CONTENTS.

University of Ottawa
REVIEW

No. 8 APRIL, 1902. Vol. IV

The Evolution of Language

(LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY)

BY W. A. MARTIN, '02.

I.

LANGUAGE, in a large sense, is everything that bodies forth thought and makes it apprehensible. But for present purposes, however, these terms demand restriction, and so we shall understand language in the words of Blair, as the body of uttered and audible sounds by which thought is expressed.

Owing to a confusion of notions, the word "language" signifies to many a faculty or capacity rather than what it really is, a product and an instrumentality. Man possesses as one of his most marked and distinctive characteristics, the one, as Huxley notes, which forms the impassible barrier between human and brute life, a faculty or capacity of speech. But a faculty, we must remember, is one thing and its product another and very different thing. Cause and effect are not identical. And so a man may be born with a faculty for music or painting, but who will say that he is born a musician or an artist, or because endowed with a faculty of

speech that he is born a speaker? But, however, we are not to regard the production of language in the same way as we do the production of the liberal arts, as a task in which we may or may not engage just as it suits our caprice or pleasure. As Max Muller says: "Man means the thinker, and the first manifestation of thought is speech." Hence does it follow as a logical conclusion that man necessarily requires language as the vehicle of his thought.

Many persons in reading the story of our primitive parent, imagine that Adam was created and placed in Paradise with a magnificently stocked vocabulary at his command. But the most superficial examination of the anatomy of language, of its gradual growth and expansion will certainly disabuse their minds of such an utterly absurd idea. However, lest any apprehension be had that I wish to impugn the divine origin of language, let me ask what is meant by its divine origin. Is it that language is the direct bestowal of the Creator? Hardly; but rather that man was endowed by his maker with capacities that led him necessarily to the production of words. In this way the rise of language has a dual aspect, being at once both human and divine, that is, it was formed by man but at the suggestion of the Creator. And this is undoubtedly substantiated by the words of Holy Writ wherein we are told that the creatures of the earth were brought before Adam that he himself might name them.

Language, therefore, is a human institution and being such, its rise and development must have been like that of similar institutions. It must have had its period of rude shapings and its advance to larger existence. With truth did Young say: "How complicate, how wonderful is man!" From the possession of next to nothing he passes to the acquisition of almost everything. And so has it been in language. And what may have been the next-to-nothing, the grains of speech on which was founded the magnificent structure of thought's expression, is something totally beyond our ken. Many, and particularly adherents of Darwinism, urge that language took its inception in cries emitted on feeling pain, and hence, is nothing more than a reflex action. But language is the verbal expression of thought, for words have

their ideal or archetypal form in the mind, whereas cries of pain are common to the lower animals which are incapable of thought. Hence it must follow that we can by no means consider such cries as the starting point in language. But, then, it is of trifling concern to us what may have been the form of the language of man in his primeval state, since of this much we have certitude, that it was rude in the extreme, though containing potentially all that was required to constitute language in the thoroughly organized form in which we find it to-day.

Sacred History tells us (and the truth of this account cannot be questioned) that all men spoke one tongue until the confusion of Babel. Then sprung up those dialects, as we may call them, from which the languages of our day have taken birth either directly or remotely. But since the days of Babel how immeasurably have the languages of the different races of mankind changed! Going back in English to the time of Chaucer, which of us would find conversation with him, the father of our poetry, practically possible? If, then, the change wrought in the short span of six centuries has been so great, how can we estimate the development in universal language that has been effected in the thousands of years since the check was given to man's presumption at Babel?

From what has been said thus far it will be inferred that language is the result of an evolution. Being such, it must have followed the common laws of evolution. The primitive germ, whatever it may have been, in coming "down the grooves of change" has had what was in a merely potential condition brought into a state of actuality. Nothing essentially new has been added, for everything necessary to the integrity of speech was present in the pristine tongue; it required only time and the progress of the human mind to perfect its organization.

And now the question suggests itself—what was the modus operandi of the evolution? Darwinists tell us that the existing species of animals, which are "the survival of the fittest." were evolved in "the struggle for existence." This theory has a perfect analogy in the development of language. The existing material of speech is the survival of the fittest for the present stage in the

ever-constant change. The "struggle" by which it has been evolved consists in three processes—loss, change and production; loss of old material, change in existing expression, and assimilation or production of new words. These processes comprehend any possible change that may occur in any language. Let it suffice, however, to direct our observations to English alone

First in order, is loss in the old substance of expression. We have said that language is an organism and hence it is governed by the laws of growth. Now, in the growth of all organic beings there is what physiologists call local death, which consists in the incessant decaying of cells and corpuscles, which are then cast off to be replaced by new ones. So is there local death in language—the decay of words and grammatical forms. In language as in all else desuetude means loss. Hence that words may retain their existence it is absolutely necessary that they be in constant use.

There are various ways by which words may fall into disuse. A word is the sign of an idea, of a conception, but when the conception designated by a certain word is no longer held, naturally enough the word itself is discarded. As instances of this take the terms of ancient customs, warfare, arts and sciences which have ceded their place to the modern terms. Here and there, however, we find terms that have come down from the olden times but they serve a far different purpose now than they did in their early use. The word *influence*, one that we hear a thousand times a day, is a relic of astrology and even down to a modern date had retained its allusion to the interference of heavenly bodies in human affairs. Thus, in *King Lear*, we hear Edmund speak of the "enforced obedience of planetary influence."

Another manner by which loss is occasioned, is the entrance of words which have the same meaning as already existing words. And in the contest for popular favor the older words are oftentimes elbowed out of the language. And how incalculable has been the effect of this agency in the English language! After England fell into the hands of the conquering Normans, French became the language of the court and the nobles and Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the rustics and serfs. However, the necessary relations

of the two classes occasioned a dialect, blending the speech of the vanquished and victor. Thus was the French thrown in with the English and gradually made an integral part of it. To a certain degree this was a real gain to the language, bringing in new ideas or furnishing a new garb for old ideas; hence we have freedom and liberty, help and assistance, begin and commence, forgive and pardon, and a host of others. But on the other hand this incursion of Norman-French caused an excess over the needs of practical use and, in consequence, a multitude of Saxon words was consigned to oblivion.

Digressing for a moment, let us consider a peculiar phase of this inroad of the French tongue, viz., the strongly contrasting uses to which the native speech of the Saxons and the imported language of the Normans were respectively put, uses which distinctly mark the social condition of the two peoples. Scott illustrates this point very beautifully in the conversation between Gurth and Wamba in *Ivanhoe*:—

"Pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives and is in charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name (sow); but becomes a Norman, and is called *pork*, when she is carried to the castle-hall to feast among the nobles; what dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"

. . . . . .

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba in the same tone; "there is old Alderman *Ox* continues to hold his Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen, such as thou, but becomes a *Beef*, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer *Calf*, too, becomes Monsieur *de Veau* (Veal) in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance; and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

A matter of no mean importance in the process of reduction of language is the abandonment of grammatical distinctions. English is, perhaps, of all spoken languages the one that has suffered most in this respect. In the short space of a few centuries she has had a wealth of grammatical forms dwindle away, leaving her in a state of practical poverty. Many of the forms in the inflection of the verb have been lost. Of the inflection of the adjective nothing remains but comparison. Cases have been virtually thrown overboard. Grammatical gender has been dis-

carded, etc. Were we to seek the cause of this change, we might find the key to it in the fact that English is a polyglot language. When French was heaped in on the Saxon element, it was found too difficult to pass it through the grammatical machinery, hence the machinery was gradually dispensed with. Again, in plucking words from this and that tongue Englishmen were satisfied if they got the body of the word; terminations, etc., were considered dispensable ornaments.

Underlying this whole process of loss both in words and in grammatical forms we can easily distinguish the natural tendency to the easiest and most expeditious manner of expression. This principle, oftentimes making for gain, is oftener still a source of destruction and decay; and were there not countervailing agencies at work, it would sooner or later bring death to the language.

(To be continued.)

EST VIR QUI ADEST.

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still ;
Thoughts were not made for strife, nor tongues for swords ;
He that sees clear is gentlest of his words,
And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.
The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfil ;
Dull in our age, and passionate in youth,
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth ;
Nor shalt thou find it ; therefore, friend, be still—
Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule.
Wisest is he who, never quite secure,
Changes his thoughts for better day by day.
To-morrow some new light will break, be sure ;
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

—*Anon.*

Money, Tyrant Always.

IN every age and in every clime there existed tyrants. Even to-day we find them everywhere. A drop of rainwater shows us one infusoria preying upon the other: the bees have their queen; the herrings of the sea, the cranes we see flying in the air, the elephants roaming through the virgin forests of India and Ceylon—all have their leaders and commanders. Why then should man prove an exception? And indeed he does not. It is with him as with the other species of the animal kingdom, for do we not meet, at every step, the more highly elevated in society tormenting his inferiors, while he himself in his turn is put down by his superiors. And every day and everywhere we see that bane of society, the petty domestic tyrant ill-treating his wife, brow-beating his servants and terrifying his children. Yet, strange to say, the worst tyrants are sometimes those whom we do not consider as such at all. Democratic Athens was never more despotically ruled than when it was under the sway of a man who never was Archon. So the greatest of despots is something that we can keep beneath our thumb, twist around our finger, put into our pockets, an object which never says a word, yet than which nothing makes more noise in the world—money. "Money a tyrant?" we hear many a sceptic say incredulously, "Why money is one of the faithfulest servants that man has!" But nevertheless, it is a fact, money is a tyrant.

Nowadays, it is hard to understand, how men could live without money. What miserable times those must have been, when, as Homer tells us, the value of things could be expressed only in cattle. Thus a tripod came to be known as a *tessaraboia* a woman, for women were bought and sold in those primitive times, as *dodekàboias*, and what was considered of less value than a cow, could not be valued at all. All praise and thanks to the man who first conceived the idea of attaching a determined permanent value to certain pieces of metal. After that it was possible also to buy articles of less value than an ox and it

was not necessary to bring along a herd of cattle when making purchases.

It is true there existed also in those times another substitute for money—barter, which is still in vogue among unscrupulous Europeans and Americans, for the philanthropic purpose of getting the better of uncivilized peoples. Barter, however, is indeed a very poor substitute for our money, as one may readily see upon a little consideration. For what one person desires to obtain, the other does not possess; or should he do so, perhaps wishes to retain, or he demands some other article in exchange, which the former has not got, and must first try to obtain by another barter, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Thus money is the only useful medium of exchange, and for this very reason, indispensable. So, since we cannot do without it, we are forced to use every effort to obtain it and, behold, we are the servants of money. Let us see, then, how this tyrant, "the almighty dollar," as he has been aptly termed, treats his subjects.

Of one he makes a spendthrift. The foolish fellow lays down as a principle that money ruins man, and therefore seeks to free himself as quickly as possible from his destroyer, without noticing that by this very means money demonstrates his destructive power. To surpass in everything is the spendthrift's passion. His house must be the grandest, his furniture the richest, his table the most sumptuous; for has he not the money for it? For a time all is well; then suddenly a low ebb is discovered in the spendthrift's treasury. Pride and habit forbid retrenchment and as a consequence, in order to raise the necessary money, he has recourse to usurers. This is the beginning of the end. Not long after, a mighty crash in the social world, and the poor spendthrift is homeless, friendless and penniless. His ultimate fate, who knows it? A pauper's death and the potter's field are the lot of many of his kind, while a suicide's grave contains many another. But we never see on the gravestone that money caused his ruin. Oh, no, the wily tyrant is too wise to let himself be caught.

Money is not only a tyrant, but the subtlest and most treacherous of all the species. He studies human nature, and

plays upon the passions of man. He knows better than to use the same method with everybody. Let us watch him at work again.

Here his mode of action is diametrically opposed to that used in the first case. To this man he seems to say, insinuatingly: "Do not give me away again." Ah, the rascal! He knows his man. He has found his true slave at last, a slave who devotes to him every hour of the day and night, who sacrifies to him every pleasure and enjoyment. For should this poor man desire to drink a glass of wine, then money whispers in his ear: "Drink water, it quenches thirst just as well." Should he wish for a warm garment, money warns him: "Buy a warm coat now, and freeze in your old age." He sleeps, for sleep is as necessary for him as for other men, but even now money disturbs him with the suggestion: "Look out! while you are sleeping, a thief may come and steal; get up and see if the doors and windows are secured." Thus the poor miser suffers all his life from hunger, thirst, cold, and never-ceasing apprehension, and dies at last, having had no other pleasure but the doubtful one of counting his money and listening to its entrancing ring. After his death, laughing heirs divide his hoard, while the wily despot, smiling grimly, continues his work of ruin.

