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CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

Oh, the Christmas Fairies are in the air!
They're flitting about us and everywhere.
There's the Fairy of Peace and of Good-will;
And the Fairy of Love that bids no ill
Come on this Christmas Day.

Oh, the Fairy of Cheer sings in the heart,
For the Fairy of Gifts has played its part,
And has brought the Fairy of Gratefulness
For the Saviour's dear Gift of full redress
On that first Christmas Day.

The Fairy of Laughter goes hand in hand
With the Fairy of Feast throughout the land;
And the Fairy of Song its music brings,
While the Fairy of Bells its rapture rings
On this glad Christmas Day.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.

ELECTRICITY, like any other preponderating idea, requires volumes to treat it adequately. All this article claims to do is to give a modest sketch of the progress made in this mysterious, but most active, agency, and point out a few of the steps taken to turn it into wealth-giving results. For the last decade or two so great have been the strides made in this department that a complete revolution has resulted in methods of trade and in means of communication. Previously, the power stored up in our great rivers was going to waste, but now, through the agency of the electric motor and the dynamo, this energy has been utilized to run our machinery and to light our cities and towns. Little did the scientists and inventors of a few generations ago picture what has been achieved to-day, much less did they think of forecasting what bids fair to be accomplished in the next ten or twelve years.

It was in the sixth century, before the Christian era, that the existence of *this mysterious, though widespread and active, element* began to be discussed. Thales, a Grecian philosopher, observed, in some of his experiments, that amber, rubbed by a bit of silk, exhibited the property of attracting light bodies. In fact, it is from the Greek word for amber that the term electricity is derived. The knowledge of the ancients stopped here. No more discoveries were made before the sixteenth century, in the latter period of which an English scientist noticed that not merely amber, but other bodies as well, such as sealing-wax and glass, possessed this property of attraction. This led to the method of producing electricity by friction.

In the year 1752, Benjamin Franklin, a name illustrious in statecraft and philosophy, demonstrated his theory of the analogy between lightning and electricity. His experiment consisted in flying a kite provided with a metal tip, which, if his theory were correct, would attract electricity from the clouds as soon as the kite had soared to a sufficient altitude. To the cord of the kite was attached a latch-key, insulated from the ground by a silk thread. According to his theory, the touching of the key with the hand should elicit a spark. For a time, to Franklin's utter dismay, no spark rewarded his efforts. The scientist was almost in despair when rain occurred, moistening the cord, which thereupon became a good conductor, and the expected spark resulted. So the theory

of the electrified condition of the clouds in stormy weather was shown to have a basis. It was then easy to surmise that electricity was no insignificant element, and that in time much might be achieved by means of it. This, and some little knowledge picked up about pith-balls and electric sparks, included all that the eighteenth century knew about electricity. Not until the following century was any really important advance recorded.

Galvani, an Italian scientist, led the way towards the production of a continuous current by showing that bodies might be electrified by means of chemicals. His experiments suggested to Volta, in 1850, the electric cell, the same as is used to-day, with but few alterations. At the same period another important step was made in the discovery of the relation between electricity and magnetism. Previous to this scientists had been quite well acquainted with the use of the magnet and its property of attracting bits of iron and steel. But it was never thought that this property might become a titanic force, capable of setting in motion the machinery of great cities. To the genius of Oersted is due this discovery. He found, on passing an electric current through a wire conductor, that the latter was surrounded by a magnetic field, such as encompasses the ordinary magnet. Thereupon he reasoned that magnetism was a property of the electric current. About ten years later Joseph Henry and Michael Faraday found a second relation between the two, which made it possible to produce electricity by magnetism. This was magnetic induction, as it is called, and is the method now used in the manufacture of electricity for commercial purposes. The two discoveries soon lead to the invention of the dynamo and motor, which, at the present day, assist in the centralization and distribution of electric power. In 1834 the electric telegraph, evolving from the principle that electricity causes magnetism, was invented, and ten years later the telephone, employing the principle discovered by Henry and Faraday, was constructed. The importance of these discoveries may appear from the fact that they rendered possible all the electrical contrivances and machines that are indispensable for the commercial world of to-day.

When Tyndall came over to America, about the middle of the nineteenth century, to deliver a course of scientific lectures, he used to light the hall, in which he spoke, a current of electricity supplied by a battery of ordinary cells. The preparation of them required nearly the whole afternoon before each lecture, not to speak of the

poisonous gases given off by the chemical action of the cells. When we compare this method of electric lighting with our modern system, in which the current is let loose by the mere touching of a button in the room, we can conceive the wonderful progress made in the last fifty or sixty years. The modern method in use for the transportation of people in our cities, namely, the electric car, also affords an example of what electricity has accomplished. Electricity is not yet applied, to any great extent, on railroads, yet in a few cases, where the electric motor has supplanted the steam engine, the advantage is so apparent that it is only a question of time when steam power will be entirely done away with. The transmission of electrical power over great distances has contributed to its use in all our great cities. The engines, which only a few years ago spouted steam from every workshop, have, in large numbers, yielded place to electric motors, supplied with power from a central station. If abundant water-power exists near by, it is a simple matter to instal a dynamo to transform it into electrical power.

, Thus, by the many discoveries made in electrical science, and by the wide and cheap utilization of this great natural force in our times, much has been achieved for the material advancement of society. Spurred on by the hope of still greater things, men are everywhere devoting themselves with ardor to this department of activity. Whether it is safe to say so much, it is at least flattering to think that we are only on the threshold of things far greater than any yet accomplished.

J. R. CORKERY, '09.

REVENGE.

"Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

SHAKESPEARE'S "Twelfth Night," v. 1.

A king, to fawning courtiers, spake with pride:

"What is yon ragged rhymster's fame to mine?"

Centuries ago, the royal braggart died—

Forgot, save in that poet's deathless line.

—In the *Rosary Magazine*.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS EVE.



