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Vol. XIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1911.

No. 5

*Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.*

## The Harp of 3,000 Strings.



UT just as white light may be shown to consist of seven different colors, so also many notes are a combination of several fundamental notes. By these notes a complicated wave form will be caused which, when it strikes the tympanic membrane may make one part of that organ bulge outwards at the same time that another part bulges inwards. Nevertheless, the wave is transmitted faithfully and eventually reaches the cochlea. Here comes a difficulty. Is there in the organ of Corti a special cord or rod for every possible combinational note or do the rods separate and analyze the whole note into its constituent simple ones? In other words, does the organ of Corti do for sound what Newton's prism did for light. The point is much disputed, and indeed more than these two theories are advanced. Personally, but with all due modesty, I favor the second theory. I believe that each rod of Corti's organ is a resonator,—acting in the same way as the globes on Helmholtz's machine,—which picks out from the combinational note the constituent note whose wave length is the same as its own, excites the nerve filament corresponding to that note and carries the sensation to the brain. The brain adds up the various sensations received from the different nerves corresponding to the various fundamental notes contained in the combinational one, and the result of that addition is the fundamental note.

Later theories locate the auditory power in the basilar membrane and make the various tones dependent on the different degrees of tension of which that membrane is capable. This theory would annihilate the importance of the arches of Corti, making them either merely supports to the cells upon them or simply conductors between those cells and the basilar membrane. However, in general opinion, the organ of Corti is the great organ of hearing.

Now a note as will be shown later, has three qualities: — pitch dependent on the number of vibrations making the note; intensity depending on the amplitude of the vibrations, and timbre depending on the number of overtones that exist. Suffice it to say that these three qualities are preserved in the transmission of sound through the various parts of the ear, as the ear, being itself a musical instrument, is subject to the same laws as any other, and under influence of the same vibrations will produce the same sound.

Consider also the delicacy of that ear which can, in a practised musician, detect a difference of pitch amounting to only one sixty-fourth of a semitone. How comes it that the ear can detect a difference so small as to be less than the interval between two of Corti's arches? The only explanation seems to be that if a note comes between the pitch of two of the arches it sets them both in sympathetic vibration, and that arch would vibrate the more strongly which was nearer in pitch to the proper tone.

Innumerable indeed are the questions that may arise upon this inexhaustible subject, but they must be left to the specialists in such matters, being too intricate for the unskilled mind. Those who understand the main points in the theory of sound and the adaptability of the ear to its purpose, will know sufficient to be called at least intelligent and, what is better still, will find themselves filled with rational awe at the power and wisdom of the great Creator who made both sound and the ear so admirably adapted to each other, and such a perfect piece of mechanism of the latter that day in and day out, after constant use and abuse, we find it ever ready to continue its duty of recording the sounds of the world about us. It is the only musical instrument that never gets out of tune, and indeed that remark has already been made by the poet who remarks:

“Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.”

With this we may close our discussion on sound. But one cannot help marvelling at the wonderful human organ which is so simply yet thoroughly adapted to the perception of sound. Whether the ear receives one simple note, whether it receives a chord of three or more notes; whether it receives the combined tones of an entire operatic orchestra with all its compound notes and their innumerable overtones, there is the wonderful organ of Corti with its thousands of vibratory rods ready to select from the mass of sound the note to which it corresponds, to convey each of those tones separately to the common sensorium, where by a synthetic process beyond the comprehension of man, they are all united to form an exact reproduction of the sound from which they were derived by the selective and analytic power of the organ of Corti.

John Ruskin, the eminent English art critic, has commented on the goodness of the Creator who imbued natural objects with such lovely hues, instead of making them, as he might have done, all of one uniform color. The only reason that can be assigned is that color was given purely for the delight of the senses.

How then about sound? Might not God have so made things that vibrations would always give the same note, no matter what their number or amplitude? That He did not, but rather gave us the beauties of musical tones and an ear so contrived as to derive them unchanged from nature, is but a further proof of His care and consideration for His creatures. Let us then enjoy this gift to the utmost; using it always for good and never for evil; for there is no great ingratitude than to pervert a gift from its intended purpose to other and perhaps base uses.

J. J. FREELAND, M.A., '07.

(Finis.)



## “Scott’s Women.”

**B**EFORE beginning a study of Scott’s women, it may not be amiss to devote some thought to womankind in general; and in this connection a few principles suggest themselves: The human heart changes not. It is in its normal condition susceptible to love and hatred and jealousy; to hope and despair and happiness. Human nature is, in general, and essentially for all time, a constant quantity. Manners, customs, prevailing conditions, local or temporary influences, which form the settings of society, may modify or artificialize the expression of human nature or individual character, and especially of feminine nature or character, but a woman is still a woman in the depths of her nature. Thus the standard of morality yielding to temporary influences, has varied with the ages, sometimes holding to the natural and strong, sometimes yielding to the artificial and lax in various degrees.

Scott’s women, like Shakespeare’s, are all women of history, belonging to ages sufficiently remote from the beginning of the Twentieth Century as, in dealing with them, to require an additional criterion or standard of judgment besides that which is required in considering woman-characters of the age in which we live.

Scott’s woman-characters must, therefore, be considered from two standpoints:

- I. From the standpoint of true, universal womanhood.
- II. With reference to the times in which they lived.

(I) calls for the exercise of the philosophy of human nature:  
(II) calls for an intimate knowledge of history.

Scott’s heroines, from the first of these standpoints, would form an excellent subject for study, which, however, can only be perfected by bringing to bear on it the influences of the periods in which they lived. Scott’s knowledge of history was immense, profound and detailed, and his historical pictures and portraits must, therefore, be considered reliable, allowing always for the slight latitude given a novelist and denied an historian.

Heroines, in novels, may conveniently for analysis of charac-

ter, be put into two classes, the *Active Woman* and the *Passive Woman*; the woman who *does* and the woman who *endures*, and a combination of these two classes forms a third—the woman who both *does* and *endures*.

We meet with examples of these three classes of characters in our own world. There is the strong active, (let us say feminine) nature that observes, thinks, judges, and is sufficient for its own guidance and development to the full and perfect woman — standing out very distinctly as an *individual*; and there is the softer, weaker, clinging type of womanhood that seems to want a stronger nature to cling to for support, guidance and development. The one is original — apt to be startling on emergency; the other is moulded more by circumstances and external influences. The woman who *endures* is strong, noble, rising to the height of true womanhood, or she is the reverse of these according as her endurance and resistance is *triumph* or *fail*. If she triumphs by striving, then we have a type of the third class.

In *Luey Ashton*, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and *Rebecca* in *Ivanhoe*, Scott presents two distinct and separate types of the woman who had to endure; the one suffered, resisted, failed, and went mad; the other suffered, resisted, triumphed, and so sanctified her womanhood.

In the long gallery of Scott's heroines there is no truer or nobler woman than the beautiful Jewish maiden who, according to no less an authority than Macaulay, to satisfy fully literary justice, should have been the wife of *Ivanhoe*; though such an ending to the story however satisfying to the reader would have been entirely at variance with the spirit of the times.

Daughter of a despised race as she was, yet delicately nurtured and well educated in the arts and refinements of the times, rich in beauty of mind and person, as well as in worldly goods—no Christian Knight, in Richard I's reign could have allied himself with her without utterly losing caste and placing a smirch on the Cross which was the knightly badge of all that was noblest in that crusading age. True, Rebecca might have turned Christian. That has been suggested by critics, but she would no longer have been Rebecca the daughter of Isaac of York, and would by doing so have given the lie to the strength of faith and womanhood that had brought her triumphantly through trials, temptations and mortal perils. Allowing her the privilege of believing that her religion — Judaism — was the right one, there is not a single blemish in Rebecca's character. It comes

as near perfection in womanhood as it is possible to conceive. Yet there is nothing of the impossible about her.

The foremost trait in Rebecca's character was her sound common sense which enabled her to see things as they were, to know herself no less than the people by whom she was surrounded. She was a young and lovely maiden with a heart susceptible to love, and she loved the handsome, manly and redoubtable Ivanhoe, though she knew all along there was no chance of her love being returned. She could read him as a book; strove against her love while tending upon him wounded.

"He calls me dear Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse, his hunting-hound are dearer to him than the despised Jewess." Then again when gazing at the sleeping Ivanhoe during the lull in the storming of the castle of Torquailstone, in answer to her growing tenderness for the knight she says to herself: "But I will tear this folly from my heart though every fibre bleed as I rend it away." Then—"She wrapped herself closely in her veil and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying or endeavouring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within."

