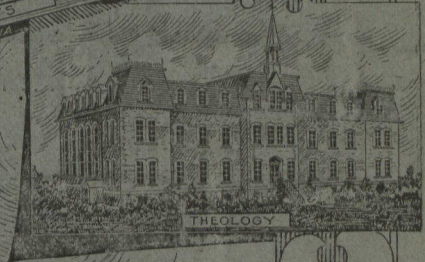
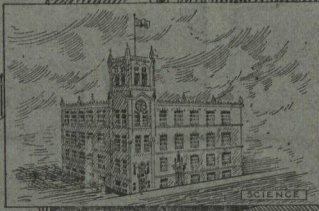




University of Ottawa Review.



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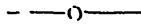
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OLD SERIES, VOL. XIII, NO. 5.

JANUARY, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II, NO. 5.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

I.



HAIL noble Hall where Learning reigns supreme
High-honored mistress of a fair domain—
Hail, Sovereign whose subjects ever deem
Their chiefest pride to swell thy classic train,
No song of mine thy far-famed worth can raise
All humbly then I bring my meed of praise.

II.

Not mine the privilege of those favored ones
Who drank pure wisdom from thy plenteous fount
Yet in the walks of life thy worthy sons
Chiefest among my cherished friends I count.
Full well thy golden record they uphold
With cultured minds, and Hearts refined gold.

III.

Oft from their lips the story have I known
Of well-loved teachers, strict yet kind withal—

[They copy Christ, Who claims them for His own
 The world despising, mindful of His call]
 Of Chapel and of Class-room memories old,
 Affection thrilling in the tones that told.

IV

The glories of the " Campus " too, of yore
 Of wondrous victories " by flood and field "
 " GARNET AND GREY " in conquest's tide that bore ;
 Aye forcing all their stubborn foes to yield
 The champion's crown they snatched in every fray,
 And triumph's laurels gird their brows to-day.

V

* * * * *
 Glory of Canada ! All praise be thine
 Pride of the Capital, to thee I sing !
 Would that a Master's Lyric-touch were mine
 A richer, worthier garland I should bring—
 Accept my gift rough-fashioned but sincere
 Tribute from stranger heart that holds thee dear.

Rev. JAMES B. DOLLARD (*slav-na mon*)

TORONTO, Jan. 4th 1900.



THE POETRY OF EDWIN MARKHAM.

MEDIOCRITY is a sheep that rigorously follows its leader. It does not depart from the beaten path. It does not originate: it imitates. It does not initiate: it copies. It does not move singly, but goes with the majority, and shouts with the crowd. The common-place is its breath of life. Suspicion is its inaffable characteristic. It suspects because it does not understand.

If we desired a proof of the trend and universality of mediocrity, we should find it in the way the great majority of people treat new ideas. It is said that certain savage tribes of Africa kill all strangers they encounter. Alimential considerations doubtlessly have some weight, as they seldom fail to have even among people who are not professional cooks, but without them, plausible reasons for what Macduff would call the "deep damnation of the taking off" of the "tenderfeet" would probably be found in their strangerhood. Want of knowledge begets distrust. As a means of dealing with physical entities, assassination is now generally frowned down by people possessing the slightest degree of civilization, but the brute instinct which inspires it still finds full expression in our manner of treating new and strange ideas, especially such of them as seem out of harmony with our established beliefs concerning the diurnal conflict between the "masses" and the "classes," to which some grim humourist has given the sounding title of Civilization.

Burning at the stake, except among the white savages of the Southern States, having become unfashionable, we cannot quite make an end of the troublesome fellows who dare to think largely and encourage others to do so. but we can, and do, vilify and denounce them as vicious disturbers of the public peace, and we can, and do, systematically condemn and misrepresent the ideas they advance, simply because they sound new to our conservative hearing.

All this moral imitation of the native Africans at their worst is, I take it, an indication of the power of mediocrity, which like

the "spells of imbecility" described by Ossian and other early Irish poets, hangs low over the English-speaking world to-day. Whatever is established is sacred with those who do not think. Thinking is not easy work, and most people do as little of it as they can; preferring to dawdle in that soulless intellectual conservation out of which mediocrity grows like a weed out of mire.

The consequence of this lassitude is only too obvious everywhere, but it is, perhaps, especially so in all the departments of intellectual life. The people who crowned Alfred Austin as their poet laureate, seem to me to deserve the title of the most fervent devotees of the great, stupid Moloch of mediocrity to be found on earth to-day, although, 'it must be confessed, Americans give them an extremely close second. Unless I am altogether mistaken in my view—no impossible contingency—the British fail in the production of first-rate writers and thinkers, and the ebb is, I venture to think, more obvious in the United States, since here no man of the first degree of literary reputation survives.

