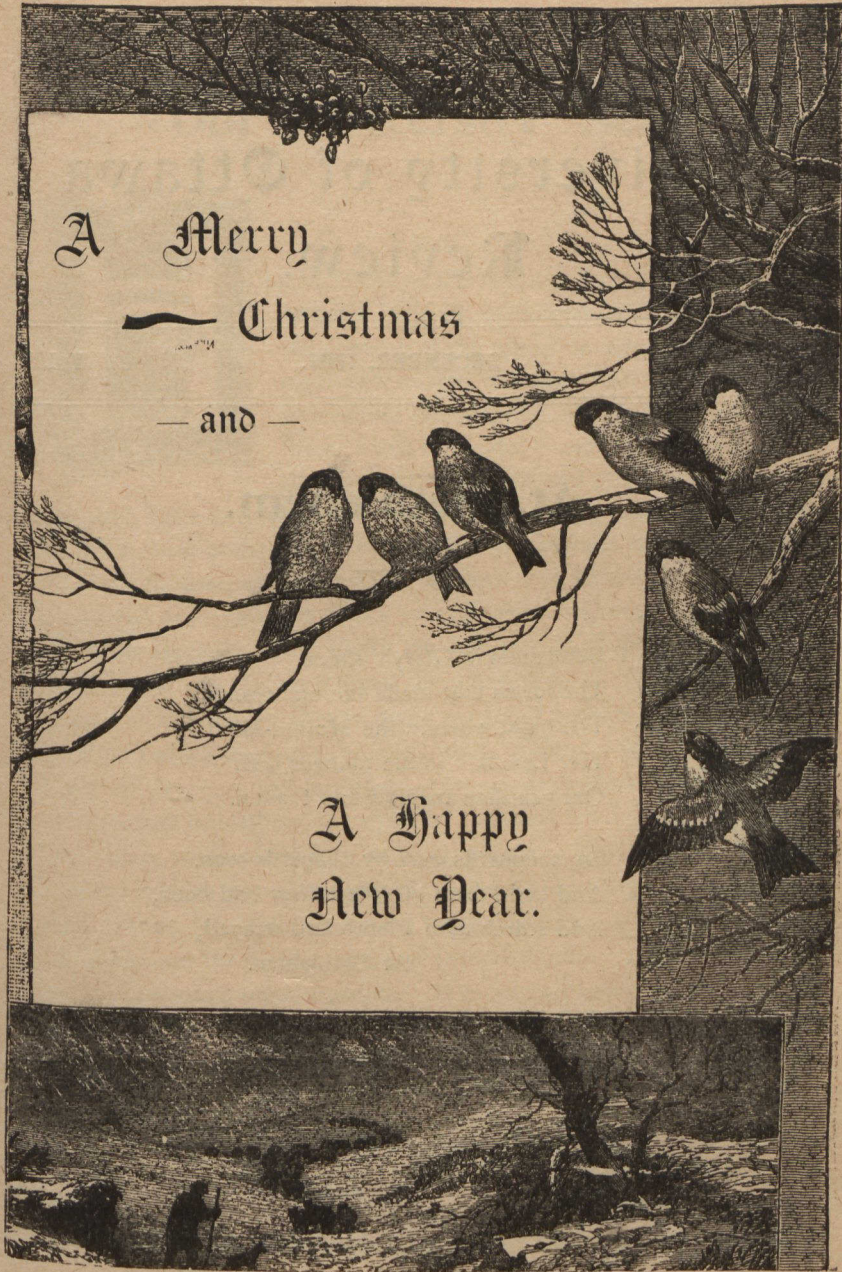


Yours Sincerely
Joseph Thompson



A Merry
— Christmas —
— and —

A Happy
New Year.

..The..
University of Ottawa
Review.

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At Bethlehem.



T Bethlehem in Glory's sheen
The forms that made the night serene,
The night wherein the Mother-Maid
Her Lambkin in the manger laid,
Our guardian angels were, I ween.

So, shepherds were by sheperds seen,
And bade them go where they had been,
And search as if a lamb had strayed,
At Bethlehem.

And Mary since must intervene
Our angels and our souls between,
For, left without a mothers aid,
How *could* they learn their heavenly trade?
Of these her Baby crowned her queen
At Bethlehem.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O. M. I.

Our University Seal.



HERALDRY, in our modern sense of heraldic and armorial insignia, dates from the 12th century—the opening of the age of chivalry, of splendour in royal progresses; of knightly formality; of great processions embodying the life of Church and State; of all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war; where rich and poor felt it becoming that each office and inheritance, should have fitting emblems; and when all felt a sense of dignity in doing their duty in their respective states, mutually distinct, with impassable barriers. For, chivalry may be called a religious order, with its duties as well as its rights. *Noblesse oblige* was of its essence. And Burke saw into the life of things when, in his magnificent way, he worshipped the outward form of the heraldry of society, of the state; and then made his act of faith in the true spirit of reverence which leads us to embody, thus, in signs and in symbols, our duty, our devotion, and our love:—“Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction, By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearing and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits, its monumental inscriptions, its records, evidences, and titles.”

Thus it is that a university appeals to the depth of national feelings, and cherishes whatever are the holiest and the highest aspirations of the people who to her care confides those whom fortune has favoured so highly that they are the ones amongst us who will know most, who

will look backward in a country's life, and beyond its limits, who will judge more wisely of its chances and its destiny, those alumni of a university's long life, the hope and resource of their country from one generation to another. "All great things which the coming generation is destined to do, have to be done by some like you; several will assuredly be done by persons for whom society has done much less, to whom it has given far less preparation."

The seal then of the University of Ottawa—a banner, as it were of religion, patriotism, and education—will embody the idea of its foundation. It is religious, even as those great Catholic foundations, six hundred years before, when universities arose, and when Oxford took its motto '*Deus illuminatio mea*': so we have as our guide, *Deus scientiarum Dominus est.*' As Dominicans and Franciscans then newly arising, for the sake of a society in great trouble through heresy, through the cruelty and greed of wealth and power, were among the first teachers at English colleges; so this college was founded by an order which out of the ruins of the revolution arose to evangelize sinful men in their madness, and which now has not forgotten that to the more intellectual among men, in their arrogance and presumption, religious instruction is perhaps of more consequence than to any others. From France the Oblate Fathers came; and as their Cross and the emblems of the Passion—"the cross of Christ, the measure of the world"—form the centre of the seal, so the ray of blessing and light is seen to descend on the sign of their congregation, *Gestu Dei per Francos.* "Certainly" says an 'Anglo-Saxon' historian, "the French Catholic has reason for holy pride as he peruses the annals of his country, and discerns so many instances of God's use of the arms of France to effect his designs in the world, especially in the sole really important matter of the preservation of His church." The missionaries are the sons of the crusaders. And we recall, too, that of all the old universities their Paris was the most renowned.

We have not only the Cross and the Holy Book, but also the signs of all those who form the greater part of our population in Canada: French, Irish, English and Scotch—the fleur de-lis, the harp, the rose, the thistle—and who are called to live and to learn under the guidance of the faith, by its light, in its strength.

These descendants of many peoples are forming, have already formed, a nation. And wreathed round their escutcheons on this seal, is the maple leaf, sign of their union, the emblem of their common country, Canada. Her national song finds its expression in these devices stamped upon this Catholic university :

“Joined in love together
With Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose,
The Maple Leaf for ever !

* * * * *

Our union bound by ties of love,
That discord cannot sever ;
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home
The Maple Leaf for ever !”

The laurel mingles with the maple ; for there is courage in this new land ; and its past is not without crowned stories of heroism and of romance ; of those deeds, those changes, those bold ventures and high hopes and fears, coming from strong men who builded greater than they knew. “A great empire and little minds go ill together.” Therefore our seal is patriotic ; it recalls the past ; it has promise for the future ; it stirs affection ; it inspires, and gives confidence. “We live by admiration, hope and love.”

But feelings are weakness whenever not put into action. Our work here is industry through study ; the whole of this sign of the university's work in this world seems to rest on the representation of that type of labour persistent, with common sense and wise adaption of means to ends, the Canadian beaver.

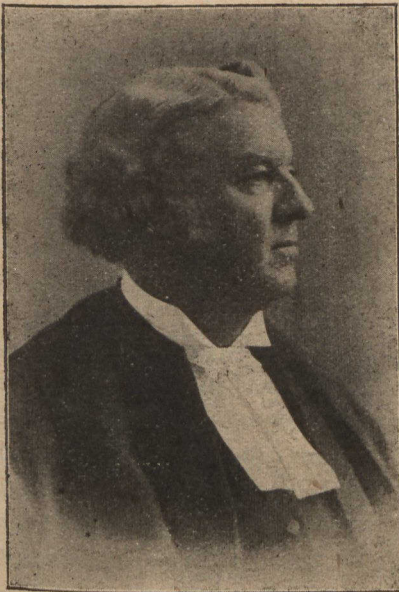
For God, who wills all men to be saved, will not save you in spite, of yourself. It is as true in things mental as in things spiritual ; if indeed they can be separated. Wherefore, the bees, hastening in their industry, whose efforts the Church herself praises in the most poetic of her chants, are also here, for warning and encouragement ; that, so the saint says, we must pray as if all depended upon God, yet work as if all depended on ourselves. Each has his place ; each his duty ; that out of all there may be formed one harmonious whole ; which

yet, in its fair harmony, alas I may be broken, by the idleness, by the neglect, by the faithlessness, even of one. The idea of a holy commonweal, in no Utopia, but *hic et nunc*, seems to be figured by the seal of the university. "There is no room for the master-vice, sloth, in its composition." "Its chief business is to see that no man be idle,"

"Therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
 To which is fixèd, as an aim or bu^{tt},
 Obedience—for so work the honey-bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom,
 They have a king, and officers of sorts;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
 Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home,
 To the tent royal of their emperor ;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold.
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
 The sad eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to éxecutors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
 That many things having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously :
 As many arrows, loosèd several ways,
 Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town :
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat."

Reminiscences of Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, K. C. M. G.

BY HON. J. J. CURRAN, J. S. C.



Hon. J. J. Curran, LL.D.
Judge Superior Court P.Q. Class of 1859.

missive. Sure, enough the editor of the OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW desired that "a sketch should be sent of one of my well-known contemporaries at our *alma mater* in the days of long ago.

That seems simple enough, but, the gifted young editor of the REVIEW could hardly have been conscious of the train of thought such a suggestion called forth.

AT sixty every man has become suspicious whatever may have been his early disposition. Beware of *dona ferentes* is his motto. Flattering words put him on his guard instanter. "What does he want?" flashes across his mind; instinctively he knows there is something to follow the application of the unction. These sapient remarks flow from the fact, that the writer was the recipient, a few days ago, of a letter in which the opening sentence informed him that he is an "honored alumnus" a "valued citizen." Then came the conviction, that a request of some kind, lay lurking in the tail end of the

In 1854 I entered the college, then the old building on Sussex street. Bytown had not blossomed forth into Ottawa, the capital of Canada. No massive buildings, parliamentary or departmental, crowned Major's Hill, as it was then called. For that matter there were, so to speak, no buildings of any kind outside of the Cathedral and the Convent of the Grey Sisters. There were a few stores of great pretensions and small dimensions. There was not a gas lamp in the city, now a fairyland of electric lights, and the pedestrian, who had to travel by night, carried his lantern with its tallow candle for illuminating purposes.