Sprung from a people who, as she says, "warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression," she was unable to appreciate with Ivanhoe the eccentricities of chivalry then in its age of knight-errantry. But in religious argument, confident in the faith within her, she was ever more than a match for the Christians around her who cloaked ignoble actions with the cover of Christianity and wickedly construed her charitable knowledge of medicine and success in the power of healing the wounds of the smitten into sorcery and witchcraft as a plea for her sentence and death.

In defence of her honour Rebecca, like the Roman heroines of old, counted her life as nothing, and her fearless resolution in this regard appeared even to the unprincipled and determined Bois-Guilbert in whom her woman's penetration enabled her to see certain ennobling impulses that in their last interview won her forgiveness. "But I do forgive thee, Bois-Guilbert," she said, "though the author of my early death. There are noble things which cross over thy powerful mind; but it is the garden



of the sluggard, and the weeds have rushed up, and conspired to choke the fair and wholesome blossom."

"But thou forgivest me, Rebecca?" asked Bois-Guilbert a second time.

"As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner," was her magnanimous reply.

Luckless in love, persecuted by an abandoned yet powerful knight, condemned to a horrible death for witchcraft, in return for her noble actions, Rebecca's spirit never quailed. So long as there was a chance of life she would never despair and would have met death as bravely as the early Christian martyrs. In the presence of her judges, upon Bois-Guilbert's suggestion on the scroll *she demanded a champion.*

"There is yet one chance of life left to me," said Rebecca, even by your own fierce laws. Life has been miserable — miserable at least of late — but I will not cast away the gift of God while he affords me the means of defending it." Here again is a proof of her intimate knowledge of human nature. Feeling as she did that Ivanhoe had no thought of love for the despised Jewess, still she understood his noble and chivalrous character in such a way that she felt he would hasten to her rescue did he but know of her peril.

Simple, practical, possessing good sense and true religion — Rebecca never rants or raves. She always keeps a calm, clear, practical head — she was as clever as Shakespeare's Portia.

Rebecca's nature was equal to every call made on it. At every demand she was the high-minded, self-respecting, dignified, large-souled maiden. A woman will show to the best or worst when she is brought face to face and alone with a successful rival in the affections of the man she loves or did love. The most touching scene in the novel is the final one between Rebecca and the newly-wedded Rowena. The graceful humility, the calm, womanly dignity, the large gratitude, the maidenly instinct of delicacy displayed in thanking the preserver of her life through his wife, and the absence of all jealousy betokened by the present of a casket of jewels for the adornment of her who was loved by the man Rebecca loved, all appeal strongly to the reader whose sympathies go out to this exquisite flower of Israel, and it is to satisfy the majority of his readers that Scott, in the close of the last chapter, let fall a gentle hint that Ivanhoe's thoughts might recur too frequently to the fair Jewess.

To do Rowena justice she must be considered from the second

standpoint previously laid down, viz.: with reference to the times in which she lived, and, as before stated, this calls for an intimate knowledge of history. Beside such a character as Rebecca, the active, Rowena, the passive, must appear tame and, to a degree, insipid. Yet no one will disagree with me in terming hers a lovable character.

Beautiful she must have been on the exterior, and not with a lifeless beauty, either, else the critical eye of the polished man of the world, Bois-Guilbert, would never have so readily acknowledged her charms.

Her strong point was her love for Ivanhoe, the companion of her childhood — a love which withstood opposition and separation, and this, too, in an age when a young woman of noble birth was not supposed to show a susceptible heart nor to run counter to the advice of her guardians in matters pertaining to the affections.

She was dignified and without vanity, as evidenced by her quiet but pronounced treatment of the Templar upon her first meeting with him. She possessed the courage of conviction of a true woman of an age, when she raised her voice in the banquet hall where the mention of the name was forbidden, in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe in the memorable words: "I affirm he will meet fairly every honourable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires." Scott says of her: "The opinions which she felt strongly she avowed boldly," and again, "she was ever ready to acknowledge the claims and attend to the feelings of others." In her interview in Torquilstone, with De Bracy, her courage was undismayed for a time and she acted her accustomed part of a princess born to command. Then when the danger became so serious and imminent, unlike the active Rebecca, Rowena passively gave way to tears of vexation and sorrow. Yet who could wish to see the world entirely bereft of the women who can cry?

I have tried to show in Rebecca, the woman who both does and endures, — in Rowena, the passive woman, — but there still remains the type of the woman who does without enduring. Such a character is England's Elizabeth in Kenilworth. The predominating trait in Elizabeth's character was her vanity — a trait that seems at variance with the high-minded Sovereign, the author in his introduction tells us he is endeavouring to depict. Yet throughout she is a strange compound of the Queen and the

woman. To understand her and appreciate her we must not and cannot judge her by the same standard that we would use in portraying Queen Victoria. Our study must be with reference to the times in which she lived; and we must consider Scott's picture of her a true, historical one, allowing a little latitude for his well-known Protestant sympathies which would tend to gloss over her many and serious faults.

No better example of her vanity, and also of another trait in her character, could be given than in the author's own words regarding her audience with Raleigh: "Raleigh in knowing how to mix the devotion claimed by the Queen with the gallantry due to her personal beauty, succeeded so well as, at once, to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and love of power."

Elizabeth, true daughter of Henry VIII, would brook no opposition to her authority, while for a time, womanlike, she might give way to the finer feelings, she never failed to return with a bound, and impress upon all who had witnessed her departure that she was Queen more than woman. She enjoyed having men in the capacity of suitors, but with no one would she share her power.

"The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium."

In sense and sound policy she had no equal in any woman of her time, and no superior in any man. It was to the interest of England to effect a reconciliation between the rival Earls of Sussex and Leicester. Elizabeth effected this, but the tactics she used were taken from the womanly side of her character: "Sussex I entreat — Leicester I command," but the words were so uttered that the entreaty became almost a command, and the command an entreaty.

Elizabeth, unlike Rebecca, was not proficient in reading human nature, and when this knowledge was forced upon her by Leicester's confession of the deceit that had been practised she forgot her dignity in her passion. Her faithful adviser, Burleigh, saw that something deeper than her vanity was wounded, yet her pride instantly came to her rescue and she became once more the calm, dignified sovereign. It was not a magnanimous dignity, however, for she taunted the fallen Dudley with his presumption in thinking that she, Queen of England, ever entertained a particular regard for him. "What, ho! My lords come here, and hear the news: My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost *me* a husband and England a King."

Poor Amy Robsart is another example of the woman who had to endure, but owing to her untimely death we can only conjecture whether she would have suffered and triumphed as Rebecca did, though in a more tragic style, or whether it was a Fate, more kind, that saw fit to take her young life rather than condemn her to the sad fate of the mad Lucy Ashton. The only child of an indulgent father, left motherless from infancy, Amy had never been taught the very necessary lesson of submission to authority. She recognized no authority. All her young life, she had been accustomed to frame her wishes and leave to some one else the fulfilment of them; she possessed frivolous tastes and the education of the times had done little or nothing for a mind naturally gay and adverse to study. The betrothed bride of Tresillian, her father's noble friend, it becomes somewhat difficult to excuse her flight from home without leaving that aged father with a certainty of her fate, but it is a child we find in Cunnmore Place, delighted with her handsome husband and the beauty by which he has surrounded her; but that it was a strong-minded child who held her honour as the most sacred thing she possessed, is shown by her insistence against such a plausible adviser as Varney that in the eyes of God, if not of the world, she would be true Countess of Leicester. Dudley recognized that though Amy was flexible in many matters, where her honour was concerned not Elizabeth on her throne had more pride than the daughter of the obscure gentleman of Devon.

Her love for Dudley was not of a childish nature. When the treachery of those around her was forced upon her she became a woman, strong in her love and her determination to fathom the mysteries. Her courage in the face of inexplicable difficulties, and her faith in her husband, in spite of appearances, is highly commendable, but she failed in execution. Scott says: "At the most momentous period of her life, she was alike destitute of presence of mind and ability to form for herself any reasonable or prudent plan of conduct."

While forsaken, half crazed with grief, the least welcome guest at the revels of Kenilworth Castle, the domain of her own husband, the innate grandeur of Amy's character bursts upon us and overwhelms us. Dragged before the imperious Queen to tell her own story, she forgot self and all her wrongs in her fears for Dudley's safety.

No greater contrast between women both in love with the same man was ever shown than in the demeanor of Elizabeth, the Queen, and Amy the obscure maiden. No one doubts which

woman loved the perhaps unworthy Earl of Leicester with the love that ennobles; no one doubts which woman in that critical moment showed herself a queen among women.