CHRISTMAS Eve came at last, accompanied by lots of frost and snow. The snow was whirling down in heavy drifts, transforming, as it were, everything to white. But, in spite of the cold and the snow, everybody was out, from the rich banker, with his furs, to the poor little street arab, with his ragged clothes. Many were purchasing things for Christmas Day, while others, who were not so lucky in having money to spend, were looking about to see where they might be able to earn a few pennies for delicacies in behalf of the half-starved little ones at home.

Among the last named was a young boy of about twelve. He had a fine, open face, blue eyes, brown, curly hair, and everything about him proved him to be a perfect little gentleman. But he had not the appearance of such, because he was clad in a garment that was full of holes and rents. His feet were almost bare, and he kept his hands in two holes, which served as pockets, not being able to boast of mitts or gloves. In spite of all this, he seemed very cheerful in the hope of earning some money to buy his little invalid sister, a waif like himself, a modest Christmas present.

Now, these two children lived in a down-town tenement with a woman who was supposed to be their guardian. This woman had faithfully promised their dying mother to treat the children with kindness, but she had children of her own, and so did not like the intruders over much. However, she left them alone most of the time, much to the pleasure of the two orphans. Though the little girl was an invalid from her birth, the boy was a sturdy young Hercules.

These two had been building up fond hopes of having an enjoyable Christmas with the money the little lad would earn that day; but, when he came home empty-handed at supper, nothing but disappointment could be seen on their youthful and innocent faces. However, after supper, the young girl proposed a prayer to the Infant Jesus to send them something for Christmas. They prayed long and earnestly, and when they arose none of the former disappointment could be seen, but faith, that faith, which, even in innocence, was vastly greater than what most people possess.

The youth once more set out. The snow was still coming down

more heavily than ever, and a cold wind was blowing from the north. But, in spite of the weather and his torn garments, the brave little fellow was determined to bring something back to his anxious little sister.

Though he passed many on the streets, none even deigned to look at him standing there shivering in the cold. Crowds were hurrying to and fro, some making for their warm firesides, others to obtain presents for the children at home. The stores were all crowded with people, and the show windows were overflowing with toys and with everything so dear to the hearts of the little ones. Longingly he stood looking in at the windows. How he wished he were rich! He would then be able to buy everything he desired. Once he nearly got a chance of earning a few cents, but another boy pushed in before him. Though he wandered from street to street, he could find no means of obtaining even a few pennies. At last, while standing at a corner, a passing lady happened to drop a parcel, which rolled into the gutter. The boy immediately handed it to her, receiving for his pains the small, though welcome, sum of five cents.

It was now growing late. The poor little fellow had almost given up all hope of ever earning enough to make Christmas Day pleasant for his little sister. Looking in at the window of a confectionery store, he was debating what he should get with his five cents. The window had a certain fascination for him, so much so that he could hardly force himself to leave it.

While standing there in rapt admiration, he was brought back to the reality of this world by the words: "Well, my little man, what are you dreaming about?" The boy was so astonished at this that he stood rooted to the place, unable to say a word. Seeing his astonishment and embarrassment, the gentleman, for such it was, took him into the store. With a little persuasion he found out what the little fellow desired most, and then ordered everything for him.

At last, when all were parcelled up, he ordered a meal for two. Though he was not very hungry, he could plainly see that his young companion was nearly starved. During the meal he saw the boy putting some of the things off his own plate into his pocket, but did not say anything till it was ended. He then asked him what he did that for. The poor little fellow, seeing that he was found out, began to cry, and, amid his tears, he told the gentleman about his poor little invalid sister at home. The gentleman was silent for a few

moments after this recital, for he had once a little baby sister, who, as far as he could remember, resembled in every detail the youth's sister. There was also a little brother, who was only a few years old when he left home. He had been away seven years, and had now come back to find these two. So far he had not been very successful, but he made a resolution to find them at any cost. Looking intently at the boy for a few moments, he demanded his name. "Tom Deil," answered the boy. "And was your father's name John Joseph?" "Yes," said the boy. "Then," said the gentleman, "you are my long sought for brother," and that was a "Merry Christmas" for the two foundlings.

V. K. O'GORMAN, '09.

THE YELLOW PERIL.



HE Yellow Peril, as it is styled, has, since the Russo-Japanese war, ousted other scares. In that unpleasantness one branch of the yellow race scored a decisive fall over a great section of the white race. Since then, what the yellow race could do, by sheer weight of numbers, should it rise against the whites, is giving rise to some disquieting speculations.

The two people most to be dreaded are the Chinamen and the Japanese. In the event of a rising, China will be the main factor, by reason of a population which is more than one-quarter that of the globe. Inferior the Chinaman may be in most respects, but scientists agree that he makes splendid material for a human avalanche once it is started. Intelligent enough to be trained into a crack soldier, all he needs is self-reliance, for he possesses the other ingredients of a powerful nation, namely, blind patriotism and a certain unity of religion. This heathen is apparently unconscious what a menace he is to the peace of the world. A movement to make him break away from his rudimentary civilization, and a leader to fire him with an ambition for world-conquest would be the signal for a fearful upheaval.

This problem remained in the background until the Russo-Japanese war. Japan, it is now recognized, has taken the lead. Having reaped the benefits of emancipation for herself, she will

awaken Chinr. out of her slumbers, infusing into the pig-tails that vigor and alacrity which rendered the Mikado's armies irresistible.

Years ago talk of the Yellow Peril was ridiculed. The prospect is greatly altered since the little-brown people shot to the position of a first-rate power by driving back their once formidable rival. The San Francisco school affair, the recriminations of the "whites" along the Pacific seaboard, cannot but open one's eyes to the fact that the danger is not wholly imaginary. Further, are we in a very different position from Rome when she lost control of the semi-savage northman hordes, to be finally overwhelmed by their onrush? This modern overflow is slower and less apparent, the invaders themselves not being aware of it as yet. It is like the boy whistling in the dark to make believe that he is not afraid, in us to say: "Johnnie Chink lives in ignorance and filth, and doesn't know he is a peril."