A whale among minnows is, we are given to understand by naturalists, a most important animal; and by a parity of reasoning, so is a giant among pigmies. By analogy also, a fresh and original writer in an era of mediocrity and servile imitation, is deserving of being looked after, if not up to, by every one who thinks for himself. If we are ever to rid ourselves of the dry-rot of mediocrity, which is weighing us down as an intellectual people, it must be through admiration for real genius and originality. As a humble step towards this happy consummation, we should, when an author comes among us with a distinct idea, do with it what Kant tells us to do with our vague notions—"we should," he says, "detain, examine and elaborate them." It is in this spirit that I, at least, enter upon the consideration of the volume of poems, which its author has called, from its leading effusion, "The Man With the Hoe." These poems have now been before the public for a year, within which period they have made what Shakespeare would term "a palpable hit," and no wonder, as, if ever a poet had a distinct message for humanity, that one is the author of the aforesaid volume, Mr. Edwin Markham.

He comes of an old American family. His ancestors left Connecticut for Illinois, and Illinois for the Pacific Slope, at a time

when thousands were acting upon Horace Greeley's advice, to go west and grow up with the country. He was born, the youngest son of his family, on 23rd April 1852, at Oregon City, Oregon State, and, his father dying before the future poet's fifth birthday, he was reared by a devoted and talented mother. After the elder Markham's death, about 1857, the family moved southward into California, first to keep a general-store, and subsequently a sheep and cattle ranch in the central portion of the State. During boyhood he followed the farmer's noble and healthy calling. He was trained at the district school, and, having by his industry, managed to save some money, he paid his own way through the State Normal School at San José. Then he studied law, but like so many men of creative genius, he did not find the occupation to his liking, and deserted it for school-teaching. In education he, by sheer merit, gained many high positions. Head-master of the Tompkins Observation School, at Oakland, California, an institution which is affiliated with the State University, is his present title and address. He has published two volumes of poetry; the first was entitled "In Earth's Shadow," and the second is "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems," which within a year has made him famous. A public writer has a just claim to privacy of life. This sketch, brief as it is, contains all the public has a right to know about Mr. Markham. For much of the information, I am indebted to an instructive paper on the new literary star, contributed by the highly-endowed poet, Mr. William D. Kelly, to that model paper for young people, the "Weekly Bouquet" of Boston City.

Mr. Kelly says that Mr. Markham, judged by his verse, seems to be "a mystic and a socialist, who believes in an earthly millennium that is yet to dawn upon the world." The critic is by far too fine a scholar and too broad-minded a man to use these terms, "socialist" and "mystic," in any disparaging sense, but it is doubtful if very many of his readers, be their intelligence what it may, will not misconstrue them, left as they are by him without much explanation. In fact, the terms are nearly always and by almost everyone honestly misunderstood or cunningly perverted. As I believe Mr. Kelly to be perfectly correct in using the words to characterize the general trend and tone of Mr. Markham's volume, and in view of the many different meanings

attached to them, it is not, I feel certain, too much to ask the reader to bear with me while I make a few distinguishing remarks on each of the expressions.

The peculiar state of society to which we have given the high-sounding name of civilization, even the most optimistic among us can scarcely consider altogether desirable. It may be questioned if it has made any material alteration for the better in human nature. It refines and softens manners, it is true ; but it is fear of various punishments that causes restraints. But to say nothing of widespread dishonesty, and greed for lucre and blood, the Southern States have proven that men are still capable of all the blind and cruel passions that history, tradition or archæological research have disclosed. We prate about our Christian civilization, but, fronted with the almost unexceptional universality of the meanest sorts of dishonesty in the trades and the professions, by cruel murders, by brutal wars, by corruption in public life and immorality in private life, is it not a fact that the proud words Christian Civilization become barren contradictions ? We call ourselves humble followers of the Prince of Peace, but during this century the Christian nations have done most of the fighting in the world, and the worst of it has been among themselves. This proclaims that when we pray we do not mean what we say ; we are hypocrites. Does the ship of state always pursue the straight course of integrity ? Perhaps Henry George went too far when he alleged, with all the earnestness of his nature and the unsurpassed vigor of his rhetoric, that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer ; but, nevertheless, are not the moneyed idle wallowing in luxuries, while the toiling poor go without the comforts and even the necessaries of life ? Dives gets the plums in the cake ; Lazarus, the crumbs, and the kicks—lots of the latter. Could not most existing Christian religions be improved in their practice on their social sides. Christianity is not at fault, but man's disuse of Christianity. Is mankind as a class healthy, happy, and contented ? Healthy we are not, even in communities where medical doctors are few, happy we are not in a world plentifully dotted with lawyers, learned in the art of settling disputes—for a consideration — as for happiness, well, I have never yet met with even a nearly happy mortal. Has not the com-