But, what has all this to do with the college and its inmates, of whom there were then about seventy-five? Not much perhaps, but the material change that has taken place since, serves to make the approach to sad changes more easy. The question is not, who were my contemporaries, but, where are they? Alas! No need of conjuring up the Church ritual on Ash Wednesday; "Memento homo quia tu es pulvis, etc." The contemporaries have joined the great majority, and with one or two exceptions occupy their narrow limits in the city of the dead.

My only class-mate now living in the Dominion is His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of our University. His career has been brilliant and fruitful; his prudence is proverbial; the position he has achieved is of such prominence, that his name has been, more than once, mentioned in connection with the red hat of a cardinal. In the full enjoyment of physical health, his mind matured and richly stored, his heart beating in unison with every noble undertaking, he has, may it please God, a long period of administration before him, and, some day, a master hand will, no doubt, fitly chronicle his great achievements for the glory of the Most High and the benefit of Church and State.

Looking over the list of graduates, there is one name that may, safely, be said, to be illustrious. He was my friend, my honored leader in Dominion politics; he was the fourth Prime Minister of Canada. His name shall never be forgotten so long as, in our country, virtue is prized and disinterested patriotism ensures remembrance. "The life and work of the Right Hon, Sir John Thompson" is the title

of an excellent book written by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins in 1895. It contains nearly all that can be said about that great Canadian statesman, until his speeches and state papers can be collected, and the time shall have arrived when many documents, that must still be held under the seal of secrecy, may see the light. On the occasion of his state funeral at Halifax, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien preached the oration, giving an admirable summary of the dead chieftain's labors. It is a masterpiece of sacred eloquence, and, let us hope, that some day the distinguished prelate will permit that splendid effort to have its place in the pages of our REVIEW, for what could be more fitting, than that it should be in the mouth-piece of the University, of which Sir John Thompson was not only an honorary L. L. D., but in which, he was the first to fill the office of Dean of the Faculty of Law. It is not intended here to give a biographical sketch; time or space would not permit it, but the request to write a few lines on some distinguished graduate offers a suitable occasion whilst reminding your readers, that the 12th of December is the eighth anniversary of the death of Sir John Thompson at Windsor Castle, to make a few observations that may be of use to young Catholic students who must soon face the stern realities of life. Lord Aberdeen, who will long be remembered as one of the most popular Governors of the Dominion, was a warm friend of Sir John. In the preface to Mr. Hopkin's work, which he kindly consented to write, he spoke of him as follows: "Sir John was a great man. He made his mark His influence has been for good, and its impress is of an abiding nature. His country has reason to be proud of him; it has reason to be thankful for him; and it may be confidently recorded, that his character and his abilities were such, as would have fitted him to occupy with success and distinction the very highest positions that can be attained by any statesman in the British Empire." And again: "In him were united gentleness and strength, marks of true manliness and nobility of character."

His gentleness, only those who had the privilege of coming into close contact with him, can form any idea of, but of his strength of character we have had so many evidences that it may be fairly estimated.

To fill the office of Premier of Canada, where a man is called upon, not only to guide the ship of state in its legislation ; but to reconcile differences between provinces ; to manage the susceptibilities of various races and creeds ; to deal with the perplexing problems that crop up not only at home but with the mother country, and with our immediate neighbors, and above all to satisfy the clamorous demands of partizans—a much more difficult matter than to fight the enemy in the open, is one of the most trying positions in which any man can be placed.

Sir John A. Macdonald, *pater patrie*, was the only one who could, carry the burden for any number of years. Hon. Alexander McKenzie, after a short period of office, was a broken down man—a mere shadow of his former self. Sir John Abbott, whose health was not good when he assumed office, had to retire at the end of a few months. Sir John Thompson, who combined the Premiership with the portfolio of Justice, despite his enormous capacity for work succumbed at the post of duty at the early age of fifty. To-day Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, yet in the prime of life, whose graceful oratory has charmed not only the people of Canada but those of the United Kingdom and of La Belle France as well, is now in the sunny south seeking, and we all hope with success, to recuperate health shattered during the few years of his premiership, in the service of his country.

The work incumbent on such a position might well excuse the occupant from undertaking anything involving extra labor, and no mere politician would consent to be involved in any outside cause when antagonism would be almost inevitable. Sir John was no mere politician. He was a statesman who despised subterfuges of all kinds ; one who felt that if he could do good by identifying himself with a movement, it was his duty to go forward.

"Fear the Lord and do right," was his guiding maxim. We are not therefore surprised that, in addition, to his heavy labor: he should have taken part in the organization of a branch of the Catholic Truth Society, in the city of Ottawa. His was no perfunctory membership. He accepted the presidency of the association, delivered the

inaugural address, and the few extracts given here will prove how fearless he was as a practical Catholic. He said: "Having completed our organization, our society presents itself to you this evening—its first appearance before the public, and it has been allotted to me to state to you the objects of our association,—its aims and its purposes." Then after stating 'what our society is,' what its parent association had already accomplished in England; that it had the blessing of our Holy Father the Pope, he said; "They aimed to accomplish their objects by attending to three subjects: Devotion, Instruction and Controversy. Having spoken on the first he said: "The second object I have mentioned is instruction. There are, in all communities many Catholics who are quite satisfied to know, that they believe what the Catholic Church believes and teaches. The fact that all the Catholic Church believes and teaches is true, is enough for them. But one of the objects of this society, blessed as I have said by the Holy Father, under the patronage in this place of His Grace the Archbishop, is to impress upon Catholics that, in this age they should do more. In order to the defence of the Catholic religion, in order to put its truths before those who do not understand them, it is necessary that Catholics should, not only believe what the Catholic Church believes and teaches, but should be able to give a reason for what they believe. Everyone who has considered this question knows that the dogmas of our religion are set forth as clearly as the decisions of the legal tribunals of the country. The reasons on which they are founded can be as easily traced as the reasons for the decisions of a court of justice. When Catholics are acquainted with these reasons they are able to defend the truth whenever it is assailed. * * * We proceed upon the principle for which there is the highest authority, that the Catholic who is the best informed, in connection with his religion, is best grounded in the faith and most likely to be zealous in the practice of it. * * *

"But even a more important point in connection with instruction is to place before those who are not Catholics, an accurate and simple statement of what Catholic belief is on the various points, in con

nection with which, there is much doubt and uncertainty in non Catholic minds. What Protestants believe the Catholic Church to be is not the Catholic Church at all. What they generally dislike as Catholic belief is not Catholic belief. The great object of the Catholic Truth Society and its branches, and the object which this society endeavors to take up and promote, is to place before those who are not Catholics simple, inoffensive, plain statements of what Catholic belief really is. I must say that nothing has attracted me more, in connection with the operations of the parent Society in England, than the excellent taste and perfect charity in which their works are prepared. There is nothing in them to offend. They put in the minds of Catholic readers just what the actual facts are, and they put before Protestants plain statements which often make an end of controversy. The field does not extend merely to points of Catholic dogma and points of history, it includes questions of science, in connection with which, there sometimes appears to be contradiction to Catholic belief. From time to time it is the duty of the society to watch the progress of public discussion, and whenever discussion is brought to bear upon any subject, which affects the Catholic religion, to see that Catholic truth is correctly stated and placed before the public eye. This is a most important mission."

"There is also the duty of attending to controversy. I hope that no one, who has been solicited to extend patronage to our society will be at all afraid, that we are going to put on the armor of war, and rush to the attack of our Protestant fellow-citizens. If we did so, we would be stepping beyond the bounds of the Catholic Truth Society's work. We engage in controversy only for the purpose of defence, and for the purpose of stating what our belief is, and the grounds for our belief, when we find that our belief, or the grounds on which our belief rests, are attacked or misrepresented. A great deal has been done by such societies in the way of controversy, not for the purpose of attacking any man's belief, but for the purpose of putting plainly before those who differ from us, what we believe and why we believe it. That certainly can give offence to no man. While I say that the Catholic Truth Society inculcates upon its members great forbearance, let me not be

understood to mean, that we apologize for that which we believe, or that which we practice. We avow and defend our faith, and the practice of it, knowing that what we are taught will bear criticism, and deserves defence."

Another remarkable instance of Sir John Thompson's force of character was manifested, in the dignified silence maintained by him, during the fierce attacks he was subjected to by the late Rev. Dr. Douglas, a leading Methodist divine, who would not forgive him for his change of religion. On the formation of the Thompson government, Dr. Douglas poured forth the vials of his wrath. One day the writer of this little sketch, in speaking to Sir John Thompson remarked that his friends were pleased that he had made no reply to the invectives hurled against him. He then mentioned that a leading Methodist gentleman had written him a letter of sympathy, which he prized very much, and that in reply, he had set forth in a few lines his answer to the attack made upon him. After Sir John's death, I wrote to this friend and obtained permission to make a few extracts from the letter, for the purpose of a lecture to be delivered at the Catholic Summer School near Plattsburg, N. Y. Unfortunately the extracts, which were copied in many parts of this continent, were in some instances mutilated.

The assailed and the assailant being now dead, as well as the gentleman who was the recipient of that letter, I feel at liberty to give as much of it here as has any public interest, as it so thoroughly reflects the character of the writer ;

"My Dear——

"Words cannot express my appreciation of your great kindness in writing to me as you did about the extraordinary attack made on me by Dr. Douglas. The noble words of your relative, too, were a great comfort and made me realize how many there may be among the Soocoo, for whom Dr. D. claims to speak, who have too much of the Christian spirit to follow his uncharitable judgement on one of whom he knows absolutely nothing. I have had many indications of the same kind from my own province where my life was spent until the last seven years and there no enemy, political or otherwise,

ever breathed of me any *one* of the slanders which the Dr. has twice uttered in the West. One acquaintance writing from Halifax a few days ago, declares that in the Methodist Church where I worshipped when a youth, there are very many who have referred to these tirades, but that every one has condemned them, and that if I were to run an election in Halifax to-morrow, the great majority of the congregation would be at my back, as it always was. Every reference to detail in the Doctor's two addresses was absolutely false—the Bible Class was a myth. I never taught any but a class of poor children who were learning to read: as to the rapidity of my conversion—"as sudden as the wildest Salvationist"—I had been attending C. of E. and R. C. services, exclusively, for upwards of four years and reading all of controversy I could get my hands on, and, finally yielded only when to believe and not to profess appeared to be wretched cowardice. The "occult reasons,"—what could they be? I did not know one R. C. prelate. I had very few Catholic clients—no influential Catholic friends. Not my marriage relations—I had not made the acquaintance of my wife after I had resolved to make the change; but, I had been married a year before the change occurred, as I did not want it to appear as though I had "turned" in order to be married. My wife brought me all the joys and blessings that have made my home happy for 22 years, but not one dollar of money. In fact I believed the day of my baptism was the day that closed my chances of professional advancement, or any other—I felt that I had but one resource left—my shorthand—at which I knew I could support my wife and myself if matters came to the worst. But I felt that there was no use in putting all this before the public, in answer to Dr. Douglas, and that it was better to stand or fall by the certain right which I had to declare that these were not matters for public discussion, but matters of conscience only. If I had discussed them I must have added that after more than 20 years of experience and consideration, I would do again, if it were necessary, what I did then, and do it a thousand times, if necessary, even, if all the blessings and prosperity which I have had, were turned into misfortunes and afflictions. This could not fail to offend

many who, I felt, were willing to treat the matter in a broad and Christian spirit—or to lay it aside as one that should not be debated. At any rate there would have been no end of the controversy that would have ensued as to the 'why and wherefore.'

"Permit me again, dear ——, to thank you and to wish you and yours every grace and blessing.