The only true remedy, it would appear, is the positive exclusion of all Asiatics, on the ground that they are injurious to our country, and to our society at large. Some, indeed, claim that is not according to justice to bar these unwelcome invaders from immigrating to Canada and exploiting its resources. This is certainly a novel form of justice, much like letting a stranger walk in on the property of a citizen with the intention of taking possession of and exploiting it for himself. Canada belongs to Canadians as much as other kinds of property belong to their owners. Therefore, it is to be hoped that both the Canadian and American governments will take adequate measures to protect their subjects, as much in totally excluding Orientals as in inviting to Canada's lands our brothers of either Celtic or Teutonic blood. Thereby society and morality will be best subserved.

S. A. COUPAL, '11.

THE ADVENT TIME IS HERE.

Though earth and sky look drear,
 And Penance takes command,
 Still do our souls expand
 With gratitude sincere,—
 The Advent time is here,
 And Christmas is at hand.

—In the *Ave Maria*.

THE MORAL MARK OF MAN.

I.



WELL deserved and sincere thanks are offered to the REVIEW for the kind welcome it gives to this present essay, which is not scientific, but purely ethical. If I write from a moral standpoint, it is for the sole reason that ethics teach men how to live. Live we must more or less time; hence, of paramount importance is it to learn the art of living. That real men, men worthy of the name, men endowed with lofty ideals, are few is the constant cry of the age. Quite otherwise would it be if, instead of following blindly the leading string of their misdirected inclinations, men were to take resolutely in hand the education of their will and the formation of their character.

Theoretically, a man's character is susceptible of formation and betterment. There is no one who carries not within him the nucleus of a hero, as well as that of a scoundrel. The rose and the nefarious weed may spring up from a same soil. Practically though, limited indeed is the number of those who will courageously breast the difficulties inherent to the arduous task of self-culture and self-mastery, for man is, and always will be, his own, his most tyrannical and persistent enemy. "*J'aime encore mieux forger man âme que la meubler,*" said Montaigne. May, then, the first part of this essay, which is more or less the adaptation of a masterly little book published in French, prove helpful to my readers of "good will" who feel the laudable ambition of "forging their soul" in order to acquire the most desirable of accomplishments, the most telling of all virtues—virility of character.

What is Character?

The word, etymologically considered, signifies to engrave or to etch. Though numerous are the acceptations of the term under consideration, yet it maintains the same sense of its primitive origin. The first idea it conveys to the mind is that image, vivid and clear, of those Grecian artists deeply furrowing tablets of marble and of bronze to inscribe thereon some national exploits, or to commemorate the mighty deeds of mighty men in indelible characters. Again,

it designates the obvious mark that speaks to the eye; or, it represents the instrument that leaves the imprint. Thus it is that, when one applies a seal to soft wax, the word character is interchangeably used to mean the imprint produced and the instrument that produced it. Indifferently, then, may the word be used to mean the outward expression of man as well as man himself.

In all walks of life a man's character is a matter that receives much attention; it is discussed at length, and in discussing it one generally restricts himself to the moral make-up of man, to his qualities of heart and mind. It is, moreover, in this restricted sense that the word character is taken, for, as often as we speak of a man's dispositions, it is always of his moral aptitudes and tendencies.

Thus determined, the word character is yet susceptible of other meanings, presenting, as it were, three other aspects, which we will view in turn. If man's exterior characteristics are analysed, character becomes his distinctive sign, his moral trade-mark. But, if we probe the innermost intricacies of his heart, character shadows forth his moral constitution. Again, if we desire to throw into action the main spring that sets in motion a man's greatest value, character becomes his moral energy.

Character the Moral Mark of Man.

Needless is it to observe men very long in order to discover, in spite of the long established unity of human nature, how much they differ morally, even more than physically. However apparent be the physical differences in man, more striking still are the differential moral traits. The distinguishing signs, the moral brand that mark each one of us is, then, our character. Such man, for instance, has high and noble aspirations, full of disinterested self-devotion, the happy possessor of a gentlemanly bearing, and of an inviolable sincerity: it is a good character. On the other hand, such is known to have vile tendencies, gross appetites, inordinate passions; he is coarse and uncouth of manner; he is selfish, either tramples on his conscience, or has none: it is a low and despicable character.

But let us admire this man, whose soul is all generosity, zealous and enterprising, firm in his resolutions, unconfounded by obstacles and unsubdued by pain and trials: it is a rich character, from which

we may reasonably expect a generous output. Again, see this other one; his soul is spiritless, he lacks that which our cousins across the borders so aptly term "push," he is easily overcome by labor, incapable of facing adversities, suffering and deceptions, losing countenance in sight of opposition: it is a poor, resourceless and unproductive character.

Such a one, for instance, creates in you an agreeable impression; his affable manners please you; he is agreeable, always jovial, kind and open-hearted; accommodating, yet dignified; conciliating, though firm; his acquaintance is not a burden to you, but a light, a joy: he is a man of sterling character. The very presence of this other one, on the contrary, is painful and disagreeable; in him everything offends: his speech, even his attitude and general bearing. He is gloomy, uncommunicative, harsh, though weak; timid, yet importunate—a thorny bush, presenting on all sides a prickly surface: it is an unbearable character.

This moral mark is stamped on the entire exterior of man: in the carriage of his body, dignified or heedless, modest or pretentious. It is stamped on the very face, whose responsive and expressive outlines portray so accurately the innermost impressions, and whose trained attitude foreshadows the habitual will-power and feelings. It lies in the very eyes, animated or listless, transparent or dull, frank and fearless, timid and uneasy. It accompanies the speech; brisk or sluggish, precise or vague, original or commonplace, not to say vulgar. It lurks in the handwriting; graceful or shapeless, like the thoughts; vigorous or weak, like the soul. In a word, the imprint of the moral character accompanies a man always. Everything in him bears its indelible, personal marks. And what gives greater importance to these exterior marks is the fact that they mirror the very interior.

