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REVIEW

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THE POETS OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.



THE principal actors in the famous revolution of English thought and religion known as the Tractarian Movement, were not only profound thinkers—in the theological and scientific sense of the word—but many of them were besides sweet singers. Can a man of deep thought be otherwise than a poet? The profound thinker being one who seeks truth, and who finds it, then must he also recognize its beauty; and if Beauty be but the splendor of Truth, so the poet is the lover of Beauty in Truth. We can thus understand how such earnest and grave and learned men as John Henry Newman, Frederick Faber, and John Keble found in poetry their true element. These are the three men whose names are most prominently connected with the great religious transition of the nineteenth century. From similarity of taste and themes, Cowper and Wordsworth might also be placed in this group, for, although not of the Oxford agitation, they have much in common with the brilliant trio. They all speak in the same strain; gentleness, simplicity, naturalness, and deep, quiet feeling, characterize them all. As a contrast to this group of poets, there is another equally famous, possessed of equal, if not superior, genius—Shelley, Keats and Byron—the poets of passion, of intensity and of un-

trammelled liberty. If the first group can be called quietists, the latter can as justly be called reckless, turbulent, restless. Faber and Keble impart peace and tranquility to the soul: Byron and Keats give only unrest. Their writings, especially Byron's, are strangely contradictory, reflecting at once belief in God and utter unbelief, love for humanity and hatred of all men, admiration of virtue and contempt for all that is good and true and honorable in life. Byron in his sane moments was not an atheist. No more than Newman "could he root from his heart the innate consciousness of God." Keats and Shelley undoubtedly were complete infidels. All three of them are pantheists worshipping God as nature; they have an intuitive perception of the beautiful, but they have so broken the limits between freedom and sacred principles that the beautiful becomes tainted by their touch. The Oxford poets, too, are lovers and worshippers of nature; but theirs is the Christian pantheism adoring God through the works of His hands, the Creator through His creatures; read Keble's hymn for Tuesday in Easter week *To the Snowdrop*, or the one for Sunday after Ascension *Seed Time*, or for the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity *The Flowers of the Field*, or for the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity *Forest Leaves in Autumn*. A critic, lately speaking of Matthew Arnold's writings, says: "In addition to the admirable workmanship of his poetry, it has the touch of genius that informs it with the flavor which can never come from the highest art alone." This is a flattering but hardly truthful estimate of Mr. Arnold's verses. The praise could be appropriately applied to Wordsworth and perhaps to Cowper. Their poetry is always artistic because perfectly natural; it seems often so very natural that only the flavoring touch of genius saves it from insipidity; yet it has the repose and the truth that make it always interesting. This appears to evidence in Wordsworth's simple verses "The Cottage Girl"; it is his quite child-like faith in the reunion in heaven that speaks through the maiden's "And, master, we are seven," though she tells how her sisters and brothers sleep in the churchyard hard by.

The mission of all these gentle poets seems to have been that of consolation; this we cannot say of Byron nor of those who resemble him. In reading Cowper's *Task* one would expect to find

upon it the shadow of the despairing gloom that had darkened his own life, but it is not so ; all is tranquil and cheerful. The ballad of *John Gilpin* shows that he was sometimes even more natural and realistic than Wordsworth. The Oxford trio excel both of these writers in style and in theme ; their classic elegance and polished beauty command admiration. Of the three Keble was perhaps the greatest poet ; Newman the most argumentative, logical reasoner ; Faber the best loved as a man, the holiest, above all he is deservedly the most popular spiritual writer of the century. In outward expression Keble in his poetry is the most deeply religious of the three. It is hardly possible to believe that some of his hymns to the Blessed Virgin are the work of any save a Catholic mystic. Both Keble and Pusey were men of strange dispositions. Pusey was not a poet ; his character was too hard and practical, too unsympathetic for that. He started the famous Tractarian Movement in the final result of which he was so deeply interested, yet in the thick of the battle, after Newman's unexpected resolve, he paused irresolute and for nearly forty years he maintained a position that causes our generation to suspect that the Reverend Doctor's life was all a grand humbug, unless it is possible for a soul to be content with a shadow for the substance, the dream for reality. Fortunately for Keble he died too soon to have this imputation cast upon him. In his hymns there is so much sweetness and depth of devotion that it is easy to believe he did not write for fame. We know for a certainty that it was only the efforts of Mr. Gladstone that induced him to publish his first volume of poems. It met with a most flattering reception, it was such a change from anything the English world had known for years. For the same reason Faber's poems were very popular. Both of these singers give us a more satisfactory view of life than Byron or Shelley or Keats ; after reading them one has no thought of suicide, one is urged to live and work to the full ; they seem to give a new purpose in life ; we almost feel, as they say, that earth is overflowing with heaven.

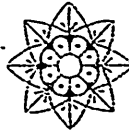
Newman is different in some respects from Faber and Keble ; he is intensely subjective. Every line he writes is the expression of whatever feeling is uppermost in his own heart. Like Dante he is highly imaginative and always philosophi-

cal ; the land of eternity, theologically and practically, seems as well known to him as all terrestrial concerns. He shows this in his beautiful *Dream of Terontius*, after reading which one cannot fail to place him among England's noblest poets ; nor would one change this opinion after listening to his widely known hymn—only a few lines—*Lead, Kindly Light*, justly called “one of the poetical gems of our language.” Bulwer Lytton rather oddly defines the difference between talent and genius as existing in the heart rather than in the mind. We might find the same difference between Newman and Faber ; both had genius, but one suffers through the intellect, and thus with his strong, logical intelligence consoles, strengthens, convinces the minds of those who cannot, like Dr. Pusey, halt half way ; he leads them from fear and doubt and darkness to the haven of rest, where he himself is sheltered. Faber, on the contrary, speaks to the heart ; he himself, when wavering between Anglicanism and Catholicism, found a vent for the love that welled in his heart towards the Saviour and Lover of all men by his kindly devotion to the poor of his parish, and by the religious poetry that his pen almost unconsciously wrote. The personal fascination that Father Faber had for all with whom he came in contact seems to be in all his books. His poetry and his prose devotional treatises are read and loved everywhere. It was the divine sunshine dwelling always in his heart that gave the magnetic charm to his manner. The same irresistible charm is felt in his books. How will it be in the future ? Will his books be still read ? or will they be classed among the things on upper shelves that have had their day ? Idle questions. The St. Bernardine of the nineteenth century cannot cease to be needed. It is safe to say that years hence every line he has written will be lovingly perused, and will still be potent to cheer, arouse, and urge the Christian soul : for no one can read these beautiful things and remain a mere Sunday church-going Christian ; one longs to be all for all as Father Faber was ; one yearns to lure all the world to the “easy ways of divine love,” to grasp the relation between “the Creator and the creature,” to see life from “the foot of the Cross,” to do and to be “all for Jesus” ; in a word, to give love for love, life for life, as Father Faber did. Doubtless the respectable, humility-scorning class of Christians, who seek a circuitous

route to heaven, are always with us, like the poor, but with such as these Father Faber could have had but little sympathy. Such Christianity was not possible to him ; he seems to hope all things and believe all things of good repute of all men ; and to be always whispering : Love God, love Jesus, love one another because Jesus has loved us all, and wants the love of all of us. Through all these weary ages heed the voice that says : "Take up thy cross and follow Me" ; never lose sight of that Eternal Love ascending Calvary's cruel steep.


M.

Ottawa, Ont.



ALL SAINTS' DAY.

(FROM KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.)


 HY blow'st thou not, thou wintry wind,
 Now every leaf is brown and sere,
 And idly droops, to thee resign'd,
 The fading chaplet of the year?
 Yet wears the pure aerial sky,
 Her summer veil, half-drawn on high,
 Of silvery haze, and dark and still—
 The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

How quiet shows the woodland scene!
 Each flower and tree, its duty done,
 Reposing in decay serene,
 Like weary men when age is won,
 Such calm old age as conscience pure
 And self-commanding hearts ensure,
 Waiting their summons to the sky,
 Content to live, but not afraid to die.

Sure if our eyes were purged to trace
 God's unseen armies hovering round,
 We should behold by angels' grace
 The four strong winds of Heaven fast-bound,
 Their downward sweep a moment stay'd
 On ocean cove and forest glade,
 Till the last flower of autumn shed
 Her funeral odours on her dying bed.

So in Thine awful armoury, Lord,
 The lightnings of the Judgment Day
 Pause yet awhile, in mercy stored,
 Till willing hearts wear quite away
 Their earthly stains; and spotless shine
 On every brow, in light divine,
 The Cross, by angel hands impress'd;
 The seal of glory won and pledge of promised rest.

Little they dream, those haughty souls,
Whom Empires own with bended knee,
What lowly fate their own controls,
Together linked by Heaven's decree :
As bloodhounds hush their baying wild,
To wanton with some fearless child,
So Famine waits, and War with greedy eyes,
Till some repenting heart be ready for the skies.

On, champions blest, in Jesus' Name,
Short be your strife, your triumph full,
Till every heart have caught your flame,
And, lighten'd of the World's mis-rule,
Ye soar those elder saints to meet,
Gathered long since at Jesus' feet
No world of passions to destroy,
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task all praise and joy.



A NOTABLE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.