Yours sincerely,

Jno. S. D. Thompson,

The lesson of Sir John Thompson's life for young Catholics is that of fearlessness in the cause of truth. His was a path strewn with difficulties, but he never faltered. He was gentle as Lord Aberdeen says, but he felt that as a Catholic he had equal rights with his fellow-citizens of other creeds. He had the courage of his convictions as was evidenced when he stated at the Albany Club in Toronto shortly after assuming the Premiership, in presence of his leading supporters, nearly all of whom held different religious views from himself, "I want no toleration!" They could take him as he was or leave him. He offended no man; was genial and kind to all, but as for his faith, he not only professed it but practiced it as well, and thereby gave strength to his contemporaries and an example to the rising generation. Mention was made in the opening of these remarks of the book on his life and work, as well as to the magnificent funeral oration pronounced over him. Many have extolled his great career in verse as well, and amongst them are one of our own Canadian fellow-countrymen, Mr. A. M. Belding of St. John, N. B. whose inspiring lines are as follows :

The darkness came while yet the sun was high,
And dimmed forever that unflinching eye,
Whose vision pierced the passing clouds of strife,
And marked in honor's paths his way of life.
No dreams of glory dwarfed his loftier aim,
To whom his country's good was more than fame;
No sheen of gold obscured his clearer view.
Who saw the right, and held the balance true.

His life went out within the storied walls
Of ancient Windsor's animated halls,
Where England's sons for ages o'er the foam
From flood and field have borne their trophies' home
To lay at England's feet. Alas! that one,
The greater Britain's great and loyal son,
Whose eagle vision swept a wider sky,
Should pass the stately portals but to die.
Fame's laurel wreaths are dust and ashes now,
The seal of Death upon that lofty brow
Proclaims a more imperial sovereignty
Than hers who holds the empire of the sea
His country mourns—and yet—was fate unkind?
The onward look of that untrammelled mind
Saw closer drawn loving ties that hold
These kindred nations in their sacred fold,
Love kindles hearts by kindred sorrow thrilled
—Was not his dream of life in death fulfilled?
When England's empress-mother to her breast,
With soothing words an orphaned maiden pressed,
And kissed the cheek that streamed with hopeless tears.
Not all the statecraft of a thousand years,
With all its mastery of designing arts,
Could strike so deep a chord in loyal hearts.
The solemn tolling of the minster bells
To all the world the tale of sorrow tells;
The funeral pomp the pageantry of State,
Declare that England mourns the fallen great,
Across the wintry ocean's tossing breast
They bear his body to its final rest,
And ocean's mistress trains her dogs of war
To guard the passage of his funeral car,
His own loved city claims that sacred dust,
But wider realms will share the solemn trust,
That fell unguarded from the nerveless hand
Of one who well had served his native land.
The matchless mind, the heights his genius won,
Shed lustre on the state that calls him son,
—A man who lived in honor, died in fame,
And left on memory's page a stainless name.

Montreal, 1st December, 1902.

Tommy's Christmas Eve.



THE logs in the old fireplace were nearly burnt out, leaving behind them a mass of glowing embers. It was growing very late, Tommy knew, because the great solemn clock on the stairs had taken such a long time to strike out the last hour; but he was determined not to let himself fall asleep. He had begged hard and long for permission to sit up and catch a glimpse of dear Santa Claus on his yearly visit, until at last his mother had yielded and said "Yes." So here he sat curled up in his grandfather's huge arm-chair and snugly wrapped in an old-fashioned comfortable, trying hard not to give way to the drowsiness that was gradually stealing over him in spite of himself. Before him hung his stockings—two, because Tommy did not mean to lose any sweetmeats or toys for the reason that his legs belonged to a ten year-old boy. "Tick, tock, tick, tock," said the sleepy clock. Tommy wished he could stop it, What hard work it was to wink! His eyes felt full of sticks. "Tick, tock"—it was a very hard struggle, to be sure. A mouse scampered along its dark pathway behind the wall, and Tommy fell a-wondering whether it could be the noise of reindeer prancing on the roof. While he was yet wondering, all at once two little men clad in green and wearing tiny red caps on their heads popped up out of his stockings and began to talk to each other hanging over the tops of the stockings like two children over neighboring fences.



"Hello, Gambol!" cried one.

"Hello, Twinkle!" cried the other.

"A nice warm nest for a windy night."

"Indeed, you're quite right. A gay prank this. Hello, there, youngster!"

Tommy saw that the little man was speaking to him, so he answered a little timidly.

"Who are you?"

"We're the very latest thing out, except old St. Nick, hey, Twinkle? And we mustn't let the old fellow catch us here. Well-a-day, what do you want, youngster, sitting up here till all hours?"

"I want to see Santa Claus, sir," said Tommy.

"Oh, that you do, indeed!" broke out the little man, pointing first at his own stocking and then at his companion's "It looks like a regular wash-day here. I wonder if the presents would go round if all little boys were as greedy as you, Well-a-day, Twinkle, he mustn't be disappointed."

With that the two were off up the chimney with a whisk, and before Tommy recovered from his astonishment they were on their way down again—bump, bump, bump, plainly bringing something heavy with them.



"Here's a present, indeed!" cried Gambol, as they stepped out on the floor, lugging a wooden box between them. "A whole puppet show for a Christmas frolic. Well-a-day, you're a lucky one. Come, Twinkle, we must show him how it works."

No sooner spoken than the puppets were dumped out on the floor. Then, while Twinkle set the empty box on end for a platform, Gambol drew a tiny wand from his bosom and, pointing it toward the heap of puppets, began to count :

"One for a penny, two for a show, three to make ready, and four to go."

At the word two of the little wooden figures sprang nimbly on the box and stood erect. Gambol waved his wand to and fro, and before Tommy's wide-staring eyes the magic box lengthened out into the road in front of his father's house, and there stood himself and his playmate, Harry Wyatt, two years younger than himself, quarrelling over a top. Pretty soon he went up to Harry and struck him in the face and pushed him over into the gutter.

The little man continued waving his wand, holding it now by the other end. Half a dozen puppets scrambled gayly on the box, and in a twinkling Tommy saw old Widow Brown trudging along the sidewalk in front of the schoolhouse, carrying her heavy basket, while he and his schoolmates were standing under the big oak tree mocking her and calling all sorts of bad names.

Obeying the magic wand, all save two of the puppets tumbled back into the pile, and the next object to meet Tommy's wondering eyes was his own mother's dining-room. In it were his mother and himself and the old gray cat. A broken china pitcher lay in pieces on the floor, and he saw himself pointing his finger at the cat and blaming her for knocking the pitcher from the table.

Now by this time Tommy's face was burning with anger and shame, and he cried out to the little men, who were exchanging sly winks and nearly bursting with mirth, to be gone and take their wonder box with them. At this they only laughed the louder, and the one whose name was Gambol said :

"Don't you like your present, youngster? Why, it's the very one for such a boy as you. Well-a-day, turn about is fair play, as I think."

Tommy was beginning to cry bitterly, when all at once there was a jingling of silver bells on the roof, and the little men cried out both together :



"It's old St. Nick!"

With all haste they tumbled the pile of puppets into a box, but before they could reach the fireplace—bang, bang, bang, down the chimney came old Santa, and out he stepped on the hearth, his jolly round face rosy and bright, and a great load of toys on his back.

"Oho, little fellow!" quoth he, "so you thought you'd stay up and catch me, did you? Well, here I am, so your wish is granted. But what are you crying about on Christmas eve? Was it getting lonely down here so late at night? Ah! its you, is it, you naughty gnomes, and your box of magic puppets? For shame! If you got your desserts, I'd pinch both your little red travelling caps right off of your heads, and then where would you be, I should like to know, so far from home? You mischiefs!"

While the old fellow had been speaking the two little men had been slyly edging toward the open chimney, and now with a grin and a dart away they were up the flue, dragging their box after them. Then with a good-natured smile Santa went and put his arm around Tommy's neck and said, in a soothing tone :

"Never mind, my boy, you shall have your gifts just the same. And I must be filling your stockings and get on my way, for I've a long road to travel. But before I go I want to tell you that I give you your Christmas toys, not because I do not know that you have done a great many naughty things which you ought not to have done, but because I am very sure you will be sorry for them all and never do them again when your loaded stockings show you how good I have been to forgive you."

With that he kissed Tommy and was just feeling down in his pack as he walked toward the fireplace when the little boy felt some one shaking him by the shoulders, and heard his father calling out:



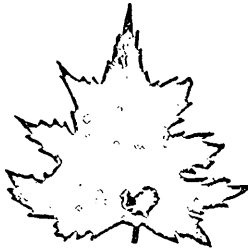
"Merry Christmas! Here it is broad daylight and you fast asleep. You're a nice one to watch for Santa Claus."

"Oh!" cried Tommy, rubbing his eyes, "you stopped him just before he got to my stockings."

But there his stockings hung, filled to the brim with all sorts of good things; so he knew that the big clock had put him to sleep after all, and that it was all a dream. That night, when bedtime came, he put his arms about his mother's neck and told her all his wonderful dream.

"And so, mamma," he said, "it wasn't pussy that broke the pitcher at all, but your naughty little boy."—Observer.





A Christmas Prayer.

The Bud of the Lord.—Isaias iv. 2.



EAR Bud of God whose leaves unfold
At midnight dark, in winter chill,
Our vision with Thy Beauty hold,
Our souls with Thine own fragrance fill.

Sweet Rose of Heaven that Christmas brings,
We want no other flower but Thee,
No song but that the angel sings,
No perfume but Thy purity,

Bloom for us through life's sunless hours,
Make glad our pilgrimage of days,
And with Thine odor, Flower of Flowers,
Fill full our thoughts and words and ways.

—*English Messenger.*



Mainly About Books.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY, M. A.

THIRD PAPER.

THE thoughtful reading of poetry deserves to be encouraged even more than the publishing of poetry, for any object more tangible than that of empty fame, merits to be sternly discouraged. Poetry has been defined many times, and beyond stating for the sake of clearness, that by the word I mean, in this instance, metrical composition at its highest level of form, rhythm, and diction, I have no desire to add to the lexicographer's list. Theories concerning poetry have been proposed from Aristotle and Horace down to Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, and I do not purpose sifting them, or endeavoring to adjudge them a respective merit. But, when Lord Bacon called poetry "a species of feigned history," meaning that it is a breaking forth in verse, of the feelings of a human soul, under circumstances of some real or supposed personal history, I believe he indicated precisely what gives to poetry its distinctive value. Nor is the history to be considered worthless because it is feigned; on the contrary Aristotle assures us that poetry is superior to history because it contains a more profound truth and a higher seriousness. I venture to hold, that it is the essence of the human, embalmed in the voiced ecstasy of inspired souls that makes poetry memorable, and that it is the want of it,—a want unfortunately characteristic of nearly all the verse hitherto produced in Canada — that makes poetry mere rhetorical gesticulation.

* * *

God made "man," not men. When the ancient declared that, being a man, what concerned men interested him, he only expressed the fundamental kinship of our race. Man is the King of animals, made so by his mind. The mind is his greatest lever. The foundation principle of all literature is that a common humanity underlies our

individual personalities. Now, poetry, when it fits the definition of Lord Bacon, becomes in every example, a human document. It is from its intense humanity it draws the intrinsic and universal interest that appeals to the heart of man in all its phases. The Muse, calling to her aid that terseness and pungency which are derived from rhythm and rhyme, expresses the invention, the taste, the passion, of a soul—of a human spirit. Each of the preceding terms, as the reader will perceive for himself, is only another word for thought. Hence, it would not be wrong to call poetry, condensed thought warmed by imagination.