mon understanding of the sacred word Justice come to mean what the statute law allows? But that is far from the lofty conception of Justice which is termed Equity. I might continue this indictment of civilization without end, but it would serve no purpose. Everyone capable of reading the newspapers, teeming as they do with the noisesome details of all sorts of depravity, knows our boasted civilization is not a state of blessedness, but rather a most unholy disorder. It is so far from being perfect that a band of chattering baboons might be depended upon to make a better one. According to the true, therefore cutting, epigram of Ruskin, our two objects in life are, "Whatever we have, to get more; and wherever we are, to go somewhere else." This is not the golden age: it is only the age of gold. And this is the delightful civilization we give praise unto ourselves for forcing on weak nationalities and savage nations at the points of our most Christian bayonets!

The social problem which seeks for a betterment of the condition of mankind by a wider and fairer distribution of the good things of life is as old as Job. Throughout the years, proposal after proposal has been made. The shores of the stream of time are studded with the wrecks of schemes for the improvement of the world. And, like the torrent at Niagara, still they come. If failures have been, there is no reason that there shall not be a success. The men who propose to restore harmony to civilization even by the radical means of a new economic system, be their schemes never so drastic, deserves respectful hearing; especially if they stop short of violent revolution.

The people that float such schemes are now known as socialists. Strictly speaking, socialism denotes simply the consideration of the social state. Socialism may be defined as the science of reconstructing society on entirely new bases by substituting the principle of association for that of competition in every branch of human industry. It is opposed to individualism, which means "skin your eye" and "paddle your own canoe." A socialist is one who looks to society organized in the state, for aid in bringing about a more perfect distribution. He believes that man, associated with his fellows in the state, has duties to perform which, single and alone, he is unable to fulfil. The individualist, on the

contrary, holds that singly and alone, man is able to fulfil all his duties, and, in acts if not in words, echoes the question of Cain—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Socialism has been made to stand for a great number of widely different and often conflicting tendencies. It is used in a popular sense which renders it nearly equivalent to communism, although the two systems are skies and oceans apart. Communism demands a community of goods, or property; socialism does not necessarily do so. The central idea of communism is economic equality: the distinctive idea of socialism is distributive justice. The term socialist is, of course, the more inclusive. Every communist is a socialist, and something more: not every socialist is a communist; in fact very many sections and factions of socialists are bitterly opposed to communism in all its forms.

Socialism grades all the way from the astounding doctrines of Proudhon, who taught that property was theft and property-holders thieves, to the Christian socialism expounded by Lamennais which aims at a moral and intellectual elevation of mankind as well as a material one, and would make Political Economy a Christian Science and assign to the Christian religion an important part in the work of resolving the social question. Many other forms of Socialism there are, some of them sufficiently fantastic. It must be allowed, though, that during the last fifty years, the milder, less extravagant and more coherent socialistic doctrines have made great headway. Whenever the State—that is, the dominant politicians—steps in and attempts to do for the citizens what it is supposed they could not do for themselves without the help of such a union as government represents, there is unmistakable Socialism in practise. All civilized governments are, therefore, at this moment, more or less socialistic. So much of this sort of Socialism has already been inducted into the laws of England and Canada, to say nothing of France and the United States, that, were I to enumerate the instances, it would require a list lengthier than this article is likely to prove. If Socialism were really as destructive in its tendencies as our masters, the money-lords say it is, our civilization would ere this be driven out of existence.

Inasmuch as Mr. Markham is a socialist at all, he belongs to

that class to which that distinguished authority on all matters relating to the cult, Prof. Richard T. Ely, calls "Socialism of the chair," or what I like to term pen-socialism. I am so far from finding the least fault with Markham for his doctrine, as I find it expounded in his verse, that I consider it lends a distinctive charm to all his work. I was born on the side of the social barricade held by what the grand democrat, Lincoln, used tenderly to call "the plain people," and there I purpose to remain. I firmly believe, with the martyr-president, "God must love them (the plain people) he made so many of them." I have not a doubt but that in the aggregate, their intentions and aspirations are good and holy, although, I grant you, some individual designs and ambitions, like medicines, should be "well shaken before taken."

