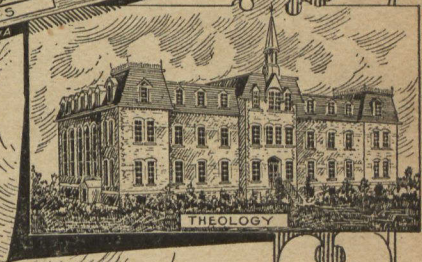
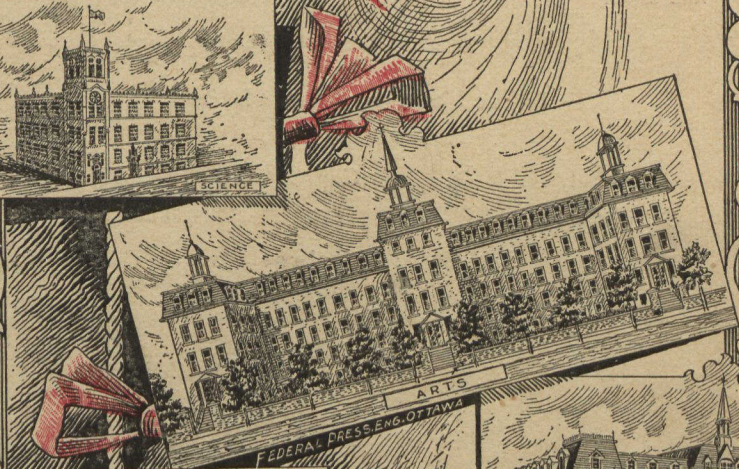
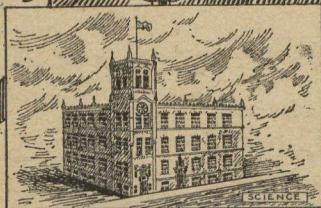


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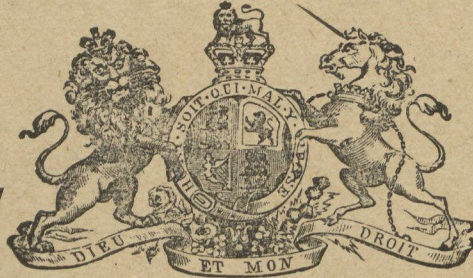
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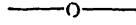
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# University of Ottawa REVIEW

OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 10

JUNE, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 10

## LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE REVIEW.




SABLE mantle, clasped with gold,  
Around the slumbering world is rolled :  
A heart of music seems to beat  
In the dark universe, and sweet  
Its breathings of refreshing balm  
Life's troubled passions soothe and calm.

*My heart is like a harp whose strings  
To harmonies of thanksgiving  
Resound : my life is like a rose  
By zephyrs lulled to soft repose :  
My soul is like a crystal glass  
Filled by the elixir of grace,  
Or precious vase for frankincense,  
Its odor rare exhaling thence ;  
For in the heavenly Sacrament  
This day my soul with Christ's was blent.  
O Lord of Love, at Thy dear feet  
I lay that rose !—if it is sweet  
Thine be the praise, as Thine the power,  
To change a weed into a flower.*

E. C. M. T.

## THE EYE AS AN OPTICAL INSTRUMENT.

F the five external senses, with which man is endowed, and by means of which he is directly cognizant of material phenomena existing in the world around him, the sense of sight, by reason of its immense range of action, of its perfect presentation of the geometrical relations of the universe, and of the delicacy of its other cognitive aspects, stands first in order as an instrument of objective knowledge.

But although the eye and vision should have been interesting subjects for investigation, very little was known about this organ or its manner of working until the end of the eighteenth century, when Kepler discovered the passage of light through the eye. Soon after this discovery, the organ of sight was found to be nothing more or less than an optical instrument, of very complicated and ingenious construction.

The eyeball is a nearly spherical body containing within it, three masses of gelatinous substances called humours. These are so arranged as to form a compound lens. The shape of the eye ball is secured by an outer coating called the sclerotic, the chief function of which is to protect the eye from injury, and from external pressure. The sclerotic does not envelop the whole of the eye; the transparent circular tunic forming the anterior segment of the eye is called the cornea. This is nothing more however, than the continuation of the sclerotic forwards; and in consequence of its greater convexity, it projects beyond the line of the sclerotic. It is beautifully transparent and, though apparently homogenous, it is composed of five layers clearly distinguishable from one another. Under the sclerotic is a second covering, the choroid coat, a dark coloured, vascular membrane, which supplies the nourishment necessary for the chemical, and physiological processes concerned in vision. Over the anterior surface of the choroid coat, towards the back of the eye, is distributed the retina. This is a transparent network composed of several layers of fibres and nerve cells, and connected with the choroid by a layer of rods and cones. These latter seem to be the properly

sensitive apparatus. In the centre of the retina is the yellow spot which is the most sensitive part of the organ, and here the rods and cones are packed in greatest abundance. From the retina, slightly to the left of the yellow spot, the optic nerve proceeds to the brain. The only property, apparently, of the retina, and of the optic nerve, is that of receiving and transmitting to the brain, the impression of external objects. These organs have been cut and pricked without causing any pain to the animals submitted to those experiments, but it is generally supposed that irritation of the optic nerve causes the sensation of light. Behind the cornea is found the iris, an annular opaque diaphragm, which constitutes the colored part of the eye. It is perforated by an aperture called the pupil, which varies in shape in the different species of animals. The iris is composed of a large number of muscular fibres, which are so arranged, that one set of these fibres effects when necessary its contraction, while another dilates the pupil.

It now remains to describe the transparent media that occupy the interior of the eye-globe, and through which the rays of light must pass before they reach the retina, and form on it the images of external objects. Immediately behind the cornea is the aqueous humour, which fills the anterior, and posterior chambers, that lie between the cornea and the lens. As its name implies, it is very nearly pure water, with a mere trace of albumen and chloride of sodium. Opposite and behind the pupil, lies the crystalline lens. In form, this is a double convex lens with surfaces of unequal curvature, the posterior being the most convex. It is enclosed in a transparent membrane called its capsule. A microscopic examination of the substance, or body of the lens, reveals a structure of wonderful beauty. Its whole mass is composed of extremely minute, elongated, ribbon-like structures, commonly called the fibres of the lens. These fibres are arranged side by side in lamellae; they are so placed as to give to the anterior and posterior surfaces, the appearance of a central star with meridian lines. Towards the centre, the lens gradually increases in density, and at the same time, in refracting power. To the anterior surface of the capsule, near its margin, is fixed a firm transparent membrane known as the suspensory ligament.



This ligament exerts traction all around the front surface of the lens, and renders it less convex than it would otherwise be, and its relaxation plays an important part in the adaptation of the eye for sight at different distances.

The remaining refracting medium, to be next spoken of, is the vitreous humour, which lies in the concavity of the retina, and occupies about four-fifths of the posterior portion of the eye. The vitreous humour contains about 98 per cent. of water, and a small portion of albumen and salts, its refracting index being therefore almost the same as that of water.

With this knowledge then of the anatomical structure of the eye, it will be readily understood how this organ is really an optical instrument, and projects images of external objects on a screen, the retina.

The different refracting media, which go to form the organ of sight,—the cornea, the aqueous humour, the crystalline lens, and the vitreous humour,—may be considered as together forming a compound lens, through which the rays of light pass when the sensation of vision is had. The rays passing from a luminous body, fall upon the sclerotic and the cornea. Those falling on the former are reflected, and take no part in vision. The more central ones impinge upon the cornea, and, of these, some are reflected, giving to the surface of the eye its beautiful glistening appearance. Others, however, pass through the cornea, are converged in so doing, and enter the aqueous humour, which probably exerts no perceptible effect on their direction. Here again, those rays which pass through the outer, or more circumferential part of the cornea, are stopped, and are either reflected or absorbed by the iris. Those that fall upon the more central part of the cornea, pass through the pupil, and impinge on the crystalline lens, which by the convexity of its surface, and by its greater density towards the centre, very much increases the convergence of the rays passing through it. They then traverse the vitreous humour,—whose principal use appears to be to afford support to the expanded retina,—and are brought to a focus on that tunic, forming there an exact, but inverted, image of the object.

The two causes that tend to mar the sharpness and

distinctness of an image formed by lenses, are spherical, and chromatic aberration. The latter is practically corrected in the eye, although it is doubtful whether it be entirely absent. The provision, however, on which achromatism depends, has not been determined with certainty, probably because we do not yet know the relative refractive and dispersive powers of the cornea and humours of the eye. But there are two means by which spherical aberration may be prevented; and these illustrate very well the wondrous mechanism of the eye. Professor Wharton Jones describes them as follows :

“The surfaces of the dioptric parts of the eye are not spherical, but those of the cornea and posterior surfaces of the lens are hyperbolic, and that of the anterior surface, elliptical—configurations found by theory fitted to prevent spherical aberration.”

“The density of the lens diminishing from the centre to its periphery, the circumferential rays are less refracted than they would be by a homogeneous lens, with similar surfaces. This elegantly simple contrivance has been hitherto inimitable by human art.”

A question now naturally suggests itself : How does the eye adopt itself to distinct vision at varying distances? This is indeed a remarkable power of the eye, and numerous attempts have been made to explain the mechanism, by which its focal length admits of alteration under the influence of the will. The explanation generally given and adopted is, that the suspensory ligaments which surround the crystalline lens are relaxed, or contracted by the ciliary muscle, which thus allows the front surface of the lens to assume greater, or less convexity. Certain other less important changes occur, tending to make the lens more or less convex and to push it forward ; these cannot, however, be explained, without entering into minute anatomical details.

The two well known forms of defective vision arising from some known or unknown peculiarity of the optical apparatus, are myopia or short sight, and presbyopia or long sight. For a normal eye the distance of distinct vision, of small objects, varies from 10 to 12 inches. But in myopia, the rays which ought to come to a focus on the retina converge to a point more or less in front of it. The cause of this defect is usually attributed to the over-convexity of the cornea, or of the lens, or to an imperfect power of the eye to adjust itself to objects at varying distances. Habitual

contemplation of small objects, imperfect illumination, a stooping position while studying, in fact anything which tends to congest the eyes, and cause an unequal strain on the muscles of convergence, may produce short-sight. Myopia is most common in young people, and when once acquired, tends to become hereditary. In countries where education is becoming more advanced, the percentage of myopes is constantly on the increase.