* *

The origin of poetry lies in a noble thirst for the ideal beauty, the beauty beyond the sky, the beauty which is God. The poet is he who endeavors to quench this immortal thirst by novel combinations and striking collocations of beautiful forms, whether plastic or spiritual. Poetry is the embodiment of the heart's cry for beauty. The language of poetry is the most pure and select form of language; since the words employed by the poet are, as the result of the selection his art necessitates, very apt and unadulterated; they are, as silver tried in a furnace and purified seven times. Add to what has already been said about the spirit and diction of poetry, the undeniable fact that the poet's conception of pure beauty has in it, by its elevation, and its calm yet intense rapture, a foreshadowing of the future and its spiritual life, which makes the analogy between poetic beauty and religion very strong; and we may find, ready to hand, if I am not entirely mistaken in my readers, several excellent reasons why poetry should be thoughtfully read and assiduously studied in a grossly materialistic age, such as that of ours.

* * *

The novel I took up this month was of the historical sort, and, as it excited in me none of that great kind of devotion which we call student's love, I can but count it a "misfit." Therefore, I withhold the names both of the book and the author. Purporting to deal with an

Indian war, famous in our annals, the curtain is lifted on the conventional opposing forces to such combats. We have white men, in leather jerkins and trousers, armed with hatchets, knives and guns; and we have the dusky lords of the forest—cruel cut-throats all—horrible in warpaint, or impressive in their tunics of buffalo pelts and gaudy ornaments. So far good; I have a weakness for romantic redmen, such as are to be found within Fenimore Cooper's novels, outside tobacco shops, and nowhere else on earth. Next, we are given several scenes set with crowds of *coureurs de bois* with red caps, blanket coats, and bright sashes; rough fur merchants in fine fur capotes; *voyageurs* in fringed deerskin apparel; women and girls in gay jupes and head-dresses; and soldiers in gorgeous uniforms. Again I am pleased, because I like a crowded stage and striking pictures of varied coloring. It is only when the strings are pulled, and the puppets begin to wobble instead of striding or walking, that I am forced to yawn. They are a wooden lot, with faulty ball-and-socket joints. They move so stiffly that one might say of them what the child said about the cricket—they want to be oiled. Except a few descriptions of natural scenery, this work of several hundred pages is neither *vero* nor *bel trovato*. The essential quality of inevitableness in the development of the characters is almost entirely wanting; the symmetry is not nearly perfect; the verisimilitude is faint. The ideal historical novel is, on the contrary, a work of splendid imagination which reincarnates the personages as well as the episodes of races and invests them with visibility, but at the same time restrain them to possible and even probable action.

* * *

One of the most surprising attributes of the Holy Bible, considered merely as a *liber studiorum*, or reading book, as I have not sufficient learning to go deeper into exegesis, is its adaptability to all sorts and conditions of persons. Its leading theme, in conformity with the dual nature of man, who is only an exile here below, deals with this life and the life to come. The matter is even more diversified than the general subject. Its kaleidoscopic columns contain stately prose side by side with lofty poetry. Thus everyone is given a choice. Without its teaching the glowing circle of liberal learning is broken and incomplete. The civili-

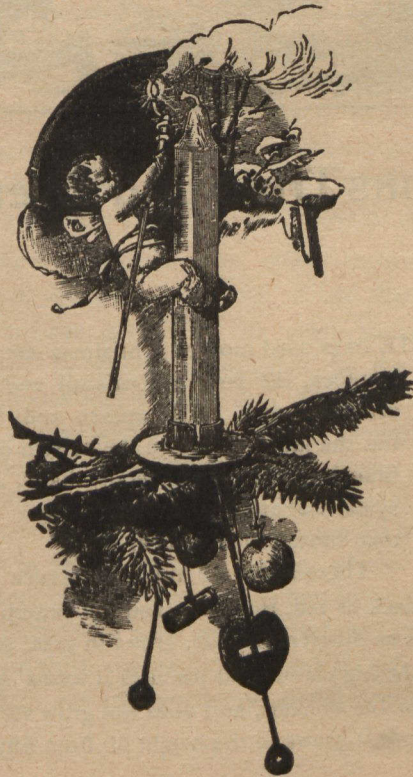
zation of today has received much from the older nations. Greece has handed down the germs of an intellectual culture. Rome gave us the rudiments of jurisdiction and statesmanship. Israel enriched us with Moses, the prophets, and the priceless parables of the New Testament. We read to become better and wiser. The printed page that does not strengthen truth and virtue should be shunned. This exclusion constitutes judicious reading. But judicious reading should be wide in its scope; it should leave us great type of thought, no dominant phase of human nature, wholly a blank. Hence, while the Pagan erudition of ancient Rome and ancient Greece is serviceable in a high degree, albeit the classical influences are questioned in quarters where they should be lovingly upheld, the morality of Israel is more than serviceable, it is indispensable. Literature is thought expressed in writing. Man lives through his mind. All books are records of minds, that is to say, of human lives. The books of the Bible contain an inexhaustable wealth of biography, stories, poetry, history, and detached thoughts, all written in excellent style, phrased in the best English, and crowned with a peerless endowment of expression. Does your interest lean toward history? You will find a great deal to your fancy in Genesis, in Exodus, and in Kings. Do you prefer lofty poetry? You will find it in the pathetic history of the man of Uz, in Isaiah, and elsewhere. Do you wish for brief, sententious saying? Search for them in Proverbs, and they will be forthcoming in rich abundance. If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job. If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses. If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah. If there is no song in your heart, listen to David. If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah. Do you need guidance in the thorny walks of life? Then, read the New Testament. Are you lazy? Watch James. Is your faith below par? Read Paul. If you feel chilly, get the Beloved Disciple to put his arms around you. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land. In brief, the Bible holds something for everyone—a theme for every mood—something cheerful, pure, illuminating, beneficent; and, as a rule, there is no need of lengthy search, for the

very thing desired is generally held forth to you with direct and instant proclamation. The avidity for great books is not a natural gift, but a faculty to be acquired. Study the Bible till a liking for it grows upon you, spreading by degrees like the glow and heat of morning. We find in the "Life of St. Jerome," how a vision awakened him from Pagan thoughts, to read in the laws of the True City, with the words, "Ubi est thesaurus tuus;" and I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that all who honor me by following those desultory Notes, would experience a similar awaking this day, summoned by the informing spirit of Biblical Reading.

* * *

Barring Mark Twain, who is the acknowledged Nestor of the jovial tribe, the vivacious "Mr. Dooley," alias Finley P. Dunne, is almost universally conceded to be the greatest humorist in America, if not in the world. Humor is, as every school-boy knows, a sort of intellectual moisture which is opposed to spiritual dryness. Coleridge somewhere remarks that men of humor are always in some degree men of genius. In speaking of the diverting Mr Dooley, therefore, one may permit one's self the refreshment of enthusiasm. I do not say he has not the leading fault of his virtue. No; like most successful writers, who depend for their livelihood upon pen and ink, he sometimes overworks his vein. A writer should be appraised by his best. The sketches by which Mr. Dooley became known to the public are full of a fresh and original humor, very shrewd yet kind. They bespeak their author a facile critic of manners and institutions, whether republican or monarchical, who jumps and dances about his subject with the greatest jocularly and high spirits. Like old Major Pendennis in Thackeray's amusing pages, he is betimes "admirably scandalous and delightfully discreet." His early books, so exceedingly satirical and laughable, are to my untutored mind at least, his best. As for his dialect, I am no lover of the article in any shape, and hold that people who make their characters habitually mangle their words, do them, and the reader, a wrong. But, I do not forget that dialect is a ready means of obtaining local color, that it has many admirers, and, above all, that it commands.

a distinct value in the literary market. Quite excellent stories, for instance, told in the Scotch twang are as nothing when translated into civilized English, and a Yorkshire "blurr" will give point to almost any anecdote. The dialect of our French neighbors of Quebec has lent to many a sketch and tale about the only value they possess. In language, as in most other things, it is certainly "better to be Irish than be right," and Mr. Dooley is Irish at all seasons. His "brogue" may not always be according to Hoyle, but it is quite admissible as brogues go. In a world that needs mirth, a laugh has a distinct medicinal value, and, surely, the man who can bathe us in smiles of glee, by his laughter compelling creations, deserves to be regarded as a great benefactor of what Wordsworth rather stiltedly calls "the kind", meaning, of course, our common human race.





Christmas Trees and Evergreens.



THE trees used most at Christmas are the fir, spruce, hemlock, the yew (in England) and occasionally the cedar and pine. The spruce and fir are favorites, but the latter, owing to the balsam on the trunk and branches is not so generally liked, altho it is more symmetrical and its leaves are larger and more glossy than those of the spruce.

There are three kinds of spruce growing in the provinces—the black or red, the white and the swamp spruce, regarded by some botanists as different species, grows in great profusion in New Brunswick. In the high lands and pastures it forms sometimes dense and almost impassible thickets, and does not grow very large. In rich woods and lowlands it grows to the height of from fifty to ninety feet,

and forms a valuable timber tree, of fine shape and imposing appearance when at its greatest perfection. The bark is smooth and slightly roughened, the leaves slightly covering the twigs, somewhat stout, straight or curved, short, dark green. The cones are oval from one to two inches long, becoming reddish brown when mature. The cone-scales are either entire or have notched margins.

The white spruce differs in several respects from the one just named. The leaves are somewhat longer, less closely packed on the twigs, stiffer in texture, and sharp pointed, which renders travelling thro a white spruce thicket a toilsome and irritating process. Both bark and leaves are lighter in color than the common spruce. The tree is very abundant along the low-lying shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and tho sometimes growing to a large size, does not attain the proportions of the black spruce. A small chunky variety of the white spruce sometimes has an unpleasant odor. This obtains for it the local name of the "cat-spruce" or "skunk spruce."

The swamp spruce is a tall slender tree when it grows in swamps ; on mountains is usually much deformed and shrub like. It does not attain a large size and is usually jagged and uneven at the top.

The balsam fir is a slender tree but often reaches the height of sixty or seventy feet with a trunk diameter of two feet, but is usually much smaller toward the north. It has much smoother bark than spruces and the bark is further distinguished by the raised "blisters" which form smooth swellings on its surface. These contain the "Canada balsam" so useful in medicines, for varnishes, mounting microscopic slides, etc. The leaves become fragrant when drying and often used for making pillows which are very grateful and are said to induce sleep, which every camper-out believes. The leaves are flat with grooved line above, light green in color, and, when young, whitish beneath. The cones are cylindrical in shape, from two to four inches long, and one inch thick, violet or purplish when young, erect, and arranged in rows on the upper side of the branches. The wood is soft and somewhat light yellow in color ; and the tree decays earlier than most other ever-greens.

The hemlock is a very graceful tree, especially when small. It sometimes attains a very great size on hill sides and ridges where there is a generous soil. The leaves are small, arranged very close together, dark green above, pale on under side, with a minute petiole, dark reddish when old, flaky in scales and rough. Its cones are small and drooping with roundish scales. The hemlock is rather irregular, unlike the spruce or fir, in its trunk and mode of branching. The wood is very coarse and splinters easily. The bark is used for tanning. The leaves and bark are said to possess medicinal qualities.

The American yew is never used as a Christmas tree. Our yew is a sort of straggling shrub ; but in Europe the yew becomes a fine handsome tree with an erect trunk. The yew is not without its Christmas associations for its trunk for the "yew-log" so famous at Christmas time as to give that season the name of "yule-tide"

The white pine has five slender needle-shaped leaves in a fascicle or bundle ; the red has two long leaves and the scrub or Labrador pine two short flat leaves in a bundle.