With another class of man, money acts in a manner even worse. "The almighty dollar," they say, "rules the world, and therefore let us get money by all means, right or wrong." So, as the daily newspapers constantly relate, one sells his country for a golden bribe, another betrays a public trust and embezzles public funds, a third makes his fortune by the robbery of the widow and orphan. But even should they not be caught and sent to prison, does money make them happy? No; they will never succeed in gaining the respect and affection of their fellow-citizens, while at the same time they are in constant apprehension of discovery.

Money does not, indeed, make of everyone a spendthrift, miser, or criminal, but it obliges all to conform to its decrees, it interferes in all the affairs of life, and it alone, very often, gives the final decision. The student, for instance, is about to choose a profession. His parents are poor, and this obliges him to select

a branch which will indeed afford him and his loved ones a livelihood, but which will not permit his talents to be fully developed, or used to full advantage. Two young men, one rich, the other poor, woo the same maiden. She loves the latter, but marries the former, because, forsooth, her paternal parent sees in money the one thing able to make his daughter happy. The good-natured Philistine anticipates a mirthful day in the country. All is prepared; his numerous progeny cluster around him with expectant faces, while he jingles the money in his pocket, when the door bell rings, the butcher presents his bill, and for that day—good-bye enjoyment. Workmen are mostly socialists, and why? To share in the riches of the wealthy. But why pile up examples? Everybody knows from his own experience that what we say is true, and he will readily grant that money is ever a worse tyrant than were Nero and Domitian. And should anyone doubt, well, we shall not quarrel with him. Time will bring conviction.

We shall, however, not close this tirade on money with any advice to recall our obedience from this dread despot. That would be but ill-advised and would probably not be taken with good grace. We only wish to hint that even tyrants sometimes have their softer moods, when they may be coaxed to co-operate in a good work. Money is, perhaps, no exception. Shall we try to find out his softer moods?

A. H. K.

The Passing of the Red-man.

NOT many generations ago where now we dwell, surrounded by all the embellishments of civilized life, there lived a race of men whose only education consisted in a rude knowledge of nature. From the Gulf of Mexico to Georgian Bay, from ocean to ocean, where to-day may be seen the factory and the electric plant, the steamer and the railway, they wandered in contentment mid prairie, forest and mountain, or glided in their bark canoes over the streams and lakes, enjoying the fragrance breathed from the wooded shores. The silence of the primeval wilds they loved, was broken only by the buzzing insect, the croaking frog, the warbling songster, the startled deer, or the murmuring waterfall.

But two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams rose from every valley; the blaze of their council fires revealed many a brave and warlike chief; the shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountain and glades, the quivering arrow and the deadly tomahawk spread havoc alike among men and beasts. And in the intervals of repose from war and the chase, the drudging squaw labored on the plantations of maize and tobacco while the little children strolled about gathering from bush and bough, the rich, juicy berry and ripened fruit. And at evening, when the curling fumes of the calumet arose gracefully in the ruddy glow of the camp-fire, all gathered around the aged warrior who recounted the valorous deeds of the past or discoursed of his future meeting with the departed braves in the happy hunting grounds of the Manitou or Great Spirit; for though these poor children of nature knew not the God of Revelation, the God of the universe they acknowledged in all around.

But from across the mighty Atlantic, there came many a bark bringing with them the seeds of life and death: the former were sown for us, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. At first the intruders occupied but a narrow strip along the sea coast from Newfoundland to Florida, but ere long French and English alike proceeded to gratify their desire for more territory by expansion toward the west. Thus has it continued for four

centuries and the Indian tribes have been driven farther and farther toward the Pacific coast. But here as elsewhere, the paleface has made his home, and the red man lies, as it were, between two fires, each approaching with steady vigor the doomed and helpless victim. Explorers, adventurers and surveying parties now pierce the most inaccessable thickets of hill and glen, instead of the scalping parties and the Indian bands of hunters and trappers. The Indian, in fact, is in the last stage of his existence. Having been successively the host, enemy and subject of the white man, he is now become the white-man's ward: to feed, clothe and civilize him is now preferred to fighting him. As the case lies, he will soon be civilized off the face of the earth.

But let us remember that the destruction of this once powerful race, has not been wholly due to actual death at the hands of the invader. The question naturally arises—why as a race, have they withered away from this, their native land? We have not far to go for an answer. Even a person who has a moderate insight into the natural capabilities and inclinations of a race, will tell you that the white-man's restless progress and ambition is the bane of Indian welfare. The Indian, to be prosperous, requires for himself and family several square miles of land, lying in a wild state of forest, prairie, swamp and river, where the blow of the woodman's axe, the tinkle of the cow-bell or the discharge of firearms never awakes the echoes. Such links and fibers of transit and intercourse as the railroad, the postal and telegraph system, while advancing the claims of civilization, put an interdict on the savage. Firearms, small-pox, and intoxicating liquors—all particularly obnoxious and fatal to the well-being of the Indians—came with the Europeans. To the latter also is laid another crime—the destruction of the bison which once numbered millions—a crime which stands as a blot upon the boasted claims of civilization. While the red man was master over our western plains, he killed the buffalo only in numbers sufficient for his simple needs. But to satisfy the white-man's greed, it is said one million were annually slaughtered merely for their pelts, while their carcasses were left to the wolves. As the buffalo was the principal sustenance of the red-man where maize was not, the extinction of this magnificent

animal sealed his fate. Finally we must note how the possession of firewater, guns and horses transformed many of the Indian tribes from a more or less stationary people, dwelling in the woods or on the plains and devoting all their time to hunting and fishing, to men whose chief ambition was the acquirement of renown in plundering and war-like pursuits. In their deadly feuds with one another, they have been encourged by the whites. It is truly astonishing to behold the change for the worst wrought by the advent of civilization amongst them. Even the Apaches, by all odds the wildest, fiercest and most cruel of the American tribes, is fast succumbing to the worst side of civilization.

Yes, the proud red-men will soon be gone, gone forever. Their arrows are broken, their lodges are in dust, their war cry is receding to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains and read their doom in the setting sun. Without tears, without groans or reproaches they pass mournfully by us. Their looks are not those of vengeance and submission but of stern necessity. Soon they will live but in the word and song of their exterminators. But as we, a wasting pestilence to them, have been the cause of their doom, let us at least, as men, pay a lasting tribute to their memory. We came, we saw, and by our restless energy we conquered. As such we should rise equal to the responsibilities we have imposed upon ourselves. Let us, by the aid of our superior natural gifts, raise the remnant of these children of nature to a higher plane of living. When in the leisure months of summer, we may stray in the depths of wooded nature, in the shaded valleys traversed by babbling brooks and gushing rivulets, when in some ideal spot we repose encircled by creeping vines and the mild fragrance of wild flowers, or when on beach or cliff we pitch our tent in mimicry of the wigwam; then let us reflect that we are enjoying the outraged and stolen heritage of the once proud red-man.

R. Byrnes, '05.

Webster and the South Carolina Doctrine

AMONG the names of the world's illustrious men, the records of whose lives are transmitted to us in history and in biographical sketches, that of Daniel Webster holds a most eminent place. This remarkable man, born and brought up in the backwoods of New Hampshire, stands as the most distinguished American statesman and orator. When we consider his humble origin, the place of his birth, and the innumerable disadvantages he labored under, we cannot fail to admire him, and find his life and character a most interesting and instructive study. The first thought that comes to our minds is, how did he rise to such greatness? To answer this question fully would necessitate a sketch of his whole life, but a few remarks will give us an idea. As a student he was a success: as a lawyer he was without an equal in his day; as a writer he exhibited genius and talent; as a citizen his patriotic principles were an example for all true Americans; and lastly, as a statesman and orator he was superior to any other that America has yet produced. His successes in all these spheres, enough to satisfy the ambition of any man, were all outshone by one oration, the memory of which time will never efface. This was his famous speech in reply to Hayne, delivered in the U. S. Senate, January 26th, 1830.

The circumstances of this noted oratorical passage are as follows: On the 29th of December, 1829, a resolution was moved by Mr. Foote, a Senater from Connecticut, involving the question of limiting or extending the survey and sale of public lands. The protracted debate on this resolution was made the means of a rambling discussion of party and sectional differences, and even of personal attacks on the part of the speakers. General Hayne, of South Carolina, one of the debators, in a speech delivered on January 19th, 1830, made a few remarks on the subject under discussion, and then began a series of attacks upon New England, accusing her of being always unfriendly to the South, and of doing everything possible to benefit herself at the latter's expense. Webster, who was considered the most able speaker in the North,

felt it his duty to deny these accusations. In a speech wholly unprepared he shattered Hayne's elaborate arguments, and proved the charges absurd. Hayne, inflamed at the nature of this reply, arose to speak a second time.

This time he made a bitter attack upon New England, upon Daniel Webster personally, and upon the character and patriotism of Massachusetts. He then introduced and expounded at length a series of principles, which were then maintained by the leading Senators and Congressmen of the South. He made an eloquent defence of this South Carolina Doctrine, as he called it, showing its origin, development, and necessity for state existence. Thus we see that the debate had now drifted from the original resolution, to a discussion of the famous nullification doctrine of the South.

This doctrine, based on the theory of State sovereignty, was first publicly asserted in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and 1799, when those two States, objecting to certain measures of Congress, declared "that whenever the general government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthorative, void, and of no force, and that each State had the right of deciding whether a law of Congress was constitutional or not." These resolutions met with public disfavor at the time, and did not produce much effect, but unhappily they were never officially withdrawn or suppressed. Now the principle was again put forth, more strongly supported and with more capable men as its defenders. Great ill-feeling existed between the North and South owing to political differences, the latter claiming that the North had influence over the government, and caused many Acts to be passed which were detrimental to the interests of the South. Therefore, something must be done to defend State Rights, and to overthrow majority oppressions. The chief points of contention were the Revenue, Internal Improvements, and especially the Tariff.

The Tariff question was the one that created the greatest wrangling, and it was the immediate cause of South Carolina's revolutionary attitude.

The great industries recently established in the North required for their success a high protective tariff, while the South, almost exclusively devoted to agriculture, considered the protective system injurious to its interests. Bills had been passed in 1816 and 1824 increasing the duties in spite of southern opposition, so that when another bill was introduced in 1828, for a still further increase, the people of the South strenuously objected. The measure was passed however, but the result was that the above named doctrine was openly and forcibly asserted. A State convention, held in South Carolina, declared the tariff laws null and void in that State, and forbade the people to pay the duties.

Such, then, was the state of affairs that provoked the great parliamentary controversy that I have mentioned, and such was the occasion which gave to Daniel Webster the remarkable distinction of being the greatest parliamentary debater and statesman on this side of the Atlantic. The wonderful oratorical ability of Mr. Hayne, and the force and vividness with which he expounded his theories, made them appear both necessary and practicable. His speech was such a success that he himself and all his supporters were filled with confidence, and his opponents were indeed anxious as to the outcome of the discussion, and impatiently awaited Webster's reply. He began by making a criticism of his opponent's mode of attack, followed out the order taken by that speaker, touching on the various points of dispute, till he finally came to the nullifaction doctrine, which, as he understood it, was as follows:

That it is the right of State Legislatures to interfere whenever in their judgment, the general government transcends its constitutional limits, and to arrest the operation of its laws; that the ultimate power of judging the constitutional extent of its own authority is not lodged exclusively with the general government, or any branch of it; but that on the contrary, the State may lawfully decide for themselves, and each state for itself, whether in a given case, the act of the general government transcends its powers; and finally that this right is a right existing under the constitution not merely in cases of extreme necessity.

The whole doctrine amounts to this : that if the central government passes any bill whatever, the Legislature of any one State of the Union has power to veto that measure if it consider it detrimental to the interests of that State ; and that this power is conferred upon the State by the constitution.

The chief object of the promoters of nullification, was to provide some means by which, as they stated, the minority might be defended against an arbitrary majority. The above stated principle was advocated, but necessarily required some means of substantiation. Naturally the agitators went to the constitution to obtain this means, and in it they declared was found a passage conferring the required powers upon the State Legislatures. But they plainly misinterpreted the constitution, and showed a misconception of the origin and true character of the government. The question therefore was a constitutional one and as such Daniel Webster dealt with it.