Ready are we to admit that such marks are at times difficult to read, and of a delicate interpretation. Their language is so complicated and teeming with intricacies of varied hue that few men, indeed, are capable of giving us a fair sight-translation of it. Be it due to over-hastiness, or lack of discernment, many self-styled mind-readers commit egregious errors of appreciation. Hence, ever true is the time-honored adage: "Do not size up men solely from appearances."

So undecipherable, however, may it be for the many, the moral imprint of man is faithful, and stands as the undeniable expression

of the soul. "Physiognomy," says a modern philosopher, "is the picture of the soul, the permanent reflexion on the flesh it inhabits and vivifies." Oftentimes, unaware, are we betrayed by these imprints, and by them do the secrets of our life cover us as with a garb of honor or shame. Centuries ago, the Spirit of God, made manifest in Holy Writ, said: "A man is known by his looks, and a wise man, when thou meetest him, is known by his countenance. The attire of the body, and the laughter of the teeth, and the gait of the man show what he is." When we say, then, that character is the moral mark of man, we are all the more on the path of truth, since those visible signs lead us onward into the depth of the soul.

"IGNOTUS."

LIFE AND STYLE OF ADDISON.



JOSEPH ADDISON is described by Macaulay as one of the foremost English essayists, not only of the eighteenth century, but also of the centuries following his appearance. Doubtless the proud distinction will be conceded to him for all time, owing to the uniform excellence of his literary output.

This great and noted writer was born May 1, 1672, at Milston, in Wiltshire. He was the son of a clergyman, and received his education at the University of Oxford, entering this institution of learning while yet a mere boy of fifteen. Such was his diligence in his studies and his application to classical lore that he acquired an elegant style of Latin composition long before the age in which most boys dream of undertaking to read and write successfully their mother tongue. At the age of twenty-two he addressed some verses of his own to Dryden, and for them received the greatest praise from many of the chief literary critics of the time.

In the year 1697 he made a visit to the classic soil of Italy, and soon after his return published his "Travels in Italy," which Dr. Samuel Johnson severely criticised, asserting that probably they would have been far better written had the young author remained at home to write them. Catholic readers will take objection to the religious bias displayed in some parts. Certainly, the experience

was not encouraging for a student who was just embarking upon a literary career, with the hope of making a living thereat, and gaining a reputation as a man of letters. Adverse criticism, pouring from different quarters, did not, however, deter the young writer, but rather quickened his ambition to become the master of expression in English. Very soon the product of his pen compelled the attention of the public.

Addison's work appeared in various publications. In quick succession 274 essays were published in the *Spectator*, 42 in the *Tatler*, and 53 in the *Guardian*. All these essays were not composed by Addison alone, considerable assistance having been rendered by others, notably by intimate friends, chief of whom were Richard Steele, Thomas Tickell, and a gentleman by the name of Budgell. Thus, by indefatigable industry, Addison not only silenced adverse criticism, and compelled the admiration of the reading public, but, what was, perhaps, more to his material advantage, he secured patrons among the most influential men in England, in consequence of which he was offered, and he accepted, the important office of Secretary of State.

It may be of interest to note here that Addison marked his essays by certain signs to specify the periodical in which they were to appear. Those contributed to the *Spectator* were designated by letters, while contributions to the *Guardian* were indicated by the figure of a hand drawn on the outer margin.

These essays may be classified as humorous, serious, and critical. The humor of Addison is of a peculiar quality, his satire easy and delicate, and his moral tone, in general, good. The writer, in No. 10, or thereabouts, in the *Spectator*, declares that it is always his aim "to enliven morality with wit, and to temper with with morality." In fact, it is in combining these two factors, which, in other authors, are so often so disastrously opposed, that Addison shows his versatility and rare charm.

Addison's more serious papers are characterized by beauty, propriety, and elegance of style. It must be remembered that he wrote, besides essays, a tragedy, entitled "Cato," which is strictly classical in form, but rather disappointing in substance, excepting, of course, a few well drawn characters. This play, on its appearance in 1713, owing to party feeling, was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm, but its success was ephemeral.

Addison made some excursions into the poetical realm, but

clearly he was not at home there. His poetical effusion addressed to Lord Halifax was one of his best. Dr. Drake pronounced it a work of merit, as being remarkably sweet and polished; in passages it is pathetic and sublime, while in description it is new and clear.

There is no doubt that the possession of a varied, smooth and graceful style renders Addison an inspiring and finished model to the English student. Allibone declares that, perhaps, no other English writer has more successfully blended together so many discordant tastes into one harmonious whole, notwithstanding writers and difficulties without number. Dr. Johnston very soon acknowledged his ability. In politics, Addison was straightforward, and made no distinction of person, thus winning for himself the love and respect of all political parties. Among strangers he had very little to say, while, on the other hand, in the company of friends he conversed easily, familiarly and fluently.

Towards the end of his life, Addison was a sufferer from asthma and dropsy. His death, which took place in 1719, at the Holland House, occasioned universal gloom. The honor shown him then and since was a fitting tribute to a long and useful literary career. England had learned to regard him as one of her most distinguished sons, and sincerely gives him her esteem.

EMMETT MURPHY, '13.

A VISIT TO THE CAVES.



THE day broke beautifully clear, surpassing all our expectations for our contemplated excursion to the caves. Having procured all requisites for the journey, particularly the lunch baskets, we departed, our hearts gay and happy. Who could not but be happy on such a day?

It was a beautiful morning in September, and nature was at her best, having donned her autumnal robe. For miles around stretched a variegated scene of green and gold. One would not need to be an ardent admirer of nature to be struck by the unsurpassed beauty of the scene; and, as we drove merrily along, we drank in its extreme loveliness. The sun had not yet come out with sufficient brilliancy to divest the blades of grass of the dew of the previous night, and

the myriad little drops glistened and sparkled like priceless gems. The little birds sang sweetly in the trees above our heads. The sound of dropping nuts could be heard, and, now and then, the frightened chatter of a squirrel, as, at our approach, he sought refuge in the branches of a neighboring tree, where, in full view, he sat, as if defying his pursuers to follow.