The *Nex* or Canadian Holly is a little shrub growing in thickets, and retains its berries long after the leaves have fallen—even up to January. Its berries are very effective in Christmas decoration. The shrub is from five to ten feet high and can easily be found now on account of its beautiful red berries.

—*The Educational Review.*

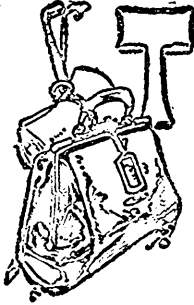


Of all the trees in the world and field,
 There's none like the Christmas tree ;
 Tho' rich and rare is the fruit he yields.
 The strangest of trees is he.

Written for The Review.

An Odd Incident.

E. P. STANTON.



THE "Up" Bianconi coach was late. A fierce gale, accompanied with a heavy flurry of snow had detained it on the Moneymore hill some three miles from the starting point in the good old "city of the tribes" and about five from the nearest stage ahead, where several additional passengers including a trio of students from the Druska college on their way home for the Christmas holidays and a portentous-looking solicitor from Ennis, were waiting for the blocked coach. The interval was agreeably occupied in a brisk by-play of conversation in which jest and repartee were intermingled, and the interchange of stories, of which an unfailling fund is ever (or used to be) on hand for the traveller at Irish stopping places before the advent of the "iron horse," which drove both coach and coach-inn off the highway. Not only was the problem of passing the time without the ordinary tedium of waiting made easy for him by entertaining conversation with his fellow-travellers, but it was practically solved without effort of his own by the contribution to his enjoyment made by certain curious villagers who would "drop in" one by one until the waiting room (which was generally a capacious kitchen) of the post house was fairly filled "to pass the time of day" or, to be strictly accurate, "the time of night" with the chance wayfarer. An occasion such as the one now referred to was sure to be marked by what the newspaper reporter would term an attendance larger than usual. The blocking of the mail-coach for an indefinite interval was somewhat out of the ordinary, and lent itself to develop that vein of the marvellous so prolific of story and legend round an Irish fireside on a winter night.

The excitement attendant upon the arrival of the mail guard, sent forward for an extra span of horses and to apprise the waiting passengers of the cause of their detention gave, when it spent itself, a zest to the comfort of the wide hearth, now warm and radiant with the glowing

peat, and to the pleasant, though not malicious, gossip that was being carried on previous to the interruption of the message from the blocked coach. In such condition it may easily be imagined how the current of conversation would drift into story telling, and this, if the figure be permitted, into the stream crossing the imperceptible border line between real and the unreal. Some familiar legends were told again and listened to by those who never wearied of hearing them, but a desire was manifesting itself that something in the nature of a personal experience, a story touched with a local color, should, for a change, be related; and if this had in it an element of the supernatural, all the better. To determine who should relate it, was not so difficult as might have been supposed, for the practically unanimous choice naturally fell upon Richard Ford, a man who had been educated much beyond young men of his class, but who because of lack of means or energy had not completed the requisite educational course for a profession, and so was obliged to withdraw prematurely from the neighbouring college of Druska. He could tell a good story, had read a good deal, more widely perhaps than profoundly, and possessed a ready though rather caustic wit. He was, it must be admitted, afflicted with an incurable curiosity as to the affairs of others which might explain the neglected condition of his own. At times, and this obviously was one of them, because of the presence of a member of the legal procession and of students from his own *alma mater*, the effort to impress his hearers was strained, giving to the manner of his relation, at any rate, an academic flavor strangely out of place. However, here with all its limitations is the story he told after the usual preparatory cough and a word or two, peculiar to his kind all the world over, deprecating the choice that had assigned to him the story of the evening:

"As you know, neighbors and friends all," he began, "my late lamented father kept this very stage before Mr. Tierney there got it, and when you asked me to tell you a story a while ago it was but natural that I should tell you one that relates to the place we are in this wild and stormy night. An odd story it is, though a short one; but I will vouch for that side of it relating to myself. Well

I remember," he proceeded," that quiet warm afternoon of summer long ago. Life with me then was young and full of those imaginings of the unseen world which, would, in uncommon measure, seem to be the portion of the Celt. I had just returned from school and from across my shoulders, as if it were the burden of the day, had flung my satchel of books into a corner of the big settle that lay near the hearth, wherein was kept warm for me the meal that I was thinking of and that was in my nostrils, if I may so speak, most of the way home from the chalky and ink spattered school room down there at Drumkellig. I had no sooner disposed of it than I was off to the stables,—there however to find that my favorite "Flowereen" and her grey son, the *capall glos*, were away to Caherneill, my elder brother Pierce and one of the ostlers having gone over there for two loads of straw to make bedding for those horses of Bianconi, for which stable accommodation had been rented from my father. Our own horses would not be back not until long after nightfall, so my expected canter on "Flowereen" with Denny Regan on the grey down to the bridge to water them in the quick, clear stream that flows under it to the sea had to be put off. But to Denny himself I went, well knowing that if there was any prank to play he would know. What a wonderful creature he was to be sure! Blind Denny, as we called him,—for in childhood an accident had deprived him of the priceless boon of sight.—knew all that was going on, and though young and afflicted as I have said, was the cheeriest gossip in all Rathealy. Did you want to know where the *dreoilin** nested or the green linnet, he could through defiles of rocks and the briery twists and turns that led from the highway to the stony fields of Larra, take you to the very spot which few of us even with the blessing of full sight could reach. But, as luck would have it, I was unable to find him although I tried his favorite haunts. Nor could I find another companion of mine, Bartly Sullivan, who when Denny was not to be had often came with me when a ride on horseback was in question. My object, as I need not tell you, in looking them up was to have one or the other with me on what threatened to be a late ride to the river. The afternoon wore on, and it looked as if I should have alone to face that

contingency. I began to hope that the horses would not be very late in coming home, for although I would not acknowledge to either my brother or the ostler he had taken with him that I feared going by myself, I yet was not without misgiving for the bit of road between where we were sitting at the present moment and the bridge was for "uncaunty" things, as the Scotch put it, counted the worst between the Corrib and the Shannon. Paddy Greany, the night hostler used to relate that time and again whilst he was engaged in the task of watering the coach-horses at the trying hour between the "down" and the "up" night mail a spectral hand holding a lighted candle emerged from the darkness just as he and his charge passed Sullivan's "ould (deserted) house," and proceeded with him the rest of the way to the river, accompanying him on his return to the point where it had joined him and then sinking back into the darkness from which it had so mysteriously come. What deed sent it forth from the weed grown floors of that roofless old building tenanted now by the bats and the vagrant animals of the neighbourhood?

To be continued.

All Aboard!

Omne benè
Sine pœnâ
Tempus est ludendi
Venit hora
Absque mora
Libros deponendi.

—*Old Holiday School Song.*



Joe's Christmas.

JOE Armstrong was the universal favorite at Ormsdale College. All conceded that he carried his popularity with a modesty quite exceptional in a college student, to whom popular opinion usually attributes a considerable propensity towards conceit. Joe's manners were as unassuming as before his great victory, when, captain of the football team he won the championship for the second time in two years, and his applauding admirers predicted confidently that under the same able leadership next season the college football team would succeed in retaining the trophy at the College. The hopes of the young prophets were dashed to the ground, however, dismay seizing them when it was rumored that Joe would not return to College after the Christmas vacation. This was soon confirmed. When Joe went to say good-bye to his companions he was deeply moved by the loud and sincere regrets expressed by all. He was indeed disappointed, but he did not dream of opposing his father's decision taken after mature deliberation.

John Armstrong, Joe's father, was a contract miner by trade and was much respected by every one in Ormsdale. As one of the principal officials of the local miners' Union as well as of the General Association, he had played a prominent part in the late strike. While addressing a meeting of the miners he had been treacherously shot by Atkins, his

former superintendant, but at that time acting as deputy sheriff. The vindictive official had for a long time borne him a violent grudge. For many weeks Mr. Armstrong hovered between life and death and when he found himself on the way of recovery he discovered that his protracted illness and enforced idleness had consumed all his little savings, and left him dependant on the small sum weekly sent him by the Union. His self respect protested against this, and as he himself was still too weak to return to work he had called on his eldest son Joseph to do his share towards the support of the family which of course precluded the latter's continuing at college.

Thus the thought that filled Joe's mind this 23rd of December were of a somewhat gloomy nature and Christmas seemed this year to be the harbinger of disappointment and misfortune. But soon a better spirit took possession of his mind and he cheerfully bent his thoughts towards the securing of work, for he must earn something if he wished to assist his parents. He looked at his watch, his father's Christmas gift last year, and it gave him a pang to think what a different Christmas it would be this year. As it was but half past three o'clock he would have time to apply at one or two places before going home. He had not much choice as he could not engage himself with the coal company and beyond its works and offices there were but two or three other business establishments, which latter, however, mainly depended on the company for patronage. The Ormsdale Pa. Coal Company was one of the few firms in the Trust who had not received back its former employees, in consequence of which the latter were still out on strike: and Joe knew that his father would never allow him to become a strike breaker. So he determined to try a printing office, in whose window he remembered seeing the sign: "Boy wanted." He was slightly acquainted with the proprietor but his request met with a decided refusal. "It would ruin me," the man told him, "if the company heard that I was employing the sons of strikers, and your father's son especially. Why it obliged me to discharge young Hewlet because his brother was on strike." Somewhat discouraged Joe tried one or two other places, mostly stores, who wanted help during the holiday season. He was refused by all as

they feared to arouse the displeasure of the local coal magnates by employing him. One of them told Joe bluntly, that he did not think Joe would be able to secure work of any kind in Ormsdale as long as the strike lasted.

Completely disheartened Joe was proceeding slowly homeward bitterly musing on the cruel use the coal trust was making of its power, when all at once a sudden gust of wind blew his hat over the fence of the local freight yard which he was just then passing and through an opening in the fence he just caught a last glimpse of it rolling down the embankment at the side of the railroad track. To reach it he had to walk round to the gate and was going towards it but stopped as the voices of several men struck his ear. The place was guarded by deputy sheriffs and as he did not care to encounter them he kept quiet and listened. He recognized one of the voices as that of the local anarchist, but as his father had one time peremptorily and forcibly ejected him from a meeting he did not care to meet him either. He caught a few fragments of conversation, not all, but enough to send the blood rushing through his veins." The man was saying: "The president's train will reach Ormsdale at 4.25 P. M. and will leave two minutes later. Our companions will wait till it reaches the railroad bridge when they will set off the mine. The explosion that will follow will proclaim that another tyrant has been destroyed and with him many of his followers for those escaping the explosion will very likely be drowned in the river. The suspicion of the deed will fall on the strikers, the more so, as they will be accused of having done the act to kill Mr. Ursaw, the President of the Coal Trust who is also on the train. Serves 'em right, the virtuous fools, they'll get the blame, now without any of the benefits of the act. You can leave almost immediately after and no one will know that you are the great anarchist leader in person, much less that you had a hand in the business, and" . . . Joe waited to hear no more. The horrible truth flashed across his brain. It was a dastardly plot to kill the President and by allowing the suspicion to fall on the strikers, ruin their cause. But how prevent it. He had only a few minutes

to act in and a wrong move would cost hundreds of precious lives. He knew he could not reach the bridge in time to destroy the mine, even if he could be sure to find it immediately; the anarchist's companion too would hinder him. No, he must stop the train before it reached the bridge. He looked around for something to signal the train. His glance fell on the red sweater he wore. Quickly taking it off he ran up upon the track. The rumbling of the train, invisible still behind the curve, betokened its rapid approach. As he ran towards it he also heard the shouts of two men pursuing him. A shot rang out; Joe felt a burning pain in his shoulder. He stumbled, fell, just as the train rounded the curve. With a supreme effort he raised the red danger signal. The train stopped within a few yards of the spot. As the conductor and engineer came running towards him he murmured weakly: "Anarchist plot to kill President—mine—to blow up train—near bridge," and sank back unconscious into the arms of the burly conductor.