He first defined the sytem of government, describing its origin, the foundation on which it was based and the agents of its administration. He then examined the proposed doctrine to see if it complied with all the requirements of the constitution. As the constitution granted certain powers to Congress, and certain others to the States, and also placed restrictions on these powers there should necessarily be some authority with ultimate jurisdiction to determine the interpretation of these grants and restrictions. What was this authority ? The nullifiers claimed that it was the State Legislature; their opponents maintained it was the Supreme Court. It was necessary then to go to the constitution for decision. Webster quoted two passages relating to the question: (1) The constitution and laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. (2) The judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the constitution and laws of the United States. These two provisions cover the whole ground and clearly show that the powers are vested in the Supreme Court. This body, established by the constitution, must have some function, and if not the one mentioned, then it is a useless and unnecessary tribunal ; and besides no other

body of men in the Republic were more capable of interpreting the constitution and disputed points. Reason and the constitution are evidently against the doctrine, but in examining it in its practical application we more plainly perceive its absurdity. Take for example, the question which was causing so much dispute, the tariff. The general government passed the laws. South Carolina being displeased would veto and nullify them. Perhaps all the other States would approve of the laws and pay the duties. The result would be that either the voice of a single State would upset the legislation of all the other States, or else one State would pay no duties while the others did, although the constitution contains an express provision that all duties shall be equal in all States. This example shows the absurdity of the doctrine but not its effects in reality. The general government convinced in the validity of its actions, would certainly endeavor to enforce its enactments, and would meet with direct opposition. Military force would take the place of legal procedures, and civil war would ensue. Such, then, was this doctrine, unconstitutional, impractible and revolutionary. Its adoption meant the falling back under the old confederation; a disconnected union; and finally a complete overthrow of all bonds of unity, and the treasured constitution in which the people placed so much confidence, would be valueless. These misfortunes Daniel Webster averted. His skillful interpretation of the constitution, and the patriotic appeal with which he closed the debate in the Senate, caused a revulsion of feeling against the doctrine of nullification, and made it impossible for its promoters to make any advance. Though they continued for three years more to maintain and endeavor to enforce their plans, Webster also continued to counteract their advances, and thus, with the aid of President Jackson's proclamation threatening the nullifiers, the doctrine was suppressed. But none too soon, for in 1832 South Carolina was on the point of secession, and a civil war was the prospect for the young Republic. Webster alone prevented this, or at least delayed it for thirty years. We know the result of the Civil War of '61, but we cannot judge from that what it might have been in 1832. Circumstances at that time were vastly different, and probably in favor the South. The result of the

success of the Southern States would surely be an evil one; it would mean the breaking up of the Union, perhaps forever.

How much, then, Americans owe to Daniel Webster, and how they should reverence the name of him, who could express such sentiments as he did in the close of his great speech: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in paternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and union afterwards'; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing in all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, —Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseperable."

H. LETANG,'05.

THE OLD HOME.

(Written for THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW.)

A LITTLE house set in the shade of the maples,
What would I not give to behold you once more :
To inhale once again the sweet breath of your roses,
And the starry clematis embowering your door.
To see the south windows thrown wide to the sunshine,
Or the porch where we sat at the close of the day ;
Where the weary foot trav'ller was welcome to rest him.
And the begger was never sent empty away.
The old rough log walls, and the bacon-hung ceiling,
And the broad hearth aflame with its family glee,
Where our friends swapped their jests and told story for story,
All return to-night in fond fancy to me.

Yes, down where the meadow grass waves in the valley
And the buttercups banded flaunt shimmering bloom,
The barn stood once where we loved well to rally
And swing at our ease in the hay-scented gloom.
Behind where the hill slopes as steep as a rafter
When the ice came we launched our fleet sleds with wild din,
Ah, where are the children who joined in the laughter ?
They are dead and forgot, or have wandered since then.

O bright little garden beside our old cottage
Where the sunflowers so bravely their banners unfurled
And the humming-birds flashed where the rare blooms grew
I would you were all I had known of the world ! [thickest,
My spreading pea-clusters ! my tall honeysuckle !
My mignonette beds whence the soft perfumes flow !
In a garden of dream I still pass and caress you,
But your beautiful selves are forever laid low ;
For your walls, little house, the long years have crumbled,
Alien feet your smooth borders, O garden, have trod ;
And those whom I loved are at rest from their labors,
Reposing in peace on the bosom of God !

C.

Ottawa, April, 1902.

Father Sheehan and the Future of Ireland.

THE person best qualified to speak of his country's future is he who guides its destinies. When he speaks, it pays one to listen In Ireland to-day, such a person has spoken, and the seer is Rev. P. A. Sheehan, the author of "Luke Delmege." His right must be conceded. Leader of the literary, one of the faithful workers in the religious, and in perfect sympathy with the social and political movements, he is indeed the true spokesman of Nationalistic Ireland. And a wonderful spokesman he is. Considering the literary expression of our age, the novel, as the vehicle best qualified to carry his message, he embodied the future of Ireland as the theme of "Luke Delmege."

Luke, a First of First of Maynooth, after seven years of parish work in England, returns to Ireland wholly Anglicised. He feels he has a mission, the regeneration of his race. "We are just passing through another transition stage," said Luke at a priest's dinner he was giving, "where the new moulding of our people's character is about to take place. Let us be careful that the new ideals are right before the genus of our race is fixed forever.... I see nothing before us but to accept the spirit of the century, and conform to the Anglo-Saxon ideal." These words raised a volume of dissent, but the real discussion does not take place till some months later, when Luke meets Father Cussen.

The chapter is appropriately entitled "Greek meets Greek." They finally agree to select every-day types of their respective civilizations. The Italian and Irish peasants, improvident and poor, but poetic and religious, are contrasted with the English laborer, thrifty and rich, but falsely educated and comparatively godless, to the manifest disadvantage of the latter. Luke's philosophical mind admits the reasoning. and the conclusion, "but," he says, "how does it solve the problem, which is threatening, not theories of life, but the very existence of the race itself. Here it is: can you find a *na media* between modern civilization and Irish purity and faith? If you do not adopt the methods of the former, your very existence, as a race, is at stake. If you adopt

them, all the characteristic glories of your race and faith vanish. Here comes modern progress, like a huge soulless engine ! There is but one way of escaping being trodden out of existence by it, and that is, to leap up and go with it, and then, what becomes of your tender faith and all the sweet sincerity of your Irish innocence and helplessness ?"

"We can create our own civilization," said Father Cussen. "Here is our initial mistake, with God knows, what consequences. We are imitators instead of being creators."

"And meanwhile, what is to save you ? English omnipotence is pushing from behind ; American attractions are dragging in front. What can save you ?"

Father Cussen paused for a moment. Then lifting his hand with some solemnity towards the ceiling, he said :

"THE GOD OF ABRAHAM, AND OF ISAAC AND OF JACOB ! The same God that has pulled our race through seven centuries of fire and blood."

Luke becomes convinced. He finds after all the *via media* is possible, and no more eloquent plea for Ireland's future exists than the comparison between her career and that of Barbara, the heroine of the book : "There can be no question but that such a life of heroism and self-sacrifice (Barbara had assumed the robes of a Good Shepherd penitent to save her brother), is closely symbolical of our beloved country. It argues a disbelief in the divine economy to suppose that our martyrdom of seven hundred years was the accident of human events, uncontrolled except by their intrinsic possibilities and ultimate developments. That this long cycle of suffering is to close even now is as certain as that one young postulant, (he was speaking at Barbara's profession), has put off the robes of penance and humiliation, and put on the garments of gladness. Her future is easy to forecast. She will move down the valleys of life with an eternal song of love and gratitude in her heart, passing from hour to hour, from deed to deed, from thought to thought, and gathering from each some sweetness that will be dropped in the bitterness of chalices which some have yet to drink. It is as easy to forecast the destiny of Ireland. She will never adopt the modern idea of placing all human happiness, and there-

fore all human effort, in the desire of purely natural splendor, and sink down into a nation of money-grabbers and pleasure-seekers, becoming at last, not an island of strength and sorrow, but a Cypus for voluptuousness, and a Lydia for effeminacy. But she will strike the happy mean, and evolve her own civilization, by conserving her ideals, while seeking after the practical. For it is certain that the traditions, the thoughts, the instincts, the desires, the very passions of this people tend towards the supernatural. And this must be the germinal idea—the primary and palmary principle in her future development—the cornerstone of the mighty building which the hands of her children are tingling to raise, the keystone in that Arch of Triumph, beneath which her crowned and garlanded heroes will pass into the jubilee of her resurrection."

How is this new Irish civilization to take a practical shape? Luke says, "by conserving her ideals," but explains no further. To one acquainted with the trend of Irish politics of to-day it was not necessary. If, however, anyone does not know, let him turn to a pamphlet by Father Sheehan on Our Social and Personal Responsibilities: "I have no room to speak of the necessity of conserving our racial charteristics, especially our language. I shall content myself with saying of this latter, that I consider its extinction, partial though it be, a greater evil than the penal laws or the Act of Union, and its revival a greater blessing than even our emancipation..... There is no place nor occasion for despair. What the Jews did, after they had lost their common Hebrew tongue in their Babalonian captivity; what the Germans have done to revive their language, after it had been extinguished by Frederick and Voltaire, that we can do. And if it ever does come back, may there come back with it the old, genial, Celtic spirit, instead of the Anglised mammon-worshipping, neo-pagan manners and customs, which in many places at home, are the chief characteristics of our race to-day."

Hence the civilization is to be a Celtic one, and if Ireland proves worthy of herself in this crisis of her history, as all Irishmen consider she will, a rejuvenated Celtic nation will appear in Europe. Vastly different indeed from that mighty Celtic pagan empire, which, philologists tell us, once extended from Ireland to

the Black Sea, and from the Elbe to the Pillars of Hercules; vastly different, but not so essentially, from that glorious Celtic Christian empire which gained the title of "Land of Saints and of Scholars." In fact, a nation, having as many as possible of the best characteristics of both empires suited to the requirements of the age. This at least is what Father Sheehan, and Ireland, expects and prays for.

J. J. O'GORMAN, '04.

THE MAN WHO WON.

He kept his soul unspotted
  As he went upon his way,
And he tried to do some service
  For God's people day by day;
He had time to cheer the doubter,
  Who complained that hope was dead;
He had time to help the cripple
  When the way was rough ahead;
He had time to guard the orphan, and one day, well satisfied,
  With the talents God had given him, he closed his eyes and died.

He had time to see the beauty
  That the Lord spread all around;
He had time to hear the music
  In the shells the children found;
He had time to keep repeating
  As he bravely worked away;
"It is splendid to be living
  In the splendid world to-day!"
But the crowds—the crowds that hurry
  After golden prizes—said
That he never had succeeded
  When the clods lay o'er his head—
He had dreamed—"He was a failure," they compassionately sighed,
  For the man had little money in his pockets when he died.

—S. E. KISER.

Mainly About Books.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY.

SIXTH PAPER

THE centenary of the birth of Victor Hugo was celebrated in Paris last February in a manner thoroughly characteristic of a half pagan city. The famous author was what the Germans call a World-Poet, and he was a great deal more besides; consequently he remains a force that must be reckoned with by every student of literature. Born in 1802, he came of vigorous blood, "Mon père vieux soldat, ma mère vendéene," was his own description. Both parents followed the war drum of Napoleon the Great, the mother as the companion of her husband who was a colonel when his illustrious son was born, and afterwards a general.

"Avec nos camps vainqueurs, dans l'Europe asservie,
J'errai, je parcours la terre avant la vie."

If an Irishman so much as wrote of having traversed Europe before he began to tread the way of life, people would say he was perpetrating a bull, yet Hugo could not only write it in cold blood but even sing it with impunity. Nobody in France accused him of having made so much as a bullet, which term is, I suppose, the French equivalent of the Irish bull. It is useful to remember that although his mother was a nominal Catholic, it would not be correct to aver that the education the youth received was a Catholic one, unless the fitful schooling of a youthful camp-follower deserves to be so designated.