HERE passed away recently at his home in Scotland a Catholic nobleman whose name has long been held in respect by the learned world, and whose conversion to the true faith some thirty years ago caused no little surprise in the higher circles of society in Great Britain. Himself a learned man and a generous patron of university learning in his native land, John Patrick Crichton Stuart, Marquis of Bute, K.T., LL.D., deserves more than a passing notice in the pages of a university REVIEW. Born in 1847 the Marquis received his early education at Harrow School, whence he proceeded to Christ Church College, Oxford. Memories of the Tractarian Movement still hovered around the great university and the young Scottish nobleman found himself wrestling with the questions which Newman and Manning and Ward and Faber had faced. In his twenty-second year he was received into the Catholic Church. His conversion was the subject of universal comment throughout Great Britain, and is said to have inspired Disraeli to write his novel *Lothair*, wherein the character of the Marquis is strangely distorted and the motives of churchmen are assumed to be avarice and greed. The sordid soul of the Jewish novelist could not appreciate anything above pounds, shillings and pence. From the day of his conversion the Marquis was an earnest and devout Catholic; he practised his faith in the face of much personal obloquy; and he practised it, in no half-hearted way, daily and continuously up to the end. Some have said that the Marquis's conversion and life-long adherence to Catholicism were largely a matter of antiquarian and ecclesiological taste. An antiquarian and a universal delver into ecclesiastical black-letter lore, the Marquis certainly was; but, supernatural causes aside, it was not taste but conviction that led him into the Church and kept him there. He was profoundly convinced that there was only one true Church, and that that Church was the Church of the Sacraments, of the Real Presence, and of the Roman Primacy. The Marquis's sincerity of purpose and his noble qualities of mind and heart gradually won recognition, and honors came thick and fast upon

him. In 1875 he was created a Knight of the Order of the Thistle. The universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh and St. Andrews recognized his learning by an honorary LL.D. He was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews in 1892 and again in 1895. He received also the Order of the Grand Cross of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and the Grand Cross of St. Gregory. In November, 1893, the Marquis delivered the customary rectorial address to the students of St. Andrews. I cannot forbear making an extract which shows in an amusing way the impartiality of his scholarship. "I have always desiderated that history should be written with only an impartial statement of absolutely certain facts, so that the reader may be able to take one view or the other, just as the contemporary did. The ideal history of Mary, Queen of Scots, composed upon this principle, certainly never has been written, and I strongly doubt whether it ever will be written. I myself have tried to deal thus with smaller matters, in my own small way, and I think not altogether without such success as I really coveted, namely, a testimony to my absolute impartiality. I once wrote an essay on the so-called Prophecies of Malachi of Armagh, in which I did my best to put the arguments both for and against their Divine inspiration as strongly as I could. Some of my friends said to me afterwards, that they wondered how I could believe in such rubbish. Others told me that, however I might believe these prophecies to be a forgery, they thought I might have done better to attack in less violent language a thing in which so many good people believe. A third friend told me that I had displayed an absolute impartiality, which deprived my essay of all interest. Then I wrote another essay upon the question whether Giordano Bruno was burnt or not. I put the historical arguments both ways as well as I could. My own impression at the time was that he really was burnt. But a newspaper critic remarked that I had strained every nerve to make out that he was not, and I had finally a sort of triumph over myself, because, when I re-read the article some years afterwards, I found myself a good deal shaken in my opinion of my own arguments."

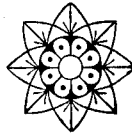
In the world of authorship the Marquis was not unknown; his themes were always either national or religious. One of his first works, if not the very first, was entitled *The Early Days of*

Sir William Wallace; he is the author also of *The Arms of the Royal and Parliamentary Burghs of Scotland*, a work of great archæological interest. To Catholics he is best known for his translation of *The Roman Breviary*, on the preparation of which he spent nine years and which the *Dublin Review* characterized on its appearance as "a worthy tribute of a cultured Catholic to that Church which he has had the gift to recognize as his mother." The Marquis's liturgical and linguistic abilities were next displayed in his translation entitled *The Coptic Morning Service for the Lord's Day*, the purpose of which was to enable English-speaking travellers in Egypt to follow intelligently the Mass and the rest of the Sunday morning service of the native Christians. Other works of Lord Bute were *Essays upon Christian Greece*, and *The Altus of St. Columba*, a magnificent edition of a Latin hymn composed by St. Columba and beginning with the word *Altus*. The last work which came from his pen, *A Form of Prayer*, was written for the use of persons unavoidably prevented from hearing Mass on Sundays.

The Marquis was a generous benefactor of the Scottish universities—of three of them at least. He built, at immense cost, the Great Hall of Glasgow University, and only a short time before his death established a chair of anatomy at St. Andrews with an endowment of \$100,000. His archæological bent of mind led him to undertake the restoration of some historic churches and castles. On a visit to Brittany some years ago he purchased the ruins of the chapel which Mary Queen of Scots had raised in commemoration of her first landing on the shores of France, and thus saved this historic movement from effacement. Many charitable institutions in Scotland owe their foundation and maintenance to the deceased Marquis, who also defrayed the expenses of the education of a number of poor children. He was a liberal supporter of many learned societies, and contributed largely to explorations in the Holy Land. For the land blessed by the Saviour's presence he entertained a deep affection, and manifested the same in his dying injunction that his heart should be taken to the Holy Land and buried on Mount Olivet: an injunction which the Marchioness of Bute is now carrying out.

In politics Lord Bute belonged to the Tory school, of which however he was not a very active supporter. He is said to have been in favor of Home Rule for Scotland but opposed to it for Ireland. This was one of the Marquis's idiosyncrasies of character; and these I do not propose to discuss, believing that people should hear *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

M.



THE PASTORAL OF THE IRISH HIERARCHY.

A QUARTER of a century ago the Bishops of Ireland met for the first time in a national synod to consider various important matters of policy and discipline which claimed their attention. Since that date many changes have occurred, and the Ireland of to-day is not that of '75. The questions which then engaged all minds have either become dead issues, new ones springing up in their places, or have been so modified as to now present a totally different aspect. Thus it was necessary, the Bishops saw, that another convention should be held to deal with these topics, old and new, which affected the well-being of the Irish Church, and accordingly the second national synod was called to meet at Maynooth in September. The result of its labors has now been given forth in Pastoral form, and it is a document which will be read with lively interest by Catholic Irishmen the world over.

One point in connection with it that we may notice here is the praiseworthy action of the hierarchy in issuing the Pastoral in Irish as well as English. At a time when the lovers of Gaelic are struggling to keep that tongue alive in the hearts of the nation, this patriotic recognition of its importance by the episcopate cannot be over-estimated. The example set by the Bishops will be followed by all the clergy, and a powerful impetus will be thereby given to the revival of interest in the national language. The Irish press refers to this occurrence as "an epoch-making event," and it characterizes the spirit animating the synod as "enlightened and truly national."

Needless to say, the Pastoral displays remarkable ability. It is comprehensive in scope, thoughtful in tone, and impresses upon us the wisdom and sanctity of the framers, who with Apostolic zeal and solicitude set before their people the highest ideals of Christian life. In terms of unbounded praise it dilates upon the spiritual progress of the past twenty-five years. The "Land of Saints and Scholars," consecrated with the blood of countless martyrs, still keeps true to St. Patrick's priceless heritage, and the fervor of her children's faith is as undimmed to-day as it was in

her Apostle's lifetime. This zealous piety of the Irish people manifests itself outwardly in the erection of religious buildings of all kinds, cathedrals, churches and convents, and upon a scale of magnificence strangely at variance with their limited means. Considering the well-known poverty of Catholic Ireland, desolated by the scourges of landlordism and famine, we can form some idea of the boundless generosity and love for the adornment of God's temples which prompted this people in the sacrifices they must have made to bring about such grand results. The Pastoral does not exaggerate when it refers to their efforts as "unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, by those of any other people in the Church."

Nor are there wanting evidences of a more spiritual nature to prove the deep rooted religious fervor of Irish Catholics. The Holy Father's oft repeated desire for the propagation of various public and private devotions has been met by them with a touching readiness. The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has spread with wonderful rapidity over the whole country, and the practice of First Friday Communion has become almost universal. A remarkable increase in external reverence and homage towards the Holy Sacrament of the Altar has been its first fruit. Hitherto, the Bishops remark, there have been shortcomings in this respect, "an unhappy survival from the penal times," when there were but few opportunities for public adoration. But now ample atonement is being made for the lukewarmness and negligence of the past. Other exemplary practices inspired by the great Vicar of Christ, which have become firmly implanted in the Irish heart, are those of consecrating families to the Holy Family of Nazareth, ("the means, we trust, of planting and cultivating in their hearts those domestic virtues which lie at the very foundation of all human society") and of reciting the Rosary in common in all households. The Irish as a nation have ever been noted for their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and this daily recitation of her particular prayer in the bosom of the family has a special attraction for them. And all these pious exercises are crowned by that which above all distinguishes the fervent Catholic—frequent approach to the sacraments. "It is questionable," says the Pastoral, "whether it has ever been exceeded, in proportion to the popula-

tion, in any country, or at any period, since the Apostolic times." What a consolation it is for the devoted Irish pastors to see their labors thus rewarded, to note the elevated spiritual condition of their flocks and mark their progress from year to year. With grateful hearts they return thanks to God for "the faith and labor and charity" shown by their people, who have proved to be for them indeed "their joy and their crown."

