



HIS EXCELLENCY, MGR. SBARRETTI.

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The Apostolic Delegate.



SHORTLY after the departure of Mgr. Falconio for Washington, his successor Mgr. Donato Sbarretti telegraphed His Grace of Ottawa, Archbishop Duhamel, his intention to leave for the Canadian capital as soon as the Papal letters confirming his appointment reached him. At length came the news that the new delegate would arrive Saturday January 3rd in Ottawa. His Excellency, was received at the Central depot by Archbishop Du-

hamel who was accompanied by Vicar-General Routhier, by Very. Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D., Rector of the University, by representatives of the diocesan clergy and of the religious orders. There were also present a large delegation of the citizens headed by Mayor Cook, Hon. R. W. Scott, Hon. F. R. Latchford, cabinet ministers, and Prof. Stockley, M. A., of the University. The Delegate presented a remarkably youthful appearance as he alighted from the train; indeed he is in prime of manhood being in the forty-fifth year of his age. Archbishop Duhamel was the first to greet His Excellency and then came the clergy and others, all of whom knelt and kissed the Delegate's ring. Mgr. Sbarretti was driven to the palace to be the guest for a few days of the Archbishop.

On Sunday evening, January 4th, the official reception of the new Delegate took place at the Basilica. The edifice was thronged with people of all denominations eager to get a glimpse of the new dignitary. The cathedral appeared in all its splendor of decoration and electric light. At 7-30 P. M. to the strains of the triumphal march, the procession for the solemn entry was formed, the altar boys coming first then the seminarists, the clergy of the city, the Cathedral Chapter, the Archbishop and his attendants. Last of all was the Apostolic Delegate with his attendants: as he entered the sanctuary, the choir struck up the "Ecce Sacerdos." The ceremonies usual to such occasions having been concluded, the Delegate pronounced the Papal Benediction, the first given by him in Canada. After Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, His Excellency, robed in golden vestments with mitre and crosier in hand, advanced to the railing of the sanctuary where Archbishop Duhamel, speaking in French and English on behalf of both clergy and laity, extended him a most hearty welcome. "The Delegate," he said among other things "comes into the midst of us, the representative of the illustrious Pope who governs the Church. He comes in the name of the one who is the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth and who speaks in the name of the Saviour. The Sovereign Pontiff appoints delegates, to represent him all over the globe; they speak in his name to his children. Their utterances are productive of much good everywhere and contribute effectively to the solution of those questions that perplex the holders of temporal power on earth. The Holy Father transmits his authority to these, his representatives, who go and remind us how true peace and prosperity can never be obtained without the Catholic Church."

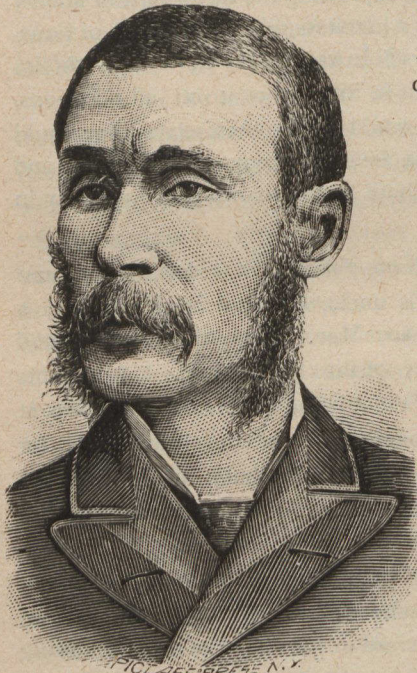
His Excellency replied also in French and English. He first thanked the Archbishop of Ottawa, his clergy and flock for the marks of profound esteem given by them to the representative of the Holy See. The present demonstration he regarded as a proof of the devotion and attachment existing in the diocese and throughout the whole of Canada for the Holy See and for our Holy Mother the Church. It was consoling to be able to count on such devotion and fidelity amidst the contra-

ditions and dissensions that divide the world to-day. He looked upon the faithful gathered before him as representing the whole Dominion and on their devotion and fidelity as expressing the devotion and fidelity of the Catholics of Canada. It was a manifest proof of the faith of Canadian people and an example to the whole world. He exhorted Catholics to profess their faith, to be proud of it, to practice it on all occasions, for by holding a living faith, they would better themselves, they would also promote the well-being of Catholicity, of country, of society, and in doing so, would certainly contribute to the up-lifting of humanity in general.

Mgr. Sbarretti was born at Monte Franco, in Central Italy, and comes of an illustrious family. His uncle, Cardinal Sbarretti, died a few years ago. When a young man, Mgr. Sbarretti was appointed professor of ethics in the University of the Propaganda: his students are now all over the world some of them being in Canada. He was at the same time secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda for American affairs and later on discharged similar duties in regard to the Oriental affairs of the Church. On account of his erudition and increased legal attainments as well as his fitness otherwise, he was appointed consultor to the Apostolic delegation at Washington shortly after its institution and in that capacity aided both Mgr. Satolli and Mgr. Martinelli. At a critical juncture in the affairs of Cuba following the Spanish war, he was selected by the Holy Father as Bishop of Havana. It was a position hedged around with difficulties but Bishop Sbarretti extricated himself with admirable success. He worked in conjunction with Governor-General Wood and adjusted most satisfactorily the new conditions of the Church to the government of the island. He was Bishop of Havana for twenty months and soon conciliated in the affection and esteem of all classes. Returning to Washington he was named by the Holy See, titular Archbishop of Ephesus. On the transfer of Mgr. Falconio, he was chosen to succeed as Apostolic Delegate to Canada.



The Rhodes' Scholarships



G. R. Parkin, L L. D., C. M. G.
Commissioner for Rhodes' Scholarships

MR. Cecil Rhodes, of South Africa, as he may be described, was an Englishman, son of a clergyman, who began life in a simple way and who died very rich.

It is needless here to raise round his name the questions and the quarrels, the fierce agitation which to-day are heard of, far and wide, as to the relations, between poverty on the one hand, and on the other such an amassing of enormous wealth.

Anyway, Mr. Rhodes, an Oxford man, determined, in dying, to do something wonderful in our day, something which recalls the great foundations of that Oxford under Catholic magnificence; a modern Wolsey, as it were; the modern man of

energy, of great plans, of sympathy with those seeking learning, of splendid institutions, of aggrandizing thereby a nation, an empire, a race.

Mr. Rhodes, in his detachment from Christianity, resembled his pious founders in this at least, that he could say: "I have a great admiration for the Roman Catholic Church; it is in my opinion the one logical religion in the world." He added, as to some of its later champions: "Do you know any Jesuits? I have met many of them in Rhodesia, and I have so great a respect and so keen an admiration for them, as a body, that I take off my hat to them each and all. It is not

so much what they do or what they say, it is what they *are* that has impressed me so deeply."

Each of these scholarships of this pioneer of new foundations (as he may well be) is worth \$1500 a year. They are held for three years. They are offered in the British dominions, in the United States, and in Germany.

In Canada eight are to be given. Therefore, there will be in future 24, of our young men at various Oxford colleges. By the will, these strangers to England are not to congregate at one particular college, not even at old 13th century Oriel, Rhodæ's own college—and Newman's—the which, however, benefits by her rich son's will, in a special manner, receiving a large sum for building and for showing herself to the High street (still one of the most beautiful of the ways trodden by man) from which unsuitable lanes and houses now hide the Oriel of Dante's century.

Three questions have been discussed as to these scholarships in Canada. They were before a meeting in Toronto lately, presided over by Dr. Parkin, (who is the world's general manager of this scheme for education) and attended by representatives from Ontario universities. The Rector represented Ottawa.

The three questions were :

1. How the scholarships were to be given ?
2. By whom to be given ?
3. And to whom ?

As to the first, the following proposal were made :

(a) To give the eight as open scholarships common to the whole Dominion ; free chance and no favour, without consideration for population of such and such province, and without any boundary. But the permanent board of examiners here involved was thought to be an objection : jealousies, too, and recriminations would, it was thought, result. Hence, this proposal was—*rejected*.

(b) To give them by population. But ; firstly, it was noted how population is shifting in such a country as Canada ; and secondly, the founder had not considered population in the United States ; giving

two scholarships to Rhode Island with half a million of inhabitants, and two to New York with seven millions.—*Rejected.*

(c) To give one scholarship to each of the seven Canadian Provinces and one to the North West Territories.—*Adopted.*

As to the second question—by whom the scholarships were to be awarded—the decision was, by the universities in rotation, according to the number of matriculated male students in actual attendance.

However, the Oxford claims and requirements are to be clearly laid down and specially published.

The Ontario resolutions, with others, are to be presented to the trustees in London, with Dr. Parkin's report and recommendations thereon. Canada certainly will not fail to have every good thing said for her sons who may hope to strike out in this new way opened to their excellence. For their spokesman, Dr. Parkin, is, as is well known, a Canadian and an enthusiastic one, if also an imperialist—witness his books, *Round the Empire, Imperial Federation, The Great Dominion*. Born in New Brunswick, he went to the state university of his native province, and thence to Oxford. He became an intimate friend of Thring, the famous head master of Uppingham school, whose life has been written by the present 'Rhodes manager,' himself for years at the head of the collegiate school in Fredericton. Thring, too, was an enthusiast, with never failing efforts to stir up others to reality in work and life. His Canadian confrère succeeded certainly, with many, in making them, what Lowell thanked heaven Emerson made him and other young Harvard men, that is, *fools*: so people called them, because they admired and hoped and had youthful scorn for "miserable aims that end in self." Not long since, by the way, in M. Martin's *conférence*, we have heard how that many Frenchmen, young and old, are ready—and cheerful—to bear their reproach as *des fous*. "O dreamer of the nations": about whom none may despair.

As to the third—to whom?—the scholars from Ontario must be between 21 and 25; they must have reached at least third year standing from matriculation in their Canadian college: and that must mean something equal to the standard of responsions at Oxford.

Most of the colleges there reserve to themselves the right of examining the Rhodes scholars, and thus assuring themselves of the strangers' attainments.