His precocious genius fed on Lamartine and early produced notable poems and tales, and Chateaubriand decorated him with the title of "L'enfant sublime." He started on his career as a Catholic and a loyalist, and he received a pension from Louis XVIII, and years subsequently a peerage from Louis Philippe. This first crop of publications require no further mention in this necessarily brief sketch. In 1827, he published "Odes and Ballads" and "Cromwell," his first drama, with a pugnacious preface which was at once considered as the manifesto of the "Romantic

School." The "Odes and Ballads" indicate the beginning of the complete change that Hugo's religious and political faiths underwent, the degrees of which I have not space to note, but let it suffice to say he ended by becoming something that for want of a better name I must call a Humanitarian Republican. There is a powerful passage in "Les Misérables," where Marius proclaims to his companions his new-found Bonapartist creed, and asks what can be greater for a people than to form the empire of such a man? A question answered by the laconicism: "To be free!" It took Hugo some years to reach this conclusion, but he was always independent at heart.

In 1830, the drama of "Hernani" was staged on the very day its author had completed his twenty-eight year. The date is considered one of the red-letter days in the history of French literature. It is known as the Battle of Hernani; that is to say, the battle of Romanticism and the freer treatment of dramatic art against the three Aristotlean "unities" of time, place and action, and the other classical restrictions, to which French authors had hitherto subjected themselves. The advocates of the old and the new schools, the Romanticists and Classicists, met at the theatre. They determined to give decisive battle to each other. Applause and hisses mingled, heated arguments were used, blows were given and received. On each night of the dramatic representation the combat was renewed, but its ardor gradually waned while the applause swelled in volume, until finally adverse criticism was silenced, and the battle of Romanticism was won.

The July of 1830 brought about the downfall of the Bourbon government. Biographers of the poet justly call the thirteen years that followed, the happy years of Victor Hugo. He opened the period with the production of the romance "Notre Dame de Paris," and no less than six dramas of different merit, three in prose and three in verse, besides three volumes of poems, were added to his list. He was by this time at the summit of his glory, and the immense output was followed by nearly ten years during which he published little, but wrote a great deal, seemingly for the purpose of keeping his hand in practice.

In all his works, whether tale, or poem, or drama, Hugo represents men as they usually are, and then he is a realist, like Balzac ; but sometimes also men as they might be, and then he is an Idealist, like almost all the other great portrayers of humanity. Beauty abounds in his verse. Its diversity is marvellous. We have light, airy lines, like the "Lilian" and the "Isabel" of Tennyson, but the songs of the Frenchman have far more sense. We have poems with the delicate execution of De Musset at his best. We have little masterpieces, like the "Flower and the Butterfly" scattered, like bright jewels on rich velvet, through all the collections of verse Again we have the thunderous bass of the "Hernani," or the strong, deep poetry of "Les Deux Isles," and the "Ode à la Colonne," in which Hugo, grandly proclaims himself a true poet ; a mighty imaginative creator, a powerful expressor of great imaginative types, more than all, a singer with the heart's true lyric cry ; because, I venture to hold, he was essentially a lyrical poet. His boast was just : "Mes chants volent à Dieu, comme l'aigle au soleil." He can be compared only with the greatest poets of his country. Corneille was classical and great. Racine was a true poet with a fine sense of form. Voltaire was a power by his polished raillery, the sharp needles of his wit. Beaumarchaise found strength in humor ; for a Frenchman may possess humor as well as wit. Hugo possessed the greatness of Corneille and Racine without their coldness, and his breadth of touch, and ocean-like profusion of style, illumed by infinitely more of humor than Beaumarchaise ever claimed, were far greater qualities than the deadly raillery of Voltaire. We have seen that he could "carve a cherry-stone," that he could be delicate and artistic in small things, but, in general, the rich accurate perfection of a Sully Prudhomme or an Alfred Tennyson are absent from his verbose and diffusive method of expression, and normally he is far more akin to Byron, but his range is vaster, or to Thomson of "The Seasons," but his vision is unutterably more exalted. His canvas is frequently of cyclopean scale, and although we are told that the dew drop mirrors the whole heavens, I find it impossible to cram a detailed review of all his works into a few paragraphs, and so I must truncate, generalize and omit. His artistic faulti-

ness is the natural shadow of the qualities that make him great, it is the faultiness of Homer, of Æschylus, of Dante, of Shakespeare; the faultiness of the mighty cathedral pile made up of artistic creations of detail, which taken separately and viewed at too short a range, seem rough and unsuitable, but when regarded as a whole and at a proper distance appear faultlessly harmonious and consummately beautiful.

The usurpation of Napoleon III, in 1851, entailed upon the poet eighteen years of exile. He was no sooner settled in Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands, than he wrote a pamphlet called "Napoleon the Little," full of vivid antithesis, fierce denunciation, biting sarcasm, glowing apostrophe, towering climax, and terrible invective. He denounces the vices of Napoleon, satirizes his weakness, and blazes with indignation at his crime. Never since man first learned to set pen to paper has such another destructive diatribe been written. Nor was it enough for him to attack Napoleon in prose, for he wrote the "Châtiements" in verse, a work wherein the remorseless roasting of the unfortunate Emporor is continued, and its torments even intensified. Burning indignation is the key-note of the "Châtiments," but their accents and moods are widely diversified, like the difference in the body and roar of living flames. The central idea is to contrast the two Napoleons to the eternal glory of the First, whose memory the poet adored, although he alludes to France under the rule of a modern Cæsar as a Rachel weeping for her children, and the immemorial reprobation of the Third of the line, whom the poet loathed and detested with all the powers of his soul. Compared with those two terrible floods of molten lava, the strongest satire of Dryden seems colorless and weak, the sternest strictures of Junius no more than friendly taps, and the most blighting scorn of Swift the soothing voice of mercy. The ruler who makes a mortal enemy of a real man of genius very generally commits suicide. It has been suggested that the ultimate mission of Napoleon III, in the economy of history, was to call from Hugo the superb polemics of the "Châtiments." This new harvest of poetry, considered in connection with the gigantic mass that had gone before it, made Hugo the greatest European poet of the century.

In the best of his dramas—Ruy Blás, Hernani, Les Burgraves —the means chiefly employed by the poet to produce emotion is contrast of character ; but a fuller description of his method would require more space than I can afford. Some of the dramas, like "Le Roi s'amuse " repel by their too realistic horror; an overwhelming horror which is left unrelieved by the soothing euphuism of diction which Shakespeare so wisely and advantageously uses in almost all such circumstances, and notably in " King Lear." Some of his scenes are quite unfit for the eye of modesty, but at his worst he is immeasurably cleaner and better than the bestial Zola at his best.

In a punning sonnet, Tennyson addressed his great French contemporary as " Victor in Drama, Victor in Romance." The high compliment was well deserved. All the romances of Victor Hugo, like his poems, display the genius of a master. Notre Dame is in many respects one of the greatest novels ever produced. The digressive voluminousness of " Les Misérables " leave an impression time cannot efface. The " Toilers of the Sea " is a work of gigantic power. " Ninety-Three," the last of his magnificent romances is the epic of the Revolution. The " Man who Laughs " and " The History of a Crime " belong to quite a different class: The " Man who Laughs " is overcharged with a horror so grotesque that we almost snigger while we tremble. It is, it seems to me, the nearest approach to failure Victor Hugo made in prose romance ; that is, if " The History of a Crime " was not a closer approach. When one reads Hugo's poetry one conjectures it would be better than his prose, but when one enters upon the prose this conjecture is set aside, and one concludes that the brilliant author is, after all, greatest in prose—a superiority in conformity with the genius of the French language. When his whole output in prose and poetry is considered one understand why he was declared to be the supreme French mind of his century. This remains a common—I am inclined to think, a not exaggerated—estimate of a mighty maker of harmonies.

The fifth day of September, 1870, two days after the surrender of the French army at Sedan, found France a Republic, and Victor Hugo returned to Paris. The following year brought the

bloody commune, in which thieves, liars, drunkards, fornicators, quarrellers and blasphemers were banded together with crowds of giddy, thoughtless, dissolute young men. Being a member of the priest-murdering Communal Government, the poet had to quit his country for his country's good, be it said. Returning to Paris once more under the general amnesty, he in 1877, published "The Art of Grandfatherhood," a most remarkable volume of verse. The sweet child-idyls of which it is composed become more interesting when it is known that they are simply the recital of little incidents in the daily life of two beloved grandchildren. What a work from an ex-leader of priest-slaughtering Communists! "J'ai fait peur aux petits hommes," he wrote, "Jamais aux petits enfants." Many of those child poems are specially memorable for their beauty, and the collection is the one to which the slightest exception may be taken.

The last years of this great writer were surrounded by universal admiration amounting almost to worship, and when in 1885, he died full of years and was buried in the Pantheon, a sort of French pagan Westminster Abbey, all France wept over his tomb. The other day, on the occasion of the centenary, all France attended the ceremonies, and much surprise is felt by foreigners at the universality of the demonstration. It did not mean that all Frenchmen unreservedly admire the philosophy of Victor Hugo. In one of his excellent "Studies in Literature," Mr. Maurice Egan says: "A Frenchman may differ from another Frenchman on almost every subject, but when it is a matter of literary judgment of the classics of his own country you will find harmony. He may hate Voltaire's object, which was to scorn and degrade, but he will admire those qualities of style which made Voltaire so dangerous." So by swelling the Hugo centenary, it is probable the French people meant only to mark their national admiration for a most brilliant racial manifestation of that highest miracle of the human intellect which we call literary genius.

With the imagery he always used so lavishly, Victor Hugo compared the fancy to an immense cross, the extremities of which formed the four quarters of the heavens. He personified thought as an eagle, having four wings, named respectively, lyric, drama,

satire, and epic. No better description could be given of what imagination and thought were to him. As a writer he was great, and in my opinion, but one thing hindered him from being great among the very greatest. In his prime he cut loose from the sheet-anchor of the Christian religion. I hope the great majority of my readers will believe with me when I say that religion is dogma as well as service. It follows that poetry cannot be a substitute for religion, Mathew Arnold to the contrary notwithstanding ; but like religion, poetry has its spiritual side, it draws its strength from the unseen and the supersensible, it regards beauty as distinguished from utility, as religion concerns itself with that highest manifestation of beauty, the breath of Deity actuating all things, and, finally, the religious substance of human nature is the soil in which true poetry grows. Now, Hugo was, during almost all his literary career, bitterly opposed to religious dogma, consequently he was antagonistic to one of the essentials of religion, and, therefore, unable to appreciate some of the finest phases of poetry. Speaking for myself I venture to think that although Hugo could, by the extraordinary strength of his natural qualities, breathe on "the four winds of the spirit," to use his own stately phrase, yet precisely as he was opposed to dogmatic religion he was impoetic and unartistic. May we not trace the artistic defects of Byron, the English poet who resembles Victor Hugo most to this want of faith in God and man ? Would not Swinburne, the English poet, who has expressed the greatest admiration for Victor Hugo, be much grander were his verse the heartfelt expression of a devout believer? Shelley was another instance that, it seems to me at least, puts the proposition that the great poet must be a Christian beyond the slightest shadow of peradventure. We need not search far for an adequate cause. It is abundantly true that even the most common moral ideas and affections which all men acknowledge, would be stunted and dwarfed if cut off from a spiritual background, and there exists a whole order of moral ideas, which without that background could not exist at all. Without dogmatic religion the word conscience can have no meaning, and there is nothing in the mere physical world, whereof the materialist, or the positi-

vist, takes cognizance, to evoke many of the deepest emotions, and deep emotion is the great essential of true poetry. Furthermore, I have convinced myself that the very works of Victor Hugo afford ample evidence that in parting with dogmatic religion their author greatly stultified himself. To begin, the virtue in which the poet prided himself most in possessing was the virtue of manly honesty; yet he was unjust to the Pope and to the Church, and injustice is dishonesty. Then, had he been a Catholic he could not have pandered to the false god of national glory. Again, while possessing some of the greatest natural literary powers, he created monsters. The horrible "Man who Laughs" embodying the idea of a creature whose disfigured features take the appearance of laughter as soon as he opens his mouth, is a monster. So are Quasimodo, in "Notre-Dame," Triboulet, in "Le Roi s'Amuse," and the abominable Lucretia Borgia. Here is a new generation of Swift's monsters, produced by one who was not subject to Swift's madness, and the most apparent reason why they were so produced was that their author regarded mankind from a low plane, and not through the rarifying medium of Christianity. Finally, his greatest creations are Valjean and Gavroche and Gilliatt; those are the favorite heroes in whom the spirit of Hugo lives. They are essentially persons of generally good natural dispositions, but their souls essay no high issues, because they are not essentially religious; because they do not act as if they believed that this world is but the vestibule of immortality. This lack of sympathy compels us to decline offering them a place in our heart of hearts, among the beloved Sir Galahads of our most cherishing fancy. I am one of those who believe that the highest effort of art is to give a moral hue to a material description, and such art is, I feel convinced, utterly above the efforts of the atheist. Did space permit, it would not be difficult to marshal many additional instances indicating that if Hugo had been a Catholic, and had the meaning of life been revealed to him by the ancient church of his boyhood, his finest creations would have been far more perfect and exemplary than he left them, and he would have been infinitely greater and nobler, both as an artist and a man, but I think I have said enough. Someone may remark that many of Hugo's works, notably the earlier and

later poems, are not only unobjectionable but praiseworthy from the Catholic point of view. It is happily quite true that some of Hugo's works appeal strongly to Catholic taste, but all I contend is that the negative philosophy which came to be the poet's religion, and which confines knowledge to mere appearances, and all belief to things which can be verified by physical methods, is not favorable to the highest poetry; nor should it be forgotten that the family of gentle graces—compassion for the fallen, sympathy with the wretched, admiration for oral prayer, sweet charity —and all the other christian virtues which have supplied the most delicated and abiding portions of his poetry with its most charming aroma, really sprung up, like the sun-kissed stems of flowers, as a result of the warm afterglow of the burning sun of the catholicity of his boyhood which still cast a retrospective beam over the poet's spirit during the whole of his life.