The protest against the present condition of affairs social could scarcely be more mildly or beautifully conceived and expressed than it is by our author. For my part, I could follow with perfect equanimity a more bitter and sweeping indictment. Did I know of anything like a proper substitute for it, I should, had I the power, think as little of completely overtopping our present trumpery social system, as I would of knocking the head off a thistle with my cane. But, as the wise and weighty Dr. Johnson admonishes us in his "Rasselas," dear to my class-days: "The memory of mischief is no desirable fame." Until men have learned certainly to improve on existing social conditions, they will do well to worry along with what they possess.

The poet has been called a mystic; let us consider the term. Mysticism has been very unjustly made to stand for mist. In its better forms it is something far more definite and even tangible than mere brain-fog. Belief in our responsible freedom, in our immortality, and in God, lies at the foundation of all society worthy of the name. The defence of such a system is only achievable through some form of idealism. The interdependence between Christianity and Idealism is, to my mind at least, a fact as settled as is the rotation of the Seasons. In this connection it is useful to remember that philosophical mysticism was one of the great trends of mediaeval thought. Says the late learned Brother Azarias: "Many a learned mind wearied with disputes of the schools, sought refuge in mysticism." So it has been from

the Middle Ages, unjustly called "dark," to our own, wrongly termed "of light." Mysticism has had at all times profound attraction for the human mind. It has always marked an attempt to escape from dry and barren speculation to "a more intimate acquaintance with the infinite truth than books could impart." That pathetic striving of poor humanity to get away from stress and annoyance! Is not imaginative literature itself a vast effort to escape from the worry of the real? Therein man conceives himself what he is not; for no one is pleased with what he is.

But the able author just quoted points out that Mysticism outside of Christianity generally ends in pantheism, immorality and inaction. The Christian conception of man is essentially spiritual, but it embraces individual nature; all that he is. Realism is superficial, because it rejects what it cannot see, and it does not see deeper than the outside rind and robing of things. Take Christianity from Mysticism and you deprive the latter not only of its profundity of vision but of the broadness of its scope.

The nature of our consciousness powerfully lends itself to Mysticism. Its field presents a constant succession of images, a perfect phantasmagoria of ideas, emotions, desires, which come and go, we know not how, which crowd on the threshold of the consciousness and strive to enter into its domain. Some appear and vanish away like snowflakes in a breeze, others reappear after a period of oblivion, and all alike seem to be subject to similar if not identical changes and to obey some invisible law. Now, the mystic strives to get nearer to that law, and, if he be a Christian, to the Lawmaker behind it.

At every turn, some apparition of phantasy forces itself upon our consideration; our thoughts are full of ghosts. Even in ordinary thinking there is a large element which comes out of the world of unconsciousness. Who put the element there? Why, God did—that God who is Supreme Power, and Wisdom, and Love. The very links of association which bind together our ideas are woven in the dark, and the highest glimpses of philosophical generalization come upon us when they are least expected. So it is with the emotions also. That we do actually possess a mass of notions and ideas which are naturally formed in the mind by its own constitution, none can deny. It is upon this subjective mental

world that mysticism subsists, as naturally and luxuriantly as lush grass upon rich soil.

The mystic confines himself to the strictly subjective without going outside its bounds. His teeming mind is to him truly a kingdom. He does not go from logic to experience, from reasoning to sensation, that he may feel he touches ground and gains new strength. His mind, instead of being cast in the rigid, logical mould, is decidedly genial and poetical in its manner of acting. As a rule, the expression of the mystic is far from a systematic one, in the sense that the multiplication-table is systematic. But, like the wisdom of Edmund Burke, a saying from it is often worth a whole system. He is not progressive and self-insistent in the sense a steel trap is progressive and self-insistent. He is not a commonplace thinker. Sometimes he is like the addle-brain described by the satirist :

“ Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind,
They flew like clouds, and left no trace behind.”