Well, Dr. Parkin who now has, as he expresses it, "three continents in tow"—who has been round the empire, and has flitted to and fro o'er many seas—is still younger than the youngest of us; though he may have of grey hairs just a sprinkling. Energy he has, unbounded, and interest in all the matters with which the South African Imperialist has made his own name famous by his will.

As is well known now, Mr. Rhodes (who prided himself on being a practical man of action, while seeing, in ideal things, what is not the least practical, even in the material world and in the public life of states) arranged that his scholarships were not to be given for book learning only. The rules he laid down were as follows:—

"My desire being that the students who shall be elected to the scholarships shall not be merely bookworms, I direct that in the election of a student to a scholarship regard shall be had to:—

1. His literary and scholastic attainments.
2. His fondness and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football and the like.
3. His qualities of manhood, truth, and courage, devotion to duty, and sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship.
4. His exhibition, during school days, of moral force of character, and of instincts to lead and take an interest in his schoolmates; for those latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim. As mere suggestions for the guidance of those who will have the choice of students for scholarships, I request that:—

1. My ideal qualified student would combine these four qualifications in the proportion of three-tenths for the first, two-tenths for the second, three-tenths for the third, and two-tenths for the fourth qualifications...

2. The marks for the several qualifications will be awarded independently as follows: i. e., the marks for the first qualification by ex-

amination, for the second and third respectively by ballot by the fellow-students of the candidates, and for the fourth qualification by the head master of the candidate's school. And

3. The results of the awards, i. e., the marks obtained by each candidate for each qualification would be sent as soon as possible for consideration to the trustees, or to some person or persons appointed to receive the same; and the person or persons so appointed would ascertain by averaging the marks in blocs of 20 marks each, of all the candidates, the best ideal qualified students."

He will display a vein of sentiment and a regard for higher education with which perhaps some would hardly have credited Cecil Rhodes. "Added to that, we find a strange appreciation of the importance of the externals of life, of doing things in a style worthy of the dignity of the doer, and generally of the spacious life which often reminds one more of the characteristics of Aristotle's magnificent man perhaps, than anything else. For the expenses of the magnificent man ought to be made in the public interest and not in his own; and in this point a gift has a certain resemblance to an offering to the gods. The magnificent man will, moreover, equip his house as becomes his wealth for he thereby adds a certain lustre to his position. . . Above all, he will always consider what most becomes the particular occasion . . . And, hence, we can see that whatever the magnificent man undertakes, he will carry it out with a magnificence which suits its kind."*

* *Queen's Quarterly*, January, 1903.



The Twilight of the Cross.

The following, poem which is justly regarded as one of the finest Dr. Thomas O'Hagan has yet written, was read by the author who is an alumnus of Ottawa University at the dedication of St. Anne's Memorial Church, Penetanguishene, Ont., Dec., 11th, 1902.



Uplift high to God and not to fame
The shaft that marks a sainted name,
For fame is but the dust of earth,
A meteor blaze of sudden birth,
But faith hath root in heavenly things,
And bears God's world upon its wings;
It fears not death nor Caesar's frown,
Its test and truth a martyr's crown.

And so we build and bless to-day
Here by this quiet historic bay,
Where once Loyola's sons had trod,
A goodly temple to our God.

Well nigh three hundred years have sped,
And sentinell'd the saintly dead,
Since from their homes in Sunny France,
From Norman vale with its romance,
There came that strong, heroic band,
With cross of faith to bless our land,
Following God's finger thro' the wild
To snatch from death each savage child.

Their arms the breviary and the cross,
Aught else but faith they count as dross,
And, kneeling, seek God's will on high,
Within St. Mary's on the Wye.

The seed of faith has blazed within,
The triumphs of the cross begin,
Where death and darkness filled the land,
The rays of truth showered from God's hand
Blot out the stain of sin and shame,
And leave the perfume of God's name.
Through dark Huronia's forests wild
The savage chief becomes a child.

But Calvary and Thabor's height
Are linked in gloricus beams of light,
As torch and stake and burning coal
Release from earth each martyr'd soul.

O great strong souls of faith and love,
Captains of truth for God above,
Heroic priests of twilight days
Who pierced our forests, bless'd our bays ;
Sons of Ignatius, saint of God,
Faith's perfume follows where ye trod.
To day we bless and dome with prayer
This Church Memorial, chaste and fair !

—THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Edmund Burke and our Present Social Condition.

FIRST PAPER



IN the midst of the great social upheaval that marked the eventful end of the eighteenth century, Edmund Burke wrote: "Before this of France the annals of all time have not furnished an instance of a complete revolution." By a *complete revolution*, Burke understands one that "extends even to the constitution of the mind of man," changing radically not only the civil and social state of individuals but likewise religious ideals, the standard of morals, and the modes of feeling and thinking. In the Revolution of 1789, Burke, with his penetrating and almost prophetic insight, recognised these marks; he also painted the dangers that threatened all society and foresaw the disastrous consequences with an accuracy that after generations, sad to say, have had to confess. Indeed most of the principles laid down and illustrations given in Burke's *Reflections* and other writings, readily apply to our present social conditions.

Naturally France, being the nation most convulsed by the Revolution in Burke's time, still suffers most from its effects though the "dreadful pestilence" has also "laid waste" some of the other nations of the world. Justly claiming precedence in so many high and noble things, France has likewise "the honor of leading up the death dance" of anti-Christian revolution. Socialists, anarchists, Freemasons, seek to experiment, to apply theories by which they hope to change the face of society. "This nation as possessing most influence, they wish most to corrupt, as by this means, they are assured the contagion must become general."

"A socialist," says Bishop Spalding "may be a theist or an atheist, a spiritualist or a materialist, a Christian or an agnostic. The general

implication is the need of greater equality in the condition of human beings." The extreme socialist—atheist, materialist, or agnostic—claiming for each man, equal right to participate in the government of society and the enjoyment of social prosperity, would abolish private property, have children reared and educated by the state rather than by the parents, in short invest the state with all power. The anarchist, on the contrary, desires the dissolution of all government, so that neither duty, obligation nor law may prevent the individual from procuring happiness by following the full bent of its inclinations and desires. Assassinations cutting down persons high in authority such as President Carnot, the Empress Elizabeth, King Humbert, and President McKinley, while not marking the advent of this millennium, manifest at least the anarchist feeling towards the upholding of an order that is hateful. The Freemasons of the Latin race, "the professional association of freethinkers," "declaring war against religion, against metaphysical beliefs, against God," are the prime movers, the leaders among the revolutionaries in France. They would unite all parties anti-Christian. Says Father Lynch, quoting the words of a Freemason in the September Messenger: "The ideal of Freemasonry is to create, by a positive philosophy, a bond between the socialists, and even the anarchists with the *bourgeoisie*." Of the 22,000 Freemasons in France, about 5000 are of Semitic origin—chiefly German Jews; and these, along with their traditional hatred of Christianity, have an additional motive in the misfortune of the gentile and the disorder inseparable from change and persecution, as affording greater opportunities for grabbing wealth.

The combined sects here enumerated constitute the Jacobin element. They supported the French government in the Associations Law. With widely different ends in view, their object is identical in so far as it involves the destruction of the present order and the ruin of Christianity.

The power wielded to this purpose in France is enormous. The majority of the House of Deputies and the Senate is undoubtedly Jacobin—a majority that has been kept up by shamelessly increasing the number of members in those constituencies favorable to the government.

It is said on very good authority that the minority of the Catholic members really represent the larger number of votes in the country. However this may be, the Jacobins, controlling the centre, control also the whole machinery of government; for in France the centralization of power is nearly perfect. At their discretion, the salaries of no less than 800,000 functionaries are payable out of the general treasury; and this alone is sufficient for obtaining a following of only too sedulous servers. The French army, known to be unsympathetic with the policy of the government, was marked out as demanding special attention. Stringent measures against Catholic officers initiated by General André, seem to have rendered this body more amenable to the wishes of the civil rulers. "Vive l'armée!" shouted the true hearted Bretons who were gathered to defend the nuns' school. Yet the army carried out its orders.

An anti-Christian policy for the success of which so great an influence is exerted, is strongly condemned in the pages of Burke. "They who do not love religion hate it. The rebels to God perfectly abhor the Author of their being. . . He never presents Himself to their thoughts but to menace and alarm them. . . Not being able to revenge themselves on God, they have a delight in vicariously defacing, degrading, torturing, and tearing to pieces, His image in man." Further Burke says, "I call it *atheism by establishment* when any state, as such, shall not acknowledge the existence of God as moral governor of the world: when it shall offer to him no religious or moral worship; when it shall abolish the Christian religion by a regular degree: when it shall persecute with a cold, unrelenting, steady cruelty, by every mode of confiscation, imprisonment, exile and death, all its ministers: when it shall generally shut up and pull down churches . . . when schools and seminaries are founded at the public expense to poison mankind from generation to generation with the horrible maxims of impiety; when wearied out with the cries of a people hungering and thirsting for religion, they permit it only as a tolerated evil—this I call *atheism by establishment*."

The existence of atheistical tenets among the Jacobins, whether they be extreme socialists, anarchists or Latin Freemasons cannot be denied. Occasionally they even go so far as to call God, "infame," and to write hymns in praise of Satan, the arch enemy of God. Although they have not condemned the "ministers" of religion to "imprisonment and death," they have not been sparing of "confiscation and exile;" they have not shut up the churches but the Catholic schools they have closed and the teachers they have driven into foreign lands, rightly believing that, granting the children attend religious instruction on Sunday, this will afford but small remedy for minds "poisoned" during six days "with the horrible maxims of impiety" in the government schools.

The system of denying God's authority, involving as it does the moral ruin of individuals, is inseparable from another tenet of materialists which destroying the sacredness of marriage, aims at the destruction of the family. By "pronouncing marriage to be no better than a civil contract" to be dissolved at the whim of either party, the French government has "struck at the root of our social nature." "The law of divorce," says Burke, "has not for its object the relief of domestic uneasiness but the corruption of all morals." "Other legislators, knowing that marriage is the origin of all duties, have endeavoured by every art to make it sacred. The Christian religion, confining it to pairs, and rendering that relation indissoluble, has by these two things done more towards the peace, happiness settlement, and civilization of the world, than any other part of the whole scheme of Divine Wisdom."