In conclusion, from the standpoint of a Catholic, I cannot refrain from expressing a regret that in the long gallery of Scott's women, so beautifully portrayed, there is not one true Catholic heroine. True, the two Queen Marys have been given to us historically, but the novelist has used his privileges in intensifying, rather than glossing over imperfections, and the picture of the beautiful, gifted, lovable but ill-fated Queen of Scots is not a satisfying one.

I. MacC.

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## Benefits of Advertising.

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**P**ERHAPS before narrating any benefits that may accrue from advertising, it would be well to consider what an advertisement is. No better definition can be given than Macaulay's trite description, "Advertising is to business what steam is to machinery — the great propelling power."

Advertising is just as tangible a commodity as any other. It is the man who doesn't know who claims that advertising is intangible and vague. But it is the man who knows who gets profit out of the money he invests. To my mind advertising is merely a suggestion. Before the days of the newspaper the suggestion was made by display of wares and by word of mouth.

A good suggestion made through the columns of a clean home paper will undoubtedly do a great deal. A message delivered by a clean, honest, truthful person will have more weight than one delivered by a person of questionable character. It is just so with newspapers. The clean paper possesses the confidence and respect of the entire people; its influence is great. The character of the paper is shown in its pages and style, just as the character of a man may be detected in his face.

No doubt there are those who will complain of getting little profit from their advertisements; but the fault is invariably their own. We have seen that one must advertise in good trustworthy

papers. He must do more than that. If a man wishes to reap any great benefits from advertising he must take other precautions. Just as the gardener who wants a good crop must cultivate the ground carefully before sowing the seed, so the business man must be careful in preparing his advertisement.

If the ad. is to be read by the people whom it is to reach there must be no slips in grammar, spelling or punctuation. All such slips betoken illiteracy or want of thoroughness, and are sure to have a bad effect so far as results are concerned. However good the general conception of the notice may be, mistakes in grammar will inevitably be observed by persons of any education, and the result will be that instead of being impressed by the offer made, they will jump at the conclusion that your wares are no better than your grammar, and thus you will fail to attract serious attention.

With the foregoing precautions it is impossible for one to assert that advertising is not beneficial. There are hundreds of thousands of different ways in which a person may be benefited; I shall endeavour to enumerate but a few.

Let us take a medium-sized firm, which suddenly realizes that for the furtherance of its business in foreign countries, the time has arrived when it must boldly do something to maintain its reputation, and keep in line with the ever-increasing competition. Now if this firm has not a very large capital it cannot very well afford to send armies of men all over the world to advertise by word of mouth. It cannot maintain those men in different cities where rooms and board are so costly, therefore it must take some cheaper and quicker way. This is done by putting a good ad. in the leading and trustworthy papers of the country. If the wares correspond to the recommendation given in the papers, the firm will immediately find its trade increasing rapidly. The goods are shipped and sold for what they were advertised, and there is not so much room for fraud as there would be if agents were sent through the country. How long would it take those agents to work up the trade? On the contrary the news is flashed through the country by the papers in a few days.

The Swift Specific Company and the Bradfield Regulator Company spend annually over a million and a quarter dollars in advertising. Now it would be a contradiction to think that those companies would use the papers and periodicals as mediums for showing what they manufacture if they did not reap very great benefits. If we wish to recall a friend we naturally have recourse to a photograph. Just as the photograph is the

representation of the friend, so a good advertisement is a representation of a company.

Advertising has become so common and essential that even the poorest firms use this medium of becoming known to the world. One great firm in London makes yearly through advertising over three millions. The New York Book Company sends more books to foreign ports than they sell in the State itself. This may be attributed chiefly to advertising. But as I said before some people deny that advertising is a money-making scheme merely because they use the worst newspapers. A newspaper is valuable as an advertising medium in proportion to its value as a news medium. The reliable journal wins steady readers and steady advertisers to it with the least urging. Sensational papers are read only when a sensation is on. And they are quickly thrown aside to cumber the sidewalks and ear seats when the vicious appetite that feeds on such sustenance has been satisfied. Readers that can be reached through such mediums, even if they be numerous, are those whom the largest users of space care least to cultivate.

F. CORKERY, '11.

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### MORNING.

The year's at the Spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn—  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world.

—Browning.

## The Influence of Catholicism on English Literature.

**I** WILL state here, by way of introduction, that "literature," a word of very wide significance, will, in what I am about to say, be used in its widest sense, with the understanding, however, which can never be long, or even consciously absent from a Catholic mind, that, since we are dealing with the Church's place and influence in English literature, only such literature as comes clearly and distinctly under that influence, can have any real interest for us. All else, it seems to me, must, for us at all events, fall into the category of those "many things" which, as Thomas à Kempis is careful to remind us, "do little or nothing profit the soul."

In this connection, and at a time when the nature and efficiency of education have become veritable "shibboleths," as Carlyle calls them, certain words, written some thirty years ago, by the Anglican, Dr. Frederick Stokes, in his introduction to Dr. Maitland's famous work on the so-called "Dark Ages," will not, I think, seem out of place: "No man," he writes, "who is really grounded in the truths of Christianity can be truly said to be ignorant, and the practical teaching which the early writers of the Dark Ages obtained from the pulpit and the confessional was of far more real intellectual value than the farrago of scraps of grammar and elementary arithmetic to an unwilling generation in Board Schools and such like." May I commend the preface, and the book itself, to the reader's careful and appreciative study, and may I also call his attention to a saying of Pusey's, in his preface to St. Aug. Conf., to the effect that we are accumulating facts, in order to hide for ourselves our ignorance of principles?

I shall endeavour, indeed, in the presentment of this subject, to confine myself, as far as possible, and for sufficiently obvious reasons, to the witness of writers not of our Holy Faith. Where I find myself constrained to depart from this rule, or where I venture, as I have already indicated my purpose of doing, to refer to my own conclusions and inferences, I shall, of course, give due notification of the fact.



The title of my subject might, indeed, and almost without qualification, be changed to a briefer and more comprehensive one: "The Bible in English Literature." For, whereas, Garrett, in his chapter on the English Bible—you will find it in the first volume of Garrett and Gosse's "English Literature"—speaks of the "almost exclusively religious character of Anglo-Saxon literature after the conversion of that people to Christianity," he says, with equal emphasis, that no important literature owes so great a debt to the Scriptures as is owed by that which we are now considering. And, as showing to what extent a "collection of Oriental writings," as he justly calls them, have been assimilated by a nation wholly unconnected with Greek or Hebrew, he adds that "they seem to have naturalized the patriarchs and prophets as their own countrymen." David, we may say, is—or was—as familiar a figure to the Bible-reading, Bible-loving Englishman as King Alfred, and Samson as popular a hero as Robin Hood.

And this description, you will notice, our non-Catholic author does not, as we might naturally infer, confine to post-reformation, Protestant England, but speaks of Bede, Caedmon, and Aelfric as among the earliest translators of the Bible into the vernacular, and unhesitatingly refers the "almost exclusively religious character of Anglo-Saxon literature" to the direct influence of Saxon translation and Saxon paraphrases of the Holy Scriptures.

"As far back as the English language can be followed, there are traces of the work of English translators of the Bible." This is the witness of another eminent Anglican authority, the Rev. J. H. Blunt, in his contribution to the article, "England," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. While, therefore, it is literally true that, as Freeman says, in his contribution to the same work, under the title "English Bible," "the Puritan lived in his English Bible as the medieval scholar lived in his Latin Bible," the statement, as Garrett's evidence goes to show, is no less applicable to the Catholic Anglo-Saxon. Sir Thomas More, indeed, to say nothing of Cranmer, who is, perhaps, the better witness for our present purpose, asserts that "the whole Bible was, long before Wycliffe's days, by virtuous and well-learned men translated into the English tongue, and by good and godly people with devotion well and devoutly read." These translations, as Gairdner shows, in his "Lollardy and the Reformation in England," were thus read with the direct sanction and approval of the

English Bishops It was to these translations that Cranmer appealed as a reason for issuing a fresh and authorized version.

With the mention of Wycliffe, we part company for the moment with our non-Catholic authorities, and call as a witness one belonging to the Household of Faith, whose authority and learning are, at the very least, not inferior to those of any referred or to be referred to. In his "Old English Bible," Abbot Gasquet has given convincing reasons for asserting that the so-called "Wycliffe Bibles," still extant, being wholly free from all taint of "Lollard pravity," are not the work of that rebel against the Church's divine authority, but must be counted among the Catholic translations mentioned by the apostate Cranmer, and "the holy and blissful martyrs," Blessed Thomas More.