The social condition of their flock, however, as well as the spiritual, appeals to the hierarchy, since it presents many features which have an important bearing on the welfare of the Church. In this connection the Pastoral discusses such leading public questions as education, land tenure and local government. It recalls the numerous reforms obtained and the great victories already won, thanks to the nation's steadfast loyalty to its pastors in the fight for Catholic interests. But at the same time it reminds the people that there must be no cessation of the strife until all their grievances have been fully redressed, and it outlines the issues involved in a manner so clear and decisive as to leave no room for doubt concerning the attitude thereupon of the episcopate.

To impress upon Catholic parents the great importance of the educational question, and the necessity of denominational schools, the Pastoral goes to the very bottom of the matter and shows the vital interests which are at stake. The different views of education arise from a diversity in the conception of man's life-work. The secularist is actuated solely by the desire for worldly advancement, and religious instruction in school seems to him, therefore, a mere waste of time. But, for the Catholic, spiritual welfare is of more importance than material prosperity. "All education is holy. There is no more sacred duty than the development of a young mind and soul." Religious schools are necessary if the youth of Ireland are to be brought up true to the faith of their fathers. It would be well for many in other countries to take to heart these thoughtful words of the Irish Bishops. The efforts of Irish Catholics in this direction during the past twenty-five years have indeed been crowned with a great measure of success. Today their primary and intermediate schools are all that could be desired. The system of national primary education established

sixty years ago has undergone a complete transformation in all except name. As then constituted it pretended to provide for separate religious instruction in the public or "national" schools, although its founders, the Secularists, really aimed at undermining the faith of Catholic youth. But now these schools are in most districts virtually Catholic institutions. However, the law with its usual lack of reason still makes believe to consider them undenominational, and forbids the use therein of religious emblems. This obsolete enactment and the continued maintenance of the useless and costly model schools are two features of the primary system unjust to Catholics, and which they should endeavour to have removed.

With regard to the teachers in these primary schools, the Pastoral makes some very practical and timely suggestions. The solemnity and importance of their duty in the education and character-moulding of the young is commented upon. They are exhorted to show a good example to those under their charge by always manifesting the spirit of faith in their conduct, "especially in their relations with their spiritual guides and superiors." But it adds that while the majority of them are individually members of the fold, their organization, the Teachers Association, has recently shown a decidedly anti-clerical and un-Catholic disposition, for which a certain few were alone to blame. What the other members must do is to sever their connection with the Association unless it assumes a proper attitude towards the Church.

Intermediate education has also made rapid progress since the date of the first national synod. At that time Protestant schools alone received any public grants. This state of affairs has been thoroughly remedied by the Intermediate Education Act. The beneficial results of also endowing the more numerous Catholic schools are seen in the annual examinations, when the students of these institutions carry off the highest prizes. This marked success reflects great credit on their teachers, who are for the most part members of different religious communities.

But if the Catholics of Ireland have received justice in the matter of primary and intermediate education, it only emphasizes the importance of their grievance concerning a university. Catho-

lic students are as a body debarred from the advantages of a university education, although they are far more numerous and generally better prepared for it than those of other beliefs. They are forbidden by the Church to attend Trinity or the Queen's Colleges for fear of endangering their faith. Thus through the lack of a university supported by the state which would prove acceptable to them as well as to other denominations, Catholic parents have, at the cost of many sacrifices, to send their sons to private colleges of their own persuasion, and unfortunately none of these can afford an adequate substitute for a regular university course.

It is evident that the stand taken by the Government upon this question is as unwise as it is unjust. The triumph of denominational principles in the intermediate schools illustrates "the obvious truth that if educational or any other laws are to be a success they must be framed in accordance with the convictions and feelings of the people for whom they are made." Why then does the Government persist in refusing the unanimous and just demand of Irish Catholics for a University such as they desire? They are supported by many prominent statesmen of England as well as Ireland, and also by the representatives of the great Protestant Universities in both countries. These able and enlightened men can speak with authority on the question, and they consider it "narrow bigotry and unwisdom to lower the whole educational status of a country because its people will not renounce in education the abiding principles of their religious belief." The opposition comes from that limited but bigoted body of English and Irish Protestants which has always opposed every proposal to concede to Irish Catholics their rights. And it is to conciliate this ignorant and prejudiced body of followers that the Government ignores the claims of Catholic Ireland, although well-known public men, who know whereof they speak, unite in asserting their "justice and expediency." What clever and honest statesmanship!

The day will yet come, however, when British statesmen will have to concede this measure of relief, as they have formerly had to grant others which for a long time they had likewise delayed. All that is necessary is uncompromising and unwavering agitation by Irish Catholics until victory is theirs. Repulses are nothing new; their chief effect seems to be the infusing of a more determined spirit into the people. The Catholics of Ireland are bound to

receive the same treatment as their Protestant brethren. One denomination, and that the largest and poorest, should not be excluded from endowments belonging to the nation at large. There are two means of remedying the situation, "levelling up" or "levelling down." If Catholics cannot have a University for themselves, one great National University could be established to preside over all higher education. Then if the present endowments of Trinity College, the Royal University and the Queen's Colleges were turned into a common fund, as they should be, this could be divided by the National University among all the different colleges of the country according to their necessities. There can be no other alternative, however. Either a Catholic University or a National University, is the ultimatum of the Bishops.

In the recent enactment which for the first time since the Union gives the Irish a chance to show what they can do towards governing themselves, the Pastoral sees "the seeds of great developments." It expects that this welcome, though tardy and incomplete, act of justice by the Government will not only serve to firmly unite the national party, but show the opponents of Home Rule that Irishmen are perfectly capable of self-government." The Bishops also declare themselves to be entirely in sympathy with the new Agricultural Act controlling technical instruction, as a means of repairing the impoverished resources of the country. They are not, however, in favor of residential colleges of agriculture unless under the control of religious communities, for obvious reasons.

But while believing that the results of this Act will be most beneficial, the Bishops do not by any means wish their people to consider the social question as settled. To ensure prosperity and prevent emigration the system of land laws now in vogue must be radically altered. As the matter stands at present, "rents are periodically made a matter of litigation before a tribunal in which neither of the litigants has confidence," and, while extensive grass plains are left uncultivated,—of little value to their owners but no small economic loss to the country,—"the peasants are driven to starvation on miserable holdings." Such a state of affairs cannot be tolerated. What should be done, and quickly, is to establish a class of peasant proprietors who will be allowed to till the vast

districts now lying idle. An agitation for this purpose is advised by the Bishops, but with characteristic prudence they also warn their flocks that it must be conducted "on just and orderly and constitutional lines," and not with "violence or injustice or any other means condemned by the laws of God."

Having reviewed the progress of the past and taken note of the present condition of their people's affairs, the hierarchy turn towards the future with mingled hope and fear. Judged by the past it promises well, but there are many new dangers to be avoided. The nation was shielded from the spirit of irreligion, which destroyed less favoured peoples while persecutions lasted. But now that the day of toleration has followed, the Irish race may lose sight of its spiritual interests in the turmoil of worldly cares. To prevent such a terrible misfortune the Bishops advocate the fervent practice of religious exercises, commending in a special manner to the educated, hence more exposed, classes, co-operation in the noble work of the St. Vincent de Paul and Catholic Truth Societies. The former is, in the words of the Holy Father himself, "peculiarly suited to the needs of our times," as encouraging charitable works. The latter is also doing invaluable service in circulating among the people good, interesting literature to counteract the evil influence of the spread of immoral, irreligious newspapers, magazines, and novels.

A scarcely less dangerous evil is the drink habit, "that blot upon the fair fame of our Irish Church." Here also the Pastoral is glad to note progress. Through the organised action of the pastors intemperance has been much abated in late years, and perseverance in the crusade against this terrible vice will do much to encourage sobriety among the people. The Bishops also appeal to their people not to countenance the scandalous practice of Sunday horse-racing, and to keep away from secret societies. They furthermore make a formal protest against the treatment of Catholics in the British Navy, who are allowed no chaplain and no opportunities of fulfilling the duties of their religion.

The Pastoral concludes with a particularly fitting reference to the Jubilee which has been proclaimed, and to the Irish pilgrimage to Rome. The occurrence of two such notable events as the promulgation of this Pastoral and

the pilgrimage in the Holy Year, "when the thoughts of the faithful throughout the universal Church are turned, at the invitation of the Supreme Pontiff, to Rome," is surely a splendid testimony to Ireland's Catholicity, to its "unfaltering loyalty, under all circumstances, to the Vicar of Christ." It is this admirable spirit of fidelity that animates the Pastoral throughout, evidenced by the nation's activity in spiritual matters, and breathed forth in the wise and pious counsels of the Bishops. Considered in every light this pastoral is a document worthy of "the best traditions of the Irish Church," that noble hierarchy "which is spoken of in the whole world."

J. R. O'GORMAN, '01



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.



It seems to me quite impossible that anyone can have studied Canada and not have acquired some definite ideas of the St. Lawrence River; but to possess even a slight knowledge of the St. Lawrence necessarily involves some degree of familiarity with the Thousand Islands. Yet hearing of them, reading of them, or even carefully collecting the most illustrative photographs or sketches, cannot do more than awaken the desire to some day behold in very truth the happy reality. And this is right; no one can presume to say he has enjoyed Nature at her best unless he has visited the Canadian archipelago; nor shall I attempt a description of these wondrous islands, rather let me set forth a few considerations which may assist the imagination to conceive their unspeakable beauty, or to awaken in those who have beheld that beauty fond memories thereof.