Numerous other passages are to be found in Burke which go to prove that "there is a boundary to men's passions when they act from feeling; none when they are under the influence of imagination." God and the future life being lost sight of, the wild fancies and theories of a deceptive philosophy are substituted to satisfy the morbid cravings of "cold hearts and muddy understandings."

Certain it is, the violent methods of the Jacobins offer no remedy for the present ills of society in France. Far from it they only intensify the general dissatisfaction and misery; for "it is a remarkable fact that they never see their way to their projected good but by the road of

some evil." Little respect among the people is inspired by laws and government founded in a spirit of irreverence, impiety, and intolerance. The renowned statesman and writer, Thiers, who was more or less of a freethinker, reviewing the failures of the republican experiments of 1793 and 1848, pointed out that there is but one alternative for the rulers of France, if they would have their nation as well happy as prosperous. These are his words :

"If I had my way, instead of diminishing religious influences, I would place the control of the elementary schools in the hands of the clergy. If you de-Christianize the masses they will rise up and murder you. There must be some higher authority for right doing than that of M. le Ministre, or M. le Maire, or M. le Maitre d'école ; and I defy anybody to produce anything better than the Ten Commandments with their august authority and majestic history. If ever the republic is again established in France, it will have to avoid the pitfall of anti-religion. If it does not, it will sooner or later come to grief. It is well for England when framing her constitution that she had no popular Voltairean or Robespierrean theories to contend with. France is Catholic and will remain so."

S. M. '03

MEN.

Men are but like chunks of dough,
 Which women pat,
 With many sighs,
 This way and that,
 And shape to suit themselves and throw
 Around upon life's mixing-board.
 We rise
 Or fall
 And oft are only half-baked, after all.

S. E. Kiser.

The Hague Court of Arbitration.



FEW years ago an international conference convened at the instance of the Czar of Russia met at The Hague to discuss the offensive and defensive armaments which are such a drain on the resources of most of the modern civilized nations. Delegates from all the nations assembled but all their efforts made to establish a state of perpetual peace came to naught. For various reasons, principally through

distrust of the sincerity of the Czar, the prime mover in the enterprise, several of the great powers refused to consent to disarmament and the whole scheme fell through. But though its main object, the bringing about of compulsory arbitration of all international disputes, was not accomplished, still the conference was by no means devoid of beneficial results and the most important and useful of all its measures was the establishment of a court of arbitration to which the nations were urged refer to all their international quarrels. A place was established as the meeting place of this court and rules were laid down to govern its procedure.

During the three years that have elapsed since the Peace Conference, no use has been made of the court thus established although Great Britain, at the conference, was one of the chief supporters of arbitration, she was the first that refused to avail herself of the court established to apply that principle. During the South African war, the English ministers refused the offers made by the Boers to refer the case to The Hague Court and this bad example given by England would be likely to cause the Convention to be utterly ignored by powers which were never in favor of arbitration but were compelled to agree to it, only by the force of public opinion.

However, on September 1st, 1902, the Court opened for the first time, to consider the dispute between the United States and Mexico, concerning certain sums of money which the United States claimed were due from Mexico to the Catholic Church in California. The sum concerned was not large—about a million and a half was the award—and perhaps this was what made the two powers so ready to submit to arbitration, but, their action is a precedent which will be likely to induce others to follow the example in the future.

It seems that at the time when Mexico extended much farther north than at present, certain sums of money were given, at different times, to the Society of Jesus for the purpose of assisting them in carrying out their labours in California. This money constituted what is called the Pious Fund. The Spanish government encouraged the work but did not contribute to it, so neither it nor the government that succeeded it could have any claim on the fund. When the Jesuits were expelled in 1768, the property was taken over by the Spanish government, not confiscated, but only administered as a trust fund. When Mexico gained its independence it still held the property in trust and when the diocese of California was formed, it was turned over to Bishop Garcia as administrator. The trusteeship was again taken away by Santa Anna and the property sold, but Mexico still continued to pay to the Church in those regions, six per cent interest on the money obtained by the sale.

When Upper California was ceded to the United States in 1848, Mexico refused to pay any of the interest to the Church in that region. The question remained unsettled until it was referred to a joint commission which met in 1868 to settle various war claims. The argument of the American member of the commission in regard to the Pious Fund was that as Upper California constituted one half of the Californias, it was entitled to half the money. The Mexican commissioner denied the justice of the claim, so Sir Edward Thornton, British ambassador at Washington, was selected as arbitrator and decided that Mexico should pay half the interest to the Church in Upper California. The arrears of interest at that time amounted to nearly a million dollars, which sum was paid soon after by the Mexican government.

Since that time Mexico has made no further payments. Year after year, the Bishops of California have requested the payment of the interest but without any result. They claimed that the decision given by Sir Edward Thornton settled the question for the future as well as the past, and that Mexico is only the trustee of the fund and therefore bound to pay interest on it. The Mexican government claims that the decision in 1868 regarded only past arrears and they also say that the commission that referred the question to Sir Edward Thornton exceeded its powers, and moreover, that the present church in California is not that which existed there under Mexican rule. This, then, is the case that went before the Court of Arbitration last September.

The arbitrators were five in number. The United States chose Sir Edward Fry of England, and Prof. Theodore de Martens of Russia, and Mexico chose Messrs. Alex. F. Lohman and Tobias M. C. Asser, both of Holland. These four met and elected Hon. M. Matsen of Denmark as the fifth member. A strange fact is that among the arbitrators of this question which relates directly to the Catholic Church, none were Catholics. As the Court decided to support the decision pronounced by Sir Edward Thornton, this did not make so much difference, but had that decision been rejected, the Court would have had to consider for what purpose the original donation had been given and whether the present Catholic Church is the true successor, is the one which existed under Mexican rule, and surely this should be a question for an ecclesiastical court to decide.

The court met on September 1st, and both sides of the question were presented by learned advocates, among whom, on the American side, Archbishop Riordon, of San Francisco, was conspicuous. The argument on the case ended on September 30th and after a delay of two weeks, the decision was announced. By a unanimous vote, the decision, given by Sir Edward Thornton, was supported and the sum due by Mexico, was fixed at \$1,460,682. The amount received, however, will really amount to much less, for the Mexican currency, in which it will be paid, is silver, and silver is much depreciated in value.

The settlement of the Pious Fund case has shown how easy is the settlement of international questions when arbitration is resorted to, and it is to be hoped that many other similar cases will be referred to the same court in the future. If a large number of appeals follow, it is likely that a more suitable building will be selected for the meeting of the Convention than its present rather cramped quarters, and being thus more commodiously established, the Court's sphere of influence will be greatly extended.

V. M. '04.

Written for the University Review.

The Winter Brook.



THE pallid snow shrouds field and lane,
 Above it frowns a sky of grey,
 The light falls slued through rents of cloud
 Whose shadows dim the pride of day,
 No song of bird delights the ear
 For winter reigns unknowing cheer.

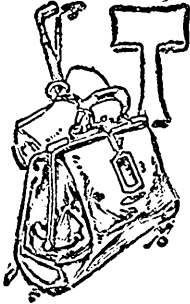
But in the woodland's snowy heart
 A little brook I cannot see,
 Among the slippery frozen reeds
 Still keeps its merry spirit free,
 And firm of faith with ringing rhyme
 Sings of the joys of summer time.

MONOS.

Written for The Review.

An Odd Incident.

E. P. STANTON
(Concluded)



THOUGH the experience was a weird one, it yet lost none of its force in the dramatic narration. For Paddy whilst illiterate, was nevertheless a fluent and effective talker, being a born story teller. His imagination found fit expression in a vocabulary which, if it did not conform to Linley Murray, did justice to the spirit of the Celt, particularly in matters relative to the world of the unseen. How often had this power not kept me and others hanging upon his words until long past midnight, either by the bright kitchen turf-fire, or on the pile of hay that lined one side of the stable where the "night horses were kept, as Paddy smoked his "dhudeen" or busied himself about the horses, and regaled us with tales that stirred the blood or made it run cold. We, youngsters, used to think him, with his knowledge and experience of the "good people" and their evident partiality for the neighbourhood in which his night duties were performed, the bravest of men. No encounter with mysterious candle bearers or strange shapes interfered with the faithful discharge of his labours. All the stories of a preternatural character he had told me came one after another to my mind now, firing the imagination, but daunting the heart until it seemed that Fate would have it that I should at the "dead of night," go alone with the horses to Rathealy bridge.

There was, in particular, that tale my friend used to tell of Malachy Rooney, a school-fellow of my own, going to meet his father late at night at Thady Feeney's, the last calling place for a "dhop" on the way from the city to Rathealy, and where on this occasion the bibulous habits of the elder Rooney caused him to tarry until he had to be placed, a helpless heap of humanity, on his car, the little lad taking charge of the horse and making the best of the way homewards; how, as he ap-

proached the 'ould house" already referred to, a mysterious being met him and struck him a terrific blow on the breast; how from the effects Malachy had become a raving maniac until Father John Cusack laid his hands on the afflicted lad and cured him. Thought of this kept pace with my anxious waiting for the horses. At length they came, fagged and thirsty after the long warm drive. By this time I had begun to hope that I should not be asked to take them to the water. But the fatigue of the day was also apparent on Pierce and the ostler that had accompanied him. So putting a bold face upon it, in spite of much trembling at the knees and misgiving at the heart, I volunteered for the task, for well I knew that had I shirked it would have been put down to cowardice—a charge of which I should never hear the last.

Springing on "Floweren's" back, I took the leading rein of the other horse and set forth. Except in our own house, all lights were out in the village, and the sky—a leaden, moonless one—showed but a star here and there. Both horses were droughty and hurried, without any urging from me, to slake their thirst in the clear flowing water, so that my mind was not permitted the diversion of the work of guiding them, and it ran over with weird tales and fancied strange encounters.