Victor Hugo is too gigantic a figure to admit of being adequately measured in a few paragraphs, and, what I have written is, I fear, altogether too remarkable for its omissions, but my critiques are not intended to take the place of exhaustive reviews, and this one must now close. Every great author unconsciously figures forth his intellectual equipment in some one or other of his creations. Thus, Spenser was tainted with the gory miasma of his time and his great poem reeks with blood and slaughter. Sir Walter Scott was his own Antiquary. Shelley was his own Sensitive Plant. Tennyson was his own Palace of Art. In the same way, Victor Hugo gives his readers a reflex of his own irreligious and often changed mentality in the famous conception of the loose carronade, the mighty engine of war that, bursting the cables by which it was bound, became a menace to all until it was secured anew, and it is in this last episode alone that the likeness fails, for the great French author was unfortunately fated, unshackled to persue his destructive course until the grave opened across his pathway.

***

My chosen novel for this month was "Belinda: a Story of New York," by my distinguished name-sake Maurice Egan. The critics class it among the best juveniles produced by its able and

prolific author, and I am quite sure they are right, although they be mere critics. But what business has an old crab like you with a juvenile? methinks I hear asked by a shrill voice from the First Grade. My querulous young disintegrator of very vulgar fractions, permit me to inform you that I shall on no account allow I am too old thoroughly to enjoy a good juvenile, and I like to solace myself with the sweet delusion of the man in Addison's Cato :—

> "But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amid the roar of elements."

You know the rest, no doubt. That the present volume is good, I firmly believe. The plot of the story is—but hold, I shall not give the plot. Plots are too valuable to their owners to be given away for nothing by other persons. I have said that so far as my judgment may be trusted—I would have nobody rely on it overmuch—the tale is a good one, original, bright and lively. When that much is said, all is said. The proper thing for one to do with a good story, in this era of worthless novels, is to purchase it, to read it, if necessary to re-read it, and form an opinion of it for one's self. This much may be told, however, the kernel of the story consists in the revelation of how an alleged "Tom-boy" may, under the sharp attrition of necessity, be shaped into a most resourceful and helpful young woman; and I venture to think, such a study deserves the close attention of every serious student of mankind. To add the other term denoting the apposite in sex would surely be superfluous, as an Eastern philosopher and Lindlay Marray, the learned father of British grammarians, have remarked, with what justice I do not feel competent to determine, that mankind embraces womankind.

***

Last month I ventured to say something about biography, and went so far as to advocate it as an attractive and instructive department of letters. Permit me now to speak a few words of a sister art, or, to be accurate, of a more personal manifestation of the same art. The record of a life drawn up by the pen of the person who lived it is surely the most authentic and desirable form such a record could assume. Autobiography is not only, as all

will acknowledge, by far the most alluring and delightful form of biography, but it is also, I am inclined to think, upon the whole the most satisfying and useful. Quite certain it is that comparitively few paint themselves, as Cromwell desired to be painted, with a wart on the nose. But as warts are inconsequential little things for everyone, except their owners, they may well be left out of the canvas. Then, it is no easy task that of looking one's follies in the face, and the retrospection of life reveals follies for the most part, but the very sensitiveness which a man displays in slurring over certain passages in his career forcefully points a moral. It is true that a man in giving us an account of his own actions, even supposing him to be perfectly honest and disposed to tell us the truth, may be sometimes led by self-love or self-ignorance to deceive both his readers and himself. But to impose upon persons of ordinary observation and judgment in a matter wherein imposition is usually suspected from the start, cannot be done to any considerable extent. The facts which are stated will in general sufficiently indicate the real motiveswhich influenced the actor; and much may be gathered even from the mere manner in which he tells his story, and from the thousand delicate and indiscribable, but yet universally intelligent evidenceof feeling and character which, in such a communication, will unavoidably slip out in a man's very style and mode of expressing himself. While autobiographies have for many, not to say for most persons, a peculiar charm, some people find them terrible iconoclasts. The preconceptions of those people are scattered to the wind, their idols are overturned and broken, by the fiery breath of the open confession, which a great saint has assured us, is good for the soul. The graceful Roman poet, Horace, tells us of a citizen of Argos who fancied that he sat in a theatre, seeing and applauding wonderful tragedies. Being cured of his madness by his friends with a dose of hellebore, instead of thanking them he was indignant, and exclaimed; "By Pollux, you have killed me, not saved me, in thus robbing me of my pleasure, and expelling from my mind a most delightful illusion!" Well, many persons resemble the crazy citizen of Argos. Mayhap, the leading charm of autobiography lurks in the opinions expressed by the author of

his contemporaries. Among the countless pungent witticisms attributed to the blasphemous scoffer Voltaire, we are informed that having extolled Haller, he was told that he was very generous in so doing, since Haller had just said the contrary of him ; whereupon Voltaire remarked, after a pause, "Perhaps we are both of us mistaken." Like other poisons, autobiographical gossip is neutralized by autobiographical gossip, and for the eternal welfare of our race, let us join in the hope that it is the same with all sorts of gossip that gushes from the lips of man and woman.

***

Not often among the verses that make their first appearance in the columns of the daily or weekly press, do we find anything that deserves such attention as "The Poet," by Mr. Denis A. McCarthy. Never since the appearance of Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" have I met with stanzas so noteworthy as the polished and thoughtful couplets of "The Poet." While perusing them one finds it easy to realize why poets are also philosophers. Mr. McCarthy was, I believe, born in the Golden Vale of Tipperary. It is proper to state that his fine poem appeared in that rich store-house of good poetry, The Pilot. Here is the poem :

The poet sees the tragedy that lies
Concealed within the heart from other eyes.
Behind the mask, behind the surface smile
He sees the gnawing canker grief the while.
Beneath the word he sees the deeper thought,
And deeper still, the soul with sorrow fraught.
All things reveal themselves unto his ken,
His chart is human life ; his books are men.
And this the secret is of all his art,
He sees life wholly, others but in part.
A god-like gift is this the gods bestow
To see the truth, to feel it and to know.
And thus because he pierces the pretence
Of shallow smiles and words disguising sense.
The poet may not follow others' lead
And lightly write what some may lightly read.
But true to life his lines some trace must bear
Of life's mysterious sorrow and despair.
The sweetest music breathes a minor strain,
And life would not be perfect but for pain,
And so the poet sings of grief and strife,
And tears and fears, because of such is life.

THE END.

The Socialist's Million.

THE victory was ours. The socialist ticket had been returned in its entirety and with its candidates' entry into power, the principles of socialism were to be put in practice without delay. And rightly so. For were not all men equal? The rich had no more right to their immense fortunes than we poor workingmen, starving on the paltry wages which they saw fit to throw to us as our share of this world's goods. Was this right? Was this justice? No! a thousand times, no! Why should some roll in wealth and comfort, while others are starving in cold and nakedness? Shall we thus die, like slaves? No, down with the rich! Down with those who withhold us our rights.

With such wild thoughts, echoes of the fiery speeches heard to-day and the preceding days, whirling through my brain, I made my way homewards amid groups of rejoicing men and women, all eagerly discussing the great victory and its immediate consequence, the equal division of property. To-morrow at seven in the morning each man and woman was to call at the Public Treasury and receive his or her share of the total wealth. Their leaders (smart men they were) had calculated that each one would receive a million. Everyone was satisfied. Did I say everyone? Well, there was a small minority who violently protested and resisted. They were the former owners whose wealth was to be divided. Their resistance was, of course, but natural, for no one likes to lose his fortune. But we socialists took no notice of their protestation beyond bundling a few of the most violent nabobs off to prison, to teach them that the weal and woe of a few must not stand in the way of the common good. This quieted them down wonderfully, and our men experienced but little difficulty in gathering their money into the Public Treasury.

To-morrow, then, this money was to be divided equally among all. After that, no more work, no more want. I would have my carriage; my table would equal the best, my wines would be of the finest, and in imagination I already drew in the smoke of a fragrant Havana. When I reached home, I threw myself upon

my bed, and forgetting, in my excitement, that I had tasted nothing since morning, I was soon sound asleep.

When I awoke, I found it was four o'clock. Three hours more and the distribution would begin, and I would be a rich man. It would be a good plan, I thought, to go early and get a place among the first-comers.

So leaving the house, I soon reached the place of distribution, the Public Treasury, before which I already found quite a crowd assembled, which was continually increasing. There was many a sharp struggle for a nearer place, and as there were no policemen around (for they too were to get their million), this often caused bitter words and even blows. One brute of a fellow caught me by my coat-collar, and as I would not budge for him, he struck me fiercely on the head with his big fist I bore the pain, however, as I was already bearing a rebellious sensation in the stomach. I remembered then, that I had eaten nothing since the morning before. I made up my mind to have a fine breakfast as soon as I returned home with my million in my pocket.

Suddenly, the big clock in the tower of the Treasury struck the hour of seven. An enthusiastic shout rent the air as the doors of the big building swung open and the multitude thronged in. Entering among the first, I quickly grabbed one of the bags marked in big figures 1,000,000, hastily made my exit by the rear door, and hastened home just in time to see my old housekeeper Mariamne entering before me, concealing something in her apron. "Ah, something special for the breakfast, I suppose," I said to myself. Aloud, however, I called out, "Mariamne, hurry with breakfast, I am horribly hungry, this morning." No answer. I called again and still I received no response. Wondering, I went down to the housekeeper's room and there I found Mariamne packing her trunk. I repeated my request. "What!" said she, "do you think I am fool enough to work for you any longer. Oh, no! You may wait on yourself now. I for my part, am going to take life easy as long as I can, for I've got my million, too." With that she walked out and left me standing there, raging. I soon calmed down, however. Hunger is a wonderful sedative for a passion.

"But really, I must eat something, ' I said to myself. "I am, literally speaking, starving with a million at my command." Finding nothing in the pantry I determined to go out and buy a supply of provisions, that would last me till I could procure a new housekeeper. So forth I journeyed, first to the baker. I entered the shop and stood there, no one minding me in the least. I rapped on the counter, and in response, the fat baker put his head out at the door leading to the interior apartments, scowled at me and withdrew it again. Finally I called out: "Hello! in there! I wish to buy some bread." This brought the baker out in a passion. "Well, you can't buy it here. A man worth a million is not going to slave and work himself to death for others. So if that is what you want. you may as well get out." And with an oath he slammed the door in my face.

Somewhat discouraged, I proceeded to the butcher, who when he heard my request, burst out laughing. He told me that he had already sold all his meat and that he was now worth $1,100,000 since he had charged $100 a pound and made no allowance for bones. And even at that price the demand had been greater than the supply. I felt that in my present state I would give even more than that for a good beef steak.

Leaving the butcher, I wandered aimlessly about, feeling ready to faint with weakness. Suddenly I came before a brilliantly lighted bar-room, which was crowded with jubilant men. The saloon-keeper had had his million but, being an avaricious man, he determined to make as much more as he could. He was the only one of his profession who had kept his place open, and I heard him whisper to his wife that they would be worth at least two millions before the night was over, as he took nothing less than $25.00 for a glass of whiskey, and at the rate it was going there would be nothing left by ten o'clock. Hastily calling for and drinking a glass of whiskey, which the shrewd old host had liberally supplied with water, I again entered the streets.