It is no exaggeration, therefore, on the strength of the above evidence, to speak of the vernacular Scriptures as the source and inspiration of English literature, and to say that, in this sense, the influence of Catholicism is synonymous with the influence of the Bible, with that, in fact, of the Church's best gift to European literature, medieval or modern, Protestant, no less than Catholic.

I lay stress, possibly undue stress, on this point, just because the influence of the vernacular Bible on English literature has been so commonly, I was going to say so impudently, attributed to the "pure gospel" of Henry VIII, the light of which, we are told by an English poet, "first dawned in Bullen's eyes." If English literature, according to the witness of writers indifferent, if not hostile, to our Holy Faith, owes its beginnings, its form, its perfection, to the English Bible, it no less surely owes that vernacular Bible to the Catholic Church. That, and nothing short of that, is the form and measure of the influence of Catholicism on English literature.

Garrett, indeed, whom we called as our first witness, says, in effect, that if all that English literature owes, directly or indirectly, to the English Bible, were withdrawn, there would be little or nothing of interest or of value remaining. Stated differently, it may be safely said that English literature, whether prior to, or subsequent to, the miscalled reformation, is as meaningless, as incomprehensible, apart from the English Bible, as medieval literature, according to the Anglican Dr. Maitland — in his work already referred to — is meaningless and incomprehensible apart from a familiar acquaintance with the text of the Vulgate.

His exact words, which I make no apology for quoting, are as follows: "The writings of the Dark Ages are, if I may use the expression, *made of the scriptures*. . . . I mean that they thought and spoke and wrote the thoughts and words and phrases of the Bible, and that they did this constantly and habitually as the natural mode of expressing themselves . . . in histories, biographies, familiar letters, legal instruments, and documents of every description. . . . Their ideas," he continues, "seem to have fallen so naturally into the words of Scripture, that they were constantly referring to them in a way of passing allusion, which is now very puzzling to those who are unacquainted with the phraseology of the Vulgate. . . . It is a difficulty," he adds, "only to be overcome by the help of a concordance of the Vulgate." Once more, I venture to commend this magnificent vindication of the Ages of Faith to your most careful and appreciative study.

If, then, you will bear in mind that the Catholicism of the Middle Ages in England, as throughout Latin Christendom, was, in the most literal sense, a Biblical religion, and that the literature of the Middle Ages "was made of the Scriptures," you will see the peculiar force, the special bearing on our subject, of the quotations I am about to make. You will also, I trust, allow this vital and essential fact that the English people have, from the earliest times, been a Bible-loving people, its due weight in considering the inference I have been bold enough to draw from it and to submit to you, as I shall presently do.

The Middle Ages, we may say, end, for all practical purposes, with the beginning of the sixteenth century, roughly speaking, with the Tudor, or Elizabethan era. My next witness, then, shall be Carlyle, whom none will suspect of bias in favour of the Catholic Church. "In some sense," he writes in his *Hero as Poet*, "it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan era, with its Shakespeare as the outcome and flowerage of all that had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. . . . And remark here, as rather curious, that Middle Age Catholicism was abolished, as far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakespeare, the noblest product of it"—note the words, of a XIX. century, bitter hater of Popery! — (the noblest product of Middle Age Catholicism!) appeared. He did make his appearance nevertheless. Nature, at her own time, with Catholicism or what else might be necessary, sent him forth, taking small thought of Acts of Parliament."

But if Shakespeare, on such indisputable evidence as this,

is to be counted as the crowning glory of our Medieval, Catholic, and Biblical English literature, we, Catholic and Protestant alike, owe no less incalculable a debt to two books which have made Shakespeare's English the true English of our own day. Chaucer, we may say, was as unintelligible to Shakespeare as he is to us, Shakespeare as intelligible as if he were the contemporary of Scott or Tennyson. We owe this, as I say, to two books, which have moulded and influenced English literature, from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, no less profoundly,—more so, if possible—than it was moulded and influenced by the vernacular Scriptures from Caedmon's days to those of Blessed Thomas More.

As my next witness, therefore, I shall recall the historian, Freeman, and his article on "England," already referred to. "The sixteenth century," he writes, "has given us, in our national prayer book, and in our national translation of the Bible, models of the English tongue which, as long as they survive, will survive to rebuke its corrupters." He adds, in a note, that the "authorized" or King James' version, of 1611, though the work of the seventeenth century, "was the work of men whose minds had been trained in the sixteenth century, and the translation of the sixteenth century taken as its model." He even goes so far as to say that wherever the "authorized version" (still more, we may add, any later revision) "has departed from that model, however much it may give us a more accurate representation of the original, it loses as a piece of English and of English rhythm." In proof of this last assertion, he institutes a comparison between Coverdale's Psalter of 1530, as retained in the Book of Common Prayer, and the Psalter of 1611, greatly in favour of the former.

This may, or may not, be the prejudiced opinion of a typical British "tory." But if, as Carlyle maintains, the Elizabethan era is "the outcome and flowerage" of Middle Age Catholicism, it is no less literally true that the English Bible of 1611 is "the outcome and flowerage" of all previous vernacular translations of the later ones, especially, as the very briefest comparison of one text with another will prove beyond question. If so, then the "authorized version"—for that is its real nature—justly claimed as the crowning glory (Shakespeare not excepted) of English literature, and as unjustly as the crowning glory of the miscalled English reformation, is, actually and literally, the Church's gift to English literature. For, as Freeman says, the King James translators and revisers were men whose minds were

trained in the sixteenth century, that means, if it means anything, minds trained in and influenced by the traditions of a Catholicism "abolished as far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it," to say nothing of the natural conservation of all true scholarship, to an extent which we can hardly realize. One translation, or revision of the Bible links itself, so to speak, in an unbroken succession, to a preceding one, from King James' translators back to the venerable Bede, and the influence of the vernacular Scriptures on English literature is no less profound and far-reaching in the eighth century than in the sixteenth. It were well for us could we add: "Or in the twentieth!"

A study of Gairdner's chapter on "The Reign of the English Bible," in the second volume of his "Lollardy and the Reformation in England" — which I also commend to your particular notice — will give you an insight both into the methods of unauthorized translators of the Bible—or virulently heretical, as Tyndale—and into Henry's motives for issuing, as "English pope," an official version. It will also prove—if it needs proving, that the Bishops, against whose authority the king had, for his own evil purposes, secretly encouraged every pestilent pamphleteer whom he had previously banished, objected, not to vernacular versions of the Scriptures,—which they had sanctioned for the use of the faithful—but to unauthorized, one may say wilfully falsified versions, containing notes and commentaries aggressively and scurrilously anti-Catholic. It was only attacks on his own authority which Henry resented. That he should first forbid, and then permit, the importation of such works into England, as it happened to suit his ends and policy, is merely consistent with his character.

The above claim as to the Church's share in giving the English Bible, in all its revisions, from Bede's to James the First's, to a Catholic and to a non-Catholic England alike, anticipates, to some extent, the inference I wish to submit, presently, to your consideration. I will, therefore, content myself, in conclusion, with a brief reference to that other work, the influence of which, on England's literature, Freeman ranks, as we have seen, with "our nation's" translation of the Bible," namely, "our national prayer book," as he calls it.

Not only has the English Bible, "the sole literary, as it is the sole spiritual reading of countless millions of English people" — to quote Freeman once more — produced a very distinct and characteristic type of British Protestant, or did, till the dawn of the "higher criticism," but the Book of Common Prayer,

which may fairly be called the Anglican Breviary and Missal combined,—used by laity and clergy alike,—has no less surely produced, in those who have been faithful to its use and teaching, an equally distinct and characteristic type of “English Churchman.” It is a type, moreover, which, spiritual and literary — the latter is worth noting, here—is most assuredly not to be classed as “Protestant,” in the common acceptation of the name, even if it cannot be called Catholic. The mere mention of a few typical names, culled by Augustine Birrell, in his charming essay on the *Via Media*, from Newman’s “Loss and Gain,” will suffice to prove my contention. “I am embracing that creed,” so the quotation runs, “which upholds the divinity of tradition with Laud, consent of Fathers with Beveridge, a visible Church with Bramhall, dogma with Bull, the authority of the Pope with Thorndyke, penance with (Jeremy) Taylor, prayers for the dead with Ussher, celibacy, asceticism, ecclesiastical discipline, with Bingham.” You may add, if you will, as more homely types. Nicholas Ferrar, the original of “John Inglesant,” George Herbert, his biographer Izaak Walton (the “compleat angler”), and Samuel Johnson.