Now if it depended upon my own observation to say exactly what happened on that short but memorable ride, I should hesitate to tell of it, so much must I have been wrought upon by my boyish fears and the tricks that an imagination, haunted by the dread of the unseen, played upon me. But as the wise in such matters declare, horses have, at times a keener sense of vision than human beings; and those I was leading to the river, eager as they were for the touch and taste of the cool water after the hard pull under the hot July sun, would not be turned back by a trifle—certainly not through fear of meeting Peter Healy's vagrant cow, as slyly insinuated in after time. The old haunted house never looked so gloomy or so menacing in its profound silence as when I passed it, indeed I felt whilst within its shadow as if ostler Greary's experience were to be mine. But no "uncanny" hand or light showed itself, so with a breath of relief I passed one forbidding spot and rode on to others, flitting by each unscathed until, at the last turn, before

the bridge was reached, and when I was beginning to shake off the last of my fears, a black shapeless mass—I first thought it a cow, for Healy's was abroad that night—presented itself to my view. I allowed the horses to settle for themselves whether it was anything preternatural or not. This they quickly did, for no sooner did they see the strange object than they came to such a sudden stop and I was sent almost clear over the neck and erect ears of "Flowereen." Both horses paused for one brief but thrilling instant. The upright, rigid ears, the loud snorting, the hoofs nervously pawing the gravelled road bespoke the otherwise dumb fright that had seized them. Then with a rapid and simultaneous movement, they swung round and made a dash for home, turning tail to that tempting water for which but a moment before they had been so impatient.

The surprise and shock of the abrupt stop and equally abrupt turn, joined to the need of taking a firm seat on "Flowereen's" back, rendered it impossible for me to perceive more closely than my first hurried and alarmed glance had permitted, the cause of the horses' panic. But as they tore along at full gallop, their shod hoofs making in the dead silence of the night and on the hard smooth macadam road a noise which to my startled ears seemed greater than that made by a company of mounted dragoons, I heard, or fancied I did, the bound of a massive animal, too large for a dog, on a yielding turf inside the road fence and to my right. The noise made by its passage as it ran—a thick low stone wall between us with a deep depression on the field side, caused by the raising of the road level—was distinct amid the clatter of the hoofs, and resembled the rush of a gale along the neighbouring sea-coast. A cross-wall of considerable height midway between the spot at which the horses took fright and the haunted house, where a by-road running at right angles intercepted progress, did not check my pursuer, for now I had become convinced that, whatever it was, I was being followed. When I reached the junction of the ways, a dark nondescript form—whether dog or man my agitated nerves did not permit me to determine—bounded with extraordinary facility over the stone wall and rushed across the high road to block as it seemed, the horses' course. They swerved suddenly, straining every muscle to escape

contact with their dreaded pursuer ; I felt the cold touch of something, whether paw or hand I knew not ; then my ankle grasped as though in a vice, and then—oblivion. I must have swooned and instinctively thrown my arms round "Flowereen's" neck, clutching the mane as I fell forward, for in this position I was found in when the stable-yard (whither the noise of a hasty entrance had drawn those who had not retired at home) they gently and anxiously disentangled the close clasped fingers from the tossed mane and took me off the back of the panting horse.

I was never again asked—not at any rate until I was much older—to go so late at night on any errand to Rathealy bridge. I never was told why, and never enquired, for I respected the reticence with which my adventure was treated."

Mainly About Books.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY, M. A.

FOURTH PAPER.

By the death of George Alfred Henty the young people of the British Empire lost a skillful caterer to their literary tastes. A great traveler, and a war correspondent who witnessed fighting in many lands under different flags, it has been said that he had nearly as many adventures as the heroes of his books for boys. Of those compilations he like Jules Verne, produced a large and varied library. But unlike the productions of Verne, not one of them will live ; because they do not contain what Horace found in the Homeric poems, and what the works of every great story-teller contain—humor and wisdom, and a keen insight into the strength and weakness of the human character. Yet, they are free from the blemishes that so frequently detract from the merit of such compositions, when the hero is a thief, a loafer, or a murderous outlaw. Each has its value when bad books are so abundant. They are clean, wholesome, lively, and, barring the author's strong insular prejudices they sometimes echo, as well adopted for the young American as the young Englander. Henty evidently did not believe

with Ruskin. that so long as the ornamentation is good it cannot be overdone, and his style is unadorned, not to say homely. In the matters of style, plot, and narration, Father Finn easily surpasses him at his best.

Judging by the last Christmas book lists, I fear the craft of writing books for the young is almost a lost art. With four or five possible exceptions—two of which have been named in the preceding paragraph the authors who prepare what the trade call “Juveniles,” seem to be a dry, sour, melancholy lot, veritable vinegar bottles without corks, totally unfitted for the work to which they put their hands. The girls fare better than the boys; which is, of course, right and proper. Some female writers of stories for the young of their own sex, have preserved the art—the fine art let it be called—of painting a natural girl. But most of the trash offered for the delectation of the unfortunate boys, serves only to remind one how very much better Dickens and Thackeray, and Hawthorne and Marryat and even “Oliver Optic” could do, and one feels like changing the exclamation of the dead English Laureate who has found no successor, to suit one’s feelings :

“But O! for the touch of a vanish’d hand,
And the sound of the pens that are still.”

Kipling’s *Jungle Stories*, are, in some respects, the best of the lot, as well as the very best that has emanated from their voluminous author in any line. Think you he took the hint for making animals the chief actors in lengthy stories from the fables of Æsop? He may have done so, for he gathers his materials from all quarters, but the greatest of our Canadian historians, Abbe Férland, tells us that the Indians from time immemorial amused their camp-circles, and *dub* men, with similiar tales, each of which was as endless as the average sermon on the brevity of human life, and Kipling is, I hold a, “primitive” whose disposition would lead him to copy a savage in preference to a Greek, or a civilized man of any nationality.

The famous *Faëry Queen* of Edmund Spenser is the longest poem in the English language, and in more features than one it is the most

beautiful; wherefore I desire to speak a few words about it here. This work is, as every schoolboy knows, a mighty poetical allegory in six large books, and the plan called for double that number, or twenty-four books. Each book was to contain a moral adventure, typifying the triumph of a Virtue, and couched under the form of Knight-errantry. The hero of the whole action was to be the mythical Prince Arthur, the type of perfect virtue. He is supposed to become enamoured of the Faëry Queen, and arriving at her court in Fairy Land, he finds her holding a festival. At her court there is a beautiful lady for whose hand twelve most distinguished knights are rivals; and in order to settle their pretensions the heroes undertake twelve separate adventures, which furnish the materials for the action. Such, briefly told, is the plan of the Faëry Queen.

The execution of this mighty intellectual effort is in a great measure derived from the manner of Ariosto and Tasso; that is to say, it is discursive. In it are also harmonized three different elements which at first sight would appear irreconcilable. The framework of the action is derived from the chivalric legends, the ethical sentiments from the lofty philosophy of Plato, combined with the most elevating Christian purity of the old Catholic ages; and the form and coloring of the language and the versification suggest the Italian poets, being replete with flowing grace and sensuous elegance. Thus constituted this wonderful medley is chivalric, moral, allegorical, narrative descriptive—the last most of any.

While the Faëry Queen is a poem of which, considering it merely as an intricate allegory, we may say in the paradoxical terms of the ancient poet and philosopher Hesiod, that "a part is more than the whole", but, when we study it for its incidents, its language, its images, its thoughts and its music, we can truly agree with the modern philosopher who was no poet, David Hartley, that "a little too much is just right". Indeed, I would have the reader close his eyes altogether to the perplexing allegory, and peruse the poem simply as a poem; stanza by stanza, or half a stanza, or a quarter of a stanza, according to his leisure or his inclination. So far as my own taste is to be depended upon, the real value of Spenser for a modern, is his language, imagery

and music. It is impossible to read two lines of this poem anywhere without admiring the appropriateness and suggestiveness of the words. If there is a curious monotony in the variety, there is a curious variety in the monotony. His melodic fertility alone is enough to rank him with the greatest composers of verbal harmonies. The melodic invention, the harmonic grasp, the rhythmic vigor, in a word, the powerful musical articulation everywhere present in the work, makes its study a pleasure as well as a duty. His use of the caesural pause is masterful; and this little-understood device is in English prosody what the string quartette is in music, what engraving, or etching, is in representative art—the principal means of imparting individuality. His pauses are as various as the letters or the numerals in their combinations, and the result is that pleasing simultaneous progress of different melodies which musicians call polyphony. The imagery and painting of this most wonderful of poetic productions are as diversely excellent as its music. Whatever De Hooghe could do in shade, Van Eyck in detail, Giorgione in mass, Titian in color, Bewick and Landseer in animals, Angelo and Bellmi in everything, is here at once on every page, almost in every stanza.

The numerous incidents, many of them forming a complete story, readily lend themselves to desultory reading. This method is, I believe, the best to apply to this Herculean poem. Reading is a means of acquiring some sort of knowledge. As a directing of instruments to the compassing of an object, it is an art. This art consists, not in idly glossing page after page with scarcely a thought about the ideas, but rather in the complete and thorough assimilation of the subject matter. The reader must swallow his book instead of allowing himself to be swallowed by it. "Read less and think more," is an excellent aphorism. Quality and not quantity, is what a wise reader will endeavor to procure himself. Perused by short stretches, the Faëry Queen will, I venture to think, satisfy and charm every reader who delights in the richness and music of the English language, who is charmed by the grace of poetic ornamentation, and whose manliness enables him to appreciate a strong conception of human life as the scene of endless combat.

Someone may ask, why do I devote so much space to the old classics of the language? It may be taken for granted that every school-boy is thoroughly conversant with such fruits of genius. But, as a matter of fact, every schoolboy is not familiar with our classics. In truth, many school-boys are not familiar with them at all. Further, older persons do not, I fear, as a rule, occupy their minds with the master-pieces of the language nearly so much as they should, at time which is by no means characterized by the production of such time-defying products of the pen. Under the circumstances I have by all my too limited powers endeavored to engender a veneration for our classics, each of which I regard as "a word commanded to a thousand generations," and so long as I continue to edit this division—may my term be brief—my efforts will be continued with the self same trend.