Walking unsteadily along, getting weaker at every step, I finally came to the river. I had carried my million with me, so far, but now I could hardly hold the bag. I felt that I was dying of starvation and as I looked at the wealth before me, so useless

to allay my hunger, I was filled with an uncontrollable anger. I seized the bag in both hands and with the words "Cursed gold, you are the cause of my death," I cast myself into the river. There was a loud crash and——I found myself on the floor, beside my bed, with the counterpane tightly clasped in my hands, while from the nearby kitchen, I heard my old housekeeper calling out cheerily, "Breakfast is ready."

Thank God, it was all a dream, a vivid dream. True, I was not the possessor of a million, but then, on the other hand, there was a good breakfast waiting for me, to which I did as much justice as if I had really been fasting three days. And old Mariamne had not abandoned me either, but was there waiting on me with a pleasant smile, taking as good care of me as if I were really the possessor of a million.

A. H. KUNZ, '02.

CONTENTMENT.

Within the confinement of this little room
Whose narrow space had held my hopes and fears,
For lo, what matters it, how many years,—
I find a garden in perennial bloom.
There's not an ingle-nook nor corner small;
There's not an object-picture, print nor book;
There's not a hand's-breadth span upon the wall,
That blossoms not to memory 'neath my look.

And like a garden, when the sunshine plays,
No fairer pleasance can reflect her rays,
And though when gloom and murk pervade, I know
These erstwhile beauties of my garden fade,
Where is it otherwise? When all is said
I'd not exchange my realm for aught below.

J. W. SCHWARTZ.

The Children's Aid Societies of Ontario.

THE annual report of the Superintendent of neglected and dependent children of Ontario for the year 1901, recently issued in printed form by order of the Ontario Legislature, should be read carefully not only by those who take an active interest in philanthropic work of this character, but also by the far greater number of persons who sit idly by and leave to the few the burden of a work that appeals with equal force to all.

The Children's Aid Societies of the Province of Ontario have been established by virtue of an Act of the Legislature passed some nine or ten years ago, entitled an Act for the Protection and Reformation of Neglected Children (Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chap. 259). The extent of the powers conferred on these societies in the care and treatment of the following classes of children is such as to deprive the parent or guardian of all legal right in respect to such children, and to transfer the right to the society. Of course no transfer of parental rights can be made unless by order of a county court judge issued after having heard the evidence and arguments offered for and against the transfer proposed.

(1.) Any constable of the society or any chief constable or inspector of police may apprehend without warrant and bring before the judge as neglected any child apparently under the age of fourteen years, if a boy, or sixteen years if a girl, who comes within any of the following descriptions, namely:—

(*a.*) Who is found begging, or receiving alms, or thieving in any street, thoroughfare, tavern or place of public resort, or sleeping at night in the open air;

(*b.*) Who is found wandering about at late hours and not having any home or settled place of abode or proper guardianship;

(*c.*) Who is found associating or dwelling with a thief, vagrant or drunkard, or who by reason of neglect or drunkenness or other vices of its parents or guardians is suffered to be growing up without salutary parental control and education, or in circumstances exposing such child to an idle and dissolute life;

(*d.*) Who is found in any house of ill-fame, or in company of a reputed bad character;

(*e.*) Who is found destitute, being an orphan, or deserted by its parents, or having a surviving parent who is undergoing imprisonment for crime.

The Superintendent, Mr. Kelso, tells us in his report that during the nine years the Act has been in force, 1,558 children coming under one or other of these classes have been handed over to the societies under his supervision, and of this number 240 belong to the operations of last year.

All these children have been placed in foster homes and are visited regularly by officers of the various Branch Societies, as well as by an officer from headquarters at Toronto. The reports of these visitors are, not only on the whole, but practically without exception, satisfactory. The children, we are told in the reports, are well pleased with their new surroundings, are tenderly treated and bear evidence in their general appearance and conduct of a total change for the better both morally and physically.

Scattered over the province there are, according to the report before us, thirty Children's Aid Societies. The Society at Ottawa has done its share of the good work, having since its inception eight years ago taken under its care no fewer than 217 children. Mr. Keane, the indefatigable secretary of this branch, reports the aims of the Society: "To secure justice for every child within its jurisdiction, to prevent as far as may be cruelty or neglect, to encourage a sense of parental responsibility, to provide homes rather than institutions for homeless or dependent children, by urging upon good people the duty and privilege of taking into their homes and hearts a forlorn child and training him or her to a life of usefulness, and thus to be a benefit and blessing instead of a burden to the community."

These are high and noble aims not easily attained, but judging from the reports of the visitors from the Ottawa Branch they are not so high as to be beyond the reach of human effort. Certainly the reports of the various Children's Aid Societies so far, are the best justification of the wisdom and necessity of the law under which they have been called into existence. It is well, though, to bear in mind that these societies are still in the test period of their existence. Nine years is but a brief space in the lifetime of a movement intended to affect the welfare of a nation. The law confers upon these societies wide and responsible powers affecting not only the temporal but the eternal welfare of the

children committed to their charge. It is on this latter account, principally, that Catholics should be alive to the duty that is theirs in this regard. Catholic men and women should be prepared, wherever a Branch of the Children's Aid Society is formed, to come forward and take their fair share of the work, so that the faith of any Catholic child coming under the society's care may be fully safe-guarded. It is well to give the law a fair trial; and this, we think, can be done without any disparaging reflection on the institutions that have been established in the province, for the care and maintenance of orphaned and neglected children. In this respect, we think Mr. Kelso has made a mistake. Speaking only of those institutions under Catholic management, of the workings of which we claim to know something, we know they have done, and are still doing admirable work, work, too, of a rescue character which in the nature of the cases concerned, could not be successfully handled by the Children's Aid Society. Then it is well to bear in mind also that the "placing-out" system is not a recent discovery, nor was it made by Mr. Kelso, or the Ontario legislators. It has been in operation for years in our Catholic orphanages and has been carried on under many difficulties often, with a measure of success none the less substantial and permanent, because it has been done in a quiet and unostentatious manner without any special appeals for public notice or applause.

K.

THE APPLE TREE.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds panting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring?

WILLIAM MARTIN in *Ten Common Trees.*

Self-Supporting College Students.

WHILE Oxford and the great European Universities were in the hands of ecclesiastics and monks, they were crowded with students of all nationalities and of every condition of life. Among these students reigned the purest democracy: the distinction of rich and poor was lost: there was no aristocracy save that of merit and application. In fact so far did the poorer, the artisan and especially the agricultural elements of society predominate, that when they returned in the busiest part of the summer to help their families in the shops or in the fields, the classrooms were left empty, so that vacation (from the Latin *vacat*) had to be granted In course of time, however, the advantages of college training seemed to pass beyond the reach of the lower orders of the people and become the almost exclusive possession of the richer and aristocratic classes. This is pretty much the case in Oxford to-day. When Mr. Carnegie endowed the University of Edinburgh last year with scholarships for poor but deserving students the cry went forth that his act would "pauperise education" in Scotland, by thus admitting candidates undesirable from a social point of view. The most remarkable bequest made by the late Cecil Rhodes will surely have for effect to increase the already great desire there is for an intellectual development such as a university is supposed to afford. Much has been done for education in late years by such bequests. From our exchanges, notably the *Journal* of Queen's University, we learn how many of our Canadian establishments ascribe much of their success, financially, to the sacrifices of alumni of theirs who now hold positions in the ministry. We may say the same of our own clergy and we could name one in Boston (lately made Monsignor) to whom an astonishing multitude of young men are indebted in this respect. Still with a great many who cannot hope to benefit from these sources there will be the question of means. Any chance that offers, may conduce to the end in view, so we willingly insert the following open letter from The Success Company, Washington Square, New York.

TO THE EDITORS :—

We are desirous of bringing to the attention of your readers the fact that we have just established a "Success Bureau of Education." The function of this Bureau is, and will be, to advise with students upon the best methods of mind-training to reach a desired goal, and to suggest and provide the ways and means for obtaining the necessary money.

In connection with this work, we are arranging to provide Success Scholarships in the leading schools and colleges of the country.

We should be glad to hear from any students who may be interested in learning the details of our plans.

Very respectfully yours,

THE SUCCESS COMPANY,
By EDWARD E. HIGGINS,
President.

The following clipping from the Boston *Herald* may be suggestive to our ambitious young men :—

The earnest efforts of impecunious, but ambitious, students of colleges and universities to earn the means of securing their education are attracting more and more attention and sympathy, and the spirit of independence it betokens is being fostered by the benevolent as a better service than mere charity. Our foremost universities now make frequent encouraging statements of what is accomplished in this way. We have lately been much interested in a statement of what is doing by students of Atlanta University. The officers of the university say that, of more than a hundred men and boys questioned, it was found that all but one claimed to have been engaged in some remunerative work during the last summer vacation. Some worked on farms, several taught country schools, many were employed in hotels, others worked at mechanical trades, and a few as common laborers. Two enterprising boys went into the ice business on their own account, buying a wagon and hiring a horse, and they were successful. Others were employed as office boys, newspaper carriers, brick masons, in printing office work, and in barber shops, post-offices, grocery stores, railroad offices, wire drawing, tailoring, candy making, cracker baking, bag sewing, running elevators and mending shoes. Altogether, the amount earned by these students exceeded $4,000, which means, the officers say, that there is no boy at present in attendance at the university who did not earn enough money last summer to pay his tuition and to buy his text books. Many earned enough to buy their clothing, in addition. Most of the young men boarding on the campus earned some portion of their board bills. Surely, it is gross injustice to style such students as these "loafers."

M. T. P.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

TERMS:

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

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

No. VIII. **APRIL, 1902.** **Vol. IV.**

A WORD IN TIME.

Spring with all its beauty has again made its appearance, and with its advance the present energetic editors of THE REVIEW see that two numbers more will complete Volume IV. Casting a retrospective eye over the work performed during the scholastic year which is now drawing to a close, they have a right to feel proud at the work accomplished. But, as seated around the antique table in the grim old sanctum, the oft-repeated question presents itself concerning those who are to fill those same seats when the autumnal breezes once more deprive Nature of her summer garments. This year's graduating class numbers among its members four of the editors of our college journal, a production whose fame in literary circles is envied by magazines with loftier ambitions. Who are those who shall take up the quill and follow the example of their predecessors by upholding the high standard

of THE REVIEW? Although reluctantly, we are forced to state that the students in general have not responded to the call for contributions as we had anticipated. Some, it is true, give as an excuse past failures. To these we might answer that in former years those who found their names annexed to some of the most magnificent articles, have attained that distinction by perseverance, by re-writing their essays over and over again. Others there are, who, through modesty, real or assumed, have never attempted to write, although their names should be among the first to be chosen to fill the vacancies on the board. We pen these few lines having in view the tendering of a little good advice.

For the past few years the Managing Editor has generally been a stranger, who, upon the arrival of the students, had to rely on rumor, good standing in class or professor's recommendation to point out those whom he should select as his staff. In future the editors will be selected from those who have previously contributed, their work being the criterion by which they shall be judged. There is still time—in fact now are the golden opportunities—for hard and earnest work on the part of those who wish to enjoy the distinction of having their names among the editors of their college journal.

PRESS AMENITIES.

The *Pilot* credits the *Irish Catholic* with an article on "The Treasures of the Vatican Palace," which was originally published in these pages. Our Boston contemporary need never feel obliged to credit anything (except the faculty to know a good thing when it sees it and to seize a good thing when it knows it) to the Dublin paper.—*Ave Maria.*

Score one. We think the *Casket* scores two. Our Boston contemporary "seized a good thing" in our obscure little periodical without ever a "Thank you." Then it gets "riled" over politics so far as to forget justice and charity and to apply a very damaging epithet—one for which we hope suitable reparation will not be refused. In our opinion newspaper editors are not exempted from keeping the Commandments any more than their neighbors, nor is it to their interest, by the exhibition of unfair tactics, to make their readers suffer.

FIND THE DEGREE?