When he regained consciousness he found himself lying on a couch in the train, with many distinguished looking people around him, who when they saw him open his eyes pressed forward to shake his hand and to tell him what a brave deed he had done. The doctor had just got through dressing his wound and to the enquiry of a gentleman to whom all seemed to pay great deference, "the President"—some one whispered in his ear—answered: "There is no danger. Bullet through his shoulder, loss of blood and excitement caused weakness. He'll be all right in a week or two."

I need hardly repeat all the praise and commendation lavished on the blushing Joe during the next few days. The day before Christmas Joe awoke from a refreshing sleep and felt very much better. His mother informed him that several gentlemen had called and among them the President's Secretary and she quietly placed into his hands several rectangular slips of printed paper which Joe recognized as bank checks. As his wound had not eliminated his knowledge of arithmetic he proceeded to add together their respective figures only to find that he was the possessor of what seemed to him a very large sum of money.

Christmas day was a joyful day for the Armstrong family after all

Mr. Armstrong seemed to have some little secret not an unpleasant one, however, as he was seen rubbing his hands in silent satisfaction. Mrs. Armstrong told Joe that the President's Secretary had had a long conversation with his father, which seemed to have put the latter into the best of humor. The secret was out, however, when later in the day two official envelopes were delivered by a special messenger. One addressed to Joe, the other to his father. Joe found in his, the official appointment by the President, of Joseph Armstrong as cadet at the Military Academy of West Point; examination to be passed in July. Inclosed in the envelope was the card of the President with the superscription, "A Merry Christmas." His joy was great but it was increased immensely when he found that his father had been appointed Postmaster of the town, a position which had shortly before become vacant.

Joe's happiness was complete. He would go back to College after all to prepare himself for the examinations in July, but before leaving Ormsdale College for West Point in December next, he would help the College football team as he enthusiastically told his admiring friends later, to defeat the rival team in a manner never before experienced by these doughty warriors of the gridiron. And the best of it was he succeeded in doing so.

H. O. M.



A TOAST.

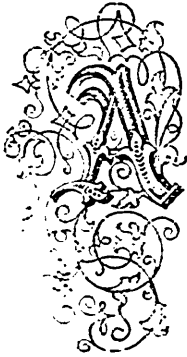
Fill high the chalice with good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
With holly bright and mistletoe,
We'll care not how the winds may blow,
But by the cheery yule log's blaze,
On this, the children's day of days,
While gladsome carols greet the ear,
We'll drain the chalice of good cheer.

—Selected.



HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

The Irish Delegates.



AT 10 50 P. M. on Thursday the Hon. Ed. Blake, K. C., M. P., and Mr. Jos. Devlin, M. P., reached the University according to appointment. After a reception and presentation of the Faculty and a running fire of Irish and Canadian reminiscences, the party adjourned to the Assembly Hall. Mr. John O. Gorman '03 read the address of the assembled Students as follows.

To the envoys from Ireland, The Hon. Ed. Blake, K.C., M.P., Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P.

GENTLEMEN:— In the Calendar of the University of Ottawa, there is a traditional day of days, coupled with the name of St. Patrick. On that day we assemble for an annual banquet and symposium to hear again the many-sided phases of Ireland's glory, reviewed by our youthful orators, and whatever be our racial origin the spirit that animates the celebration makes us all of kin. 'Tis our happy privilege to register on our Calendar for 1902, yet another red-letter day consecrated to enthusiasm and sympathy for Ireland. Recruits that we are, girding on our armor for the struggle incident to national life in the land that gave us birth, why should we not feel inspired by the presence of two members to two members of the Old Guard of Erin. For those of us whose forefathers lived and died on that little island, whence Mr. Devlin hails a little pride to-day is pardonable. Let him tell the boys of Ireland that we have not forgotten her, nor her language. The Irish Canadian students claim Mr. Blake as their own, and especially the Ontario boys for they remember that the banner province of the great lakes cradled him. As Chancellor of a sister University, as a great leader in our Federal government, and as a Titan among the giants of the group of Nationalists, his career has ever been for us an inspiration and a subject lesson. To Mr. Blake and to Mr. Devlin we offer the Irish salutation of the University of Ottawa. "God be with you and with the work" "*A Bail a Dhu* art agus ar an abair."

Mr. Blake in reply complimented the institution on the evidence given of the attention paid to elocution an art so very necessary under existing conditions. What pleased him was the tone of the address, the assurance that the students had not forgotten the land to whom many of them owed so much. They were not on that account in any way

below the mark of good Canadian citizenship; on the contrary. Such love of Erin did not create a spirit of particularism, but tended to develop and broaden human sympathy. Sympathy, especially with a country where the boon of liberty they appreciate is denied. The tyranny which denies it to-day is the same as that which forced the emigrant to come to Canada—The allusion to his Irish-Canadian birth brought up memories of the past. This had been a function that had made it a duty to inform himself of institutions of learning in his native province, and after having refreshed his memory he recognized once more the merit of the complete program presented by the University of Ottawa—Mr. Blake then spoke heart to heart with the student-body on their sacred duties as students. 'Twas a moment of quiet oratory that held the audience spellbound and the speaker took advantage of the situation to feed their enthusiasm by the contrast of Ireland's educational privations. He concluded by exhorting the students to study the

history of Ireland's success amidst difficulties, to make her history their own, and at every opportunity to disseminate the facts, thus while remaining true Canadians to be true as well to the holy trust of Ireland's honor.

The grand old man sat down in a thunder of applause. The impression left of his intellectual capacity and depth of sentiment will long remain in the convictions of the young people whose privilege it was to listen. The night before he had spoken to the Ottawa people as an authority on constitutional liberty as a political prophet, but this time as a father with all his acquired knowledge of student life.



MR. DEVLIN, M.P.

The ringing Varsity cheers that expressed the thanks of the students merged into a veritable uproar, when Mr. Devlin came to the

front. He took as his theme the educational question and in tones of winsome conviction demonstrated, how the Irish, though civilized and educated before the English people, were denied rights of higher education. He laid it at the door of an insignificant minority and an overwhelming English animosity that four-fifths of the people should be thus left without resources. He was proud to say that the most energetic opponent of the system was, the distinguished man that Canada had given Ireland. Thanks to a God-given spirit, the simple graduates of the Christian Brothers' schools had achieved successes that proved the Nationalists to be the most brilliant portion of that historic assembly known as the British House of Parliament. He went on to congratulate the boys of a great progressive county on the chances afforded them on the splendid University which was giving them the training indispensable to success. They should make the most of their opportunities and when the occasion presented itself, do something for the cause of Ireland, a cause which is bound to win.

Mr. Devlin's was a burst of fervid eloquence that makes of him in spite of his youth no ordinary tribune of the rights of the Irish people. From the start he was immensely popular, and the last rivet that nailed his reputation with the boys was the clever extortion of a holiday, which was accordingly announced by the Rector amidst crashes of sound which only that veteran slogan of the autumn campaigns on the oval can create. "And a beedo, and bibo!" Mingled with sundry allusions to cat-traps and rat-traps could be distinguished the "*Devlin, Devlin, Rah, Rah, Rah,*" showing unmistakably for whom the tiger was given.

The Rector reminded the boys before parting that if they had not been able to assist the meeting the night before at the Russell twas a happy fault of his for it brought the speakers within the walls. He was glad indeed to present a confirmation of the teaching, of the institution in the persons of the present champions of education, of justice, of patriotism and of humanity. He concluded by hearty wishes for them and for the United Irish league, and when the cheering had subsided he expressed his thanks to Mr. D'Arcy Scott, who had been instrumental in arranging the visit. As the distinguished company walked down the aisle, an impromptu choir started the feeling strains of "Come back to Erin, Mavourneen". Then came the hand shaking and the final "*beaunact leat.*"

The
University of Ottawa Review

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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Christmas.

Christmas! Noel! Yuletide! the traditional, a most cherished inheritance, shared in common by the varied constituents of our people. We would not be the children of our fathers, Irish, French, English, if the "good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people" did not mean at least as much to us as it did to our forbears. Think of it! Joy of Savior man, of nothing less than a God, Gift and Giver: who in His heart of love finds nothing so good to give humanity as the best He owns—this only begotten Son! The joy for the Babe in the Bethlehem manger, there to beckon pitiful storm-tossed prodigals back to the places prepared for them in the Father's house. Christmas opens an era in the world's history, it is an annually recurring epoch in the lives of students and children especially. Christmas is a perennial source of interest to story-tellers, listeners, to authors and readers. It has inspired the most luminous pages there is in our own or in any national literature. At Christmas the wheels of commerce and of industry revolve at their fastest: churches fill with worshippers, homes ring with healthful glee.

Christmas—announcement of the religion of peace and love—gather the children of a family under the paternal roof, that rallying-place of affections where, we grow young again amid the endearing mementos of childhood. Christmas in fine throws open every door unlocks every heart, brings master and man together, blends all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. "Even the poorest cottage welcomes the festive season with decorations of holly and evergreen—the cheerful fire glancing through the lattice, inviting the passenger to raise the latch and join the knot huddled around the hearth beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told christmas tales."

To College, Students; "Merry Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

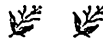


Be Careful.

Professor Stockley M. A. in his lecture, "Utopia," refers to medical reports stating how, despite the utmost precautions, those engaged in the manufacture of white lead are in the course of a few weeks seized with debility, convulsions and death; that in certain alkali works the gas is so deadly, clothing must be wool, as cotton rots in forty-eight hours. Some of our young people, it is our conviction, are daily exposed to worse influences in another sphere: their moral health and life is entirely destroyed by a corrupt theatre. Among people, who are really concerned about the social good, there can be only one opinion about plays of the "Sappho" and "modern Magdala" variety. The clever reporter in the Free Press who writes under the nom de plume of "Marchioness" tells us these plays were in Ottawa last week. These are not the only exhibitions that talk and suggest corruption. They are no longer coarse as Shakspeare in many places is coarse, but they do more harm than if they were coarse but honest. In the words of the poet Shelley.

They cast on all things surest, brightest, best,
Doubt insecurity, astonishment.

Plays that stimulate, nay worse, gratify a prurient curiosity—all for a dime—are out in swarms. Plays that deal in the main with honest characters and decent incidents, that do not represent the sexual problem as the one centre of human interest are hard to find; yet parents and friends proud of their college lambkin in a legitimate desire to amuse and please him during the holidays will look largely toward the theatre. Why is it some boys come back from holidays with a wolfish instinct for savagery? Simply listen to his own descriptions of his matinees, his evenings, of the company he picks up during these idle weeks. These are the pitfalls awaiting the holiday student like the scarcely perceptible air-hole which swallows down the unwary skater.

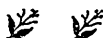


A Brilliant Achievement.