But the typical mystic dreams nobly, and his actions are the reflex of his dreams. If he be a Christian, he endeavors to look through the veil of the material, in which all nature is embosomed, to behold the spiritual reality. In modern days, he is generally a poet, giving voice to these half-heavenly, and if he be a non-Catholic, half-pantheistic expressions which have come to poets in all ages and in all civilizations, Hindu, Greek, Egyptian, and American. His is the ideal philosophy, the ideal method of thinking, that sustained such artists as Michael Angelo, Dante, Shelly, Hawthorne and Beethoven. It is the great Platonic teaching, a teaching which, in its philosophical applications, was fully shared by St. Thomas of Aquinas, whose immortal soul still pervades the schools; a teaching which raises literary art higher than mere imitation, a teaching which shows the great enforcing spirit of the universe working through man as through any and every other mundane agency. By means of it men build for their souls, even here on earth, “a lordly pleasure-house” in comparison with which Tennyson’s glittering “Palace of Art” is only the merest unadorned back-line shanty. The secret desire—would I had ability, clearly to define that term—which is the vitalizing principle of all the most heavenly poetry, the music that whirls us from earth and

makes us partake of angelic joy, can be satisfied only in dreams, but the dreams may contain more than any reality, and we may safely conclude with a great writer, if all our dreams were satisfied there would be no more poetry.

Coleridge told an inquiring lady that he did not believe in ghosts, because he had seen so many. So some of us, pluming ourselves on our rationalism, profess not to believe in mysticism, but if we analyse and go deeper, it will generally be found that we fail to recognize mysticism because it haunts every department of the mind, and familiarity here as elsewhere breeds contempt. Every man is at times a mystic. Perhaps, mysticism at large is most readily resurrected from that sort of mental indolence which consists in a set dislike of the drudgery of sustained logical thinking. It is, however, of widely different types, which compose a long scale indeed; sometimes it is very elevated and elevating, noble and ennobling; and again of a very mean and trifling character, teaching nothing and leading nowhere. The foggy metaphysics and subtle scepticism of Germany is proverbial. It is probably an outcome of an over-indulgence in tobacco and beer, and an instructive essay might be written on the connection between them. Contrast the article "made in Germany," with the mysticism of "The Imitation of Christ" or that of St. Theresa, who, to use the words of Dr. Dowden, united in so eminent a degree an administrative genius, a genius for action with the genius of exalted piety—contrast these two types, and it must, I think, be conceded that the latter, both in nature and results, is far superior to the former.

That the mysticism of the poet of "The Man with the Hoe" is entirely of the latter type, will, I think, be immediately admitted by all his readers, and I find no use in subjecting it to analysis. His mysticism is akin to that of his famous countryman Edgar Allen Poe, who, whatever he may not have been, has a clear right to the title of the poet of the mystic. Like the author of "The Raven", the singer of "The man with the Hoe" frequently vibrates between two points, the realistic and the vague and inscrutable, but our author, unlike his famous prototype, never once fails to combine people or situations in ordinary life, though his spiritual vision frequently takes for medium:

"The light that never was on sea or land.
The consecration and the poets dream."

Markham's mysticism has wings but at least the tip of its toe never leaves earth. It dreams shadowy dreams enough, but when it subsequently sings of them it is wide awake. It beholds very unusual visions, as "through a glass darkly," but the language in which they are described "he who runs may read" and quite comprehend without stopping.

Full illustrations of the foregoing assertions are, I think, furnished by the poem "At the Meeting of Seven Valleys"; so that it becomes incumbent upon me to give it in its entirety:

"At the meeting of seven valleys in the west,
I came upon a host of silent souls,
Seated beside still waters on the grass.
It was a place of memories and tears -
Terrible tears. I rested in a wood,
And there the bird that mourns for Itys sang—
Itys that touched the tears of all the world.
But climbing onward toward the purple peaks,
I passed, on silent feet, white multitudes.
Beyond the reach of peering memories,
Lying asleep upon the scented banks,
Their bodies burning with celestial fire.
The strangeness of the beatific sleep,
The vision of God, the mystic bread of rest."

It has been said of Nathaniel Hawthorne that he heard melodies too fine for mortal ear. Hawthorne heard no more aerial strains than Markham, but, as this little poem clearly shows, the latter's form of expression is not above mortal comprehension, and I wish I could say as much of every passage in Hawthorne.

The poet's socialism, like his mysticism, is strictly confined within the limits of what prosy people call, sanity. It appears to be a direct result of looking upon the awful inequality in life. It probably came to the poet when he gazed upon the dread tragedy of human misery, and perhaps shared in some of it. He believes in the progress of the race, but that dogma is no more than the central idea of such an uncompromising stickler for law and order as Alfred Tennyson. If the thoughts of men are to be "widened" at all, it may not be by a sudden surgical operation, like that by which the Rev Sydney Smith proposed to get a joke into the head

of a Scot ; it must be by slow means, "with the process of the suns." As in Tennyson so in Markham : that much shows distinct in every verse he has written. If I have not misread him, his other leading idea is that of brotherhood—the "brotherhood of man," and less insistently, for Markham's creedal faith seems to sit lightly upon him, at least unlike Jean Angelo, he does not profess himself of a certain church by his turn of thought, the "fatherhood of God."