After speeding merrily on for about three hours, passing away the time in speech and song, we arrived at the first cave, at which point we had decided to leave our conveyance. Having alighted from the carriage, we unhitched the horses and tied them to a tree near by. Then we were ready to commence our explorations.

There were five caves to visit, all connected; and, as they were in a continuous line, we thought it better to take the lunch baskets along with us, in case we should desire to use them before our return. Before entering the cave we noticed dark clouds appearing in the sky, and we commenced to fear that the weather might not prove as favorable as we had expected. Assuring ourselves that our fears were groundless, we, one after the other, crawled through the small aperture which served as the mouth of the cave. Inside, the darkness was intense, but we were prepared for this emergency, and had brought a lantern with us. Just as we had lighted our lantern a gust of wind blew through the aperture, extinguishing the light. We lit it again. This time we were more successful, and proceeded on our way. We had spent about an hour exploring this underground passage, when suddenly a stream of light appeared in front of us, and from this we knew that we had reached the exit. From time to time, as we explored these regions, we could hear distant rumblings outside; but our investigations were so interesting that we paid but little attention to them. Now, as we approached the opening through which we had to pass in order to again view the outside world, we discovered that a severe storm was in progress, and that we were doomed to remain in this dark, gloomy dungeon until it had spent its fury. We could no longer keep our lantern lit, for the wind blew with terrific force through the opening, continuing through the many winding passages and deep recesses of the cave, making many weird sounds, which were not pleasant to the ears. But a light was not then necessary, for flashes of lightning appeared almost every moment, followed by tremendous claps of thunder, the like of which none of us had ever before heard.

As time passed and the rage of the storm increased instead of

abating, we commenced to feel afraid, and a thousand fears flashed through our troubled minds. What if the entrance of the cave should become blocked by the displacing of the great boulders which we noticed when we entered it. The same catastrophe might occur at the exit, and then we would be doomed. There we stood, in mortal dread, clinging to each other in our fear. The lightning leaped, hissed and blazed; the rain came down in torrents; the wind howled. For one, for two, for three hours this continued, ever increasing, and all this time we stood shivering, awaiting what the next moment would bring forth. At last the lightning became less frequent, the thunder died away in distant rumblings, the wind subsided, the rain ceased.

Glad to escape from the dungeon which we thought was to be our tomb, we hastily made our exit from this underground passage, and each could not help heaving a fervent sigh of relief, and sending up a prayer of thankfulness for our deliverance from what, we thought, was certain death. Hastening to our horses, we found, to our surprise and delight, that, although they were shivering with fright, they were otherwise unharmed. Soothing them with gentle words, we succeeded in putting them to, and made preparations for our return journey. Our recent experience had taken all the heart out of us, as far as continuing our explorations was concerned, so we decided to return home immediately.

When we had accomplished about half our journey and could at least think of something else other than our experience, we realized the fact that we had had no dinner. After a vain search we discovered that, in our excitement, we had left the lunch-baskets behind us, in the cave. We reached home safely, very much fatigued after our day's experiences. C. O'GORMAN, '09.

THE ARGONAUTS.

To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,
 The magic move and on with them,
 Along the self-same road,—
 Still following the Star of Peace,
 To find at last the Golden Fleece—
 The spotless Lamb of God.

FATHER TABB.

University of Ottawa Review.

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No. 3

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is celebrated at the anniversary of the Saviour's birth. At the anticipation of this festival, the most joyful of the year, troubles and worries are thrust aside. The jingling of bells and the laughter of children makes one feel that winter is, indeed, a glorious time. As a matter of fact, Christmas is essentially a home feast. The cold winds and snows render going abroad unattractive, and incline the members of the household to rest in the warmth of the family fireside and contribute each his or her share to the domestic joys, the purest, the safest, the most humanizing that exist. Those joys are enhanced and supernaturalized, so to speak, by the part which the Divine Infant has deigned to take in them. So strongly, indeed, has He marked social intercourse with His gentle influence that harsh words and quarrels are, to a large extent, dropped during this time at least. With Christmas, too, comes the

holidays so dear to the student's heart. After months of most trying mental labor, returning to loved ones for a short while is a great relaxation. What pleasure is anticipated in resuming the innocent pastimes of childhood, in conversing about gone-by days, and in describing to proud parents, brothers and sisters the newer and fuller life that has been lived in old Varsity. Moreover, as the mariner, going on his course, makes sure to scrutinize the compass and the stars, that he may not go astray, so these periodic home-comings serve to fortify the young man against his own irresolute and impatient self. He renews acquaintance with the lofty views and hopes his parents entertain in his direction, and with the sacrifices they joyfully undertake to procure their dear boy the inestimable advantages of a college training.

A MODEL FOR CATHOLIC WRITERS.

A certain number of scholars and writers within the Fold present the sad anomaly of a few unauthorized individuals endeavoring to reform and reconstitute Christ's infallible Church. Instead of receding from their false position at the reproof of Pope Pius X, they hold to their evil course, and are even claiming the great Cardinal Newman as the real founder of the now completely unmasked Modernist sect. It is contended that he stands, by virtue of his essay on the "Development of Christian Doctrine," in the same condemnation as the Modernists. In a contribution to *Rome*, Rt. Rev. John Vaughan reveals the great English writer as far from being an apologist for disobedience and revolt. In a new edition of his famous essay, published after his reception into the Catholic Church, Newman gives every evidence of a child-like and ready submission to the Church's authority. He writes:

The first act of the author, on his conversion, was to offer his work for revision to the proper authorities, but the offer was declined on the ground that it was written and partly printed before he was a Catholic, and that it would come before the reader in a more persuasive form if he read it as the author wrote it.