First, let us take a hurried glance along the river's course to get a general idea of the location of the islands. Grouped where Lake Ontario narrows into the St. Lawrence, affording a safe harbor for Kingston, and protecting it from the fierce lake gales, are a number of large islands, one of which, shaped like a triangle with its base towards the lake, extends in the direction of the current, gradually narrowing until it forms a slender apex twenty miles down stream. On either side of this we find solitary islands which seem to have strayed away from the parent isle; but, bravely accepting their lot, they stand amid the waters as if awaiting patiently a future re-union. We now find ourselves nearing two noted little towns, Clayton, on the south or United States side, and Gananoque on the Canadian side. These towns really mark the place where the Thousand Islands begin. For the next forty miles the river is literally studded with islands as if an angel's hand had dropped them there. The further end of this maze of narrow channels and winding waterways is marked by another pair of towns, on the American side the city of Ogdensburg, and on the Canadian side the quiet town of Prescott.

Having taken our bearings let us now consider some of the attractions of the islands themselves. Taking passage from any river port on one of the "White Squadron" steamers—those floating palaces which have done so much for the renown of the islands—the excursionist is soon feasting his eyes upon a scene which surpasses his fondest dream of scenic beauty. He is first struck by the teeming fertility of the rock-bound islets; trees, grass and flowers, fruit and vegetables testify to the fecundity of nature. As the vessel rapidly continues on her course, the excursionist, with no little uneasiness, watches her swerve from side to side, now turning sharp corners, barely escaping a mischievous rock, and now heading straight into a cluster of islands where it would seem she must be imbedded as amid an arctic ice-floe. He forgets for a moment the beauties before him, and begins to think whether he is not in real danger; but a word from an experienced friend assures him that a skilful pilot is at the wheel and that no security could be more secure. Thus the traveller is once more free to enjoy his surroundings. But do not these surroundings become monotonous as he proceeds? On the contrary, even the extreme stoic is moved to increasing outbursts of wonder and admiration. As the merry steamer swiftly ploughs the whirling eddies, leaving a foaming track of surf and bubbles in her wake, as she darts through the narrow strait, or sweeps across a space of waters wherein is reflected the beauty all around, the traveller feels that man's inventive art can never equal the works of nature. Art and nature are here combined. Charming cottages, occupied and owned by American visitors from the Eastern States, are perched in the loveliest situations. The variety in the style of the architecture is very noticeable and adds a new charm to the scene. Almost every idea of shape and color is here represented. Not a few of these cottages have cost whole fortunes; they are real earthly paradises.

Let us examine one of those island summer homes. The proprietor will not resent our trespass. Consisting of perhaps an acre of fertile ground, at two hundred yards from the mainland and protected on all sides by walls of granite, is the cozy little island of "Columbus"; it is near the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence and not far from Rockport. Grouped about its western

end are five tiny islets, arrayed during the summer months with blossoming flowers, while its eastern guard is a pair of high projecting rocks, only a few yards distant from each other, but separated by a channel of unusual depth. Columbus island itself, having one side parallel with the Canadian shore, and the other, in the form of a semi-circle, facing mid-river, rises gradually from the water to a height of 30 feet. Its highest point is crowned by one of the prettiest summer dwellings that skill and money can produce. The main surface of the rising ground is covered by the freshest and greenest of grass, watered constantly by an air-motor; paths with flower borders traverse the island; four of these connect the summit with the base in the direction of the fear winds, while three circumscribe it at equal distances from one another. Along the paths at frequent intervals are shade trees, beneath the branches of which might be seen the favourite hammocks and lawn-couches. On the northern side are the heat-houses containing the skiffs and steam-launch—essential features in the equipment of the angler. Close by, at her moorings, is the handsome pleasure yacht, the pride of the family. It is used for excursions or picnics to distant points. This is but one of the many hundred similar summer homes to be found amid the Thousand Islands, and one certainly of only secondary magnificence when compared with many others.

To attempt to describe some of the larger islands, with the parks and gardens and gorgeous mansions which adorn them, to portray a night scene upon the river, where the concourse of excursion steamers, with their flashing search-lights, seems endless; to make the reader hear the tooting of the yachts and launches, to put before his eyes the illuminations that spell prominent names or show beautiful designs, all this is beyond my feeble power. If anyone would see for himself, if anyone would dwell for a while in fairyland, let him spend a portion of his summer holidays among the Thousand Islands.

L. M. P. STALEY,
Third Form.

 LINES ON O'CONNELL.

[The following lines, written by the first Lord Lytton, after he had heard that prince of orators—Daniel O'Connell, are well calculated to bring home to the reader the charm and power of the human voice. The *Spectator* deemed these lines "all too little known."]



NCE to my sight the giant thus was given,
 Walled by wide air, and roofed by boundless heaven ;
 Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
 And wave on wave flowed into space away.
 Methought no clarion could have sent its sound,
 Even to the centre of the hosts around ;
 And, as I thought, rose the sonorous swell,
 As from some church tower swings the silvery bell.

Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide
 It glided, easy as a bird may glide ;
 To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
 It played with each wild passion as it went ;
 Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
 And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.

Then did I know what spells of infinite choice,
 To rouse or lull, has the sweet human voice :
 Then did I seem to seize the sudden clue
 To the grand troublous Life Antique—to view
 Under the rock-stand of Demosthenes
 Mutable Athens heave her noisy seas.

PRECOCIOUS GENIUSES.

The musical world is all agog over the performances on the piano of a Spanish child Pepite Rodriguez Ariola. The young musician is three years of age, and, though he has never received a lesson in music, he not only plays like a master but composes as well. Pepite recently exhibited his extraordinary powers before a congress of French psychologists. Instances of genius so precocious are by no means rare, and the actual performances of this living child go far to win belief for former instances of a similar kind which we have been wont to smile at. In the *Introductory Memoir* to his life of Cardinal Mezzofanti, Dr. Russell (an uncle of the late Chief Justice) recounts the wonderful attainments of some youthful prodigies. One of these Jacopo Martino was born at Racuno in the Venetian territory in 1639. Between the age of three and seven he not only acquired a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, but made such proficiency in philosophy that when only eight years of age he maintained a public thesis in Rome. Jacopo died in his ninth year. A somewhat similiar child of genius was John Lewis Candiak, born at Nismes in 1719. This gifted child was able in his third year to speak not only his native French but Latin also. Before he was six years old he spoke with fluency Greek and Hebrew. He was well versed besides in arithmetic, geography, ancient and modern history, and even in the dry and difficult science of numismatics. John Lewis overtaxed his powers and died of water on the brain at the age of seven years. A still more wonderful infant was Christian Henry Heinecken whose attainments might well be deemed beyond belief. This child was born at Lubeck in 1721 and though he died in his fourth year his intellectual qualifications might put to the blush even our post-graduate readers. He was able to speak when only ten months old (of which of our B. A.'s can this be said?). At the ripe age of one year he had learned all the facts in the history of the Pentateuch, and when two months older all the leading facts of the Bible. At two-and-a-half years of age he spoke French and Latin fluently besides his native German. He was presented at the Danish court where he is said to have excited universal astonishment; but on

his return home he fell suddenly sick and soon afterward's died, nor immaturely, for the wisdom of a man, and not grey hairs, is old age. More creditable but quite marvellous withal is the history of John Philip Baratier of whom an interesting memoir is to be found in Johnson's Works (vol. vi. p 368-74). When Baratier was only four years of age he was able to speak Latin, French and German. At six years of age he had added Greek to his stock and at nine he had acquired a thorough knowledge of Hebrew. The soundness of his attainments in this latter language is attested by a lexicon which he published in his eleventh year. He is said to have mastered elementary mathematics in three months and to have qualified himself by thirteen months' study for taking the degree of Doctor of Laws. Baratier was also well versed in architecture, in ancient and modern literature, in antiquities and in numismatics. He translated from the Hebrew Benjamin of Tudela's *Itinerary*, published a detailed and critical account of the Rabbinical Bible, and communicated to several societies elaborate papers on astronomical and mathematical subjects. Baratier died in 1760 at the age of nineteen.

I might add many other instances of precocious genius, but these I hope will suffice to stimulate the ambition of undergraduate readers, and to urge them to rival the achievements above narrated. Many of my readers are debarred from being able to compete with the child who spoke at the age of ten months, as also from entering the lists against those who died at the age of four or seven years; but if these accomplishments are unattainable there is a great deal in the life of John Philip Baratier which is certainly no fictitious one, that my youthful readers might emulate.

M. E.



POOR CHOLLY !