The optical remedy for short sight, obviously consists in concave glasses of a focus suited to the individual case. The concave lens causes the rays entering the eye to diverge, and, in consequence of this divergence, the rays come to a focus farther back, the myopia is neutralized, and a clear and distinct image is formed on the retina.

Presbyopia is due to the physiological weakness of the accommodating mechanism. Donders maintains that the term presbyopia is to be restricted to the condition in which, as the result in increase of years, the range of accommodation is diminished, and the vision of near objects is interfered with. It is impossible, however, to fix any limit as to the commencement of presbyopia, since from youth up to old age, the vision of near objects becomes, progressively, more and more difficult. In ordinary presbyopia, the defect is at once remedied by the use of suitable convex glass, which by converging the rays, bring the point of near vision to eight inches.

From this brief description of the organ of sight, and of the manner it receives images of objects, it will be readily understood how the eye is aptly and rightfully termed a camera obscura. In the eye, the sides of the box are represented by the sclerotic; the dark inner surface has its parallel in the dark choroid coat; the opening in the box is represented by the pupil of the eye; the convex lens by the crystalline, and the cornea; the retina, like a prepared photographer's plate, receives the image. "But why we see—beyond the fact that we do see—no one can explain. Science is dumb on the subject. Thought and consciousness elude our grasp, and, as Professor Tyndall says on this subject, we stand face to face with the incomprehensible."

J. F. BREEN, '00.

## THE BLACKBIRD OF NOENDRUM.\*

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.



RIGHT green are the woodlands on Lough Cuan's  
 shore,  
 And blue is the lake as the lark ere flew o'er,  
 And sweet is the song of the lark in the spring  
 For the first baby buds or the sloe's blossoming  
 Into milky white flowers.

And the lark's song is sweet, as a lark's song will be,  
 Sing he soft from a cage, sing he loud from a tree ;  
 But the sweetest bird notes heard from forest or lawn  
 Can be heard in Noendrum's green alleys at dawn  
 In her green shady bowers.

'Tis a blackbird that sings in the spot, as they say,  
 Where the centuries once seemed to be as a day ;  
 I'll tell you the legend, so rest in the grass  
 Where the long shadows linger awhile as they pass,  
 As if loath for to leave it.

St. Mochae, they tell, by St. Patrick's blessed hand  
 Was tonsured, and preached the new faith in the land ;  
 And the crozier he bore, by an angel's hand made,  
 Fell straight on his bosom one day as he prayed,  
 So our people believe it.

O'er the rude island home, where his monastery stood,  
 'Mid the fairy sea caves and the far-spreading wood,  
 He looked round one morning and planned where the  
 church  
 Should be built of the boughs of the poplar and birch  
 On the ridge in the centre.

\* These lines are based on an ancient legend told anew in the Most Rev. Dr. Healey's work on the Saints and Monasteries of Ireland.



“ And think for a moment how God in His love  
Gave to a winged creature the notes from above,  
To make the long years like an hour of spring ;  
What must be the joy where such birds ever sing  
In God's own blessed dwelling ! ”

He died in their midst, and they buried him there  
In the church on the ridge, with loud chanting and prayer;  
And that is the reason by Lough Cuan's side  
The blackbirds sing sweeter than elsewhere beside,  
And all song birds excelling.



## FECIT MIHI MAGNA.

Thus He, the Mighty One, hath wrought great things  
On me, the lowly, from whose heart upsprings  
Into the empyrean of pure harmony  
This stammered tribute of my love and praise,  
Unto the silent nights, the listening days,  
That sweep behind me to Eternity.

Rev. P. A. SHEEHAN.



## WILLIE-THE-WISP.

BY SEUMAS McMANUS. (MAC)



IN the grand old times, long, long ago, there was wanst a blacksmith, and his name was Willie—and he was notorious over all Ireland for the drinkin', sportin' way he spent all of his life—and it was often and often prophesied for him that he'd never come till a good ending. He had come of good family, and besides his thrade—which was in them days, a profession for a gentleman—his people had left to him great properties both in houses and in lands. But all these properties Willie very soon drunk and sported away,—and all melted like snow in summer. When it come to that he had only his, trade Willie had purty hard times of it; for he didn't like to work, and he didn't care to starve,—and he found it purtikilarly hard to have no money to sport and spend, as he was used to do. He worked as little as he could, but he wanted as much as ever; so things went on from bad to worse, and his chances of thrade even was laivin' him, for no man could be sartin whether he'd oblige them or refuse them (accordingly as the mood was on him) when they'd bring a horse to shoe or a plough to mend. And at long and at last, wan mornin' that he got no breakfast, bekase he had neither money nor means, he was standin' leanin' against his own forge door with his heart in his boots, and he wonderin' what was he ever born for anyhow—an' debatin' with himself whether dhrowndin' or hangin' would be the laist throublesome daith, when all at wanst he hears the noise of hoofs, and up there rides a grand gentleman entirely, mounted on a great black charger. "Helloa, Willie," says he, "what are you so down in the mouth about this mornin'? Ye look as lorn as a March graveyard." "Small wonder I would," says Willie. "And if you had the same raison, it's not such a spruce jaunty lookin' gentleman you'd be this mornin'." "I'm mortal sorry for ye Willie," says the gentleman, "Can I help ye?" "I dar'say ye could; but I don't expect ye would," says Willie. "Don't be so sartin of that," says the gentleman—"What is it ye need?" "Money," says Willie, "an' plenty of it." "How much of it?" says the gentleman. "Och, a

roomful," says Willie, that way careless. "Well, a roomful," says the gentleman, says he, "you'll have--on wan condition." "And what is the condition?" says Willie, says he, brightenin' up. "It's this," says the gentleman, "that you'll consent to give yerself to me and come with me in a year and a day from now." At this Willie's eye went down and caught sight of one of the gentleman's feet, an' he seen it was cloven. "Phew!" says Willie, says he, "is that how the hare sits?" "It's a grand offer," says the gentleman. "Just this minute ye were plannin' how ye'd do away with yourself. It's a cowl' comfort to go out of the wurr!' on a hungry belly. Here ye have the offer of a roomful of money in twelve months and a day." "Thru for ye," says Willie; "it's a bargain."

Willie, he pitched upon the greatest room in a King's oul' castle that stood in the neighborhood, and told the devil (for it was himself and none other, was in it) to go ahead and fill it. It wasn't any use at all, at all, for the devil to object that it was one of Willie's own rooms he meant. "Ye should always say what ye mean, and mean what ye say," says Willie. "Ye have bargained to fill me a room with gold. There's the room--fill it, or else never aither want to be thought a gentleman of your word." This went sore on the devil, bekase, of all things, he prides himself on bein' a gentleman of his word; so he agreed. But though he wrought hard from early mornin' till late at night of a long summer's, day the room didn't seem to be gettin' more nor half full. "Well, well," says he, "this is the curiousest thing ever I have scen. I never afore seen the room, I couldn't fill inside five minutes if it was as big as a deer-park." So, he was now settin' by, wipin' the sweat off his face with the back of his hand, when all at wanst he noticed the goold lowerin' in the middle an' disappearin' away like corn in the centre of a mill-hopper. He lets a yell out of him and jumps down the stairs, and there in the cellar what does he find only my brave Willie, fillin' bag after bag at a sthream of goold a foot thick, which was pourin' down from a hole in the centre of the floor above, an' havin' them carted away. "Och, ye natarnal nag above ye!" says the devil, "ye've had me sweatin' and swearin' all the day long, and could'nt know how it was I was comin' no speed. It's a purty mane thrick of ye,"



says he to Willie, "an' I wouldn't 'a' expected you'd play it on me." Says Willie, says he, straight back to him. "By yer laive, this is none of your business—there was nothin' mentioned in the bargain at all, at all, again my doing this. Go up, and go ahead with your contract."

Willie had him again, so there was nothin' for him to do but offer Willie better terms if he'd stop the trick an' let him fill the room, an' be done. "Willie," says he, "instead of a year and a day, I'll give seven years and three wishes if you stop that hole, an' let me get done." "Agreed," says Willie. And it wasn't many minutes then till the devil had the room filled—and Willie had the full of nineteen rooms besides. "Now," says the devil, says he, "what's your wishes?" "They're simple," says Willie. "Here's a purse, and I want that any money ever goes into it will never get out till I let it. I want that anyone catches my sledge hammer can never have the power of littin' go without my lave. And I have an armchair at home that I want anywan sits down on it, not to be able to get out of it till I tell them." "Your wishes is granted," says the devil. "Good-bye, and be ready for me this day seven years." "I'll be ready for ye," says Willie.

Willie had a gay and a rollickin' time and no mistake after that, for the seven years. He made the money spin, as it was never afore known to spin in Ireland. He came to be known all over the country as the greatest sporter and spender of the day. He kept race horses, and steeplechase horses, carriages and coaches—and everything was thrapped out in solid gold. He built castles that had a window for every day in the year—and entertained kings in them. And bards and chiefs were as plentiful about them as rats. The fame of the great rich blacksmith spread over the known wurrl' of them days, and great distinguished tourists and gentry of all descriptions come flockin' from all a'rts and parts to see him, and to receive his hospitality—bekase he kept open house for all comers, and sarvints to wait on them, and coaches and coach-horses to drive them.