Writers, of whom Father Tyrrell is typical, show themselves very reluctant to submit their books for revision. Newman is quoted further:

It is scarcely necessary to add that the author now submits every part of the book to the judgment of the Church, with whose doctrines on the subject of which it treats, he wishes all his thoughts (observe: not only his words, whether written or spoken, but even his mere thoughts) to be coincident.

In reference to a case in which the Pope interfered, Newman writes:

It is the decision of the Holy See. St. Peter has spoken; it is he who has enjoined that which seems to us so unpromising. He has spoken, and has a claim on us to trust him. He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He, for eighteen hundred years, has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself to all emergencies. If ever there was a power on earth *who had an eye for the times*, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts and whose commands' prophecies, such is he in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of his Church. . . . From the first he has looked through the wide world, of which he has the burden; and *according to the need of the day*, and the inspirations of his Lord, he has set himself now to one thing, now to another; but to all in season, and to *nothing in vain*.

In spite of his great intellect and authority, Newman was content to sit like a little child at the feet of the teacher appointed by Christ, and would scarcely put forward a view of his own, or as much as express an opinion, on any theological subject without submitting beforehand to any judgment the Holy See might think fit to pass upon it. Catholic writers could hardly ask for a safer or more perfect model in style and doctrine.

Exchanges.

"Not for an age, but for all time, our myriad-minded Shakespeare," is the text of a thoughtful article in the *Agnesian Monthly*. The work of the dramatist being the impersonation, the embodiment and revelation of character, it is shown how Coriolanus is better revealed to us by the English master artist than he was by his earlier historian, Plutarch, from whom much of the material of the play is borrowed. A second article points out Tennyson's art in word painting.

"Shylock" secures a long study in the *Patrician*. The whole

of this review is very attractive, the mechanical work being very good.

The *Academic Herald*, the *College Mercury* and the *Queen's Quarterly* are almost forgotten, so long have they been missing from our table. We had almost resigned ourselves to the conviction that they had gone the way of some good papers and ceased to be. It is a pleasant surprise to find them turning up, quite jaunty, indeed. No hint is vouchsafed of the reason of their truancy. Could it be that easy-going clerks, mistaking them for advertising refuse, took the liberty of shying them out of the flying mail car upon inhospitable landscapes. No wonder tracers return baffled.

The *Nazareth Chimes*, from a monthly, has become a quarterly. The current number is replete with good things. The historical personages of St. Rose of Lima, Mary Queen of Scots, and Madame Roland, are portrayed. "Timon of Athens" is an instructive criticism. For so large a book, a table of contents is needed.

From the Neepawa High School comes the second number of a new school paper. We welcome it for its own sake, for it bears the evidence of brains, taste and enterprise. You have our best wishes, *Oracle*.

A serious article, entitled "Electricity and Matter," appears in the *Columbiad*. There is also a brace of good stories.

We have a grudge against the *Manhattan Quarterly* for non-appearance marked against it in our last year's exchange list. Well, we are thankful, even for small favors, though the present number is a very large and complete one. "Galileo and the Church" is, we think, a fair and documented presentation of this vexations question. The relative ineffectiveness of The Hague conference is pointed out in another article. In "The College and Success in Life," the writer shows that neither the reluctant, the athletic, the frivolous student, nor the "grind," or "plugger" denotes the true collegian, with whom studies come first, sport in moderation next. Students are advised to make their Freshman year a success by laying in it all the foundations requisite for the easy assimilation of knowledge in classes that follow.

Book Review.

"The Training of Silas," by Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J. A Catholic novel of the highest order. The story in itself might simply be styled the history of the foundation of a circulating library. But in and about this simple history the author has woven a most interesting tale. It inculcates the teaching of the Church regarding some of the obligations of the wealthy, and also most clearly shows the attitude of the Church in regulating the reading material of both young and old. The grave danger which lies in our uncensored free or public libraries is forcibly brought to our minds. It is a book of the people, for the people, and can be read with profit by all; in fact, it is the most ideal book for reading in the family circle that has appeared in a long time. The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Montreal.

"The Guild Boys Play" and "New Boys at Ridingdale" are two new books from the prolific pen of the Rev. D. Bearne, S.J. They are good, wholesome, boys' stories, telling of the pastimes and college life of boys in the old land across the sea. Benziger Bros., New York; price, 85c.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. J. O. Dowd, '03, formerly of the editorial staff, has been appointed P. P. at Cantley, Que.

F. Johnstone, quarter-back of the McGill team, renewed old acquaintances when up with his team. Frank played quarter on the College team a couple of years ago, and showed all his old cunning learned on the Oval.

P. Labrosse and "Roddy" McDougald, '06, called on their College friends when up with the McGill team.

R. Halligan, '04, and V. Meagher, '04, will be ordained to the priesthood, on December 21, by Archbishop Gauthier, in the Cathedral, Kingston, Ont.

Several of the "old guard" managed to get to Ottawa to see College defeat McGill for the Intercollegiate championship. Among

the number were Revs. J. O'Reilley, '00, and J. H. McDonald, '03, Kingston; Revs. J. Quilty, '97, and J. Breen, '01, from "up the creek;" Rev. G. Prudhomme, '97, Gloucester. Their stay was short, but they went home happy in the thought that their old Alma Mater holds the Rugby Cup for 1907.

THE REVIEW wishes to acknowledge the receipt of two interesting letters, one from E. P. Gleeson, '98, now a successful lawyer in our fair Capital, the other from C. O'Halloran, Jr., in far away Pavilion, B.C. It is encouraging to see the interest the old students continue to take in their Alma Mater.

ATHLETICS.

'Varsity 10—College 13.