OR, ONE KIND OF WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

The dear boy is going through a soul-disturbing experience ; in a word, these are hard times for Cholly, outside of England proper ; radicalism on the rampage in the United States, and more or less here in this section of Great Britain. Cholly suffers because his element is in matters of aesthetic import ; he is devoted to matters of elegance, grace, beauty, and comfort. He resents the vulgar noise of elections ; he resents being disturbed as he muses over walking sticks, collars, and button-hole embellishments. It seems, indeed, a shame that he should be disturbed in his meditations upon trousers, boots, coats, and waistcoats. These are not days that allow a peaceful sucking of the knob of one's stick. Poor Cholly ! Well may he sigh for the return of peace and pink tea ; he is almost *agitated* over the present vulgar rush and tumble. Why should one lose tranquillity over free silver, expansion, or anti-expansion of realms already too broad for real exclusiveness ? And oh ! the horrid noise right here about prohibition, Yukon deals, and South African contingents ! Why should all this riot invade his perfumed sanctuary ? Ay, and make invidious attacks upon his *mind* ? Poor Cholly has really had to hear that preposterous Mr. Bryan, from the Wild West, spoken of as likely to preside at the social functions of the White House at Washington ! Just fancy the wagons, drawn by long-tailed horses hitched to the rails outside ! Here in Canada things are not quite so alarming ; no matter who is in or out, the *bon ton* of our society revels remains always pitched to the right key, and here one can find comfort within some heavy doors, no matter how things go in the House of Commons. But at Washington ! Ugh ! One can almost enter into Cholly's anxiety. The U.S. Cholly has, indeed, a dismal outlook ; he may well shiver at the prospect. Just think of the gingham umbrellas one may see flourishing on "the Avenue." Somebody may even shoot Cholly ! His very existence is threatened. Yes, it is sad, and why should Cholly be annoyed in this manner ? He would as soon have his collar turned the wrong way, his boots copper-toed, or his name taken off the list of the Four Hundred. Poor Cholly !

JOHN PLAINSTAFF.

University of Ottawa Review.

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HAS IT BEEN PROGRESS?

At the present time a great deal is being written and said about the spread of Catholicity during the present century in the various countries of the world. Naturally Catholicity within the British Empire comes in for its share of attention. Here our religion is supposed to have flourished with most success. Lands that one hundred years ago were uninhabited save by straggling bands of savages have been opened up and settled by English-speaking people (don't inquire, reader, about the fate of the savages); churches and schools have been erected, hierarchies established and nothing needful for the maintenance of the most fervent religious life is lacking. In view of these undeniable facts it is claimed that the Catholic religion has made wonderful progress within the British Empire. If the diffusion of religion over

a wider area means progress, then the claim must be allowed ; if the multiplication of churches and schools and bishops and priests be progress, then likewise must the claim be allowed ; but if an increase of the flock of Christ be necessary for progress, then the sad confession must be made that within the last sixty years, neither in the British Islands nor in the English-speaking portion of the Empire taken as a whole, has the Catholic religion made any progress. In the current number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Mr. Bryan Clinch writes that the Catholic population of the British Islands is now hardly two-thirds what it was some sixty years ago. "England, Ireland, and Scotland then had eight millions of Catholics in a total of twenty-five millions. To day they have five and a half millions in a total of thirty-three million." How many realise that the Catholics of the British Isles, from being one-third of the whole population of those islands some sixty years ago, have decreased until now they are only one-sixth of the population ?

Nor is the loss in the British islands made up by the gain in the colonies. Says the writer already quoted : "Adding in the whole Catholic English-speaking population of Canada, Australia, and all other British colonies, there are now a million fewer Catholics in the Empire than there were when Victoria came to the throne." It is an undoubted fact that large numbers have lost the faith both in England and Scotland in the present century ; in the colonies there has been a greater loss. It is comforting, (and in view of the extravagant talk of religious progress, I may add, *inspiring*) to contemplate the many evidences of our religion scattered over the British Colonies, but it must be born in mind that before there were bishops, or priests, or churches, or schools in those new lands there were Christian souls perishing for want of God's sacraments. Anyone acquainted with the early settlement of the colonies, knows that thousands of souls have been lost to the Church from the lack of religious aid at a critical time, at a time when the severance of ties of home and early association exposed the individual to hitherto unknown dangers

If Catholicity has made some gains it has also sustained losses ; in view of these losses the boast of progress is not warranted. It may, however, be said that the present state of

Catholicity augurs well for the future, and that there is every promise that the coming century will make up for the losses of the waning one.

TASTE FOR READING.

One of the benefits which a student should reap from his college education is a taste for reading. The college graduate may pass from the classic halls of his *Alma Mater* with a wealth of learning duly designated by many capital letters, but if he goes not forth with a decided taste for reading, his education so far as it has gone has been defective. A house is not finished when its foundations are laid; neither does a B.A. place the roof on the edifice of wisdom; it indicates merely that a foundation has been laid. If a superstructure is ever to be reared on this foundation the college graduate must possess a taste for reading. The taste for reading here alluded to is not that mania with which so many otherwise sensible young men are afflicted, which seeks only the sentimental or sensational in literature, and the end of which is not to inform the intellect nor to purify and exalt the imagination, but to ruin the one by superinducing mental atrophy, and to defile the other. The taste for reading which baseems a student is identical with the taste for learning; it seeks its gratification in serious topics, in matters of history and philosophy and religion, in works upon science and art.

It is sad to learn that to-day there is less demand for books on religion and philosophy than there was fifty years ago. Yet if the graduates of our Catholic colleges are to do the work which is waiting to be done, if they are to carry out their mission of leavening with truth the society around them, it is just such works they must read. Nay, more, if they are to preserve the faith intact, if they are not to be deceived by fallacies and sophisms, if they are to stand firm on the rock of truth amid the wild sea of error, they must be firmly grounded in philosophy and in the knowledge of the Christian religion. Let no student then be so foolish, aye so guilty, as to look forward to the end of his course as being a release from further study; rather let every student make his plans for a line of study to be pursued through life.

VARIOUS.

From an article in the *Canadian Magazine* we learn that the largest University library in the Dominion is that of our sister Catholic University, Laval, which possesses 110,000 volumes. Laval's collection of early Canadian historical matter is said to be unrivalled. Toronto University is credited with 60,000 volumes, Queen's 36,000 and Ottawa University, 35,000.

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There is a noticeable tendency among literary Frenchmen of this *fin de siècle* period to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church. The gifted novelist, Paul Bcuget is the latest to follow in the footsteps of François Coppee and M. Brunetière.

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Cardinal Respighi presided recently at the opening in Rome of a Commercial School, wherein the teaching of the English language is to be a prominent feature. The direction of the school is in the hands of the Irish Christian Brothers by whom it has been erected. Father De Mandato, S.J., paid an eloquent tribute to the Christian Brothers and to their native land. He said in part: "The Brothers had come from Ireland, that land so distinguished amongst the nations of the earth for its tenacious adherence to the faith brought to it from Rome by its apostle St. Patrick,—that land whose children are found in all countries as priests and religious spreading the dominion of God's kingdom, or, as members of the flock of Christ, leading to the true fold, by the example of their virtuous and God-fearing lives, their separated brethren amongst whom they live." The inaugural ceremony was attended by many Romans and English-speaking residents of the Eternal City. Among the latter the Irish element naturally predominated.

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Surgical tools have been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. It now appears that the instruments used by the surgeons of the year 79 A.D., are identical with those used by the experts of the present day. The only difference is that the modern tools are nickel-plated, while the old ones are polished steel, with a finish that reveals a workmanship equal to that of the 20th century.

Mr. Gilbert Parker dedicates his book, *The Lane That Had No Turning*, to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In the dedicatory preface these words occur: I have travelled far and wide during the past seventeen years, and though I have seen people as frugal and industrious as the French Canadians, I have never seen frugality and industry associated with so much domestic virtue, so much education and intelligence, and so deep and simple a religious life; nor have I ever seen a priesthood at once so devoted and high-minded in all that concerns the home life of their people as in French Canada."

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Prof. Robert Koch, the famous bacteriologist of Berlin, claims to have discovered means for preventing the spread of malaria in malarial districts.

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Mr. Raphael Dubois read, before the *Académie des Sciences*, a paper in which he describes his experiments with certain bacteria which have the power of emitting light. He cultivates them in a liquid *bouillon* of special composition. The development is rapid, with good microbes. With these, a room may be lighted with a luminosity like that of the full moon. The light has scarcely any calorific effect, and but feeble chemical properties; moreover, it may last six months.

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Plans have been adopted by the Rapid Transit Board for the extension of the New York tunnel from its present terminus at City Hall Park to Bowling Green, and thence, by way of Whitehall street, to the East River; then, crossing beneath the river, to the City Hall in Brooklyn; from that place to Flatbush and Atlantic avenues. The length of the Brooklyn extension is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It will take about eight minutes to make the trip from one city hall to the other.

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Near the mines of hard coal, great heaps of anthracite culm—very finely divided coal—accumulate year after year. The market value of this culm is not sufficiently high to cover transportation charges, and the mine owners would gladly see it removed without asking any compensation. An enterprising manufacturer could,

with this material, produce water-gas—a mixture of hydrogen and carbon monoxide, both excellent fuels—and transmit the same through pipes to distant cities, at a handsome profit.

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Sir W. Preece stated, at a recent meeting of the British Association, at Bradford, that he had succeeded in transmitting articulate speech to a distance of three miles without the assistance of connecting wires. Wireless telephony seems, then, to be an accomplished fact.



Notices of Books.

ART OF STUDY : By B. A. Hindsdale.

THE CHARMIDES, LACHES AND LYSIS OF PLATO : By Barker Newhall, Ph.D.

ELEMENTS OF SPOKEN FRENCH : By M. N. Kuhn.

American Book Co., New York.