But if this be granted you will, I trust, admit the cogency of the inference with which I will close this attempt to show the influence of Catholicism on English literature, from Bede’s day to our own. That inference is that, since the English Bible is, beyond all cavil, the Church’s gift to the English people, non-Catholic, no less than Catholic, and the English Book of Common Prayer, as an unauthorized adaptation of the Breviary and Missal, no less due to her, it is for us, to whom all that is best in both belongs, by divine right, to reclaim in both the heritage which the English Catholic laity have neglected or ignored for the last three centuries. The sheep are no less sheep, as Saint Gregory reminds us, because the wolves sometimes “come to us in sheep’s clothing.” The Bible, and the essential parts of the Prayer Book, are not less Catholic because they have fallen into the use and possession of those who deny both their literary and spiritual debt to the Church, even as, or because, they deny her God-given authority.

If we admit the source and means of Catholic influence on English literature, the Bible, namely, and the Breviary; if we acknowledge their secondary effect, the formation of a distinct literary and spiritual type of character, in our Catholic ancestors, lay and clerical, in our present Catholic clergy and religious, and among many of our separated brethren, we must return to

the old paths which, to our irremediable spiritual loss, our laity have forsaken, and find them ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, the very "highway of our God."

One last word, in a conclusion which, I fear, has been unduly deferred. When you next read the Psalms "Feriae Quartae," these two verses of one of them may, perhaps, recur to your memories, as examples of that "English Breviary" which has had so profound an effect on the national character, as well as on the national literature. For the verse beginning, *Rex virtutum*, you will read as follows: "Kings with their armies did flee and were discomfited, and they of the household divided the spoil." For the verse beginning, *Prævenerunt principes*, thus: "The singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbels." This, however, Psalm 36, verse 37, (*Feriae Secundae*) is not less typical. For *Custodi innocentiam*; and the rest, you will read: "Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

These translations, as they stand, date, I may remind you, from the year 1530, at least, if not earlier, nearly four hundred years ago. If they are still as familiar to us as those of our own time, if the English of the sixteenth century has remained practically unchanged for so long a period, we owe it to the English Bible and to the Book of Common Prayer. And English literature, as I have endeavoured to show, owes both to the Catholic Church.

F. W. GREY, Lit. D.

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### DAWN.

An angel, robed in spotless white,  
Bent down and kissed the sleeping Night.  
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.  
Men saw the blush and called it dawn.

—Dunbar.

## The Three Languages of the Cross.

**R**EADING St. John's touching story of the Redeemer's Passion we find, in the description of the closing scene, these words: "And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, 'Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews.' This title then read many of the Jews; . . . and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin." (S. John: xix, 19, 20). Now these three tongues are called the "Three Languages of the Cross."

Whatever was Pilate's motive in setting up this inscription over the head of the Messiah, there was truly a certain peculiar fitness in this fact, that through all the agony of the Crucifixion, through the darkness and the convulsions of Nature, through the rending of the Veil of the Temple, these three mute witnesses of God's kingship and almightiness should stand over His head. For they had done, were doing, and were destined to do great things in the accomplishment of His marvellous and merciful designs with man.

In the number three, which Plato calls the "mother and the mistress of all numbers," there is a mystic nature. The most Holy Trinity—sublimest of all wonders—is the perfect type of excellence in three. The Wise Men that followed the Star of Bethlehem of Juda were three; and three are the cardinal virtues, Faith and Hope and Love. Three countries, Greece, Italy, and England, have produced the three great epics. And so it was only in accordance with this plan of the universe—trinity in unity and unity in trinity—that this unique inscription should be written in the three tongues specially set aside by God from all the languages and dialects of the earth.

In the designs of the Omnipotent, who, from the beginning of ages, had willed to have for a long succession of centuries a peculiar people to be the guardians of His laws and the keepers of His commandments, the Hebrew tongue was an instrument by no means insignificant. Language is one of the three great marks of distinction between races; and with the singular and most honourable exception of Ireland, every great nationality that lost its language has become absorbed in some stronger people. And Ireland has remained startlingly distinct from the Sister Island only because her children had a superabundance,



God be thanked, of love for their Faith; and Religion as a factor of national distinctiveness is more potent than even language. The Jewish people had a peculiar mission, and they lived under a dispensation of stern magnificence. God's law with them was a code of awful Justice rather than of that sweet mercy which His Son, in the fulness of time, brought alike to Jew and Gentile. The Hebrew people, a mere handful in the vast, swarming multitudes of the Gentiles, had to be "salted with fire" that they might escape corruption. In the hoarse roar of the ocean wave beating on the rocks, in the thunder and lightnings of Sinai, in the moaning of winter winds, we seem to hear some echo, as it were, of the genius of their tongue,—grand, powerful, unrelenting, majestic, sad.

When the expected of nations came, and came to all, there was already a language fit to be the depository of His Testament. God seemed to need a tongue that would have the twin characteristics of beauty and of universality; and if any speech of man can be called God's language, it is the Greek, "which," says an eminent writer, "from its propriety and true Catholicity is made for all that is great, and all that is beautiful, in every subject and under every form of writing." The Most High Himself consecrated its very alphabet—"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." And so that New Testament of Love was written by Jewish men in the Greek tongue, and even before their time, the ancient Hebrew Scriptures had been almost miraculously clothed in a Greek dress. Everything beautiful in Nature and sublime in Art finds fit description in the tongue of Athens. It has the rippling music of the running brook and the loud voice of the mountain torrent. It lulls by its almost sensual sweetness and rouses to frenzy by its passionate accents.

It, too, had its peculiar mission. Heaven permitted that succeeding ages should have a type of excellence purely human in the Grecian tongue and in the Grecian people, and that this people should be the corner-stone of the third great Empire of Antiquity. What the Greek race, by its philosophy, its poetry, its modes of thought, its lofty standard of excellence in Art, has done for us, it were vain to calculate. One does not gauge the unfathomable.

But Greek was too difficult of fluent attainment by foreigners to become the almost universal language of the Orthodox Church, and so the Giver of speech had already prepared a voice for the liturgy and offices of His Spouse. It was the Latin tongue.

Sprung originally from a hardy Etruscan stock, Latin is a happy blending of the somewhat stern majesty of Hebrew with the Æolian sweetness of the Greek. It has neither all the coldness of the North nor all the fervour of the South, but is rather of the temperate clime and is "all things to all men."

Latin is, above all, the language of the Church. We love it for that alone, even if there were no other reason for giving it our love—and there are many. It is the life-long friend of even the lowliest Catholic Christian. In the simple eloquence of a great man, "It rocks his cradle and it follows his hearse." When the regenerating waters of baptism are poured on his brow, and when the thrilling strains of the *Dies iræ* rise up and float away beside his bier, it is in Latin that the voice of the Church is heard, sanctifying, blessing, consoling. When he is laid away to his long, long sleep under the churchyard tree, the solemn mass of requiem for the departed soul goes up from earth to heaven in the Latin tongue. And during this mortal life, when he had been time and again at enmity with God and had come for his Maker's pardon, the minister of that God pronounced the blessed words of reconciliation and forgiveness in the same noble language. On the happiest day of children's lives—the day of First Communion—when the priest is about to give them the "Bread which came down from heaven" and the Precious Blood that was so lavishly poured out for them on Calvary, they hear him at the supreme moment, when God is about to enter their hearts, pray that this Divine Body may preserve their souls unto life everlasting. And the prayer is still uttered in Latin. Wherever the "clean oblation" is made among the Gentiles in all the quarters of the world is heard the solemn music of the Roman tongue. And wherever the Catholic goes, mayhap in exile and in sore bitterness of heart to some far-off land and to some foreign people, even though he be a poor ignorant man, he is almost the brother of Cicero and Cæsar, for the moment he enters a Catholic Church his heart thrills at the familiar sound of their language. Marvellous wisdom of the Church of Jesus Christ that has thus established the brotherhood of all ages and nations by her divinely-guided choice of the Latin tongue! And so this tongue is not really dead, but has outlived the wonders of Pagan Rome, the colossal power of her people, the strife of the Amphitheatre, and the tremendous power of the Cæsars, the like of which, in the words of De Quincey, "vast, unexampled, immeasurable," will never be seen again.