The annual distribution of prizes for the term 1901-02, has just taken place at the Gregorian University, Rome. This University, it may safely be said, is the most important ecclesiastical University in the world. The total number of students on the registers last term was over eleven hundred, and included representatives of almost every nationality in the Old and New Worlds, among both secular and regular clergy. This large number and the diversity of nation and Order attach a particular importance to the examination and concursus results, and are a cause of a no small emulation among the candidates for university Degrees and Honours. For several years past, the Oblate Order has been 'facile princeps' among the Roman Colleges on the Gregorian roll of honour. Last year the Oblates beat all previous records by obtaining 32 prizes (17 Firsts and 15 Seconds), 35 accessits and 43 honourable mentions, the next in order of merit being the Spanish College with 15 prizes and the Belgians with eleven. This year their success has been phenomenal. Almost every candidate presented for Degrees has been admitted, viz: 4 Doctors, 7 Licentiates and 6 Bachelors in Divinity; 7 Doctors, 7 Licentiates and 7 Bachelors

in Philosophy. At the Concursus the Oblate total of honours was 44 prizes (24 Firsts and 20 Seconds), 44 accessits and 51 honourable mentions, as against 35 prizes won by the Spanards who rank second again this year. These figures are significant, for the Oblates number only 60. As a Roman graduate of 1902, I can speak from personal experience of the concentration of mental activity, of the most assiduous application while at study, and a really wonderful esprit de corps, by which each is desirous of aiding his class companions to attain the highest possible degree of proficiency, so as to maintain Alma Mater in her proud position of "First, then, now, and always."

J. H. Sherry O. M. I, D D.



"Regarding Fairness."

Newspaper warfare sometimes involves amazing features especially when veracity is the point at issue. Could anything be more admirable than the following :

The Citizen makes no claim to absolute, microscopic and invariable accuracy in its columns. In the hurry and high pressure of daily journalism error in details will occasionally slip into the columns of every newspaper, despite the utmost care possible under the conditions; and occasionally more important errors of fact will occur which, however, are corrected on the first opportunity. But the unvarying intention and ambition of the Citizen is to secure accuracy in its columns and to deal fairly with those to whom it is opposed.

And what zeal for the truth in the following vigorous thrusts ;

If it had even pursued the policy of inoffensive somnolence which characterized the attitude of our other English evening contemporary it would not have been so bad. But the Journal, from the outset, endeavored in the most unfair and capitious spirit to thwart our efforts on behalf of the public. As we unravelled the facts step by step, it never lost an opportunity to charge that these facts were not facts, and to give a semblance of veracity to its assertions it lost no opportunity to pick out minor inaccuracies in our reports which had no real bearing on the chief point at issue, and to parade and exaggerate them with the obvious purpose of creating in the minds of its readers a doubt as to the correctness of the main data which from day to day was obtained and verified more conclusively.

Giving this organ credit for its professed intentions and undoubted ability, it sometimes fails to practice what it preaches. It will be remembered how Catholics were taken to task for their lack of court-

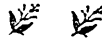
esy, judgement and good taste at the Toronto banquet to Mgr. Falconio in toasting the Pope before the King. Precedent and common sense as was shown in an article signed—A Roman Catholic, could hardly, it would seem to an excessive loyalty, justify the procedure. This too, after the ostensibly extreme solicitude previously shown regarding the Delegate's supposed disfavor at the Vatican. Nor can the charge of "inoffensive somnolence" be justly affixed on other matters of church polity. One morning we are told in a pithy "scare" headline that a Philippine priest had revealed the secrets of confession. When valuable space is given on the front page to an item of this startling nature, naturally we look for "accuracy" in details. The headline in this case was presumably the editor's; the item was an Associated Press despatch, referring, not to a fact but to a mere accusation made by parishioners through pique as result of a pulpit utterance. It was a relief to find that things, after all, were not so bad. This identical charge of violating the seal of confession has been made a thousand times already and as often triumphantly disproved. Still who is responsible for the false impression that results? The editor in this case—clever paragraphist that he is—was aware, doubtless, of the force of his statements; and he is not to be placed in the list of those persons who hold no other ideas save what they pick up from the last paper they read—who don't know a lie if not labelled. Another sample of the same goods was the "Friars" Organ Libel." The only connection the Friars seemed to have with the paper in in question was by way of censorship. Now an ecclesiastical censor in Spanish legislation plays about the same role with regard to publications as license inspectors do, in this country, to the liquor traffic. The victims of the libel seems to be the Friars. However since the timely protest of a Roman Catholic there has been a diminution of "unworthy cattle-fish tactics of squirting ink about trifles to obscure the main-facts and confuse the public mind regarding the truth of the statements made."

The Catholic part of the community has, and does still, suffer untold damage in the mind of the public by the habitually careless and

flippant handling in print of their beliefs and their institutions. The application of the following remarks—it is still our esteemed contemporary we quote—would, in matters of paramount import to them, be pre-eminently fair.

On the flimsy basis of the fact that a stray empty car from New England had been followed by a car-tracer to Toronto, a newspaper correspondent has sent a sensational story to the American or British press that the foot and mouth disease had been imported into Canada. The government authorities have investigated and given out the facts to thoroughly rebut the statement, but Hon. Mr. Fisher should go further. He should discover the name of the correspondent who sent the sensational falsehood and demand the correspondent's dismissal. There was absolutely no excuse for sending out from Canada a statement which might do millions of dollars of damage to our trade without first absolutely verifying it. Such action as we suggest on the part of the government would meet with the approbation of the public and of the newspapers, who are not unfrequently the victims of such correspondents. The publicity which would accompany official action would be a deterrent to unscrupulous correspondents in the future, whose anonymity is their chief protection in their dishonorable pursuit.

In the present condition of things, Catholics hardly expect all things to be in their favor. They are not afraid however to have the facts known. But to suppress facts that may redound to their credit while seizing with indecent haste on every incident likely to foster and perpetuate public disfavour with respect to them is not exactly presenting the truth as it is.



The Late John A. MacCabe, L. L. D.

“Asperges me Domine, hyssopo, et mundabor.” Just as the priest was intoning the Asperges, at the beginning of High Mass in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, on the 30th of November, 1902, Dr. John A. MacCabe, late Principal of the Normal School, was noticed to fall into the aisle. Kindly hands bore him to the vestry hoping it was only a temporary faintness, but God had called a worthy son to himself under tragic circumstances, and from midst the fair assemblage which counted many a blanched face and tearful eye when the pastor prayed for the soul gone who entered the edifice so few minutes previously in apparent good health.

The City of Ottawa and in particular the Catholics of Ottawa have lost a man of great prominence and integrity. No man ever better deserved to be called a true Catholic gentleman. Liberally educated, broad minded, with a genial Irish temperament, which commanded the love of all with whom he came in contact. Dr. MacCabe, in addition was acknowledged to be one of the leading educationalists in Canada.

He was born in the County Cavan, Ireland, and came to Canada in 1869, teaching for a few years in the Provincial Normal School, Nova Scotia, and in 1875, accepting the Principalship of the Ottawa Normal and Model schools, a position he filled with untiring zeal and ability till his death. Dr. MacCabe was always a warm friend of Ottawa College. It is an interesting fact that our dear and much lamented Father Tabaret was offered the Principalship of the Ottawa Normal school, but declined in favour of Dr. MacCabe.

Besides bringing this school to a very high degree of efficiency, Dr. MacCabe took a keen interest and an active part in numerous fraternal and charitable movements. He was for a time Grand President in Canada of the C. M. B. A. ; president of the Alumni of Ottawa College ; a charter member and lecturer in the Knights of Columbus at the time of his death. Dr. MacCabe was made M. A. in 1877, and L. L. D. in 1889 by Ottawa University. It is seldom one finds from so many sources such sincere and laudatory words as were spoken throughout the city and province when he had found any

The Review tenders to his family and to his young bride its heartfelt sympathy in their tragic bereavement.

J. R. O'B.



BOOK REVIEW.

"Literary criticism is valuable only when it wakens in us a desire to acquaint ourselves with the books which thrill with life and power ; for to them, and not to the critics, we must go for light and strength." So writes John F. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. We wish to follow

this law of criticism, by urging our readers to study Bishop Spalding's works. By way of describing this eminent author, we have gathered a few of his own statements, which, it seems to us, can aptly be applied to himself :

"Original authors are rarely found interesting at first ; they rather repel and give pain because they call forth in the reader the consciousness of his inferiority." "In men of genius we rarely meet with anything original ; but we find in them truths, with which we are more or less acquainted, grasped with fresh power and set forth with new meaning and beauty." "Those books never lose their charm which reflect the very life and mind of their authors : for a living soul is perennially interesting." "Profound writers have few readers."

With regard to our reading of his works, the Bishop in the same indirect manner gives us advice :

"The reading of many books gives pleasure, but the careful study of a few profits most." "Books are not everything, but for those who wish to lead the higher life, they are indispensable." He who loves none of the great books reads to little purpose." It is easy to find fault : appreciation requires intelligence and character." Books make readers, as opportunities provoke endowments. They are opportunities for spiritual growth."

A similar self-criticism of his style runs : "Detached thoughts, where there is both form and substance, are rare and are for many a more helpful tonic than the even sweep of balanced and harmonious periods." That is, he writes in the suggestive, aphoristic style of Bacon's Essays.

The subject of his books is education. The want of a good system of education is, he considers, the only thing which has prevented and still prevents America from becoming a really great nation. But this is far from making him pessimistic. His motto is : "Never dissatisfied ; forever unsatisfied," and Shakespeare himself has penned no better saying. With Bishop Spalding, and it is but the Catholic ideal, education is a training for the higher, inner life of the soul : hence it includes culture, conduct and religion. It is the natural calamity that

education is considered equivalent to possession of mere knowledge. But it is absurd to attempt to summarize in a page or two, what fills six or eight volumes. Why listen to our prattle, when one can talk with a genius.

Partly from a general indifference to dogma, and partly also from a genuine desire for truth, some Protestants can write impartially on Catholic questions. Few, however, are as perfectly fair as is Miss Stone in her Brief for the Spanish Inquisition (*Ave Maria Press.*) Space forbids discussion of this important question; Miss Stone herself in her able pamphlet of forty-two pages could but hint at the proper mode of treatment. The three keys to the question are that the Church was not the cause of the crimes of the Inquisition, that as a political institution it was a success and that it was not a whit worse than were contemporary law proceedings in England, France and Germany. It, alas, had its crimes; but it saved Spain from much greater evils. She had no civil wars while the Inquisition was in operation.

The Vatican Press has published a scholarly edition in popular Italian of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. This edition, containing over five hundred pages, costs four cents; bound in cloth eight cents. Sixty thousand were sold almost immediately, and probably as many more will be before the year is over.

J. J. O'G, '04.



Among the Magazines.

In the December *Dominicana*, we find the first of several articles on the French realistic and naturalistic writers. The father of the school of modern French writers was Balzac. Although his style was not perfection, he possessed most of the qualities of a novelist, but he paid too much attention to details which are multiplied so much that they bore the reader. In his life, he always upheld purity of life, and exalted religion, but in his writings he was less chaste and several of his books are to be condemned. The first great imitation of Balzac

was Flaubert. Though well-educated and very painstaking, he had no talent for writing novels. He had all the faults of Balzac, being even more immoral; his style was labored, he had no power of imagination and he left no work that really deserves fame. He developed the realism of Balzac into naturalism, a refined immodesty. Contemporaneous with Flaubert were two brothers, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, the first of whom was the master of Zola. Exceedingly vain, they aimed at inventing a new and perfect style of writing, but they only succeeded in turning out one that irritates the reader. They tried to outdo Flaubert in naturalism and they succeeded, parading in their writings all the features of the Paris slums. The principle of the Master of Zola was, "In art, only the moral can be immoral," and indeed, neither of the brothers can be accused of writing anything that would create a moral impression. Such were the predecessors of Zola, a man whose talent as a writer is praised even by some who are ashamed to praise his works. By studying the master, we can get some idea of the pupil.