But for all his wealth, Willie couldn't stop Time from runnin'. And at long and a last the seven years sparin's was up, an' as Willie was wan day sittin' down to a gran' dinner entirely among

kings and counts an' many learned people, and people of high degree, the door of the great dinin' hall opened, and a tall gentleman walked in. Willie looked up and at the first glint remembered him. "Good morra, Willie," says the stranger. "I suppose you know me, and are ready for me." Good morra, and good luck," says Willie, not a trifle mismoved—"Yis, I know you, and I am ready for ye—as soon as I get through with dinner (it would be bad manners to laive me guests at table) an' make on a set of goold shoes that I've promised the King of Prooshia there below, for his horse—let me introduce you to the King—"King," says Willie to the King, "this is"—"A frien'," says the devil—"A frien" says Willie. An' the King an' the devil bowed, the devil remarking that he hoped to be further acquainted with him some day. He told Willie not to hurry, an' took his place at the table, and a right hearty dinner, and then went with Willie to the forge, to see him turn out the goold shoes. "Here," says Willie, says he, when he was batin' these out on the arvil, "make yourself useful, and help me through till I be off with ye," handin' him a sledge. The devil took hold of the sledge with both hands an' began baitin' ; but the sorra wan of him could let it go when he wanted to, for the sledge stuck to his hands like grim daith. "Come," says Willie, says he, "old man, are ye ready for the road?" "Take away this sledge out of me hands," says the devil. "I don't recall," says Willie "that there's any-thing about that in my bargain. I'm afeerd ye'll have to stick to the sledge. Come along," says he, "I'm ready." "Och, ye scoundhril," says the devil, says he, and he dancin' all over the place, with all Willie's guests and friends standin' by brakin' their hearts laughin' at him. "Take away this sledge," says he, at long and at last, "and I'll give ye another seven years sparin's." So, at that, Willie tuk from him the sledge, and the Devil went off in mighty anger.

It was like new life to Willie startin' the next tarm. And he went at these seven years of fun and frolic, like a man at a day's work. And if the seven years afore had been a merry seven, these seven were seven times as merry. His house never emptied, and day or night, the fun and carousin' never wanst ceased in it. There come more throops and bands, and kings

and queens with all their body-sarvints than ever went to visit Solomon in all his glory. His name was sounded in the uttermost ends of the earth ; and in all the wurri' again there wasn't so great a man as Willie.

But at long and at last, again, these seven years passed, too. And on the very day when they were up, just as Willie, again, was sittin' down to table in the middle of kings and queens, and great foreign counts, the doore of the dinin' hall opened and in steps no other than Willie's frien'. "Good morra, Willie," says he, with an ugly and malicious smile on his face, as much as to say, "I'm going to get even with ye at last, boy-o." "Good morra, and good luck," says Willie, not the laist trifle mismoved, seemin'ly. "Willie," says he, "I hope you're ready to come with me?" "I am," says Willie—"Butler," says Willie, "bring forrid that large chair there behind you and set it here at my right hand for this gentleman, and bring him in a large plate of the best ye can find in the pot—he's going to do us the honour of pickin' a bone with us." Thanky, thanky," says the devil, says he, seatin' himself, and tacklin' the dinner with a hale hearty appetite.

But lo, when all had finished their dinners, and Willie had sayed Grace and stood up, the devil he couldn't rise at all, at all, for he was stuck as fast to the chair as if he had been waxed to it. "I'm ready for the road now, old man," says Willie—"are you?" "Oh, ye notorious villian," says the devil, "this is a purty mane thrick to play on a man in your own house, and at your own table, moreover. Relaise me from this chair," says he. "I don't remember that there was anythin' about that in my bargain," says Willie. The devil he writhed and wriggled, and screwed and twisted himself, till all the gentlemen and ladies present went into stitches with the laughin.' And then, says he, "Relaise me out of this chair and I'll give ye seven years more." "Done," says Willie ; and he relaised him, and let him go off, black in the countenance with anger and wrath.

Willie's pile of money was by no means as big as what it used to be, but there was an odious pile of it yet. And so for the next seven years, Willie run the same rigs he had done afore ; only, if anything, he went it ten times faster and furiouser, and

his house was the resort for ten times as many princes and people from the very corners of the earth itself. And the fun was ten times as great, and the aitin' and dhrinkin' ten times as great and grand. And the likes of it never had been seen afore nor never will be seen again.

But the best of things must some time or other come till an end. And so it seemed with Willie, for these years passed, too. And the day the devil was due, came; and on that day, just as afore, Willie, he was sittin' down till the table to dinner, along with all his great distinguished guests, when the doore of the dinin' room opens, and in walks me brave devil again. "Good morra and good luck," says Willie, as little as ever mismoved, "won't ye sit down and have a pick of dinner with us?" "Not me," says the devil; "you fooled me twicet, but ye'll never have it to say that ye fooled me the third time. Come along," says he. "That's mighty curt," says Willie. "Its your desarts," says the devil. "Lay down the knife and fork now, and throt," So poor Willie; for these seven years passed, too. And Willie had there and then to say good-bye to his guests, an' beg their pardon for this hasty departure, and walk off hungry as he was, with the devil.

It was in the heat of summer, and the roads were dhry and dusty, and the sun burnin' down on top of the two thravellers. After they'd been an hour or more walkin', Willie complained he was mighty thirsty. "Well," says the devil, says he, "the first inn we come till, I'll let you go in and have a dhrink." Says Willie, "But I havn't got a stiver on me; me purse is as emp'y as Mickey Meehan's male-chist." "Neither have I stiver," says the devil. "What'll ye do?" "Why, as for that," says Willie, says he, "you're such a nice obligin' fella that I know ye'll oblige me in this. All you've got to do is to turn yourself until a goold piece whilst I buy a thrait with ye." "I'll do that, with a heart and a half," says the devil. And the first inn they come up till, the devil thransformed himself into a goold piece, and Willie sipped him intil his purse, and closed the purse on him. Then straight back home with him Willie marched, and into his forge. He laid the purse down on the anvil, and gettin' two mier sthrong lumps of fellas along with himself, he put

sledges in their hands, and told them fire away and not spare themselves. So, as heavy and fast as the three of them could, they rained the blows down upon the purse on the anvil; and every blow come down, the devil he yelled. And they struck away, and he yelled away; and he cried out and begged of Willie to let him out, and he'd give him more sparins'. And when Willie got all the fun himself and his friends needed for wan day out of him, Willie released him from the purse, on his promisin' to give him seven years more.

But poor Willie's money, which had been goin' all this time like corn in a sieve, was now run purty low. For six of the seven years he had as gay a time and as merry as ever afore—but the money run out with the sixth year an poor Willie had no means of makin' more—for he'd sooner starve than work. His friends disappeared, too, with the money; and him that thought he could count friends be the thousand, couldn't find as much as one single one now on lookin' round him. The seventh year, then, was a purty hard one with Willie; an' he was no ways sorry to find the end of it comin', and with it the devil—for he had got heartsick, sore, and tired of the wurrl'.

And when at the end of the seventh year, the devil come again he found Willie, with the stick in his fist waitin' him. And Willie started along with him, this time with a heart and a half. And on ahead the both of them thrudged and thravelled for many a weary, dhreary mile, for further nor I could tell you, and twicet further nor you could tell me, till at long and at last they reached their journey's end, and the devil knocked on the gates and had both of them admitted in.

But behold you, Willie wasn't long in here till he tired of it, and wished he was free again. So he set about makin' himself as bothersome as he could, and *socked* a row with everybody in it, till they could stand it no longer, and put in a petition to the devil to have him put out of here, bekase there'd never be no more comfort whilst he'd be let remain. And the devil himself too, found him so troublesome that he was only too glad to give in, and on the request of Willie that he'd go quietly and laive them in peace. But Willie was conthrary, as always he had been, and he now refused to go till they had to join and put him

out by main force. And when they got him out, and the gates slammed on him, Willie kicked up a racket outside and pegged on the gates for all he was worth, and wouldn't go away till they'd consent to hand him out a torch, that he might see his way be. So the Devil, through the bars of the gate, handed out till him the torch, and told him to begone back to the wurrl' he come from, and spend his time ever aafter in leadin' good people asthray.

Back Willie come, and from that day to this, he has continued wandherin' afore him, over hill and dale, himself and his torch ; and it's his great delight to attrract the attention of good people that have lost their way at night, and lead them into marshes, and bogs, and swamps, where they get stuck, and sunk, and lost. And from that day to this, owing to the torch or wisp he carries in his hand, he has been called Willie-the-Wisp.



## INFORM.

Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayest prove  
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee.

—Tennyson.



## MEMORY BY MOONLIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE REVIEW.



IN the melancholy moonlight  
 When the world in slumber lies,  
 They awaken, restless spirits,  
 Olden loves and memories :  
 From the graves where time had laid them,  
 Shaking off the dust of years,  
 They arise,—sad ghosts of passions,  
 Wistful wraiths of smiles and tears.

Soft and lonely eyes familiar  
 Haunt us silvered shades among ;  
 Phantom lips ask : “ Hast forgotten  
 Nights like these when hope was young ?”  
 Where in dew and sweetness sleeping  
 Mignonnette perfumes the night,  
 'Tis as if its sprays were heaping  
 Tombs of dear and lost delight.

Asclepias, Hope's white emblem,  
 Spectral in the moonlit air,  
 Breathes not of an earthly promise,  
 But a message of despair.  
 Myrtle, late a fav'rite blooming,  
 Now a waif forlorn and pale,  
 Symbol meet of love of mortals,  
 As evanescent and frail.

Hesperus in the fields of heaven  
 Glorious as in nights of yore,  
 Blooms, not like our Everlastings,  
 But a bright Eternal Flower ;  
 Thus she shone, a golden wonder,  
 In our childhood's distant time ;  
 Thus shall sparkle, when, dust under,  
 We too dwell in memory's clime.

—ETHAN HART MANNING.

## THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY VISITS HIGH FALLS AND THE CAMERON MICA MINE.

Somewhere in the constitution of the Scientific Society, there is a clause which provides that the members shall take at least one trip during each Scholastic Year, to some point that is likely to prove interesting to those engaged in scientific research. In accordance with the spirit of this clause, the members of the Scientific Society held their annual excursion, on Wednesday, May the twenty-third, when they visited High Falls, situated about twenty-five miles north of Buckingham, and the Cameron Mica Mine, which is also about the same distance north of the town just named.

The primary object of these trips has always been to glean information about the wonders of nature, which cannot exactly be gathered in books, but with the true College spirit, our scientists never fail to make their annual outing a pleasant one in every sense of the word. I can bear testimony that this year's trip was no exception to the rule—ay, in many respects, it may be said to have surpassed all former trips. The society was somewhat influenced in their selection of the place to be visited this year by the kind offer of Mr. Robert Cameron, '99, an ex-member of the society and at present a resident of Buckingham, to take the members in hand upon their arrival in Buckingham, and guide them through the mazy turns of the Lièvre River to High Falls and the Cameron Mica Mine—which, by the way, is the property of "Bob's" Father—where the student scientists could mingle for a few hours in the contemplation of magnificent scenery and, at the same time, gain some information about the mining industry. That they did all this, and much more, it will be my object to relate as briefly as I may in what follows.