Supreme excellence in literature is never attained by a sudden leap up from the level of common ideas and common speech, whether a man's every day neighbors are boors or men and women of art and fashion. The old conception of Robert Burns, for instance, undoubtedly was that his poetry had no historical connection, but recent scholarship devoted to the annotation of his poems has clearly traced the models he used through Allan Ramsay up to Dryden's translation of Virgil's eclogues. To take another example from Scotland, it was long thought that Scott sat down to write his splendid novels without either much previous practice in composition or the careful examination of models. How wrong this conception was in all its parts, the biographer Lockhart, has abundantly shewn. The naked truth is that the world in which a writer's imagination moves is never entirely of his own creation. The great poet must have had pioneers from whom he derived some of the ideas and resources of his craft—enough, at least, to feed and stimulate and direct his own inborn energy. The great writer, whether in prose or poetry, is a self-thought genius only in the sense that all great artists are so; beyond a certain point, as we all know, every man must be his own schoolmaster. The

inspiration of English literature is as continuous as the flow of a river, and each great author whether Tennyson, or Dryden, or Shakespeare, or Chaucer, has had a literary origin, an original distinct from his inborn genius, that served as a model. Furthermore, literature has really an international unity, and some of the great writers just named sought their models in the Greek, the French, and Italian literatures. Someone has well said that Nature begins her preparations for the advent of a great man long before he makes his appearance. We may not all be born to be great, in the common meaning of that much abused term, but there is nothing in free America to hinder anyone from trying to become great, and if the means he choose be literature his best preparation is a prolonged and assiduous study of literary models, the classics of the nations.

Sounds of Success.



MOORE Moore and Stephen Thorne had been friends for years, numbering one, two and three; and although Tom had resolved a dozen times in a dozen days to give Steve the cold shoulder, yet, he had failed to do so.

It was not the glitter of Steve's wealth nor the fascination of his manners that had anything to do with the friendly feeling that Moore had for some time felt towards Thorne, but a kindly act he had seen him perform; when in the mix-up of a runaway accident, a small boy was taken from under the wheels of a hay waggon, almost dead; there was no house near and no doctor; and Steve pulling off his coat made a stretcher of it, and with assistance carried his patient two miles to the town hospital; there he left orders and the means to give the little fellow every attention.

There was good in Steve, but the knowledge of his father's wealth had caused it to run fallow, and Tom's influence had amounted to naught.

Each day of the week, commencing with the first and ending with

the seventh, found his task unfinished ; and to-day, this first day of December, he would try again, even if the closing hours did spell failure.

Tom looked at the clock on the wall, put aside his books, pulled on his coat, and taking his hat from its peg, he placed it straight on his head, then opened the door and waiked out. "Shall I or shall I not go for Steve to-day? Likely I'll find him absorbed in the latest race track gossip, or playing pool;" in which amusements he had spent many a useless hour and lost many a glittering coin.

Steve's luxuriously appointed chambers were not more than two blocks away from the less pretentions rooms of his friend. It took but a few minutes to walk there, and rapping on the door, Tom opened it and entered when a voice said, "come in." "Well Steve! there is a little of winter in the winds to-day, but I hope you wont back out now." "Oh! I had quite forgotten that you were to call for me, however I suppose a stroll and a chat with you won't hurt a fellow." "Where shall we go?" "Wherever you say, Moore." "Well, let the way be over through the pine grove, and down where the new road-way has been made. The immense mass of rock skirting the river bend has been cut away, and the sight is well worth seeing; geniuses have been at work there." "What! the old story again, I am about tired of hearing you harp on the same string; of course, every one knows that geniuses are born, not made; and I am satisfied that I am not a genius nor neither are you." "How you talk, Steve!" "Yes, talk these days is a cheap commodity, while attention commands rather a high value."

It was not long before they had reached the winding road leading out to the river, the trees were almost leafless, the ground hard, the grass and small shrubs looked browned with the first frost and at intervals, the sun could be seen sinking in crimson glory over the pine tops.

"What an improvement and convenience to this section this new road is?" "Yes, a good thing, a fellow won't have to carry good for nothing kids in a blazing sun, miles to a house of ailments, because some pesky farmer allows his Nancy Hanks to break away and speed at a 204 clip. But listen! what noise is that?" And as the words fell from the speaker's lips, one wondered, and gazed in silence on the life

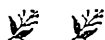
picture—a little misshapen frail human form, fastened with straps into a miniature cart constructed out of a soap box and the two fore-wheels of used-up perambulator harnessed to a dog, not a blue ribboned canine, one accustomed to Madison square manners, but a brown shaggy coated, good natured looking every day dog. With a few loving taps on his dumb companion's shoulder, he commenced again, this time, a little louder and longer was his song: and again still louder and longer clear and sweet the sound; and as the echo died in the distant hills, the singer bent forward to again pat his faithful friend, when Steve attracted his attention, by calling out, "Ho'd on there, you image of sin!" and as we came nearer, the figure raised his head, looked towards us and smiled and then said, "Good day, sir."

"What is your name, little man?" said Steve, "My name is Johnny, sir." "And have you any brothers, Johnny?" "Yes, I have Frank and Willie and Jim and Mother. Frank, he works in the car shops, and when he does his drawings, he makes them the best he can for the master mechanic to see them, and now that we live in the new place, Willie sells papers, and other things, and he brings home lots of cents; and Jim he just laughs and says 'Oh! what's the good,' and mother, she looks sorry sometimes, and says, 'God is good.' "What do you do' Johnny? "I just sing," "And what are you doing here in these woods alone." "Not alone, sir, I have Rover, and——"

"Rover is your dog?" "Yes, sir and——" "And who?" "And God." "And were you singing to Rover?" "Not to Rover, sir," "To whom then? there is no one else here." "Yes, there is, God is here." "And where did you learn to sing?" "Here, sir." "You learnt to sing here in this lonely spot." " 'Tis not lonely here, sir, I hear the waters washing upon the shore, and sometimes when the winds blow hard, the waves come faster upon the rocks, and I count each one, and I listen, and when the birds sing, the ones that nest over in the big tree I hear them, and then I count again, and I sing and when I miss my count I sing again, because I must have no false notes for Him; you know he hears the birds up there, so I just sing with them."

A pause—some of the glittering coins dropped into chilled and

grimy looking little hands ; and Stephen Thorne turned to Moore with an altered look on his face and muttering words to himself yet loud enough to be heard,—“Look! look! to your manhood, Stephen Thorne.” and leaving the singer, Tom and Steve walked home together ; Steve with a more determined step and a firmer and truer ring to his words, a note that rarely spells failure. D.



LITTLE BLESSINGS

LORD, in each day's littleness
Let Thy mercy hold and bless,
Choose my way that I may be
Ever wise in serving Thee :
Nor in childish folly call
Any gift or mercy small—
Any trial of my state,
Any cross or sorrow, great.
For Thy greatness holdeth me :
And Thy littleness may be
The first token of a care
High as heaven and heavenly fair.

ISAAC O. RANKIN.

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University of Ottawa Review

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To Your Lodges

THE return of the Students reminds one that the quieter and more fruitful term of the school year has opened. The conditions for effective and affective study can hardly be better. The first difficulties, attending the taking up of heavy classwork, have been met, measured and pretty well disposed of. The cracking of the shell, so to speak, is mostly the occupation of the first session: now is the time to attack the kernel. In some cases, mayhap, there is little respect for the old saw, "no royal road to learning," though the short cuts remain a minus quantity. Perhaps, too, the idea of dropping college has not itself been wholly dropped. At any rate, a brief return to the home nest may have stimulated our fledglings to go on trying their wings in the rarefied uplands of study. Plainly it is what parents and friends expect. During the holidays, talk of "college" come to the scholar's ear at every turn. He was not allowed to forget that he was merely home on vacation. Everything he said and did, was caught up and weighed as if it might indicate what a

few month's contract into supreme ideals, with the ultimate, eternal reasons of things had done for, or was going to make of him. Somehow he could not pick up the old familiar ways with former comrades. They seemed conscious of a new strange quality in him, in many ways a distinction which declared him an agent, a leader, a spokesman in matters above the ordinary ken. If the college boy responds to the presage of a grand future he will at once bend every nerve to the duty of the present—preparation. It will be his province to handle the mighty problems of life, to control the highest interests of his less fortunate fellows. But to be competent for the task, all his spiritual powers and energies must be trained to do their best work: to control the switch board from which radiate the life currents of the body social, the collegeman will scarcely find a patient life-long study sufficient. Entanglements and claims, incompatible with this ambition, he will resolutely brush aside. His will be the laborious drill and discipline of the soldier, his, the abstinence and carefully graded exercises of the athlete. By application to his books the student becomes a power: *Laborem omnia vincit*. And he will surround himself with everything that strengthens this power, namely with earnestness, industry, content, love of seclusion and—an important element—confidence in Him who is the Father of Light, for, *Deus scientiarum Dominus est*.

It was to an uninviting cave that Demosthenes repaired in quest of the secret which made him the peerless orator of his day and of all time. Tennyson, after a long interval of silence, reappears with a lyre faultlessly attuned. The Muse cannot abide the "madding crowd."

Temperance.