In the Christmas number of the *Delineator*, besides a large section devoted to fashions, we find a large quantity of literature which is very entertaining and, at the same time, useful, and the whole number is handsomely illustrated. These features, together with many other departments of special interest to women, make the *Delineator* a most useful home magazine.

As usual, the Christmas *Gael* is rendered very attractive by its large stock of entertaining Irish stories and well-written pieces of poetry. "The Brancher" "Co-operation," and a "Losing Game" are very readable pieces of fiction, and "Christmas Reminiscences," by Clock-Au-Cuine, are another feature of this number. "An English View of the Gaelic Movement," is an interesting article, but it asserts that there is small hope for the preservation of the Gaelic language. A special department in the magazine is given to Irish books and authors, and a short story, "The Horseless Carriage," is given both in Gaelic and English.

V. M. '04.

Various.

Merry Christmas to our friends in Alaska.

A change made in the Sulpician congregation by the death of Abbe Colin and the appointment of Rev. C. Lecoq, S.S., to the head of this important community will interest many generations of Montreal seminarians.

The Rev. Richard Alton, O. M. I., St. Mary's, Holyhead writes: The life of Father Robert Cooke, O. M. I., is now earnestly in hands and will appear in the course of the next year. His friends would render great service by putting at our disposal any papers or letters of his they may have in their keeping.

There are 2,000 copies of this issue of the *Review*. Subscribe and get one to give as a Christmas present.

Mr. Thomas Coffey, proprietor of the Catholic Record, is mentioned as a likely successor to the late Senator Donohue. The honor would, we believe, be a graceful acknowledgment of Mr. Coffey's services to the public.

Another commendable appointment made by the Ontario government is that of Mr. J. A. White to succeed the late Dr. J. A. MacCabe as Principal of the Normal and Model school of Ottawa. For the last twenty years Mr. White has been Inspector of the Catholic Separate schools of Ontario. He also took a prominent part in preparing the excellent Catholic readers now in use.

The official religious census of the Dominion for 1901 shows total number of Catholics, 2,228,997; Methodists, 916,862; Presbyterians, 842,301; Anglicans, 680,346; Baptists, 349,077; Lutherins, 92,294.

Captain Bernier has a scheme by which he proposes to carry out his North Pole proposition. Ontario promises to pay salaries of four men if Quebec will do the same. The cost to each province would be \$4,000 a year or \$16,000 for four years. The Captain also desires Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to send two men each.

Mr. Rockefeller donates a million and Mr. Bourke Cochran ten thousand to the cause of education: Mrs. Kenny bequeaths four thousand dollars in behalf of church music in Kingston.

N. B. Subscribers and Exchanges, failing to receive the *Review* regularly are hereby asked to notify us.

Locals.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

On the 17th inst., Mr. H. J. Macdonald lectured before the Scientific Society on the "Metric System." The lecturer pointed out the advantages of this system over our present system in the matter of rapid calculations and the ease with which tables of weights and measures are learned. The Metric System has already been adopted in many European countries, and no doubt will soon be taken upon this side of the Atlantic. The lecturer showed a thorough knowledge of his subject which was appreciated by a good sized audience.

Resolved, that we should vote 'yes' on the Referendum, was the subject which the Senior Debating Society discussed at their last meeting. Messrs. J. MacDonald and F. Donahue upheld the "yes" side, while Messrs. MacCormac and O'Neill opposed them. The subject was warmly debated, many from the house speaking. The decision of the judges was in favour of the affirmative.

"Le Gondolier de la Mort" was presented by the French Dramatic Society on the evening of the fourteenth inst., before a large audience. The combined efforts of the director and actors for the past month merited the hearty reception which the play received.

The English Dramatic Society has reorganized under the able leadership of Rev. Father Fulham, late director of dramatics in St. Joseph's College, Ceylon. An abundance of good material is to be had this year, and at least two plays will be presented next term. "Robert Emmett" is to be presented some time in February.

All success to the new Director.

The banquet tendered the Quebec Rugby champions on the evening of the nineteenth inst., in the College refectory was a grand success. Not since '99 have Canada's greatest aggregation of scientific "footballers" been banqueted. Last year, the then Canadian champions were cheated by the black flag of quarantine; this year, the character of the banquet, the good fellowship, and the memory of the noble and unprecedented achievements of the Quebec Rugby champions

sufficed for both. The table-covers were completely hidden by the many good things which fills the inner man and causes everyone to look pleasant. The decorations were superb; many forget themselves and began feasting on their beauty until suddenly called to order by that rude master, "Hunger."

Captain Cox acted as toast-master and made a capital one. The Rector was unavoidably absent but his place was ably filled by Rev. Father Kirwin, Director of the Association who made a lasting impression on all present by the beauty and earnestness of his remarks. Among the invited guests and speakers were Hon. Pres. B. I. Slattery, Coach Clancy, E. P. Gleason, "Jack" Clark and Mr. O'Farrel.

Lovers of Ping-Pong would do well to bear in mind the following suggestions: 1. Every aspirant must be valiant, chivalrous, and a good *loser*. 2. A moment's thoughtfulness at critical times, may be the means of a general jollification to the audience. 3. Have your wits—and your revolver—about you. 4. Train your arm, eye, and back. 5. A Seidlitz powder before retiring is a great preventative against colds, consumption, back-ache, corns and nervous troubles. 6. Confine your diet to hash—be sure to eat hash, that most wonderful of foods. It acts as a nerve tonic, stimulant and especially as a muscle builder. 7. It's advisable to wear a mask when playing, or if not obtainable, then use "Sunlight Soap" which renders the skin so tough that the ball will glance off, readily easily, and without serious injury. Lastly, *Keep cool* (if possible), Men of peace-disposition have been known to play in a cold storage in order to preserve this rule.

Mr. J. Louis A. Renaud offers his most sincere thanks to Messrs. R. Casey, Wm. Collins, Wm. Dooner, John Burke, L. Brennan, and others, for their willing assistance given him, in the decoration of the Banquet Hall for Dec 13th, '02.

On account of Xmas rush we have been obliged to drop two of the Departments.

Flores.

We learn that Mr. L. E. O. Payment B. A., L. L. L., has been entered as Junior partner in the legal firm of Lane and Galepeault, one of the best known and most successful firms in Quebec.

Mr. J. L. Cote, D. L. S. of Dawson City paid a short visit to his *Alma Mater* during the past month. He brought us welcome news of our old students who have taken up their homes in that far northern city. Jack Smith and Frank McDougal are both successful lawyers, while F. X. Genest is employed as a designer in the government offices.

We have been pleased to hear from several of our old students and friends. Among others were Henry McGrath of St. Basil's College, Waco Texas; Rev. Jas. A. Grant, St. Bridgid's Church, San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. Ronald Beaton, Sydney Mines, N. S., and Rev. P. Corkery, Powell Ont.

On Nov. 30th the Rt. Rev, Bishop MacDonell blessed a new set of bells for St. Finan's Cathedral, Alexandria, Ont.

J. P. Stanton O, P brother of Rev. W. Stanton O. M. I. will be ordained at Columbus Ohio on the 20th, and will sing his first mass on Christmas Day at the Church of the Holy Angels, Buffalo, N. Y.





Junior Department.

The festive season of Christmas is upon us, and soon the merry din of student voices will desert the college walls. The boys will bid a short adieu to their devoted prefects and professors to meet the loved ones at home. But before the hum of college life is hushed, before the warm hand of friendship is extended in friendly greetings, the Junior Editor wishes to offer to all the members of the small yard the time honored greeting: "A Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year."

In the early part of this month the skating rinks were in readiness for our youngsters. New life seems to have been infused into the boys, pucks are now seen flying in all directions, hockey teams are being formed, and the ruddy, happy countenances of the youths tell us that this is their favorite sport.

The best thing for consumption—Coal.

Always on hand—Fingers.

A man of trust—Morgan.

A special feature of the Junior Department is the recent addition of about one hundred volumes to the already well-stocked library. Special reading hours are assigned to the students for the perusal of this light, yet instructive literature. It is gratifying to note what a deep interest the small boys take in this so important part of their early training.

"Say," queried Spillip, "When are the P'losphers goin to play de Props."

Examination paper:—State one of the causes of the American Revolution.

Small boy's answer:—The British Parliament wanted to put *tacks* on the American colonists.

An awful bluff—Parliament hill.

A number of the small boys will remain at the college during the coming holidays. The Junior Editor intends to leave one of his assistants to take care of them, so beware boys lest you have some of your state secrets exposed in the January number of the REVIEW.

A young genius wrote an essay on "Books", and held that "*Cereal* stories are the most wholesome for boys."

Edgar—What kind of birds have no feathers?

Raoul—I really do not know.

Edgar—Why, "Jailbirds."

Why was Eddie punished?

Oh, he made a forward pass in the study hall,

In the January number of the REVIEW will be published the result of the Christmas Examinations. Those holding first, second or third place in class will read their names in these columns.

"I don't see why I got so low a note in conduct last month," whined one of our midgets, "the only thing I did was to raise a ping-pong racket."

Basket ball and ping-pong are becoming very popular among the small boys. A series of games will be arranged after the holidays and the "sharks" will have a chance to show their cunning.

Tommy says: "The boys get the best of "*Soup*" at dinner and in the yard, but that he gives them all the "*snore*" in the dormitory."

Young sport—"Why dont they play *curling* around here?"

Boy from Podunk—"Curling is only for women."

How many presents did you receive, Galarneau?

Galarneau: "Three, a hockey and a pair of skates.

As *Nagillum* has threatened to "smash that Junior Editor." I have decided to spend the holidays at home. By January the 9th, his royal highness will probably have cooled down a bit.

Phillips, the total abstainer, will pass his vacation in Watertown.

We hope that no accident will *mar* Fergus's trip to Lindsay.

The small yard boasts of two splendid rinks this year. One is for the "professionals," and the other for the "greenhorns." Some amusing and spectacular exhibitions are seen on the latter's rink.

An infernal yell—Hell-o.

A most charming deceiver—Lyre-bird.

A bridge of *zigzags*—Brooklyn bridge.

It appears that the boys of Juniorate Hall are fast becoming experts in all the indoor sports. We wish them the same envious success they attained in football. However, despite their marvelous skill in these winter games we would gladly meet them at any of them, as we too are a trifle proud of our ability.

We congratulate the young actors who recently took part in the French play entitled, "Gondolier de la Mort." We feel proud to know that we have in our midst such dramatic talent. What's the matter with a Junior play after the holidays?

The Junior A. A. has already formed its hockey league, for the coming term. The teams will be picked from among the small boys, and a series of games will be scheduled after the Christmas holidays.

While we regret the departure of a few of last year's stars, Bawlf, Byrnes and Brosseau who have jumped the picket fence. We feel confident that the new comers, Durocher, Mousseau, Mulligan and others will creditably fill the vacancies.

A *winning* card—Queen of Hearts.

Most noted art—Music

The saddest of fruits—A *pine* apple.

If *Dramis* enters the senior ranks, I believe we will lose *Ni luop* too, for, you know they are inseparable.

"I ain't comin' back after Xmas" grumbled the same chap who has repeated it now for three or four years. Watch, and you'll see he will be among the first to arrive.

As we go to press, the pleasing announcement is made that "Tumbling Tom" will remain "wid de gang" during the holidays. Proper attention to the sweeping of the rink is now assured-