A puzzle-picture represents a gentleman calling to a newsboy; "Sonny, bring me a paper!" And it is asked, "Where is the paper?" Many of the students are beginning to put to themselves a question somewhat similar. For the anxious members of the Third Form, it is, "Where is my Matriculation?" The Fifth Form have to think about their Intermediate, the Sixth about the B.Ph.; whilst the Seventh Form must "bag" two degrees, the L.Ph. and the B.A. In any case, to the conscientious student who began the very first day of the term to prepare for the ordeal, the coveted degree will be a comparatively easy capture. Not so for those whose thoughts have been so far "occupied about many things"; whose classwork came last instead of first. These may now become suddenly avaricious of study-time and find they cannot be satisfied with work. They may expend a prodigious amount of energy and not yet quite attain the mark. Still, a supreme, sustained, effort, even if late, will do no harm. Calling all one's reserves to the firing-line may decide the tide of victory.

VARIOUS.

From the *Review* of St. Louis we learn that in Holland with a population of less than two millions, there are 130 Catholic newspapers and other periodicals. There are 13 of them dailies, 27 semi-weeklies and tri-weeklies, 51 weeklies, 39 semi-monthlies and quarterlies.

We see now and then the absurd charge timidly made that the Jesuits are accountable for the assassination of the late President McKinley. In a few years this calumny will be more boldly repeated and finally regarded as an incontestable fact of history.

The April *Labour Gazette* sets forth the main facts embodied in the report of the Royal Commission on Chinese and Japanese immigration. This document deals with one of the most important and intricate of the delicate industrial and social problems of the Dominion.

The March *Ecclesiastical Review* notices Father Dutto's recently published *Life of Bishop de Las Casas*, the first naturalised American priest. A Spaniard, he accompanied Columbus on his third journey to San Domingo. In turn planter, miner, slave-owner in Cuba, he at last took sacred Orders in order to become for the Indians the efficient protector which he was for fifty years. "He defended their lives, their natural rights of possession, their faith. Were we to begin," writes Father Dutto, "with his sermon preached on Pentecost Sunday in 1514 and read all the 10,000 pages which he wrote between that date and 1564 when he made his last will, not one page would be found not written directly or indirectly in defence and on behalf of the Indians. The conviction creeps on the student of early American history who dives deeply into the original source of information, that, had there been no Las Casas, and had he not been a Catholic priest backed by as powerful a friend as Charles V. of Spain, it would be doubtful if even a vestige of the American Indian would now remain."

We call the attention of our readers to the skilful manner in which, in the paper "Mainly About Books," the religious character of the eminent French writer, Victor Hugo, has been outlined from his works.

Book Review.

A little volume on hand, entitled Mary Tracy's Fortune, by Anna T. Sadlier, is a general favorite with the younger members. The story, the style and the characters portrayed therein unite in claiming for it, well-merited book-space in every juvenile library.

Bunt and Bill is a short story from the pen of Clara Mulholland. The plot is simple, the style easy but at the same time graceful and lively. In describing the life of children, the authoress seems an adept and young people, we think, will find the story interesting. Such juveline novels, with a little more plot and a little less dialogue, however, should be encouraged.

Recruit Tommy Collins, by Mary G. Bonesteel, represents the youthful hero of a regiment. The breezy tale of adventure and hairbreath escapes will appeal to young people who delight in the scenes afforded by circuses, games, fires and street parades. While the imagination is stimulated, the mind and heart are not allowed to "run to grass."

As True as Gold, by Mary E. Mannix, is a tale placed in the Catholic Missions of Southern California with their rich Spanish and Indian settings. The worth of the fiction contributed by Mrs. Mannix has long since been decided in such books as her "Chronicles of the Little Sisters," and "The Tales Tim Told us."

We have also at hand, to grace the shelves of our junior library, a little volume entitled: Bob O'Link, from the pen of Mary T. Waggaman. The story is interesting and well executed, while the youthful heroine strikes us as a most happy portrayal.

The Golden Lily, by the authoress Katharine Tyran Hinkson, was likewise forwarded to us by the same printing firm. The scene is laid in England in Queen Mary's time. The quaintness of diction, the purity of style, the plot, its historical surroundings, the religious spirit pervading the whole—all unite in pronouncing it a little work of merit.

What we appreciated most in the perusal of The Berkleys, by Emma Howard Wright, was the unabating interest kept up from title-page to finish, the powers of arousing our sympathy and the clear-cut delineations of character.

This and the books reviewed are from the publishing house of Benziger Bros. They arrive in good time for the prize season.

Spiritual Pepper and Salt, by Rev. Wm. Stang, is not a book fashioned on the classroom plan; it is more for "the man on the street." Nobody can afford nowadays to be without a fair working knowledge of things religious. Even the well-informed Catholic, surfeited with indigestible stuff furnished on this theme by the Sunday and daily press, will not be averse to some such work as Dr. Stang's to correct an impaired appetite. The non-Catholic for his part has need of a book of this kind if he desires, in seeking good catholic wares, to be safeguarded against the

adulterated and the pernicious compounds, ignorantly or malevolently labelled *Catholic*.

Moser's Der Bibliotheker (Private Secretary) from the American Book Co., New York, is interesting from cover to cover. The student finds in its simple yet German language little difficulty aided as he is by copious notes and complete vocabulary.

The same publishers send us one of Daudet's best known and most delightful stories, Tartarin de Terascon. The needs of teachers and pupils have been kept constantly in view. The story itself, the explanations of difficult points, a complete vocabulary, containing all irregular forms of the French verbs, make the study of the book easy, useful, and interesting.

Through Hope & Sons, of this city, we receive Our Home and Its Surroundings, one of the Tarr and McMurray Geographies, a little volume prepared for Canadian Schools, by Mr. W. C. Campbell, auther of "Modern Geography," etc. Colored maps and numerous illustrations, chiefly photographs of actual scenes, will greatly assist the imagination of the pupil.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Smith's Elementary Calculus, $5. American Book Company.

Flugg's A Writer of Attic Prose, $1.

Explanation and Application of Bible History, $1.50. Benziger Bros.

Exchanges.

There are only two convent periodicals in Canada. Neither the Ursulines of Quebec, the oldest educational institution in America, the Villa Marie of Montreal, established a few years after Harvard, nor those other excellent institutions of more recent date (except the Loretto Convents of Toronto and Niagara) publish a paper. Why? It is hard to tell. Well, we must be kind to the two that we have, though we must confess that our patience was almost worn out waiting for the *Leaflets from Loretto*. If others get it as seldom, it must be published annually instead of

quarterly. Nevertheless we thank the writers of "Trials of an Editor," "Some of England's Consort Queens," and "The Father's Idol," for the pleasure received from reading their contributions. As for the *Niagara Rainbow*, frankly ladies, we confess not to have read all your journal. Properly to read and criticize a convent paper which contains as much reading matter as *The Century*, would take, unfortunately, more time than is at our disposal. Not that it would not be worth while, for from what we have read of it, we think that as it surpasses most of our exchanges in quantity, it also surpasses most of them in quality. But, young ladies, sister editors, it is too bad you have such an idea of the utter uselessness of the exchange department. It is not very flattering to us poor ex-men.

We are glad that the editor of *The Bee* does not control the index of books forbidden to be read. Just think of it! Parker's "Right of Way" is a bad book because, perforce, the hero did not die a convert to Catholicism. Why, sir, you are almost as bad as those who thought the novel was the work of the devil. You ought to teach the science of philosophical and theological criticism to the book editors of the *Catholic News* and *Ave Maria*, both of whom were so ignorant as to consider it a good book.

According to the March *McMaster Monthly*, Harvard's College library consists of no less than 700,000 volumes. Yale follows with 200,000, Columbia 133,000 and Cornell 126,000. As far as we know the only large college library in Canada is Laval's, 120,000. The same journal is our authority for these statistics of attendance at the big American universities: Harvard, 6,740 students; Columbia, 4,392; Michigan, 3,815; Chicago, 3,774; Minnesota, 3,423; California, 3,215; Cornell, 3,000; Yale, 2,680; Pennsylvania, 2,573. The only universities in Canada claiming an attendance of over a thousand are Toronto and McGill.

Articles like "Strains from Erin," "A Romance of Kinsale," "The Irishman and His Affections," Indestructible Vitality of the Irish Cause," prove that the *Laurel* properly honored St. Patrick's Day. But it is not these, nor some other well-written articles in the same issue we wish to discuss, but rather the weakest, "England

Among the Nations." According to this writer "England's place in the list (of greatest nations) is about fourth, preceded by United States, Russia and Germany" (Note the order). The only real argument given is the Boer War. But since the United States is doing little better with the 'Pinos, much easier to conquer than the Boers, and since neither Russia nor Germany have ever waged a war thousands of miles from home, the argument does not count for much. Besides this same war did much to promote better relations between the colonies and the Empire. We say this, though by no means an imperialist. The value of the article may be judged from the fact that the writer does not even mention the colonies in his estimate of the Empire's strength! Are not effusions like this, Mr. Editor of the *Laurel,* mere jingoism?

Attempts at epic poetry are rarely met with in our days, least of all by college students. But a writer in the *St. Joseph's Collegian* is more ambitious. His "Deluge," a poem of four hundred lines does him great credit. We are sure that now, after his own effort, he will be better able to appreciate Milton and Dante. The "Benefits of Current Literature" in the same issue is a very strong and just plea for the Newspaper and Magazine.

"Real criticism, like philosophy, must be physchological in method, ontological in basis." Can it be, dear brother of the *S. C. V. Index*, that they are all philosophers at your college, or that only philosophers read your exchange columns? For to the average reader sentences like the above are unintelligible. We fear that you are studying your philosophy so much that you are getting more familiar with its vocabulary than the ordinary Anglo-Saxon English one. In future ask a Freshman to correct your really valuable notes.

Every student that can, should read the Ottawa *Campus* for March, published by our namesake the Ottawa University of Kansas. The six articles on college journalism will prove very suggestive reading for any one no matter whether he is, expects to be, or ever will be an editor. The statements, except perhaps in their religious views, are authoritative, since they are all from ex-editors, men who speak from hard-earned experience. First, we

have a general view of college journalism, that branch of literature which had its humble commencement in the year 1800 in the *Dartmouth College Gazette*, Daniel Webster its editor-in-chief, and which to-day claims over two hundred and fifty undergraduate publications in the United States alone : its relations to the college, the faculty, the students. Its difficulties are also presented, apathy of students, hostility of faculty (happily not here), ignorance (and also laziness ?) of editors ; want of time, want of money. The business manager, the power behind the throne, is not forgotten. All the secrets of college journalism are told to the curious reader ; and he who does not benefit by the story, is not a college man.

Among the Magazines.

We are always glad to welcome the *Current History* to our sanctum, and this month's issue loses none of our warm hospitality. A wide range of subjects and good illustrations recommend the *Current History*. Among its articles of interest are "Prince Henry and his Mission" ; "A Count of the Holy Roman Empire" is a biographical sketch of Benjamin Thompson. "The South African Struggle" is reviewed, and the vital questions agitating foreign powers are treated. Religion, and the higher arts also claim consideration among its pages.

The Canadian Messenger contains many valuable religious topics and three well written poems. "The Spirit of Prayer" treats of the necessity and efficacy of prayer. "Ober Ammergau" acquaints us with the habits and mode of life of the inhabitants of that quaint little village, which has one crooked street, irregular lanes, and its houses at all angles. Other good contributions are "The Promises of Our Lord," and the story "At the Eleventh Hour."

For the first time, *Success* visits the sanctum and promises to be a regular and most entertaining caller. The current issue has

a beautiful Easter cover. Edwin Markham contributes a poem entitled: "The Dream of Pilate's Wife." Justin McCarthy has a noteworthy article entitled: "Humor is an Element of Success," profusely illustrated, as indeed are most of the pages. The reader will find in popular form serious topics like: "The Conquest of Alaska," by Cy. Warman: "The Tenement Toilers," by Theodore Dreiser: "The Making of an Orator," "The Editor's Talk with Young Men," etc. On another page will be found the open letter addressed to us by Mr. Higgins, president of the Success Company of New York.

Athletics.

The annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Easter Monday. In a few well-chosen words the President, Mr. J. J. Cox, reviewed the successful work of the season under the management of the Committee of 1901-02, and then called attention to the object of the meeting, which was to select the most capable men for the vacant positions. The Recording Secretary Mr. U. Valiquet read a glowing report of the success attained in athletic circles during the past season. The Treasurer, J. J. Macdonell, followed with his financial report, showing a balance on the right side. These reports having been adopted, the meeting proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year. Mr. B. Slattery was unanimously chosen as Honorary President, and the following gentlemen elected to the different offices: President, Mr. C. P. McCormac; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. J. J. Keely, W. Dooner; Treasurer, Mr. R. T. Halligan; Cor. Secretary, Mr. J. O. Dowd; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. Harrington; Councillors, Messrs. R. Filiatreault, W. A. Callaghan.