'Varsity came to Ottawa for the return match determined to win, but again she met with the cold hand of defeat. College chose to play with the sun banking upon its setting for the second half. The weather was all that could be desired, but the footing was poor, on account of heavy rain-falls previous to the day of battle. Nevertheless, the College line followed fast, and before a Toronto man had time to think he was downed like a ton of brick. The fast pace which College struck out on the start almost dazed the 'Varsity fourteen. The College team played together like clock-work. Every man knew where the ball was going and everyone knew what to do. Before 5 minutes had elapsed, Filiatreault, in a mass play, was sent over for a try, which Bawlf converted amid great cheering. 'Varsity seemed to regain new strength, and her fast following up caused Ottawa to rouge twice. But here College said it would stop. The long, twirling punts of Bawlf were too much for Captain Kennedy, and time and again 30 and 40 yards were gained. Steadily, steadily, yards by yards, College made her downs, and from a scrimmage on 'Varsity's 5-yard line Filiatreault was again sent over for a try, which was not converted. Shortly after the ball was kicked off Bawlf was making a beautiful run around the right end, when he was severely tackled by three of the Toronto heavyweights, and had his collar bone broken. The loss of such a valuable full-back was a hard blow to College, but she was accustomed to such misfortunes, and continued to play the game as she did before. This was proved

when Byrnes went on to complete the team, for 'Varsity was forced back, and just a minute before half time Ottawa made a forced rouge. Thus the first period ended 13 to 2 in favor of the Garnet and Grey.

The commencement of the second half looked bright for Toronto, College being forced to rouge twice within the first five minutes. But now she began to play ball, and on different occasions held Toronto on her 5-yard line for the three downs. Play being forced back to mid-field, College began to play the game of "holding the ball." However, a hole was found in the Ottawa scrimmage, the visitors going through for a forty-yard gain. On the second down 'Varsity used the fake tandem, permitting Coryell to dash round the left end for a lovely try, which was not converted. Ottawa was again forced to rouge, but Toronto's spurt was too late, for before the blue jackets could get within striking distance the whistle blew, with the score-board reading 13 to 10 in favor of College.

McGill 21—College 0.

Saturday, Nov. 16th, the colors of the Garnet and Grey were lowered for the first time this season, in Montreal, on McGill campus. The home team ran up a large score and prevented our boys from crossing their goal line; still, there is credit due to the team from the Capital, as McGill outweighed our boys by thirty pounds to the man, and every member of their team was in excellent condition. The team that lined up against this aggregation was in anything but suitable condition for a hard, gruelling battle. Three of the regular players were nursing injuries received in the previous contests, and, moreover, the team had not one practise since the previous match.

In spite of these tremendous odds, Ottawa displayed wonderful spirit and pluck throughout the entire sixty minutes of play. This is shown by the score, which read 12-0 at half time, and 24-0 when the whistle blew for full, thus showing that College played steady ball throughout the entire match. The attack of the McGill players was of the whirlwind brand, and our crippled team was unable to withstand it. McGill brought into requisition about every play that is known in football, and used them successfully. Ballantyne, of the locals, was well protected, and his long sky-scraping punts were

a feature of the game. Had we Bawlf to handle the punts from Ballantyne the story would have been of a somewhat different hue. Nevertheless, the wearers of the Garnet and Grey took their defeat like good sports, and said that they would change the tables when McGill would come to Ottawa for the championship game.

McGill—College.

Champions again! Hurrah! Hurrah!

College won the championship of the Inter-Collegiate Union on Saturday, Nov. 16, by defeating the McGill fourteen by a score of 12 to 9, in one of the most exciting matches ever played on a local gridiron. The weather and field were all that could be desired, and both teams were out to win. Judging from the showing that College made on the previous Saturday, McGill came to battle confident of winning. On the other hand, College had to win to be champions, and with this in view her sturdy fourteen went on to the field determined to do or die. A section of the stand had been reserved for the supporters of the Red and White, who, at half time, were filled with joy, thinking that they would go home champions, but when the tables were reversed to 12-9 in favor of the Garnet and Grey and just a minute to play, their hearts sank into a state of melancholy.

McGill won the toss and elected to kick south, with a slight breeze in her favor. College played the fastest ball that has been witnessed on the Oval for many years. The first five minutes were very exciting for the supporters of the Garnet and Grey, for the fast following of her forwards had McGill on the defensive all during this period. The first score was made by College, Ballantyne being forced to rouse. Shortly after Harrington fell on the ball across the line for a try, which was converted by Dean. McGill struck her pace now, and College was forced to rouse twice. Ottawa muffed one of Ballantyne's high punts, and the McGill forwards, being close at hand, fell upon the oval for a try, which was not converted. McGill shortly after tallied a forced rouse. Five minutes remained of the first half, and College played desperately. Very soon the ball was on McGill's 20-yard line, and on a kick from Whaley Hastings was forced to rouse. Thus, when half-time was called, the ball lay on McGill's 10-yard line, and the score-board read 9 to 8 in favor of the visitors.

At half-time excitement reigned high, as the score was close. Everybody knew that it would be a fight to the finish, and in this they were not deceived. For, as the players filed out for the last time, the enthusiastic supporters of the Garnet and Grey whispered in each one's ear, "You know what we expect of you: we must have this game at any cost." And this the players kept in mind, for when play commenced you could see that the College boys were out to win, for everybody played to the best of his ability. Shortly after Ballantyne was forced to rouge. The score was now 9--9, and the excitement which raged on both sides cannot be expressed in words. But when another one was marked for College the songs and yells from hundreds of College throats re-echoed for miles around. One by one was counted until 12 to 9 was marked in favor of College. There still remained ten minutes to play, and on different occasions McGill looked dangerous. Twice College held McGill on her own 5-yard line for the three downs, thus showing that no vent was left unguarded. Gradually time elapsed, and when the whistle sounded for full, that good old refrain was sung by thousands of voices, "Hurrah! Hurrah! We are Champions Again." Nothing was too good for the players, and both young and old showered abundance of congratulations on each one as he passed by. When the news of Ottawa's glorious victory was heard abroad the pleasure it brought to old supporters was clearly demonstrated by the numerous telegrams which were received.

Notes.

Ottawa College has been the most unfortunate team in the Inter-Collegiate Union, having to play twenty-one men during the season on account of injuries.