In order to make the trip in one day, it was necessary that we should take the 4.10 a.m. C. P. R. express, and this of course meant that we must arise—well, just a few hours before the sun. Everybody, however, and for a wonder too, turned out on time. Still, I quite agree with the third form representative from



Lowell, who, while yet half awake, remarked that "this getting up at midnight is no joke, if you ask *me*." However, as I started, we were all around on time, and when the train pulled out of Union Station, it had on board a jolly crowd of students *en route*, some of them did not know exactly where, but nevertheless, on the way and all happy.

About thirty-five minutes run brought us to Buckingham Junction, where rigs were in waiting, and just as the bell was tolling, six rousing Varsity cheers conveyed the information to the slumbering citizens of Buckingham, that "Ottawa College boys are out to-day." Arrived at the steamer, we found our provisions—which had been sent ahead in charge of the President—awaiting our pleasure, and in a short time, everybody had breakfasted, and the whistle of the "Mildred" announced that we were about to leave for the Falls. It was just before seven o'clock, as the little ship steamed away from her wharf, and in a few moments we were gliding over the calm surface of the Lièvre River, on as lovely a morning as we have had this spring. If I must speak about the weather, it will be only to say that the day was an ideal one—not too warm on land, and delightfully cool on the water.

It would be presumptuous on my part to attempt to describe the scenery of the Lièvre. To me it seems to be in a class all by itself—no doubt there are other streams like it, but I have never seen them. It is not more than 300 yards wide at any point but is quite deep and a steamer can run close to its shores. And this is well too, because steamers and smaller crafts can thus avoid the swift current which flows in the middle of the stream and at the same time take advantage of the eddy that is always found near the shore. But perhaps the most pleasing feature of the Lièvre scenery is the foliage that lines its banks. On either side of the river the overhanging trees present a beautiful sight, and many were the compliments passed by the scientists, as the steamer made one or another of the numerous turns, and sailed into a pretty channel of the river, between banks decked with all the beauty of early summer. Another feature, too, of the Lièvre scenery is the height of the hills one beholds on both sides. It seems sometimes as though this stream is a kind of river valley, situated between two large mountains, so high are the

hills. But I was not to describe the scenery—I am willing to leave that to other and worthier hands.

To come back to the scientists. We were all enjoying the scenery, and whatever else was provided for our pleasure and comfort. The early hour, though, at which we had risen, and the motion of the steamer soon began to tell on a few of the younger members, and one by one, they dropped into some comfortable spot, and slipped quietly off into dreamland. Among those who attracted particular notice by the deep sonorous sounds they sent forth, were the honorable member from Calgary, and the "Phat Boy," who hails from somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania. And to complete the trio, the German philosopher, who was to make such a hit in vocal circles in the evening, hung his head over the side of the scow, which was lashed along side for our convenience, and as the breezes gently fanned his noble brow, he shone forth, indeed, a sleeping beauty.

The trip up the river was pleasant. At various intervals those of our party that could sing, mingled their voices in all the popular airs of the day, and so with one incident and another to attract our attention, it did not seem long until we had reached our destination, and were called upon to disembark.

It was just twelve o'clock when we landed at the foot of the Falls. Our first work of course, was to prepare dinner. Through the courtesy of Mr. Cameron, the gentleman who is known as cook at the mining shanty, came along to assist us in the preparation of our meal. In a short while all was ready, and I was going to say, too, in a short while all was gone, but hardly that, though everybody ate as only one can eat when on a trip of this kind. There is nothing to be said about our bill of fare, except that it was first class in every respect. True we had no boneless turkey nor boned turkey either, but we did have some of the most delicious shanty beans—the finest ever baked—and for these again we have to blame Mr. Cameron. Dinner over and the dishes—no, the dishes were not washed—we wended our way to the Falls and here again we were delighted with the scenery. The falls are some feet higher than those at Niagara, though not nearly so wide, but really they are a grand sight. Divided into three sections, one large and two small, they form a beautiful

picture. We looked at them until we thought we were satisfied and then when we had turned to come away some of us went back 'just to take another glance.' There is something grand and noble about falls such as these, and those who were at High Falls will not soon forget the roar and noise and foam of the Lièvre waters as they tumble over that rocky precipice.

From the falls we went to the camping spot again, where we saw one of our party hypnotized by a member who has become quite proficient in the hypnotic art. The subject in this instance proved a good one and at the will of the hypnotist, he furnished some really good amusement for the lookers on. Not the least pleasing feature of his trance was when he filled his pockets full of moss thinking he was landing gold nuggets; and when he chewed his handkerchief while under the impression that he was sucking a lemon, the crowd went fairly wild.

It was now time to visit the mine and after a short run down the river, we landed at a point just a few hundred yards distant from where the mica is being taken out. Unfortunately the mine was not in operation, and the men who are now at work are engaged baling it out before active operations can commence. We saw sufficient, however, to give us a fair conception of what mica mining means, while those of us who had visited Blackburn's mine last year were able to explain the working of the mine to the new members of the society. Through the kindness of "Bob" each of us carried away a small lump of mica and many of these are now suitably inscribed as souvenirs of the trip.

The visit to the mine over, it was half-past four, and we were ready for the return trip to Buckingham. This was made much quicker than the up trip on account of the current, so the time glided past quickly on the homeward journey. No incident of special mention took place during the run down the river. It might be said that all continued to enjoy themselves and, too, that our dear "shad" who had treated himself to a much needed bath in the placid waters of the the Lièvre, came in for much congratulation. As the voices of the singers blended sweetly in that lovely chorus "Floating Down the River," we steamed into Buckingham, and now was to come a feature of the day's outing that so far as the scientific society is concerned, was not on the

programme. The President, who with two other members of the society, had enjoyed the hospitality of the Cameron homestead the night before, was the recipient of an invitation to the society to dine at the residence of Mr. A. D. Cameron on our return from up the river. The invitation was gladly and gratefully accepted, and soon after our arrival, we found ourselves in the comfortable rooms of the Cameron homestead making a hasty preparation for what proved nothing less than a banquet.

The first thing that met the gaze of the members as they filed into the drawing room where the banquet was to be held, was the profusion of garnet and grey with which the room was so tastily decorated. It was a graceful tribute to our College colors, and one that was not allowed to pass without hearty expressions of appreciation. As for the banquet, well, I shall only state that the scientists were loud in their praises of the good things that were provided for them. Well, indeed, might they be, for it was really one of the best affairs of the kind that any of us has ever attended. I should mention, too, that the very homelike way in which our wants were looked after by our hostess, the Misses Camerons, and the Buckingham young ladies whose services were enlisted, came in for special comment. More than one student was reminded of similar attentions that he had received at other times and from other hands, and it is not surprising if thoughts of home and of those who are near and dear to us were aroused in our minds, while we were being so kindly treated by the Buckingham ladies.

The banquet, though of a more or less informal nature, was presided over by President M. E. Conway, and the seats of honour were occupied by our Director, Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., Rev. Father Raymond, and our host, Mr. A. D. Cameron. After the substantial part of the banquet had been thoroughly discussed, Mr. Conway arose, and in a few words, expressed the pleasure of the members at being so highly honored by Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. He then called upon the Rev. Father Lajeunesse to supplement his remarks by tendering the sincere thanks of the society for the kindness that was being shown them. This the Rev. Director did in a very happy speech, in which on behalf of the Scientific Society, he thanked Mr. and Mrs. Cameron most

sincerely for the pleasant evening they had provided for us. Mr. Cameron replied in a few well chosen words, and when he had resumed his seat, the hearty cheers of the scientists emphasized their appreciation of the host and hostess. Mr. J. E. McGlade paid a glowing tribute to the garnet and grey, and Dr. T. W. Albin sounded the praises of the ladies, particularly of those who had so carefully looked after our comfort at the banquet.

The remainder of the evening was spent in a social way. Among those who contributed to the pleasure of the company were Messrs. M. J. O'Connell, T. G. Morin, Geo. Nolan, J. Gookin and H. Herwig. When eleven o'clock came, we began to make preparations for our departure, and amid hearty handshaking and sad farewells, we got ready to return to Ottawa. Just as we were all in the rigs and ready to start, the crowd was called upon to give Mr. and Mrs. Cameron one more good old 'Varsity cheer, as a further evidence of our sincere gratitude to them for their many kindnesses. This was given with all the earnestness that only College boys can put into a cheer, and as the echoes of our voices were dying away, the word was given to start. In a short while we were at the Junction, where we had not long to wait until the express was hustling us over the rails to Ottawa. At about one-thirty, we were back within the College walls, all tired, but all delighted with the day's outing.

I cannot close without saying a few words about the kindness of our old friend and ex-member, "Bob" Cameron. To him much of the success of our trip was due, and for his many services to us, we are very very grateful. The thanks of the society are also due to our Director, Rev. Father Lajeunesse, O.M.I., to the President, Treasurer, Secretary, and other members of the committee for their work in making the trip such an enjoyable one. The only hope we have now to express is that the Scientific Society may always have as enjoyable and successful an annual outing as was that of '99-'00.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

## GOD'S MERCY.

BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, P. P.

The following is an extract from Father Sheehan's excellent poem, "The Canticle of the Magnificat," just published by the *Ave Maria* Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. See our Book Notices.

*Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies, timentibus eum.*



LIKE the soft manna falling from the skies,  
 God's spotless answer to the piteous cries  
     From wayward children in the trackless waste ;  
 Like midnight dews upon the desert's sands,  
 Drawn by uplifting of the priestly hands  
     From Him whose love to penitence must haste ;  
 Like honey hidden in the desert rocks.  
 Where the wild bee its treasury unlocks,  
     And piles her luscious sweets for winter's store ;  
 Like rain upon the parched and arid plain,  
 When men and beasts unto the heavens complain,  
     And Heaven answers in the tempest's roar ;  
 So does the mercy of our God descend.  
 So does His justice in His pity blend ;  
     And as a river hast'ning to the sea  
 Spreads all its strength and sweetness as it flows,  
 Until the desert blossoms like the rose,  
     So is the pity of our God to ye,  
 Who bend your necks unto His gentle stroke,  
 Who meekly bear His burden and His yoke,  
     And lower your lofty eyes unto the earth ;  
 Who hide in rock-clefts from His awful Face,  
 Who wash the pavements of His holy place,—  
     To ye and to your seed, from birth to birth,  
 His mercy shall descend ; your dead shall wake,  
 The little ones be strengthened for your sake ;  
     The lowly shall be lifted up on high ;  
 As oaks of Bashan by the thousand rills,  
 As cedars planted on the storm-torn hills  
     Toss their proud plumes unto the leaning sky.