Mr. C. P. McCormac, the newly elected President, addressed the meeting, and in concluding called for a "V-A-R" for the retiring officers.

Baseball is booming under the able leadership of W. Callaghan, as manager, and C. Dowling as captain.

As usual, 'Varsity was denied admittance into the Ottawa Valley League, for the same old reason, that of winning the pennant before school closed, thus causing a lack of interest in baseball during the summer months. Were the teams that compose this league a little more far-sighted, they would see that the admittance of 'Varsity into the league would greatly increase their gate receipts, as College is always a good drawing card. Seemingly, however, they desire the pennant rather than an increase in their finances. Already 'Varsity nine have played two closely contested games with the "soutanes" of the house, winning the first game by a score of 8 to 7, and being defeated in the second by 6 to 3.

The lovers of the good old Canadian game assembled on the 12th inst., and decided to form a lacrosse team. The following gentlemen were appointed to look after the affairs of this association: Manager, J. J. Macdonell; Secretary, J. O. Dowd: Committee, W. A. Callaghan, L. Brennan; Captain, J. P. Gillies. Already many students have expressed their willingness to participate in the game.

With the object of bringing into notice likely material for next season's football, the executive decided to hold the usual spring series of football. Three teams were chosen to do battle for championship honors, with Messrs. Callaghan, French and Dooner as captains. Callaghan and French were the first to meet upon the gridiron, and the result was a win for French by the score of 5 to 1. Dooner in turn met and defeated French's aggregation by the close score of 2 to 1, thus winning the title of champions. Each member of the winning team was presented with a group photo by the Athletic Association. Judging from the article of ball displayed in these games, it is very evident that College will have sufficient material from which may be again selected a "championship of Canada" team.

Of Local Interest.

Owing to a regrettable oversight this department was conspicuous by its absence in the last issue of THE REVIEW. The way in which many emptied the vials of their spleen on us is sufficient incentive to make us register the solemn declaration that a like mishap will not occur again.

Among the red-letter events of the past month prominence must be given to the closing exercises of the French Debating Society. The nature of the exercises was a very delightful and somewhat unexpected treat. *Les Piastres Rouges*, a drama in three acts, was staged with the following cast :

Don Miguel d'Alavarez, duc de Compostral	....	O. Dion
Don José Maria d'Alavarez, son frère	....	A. E. Charron
Le Marquis del Brugos	seigneurs espagn	E. Richard
Le Comte San Bastiano	seigneurs espagn	R. Dupuis
Don Henriquez Albucante	seigneurs espagn	F. Gaboury
Le Prince d'Estrell Mayor	seigneurs espagn	J. Langlois
Manassès, juif bohémien	....	O. Cloutier
Bartholoméo, majordome	....	R. Lapointe
Cascamillo	pages attachés à la maison d'Alavarez	E. Coté
Isidro	pages attachés à la maison d'Alavarez	P. Valiquet
Ricardo	pages attachés à la maison d'Alavarez	O. Lefebvre
Pepito	pages attachés à la maison d'Alavarez	A. Bastien

Un Alcade, des Alguazils.

The plot of the piece is a very interesting one, and its interpretation, particularly by Messrs. Charron and Cloutier, was all that could be desired. The other numbers on the programme comprised a short address by Mr. U. Valiquet, president of the society, and an elocutionary contest in which L. Benard, A. Arcand. R. Morin, E. Brunet and J. Martineau competed for honors. The first prize went to R. Morin and the second to J. Martineau. Music was furnished by Valentine's orchestra.

We might here take occasion of expressing commendation for the remarkably good work done by the society during the season that has just closed. The highest praise is due Rev. Fr. David, to whom this success is attributable.

The Scientific Society is fast approaching the end of its year's work, and at the present moment the chief concern of the members

is the prospective trip. The objective point of this trip is not yet fully determined on ; but however, no matter what be the place, a glorious time is anticipated.

During the past month the following lectures were given in the Science Hall : Money and the Mechanism of Exchange, by T. E. Day '03 ; Wireless Telegraphy, by Jos. Macdonald, '03, and The Unity of the Human Species, by G. I. Nolan, '03.

It is very seldom that we have anything to note of the Altar Society, but, however, recent events have bought this holy organization into enviable prominence. Through the untiring energy of the president and master of ceremonies it is extending its field of action, especially in two directions. May the society (and the master of ceremonies) continue to grow and expand.

The prize debate of the Senior English Debating Society will soon take place. As all are aware, every member of the society has the right of contesting for the medal, but in order that the committee may be enabled to avoid any possible discrimination, contestants are requested to make application to the secretary.

Speaking of the Debating Society reminds us that the non-appearance of the Locals last month prevented the chronicling of one of the society's star events, held during the month of March. The old time Mock Parliament was revived. But we doubt if there ever was anything in previous years that could touch this last parliament. One thing is infallibly certain, its like was never seen in Downing Street or on Parliament Hill. More business was transacted in two short hours that Brummagem Joe could carry out in fifty years. The speaker's chair was occupied by J. F. Hanley (who survives). J. O. Dowd performed the onerous duties of clerk, while the task of applying the English method of maintaining order among the Irish members (ejection) was entrusted to J. J. Cox. The government forces were under the leadership of W. A. Martin ; E. E. Gallagher generalled the opposition. After the Speaker had taken his place and the mace (or rather the hockey stick) was placed on the table the opposition artillery opened fire. Questions that would have annihilated the ministerial members of His

Majesty's Parliament were launched against the government benches, only to be wrecked by such astute parliamentarians as Kingstonian Runt. When the government had pumped itself dry of information the real business of the session was taken up. And alas for the poor clerk! He was literally buried in a heap of motions. In a moment of comparative peace we succeeded in obtaining the following few (of a thousand) and give them as samples of the weighty affairs transacted.

"Be it resolved, that ways and means shall be provided for the extermination of mosquito eggs that have caused so much havoc in the growth of sweet pickles in the City of Quebec."

"Resolved that the government grant C-r-y a wooden stomach." (An amendment was made that it be loaned to the member from Watertown on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings.)

"Be it resolved that the sum of $2,348.14 be expended for the construction of a Cheese, Mush and Prune Factory on the University of Ottawa play-grounds."

A sensation was caused by the introduction of the following:

"Attendu que les fumeurs de cette maison deviennent de plus en plus pauvres et que le désir de fumer ne diminue pas.

"Résolu, que l'Econome donne un subside au frère P...., par ce moyen augmentant le contentement et le bien-être des étudiants."

The eloquence that discussion of this bill elicited would make Waldeck-Rousseau wish he had never been born. The catastrophe came when the member for Kilaloo and the member from W_'er-town blended their voices in one harmonious massacre of la belle langue de Bossuet.

After everyone had talked himself hoarse the session was adjourned *sine die*.

On Thursday evening, March 6th, the philosophers and lay professors held their annual hockey banquet in the students' refectory. This event was long looked forward to by both parties as one of the chief festivities of the year, and the fact that the philosophers had the matter in charge (the "profs." having been

victorious in the hockey contest of Feb. 26th) is ample proof that all expectations were realized. About 7 p.m. the guests began to assemble, and at 7.30 all sat down to a magnificent spread, such as the philosophers have a reputation for furnishing. The menu was replete with all that an epicure could desire, and judging by the enthusiasm displayed, everyone present did it ample justice. When the wants of the inner man were "fully" attended to, cigars were passed around, and the genial host of the evening, Mr. F. P. Burns, arose, and with his most gracious and contented smile, "made welcome" to his guests in an eloquent speech, after which he called on the different members of the teams and on other personages present; everyone responding in the hearty spirit so much in evidence during the evening. The speeches concluded, the happy host invited the jovial assemblage to the recreation hall, where an excellent programme of choruses, dances, etc., was rendered. Keeley's orchestra was in attendance and furnished choice music. Everyone mingled in the dance, the "profs." seeking their partners among the philosophers. Notably in evidence were the cake walks by Messrs. Cox and Carey and Messrs. Gookin and M. Burns. Though the latter couple were more than a match for their opponents in grace and agility, Messrs. Cox and Carey had little trouble in carrying off the palm for solid work. Another source of enjoyment was the boxing bouts between Messrs. Kearney and O'Brien and Messrs. Gookin and F. P. Burns, especially the latter, in which many blows and dodges heretofore unknown in the fistic art were exhibited. Three rousing Varsity cheers and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought to a close one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent in the University, one long to be remembered by both "profs" and philosophers, and the recurrence of which the "sports" of next year will eagerly await.

Charlie can guide the affairs of the Association with his *Keeley?*

Hoot mon! Oui, oui.

"Impeckerable thou" quoth Ke-r-ey. "Prepeckerable thou" said Smithy.

Going to Hull to play baseball is like going on scientific researches. The team always comes back with several specimens of the Upper Silurian stratum.

Junior Department.

The Junior Editor has returned from his visit to imaginary worlds, and he now intends to be more faithful to his duty of chronicler of the doings of Kiddom. The last issue of THE REVIEW published no item from his usually busy pen, and consequently, he feared that his young friends might attribute the omission to his generous observance of our Patron's feast. No disorder, however, has disturbed his mental equilibrium and he is now prepared to do battle in the journalistic world in behalf of the small yard.

During the month of March our correspondence exceeded that of any previous month, and various questions were submitted to our consideration. Some sent in petitions against the disorders that prevail in the handball alley, gymnasium, and others handed in matter for publication.

One literary bud offered us the first fruits of his poetic conceptions. We call the attention of our juvenile poets to the following lines :

THE LION.

The lion is very big beast.
This creature at least
Has four big feet and two large ears,
Also nice tail, that every one fears.

The warm weather has invited the small boys to unlock their spring games. So now they daily indulge in lacrosse, handball and baseball. The last mentioned is the favorite sport and from the number of aspirants registered for the first team we predict a successful career for baseball. Speaking from our own humble knowledge of the game, we advise our friends to work out perseveringly the fine points of this enjoyable sport. Of course you will have to face the disagreeable side of the game first, and only after receiving two discolored eyes and a few dislocated fingers will you begin to discover your own weakness and find the game interesting.

JUNIORS 23, LOWER TOWN 25.

On April 13 a baseball team from Lower Town confident of its strength, crossed bats with the first team of the small yard in

what was intended to be a quiet practice for the visitors. The visiting team was accompanied by a fair crowd of rooters and evidently expected to have—well, a parlor game with the boys. The latter, however, trimmed the visitors in good style and would doubtlessly have won but for a few costly errors at critical parts of the game. The small boys must now enter the field of battle with a will to do. A lack of team work was noticeable among them in their first game. But with persistent practice this flaw will soon disappear among them.

Mr. K..ly, the famous lacrosse player, accepted the difficult position of Umpire, and he fulfiled his duties to the satisfaction of both teams.

JUNIORS 23, SENIOR II. 24.

On April 26th another game was scored against the small yard by the second team of the senior department. The playing was very loose on both sides and this accounted for the large score. The "grand stand" playing of our boys was very much in evidence. A few, however, played creditably well and we make particular mention of Messrs. Hogg, Burns and Leonard.

For the benefit of a few of our young boys we quote the following remark of our predecessor :

"Oh, that a certain number of the small boys would understand that to turn around in the chapel whenever a member of the choir sings, denotes a want of respect and good breeding. If they would seriously consider this advice then, perhaps, some of their elder brothers might condescend to follow their example."

Until further notice Mr. McD——g all will supply the small yard with matches.

HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH.

1st Grade, Division A—1 Charles Kehoe ; 2 Azarie Menard ; 3, Freddie Gervais ; 4, Joseph Benninghans.

1st Grade, Division B—1, Willie Perreault ; 2, Hector Menard, 3, Hector Leduc ; 4, Prospère Poirier.

2nd Grade, Division—1, A. Fleming ; 2, Réné Morin ; 3, Eugène Hamel ; 4, Emile Galipeau.

3rd Grade, Division—1, Harry Macdonald; 2, Emile Poissant; 3, Philip Kirwan ; 4, Edgar Berlinguette.

4th Grade—1, Joseph Coupal ; 2, Emile Langlois ; 2, Nicholas Bawlf; 4, Horace Legault.