Complete returns of the referendum vote in favor of the Ontario Liquor Act nearly gave the Draconian measure a trial. The *Liverpool Catholic Times* contains a bit of correspondence which hardly favors this species of legislation. One Mr. Lawler advances an assumption much in favor among temperance advocates, that poverty is due more to drink than to anything else—that nineteen cases of poverty out of every twenty are traceable to this vice. His opponent, in denying this, says: "The chief (immediate) causes of poverty are lowness of wages

death of the chief wage-earner, largeness of family, want of employment, sickness, accidents, 'broken' time through weather and other causes. These things, owing to the inability of people to pay for proper accommodation, lead to overcrowding with all its attendant evils of which drunkenness is one." The critic scouts the charge that he palliates the conduct of the man who wastes his wages on drink. Surely, if a man is a free being, if the evil of drink is in the abuse not the use, if the rich drink more than the poor; if a laborer deserves for his hard work "his glass of beer" and it does him good and he enjoys it, is he to be refused it on the ground that his earnings are too scant to satisfy the bare needs of livelihood? Why not raise the wages some? No, workers can be happy with wages at or below the starvation point so long as he is not required "to eat grass and go naked" in order to permit the smug stockholder to enjoy enormous dividends and "an extra bottle of champagne," if he likes. If, indeed, drink be the cause, it is curious, that, ever since the temperance movement began and though the drink habit according to police statistics has abated somewhat, poverty is alarmingly on the increase. Temperance societies have promised much but effected little; the members are sober in any case while rarely if ever a confirmed drunkard is reclaimed by their means. Enthusiastics are apt to overlook one of the commonest causes of drink, namely, excessive work. "Colliers, chemical workers, iron workers, fireman, gas stokers, dock laborers and others" as a rule drink hard and abhor temperance talk. Probably if their intolerable load were lightened, they would be less enslaved to the habit. Work should elevate a man when there is inducement to put his soul into it, when it gives him to think and feel. But the atmosphere of most industrial centres has not the tendency. Here—and unfortunately governments and peoples are either indifferent or helpless to check the oppression—men and women finding themselves at the mercy of taskmasters, whose chief office is to extort a maximum profit for a minimum wages, and treated with less regard than draught animals are, yield to revolt, vice, and wholesale demoralization. If drink in many cases leads to misery it is still more true that misery leads to the habit of drink. And when in our

society to-day from a complexity of causes the rich are steadily growing richer and the poor—even the deserving poor—are steadily growing poorer, drink after all counts a very small figure: it is more a symptom than the disease. It may be questioned if Canada is at this stage, still our temperance workers might well ask if they are not behind the times. The legislation, initiated by them in Ontario, is being already abandoned in other countries, because both disastrous and demoralizing. The placid unconcern with which men go on steeping themselves in intoxicating liquors and stupefying themselves by every drug obtainable, completely baffles the social reformer. Political agitations and parliaments are not suitable arms to use against the drink evil. Only the weighty sanctions of a God-revealed religion and the supremely efficacious aid of a God-given grace can cope with the disease to any degree of success. Probably with this much, must we ever remain content. Even when inculcated with the best of financial and worldly motives, temperance has never been a prolific plant; all mere human agencies have been more or less sterile. If some perfect unveneered specimens of this moral virtue apart from the natural disposition, exist, they are greatly due to the fostering care of the true Church of Christ. All who care to seek in this direction will find it so.

Municipal.

The inaugural address by Mayor Cook, commemorating his re-election by acclamation, stamps him as a man fitted to deal with the municipal problems of the moment. It is an utterance at once conservative and progressive. It plainly states the issues and the intention to deal with them practically. Ottawa with its suburbs counts about 75,000 inhabitants. This is wonderful progress for fifty years, largely due though it is to the circumstance that her late Majesty, Queen Victoria chose to make it the seat of the Federal Government. Left to itself Ottawa would probably have remained a series of bare heights in the midst of primeval swamps, ploughed by several large rivers. But as by enchantment the wilderness is transformed, the vicinity of Major Hill grows into a delightful city, the extensive marshes are become fertile fields, railroads radiate in every quarter, the rivers are bridged

and their banks are dotted miles away to their sources in the Laurentide tarns with charming villas : an inexhaustable water power is being developed. Still Ottawa has no more than doffed her baby clothes to appear in the vestment of vigorous youth. If she already ranks among the many fine cities of Canada, she cannot very well stay her growth, for even some facilities, splendid as they were deemed a decade ago, are already inadequate. The "parochial" policy in her councils will do harm. The need for further improvement on a grand scale is felt. Questions of municipal rights and powers, pertinent particularly to natural monopolies like the Electric Railway, Telephone systems, etc., are not definitely adjusted. There is a danger that valuable franchises may fall into the clutches of corporations to whom the accomodation of the public is a very secondary matter. The project of burying the ever increasing network of electric wires will obviate wholesale tearing up of pavements later on. It is hardly questionable that if our "Washington of the North" is to be equal to the role her position and her natural advantages designs her for, much depend on the measures Mayor Cook would like to see adopted. The way conditions are pointing, neither promptitude nor foresight should be lacking at the present moment.

Scholarships.

We call attention to the article in this REVIEW, on Mr. Cecil Rhodes' new foundations ; for the existence of the Rhodes' Scholarships at Oxford may well excite the imagination and the earnest practical efforts of those of our students who will hope to be elected thereto. Oxford.

so famous,

So excellent in art and still so rising,

has now, once more, Catholic students. By special sanction of the English bishops, and with special helps and safeguards under priests from these universities, the two old Catholic foundations, Oxford and Cambridge, receive again the sons in the faith of those who first made them great in art and learning. Of Oxford a poet son wrote, as "that

sweet city with her dreaming spires". She has the halo of the Middle Age, the gift of beauty, that most practical good. Knowing her, we shall well understand Victor Hugo, that "le beau est aussi utile que l'utile ; plus, peut être". There is no place in the world where a modern life of learning may gain a nobler inspiration.

The Papal Delegate's Visit

With a truly Students' enthusiasm, His Excellency Mgr. Donato Sbaretti, the newly appointed Papal Delegate to Canada, was welcomed to the University on Sunday the 25th inst. Men of prominence, men of position either in Church or State, are looked upon by students as living examples of what diligent application to study must do ; and when we remember that they trod the self-same path as that upon which we are labouring, waning courage is given an impetus, while the esteem in which they are held, but leads us to put forth greater effort. Little wonder is it then that we unite to do them honour.

Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the University Chapel at nine o'clock, the long line of priests and acolytes attending giving the ceremony grand solemnity, while the college choir acquitted itself in its customary inimitable manner. Rev. Fr. Fortier directed the music, Mr. MacCormac presiding at the organ. Following is the programme as carried out :

Overture	Vive Leon Trieze	Gounod
	Chorus	
Mass, St. Thérèse		La Hache
Kyrie	Soloist	Mr. G. Nolan
Gloria		Second Tone
Offertory	Ave Verum	R. F. H. Gervais, O. M. I.
	Soloist Mr. R. Halligan	
Credo		Second Tone
Sanctus		La Hache
	Chorus	
Elevation		A Dream of Paradise

Soloist, Mr. Halligan

Agnus Dei Trio D'Archambault
Messrs McCaffrey, Lemair, Fr. Fortier.

Finale Gounod
Organ

Immediately after Mass the entire student body repaired to the Academic Hall where addresses of welcome were read. Mr. R. Lapointe '05 read in French, while Mr. J. O'Gorman, '04, delivered the following :—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY MONSIGNOR DONATO SBARETTI, ARCHBISHOP OF
EPHESUS, PAPAL DELEGATE TO THE DOMINION OF CANADA,
YOUR EXCELLENCY :—

On your arrival in Ottawa, the people in the city were eager to extend to you a Canadian welcome. Now that you have entered the portals of our Alma Mater we consider it our privilege to offer you a Students' welcome, spontaneous and sincere. We wish to say that we are truly grateful to our Sovereign Pontiff for the fatherly care he has manifested to the Catholics of this country in filling so promptly the vacancy caused by the removal of our beloved friend, His Excellency, Monsignor Diomede Falconio. We find consolation in the fact that the tactful Vicar of Christ has not erred when he selected from his faithful and trusted lieutenants, a successor, whose qualities of mind and heart have already been tested and proven in the successes of a varied diplomatic career. Your energy and perseverance, coupled with a wonderful mastery of civil and ecclesiastical law have enabled you to cope successfully with difficulties of the situation in Cuba; and if today the temporal possessions of the Cuban church remain intact, the marriage laws inviolate, the Sisters reinstated, and the spiritual needs of the army provided for, we know that it is to your Excellency's initiative that a grateful people ascribes it all. With such a record of triumph in the past, your success is secured among the fair-minded peoples of this northern Dominion. Your Excellency's well-known interest in youth and especially with higher studies, will make your presence among us particularly a source of benedictions. Our student body is gathered

from every portion of that vast domain, whose capital city is your home; counts as well students from the republic to which your predecessor has gone: all of us however are *one* in this act of homage and filial devotion we tender you today. We trust that you may be long spared to us as the representative of that holy faith we have learned to love and cherish.

In reply His Excellency thanked the students for their kind words, and, after giving the Papal blessing, extended, midst a heart V-A-R, a *grande congé*.

Various.

The Montreal *True Witness* has reproduced Justice Curran's able article entitled "Reminiscences of Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, K. C. M. G."

The census of 1901 places the Catholic population of Ottawa at 31,309, a little over one half; Anglicans, 10,117; Presbyterians, 8,024, etc. By origin, English are 12,281; Irish, 17,911; Scotch 7,137; French 19,495.

Mr. Henry W. Auden, M. A., succeeds Dr. G. R. Parkin, the Commissioner of the Rhodes Scholarship Fund, as Principal of Upper Canada College. He is 36 years of age, a man of travel, an accomplished scholar, and has edited several of the classics.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.—Judge Hale.

The Pope has appointed Monseigneur Denis O'Connell, D. D., a former rector of the American College, Rome, rector of the Catholic University at Washington.

The longest sermon on record, it is said was preached by Isaac Barrow, a Puritan preacher of the seventeenth century, who delivered a sermon in Westminster Abbey lasting three hours and a half.

Everyone must see and feel that bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions; and that if the latter only are forbidden, and the former left free all morality will soon be at an end.—Porteus.

A student at Oberlin College one day asked the president "if he could advantageously take a shorter course than that prescribed in the curriculum." "Oh, yes," was the reply: that depends on what you want to make of yourself. "When God wants to make an oak, he takes a hundred years, but when he wants to make a squash he takes but six months.

We beg the indulgence of our friends for holding over the Xmas issue. Difficulty in elaborating some details of engraving occasioned the delay.

Because of the inexorable limits set by space, we are still holding articles we had hoped to use in this number—this is a word of partial explanation—*Acta Victoriana*. "Ditto," says the *Review*.

BOOK REVIEW.