In every College and House of Higher Education in the

Christian World, Hebrew and Latin and Greek hold a most honourable place. So potent is the influence of the tongues of Greece and Rome that it is the excellence of its classical course which gives the academic tone to a College and places it in the front rank. These languages then are not dead. Dead, did I say? No: truly not dead while they are, as they will ever continue to be, potent guides and teachers to give youth those habits of accurate and close inspection, of patient and laborious investigation, of manful, dauntless perseverance, which are the foundation of Victory. Not dead, indeed, while they live to be among the best and highest aids of the Christian instructor in giving to the young that refinement and that gentleness which have earned for these studies the name of the *Humanities*. Surely not dead while they still tell us the record of everything great, grand, eventful, in the history of the world and "vindicate the ways of God to man."

J. F. WATERS, M.A., LL.D.

[This posthumous M.S. of our distinguished alumnus has been kindly given to the Review by one of his most intimate friends.—Ed.]



O for a booke in a shady nooke,  
Either indoors or out  
With the green leaves whispering overhead,  
Or the frost and snow about;  
Where I may reade all at mine ease,  
Both of the newe and the olde;  
For a right good booke wherein to looke,  
Is better to me than gold.

# University of Ottawa Review.

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No. 5

## FILTRATION OF WATER SUPPLIES.

The quality of water for human consumption depends upon the polluting and purifying influences to which it has been subjected before reaching the consumer. It is well known that the general health of a community using a sewage polluted water gradually falls lower and lower and the death rate increases proportionately. Of the diseases most frequently following the use of an impure water, typhoid fever holds, at the present day, the most prominent position in the public eye. It is a curious fact, as yet unexplained, that the change from an impure water to a pure supply diminishes the sickness and death rate, not only from typhoid fever, but also from tuberculosis, pneumonia, and other serious diseases. It is also a fact that in certain cities using a sewage polluted water the death rate from typhoid fever is many times more than that for cities using a filtered water supply taken from the same source.

Generally speaking, there are two methods in use for the filtration of public water supplies; they are known as the "Slow

Sand" filtration and "Mechanical" filtration. In the former type, the water filters through beds of sand and gravel at varying rates of from two to five million gallons per acre every twenty-four hours, according to the character of the water. In mechanical filtration, a precipitate is first added to the water, which is then passed through a medium of sand under pressure, the rate of filtration being many times more than in the slow sand filters.

The type of filter best suited for any particular water must be carefully considered before adoption by a municipality, and this can only be done by a competent sanitary engineer. When either system can be used, it resolves itself into a question of primary cost and annual maintenance. The slow sand filters cost, approximately, \$30,000 per million gallons of the daily consumption and about ten per cent. of this per annum for operating; while a mechanical filter costs about one-fourth, and, if carefully operated, a high degree of efficiency as regards purification can be obtained. This is well exemplified at Chatham, Ontario, where for some years filters of this latter class have been in operation, the water treated being that of the river Thames.

The attention of the public, as well as health and municipal authorities, has been directed during the past few months to the purification of water by means of the addition of small, very small quantities of hypochlorite of calcium, otherwise known as chloride of lime. We have been led to believe the process is a very simple one; indeed so simple that a child might almost direct the treatment. It is true that in case of emergency, municipal and health authorities may, under the direction of a sanitary engineer, improvise the means for the application of the hypochlorite and thus prevent outbreaks of typhoid fever when the water is sewage polluted; but for the proper and scientific installation, as well as for the oversight and management, expert services give the best results, and where a municipality will pay for the services of an expert, the expenditure is more than compensated for by the results obtained. These facts are clearly shown by the work and operation of what is known as the Bubbly Creek Water Purification Plant of the Union Stock Yard and Transit Co. at Chicago, which has been in operation for nearly two years.

The following information, descriptive of it, is taken from the report of C. A. Jennings, chief chemist and superintendent of filtration:

First, as to the class of water. Bubbly Creek receives the sewage of some 350,000 people — about the population of the city of Montreal, and a larger population than the city of Toronto. The normal size of the creek is not given but the bacterial results for a period of twelve months show the maximum to have been 2,350,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter (about 18 drops), while the minimum was 30,000 — the average being 354,000 per cubic centimeter.

Without entering into the details, it may be said that the plant consists of pumps, a canal, now part of the sedimentation system, 3 pairs of settling basins and mechanical filters. From these latter the *treated* water flows into the clear-water well and from thence it is supplied to the stock yards.

Consequent upon the close and intelligent oversight maintained, various changes have been made both in the operation of the plant and in the chemicals used in the treatment of the water. These can be learned in detail by reference to the "Engineering Record" of September 24th, 1910. At the present time, the coagulant used is sulphate of alumina, a solution of a strength of 3.3 per cent. being used. Subsequently hypochlorite solution of the strength of 1.2 per cent. is added, after which the water passes through the filters and is then ready for use.

As regards the cost of operating this particular plant, the contract guarantee called for nothing in excess of twenty dollars per million gallons, this to include cost of chemicals, labour, and power for pumping, but not depreciation charges and interest on investment. The cost of operation has averaged only \$10.54 per million gallons, and a still further reduction in cost of operation will be shown, as, since the use of hypochlorite, a total reduction of some 60 per cent. has been made in respect to chemicals alone.

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. C. A. Jennings for this practical demonstration of how water strongly polluted with sewage may be converted into a potable water of a high quality. The reporter states it was drunk by himself and his assistants in preference to the city water, and he significantly adds, "There has never been a single case of sickness or intestinal disorder caused by doing so."

Undoubtedly, municipalities having water supplies liable to contamination by sewage have much to learn from this interesting work and they certainly can have no excuse hereafter for serving out to the public a sewage-polluted water.



The "Patrician" contains a brief account of the origination of certain manufactured articles and the development of certain other things during the "Dark Ages." The essay proves to us that they were "Ages of Light," besides showing us the superiority of the mental activities of man during that period.

"Acta Victoriana" has a splendid article on "The Value of a College Education." It outlines its use and abuse, fully describing the proper use of an education. It continues to say that when one has acquired a good College education and is compelled to leave the institution of learning, he ought not to consider himself the finished product but merely a humble seeker fully equipped for exploitation in that boundless field of knowledge.

The "Xavier" is full of interesting stories, and a casual glance at their titles compels one to probe into their composition. "Political Honor: Its Champion, The Revival of an Old Italian Custom," and "A Bulbous Nose and an Imagination" are delightful stories well worth reading.

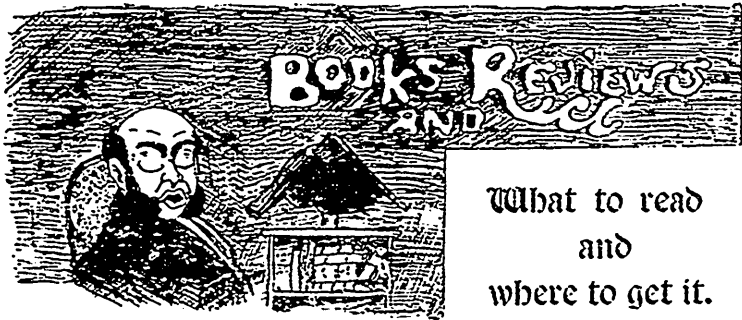
The "Niagara Rainbow" is a fine specimen of the Catholic magazine. Its beautifully illustrated pages and nicely written stories make it a welcome visitor on our table.

The "Viatorian" contains a nice treatise on "Schools as Nurseries of Scholarship and Morality." It points out the essentials which form the character of a young man attending a Catholic College. The good training he receives whilst there is a great factor in his make-up, and he is not easily swerved from the path of "duty and righteousness" as he who attends a college and is his own master. "The Historical Value of Art" should not be passed over, as it deals with the Arts of the early nations such as Egypt, Greece and Rome, and is very interesting.

We heartily welcome a new visitor to our sanctum in the bright little "Rocket."

The "May Court News," the organ of the Ottawa May Court, is a bright little paper, replete with items of interest, and reflects great credit on the young ladies who constitute its editorial staff. Articles particularly instructive in the January issue were: The Club Work, by Miss Adèle Gorman; The Constitution, by Miss Borden; Events of Interest, by Miss LaMothe.

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges: "Vox Lycei," "Queen's University Journal," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "College Mercury," "The Philomathean Monthly," "The Exponent," "The Geneva Cabinet," "The McGill Martlett," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Laurel," "The Pharos," "The Comet," "The O.A.C. Review," "The Rocket," "Georgetown College Journal," "The Young Eagle," "The Manitoba College Journal," "The Bates Student," "The Trinity University Review," "St. Mary's Chimes," "Niagara Index," "The Mitre," "McMaster University Monthly," "Collegian," "The Gateway," "St. John's University Record," "Schoolman," "Columbiad," "Fordham Monthly," "Allisonia," "Xaverian," "Echoes from St. Ann's," "Red and White."



Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, have just published a "Missal for the Laity," printed on India paper, bound in black embossed cloth. (16mo., 1,800 pages, net \$1.85), the only complete Roman Missal in the English language, specially adapted for North America. Latin text side by side with English; also "God, Christ and the Church," Catholic doctrine and practice explained, with answers to objections and examples, by Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.F.M., (500 pages, net \$2.00). Sold in connection with "Benziger's Magazine" as follows: "God.



Christ, and the Church," net \$2.00; "Benziger's Magazine, \$2.00; total, \$4.00. Special combination price, \$3.00. "Spiritual Considerations," a new book dealing with religious and spiritual life, but not in such a way as to be of service only to priests and religious. (12mo, net \$1.25), by Fr. H. Reginald Buckler, O.P.; and "Chief Ideas of the Baltimore Catechism," with instructions and answers, arranged according to the method of Rev. John Furniss, C.S.S.R. (Paper cover, per 100, \$3.25), by Rev. John E. Mullett, who has prepared this work to make the study of Catechism more concentrated for the pupil but without any further tax on the pupil's mental powers.

"The First Half Century of Ottawa."

We are indebted to McLeod Stewart, Esq., M.A., for a copy of his extremely interesting book, "The First Half Century of Ottawa." Mr. Stewart has grown up with our fair Capital and has served it faithfully as Alderman and Mayor, so that he is well qualified to describe its development and portray its varied splendours. Every industry and enterprise and activity receives its meed of recognition from his sympathetic pen, and the most notable public and private buildings, as well as many of the city's beauty spots, are reproduced in a wealth of fine half-tone engravings. The book is tastefully bound, published at a very moderate price, and should be found in the library of every one who takes an interest or would interest others in Ottawa. "the Washington of the North."

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## Among the Magazines.

The "Educational Review" contains this month a rather interesting item on the "Natural Boy." This paper shrewdly recognizes the problem of the growing boy. He is so full of energy, that unless an outlet is found for it he is almost sure to become an unmitigated nuisance. The question is, what to do with him. "Put him under a barrel" till he gets sense, as Carlyle puts it? Tell him to "sit still"? No, the boy is so full of what the Germans call the "wanderlust," or an inordinate desire to explore the whole world, that it would be impossible to make him keep still. But there is at once a readier and a more profiting way to overcome the difficulty. Teach him something which will interest him. Teach him to draw. From this he will learn attention and accuracy. Teach him to read, and begin by reading

for him. There is no boy who will not listen with all the ardour of his soul to strong tales of adventure, and conquest, and exploration. Lastly, if he is a bright boy and at school, guard against his becoming too fond of reading and too neglectful of the vigor which comes from contact with the keen air of every-day life.

The "Ave Maria" sets forth some very striking opinions on the purpose of the world, in its issue of this present month. It says that the antagonism between religion and science, which we used to hear so much about, is apparently almost at an end. It mentions in support of this statement the names of two gentlemen highly placed in the scientific world — Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace and Sir Oliver Lodge. The former in his new book, "The World of Life," expresses the belief that the purpose of the universe is "the education and development of mankind for an enduring spiritual existence." The writer, it is worthy of note, after a long siege of deep science, is ready to retire from life holding out to religion not a venomous missile but a quiet olive branch. The example of two such men as Dr. Wallace and Sir Oliver Lodge ought to be a confirmation the most strengthening to many souls weakening in their fidelity to religion.

In the 'Chronicle' of the "America" we notice that some space is given to the recent occurrences which have disturbed a portion of the English London. Towards the end of December, the police learned that a gang in a Houndsditch house was piercing the wall of a jeweller's shop. Four men were shot in interfering with them. In January two of the gang were rounded up in a house at Stepney. They resisted arrest with a hail of bullets. A call for aid brought 1,500 police, the Scots Guards, Field Artillery, and the Home Secretary. A constant fire for six hours — almost as long as the battle of Waterloo — between besiegers and besieged, constituted the new famous "Battle of Stepney." Finally, straw kindled to smoke them out, resulted in the burning of the "fortress" and its inmates; while seven persons among the police and bystanders met their deaths. The pertinent question of the "America" with relation to all this is: "Why does England shoot down these Anarchists when she protects them so long as they wish to operate against other countries only?" A very pertinent question indeed. Why does she? Because, perhaps, they never troubled her before; though hatching all the while infamous designs against the heads of Continental rule.

## Prætorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. Father Carey of Micaville was a visitor at Varsity recently.

Rev. Father Cavanagh, Corkery, Ont., called at the Seminary last week to see his nephew, Mr. W. Cavanagh.

Messrs. M. J. Smith, Pakenham; C. D. O'Gorman, Douglas; J. Burke, Pembroke; M. Doyle, Killaloe; M. O'Gara, Ottawa, and A. Stanton, Fitzroy Harbor, who are attending the Grand Seminary, Montreal, paid a visit to friends at Alma Mater while on their way home for a couple of weeks' holidays.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. W. Breen obtained the highest number of marks in the Theology examinations recently held at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and we may add that William made his Philosophy course in one year, which is something rarely done.

Mr. H. Chartrand of last year's Matriculation class, who is a medical student at McGill, came to Ottawa to see Varsity and Laval cross sticks in the first game of the Interecollegiate hockey series.

On January 27th the parishioners of Pakenham presented Canon Corkery with a handsome horse and costly set of robes. The presentation was preceded by a banquet at which one of his parishioners, Mr. A. Nugent, read an address to the Rev. Father.

Mr. T. O'Neill, a former University student, now living in Ogdensburg, N.Y., paid his Alma Mater a visit last week.

Besides the above we had also calls from:

Rev. O. McDonald, North Onslow.

Rev. J. Harrington, Eganville.

Rev. Fr. Dooner, Renfrew.

Rev. Fr. George, Brudenel.

O. Kennedy, Quyon.

Rev. Fr. MacCauley, Osgode.

Rev. Fr. Fay, Richmond.

Rev. Dr. McNally, Chelsea.

We were pleased to hear the appointment of Elias Doyle, B.A. ('98) as Secretary to the Ottawa Separate School Board, in succession to the late Mr. A. McNicholl.

Mr. Doyle is the son of Mr. Dennis Doyle, of Hawkesbury. He was educated at Ottawa University, where he graduated with honors as gold medallist in 1898, and was also prominent in athletics. Since that time he has been engaged in commercial enterprises, and he brings to the Board a varied experience which should prove of great value.



On the occasion of Archbishop Gauthier's installation at Ottawa he will be presented with four addresses by the clergy and laity of the diocese; two of the addresses will be in English, two in French.

The Review extends its sincerest sympathy to the Revs. Thomas, Stephen, and Michael Murphy, O.M.I., on the death of their respected father. R.I.P.

Rev. Sister Agatha of the Grey Nuns' community, was the recipient of many beautiful gifts on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of her entrance into religious life. Sister Agatha is very well known in Ottawa, especially on account of the active interest she has taken in English school education, being for the past eighteen years superintendent of the English schools conducted by her Order. She is a sister of Rev. Father Foley, an Ottawa graduate who resides at Fallowfield, Ont.

The music-loving students of the University were given a treat some time ago by a visit from Mr. Aptommas, the well known and famous harpist. Mr. Aptommas rendered some beautiful selections of Welsh, Irish, Scotch, English and French airs and medleys, all of which were very much appreciated by the audience.

Rev. T. P. Murphy, O.M.I., is delighted with his new home in the West. He has been engaged at teaching for some time in the Oblate College stationed at Edmonton, but is at present taking full charge of college affairs during the Superior's illness.

On Saturday, Feb. 11th, we were honored by a visit from His Lordship Bishop Charlebois, O.M.I., Vicar-Apostolic of Keewatin.

Rev. A. E. Goodwin, of Wallaceburg, Ont., who made his classical and philosophical course at Assumption College, Sandwich, and completed his theological course at the Grand Seminary, University of Ottawa; was ordained on Sunday, Feb. 5th,

at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont., by Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., D.D., and sang his first solemn mass at our Lady of Help church, Wallaceburg, Ont., on Tuesday, Feb. 7th. He is now relieving his former pastor, Rev. W. J. Brady, of Wallaceburg, who has gone South for a few months' holidays.

Messrs. McDougall and Kelly have returned to the University to complete their year in the classical course.

Messrs. Alex. and Oswald McHugh, of Calgary, well known in College circles a few years ago, have decided to resume their respective courses of study at the University.

Since Christmas there has been a large increase in the number of students in the various courses of the University. The capacity of the house is taxed to its utmost, and the need of a new wing is making itself more and more felt.

