated to a surprise in the form of an impromptu lecture on missionary life among the Blackfoot Indians. Rev. Father Naessens, O.M.I., a former student of the University, and at present a missionary in the North-West Territory, told the students, in a very agreeable and interesting manner, how he established a school for Indian boys. He says those large, brawny sons of the Blackfeet must be appealed to first by displays on the part of the white man of physical strength; not in the sense of violence, indeed, but rather in clever feats of skill. Confidence in this once established remains unshaken, and obedience, interest and all the other essentials of discipline flow from it. He says those sons of the chase

love music and athletics, and he graphically related how he had availed himself of their aptitudes in these directions to impart moral force to the Indian boys.

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The annual closing exercises of the English Debating Society were held on the 21st inst., and from a pleasurable or literary point of view surpassed anything of its kind in the history of the society. The vocal and instrumental parts of the programme and the readings and declamations were of a high order of excellence. Special features of the entertainment were: "A Modern Sermon," read by Mr. J. Burke in most emphatic style; his text was "Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard." The quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius by Prof. Horrigan and Mr. G. J. Nolan, was a masterly interpretation of Shakespeare; and the Soldiers' chorus from "Faust" by the Glee Club. Rev. Father Lambert deserves great credit for the manner in which he conducted his part of the programme. A vote of thanks was moved to Prof. Horrigan for the efforts he had made during the year to make the Debating Society a success.

MEASELY SPUD AND THE ANGEL.

Some weeks agone dire measles came
To take the youthful Spud away.
Within the dark infirmary, tame
And timid the bold cowboy lay.

For many days, in dreadful ire
The 'venging angel hovered round;
The object of his fell desire
Was only Spud, the king uncrowned.

The beauteous youth, dissolved in
tears,—
A sight more fit the gods than men—
At last addressed the doom he fears :
"This weakness, pray do not condemn.

My partner Harry, friend in woe,
And all my faithful chums will tell,
That since my little brother Joe,
(Oh, dearest Joe, I loved you well !)

From earth ascended to the sky,
And left me here in bitter grief,
Not once was I e'er known to cry."
Thus, in his terror, spoke O'K—fe.

Replied the angel : "Cease to weep;
You our destroying sword shall
spare,
If in bright sunshine you shun sleep,
And do not fail to comb your hair.

Your humor gay, so apt to win,
Has quite appeased our dreaded
wrath.
To freeze awhile that graceless grin,
Arouse yourself and have a bath."

Spud took the hint; the frozen smile
The measles scared; no longer sick
He walks abroad in gallant style
The envy of a --rheumatic.

During the interval between the hockey and football seasons the athletes "marked" one another in the reading room.

* *

A Scrap-book.—Tim's magazine.

* *

At the Easter oral exams.—
Prof.—"Speak louder, sir!"
Angus—"—— I can't."
Prof.—"What's that?"
Angus—"Pluperfect."

* *

Prof.—"How do you spell *travel*?"

Cap.—"T—r— a——"

Prof.—"You should know a V is needed to travel."

* *

Government class—

Prof.—"What must a lawyer

do in order to practice in Canada?"

Voice—"Do everybody."

* *

Prof.—"Why is Apollo called the Lycean god?"

Student (awakening)—"Because the verb governs the accusative."

* *

Prof.—(In Grade II) "What is the singular of *breeches*?"

Aspiring tailor—"Pants."

* *

Terms in Physics—

Battery—A scrimmage.

Resistance—College beef.

Block and tackle—Football.

Dissipation of energy—Bumism.

Indicator—Monthly notes.

Sparking distance—Inversely as *pater's* distance.

Good conductor—A "pony."



Priorum Temporum Flores

The "Visitor" says that Rev. J. J. Quilty, '97, who preached at Eganville St. Patrick's Day, on "Ireland's mission, a mission of faith," is all right.

* *

Rev. John Ryan, '97, in order that he may be distinguished from his brother to whom he is

acting as curate at Renfrew, has been named "Father John" by one of the priests of his diocese. This title will certainly be pleasing to his many old college friends.

* *

Mr. Guy Poupore, ex-'02, is at present visiting in the city.