## TENNYSON'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS AS POR- TRAYED IN "IN MEMORIAM."

(*Extemporaneous Essay written for Intermediate Examination,  
June, 1900.*)

Of the English poets of the present century, which is so prolific in bards and rhymers of every possible order, there is none among Protestant poets, that can claim an equal footing with Tennyson for true portrayal of nature and for his profound religious sentiment. As these two necessities go hand in hand, let us proceed through one of his best productions—*In memoriam*—and see nature and religion as he himself saw them.

Glancing over "In Memoriam" even superficially no reflective reader can fail to see at once that Tennyson was of an exceedingly religious turn of mind. This is seen in every verse from the first to the last. Nor is Tennyson one of these poets of sense and sound with which the world teems to-day; his religion is of a genuine type, for he holds it true "that men may rise on stepping stones to higher things." Now since literary art deals with God, man and nature, and with their practically infinite relations, if we discover how truly these are depicted in the mind of such a man from his best works, we shall no doubt have a fairly good view of his religious convictions.

As is the case with most writers outside the Church, Tennyson has strange—to avoid using "false"—ideas concerning God. This leads him into numerous vagaries and frequent inconsistencies; after years and years of honest research and consideration, he with difficulty arrives at simple conclusions which to a Catholic child are but elements. And as a matter of course, there are numberless other little truths after which he vainly gropes; lacking in proofs, he remains in doubt. In fact he cultivates an immense field of doubt that should have been occupied by faith. However, it seems pretty evident that he saw clearly enough the religious nonsense of the sects by which he was surrounded, for, he says,

"There lives more faith in honest doubt  
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Yet, withal he remained outside that Church in which alone truth concerning God can be found. It seems clear also that he

ignored the fact of a true Church having been established by the Most High, for he works strenuously to unravel truths most simple to us but which he claimed could be known only "behind the veil." Let me say again then that, though Tennyson was a very religious man at heart, and one whom I imagine conscientious even to scrupulousness—one like Brutus armed in honesty and living up to his way of thinking,—he was one nevertheless in whom we should have expected considerably more faith and less nonsensical theory.

Just a glance at some of his pet theories—the universal soul, for instance. The Poet, let us say, idealized (?) his love for his friend; he ever hoped that their love, begun in this world should continue in Heaven, but he ever dreaded lest he and his friend, all mankind in fact, after death would be absorbed in the Universal Soul, and hence all individuality being lost, recognition would be once and forever severed. From a natural point of view, so repugnant was this idea to him that by good reasoning he finally rids himself of this tormentor, and rejoices to think of the pleasure they will experience in meeting. Of course he did not believe in the Universal Soul in a pantheistic sense; he saw God everywhere but with proper restrictions. So after all, it is not very difficult to see here again that he had rather misty conceptions of the relations existing between God and man. A little further investigation may discover a like state of affairs in his mind concerning God and nature, or rather concerning God man and nature combined.

Before reaching the middle of his poem, Tennyson launches boldly into the theory of evolution. This he mixes up so thoroughly that it seems pretty hard to say what he really did or did not believe concerning it. Generally speaking, he admitted the theory, but not in its grosser details. He repudiated with disdain the idea that man sprang primarily from the ape—not that he could bring any great proofs to support his objection, but simply he felt that he was "born to higher things." In nature however he clings considerably to the system of evolution—that natural life goes on perfecting itself in sponges, mosses and forests, in corals, fishes and animals. That the present natural phenomena surpassed the original, he maintains resolutely. But he does not stop here. He next applies this belief to society and betrays an evident



inconsistency. He attributes progress to society, and advances the theory of the survival of the fittest, among which number of course he places his friend Hallam. This doctrine he upholds energetically never noticing of course that he contradicts himself when speaking of the "cycling storms" of society; for if society cycles there is no progress, no evolution, evidently. As Father Faber remarks, there is but little difference in the society of succeeding generations. Needless to show how inconsistent it is to apply this principle everywhere, even in heaven. And though, even in heaven as well as on earth it is true to a certain extent, yet the proportion of truth to falsity is a grain of the former to a bushel of the latter.

But though we may criticize severely his false ideas concerning God, man, and nature—though we may censure his great presumption on reason and false opinions in matters of faith—we would be far from doing justice by repudiating him entirely, or by considering him or his works immoral. On the contrary, great benefit is derived from a careful perusal of his poems. Nor should we criticise too severely. Though in his works there are numerous false ideas, yet they are not very dangerous ones and invariably contain some beautiful principle slightly distorted or pushed too far. But is this not characteristic of his works rather than of his religious creed? True but then; his creed is evident from the nature of his works. And be it said of him that his errors are honest errors—the result of mistaken reason but never of intentional dishonesty. Tennyson is thoroughly honest in all his convictions; hence it is we find him so thoroughly religious in all his poems and so severe on "the wild Poet when he works without a conscience or an aim." From his honest religious conviction that there is a God, he rises far above the everyday traffickers of song on sound and sense, and if he has some occasional vagaries concerning truth, we must nevertheless give credit to the religious creed that caused him to seek and to search and frequently to attain the proper relations between God, man and nature; and especially should Catholics do so, for they alone can thoroughly understand the truly Catholic and Christian spirit pervading the mind and heart of this master of English verse.

J. MCGUIRE, '02.

## MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.



WHEN lilies sweet have died away,  
And prouder blossoms scent the air,  
Adieu to us bids Merry May,  
That month of May so sweet and fair.  
Then, ere the happy spring-time closes,  
Comes June, month of the Sacred Heart ;  
O gay and pleasing month of roses,  
Successor meet to May thou art !

The glowing orb of day rides high  
O'er murm'ring streams and meadows green,  
Across a clear and cloudless sky.  
O'er lakes all bright with silver sheen ;  
While Spring from us once more doth part  
And Summer's season doth begin,—  
Fit time to honor Jesus' Heart,  
And with its aid, keep far from sin.

With love for us His heart doth burn ;  
And would we reign with Him above,  
We must His sacred gift return,  
We must inflame our hearts with love.  
Then let us in this month all blest,  
With charity our homage pay,  
Unto His Sacred Heart : then rest  
And calm, expect eternal day.

WILLIE CAVANAGH,

*Second Form.*

## A NEW PRIEST HONORED.

The students desired to present some little token of their esteem to Rev. Father James Fallon, O.M.I., and accordingly, a congratulatory address was read to him in the Senior Study Hall on Sunday afternoon, June 10th. Besides the members of the young priest's family, there were present a large number of the Seminarians and Professors.

A ringing Varsity greeted Father Fallon as he entered the Study Hall, and as the hearty cheer concluded, Mr. M. A. Foley, 'oo, advanced and read as follows :

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,—

“On this day so full of joy and promise for you, the students of Ottawa University desire to express, though in a very humble manner it may be, their gratification at seeing one whom some knew as a fellow student, and whom all know both as a Professor and Disciplinarian, mount the Altar of the Most High for the first time.

Truly this is a day of days, when invested with the power of God's anointed, you offered up to Him the Body and Blood of Our Divine Saviour in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. As Catholic young men, we venerate the priesthood, we honor the priesthood, we honor the priest, whoever he be. But our veneration is increased manifold towards the priest who was our fellow-student, and who is now one of our Professors. Will you accept then, Reverend and dear Father, the congratulations of the student body on this most auspicious occasion.

We confidently expect that you will be an honor to your Alma Mater, a zealous member of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, a glory to the priesthood, and a source of wonderful strength to Our Holy Mother, the Church. Be assured, Reverend Father, that we have prayed, and will continue to ask for you the help of the Almighty in the discharge of your sublime office.

Now permit us to add a word in testimony of our admiration for your parents. Two sons enrolled under the banner of Religion ! Two sons doing their Master's work. Surely we love and respect the parents who, so forgetful of themselves, so deeply

devoted to their faith, could give up their sons and see them put on the simple, but glorious robe of Religion, with no other sentiments than those of joy and love. To them and to the other members of your family, we tender our sincerest congratulations.

In conclusion, Reverend Father, we repeat that our prayers will ascend continually for you, and we wish you from the depths of our hearts many years of fruitful labor in God's service. And we humbly ask you to remember the students in the all-powerful requests of a newly ordained priest, and finally we ask your blessing."

The Rev. Father Fallon here rose and thanked the students in a very touching manner for their cordial reception. Following Father Fallon, we had the pleasure of listening to one of our old friends, Rev. Dr. Fallon, who returned thanks to the student body in his own name, in that of his brother, and more especially in the name of his parents. Another 'Varsity cheer was then called for and given with a will as the happy party left the Study Hall.



Borne on seraphic wings, my soul elate,  
 Drunk with the wine of joy, doth palpitate  
     In tremors of tumultuous excess ;  
 The touch of God, my Saviour, doth dissolve  
 My soul in rapturous ecstasies that revolve  
     Round the wide orbit of my blessedness.

—*Rev. P. A. Sheehan.*



# University of Ottawa Review.



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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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.

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OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 10

JUNE, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 10

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### VALETE.

In a few short days the class of 1900 will have bade farewell to the dear college home where they have spent many a pleasant hour. With a thousand delightful recollections crowding their memory's page, it is especially now, during the still remaining hours of their college-boy existence, that they must truly begin to realize what a world of real, genuine happiness college life affords. It is now that they must feel with painful keenness, how harsh a thing is separation from those dear friends, with whom their hearts so long have beat in unison, with whom their daily lives were linked in college-boy affection, during years of purest happiness destined to be for ever memorable.