Rev. Fr. Stanton, O.M.I., has purchased a splendid Edison phonograph for the senior recreation room, and the beautiful records are a source of keen delight to the students.

Despite the typhoid epidemic in Ottawa, Varsity has been singularly immune from the dread disease, thanks to a kind Providence, the boiling of all drinking water, and the magnificent sanitary arrangements of the new Arts Building.

The Review extends sincere sympathy to Captain Emmet and J. MacCormac Clarke, former Varsity students, on the death of their father, Mr. P. Clarke, late Superintendent of Dominion Military Stores. Mr. Clarke was one of the most esteemed citizens of the Capital, as well as a good friend and benefactor of our College societies. R.I.P.



### HOCKEY.

Laval (4) — Ottawa Univ. (0).

On Friday evening, Feb. 3rd. the hockeyists from Laval University met our septet of puck-chasers in the initial contest of a two game series in Inter-Collegiate hockey. The result was not very favorable to the home team. as can be seen by a perusal of the above score. However, no great howl was raised over the defeat, and the team is still quite determined to retrieve lost honors, and is firmly determined to overcome the four goal lead and win out in the series at Montreal next week.

The boys, together with the reverend coach and genial manager deserve all kinds of credit for the uphill fight they have made. The same handicap that existed in other lines of sport was present in this instance, and our team of "kids" found themselves pitted against a team of husky, heavy Frenchmen. upon whom no effective body-checking could be used.

A crowd of over a thousand spectators filed into Rideau Rink to witness the game, and were quite pleased with the fine exhibition of Canada's great winter sport. Some questionable "inside hockey" methods were used by several of the players on both teams, but no great harm resulted.

Manager Kennedy lined up his stalwarts as follows:—Goal, J. Minnock; point, Pitré Chartrand; cover point, J. Guibord; left wing, "Skinner" Poulin; right wings, Huot and H. Robillard; centre, Alec McHugh; rover, Capt. Lee Kelley.

### Inter-Course Series.

The Inter-Course Series of hockey games is going on merrily, the teams are very evenly matched, and some great struggles are being waged on the University ice arena.

The team from the Juniorate are the league leaders, but went down to defeat before the fast Collegiate team in their last encounter, making the standing of the teams more even. A general four-cornered tie is quite likely, and some hair-raising saw-offs will be on the tapis during the next two weeks.

### BASEBALL.

The Executive of the O.U.A.A. elected Mr. J. Muzanti as captain of the baseball nine for 1911, and in him the boys have selected a ball player of senior calibre. As an infielder he has no peer in the City League.

As manager for 1911 the Executive appointed Phil C. Harris to handle the business part of the ball team. His previous experience as manager of the City League champions of 1908 ought to fit him for similar duties during the coming season.

Rev. Father Stanton, the prime mover in baseball business in Ottawa, will of course coach the team, and hopes to turn out a pennant winner. We are all with him, and will do our part towards attaining the top position in the ball league.

### NOTES.

Manager Jim Kennedy has purchased some dope labelled "Combination" and has given his hockey players liberal doses of it. Here's hoping it will have the desired effect.

Paddy Minnock played in hard luck. His right eye was badly injured and it bothered him considerably.

Armstrong and Bonhomme were ready to jump into the game if needed.

The Collegiates look good to tie with the Juniors for the Inter-Course championship.

Billy Chartrand holds the record for changing colors. His first debut was in an Emmett green sweater; then the red and white of the Buena Vistas, and lastly the old familiar colors of garnet and grey. His style of play is very effective, and the demand for his services is quite a compliment to his ability as a first-class hockeyist.



## Of Local Interest

Fl-m-ng: Say, Pete, have you had your hair cut by a Greek barber?

Pete: No.

Fl-m-ng: I did once and I think he tried to make deltas or something on my head.

Pete: That's nothing, you see some with deserts.

Et Monsieur Kelley où se trouve-t-il?

Ken-dy: Co-ghl-n is a free trader, he talks nothing else but reciprocity. Of course he knows something about baseball, but he has talked so much about reciprocity that he thinks he is Fielding.

McE-y: Did you see C-g-h-n to-day, Bert?

Bert: Yes.

McE-y: How is he?

Bert: He's dying by the inch.

McE-y: You ought to bring him down here and leave him die by the yard.

Br-n: Who's who and what's what, Allan?

Sh-hy: Have a cigar, Bill?

Bill: What's the matter with it?

Reciprocity is the mother of contention.

Household advice for the denizens of Hogan's Flats:—"To keep the stove hot, keep it coaled."

No, Jerry, you cannot raise bread from cauliflower!

Prof.: Mr. H-r-s, tell us something about Galileo.

H-r-s: He was the first total abstainer to discover the rotary motion of the earth.



## Junior Department.

The second term of the academic year 1910-1911 has brought back nearly all of the first term's students, though with regret we learned of the permanent absence of Messrs. Clouthier, Boileau, Marier and Giroux. The new students are Mr. G. O'Neill, Mr. Desjardins, Mr. Lacerte, Mr. Henrie and Mr. Gauthier from "La Belle France."

The minds of the Lilliputians at once turned to hockey, which is but natural, considering the number of expert knights of the skate of which Small Yard can boast. Three intermural leagues have been formed; the Senior consists of five teams, the Junior of four, and the Midget of five. Some very well contested games have been played, the first two in the Senior league resulting in a draw. Small Yard will this year contend for championship hockey honors in the Triangle league. This league consists of five teams, which are: Aberdeens, College, Comets, New Edinburgh, and Queen's. The first game was scheduled for Jan. 11 at the German Canadian rink, but on account of soft ice it was not played. Queen's were to be our opposers. On Jan. 18 the College team journeyed to the Library Bureau rink where it was scheduled to meet Comets; this game Small Yard won by default. The first hockey game in which the seven representing Small Yard took part was played at the German Canadian rink where the New Edinburgh seven failed to count a victory, the score being 6 to 6. Small Yard lined up as follows:—Goal, Brisbois; point, Fournier; cover, Madden; rover, Morel; centre, Doran; wings, Renaud and Brady. Shields replaced Brady at half-time. J. Kennedy refereed the game and was satisfactory to both teams. On Feb. 1 Small Yard defeated Comets at the German Canadian rink by three goals to two. The game was slow all through, the back-checking of the College team being very often conspicuous by its absence. The Small Yard players were:—Goal, Brisbois; point, Dunne; cover, Madden; rover, Brady; centre, Doran; wings, Morel and Sullivan. Renaud replaced Madden in the second half. T. Pranschke was referee and satisfied all concerned.

Brisbois is a worthy successor of B. Kinsella; his good showing against Comets aided very materially to win the game.

The remaining games to be played by the Small Yard seven are as follows:—

On Feb. 8, Queen's at the German Canadian rink.

On Feb. 9, Aberdeens at the C.P.R. rink.

On Feb. 18, Queen's at the Clemow rink.

On Feb. 22, Aberdeens at the German Canadian rink.

On Mar. 1, New Edinburghs at the New Edinburgh rink.

As the season is not yet over, it may not be out of place to remark that practice makes perfect, and that checking back helps to make a good hockey player. Hooking seems natural to D. S., but we would like to remind him that the rink is not in front of the Albert street Nickel.

It is hoped that the students of the Junior Department think of other things besides hockey, and are not letting it interfere with their studies. This is the best season of the year for study, and all should take advantage of it to prepare for the examinations in April and June.

Who said that S. G. and P. D. played hockey too often? Don't forget that Hurd Cup.

Naming each team by its captain, the Senior league stands as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.	Tied.
Madden... ..	2	0	1
Brady... ..	2	1	0
Richardson ... ..	2	1	1
Sullivan ... ..	0	2	2
McNally... ..	0	2	2

The following is the Junior standing:—

	Won.	Lost.	Tied.
Bishop ... ..	3	0	1
Belanger ... ..	2	0	1
McCann ... ..	0	2	1
Brennan ... ..	0	3	1

Since R-n-d has begun to play clean hockey his improvement is perceptible.

R-n-d: Pull your ball.

The wonderful strides made by A. P-r-n towards musical fame cannot fail to impress themselves upon anyone who has heard him perform at the piano.

The manager's forgetfulness was manifest when he forgot to clean that whistle.

The Junior students, one and all, congratulate Mr. F. M. on his success in securing his promotion into Big Yard; and the failure of P. Q., his co-townsman, to follow suit, has enlisted their sorrow.

Those inseparable worshippers of Morpheus. — L. B. and F. Q.