The matter of the *Art of Study* has been prepared primarily for the use of teachers but from it the general reader may gain stimulus and inspiration for study and a knowledge of the art itself. At the outset, it should be mentioned that the reader who opens this work with the hope of finding new theories advanced, or the splendid pile of old and accepted truths on education ruthlessly destroyed, or vast new systems proposed, is doomed to disappointment. With judicious wisdom the author has followed out the admitted principles of great authorities in the plan and exposition of the aims and objects of this art. Necessarily this work has entered into the domain of Psychology and while exception may be taken to some of his conclusions and definitions in this science it must be admitted that the author has kept well to his subject. Every topic is treated in a logical, thorough manner, evincing a comprehensive knowledge of the Art and a keen grasp of the difficulties which beset the student's path of knowledge from the primary school to the University. The subjects discussed are relieved by quotations from authorities whose dicta are generally

accepted by the teaching profession. One feature of the work can not merit our approval. In fact regret must be expressed that the author has so far forgotten the importance of religion as to totally ignore its influence on the child-mind. It is disregarded and is not a factor in education ; or if it is, it has a minimum value and does not deserve our consideration. With such a teacher the pupil would centre his thoughts on the passing shadows of the world as objects of knowledge while the higher spiritual life must remain unknown. This is contrary to the best interests of the child and our teachers must interest themselves in the moral development as well as the intellectual development of their pupils. Assuredly so, for religion and education must go hand-in-hand. The importance of the work centres on those valuable chapters which treat of Attention and Thoroughness. Every phase of these important topics is discussed with a breadth of power, directness in plan and an exercise of sound judgment which can only be obtained by a thorough, practical knowledge of the matter. The remedies for the evils resulting from lack of attention and inefficiency are such as will commend themselves to every earnest teacher and student. Many other features tend to emphasize its importance and value in the field it so well covers.

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With pleasure mingled with an apprehension of evil (for thoughts of past conflicts with Greek texts came rushing upon us) we opened this volume of Plato but soon any fear of evil vanished, for the eye glanced upon a volume in which are garnered three treasures from the master representative of Attic prose. Of these dialogues, the Charmides deservedly receives extended treatment, Laches is intended for more complete study while Lysis is inserted as most suitable for sight reading. These are preceded by a comprehensive well-planned introduction which embraces a short sketch of Plato and a critical analysis of the arguments pursued in the three dialogues. Among other features which will commend this volume of Plato to the student are its convenient form, clear open type and full ideas which make it attractive either for the class room or library.

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We learn from the preface of "Elements of Spoken French,"

that it is one of a series of text books which aim at completing the unfinished work of the readers and grammars now used by teachers and students of modern languages. That it is inefficient and incomplete for beginners must be affirmed but for advanced students it is an excellent work. A method of improving the reader's French pronunciation is given by the insertion of a progressive study of sounds while a carefully selected vocabulary also finds its place in this volume. To the busy student who wishes to return to his study of French this work is recommended for it is carefully graded, eminently practical, giving essential rules only and these in concise form.

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DETAILED REPORT OF THE INSPECTOR OF INSURANCE AND REGISTRAR OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES. Toronto · L. F. Cameron, Printer to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

The nature of this volume of statistical lore is disclosed in its title. The utility of works of this kind is beyond question. "In no other way than by statistical investigation can we know accurately the condition of the social body,—whether it be its political, its economic, or its religious conditions that is the object of our solicitude." This report shows that there are no fewer than ninety-one Friendly Societies registered by the province of Ontario for the transaction of Insurance therein. The membership of the various societies is not given in every case; this is a drawback which might be supplied in subsequent Reports. The Sons of England number 10,236 in Ontario; the smallest membership of any society is that of the German Benevolent Society which amounts to only twenty-five. We looked in vain for the membership of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and that of some other Catholic societies. For information withheld by any society the printer of course is not to blame.

Books Received.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD AND OTHER WAYS. By Katherine E. Conway. Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING. By Gilbert Parker. Geo. N. Morang & Co., Toronto, Ont.

JOURNALISTIC GERMAN. Edited by August Prehn, Ph. D. American Book Co., New York.

Among the Magazines.

The November number of *Donahoe's* maintains the usual high standard of that magazine. In the leader, *Boston of Other Days*, the slurs cast on the Irish race in *Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston*, a recent volume by one Mr. Drake, are vigorously resented and are countervailed by a description of the remarkable progress made by the Irish in the New England metropolis. Rev. John Talbot Smith in a paper entitled *The Indirect Increase of Wages*, suggests a plan whereby every patriotic citizen can contribute to the solution of the puzzling labor question. Under the title of *An Illustrious Irishman* a succinct but deeply interesting character sketch of the much lamented Lord Russell is given. *The Sunday Side of School* by Rev. L. W. Mulhane makes a protest against the introduction into our Catholic schools of the neoteric fads that are perverting education in the public schools. The fiction of this issue is of unusual excellence. *Borrowed from the Night* is proving to be one of the most taking stories published this year. *The Daring of the Day* narrates a sweetly pathetic incident of the Irish Rebellion of '98.

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Scribner's for November opens with the second number in Henry Norman's series of articles on Russia, that mighty empire of which the world at large knows too little. In *A Little Gossip*, Rebecca Harding Davis reveals a few phases of the home life of Hawthorne. One of the most notable features of the issue before us is the great number and high quality of its illustrations.

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In view of the recent strike in the coal regions Fr. Ryan's essay, *A Country without Strikes*, which is the opening article of the *Catholic World* for November, will prove very interesting reading. One of the most perplexing problems of our age is the labour question. The working-men are undoubtedly the most conservative of our population, and they submit to abuses until endurance is no longer possible. The only remedial measure they may then employ is the strike. But strikes are a bitter curse.

Hence there is need of some proper means of settling the grievances of the workingman, a means that will also respect the rights of the employer. This means Fr. Ryan shows us to be the law of compulsory arbitration, which has had such a satisfactory trial in New Zealand. In the same number the striking contrast between the ephemeral, fluctuating doctrines of Protestantism and the unchangeable, everlasting teachings of Catholicity are forcibly brought out by the Right Rev. Mgr. Campbell's paper, *The Catacombs were of Christian Origin*. Anna Blanche McGill in *The Possibilities of the Pan-American Exposition*, demonstrates how the coming exposition will aid in bringing the American countries into closer association whence shall accrue immense advantages to both halves of the western hemisphere. Dr. J. J. Walsh contributes a paper narrating the Passion Play of Oberammergau and also describing the simple, pious character of the peasantry that so religiously present it. The other articles of the magazine that offer very readable matter are *Old Spiritual Writers* and *Spiritual Element in Art*.

* * *

The Canadian Magazine for November contains some interesting pages, and especially so those devoted to a paper entitled *A Visit to a Round-Up*. The *Story of Eight General Elections* is not an uninteresting epitome of the history of Dominion politics. The writer of *Book Reviews* seems to be very mild in his criticism of the latest, filthiest and most sacrilegious production of the unfortunate Marie Corelli. The tremendous sale of *The Master Christian* he attributes, and perhaps wisely, to the greed of the populace for all that is defamatory and insulting to the Church of Rome. Despite the fact that the book is an attack on the Catholic Church, we believe that it will actually give an impetus to the Catholic movement, for the story is one that will give any sensible reader a nausea for Corelli and her ilk.

* * *

With the November number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* Miss E. Lummis concludes her edifying sketch, *A Nineteenth Century Apostle*. Under the theme, *A Model American Pilgrimage*, an article is contributed which shows that even within an atmosphere which is often said to be charged with so much irreligion,

Catholics have not abandoned the good old customs of exterior worship. *Jansenism in the Seventeenth Century* will afford instructive matter for students.

* * *

Current History for October presents a succinct and accurate history of the events of the preceding month. The Oriental Crisis is treated with great lucidity. Canadian and United States politics receive unbiased consideration. The student of Physics will find interest in the description of the recently invented device for multiplex telephony. On the whole, the number offers a trustworthy summary of the significant events of the month which cannot be obtained from newspapers.

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The Rosary Magazine for November is full of interesting reading. Its leading paper, *Scodra Under the Crescent* recounts the sufferings that the Christians of Albania endure at the hands of their Mahometan rulers. Admirers of Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier will find pleasure in the sketch of her life written by J. Gertrude Menard. The other articles of the issue are very readable.

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The Cosmopolitan for November contains a paper, *Thebes : Her Ruins and Her Memories*, which is replete with archæological and historical interest. Among the other articles, *What Communities Lose by the Competitive System*, is particularly noteworthy.

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The Gael for October offers a series of papers that will prove highly entertaining and instructive not only to Irishmen but also to readers of all nationalities. Most prominent among the contents are *Witty Sayings I Have Heard*, by Justin McCarthy, *In the By-Ways of Rural Ireland* by Michael MacDonah, and *The Irish Stage* by Geraldine M. Haverty. We are apprised in this number of the lamentable fact that *The Gael* is not meeting with success. This seems incomprehensible to us, for we know of no other periodical more deserving of the patronage of all intelligent readers of Celtic origin.