THE REVIEW cannot permit the graduates of 1900 to depart our midst without speaking to them at least a little word of thanks,

or without breathing in their wake a sincere prayer for God speed. Much does our college journal owe them for their long untiring efforts in its behalf—efforts that we are glad to say, have been productive of much good, and that have been very highly appreciated. Much do REVIEW readers owe them for the excellent literary treats, they have so often, during the past few years, provided. Graduates of 1900, it is hard for us, very hard indeed, to say farewell ; yet say that word we must. Yes, farewell—adieu. To God you are committed ; in His holy keeping may you rest secure.

#### A HINT FOR VACATION.

“ Load me with irons, drive me from morn till night,  
I am not the utter slave which that man is,  
Whose sole word, thought and deed are built on what  
The world may say of him.”

These noble words of the late Alfred Tennyson should be on the lips of every Catholic student, as he is about to enter upon a period of home life and freedom from restraint, such as is represented by the summer holidays. Now, perhaps you will ask the question : “ How can there be made any practical application of the above sentiment to a boy's conduct during vacation ? ” The answer is not hard to find and firmly establish, for, at no other time during the year, are students called upon to make such self-sacrificing efforts to prove their claim to true manliness, as during vacation. It is then that they encounter and have to overcome, the greatest number of dangerous temptations ; it is then especially, that the hellish demon of human respect, if allowed to gain even a partial mastery, plays havoc with whatever sentiments and habits of piety they had acquired during the previous ten months of college life.

Far are we from blaming that punctual exactness and perseverance with which many students attend to various pious practices during their stay at college ; on the contrary, in our opinion, such scrupulous fidelity argues well for their future eminence as men of honor and proficiency. Still, after all, it is very easy to be exact in the performance of these duties at college. When vacation comes, however, circumstances are quite different. Out-

side attractions are so numerous as to leave but little time for religious practices. One by one they are abandoned (not however without a pang of conscience) until, at the end of the holidays, the unfortunate student finds himself completely deprived of those noble sentiments which seemed as it were a second nature to him during the greater part of the previous term.

Now, if we were called upon to pass judgment regarding a student's real worth, we would, first of all, feel very much inclined to make inquiries as to how he spends vacation. If we find him just as faithful to duty and to his religious practices during vacation as he was at college, then we can at once conclude that he is a boy of character; that his piety is not a miserable deceptive sham, only skin deep, but true and God like; in fine that he is eminently worthy of our highest recommendation. On the contrary, if we find him lax and negligent during the holidays, we may safely cancel, without further inquiry, whatever good opinion we had previously formed regarding him.

There is no use denying that strict fidelity to duty during vacation supposes a generous persevering effort. It needs a noble Christian spirit to be always faithful in matters that, to worldly eyes, seem so comparatively small; it needs a spirit of untiring self-sacrifice and of staunch independence. The boy that is the happy possessor of this spirit cares not what this one or that one may say about him. He avoids evil companions as if they had the small-pox. He does his duty always in spite of the sneers and taunts and gibes of his less piously inclined neighbors. In a word, though he may not yet have passed half way through his teens, he is, in every way, a true *man*. Such, we are confident, every Ottawa University student will be during the coming holidays.

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#### A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

We are very grateful for the truly generous response made by many of our friends, to our appeal for funds in support of THE REVIEW. We are sorry however that some of our subscribers seem to have taken too seriously to heart the strong language we used with regard to unpaid subscriptions. Now, by way of explanation, we must state that any seemingly hard things we published

or wrote were not intended for such persons as had fallen behind in their subscription either through forgetfulness, or owing to their not having received a bill regularly every year, demanding payment. If no statements were sent out to subscribers last year or the year before, the present management were not aware of this omission, nor can they hold themselves responsible for it. We were under the impression that bills had been sent to subscribers every year, and, consequently, that those in arrears had either neglected or refused payment. A new editor, upon entering into office, is not likely to be coaxed into very pleasant humor by finding not a single cent in the treasury, many bills to meet, and hundreds of dollars due from various persons, all well able to pay. Under such circumstances, is it any wonder that even the most genial of editors are sometimes highly unpolite?—that in fact their language occasionally borders on profanity? Is it any wonder that they find it difficult to separate the tares from the wheat without inflicting injury on the latter?

We cannot let the present occasion pass without thanking our various exchanges, and likewise our numerous friends for their kind appreciation of our efforts. In fact so many good things have been said about us of late, that, during the past two or three months, we sometimes were sorely puzzled as to what measures we would adopt in order to bring our magazine to that standard of excellence for which we were receiving credit. Let us hope that the future management of THE REVIEW may be at least as successful as that of the past year; such is our sincere wish, and such, we feel confident, is likewise the wish of our numerous staunch supporters.

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#### OUR NEWSPAPER VISITORS.

During the past ten months we have welcomed as constant weekly visitors to our sanctum, several publications, which, not being classified either as magazines or as exchanges, received no notice until now. It is, therefore, with feelings of the most profound gratitude, that we extend to the publishers of these papers our sincere thanks for sending them so regularly to our table, and for thus contributing so generously to our instruction in



matters regarding which every Catholic student should have a correct idea. We further thank them for thus providing us with a means of wholesome entertainment during many a long hour that otherwise would have proved extremely dull. We take great pleasure in recommending each and every one of these newspapers to the kind consideration of our readers. We unhesitatingly pronounce every one of them worthy of the generous support of Catholics.

First of all on our honor list, we find our transatlantic visitor, the Liverpool *Catholic Times*. With regard to this publication, there can be but one opinion, namely, that it is the best Catholic newspaper published in the English tongue. Next on our file, come *The Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia, the *New York Catholic News*, and the *Intermountain Catholic*, all the way from Salt Lake City. As far as we can judge, these three are about the best exponents of sound Catholic views in the great American Republic. Our Canadian Catholic papers, although generally inferior to similar publications on the other side of the line, nevertheless give fair indications of journalistic merit.

Our regular Canadian visitors have been the *Catholic Record* from London, Ont., the *Catholic Register* from Toronto, and the *Northwest Review* from Winnipeg, Manitoba. The last mentioned publication, as the representative of the English Catholics of Manitoba, contains some very spirited articles. The best representative of Canadian Catholic journalism is, however, *The Casket* of Antigonish, N. S. A fearless spirit of Independence and an able style are its chief characteristics.

The best examples of the semi-political Catholic press, that reach our sanctum, are the *Pilot* and the *Republic* of Boston, and the *Irish World* of New York. These three excellent papers are the chief exponents of Irish American sentiment, and are characterized, especially the last mentioned, by a conspicuous absence of both love and respect for John Bull & Co. Other publications received regularly are the *Kalamazoo Augustinian* from Michigan, the *Missionary Record*, O.M.I., and the famous Kamloops *Warrior*. We sincerely wish all the above named periodicals a generous measure of success.

## FOOTBALL NEXT FALL.

In looking over the schedule of games for next fall, we notice that the first match of the season will be played on Varsity Oval, Saturday, October 6th, when Ottawa College will meet their old time rivals, the Montrealers. A glance at the early date on which this game will be played, should be sufficient to remind our footballers of the absolute necessity of getting down to real hard work as soon as possible. The past few seasons, we are glad to remember, have seen the Garnet and Grey finish in the lead ; but we have not forgotten that, on one or two occasions, the reverse was nearly the case, and this too, for the sole reason that our men were late returning to college or, when they did arrive here, were slow in getting to work. Now it is not asking too much from every individual that intends to don a garnet and grey uniform next Fall, to request him to return to college on time, and to enter into training at the first practice. We are very much mistaken if the prospects for a good team to represent Ottawa College next Fall are not brighter by far than they have been for some years, and we hope that the finish of next season's football will see the championship, not only of Quebec, but also of Canada, safely within our college walls.

## AD MULTOS ANNOS.

THE REVIEW extends its heartiest congratulations to the Rev. J. Fallon, O.M.I., and to the Rev. O. Allard, O.M.I., on the occasion of their recent elevation to the sacred priesthood. Father J. Fallon is an old friend of our College journal, and a former member of the editorial staff. We are but interpreting the sentiment of the whole student body, in wishing the two new Fathers, a long and fruitful career in the sacred ministry.

## Of Local Interest.

The managing-editor, Rev. Father McKenna, recently tendered the members of the REVIEW staff a sumptuous banquet at the Hotel Victoria, Aylmer. The day chosen for the trip was an ideal one and it is needless to say that the members spent a most enjoyable time. "Jerry Hayes" and his brother were the chief-entertainers, and they proved conclusively that on occasion that a little nonsense can be enjoyed by even the *wisest* men. The editors tender their sincerest thanks to the Rev. Father for the agreeable surprise which he prepared for them and wish him unbounded success in his management of our college journal.

\* \* \*

On 23rd ult., our Bicycle Club wheeled to Aylmer, and the day being exceptionally fine, the boys had a very enjoyable trip. A bounteous spread was prepared for the excursionists by the genial host of the Victoria, and this having received due attention, the cyclists visited the beautiful park. After a pleasant ramble had there been indulged in and the "lost ones" brought out of the "Maze" the tired crowd started for Ottawa where they arrived early in the evening and, despite the fact that a few "novices" could not keep out of the ditches all were highly satisfied and readily moved a vote of thanks to those who directed the affair.

\* \* \*

Rev. Fathers Allard and Fallon, '96, celebrated their first mass on Trinity Sunday, the former in the University Chapel, the latter at St. Joseph's Church. At the University the young celebrant was assisted by Rev. Father Henault while Rev. Bros. Roy and Allard acted as deacon and subdeacon respectively. An impressive sermon was preached by the assisting-priest who took for his text the beautiful words of the "Magnificat" "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced..... For He that is mighty hath done great things to me." St. Joseph's Church was handsomely decorated for the solemn occasion while the choir rendered Gounod's celebrated "Messe Solonelle." The Rev. Dr. Fallon, '89, was assistant-

priest, while Rev. Father Benoit and Rev. Bro. Madden officiated respectively as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon for the day was eloquently delivered by Rev. D. A. Campbell, '90.

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At the Trinity Sunday ordinations the following students of the Ottawa University Theological Seminary received Holy Orders from the hands of His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel :—

Priests.—A. Barette, '96, J. Fallon, '96, J. B. Horeau, O.M.I., J. O'Neill, O.M.I., O. Allard, O.M.I.

Deacons.—C. Maillard, Art. Barette, O.M.I., E. Lacombe, O.M.I.