E. P. B.'s *God the Beautiful* (Philip Wellby, Covent Garden, London) in sweet tones of art and beauty retails the creed of a dying Danish artist concerning God. In this creed, Poetry is the language of beauty, the Fine Arts have Beauty for object, Drama and Music are vehicles of Beauty; in short all things existing are fundamentally based on Beauty and tend to a God of Beauty as to their final end. Much as the young author has said, he leaves much to be said and he implies many things which from a Catholic standpoint are objectionable. He is partial to evolutionary theories. He thinks the established priesthood in the Old Law, an exaggerated form which entailed by its sacrifices untold sufferings on poor deluded humanity, and "dimmed the glory of God the Beautiful by caricaturing Him as an implacable Judge or a bloodthirsty tyrant who gloated over the sufferings of His victims". Yet human sacrifices were quite common among the Pagans but not among the Jews. Nothing is said of the claim of Christ to divinity for Himself or for His mission. He had merely his own partial message just like Confucius, Zoroaster, Buddha, Moses and Mohammed. Hegelism is plainly visible in the following (p 148). "Each of these messages to the world . . . exhibited

one or other of the Creator's relation to Humanity and made religion a practical life system to guide humanity forward to nobler living and a higher faith. They have all been more or less factors in the elevation and reformation of the world." Then, history is wrong and Christ's message is neither a divine, a full, nor a final one. That this message was peculiarly supernatural and miraculous, is quite overlooked. In fact, these brilliant speculations show the painful gropings of a soul depending on the study of the universe (Cosmos) and of man the noblest object in the universe for the knowledge of God. Nowhere in these pages is there allusion to a fuller manifestation which God supplied when he spoke to man by his own voice both directly and through Prophets, Apostles and Sacred writers.

A book, our Francophiles may find very useful, is *Le Pays de France*, (American Book Co). In the first four chapters, Inspector-General Foncin gives the geographical and geological features of France in a way rigidly scientific yet in a style both picturesque and charming. Next comes France's history from prehistoric times down to the present. 'Tis a noble drama—the roles filled by feudalism, monarchy, revolution, empire, and republic. The last part treats of the achievements of all great writers, thinkers, discoverers, inventors—a wonderful record of progress in every branch of human endeavour.

The American Book Company offers also Bruno's *Le Tour de la France* which has gone through *three hundred editions*. While following the thrilling adventures of two children the young reader will learn what France is like in soil, in agricultural and industrial resources, and in some of the men in whom she glories. Numerous hints explaining structure of difficult sentences and idiomatic phrases. The vocabulary is a complete one.

Books Received.

English Exercises, based on Irving's Sketch Book, (Allyn & Bacon, Boston), by Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. Horace, Odes and Epodes, (American Book Company), by Clifford Herschell Moore, Ph. D.

Exchanges

A word of gossip about ourselves—and others. This column suffers in our journal from a variety of causes. Space often runs short, the editor's salary is meagre, everybody is grinding for the sessional exams. Then, winter brings up a tropical growth of societies. The nosegays arranged therefor betray a flavor of midnight oil. It is either a scientific society or a debating club or a St. Thomas Academy or committee meetings or special lecture courses without end. Hence, the *lacunes* here.

The Boston College *Stylus* never fails to appear well. Besides very good verse and prose we specify the chief article, "Influence of the Press," which discusses at length the part Journalism takes in catering to, expressing and forming, public opinion

One of the brightest corners in the old sanctum belonged to "*Echoes from the Pines*" when it exchanged with its venerable friend, *The Owl*. We owe *amende honorable* because, we failed to honor her ladyship as "the pioneer convent-school journal of Canada". May the old ties of sincere good will, thus renewed, be never severed! A capable critic remarks: "Every page of the *Echoes* shows refined literary talent. The familiar features of Bishop McEvay look out from the frontispiece.

Those who fail to get—"Is our Canadian Postal Service in fault?—*Leaflets from Loretto*, have reason to complain. In the multitude of subjects treated, a feminine delicacy and charm predominate as may be realized by reading "Truth", "The Abbey To-day", "The Captive Isle", etc.

A welcome new face is *Vox Collegii*, from Ontario Ladies College, Whitby. Naturally we scrutinized the topic "Domestic Science", for, how can Ontario thrive if the dough and baking powder be not accurately mixed. The opening article by Miss Beatty begins: "Temperance is total abstinence from all that is evil and the moderate use of what is good—. If only that axiom might be reduced to practice.

The following, so characteristic to the indomitable spirit that animates the Irish people and their champions, caught our eye in the *Ottawa Evening Journal*. It consists of a few verses written to Mr. D'Arcy Scott by Mr. W. K. Redmond, while serving a six month's term in Kilmainham jail, Dublin.

A CHRISTMAS CARD. 1902.
FROM PRISON.

I.

A merry Christmas and a bright New Year
To you and everyone that you hold dear:
Greetings you'll get galore from far and wide,
But this one comes to you from right inside
The prison, and from this my little cell,
I wish you all the good that words can tell,
Christmas in prison—weil it's not so bad,
Don't for a moment think that I am sad.
God bless you, no! I'm very well indeed,
With lots to think about and lots to read,
And friendly faces too, when I desire,
I see by simply looking in the fire.

II.

A visit too, I had from Santa Claus!
The dear old fellow broke the prison laws,
How he got in I never could make out,
But there he was without a single doubt!
A wreath of berries on his head he wore,
And in his hand a silver goblet bore,
And from this goblet, with the utmost care,
Some drops he sprinkled on my head and hair!
And then he gave me such a knowing wink!
"This stuff is good," he said, "but not to drink!"
He told me what it was before he went,

What do you think? The essence of Content.

* * *

This gift dear friend with you I fain would share,
 "Content" I wish you, for I've lots to spare!

WILLIE REDMOND.

Magazines

The Catholic World opens the year with one of its very best numbers. There is the usual poetry and fiction. People, who look for something more substantial than the daily press affords, will find in its pages much to satisfy. A lecture delivered before the Ontario Society of Artists, Toronto, by Mr. Cram of Boston, appears to us very much in line with the suggestions of "A Modern Guild of Artists" by Mr. Wm. Laurel Harris. Church architecture, almost the oldest branch of the Art, offers about the best field for a young artist to do lasting and monumental work. But the architect handicapped by lack of opportunity and scope becomes responsible for "structures that are scandals to the profession and insults to God to whose glory they were raised", says Mr. Cram talking on the building of churches. In 1881, the Architectural League of New York was organized, "for the betterment of Church Building and Decoration. This society, without undertaking any business enterprises, met with such success that similar organizations have been formed in every large city of the States and Canada and are now combined under the name of the Architectural League of America. Similar art societies in Europe have engaged to contribute specimens to the exhibitions of the League. In Paris, a school claiming the patronage of Cardinal Richard is opened under the auspices of the Société de l'Art Sacré for the object of grounding young clerics in sound architecture. For, a priest once out of college may not be called upon to decide questions of natural science but is sure to make decisions on church building and decoration. Mr. Harris bespeaks for the League the kindly cooperation of the clergy, to oppose a prevalent commercial spirit and encourage a return to the old ideals. Prospective

church builders will always be sure of a friendly support and advice from the League, which however will do nothing that savors of business.

There is a good deal of Gaelic in the January *Gael*: the topics treated, nearly all belong to Irish literature, ancient and modern. There is no dearth of musical verse, Seumus McManus being responsible for one morsel. The opening article aptly illustrated, is by Rev. James Dollard (Sliev-na-mon). It is the old heartrending story of Erin's sorrow. But recently the world has been treated to the spectacle of crimeless country being treated to an arbitrary application of the Crimes Act, and so successfully that no less than twelve members of parliament are honored by jail and hard labor therein.

"Two famous books" by John Talbot Smith, in the *Ave Maria*, January 24th, is a luminous review of "Callista" and "Quo Vadis" Critics, who measure works by pet formulas rather than by real merit get a severe scoring. "Four things" help to make a novel great: the drawing of the characters, the incidents, the plot and the style of narration. They can all be found in "Callista" so beautifully and harmoniously mingled, so effectively handled that it is one of the most perfect novels of its kind in the English tongue" "Quo Vadis" is the work of genius. If there is one blemish, it is due to the zeal of Sienkiewicz who to silence the wailings we hear so much of the passing of Paganism gives them a view of the carrion it was. Charles Warren Stoddart is about to conclude his delightful "Nantucket Notes".

The Leader is the new title of the *Young Catholic* of which it is the continuation. This sprightly little periodical, while keeping all its good features, adds several new ones in order to meet the ever growing demands of a "nation of readers". For the younger portion of the public it has been popular and will be more so under its new form.

So many new and very good publications are coming into the field or changing their appearances, that it is hard to keep pace. One which has gained and will increase its circle of readers, the *Truth* of Nazareth, N. C., promises a special edition in better paper and cover at \$1.00

per annum. The January *Truth* contains a very instructive criticism of Cobb's Rise of Religious liberty in America (McMillan Co.).

Athletics

FOOTBALL.

During the month of December the semi-annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union was held in the M.A.A.A. club rooms. Messrs. T. F. Clancy and J. J. Cox represented the O. U. A. A. Mr. Cox was elected 2nd vice-president of the Union. The Review congratulates our esteemed president upon his election.

We notice also with a good deal of pride that at the meeting of the Canadian Union held in Toronto in December that Mr. T. F. Clancy was elected secretary-treasurer. Mr. Clancy's long experience both as a player and as a coach entitled him to the position. Long live the King of Coaches!

HOCKEY.

Immediately on the close of the holidays, the usual college hockey league was organized. To allow every student an active part, two series were formed, as the schedule posted as follows indicates:

Senior Series.

- Jan. 18—Gillies vs. Brennan.
- Jan. 21—Brennan vs Ebbs.
- Jan. 28—Ebbs vs Gillies
- Jan. 31—Brennan vs Gillies
- Feb 7—Ebbs vs Brennan.
- Feb. 15—Gillies vs Ebbs.

Intermediate Series.

- Captains—Messrs. Dooner, Mack, Lapress, Meagher.
- Jan. Lapres vs Dooner.
- Jan. 21—Mack vs Lapres.
- Jan. 24—Dooner vs Meagher.
- Jan. 25—Meagher vs Lapres.

Jan. 28—Mack vs Dooner.

Jan. 31—Lapres vs Dooner.

Feb. 1—Meagher vs Mack.

Feb. 4—Meagher vs Lapres.

Feb. 7—Dooner vs Mack.

Feb. 8—Mack vs Lapres.

Feb. 11—Dooner vs Meagher.

Feb. 14—Meagher vs Mack.

Extras.

Feb. 7—Philosophers vs Lay Professors.

Jan. 18—Puzzlers vs Guzzlers.