Exchanges

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the heap of exchanges on our table is their variety, not only in size, design, and appearance, but also as regards their contents. Lovers of almost any kind of magazine can here have their choice. The thoughtful reader who appreciates a well-written, serious essay, whether of a philosophical, literary, or scientific nature, can have his pick of a dozen sober-looking papers, filled with articles of more or less merit, on such subjects as "The Ethics of Aristotle," "Shakespeare's Versatility," or "The Palæozoic Age." Or is your taste for light reading, fiction? Here is another kind containing the latest effusions of the highly-colored romantic undergraduate imagination. There are a few of them very good, but in truth they are for the most part conventional and insipid in action, crude and careless in treatment. These are the chief types of the college magazine, although there are a great many which keep a middle course between them by varying their contents in different ways.

* * *

The question as to which kind possesses the greatest merits leads us in turn to inquire, "What is the ideal college paper?" It is a matter which has been discussed recently in several exchanges. Some consider that the chief function of a college paper is the cultivation of a literary taste. Not so the Trinity University *Review*, whose editor claims that the principal aim should be to interest the student body and the alumni, who form the greater portion of its readers. This purpose, he adds, is not attained by publishing "articles pretending to literary excellence," which very few care to read. This opinion seems to be shared by the ex-man, of the Notre Dame *Scholastic*, who admits that his ideal college paper is closely approached by such magazines as the *Michigan Wrinkle*, *Princeton Tiger*, and the *Red and Blue*. His reason is that "they deal with no abstruse metaphysical problems, nor enter into Horatian or Shakespearian discussions, but reflect the life about them in an amiable way, in a superficial manner, lightly and humorously." We can claim acquaintance with only

the last named of the above journals, but if it is a sample of the others we venture to disagree with our *confrère*. We acknowledge that the "Universal Anecdote" in the *Red and Blue* is an original bit of humorous work quite clever in its way, but outside of it there is nothing in the paper except a few local items to interest anyone. In our opinion the superficial journals are every bit as dull and uninteresting as those of the other extreme, which deal in none but deep, heavy subjects.

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It also occurs to us that the *Scholastic* man is rather too modest, for his own paper is about the best of our exchanges, and is certainly superior in every way to those which he admires. The management does not believe in banishing literary articles from its pages altogether, but publishes every week two or three very readable essays and short stories from the pens of students. The essays are as a rule neither too deep nor too long, and upon topics of general interest—no "metaphysical problems or Horatian discussions,"—while the stories are bright and original. We feel sure that most critics will agree with us in preferring the *Scholastic* or any similarly conducted magazine to the one which sees no good in literary contributions, tries to be interesting, and—is not. Since we do not wish to digress here into a full discussion of the "ideal" question, we may state in short our belief that a college paper can be made interesting to alumni as well as students, while exercising the nobler function of assisting the latter in their literary development.

* * *

The Amherst *Literary* injures its reputation by the publication of "Dub's Story." The writer shows his total ignorance of Catholic matters by turning a love-lorn art student into a Carmelite priest within little more than a year. Furthermore, he takes occasion to repeat the worn-out, oft-refuted calumny that confessors receive money from their penitents. But leaving aside this one blotch, the *Literary* is as good as ever. A bright, clever sketch of the college day-dreamer will appeal to nearly all students, for who has not indulged at some time or other in the pleasant task of building air-castles? The reader smiles, perhaps, at the

recollection of a memorable day when he fell a victim to the spell, either willingly or despite his efforts, and wandered into a land of charming visions, far from the dreary present of an Astronomy class. "If you did, at precisely that moment you were suddenly recalled to this life by the voice of the professor: 'Mr. ———, what is your opinion on the subject?' * * * * You turn and gaze at him with a half imbecile expression on your face, and pray more earnestly than you ever prayed before in your life that the earth may open and swallow you up." The outline of the dreamer's ideal future, decked in all the roseate hues of youthful hope, holds quite true of the average boy's ambitions. His visions of greatness and success are scarcely ever dimmed with fears of failure. The hours of his day-dreams are truly the happiest in the joyous days of youth. Only he is satisfied in realizing who does not know what it is to anticipate. And, as the writer concludes, "the people who never dream miss half the joys of life." Equally as good as this article is another which denounces in a humorously sarcastic strain, "The Hygienic Mania." It is a common-sense view of the matter of self-preservation, perhaps a trifle exaggerated, but not as much so as the ideas which it ridicules. One of the unhappy results of our advanced civilization is "this mania for things antiseptic, sterilized, sanitary, pre-digested, and deodorized." There is something worth considering in the argument that "the mind inoculates oftener than germs," and that the best means of preserving health and vigor is to take less of the modern hygienic remedies and more bracing, fresh air.



Athletics.

Rugby at Ottawa University for the season of 1900 is ended. Not as Championship colors do the Garnet and Grey triumphantly wave, 'tis true, nevertheless we deny that they have been furled in disgrace. Furled they are, and well that is; otherwise they might be torn in shreds by the gales of unjust criticism that sweep hissing by. Admirers of the Garnet and Grey, and loyal sons of Ottawa University to you all, we, the students of the University have no apology to make. Nor have you any reasons to repress the feelings of admiration that you have evinced during what seemed the palmy days of the O.U.A.A. We feel proud of our past glories but we feel prouder to-day of the fact that we have shown other sporting organizations that the O.U.A.A. can take a defeat in the same spirit that it can a victory. This cannot be said of every organization. There are some with whom it has become so habitual to criticise and to find fault, that even in the hour of victory they must manifest the same spirit. If we have lost the championship which for five consecutive years has been ours, we have not played without reaping some

benefit, The football season just over has been successful in developing material for future seasons. and this is evident when it is known that twenty-nine players were enlisted in the ranks of championship games this season. These changes, although detrimental to teamwork, could not be avoided. It was only in the final that the much desired union of play was put into effect when we practically defeated the present champions of Quebec, the same team that at the beginning of the season had defeated us by a score of 45 to 0. In conclusion, we desire to state, that never before have there been such bright prospects for the future success of the Garnet and Grey.

* * *

A meeting of the executive council of the Quebec Rugby Union was held in the M.A.A.A. Club rooms in Montreal, on October 29th. In the absence of President Savage, Mr. T. G. Morin, as 1st Vice-President of the Union, occupied the chair. At this meeting Mr. Clancy was appointed referee for the Brockville-Montreal match that took place on Nov. 3rd. Mr. Clancy proved himself to be the "King" of referees as on other occasions he has shown himself the "King" of players in Canadian Rugby.

Of Local Interest.

Our gymnasium has been thoroughly refitted and is now in very good condition. The many new appliances which have been added are the best that could be obtained, and that the students appreciate what has been done for them is evidenced by the large numbers who go there daily for exercise. A professor of gymnastics and calisthenics has also been secured, and up to the present the classes are making great progress.

* * *

The Scientific Society has re-organized for the coming term under the following management: Pres., M. E. Conway, '01; Vice-Pres., W. A. Martin, '02; Sec., J. R. O'Gorman, '01; Treas., J. F. Hanley, '04; Reporter, J. T. Warnock, '01; Committee, J. E. McGlade, '01, J. Gookin, '02, J. O'Dowd, '03, J. J. O'Gorman, '04. The success which has thus far attended the efforts of the society give the members a foundation upon which to base their hopes for even a more brilliant future. All should make it a point of duty to attend each of the semi-monthly lectures.

His Excellency Mgr. Falconio has returned from his visit to the Pacific Coast. The wonderful progress which the Church has made in the far west and the great prosperity which was also to be seen on every side, combined to make His Excellency very much pleased with his trip.

* * *

Rev. J. M. Foley, '97, who was recently ordained, celebrated Mass in the University chapel on the 19th inst. The students attended in a body and later on tendered their reverend alumnus a reception in the Study-hall. A neat address was read by Mr. J. E. McGlade, '01, to which Father Foley fittingly responded, and as he left a rousing Varsity was given, and many were the hopes expressed for his future successes in the sacred ministry.

* * *

It has almost become an annual occurrence for the members of the different classes to have an outing to behold in nature what has already been seen in the text-book. In accordance with this practice, on Oct. 24th, the members of the

Geology class were treated to an excursion to Hogsback by the professor, Rev. Father La-jeunesse. Of course this entailed a little walking, however, the way was made pleasant by the witty remarks of the members, especially the dialogue between our German commander from across the way and our mutual friend who hails from the State of New York. At Hogsback everything of a geological aspect was carefully examined, some of the members even examining the neighboring orchard. All observations having been noted down and, as time permitted, a visit to the Experimental Farm was next in order. On the way thither, some of the members who had become a little exhausted by the tramp would certainly have liked to have had a ride, but were told in a very effective manner by a tiller of the soil that they would be obliged to walk, as he would take no *fo King*. Through the kindness of Mr. A. Charron the students were taken through the Farm's chemical laboratory where everyone was treated to a glass of sparkling H_2O , nothing stronger. The other buildings were then examined, much to the delight of the

scientists. The department where the oxen are kept seemed to be the favorite. These animals let the visitors know in their own mild (?) way however that they were not fit subjects for experiments. As the hour was now growing late the return home was the next order given, which was duly carried out. At table that night sat the Geology class with an appetite that demanded justice to be done to the good things which constitute a college supper.

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On the 17th inst. Messrs. J. E. McGlade and I. T. Warnock, representing the Scientific Society, journeyed to Buckingham to present to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron a slight token of gratitude for the kindness shown the members of the Society on their memorable outing of May, 1900. The souvenir presented was an album containing the photo of all the members and young ladies who were present at the banquet which the Cameron family tendered the scientists. The boys are pleased to know that their remembrance, though trivial, was very highly appreciated by Mr. and Mrs. Cameron.