Capt. Filiatreault, the star of many a hard fought battle, has played his last game.

Smith is the fastest second-wing in the Inter-Collegiate Union, and the opponent's backs are afraid of his fond embraces.

Joron has first-wing down pat, his tackling and following the ball always demanding applause.

Troupe can tackle to perfection, shooting through the air like a dart.

Hart has found his place at first-wing and figures prominently in every play.

Harrington and Higgerty at inside wings allow no one to pass them on the line, and often the opposing quarter is given a hearty shake.

Street, Chartrand and Courtois were the best in the business, generally having the advantage.

Costello, the best center-scrim of last year's squad, came back to help win the championship, and was always there with the goods.

Bawlf at full-back has proved that he is the fastest, headiest and most scientific playing the position.

Murphy made good at full, and Lambert was always there when work was to be done.

Byrnes and Gillick are comers for next year's fourteen.

McDonald is one of the star center-halfbacks, always on the ball and hitting the line like a battering-ram.

Whelan is always in the game, and can kick the long, low, twirling punt with the best of them.

Conway is always through on the line, and the tandem plays meet with destruction.

Dean has proved himself the "find" of the season, and his friends across the line eagerly watch his advancement.

O'Neil just played one game, on account of his injured knee. But Chump was a valuable man on the back division.

Fr. Stanton has more football tricks in his head than you could learn in a week. His coaching this season has proved to the public as well as to the champions themselves that he is a master of the game.

To both Fr. Fortier and the worthy manager, E. A. McCarthy, is due a great amount of credit for the winning of the championship, for all needs were seen to and all favors granted.

The team is deserving of great praise because of the spirit displayed by it. The old proverb says, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

Rev. Fr. Prudhomme, an enthusiastic supporter of College through thick and thin, banqueted the team at the Russell House on Thursday evening, Nov. 21. Fr. Prudhomme played for some nine years with the Garnet and Grey, his energetic work helping in the winning of many championships. The champions wish to thank the Rev. Fr. Prudhomme for the great honor he has shown them.

The *Lion* was good, but he had to crawl back to his den after the game on Nov. 16.

The annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Rugby Union was held in the Russell House, on Saturday afternoon, November 23, Rev. Fr. Fortier and Mr. E. A. McCarthy representing College. Prior to the meeting excitement raged high on account of Bawlf being declared a professional by McGill, but an affidavit signed by Bawlf being presented before the meeting, all charges were withdrawn. Secretary Turner then declared College champions, and handed over the cup. The most important business was the revision of some of the rules. A goal dropped from the field is to count three instead of four. A goal from a free kick will count three points, while a goal from a free kick by way of penalty will only count two. If 20 yards is lost on the first or second down the ball goes to the opposing side for a scrimmage. Off-side interference is to be penalized by a free kick, or a scrimmage 5 yards in advance of where the off-side is committed.

On Wednesday, the twentieth of October, the Intermural League series was ended, Captain Connaghan's team inflicting a defeat on M. Rousseau's band of warriors, and thereby carrying off the championship honors.

The final score was 6—0, indicating that the game was a keenly-contested one. Great rivalry had existed between the two fourteen's, and Captain Rousseau's aggregation were anxious to retrieve their former defeat at the hands of the champions. Both teams were very evenly matched, and the betting was about even. Rousseau's team had an advantage in weight, but lacked the science which characterized the play of their opponents. Time and again Lamarhe, the burly quarter-back of the losers, made fierce onslaughts, only to find that it was as profitable to attempt kicking a stone wall as the champion line, while the champions, by systematic and scientific "hole opening" and bucking, made their yards before every third down.

The kicking of the Gillick brothers was a feature of the game. Leslie, though his punts went high and farther than Jim's, did not display the same amount of headwork as his "little brother," who placed his kicks every time. Jim also proved his ability for making end runs, and several times carried the pig-skin for gains of ten, twenty and thirty yards.

The champions have already sent in a letter duly drawn up and signed, asking for the trophy which was promised the winning team by the association. (?)

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

At a meeting of the Debating Society, on the evening of Nov. 20th, Messrs. L. O'Keefe and J. Kennedy upheld that "A navy builds up an Empire better than an army," against Messrs. C. Gorman and J. Sammon. The debate was awarded to the negative, but the four speakers were heartily congratulated for the maiden speeches.

Resolved, "that conscription is beneficial to a nation," was debated the following Wednesday. Messrs. M. O'Gara and M. Doyle supported this proposition, while Messrs. A. Stanton and L. Lark eloquently pleaded for the negative. The vote of the judges favored the affirmative.

The Athletic Association gave its annual entertainment on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3rd, in the Recreation Hall. All the members of the Junior Department were present, as well as a large number of externs. The program consisted of boxing contests, speeches, songs and orchestral music. Rev. Fr. Stanton fulfilled the duties of Master of Ceremonies in a very efficient manner.

Inter-University Debate.

The University debating team met the McGill representatives in the Normal School on Thursday, December 5th. The question at issue was: "Resolved, that Conscription is highly beneficial to a nation." The local University, having the affirmative side, was represented by Messrs. M. O'Gara and M. Doyle. McGill sent Messrs. G. Barclay, B.A., and A. G. McGougan, B.A., to defend the negative. Mr. J. W. Grace performed the duties of Chairman at the meeting gracefully. The three judges were: Dr. J. F. White, Rev. G. Fitzgerald, B.A., and Major C. F. Winter. The debate was a success and creditable to all concerned. The local team won by a majority of 17 points. Dr. White, in a neat speech, declared both teams equal for oratory, but that the net results of points accumulated showed 130 to 113 in favor of the home speakers.

The assistance of the Moderator, Rev. Father Dewe, proved a most valuable asset to the local debaters. The songs by Miss Rainboth and Mr. MacCarthy were enthusiastically encored.

The final struggle for the championship will take place at Queen's on January 25th, 1908, and let us hope our next two will be as successful as the two who concluded with McGill.