Sub-Deacons.—G. Fitzgerald, '97, G. Prud'homme, '97, J. Desjardins, L. Archambeau, A. Lavergne, P. McKinnon, A. Mad-den, O.M.I., P. Baudry, O.M.I., E. Tessier, O.M.I., A. Hanon, O.M.I., C. Priour, O.M.I., E. Blanchard, O.M.I., C. Soubry, O.M.I., E. McQuade, O.M.I.

Minors.—E. Chatalain, J. Ethier, C. Paré, T. Bouillon, J. Kelly, O.M.I., A. Rivet, O.M.I.

Tonsure.—L. Bruckert, J. LeClainche, O.M.I., E. Plourde, O.M.I.

\* \* \*

Well boys, we have now come to the end and it seems that there is little left for us to do but to bid you all good-bye and wish you a very happy vacation.



## In the Library.

*The Catholic Student's Manual*, compiled under the supervision of the Reverend H. Rouxel, P.S.S. Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Price 75c. to \$2.00, according to binding.

So many manuals of piety for the use of young men and boys have, from time to time, been published, that a new book of this kind, in order to attract much notice, must be one of more than ordinary excellence. Now we are of opinion that the little volume, which at present we have under consideration, is not only destined

to take an honorable place amongst similar works, but is certain, sooner or later, to supercede them all. There are many serious reasons for venturing this prediction. In the first place, the book we are examining is not merely a manual of piety; it is moreover a most instructive and interesting compendium of valuable instruction on various questions relating to the practice of our holy religion. In the next place, the devotions and instructions contained in this book are set forth in an excellent English style, an advantage which is, in itself, no small motive for commendation. Then again, the fact that it is printed on Oxford paper enables its 708 pages to be comprised in a remarkably small space. Its size,—five inches by three, and three quarters of an inch thick,—as well as its flexible cover, make it convenient for the pocket. The print moreover is clear and sufficiently large, and the illustrations are first class. Our chief motive, however, for so strongly recommending this book to boys and young men, is the renown of the distinguished theologian under whose supervision it has been compiled. Throughout the length and breadth of America, Father Rouxel has long been known as an eminent authority on all matters ecclesiastical and liturgical. The very fact that he has carefully supervised the compiling of this book is in itself, an absolute assurance of the work's exact concordance with theology and with the teachings of the Church in every particular. With regard to its table of contents, we may say that this book comprises everything worth having, in the way of doctrine and piety. In a brief but remarkably lucid manner, it explains the principal feasts, teachings, and practices of the Church. Without the least hesitation we pronounce it the best boys' manual of piety we have ever handled. The work bears the "Imprimatur" of His Lordship, the Archbishop of Montreal.

In Ottawa, this prayer-book may be obtained from the Reverend Sisters of Gloucester Street Convent. Students of Ottawa University can procure copies from the Managing Editor of THE REVIEW at prices ranging from 60c. to \$1.60 per copy.

*New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways.* By Catherine E. Conway, Price \$1.25. Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Maurice Francis Egan in his "Studies in Literature" sets as a standard for criticism of authors that "the poet in spite of himself must be religious." Apply this to "New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways" and we must affirm that Miss Conway has drawn her highest aspirations directly or indirectly from religion. The author of this volume does not take up our time in a dry recital of travel incidents, nor promise "a consecutive relation of experiences new to her, but familiar in their backgrounding, at least to most of her readers; but she proposes to take, here and there, a leaf from her memory's tablets, in which some fortunate incident may be of interest to others as recalling some pleasant reminiscence of their own." With this as a forewarning to the coming intellectual treat, the author of this charming volume delightfully sets forth scenes and incidents of a trip made to Europe during the summer of 1898. Here is an author who has evidently put to use the best of the characteristics of a born traveller—a keen eye, a mind alive to close observation and a memory retentive in picture holding; and, as a consequence, affords us pleasure whilst at the same time imparts information about people and places too little known by many readers. There is that desirable absence of a mass of details and of uninteresting enumerations of places visited, but instead of these dry bones the reader will find clever, graphical and attractive reminiscences of travel in England, Ireland and Italy. Every page of this work is delightful, but we confess a particular appreciation of that short chapter entitled "A Bit of Irish Ivy" and its consequent "A Literary Fairy Godfather and Other People of the Pen" wherein she introduces us to a galaxy of present day Irish poets, novelists and editors with whose brilliancy and scholarly attainments the Bostonian was so much impressed. The reader cannot easily forget her charming felicity in her description of Italian devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the grace with which she outlines the happier side of Italian life. The Catholic spirit and tone that prevail throughout the work, the style clever and often brilliant, the absence of any straining after effect, the true appreciation of the peculiar gran-

deur and greatness of those monuments of religions zeal found in Continental Europe, and finally, genuine fervour and patriotism are the leading characteristics that strongly recommend this work to the reader.

*The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant.*

by Mary E. Mannix.

*Ave Maria* Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The above is the title of an interesting tale recounting the adventures of a young Irish Emigrant boy in America. The volume as the title would indicate, is aptly intended for our young people but without doubt for many of their elders this story is just as thrilling and affecting. Throughout the book many beautiful pictures are drawn of child-like fervour and devotion to religion, of zeal and earnestness and then, here and there is a touch of pathos in the recital of the little emigrant's sufferings that makes this an admirable book to place before children. The author of this novel pays many excellent tributes to the probity and devotedness of the Irish emigrant, and then again not unconsciously perhaps levels some effective sarcasm at those despicable families who distort and change their good old Irish names for fashions sake. This work is characterized particularly by the authors fidelity to nature, for the reality is never overdone, the characters are faithfully portrayed and the incidents gracefully told. Mrs. Mannix, the author of this story has not that great creative power which is characteristic of Father Finn and other writers of fiction for our young people for she is deficient in the spirit of imagination. It is not our intention to pick flaws in this work but there is a severe misuse of words when the author makes Mrs. Olsen say "the young people they like better when the Father preach in American." Now when may we ask did a priest preach in American? Is this a mythical language, or that of the mound builders or the nomadic tribes of Indians or is that descriptive of what is termed English or forsooth Anglo Saxon? Withal it is a story to be commended and deserving of a careful perusal by all our readers.

*Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated?* by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.  
Marlier Callanan & Co., Boston, Mass.

Savonarola has been the subject of many a lecture and essay during the past year, but of those that have contributed to Savonarola literature, the Rev. J. L. O'Neil is perhaps the most reliable and keenest critic of the great reformer. In the volume now at hand a number of valuable documents are brought together which make the new work one of especial importance to those who desire the latest information on this great historical subject. In this book is presented a question which is being fought with vigour in our own time, for many of the cleverest writers have endeavoured to remove the stain and reproach of the ban which is generally believed was placed on Savonarola. But the veil of obscurity which concealed the truth has been drawn back and the innocence of the great reformer firmly established. Father O'Neil first outlines the question, then in a masterly style discusses the problem from the standpoints of canon law and theology. Point after point is thus discussed to prove the innocence of Savonarola and the invalidity of the brief of excommunication published in Florence. The author has certainly placed before the public a valuable and interesting book on a most important historical question.

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*A Morning Paradise*, by the Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.

*The Canticle of The Magnificat*, by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

As we go to press, we are in receipt of the above mentioned two beautiful little books, from the *Ave Maria* press, Notre Dame, Indiana. We regret that want of time and space forbids us to enter upon a minute examination of these works, for they certainly deserve more than a passing mention. During its recent publication in the *Ave Maria*, "A Morning Paradise" was much admired and highly appreciated by our students. It is certainly one of the most touching tributes to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that has so far been published, at least in English. "The Canticle of the Magnificat," proves that its author's literary powers are not by any means confined to the sphere of fiction, in which of late, he has figured so prominently, but can betake themselves at will into the honeyed realms of real poetic talent. These little books should have a very wide sale, as their price, five cents a copy, retail, (paper cover) places them easily within reach of all.



## Among the Magazines.

Poets have sighed for balmy spring and dilated on the opalescent beauty of autumn, but if students long for the hazy days of summer when they can steal along by some shady brook or etherialize themselves on some mountain top away from the classic world to enter into communion with Nature, surely we hold the summer numbers of our magazines to account. Certainly there should be no dearth of fiction in a summer issue, but rather a variety of it, and when supplemented by some luminous essays, descriptions, or readable poetry, a magazine is produced whose contents are suited to the most exacting of readers.

Viewed in this light, the June number of *Donahoe's Magazine* is essentially a summer number. "Reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell" is the title of an interesting article that recalls some of the leading characteristics of the great Liberator. The writer does not touch upon any of the stirring scenes during the stormy times when O'Connell was battling for Catholic Emancipation, but rather upon those features of his private life, particularly his strict observance of his religious duties, his Christian fortitude, and family affection, which hitherto have been comparatively unknown in comparison with characteristics of his public career. "Donoghoregan Manor" is descriptive of the historic residence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a name dear to American hearts. The fiction of the issue is well selected with the exception of "A Mayme Brannigan" which is indeed a very ordinary production.

Realizing the importance of the question of education at this time of the year, the *Catholic World* in its June issue devotes the greater number of its pages to contributions treating on this all important movement. One of the leading articles of the number at hand is Father McDermott's strong plea for the support of the Chair of Philosophy in Trinity College, Washington. Under the title of "A Plan in the History of Nature," Dr. Seton has an instructive paper bearing on the development of organic life and the wonderful changes in nature. The spirit of the true Catholic Naturalist is reflected in this sentiment "that the study of nature would afford us very little joy if we did not believe that in the

midst of so much that is changing and fleeting, there is an Infinite Being who is guiding all things for our good and who Himself does not change." Monseigneur Paul Terzian contributes a most interesting article on "Religious Customs among the Armenians." Though the majority of the Armenians are still schismatics, yet many of them, through the efforts of our Catholic clergy have returned to the unity of Rome, while only a very meagre number of them adhere to Protestantism despite the amount of American missionary money that is poured into their province. The meeting of Montalembert and O'Connell at Derrynane forms the subject matter of an interesting article in this issue. The French cherish a great reverence and admiration for O'Connell as evidenced in many of the biographies of the great Emancipator written by French authors.