Jan. 18th the season was opened by a match between the teams captained respectively by Brennan and Gillies. Score, Brennan 9, Gillies 3. Those who scored the goals were as follows: McMillan 4, McDonald 3, Callaghan 1, Brosseau 1, Smith 2, Marshall 1. The list of players and officials had to be dropped for lack of space.

The same afternoon the teams under Messrs. Dooner and Lapres met in their first game; the latter won, six goals to two.

Jan. 21st, in a most exciting game, Captain Brennan's hockey aggregation overcame the one led by Capt. Ebbs, by six goals to 1. Those who scored the goals were: McDonald 4, Cosgrove 1, McMillan 1, Brynes 1.

Previous to this contest, a stubbornly fought game declared the superiority of Capt. Lapres' septet over Mr. Mack's by three goals to one.

On Monday, Jan. 26th, an unusual event took place on the college rink when two teams chosen from the representatives of Buckingham and Lindsay decided the rival merits of these towns.

Each team had a few players with a reputation as stickhandlers. At half time the score stood 3 to 1 in favor of Lindsay, but during the intermission while the Hurleyites were loudly expressing their jubilant feelings, the opposing captain and his associates held an impromptu meeting which bore fruitful results. In the second half Buckingham played much better. With the veteran, J. Lonergan, to the front,

Cosgrove bringing up the rear, the Lindsay defence was crushed and Buckingham scored four times in succession. At this point Lindsay with its characteristic determination strove to even up the score and J. B. Macdonald after an excellent rush put the puck into the net. Time was called before this could be repeated, Buckingham being victorious by one point.

As a result the Quebec team will be the guests of the Lindsay "bunch" at an oyster supper to be held shortly. The teams were as follows:—

Buckingham—Dowd (capt.) Cassidy, Filiatreault, Mousseau, Lonergan, Cosgrove, Vallillee,

Lindsay—Fitzpatrick, White, McHugh, Rev. W. O'Boyle, Hurley, (capt.) Macdonald, Cote.

Locals.

The scientific society is ever abreast with the times. Its meetings, held every Wednesday evening, are always instructive and entertaining. The attendance, much larger than it formerly was, is not yet all it should be; nor is it encouraging to the lecturer who devotes time and labor to his subject, to address empty benches. There is time for everything and the time spent in attendance upon these lectures is well and profitably spent.

Chaucer and The Canterbury Tales was the title of a very interesting discussion given by Prof. Stockley before the society on Jan. 21st. The first public lecture was held on the evening of the twenty-ninth. Mr. W. Topley, who is well remembered from his beautiful lecture of last year on Ireland, addressed a well filled hall on *Photography*. The interest in the lecture was heightened by experiments and illustrated views of familiar college scenes and faces.

The society wishes, through the columns of the Review, to express its deep gratitude to Mr. Topley for his keen and earnest endeavors in its behalf.

The meetings of the English Debating Society were held every Sunday evening during January, and, on the whole, the attendance

was very gratifying. On Jan. 11th "resolved that war has been more disastrous to humanity than any other evil," was the subject of debate. W. Dooner and J. George upheld the affirmative, and A. McDonald and T. Sloan took the negative. The decision favored the affirmatives. On Jan. 18th, Messrs. Letang and Hurley upheld the resolution "That the nineteenth century has been the most progressive of the Christian centuries," while Messrs. Freeland and Durham opposed. The debate was one of the best heard for some time, several speakers from the house availing themselves of the opportunity to speak on this mooted question. At the conclusion of the debate the judges voted in favor of the affirmative. "Resolved, that life in the country is more advantageous to man than city life," occupied the attention of the Society on the 25th inst. Messrs. Harrington and Kennedy extolled the virtues of country-life while Messrs. Tobin and Cox looked after the interests of the city. The judges ruled in favor of the former.

The French Debating Society holds very interesting weekly discussions on timely topics. The meetings are generally well attended and the efforts of the chosen debaters, coupled with the work of the speakers from the floor are very commendable.

St. Thomas' Academy organized under the efficient directorship of Rev. Dr. Lacoste, holds its meetings every Friday afternoon. The following are the list of officers:—President, M. F. Burns; Secretary, J. McDonald; Councillors, Rev. Bro. Stanton, J. O. Dowd and T. E. Day. These have already been read and defended by the following gentlemen: Rev. Bro. S. Murphy, C. P. MacCormac and G. I. Nolan. Preparations are already begun to celebrate the feast of the great patron of Catholic philosophy in a fitting manner.

Members of the Robert Emmett Company are working hard on their parts. Each succeeding rehearsal shows great improvement. Strict attendance at rehearsals under the guidance of Rev. Fr. Fulham is a sure guarantee of success.

Among the most pleasing features of the Lindsay-Buckingham hockey banquet a short time since, were songs by Lohengrin with pipe organ accompaniment by Fitz, and the revised edition of

"Where did you get that hat?," by Joe Cass. So great were the successes of these gentlemen that they have been engaged to assist at all entertainments to be held hereafter.

PICKINGS FROM OUR LOCAL FUNNY MEN.

Fin Egan—Ye dont know what happened to McKinley, do ye?

Driss Coll, Well, what happened to him?

Finn. Well some of your blood-'tirsty autichrists stabbed him in the albumen, dat's what they did.

Driss approaches Joe for a pipe full of tobacco but receives this stern rebuke. "Go away you parasite."

Driss. Who's a parasite?"

Finn. You are ; don't you live on my tobacco?

Get under the bed clothes Monsieur Guillet, you are all covered with *transpiration*.

All graduates, one time players on either the lay-profs "or Philosophers" hockey team are informed that preparations are under way to preserve the time honored tradition of an annual hockey match and banquet. Members of the respective teams e already donning the war paint, and the disciples of the great St. Thomas are determined to wrest the championship from the lay-profs' corridors, where it has so long reposed.

Our little friend Johnny from Lowell would like to inform us, that having studied the history of *little* Canada, he is now prepared to give any desired information to the Seniors regarding the oldest cities of our great Canada.

E. L. D. '03

Flores.

Rev. Father D. McDonald, '89. of Crysler, was a visitor at the University during the month.

On the occasion of the Christmas ordinations at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, the following were among those who received orders; T. Ryan '99 was ordained to the priesthood, P. J. Kelly '00 to the

deaconship, T. S. Albin '00, J. F. Breen '01 and P. J. Galvin '00 to the subdeaconship. J. R. O'Gorman '01 and J. Warnock '01 received minor orders and F. G. Morin '01 was tonsured.

On Jan. 4th, the following Oblates received the tonsure from his Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Rev. Brothers A. H. Kuntz, M. Murphy, S. Murphy, and A. Verronneau, Rev. Bro. H. E. Ouimet was ordained subdeacon.

A recent visitor, whom we were most pleased to meet, was Mr. F. Alexander. Before his reception into the Catholic Church, a few years ago, Mr. Alexander was a church of England clergy man and rector of Christ Church Cathedral and St. Mary the Virgin, New Maryland, New Brunswick.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place in the University Chapel on Monday January 19th, when Miss Mazie Haycock, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs R. H. Haycock, was united in marriage to Mr. N. A. Belcourt L. L. D. '95, K. C. M. P. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Antoine, O. M. I.

Rev. M. J. McKenna '97 delivered a masterly lecture on "Music and the Catholic Church" at the Annual Charity Concert of St. Patrick's Parish, Montreal. Of the lecture we quote the *True Witness*. "It was from every point of view, literary and elocutionary, a treat such as has not given to a Montreal audience with out distinction of race or creed for many years."

Obituary.

At a meeting of the executive held Monday, January, 19th, the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from this world the mother of our esteemed friend and football coach, Mr. Thomas F. Clancy;

Be it resolved: That we representing the members of the O. U. A. A. have learned with profound sorrow this untimely event and respectfully tender to our bereaved friend and other members of his family our heartfelt sympathy and earnest condolence in this their hour of sorrow and affliction.

Further resolved: That this resolution be inserted in the minutes of the association and that copies be sent to the bereaved family and to the "Review" for publication.

J. J. Cox,
President

J. O. Down,
Secretary.

Junior Department.

The Junior Hockey league for the season of 1903 consists of four teams. At a recent meeting the captains chosen were J. Walsh, E. Byrnes, A. Gamache and O. Lefebvre.

Messrs. Shields, Durocher, Byrnes, Dunne, Gamache and Berlinguette play fast hockey in the Junior League. But young Bawlf has done especially clever work. If he displayed a little more judgment he would be inferior to none.

Shields is a great defence man, Dunne a good stick handler

It is very gratifying to remark that out of the large number who left us at Xmas but one failed to return and he is still confined to a sick bed. There are ten new arrivals.

Those who remained in our midst for the holidays thorough'y enjoyed themselves. Hockey, graphophone (not gramophon) entertainments, pingpong, amusing dialogues between *Dressk* and Feenegan—with such pastimes the vacation days were whiled away. Lack of space forbids entering upon details. Suffice it to say that *all* were "glad they came and glad they stayed."

Results of the hockey tournament.

Walsh vs Gamache, 6-6.

Byrnes vs Lefebvre, 5-5.

Representative Team vs Gilmour Pets, 12-1.

Walsh vs Lefebvre, 3-4.

Representative Team vs City Team, 3-1.

" " vs Second Team, 7-1.

The smaller teams run up such large scores that no tally is kept.

It is regrettable that some good sluggers appear in the various teams: after the manner of bullies they feel called upon to use their unclean tactics only against smaller boys.

A 2nd grade boy wrote on "Do nottings." His introduction was a stunner. "The do-nottings is quite a crowd. They sit in de hall while a couple cleans de rink. They get's tired at 5.30 a. m. but not at grub. That class I belongs to, but it aint perlite to speak about ones self I'll talk about my friend—He's in the same class too." This young hopeful was immediately *graduated* to the first grade.

Yankee—"Do you preter the Canadian to the American style or matches?"

Doodle—Oh, give me hockey matches every time.

"Five more months" is the cry. Yes but there is a good deal of hard work before you. Come now, whurl the throttle wide, and let your car take the final exams full sweep. And notes—how proud your professor will feel! and your parents will charter a special to bring you home.