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It is whispered in professional

circles that the learned gentleman from the Island intends to commence, in the near future, an extended course of lectures on such pertinent questions as "Woman Suffrage" and "Short Courtships." We have it on good authority that the lecturer is in communication with Susan B. Anthony and Teddy Roosevelt. Hence we may expect something very spicy and perhaps something *stale(y)*.

Lost — On or about the 12th inst, a boy answering to the name of Mac—dn—ll. He is about five feet six inches tall, of a fair complexion, and when last seen was wearing J. K—ng's clothes. It is believed he strayed in the direction of the Rideau River. Those giving information of his whereabouts will be amply rewarded by both the Third Team and the Silent Three.

The Review ^{now} finds its way regularly into Osgoode street. We wonder if the name attracts it. Perhaps Mr. C—n—y could enlighten us.

The delegates of the Scientific Society say that there's no place like Buckingham and no people like the Camerons and their friends.

"Hey there, McGl—de! Will you come till we finish this dance?"

* *

F-L-Y.—"Say, 'Gibby,' your Raglan's a perfect convulsion."

"GIBBY" (exasperated) "How's that?"

F-L-Y.—"Because it's a perfect fit." [Ex.]

* *

Riding home on a box-car is had enough, but it's nothing to coming from Montreal at 2 a.m. to find your bed gone and be compelled to *camp* out on the floor:

* *

They say that "Dic" has abandoned the idea of ever finding anything in his lower-left-hand-vest-pocket.

* *

How was it that McGl—de did not prevent his cover from making a touch-down? That was an awful *slip* Jim.

* *

PROF — "Why couldn't you go through that wall, Mr. V—q—t?"

"RIC."—"Because I haven't enough density, Father."

PROF. — "O, yes! V—q—t, you're *dense* enough."

Sappho's new mode of addressing a letter,—

TO MY DEAR MOTHER,
BUCKINGHAM,
QUE.

* * *
"Dic" must have been *pant-*
ing for notoriety when he asked
the Prefect to let him take down

* * *
The time of *osculating* (?) depends upon the length of the pendulum.

* * *
Who stole M—g—n's lunch?
Where's his blank Association ticket?

* * *
"HIT ME AGAIN." — Mr. M—n—y.

A POPULAR CANDY—DONOVAN Drops.

UP THE STUMP.—M. E. C.
A BAD HABIT.—"Bobbie's" old coat.
A SLIM FISH.—"Shad."
A SUITOR.—A Taylor.
A PORK DESTROYER—Linch.
ALWAYS ON THE BAWL.—The rag-man.

* * *
Gently he puffed at his worn out pipe,
While he sat contented a picturesque sight,
But tug and pull as best he might,
The "tobac" in the pipe refused to light.
Then some kind-hearted innocent gent
Stepped up to our Angus, on charity bent,
And kindly told him his pipe to clean,
But his only reply with a troubled mien
Was a "silent curse."



Priorum Tempcrum Flores

E. P. Gleeson '98, is receiving great praise in the Toronto papers for his work at centre half on the Argonauts. "Eddie" is in his last year at Osgoode Hall.

* * *
John J. McMahon, who was here in '95, has returned to San Francisco from the Phillipines. In a letter to a College friend John states that he suffered

many hardships in the war. He is now in the U.S. Hospital in San Francisco.

* * *
Some changes were made in this diocese during the past month by which Rev. Father Cavanagh '93 goes from Metcalfe to St. Malachi; Rev. Father Newman, '93 from the curacy of St. Bridget's, Ottawa, to Metcalfe; and Rev. Father

Gagnon, '96, Secretary to Archbishop Duhamel, becomes curate at St. Bridget's.

* *

Rev. J. M. Foley, '97 was ordained to the priesthood at Crysler, on Sunday Nov. 11th,

by Bishop Macdonell of Cornwall. Father Foley is the first member of the class of '97 to attain the dignity of the Sacerdotal state. The REVIEW wishes him many long years of faithful service in the vineyard of the Lord.



Junior Department,

Owing to certain unforeseen (and unforeseeable) circumstances the members of the Holy Angels Sodality were unable to assemble every week during the month of October. They met, however, twice, and on one occasion had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Dr. O'Boyle deliver a short instruction on the Saints. The members of the Sodality sincerely hope to have the pleasure of soon hearing again the same eloquent and learned preacher.

* *

The Juniors wish to express their thanks to the bursar, Rev. Father Martin, for the improvements introduced into the gymnasium. The changes will have the result of lessening the number of applicants for admission into the infirmary. The fly-pole

in the small yard is also much appreciated by the Juniors.

* *

The Juniors deserve the congratulations of the entire community for the manner in which they have upheld their colors during the football season just over. With only one defeat their record has been unprecedented in the history of the small yard; never before have the small boys played so many games with so many victories to their credit. Nor can it be said that the opponents of the past season were weaker than those of former years. Some of the opposing heavyweights of the big yard and of the Junicrate are living witnesses to the untruthfulness of this assertion. To downright hard practice and to the combined efforts of the team are due the

success of the small boys.

The following is the order of games as played on the Varsity Oval :

Oct. 5.	Juniors	18;	Emeralds	0
" 12.	"	12;	Juniorate	4
" 17.	"	3;	IV Seniors	4
" 27.	"	4;	Juniorate	1

The following composed the Junior team in each of the above-named games :

Full, Charbonneau ; halves, W. McGee, W. Bawlt, H. Giguard ; quarter, A. Groulx ; scrimmage, G. Verreault, Thibault, "King" Sloan ; wings, H. Dion, G. Leonard, O. Cloutier, Ov. Lapointe, A. Carrier, J. Freeland, R. Slattery.

This team has now but one ambition—to beat the Senior Fourth team. As both teams have each won a game, a settlement of superiority must be made as soon as possible.

* * *

Communications for the Junior Editor must find their way to our headquarters, Dark Room, lower floor, next to the furnaces. Understand, Philips ?

* * *

During the past month the Junior Editor received an unusual number of friendly letters from his fellow students. He regrets that he is unable to pub-

lish all of them. Two of them must see the light ; it would be treason to withhold them. Here they are with all their unnameable beauties of style and orthography.

"DEAR JUNIOR EDITOR" :

"Let me give a recit of the election. Lorier is the chief of the Canada. He has been elected by 57 majority into all the country and into his country with 2500 votes. Lorier is a very man. He make much for his country. There is had into Ontario majority 35 liberals ; opposite 60 conservative. New Brunswick 9 lib. opp. 5 con. Quebec, that a fine place, 57 lib. opp. 7 con.

Sir Tupper he have taken the running away yesterday night. The Conservatives say Lorier his thief, but they say not trae. He would come see me, and I shall say him my thought. The Conservatives have not need speaking. They make a bridge in town from Quebec who is evaluated to \$5000 and they have ask \$50000. Where are going \$45000 ? The Conservatives say, I don't known. But the liberals saw well. I am for Lorier ; Ora for Lorier !"

The second letter is non-political, and we publish it therefore without any of that trepida

tion which we felt in committing the above campaign document to the printer.

" DEAR JUNIOR EDITOR,

" The first day wen I was in there, I came in at Chrs., and I take my supper after I been around in the town. I stop at c. p. r. car home for sent a telegraph at my Father that I was return at the college university of Ottawa. And after went don to ridean st. I stop at one store and I bought 1 doz pins, 2 hats some pieces soap and after went don to the college University of Ottawa. The man give me the place for sleep and after said my prayer and I go to the bed and I dream in night that I was in transvaal. I was a soldier. They killed me, I kill them. I fight all night like that. And the morning get up I fix my bed and wash me, and went to the mass at 7 hrs. Before the mass

we have to study 6 hrs $\frac{1}{4}$ before seven. The breakfast is after the mass at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. The day next we took our place in our grade. I am at second grade. Only one thing is hard for me, his English language is good thing. We have good master. Well that all I can say you for today. Go bye."

Put away the football, make ready the skating-rink, and organize the hockey team. The Juniors must maintain through the winter the pre-eminence in athletics which they won in the Fall.

The Junior Editor had many other things to say, but having just dipped his pen into the mucilage bottle, it (*i.e.*, the pen, not the bottle) refuses to perform any further service, and we are obliged to succumb to an adverse fate.

HONOR LIST FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

First Grade—1st, Harry Casey, 2nd, Willie Baril, 3rd, Raoul Belanger, 4th, Fernand Hamel.

Second Grade, Div. A—1st, Ludger Bourque, 2nd, Emile Poissant, 3rd, Gerald Kirwan, 4th, Raymond Routhier.

Second Grade, Div. B—1st, Louis P. Levesque and John Walsh, (ex equo) 2nd, Joseph Casey, 3rd, Utric Boucher, 4th, Edgar Berlinguette.

Third Grade, Div. A—1st, Abraham St. Pierre, 2nd, Hervey Gaudette, 3rd, Gilbert Gaudry, 4th, Joseph A. Fortin.

Third Grade, Div. B—1st, Percy Hodson, 2nd, Bernard Hodson, 3rd, M. J. Morris, 4th, Joseph Ranger.

Grading Class—1st, Eugene Seguin, 2nd, René Lapointe, 3rd, Wilfrid Leonard, 4th, Albert Chamberland.