### Exchanges.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is without doubt, one of the best college journals published in America. The high standard of literary excellence which it ever maintains is equalled by but few of the others. Thoughtful articles on topics of interest, and spicy short stories are interwoven with choice verses, and supplemented by very readable editorial and local matter. "A study of Tennyson" in the issues of May 19th and 26th, is a splendid criticism of the writings of the famous laureate. The tenor of the article may be judged from the concluding sentences: "As a poet he is inferior—in originality, spontaneity and strength of conception—to Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats; as an artist he is next to Milton. His voice is the clearest and sweetest, though not the strongest of the nineteenth century." "Quo Vadis" is brief but to the point. It shows the deplorable strain of immorality which sullies the great Polish novelist's masterpiece. But some of the writer's other statements are, in our estimation, not quite so correct. The element of improbability which he endeavours to point out in some of the passages is, to say the least, ill-founded. He will find very few to agree with him that the portraiture of the Apostles is unnatural, or that the revolu-

tion in the character of Vicinius is not possible, while whosoever has read the book will surely resent the charge of "dullness" which he lays against it.

\* \* \*

"God or no God—Reason's Answer" in the June *Xavier* is a philosophical essay of much merit. The scholastic method of reasoning out the existence of God is explained in detail. "Wireless Telegraphy" is dealt with in a comprehensive but somewhat short paper. It is accompanied by an illustration exemplifying the workings of the transmitter and receiver.

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Good essays are nothing unusual in the *Abbey Student*, and the last issue contains quite a few of them. "Theoretical Study of Oratory" and "Elements of Life in Fiction" are worthy of the highest commendation. They convey a great deal of valuable information, the acquisition of which must certainly have taken time and pains. If we were to find fault with them at all, it would be merely to remark that the style of both is at times seemingly labored. The study of Shakespeare has produced a clever character sketch of Iago, and another paper on the great William's "Indebtedness to Other Writers." But unfortunately it is also responsible for a miserable attempt to sing the praises of the "Sweet Swan of Avon." The only merit of this *poem* is its rhyme. Rhythm or thought there is none, and we cannot see where the author bases his "pretensions to the Muses' fair inventions and their grace." Nor is the "very graceful diction" of the fiction-writer who dished up "The Forest Fire" as apparent as we would be led to believe.

\* \* \*

Other articles in our exchanges worth reading, and which we are unable to notice at greater length, are "The Real in the Inferno," and "The Traveller" in the *Viatorian*; "Fiat Lux" in *St. Vincent's Journal*; and the speeches in the Wisconsin—Georgetown Debate on "Municipal Ownership," published in the *Journal* of the latter university.

We have now come to the conclusion of the year's work. The members of the widespread fraternity of ex-men can at last relax their labors and throw aside their inky weapons. With a sigh of relief perhaps they are generally discarded, but surely not unmingled with recollections of pleasant and profitable hours spent in the company of college papers from far and near. It is sometimes alleged by college journals, as an excuse for the absence of this department from their pages, that the work it imposes upon the writer is out of proportion to the good it may do him. But certainly anyone who has had the least experience in this line will not agree with the statement. Of the heap of college magazines which appear on our exchange table, very few, from a literary point of view, can be classed as poor, the great majority contain as a rule well written and valuable articles, while a large proportion of them, with regard both to quality and quantity, are on a par with many of the more pretentious monthlies. How then can the ex-man fail to derive a great benefit from his work of perusing and criticising these periodicals? Aside from the practice it gives him, the knowledge which he derives thereby, is as valuable as varied. Fearing these things in mind we, who are now bidding farewell to this column may feel sure that we will never regret the work which it entailed upon us.



### *Priorum Temporum Flores.*

The following former students studying at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, received orders on the 9th inst: Deacons—Rev. John Ryan, '97; Sub-deacons—Rev. J. M. Foley, '97; M. J. McKenna, '97; Minor orders—Mr. E. Bolger, '98.

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Rev. D. Campbell, '90, P. P. of Dickinson's Landing, preached the sermon on the occasion of the first Mass of Rev. J. Fallon, O. M. I., '96, in St. Joseph's Church, the 10th inst. The Rev. gentleman called at our sanctum to renew acquaintances.

Rev. E. L. French, '91, of Brudenell, Ont., was here for a few days during the month. The visits of such a true friend of Alma Mater and of THE REVIEW, are always most agreeable.

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Rev. F. J. McGovern, '80, of Gloucester, Ont., is ill at the General Hospital. It is the hope of his many friends that he will soon recover.

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Messrs. P. J. Nolan, ex-'98, and J. Tasse, ex-'96, successfully passed the Ontario Pharmacy examinations at Toronto, and are now fully qualified to make pills and fill prescriptions. Mr. Nolan was silver medalist of the class. THE REVIEW congratulates the gentlemen on their well merited success.

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Mr. R. U. Belanger, ex-'94, has opened up a new drug store on the corner of Daly and Cumberland streets. Good luck Raoui.

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Bede Kearnes has successfully passed the first year's examinations in medicine at McGill, Montreal.

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THE REVIEW congratulates D. E. Murphy, B. A. '92 of Ashcroft, B.C., on his recent success in the political arena.

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After this issue the zero class (1900), many of whom are on the editorial staff, will be numbered among the *Priorum Temporum Fores, Sic transit.*



## Athletics.

A meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union was held in Montreal on Saturday, June 9th. The meeting was called for the purpose of drawing the schedule of games for the coming season. Ottawa College was represented by Messrs T. G. Morin, '01,

1st Vice President of the I. R. U., and Jas. E. McGlade, '01, President of the O. U. A. A.

The following is the schedule of the I. R. U., senior series for the season of 1900 ;

DATE.	TEAMS.	GROUNDS.
Oct. 6.....	College vs Montreal . . . . .	College.
" 6. ....	Britannia vs. Brockville . . . . .	Britannia.
" 13. ....	Britannia vs. Montreal... . . . .	Britannia.
" 13. ....	Brockville vs College..... . . . .	Brockville.
" 20. ....	College vs. Britannia . . . . .	College.
" 20. . . . .	Montreal vs. Brockville.. . . .	Montreal.
" 27. ....	Montreal vs. College.... . . . .	Montreal.
" 27.....	Brockville vs. Britannia . . . . .	Brockville.
Nov. 3.....	Britannia vs. College . . . . .	Britannia.
" 3. . . . .	Brockville vs. Montreal..... . . . .	Brockville.
" 10.....	Montreal vs. Britannia . . . . .	Montreal.
" 10.....	College vs. Brockville.. . . . .	College.



## Junior Department.

### FAREWELL GREETING.

Ere the inspiring strains of "Home Sweet Home," have stirred our souls with their deepest import and melody, the inhabitants of Lilliput wish to express their most heartfelt sentiments of gratitude to all that have, in any way, aided in making the waning term a pleasant and successful one.

To His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, who has shown during his presence among us, the deepest interest in the welfare and happiness of the small boys, we offer words of filial love and esteem. With grateful hearts, we pray that his stay with the younger members of his flock may be counted among the happiest years that he has spent in the "Land of the Maple Leaf."

Nor shall we forget to offer our sincerest thanks to our kind and indefatigable Prefect, the Rev. Father Henault, O. M. I. In

recognition of the unswerving attention that he has always given us in our moments of joy and sadness, we affectionately breathe forth a sincere "Thank you Father." We assure our kind and devoted Prefect that we depart from his care with fond souvenirs of attachment to himself and to our Alma Mater—souvenirs that will long remain engraved on our hearts.

To professors and disciplinarians,—to all with whom we have had any intimate connections, we offer sentiments of grateful thanks.

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The near approach of vacation has not in any way lessened the athletic spirit of our young friends. The first and second teams continue to play baseball games on congé days. A few days ago both teams crossed bats with city clubs, and brought victory to the Small Yard.

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The Junior Editor takes occasion to congratulate his short panted friends on the deep interest they have always taken in everything that promoted good feeling in Lilliput. They are now able to look back upon the closing Scholastic term as one full of stirring incidents, dear to every young student. A cursory perusal of the events recorded monthly in the Junior Department of THE REVIEW will prove sufficiently that our young students' lives are pleasant ones. There were a few blurs on the bright pages of the year's record, but we assure our young friends that these faults are now written in water.

Well done then boys ! May the folds of victory ever remain floating over the sportive citadel of Lilliput.

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From the serious application given by the Juniors to their studies, we feel confident that many of them will leave us with the much-sought-for diploma. Though there are some that will not receive the desired parchment, we are assured however that they worked hard and conscientiously in the performance of duty.

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Boys ! Our faithful old friend, Captain Moonlight will drop many a silent tear when, during the course of the next two months, he finds the Junior campus vacant. He is, however, a farseeing

seer, he will untoubtdly visit the homes of many Lilliputian. He has already sent reporters to Chapleau, North Bay, East Templeton, Marquette, Mich., Sweetsburg, Pittsburg, Arthabascaville, and many other *great* cities of Canada and the United States.

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In the April issue of the REVIEW the Local Chronicler kindly advised our less pretentious reporter to use his weapons of wit upon the Lilliputians that belong to the small yard. The Junior Editor answers his friend that the object of *all* literary art is to teach. It is true that our round of teaching *should* be confined to the small yard, but *circumstances* alter cases. If we wish to be successful in leading our young midgets to their ultimate end, we must destroy all the evil influences that the Lilliputians may chance to meet with on their way. But many of these evils drift over to us from the big men beyond the picket fence. As our local Editor therefore does not see fit to correct his fellow students in their erratic ways, we feel justified *through an unbounded spirit of charity* to bring these seniors to a sense of their duty.

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C.—Well you see if the hill doesn't come to Mahomet, Mahomet had better go to the hill.

J.—Yes ! But in what way ?

S.—Why, *Con-way* of course.

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Prof.—There were'n't any *men* came to see you, were there Mr. C. . . . . ?

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### SPECIAL !!!

Before bidding a fond "Au Revoir" to his young companions, the Junior Editor thanks them sincerely for having allowed him to enjoy existence during his brief career as Lilliputian chronicler. At the outset into his new field of labors, he did not foresee a very hopeful future. Providence has however deigned to smile upon him and he now wipes his pen, dear friends, pleased with his past efforts and grateful to his young companions for the encouragement they always tended me.—The pen is laid aside.

FAREWELL.