If I were asked for a complete synopsis of all his teachings concerning those matters. I should unhesitatingly point to his lines on "Brotherhood." Here is the poem :

" The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood ;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth :
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way :
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path :
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages run :

Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man."

He who reads these stanzas with understanding, can safely say he knows the poet Markham. Other poems, such as "The Desire of Nations," "The Tragedy" and "On the Gulf of Night" are informed with the same philosophy. But the poem "Brotherhood" holds the terms of them all.

Markham has some very short poems that deserve attention on account of the wonderful force and beauty of the thought. It is scarcely necessary to ask at which altar the author of the following splendid quatrain on "Infinite Depths" worships :

" The little pool, in street or field apart,
Glasses the deep heavens and the rushing storm;
And into the silent depths of every heart,
The Eternal throws its awful shadow-form."

"The Paymaster," is another brief poem; a diamond of beauty:

" There is a sacred something on all ways—
 Something that watches through the Universe ;
 One that remembers, reckons and repays,
 Giving us love for love, and curse for curse."

The extracts I have given show the poet as a keen thinker along certain lines of speculation. They also show that his thought is not only profound but useful. The only thing of importance that remains for illustration here is his imagination. It is the divine attribute of the imagination that furnishes the wealth of the poet. The fineness of Markham's imagination both in its function as a creative faculty, and as formative quality, to which we also give the name of fancy, may be very advantageously seen in the following fine sonnet :

THE WHARF OF DREAMS.

" Strange wares are handled on the wharves of sleep :
 Shadows of shadows pass, and many a light
 Flashes a signal fire across the night ;
 Barges depart whose voiceless steersmen keep
 Their way without star upon the deep ;
 And from lost ships, homing with ghostly crews,
 Come cries of incommunicable news,
 While cargoes pile the piers, a moon-white heap—
 Budgets of dream-dust, merchandise of song,
 Wreckage of hope and packs of ancient wrong,
 Nepenthes gathered from a secret strand,
 Fardels of heartache, burdens of old sins,
 Luggage sent down from dim ancestral inns,
 And bales of fantasy from No-Man's Land."

I need only refer to such valuable poems as "The Goblin Laugh" with its refrain pregnant with meaning for all who struggle for place and pelf, and "forget the large mansions of the mind;" the powerful sonnet, "A Leaf from the Devil's Jest Book" which holds no little in common with poor Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt;" the highly imaginative and thought-crammed lines entitled "The Whirlwind Road" with its weighty lesson for poets and artificers of verse. All these poems are very good, and contain the condensed observations and conclusions of a man constitutionally benevolent. Everywhere the poet sings as the chosen

bard of optimism ; a rare enough literary product in our pessemistic times.

If the preceding paragraphs are not devoid of expository value, we are now in a position to approach the greatest poem in the volume under review, "The Man With the Hoe," at a decided advantage, being forearmed with a notion of its author's leading ideas. This is all anyone needs, to understand if not appreciate the poem, which is as follows :

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous picture.)

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
 The emptiness of ages in his face,
 And on his back the burden of the world.
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox ?
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw ?
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow ?
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain ?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
 To have dominion over sea and land,
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,
 To feel the passion of eternity ?
 Is this the dream he dreamed who shaped the suns
 And pillared the blue firmament with light ?
 Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
 There is no shape more terrible than this—
 More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
 More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
 More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim !
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades ?
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose ?
 Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop,
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed
 Plundered, betrayed and disinherited,
 Cries protest to the judges of the world,
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
 How will you ever straighten up this shape;
 Give back the upward looking and the light,
 Touch it again with immortality.
 Make right the immemorial infamies,
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
 How will the future reckon with this man?
 How answer his brute question in that hour
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
 When this dumb terror shall reply to God,
 After the silence of the centuries?"

The secondary title of the poem, "Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting," counts for much. Its omission by editors who copied the poem in their papers has led to many and surprising misunderstandings. Indeed, the poem reads as if the painting had etched itself upon the mind of the poet! I know nothing of Mr. Markham's method of working. I cannot tell whether the forty-eight lines which compose the poem were written in a day or a week, a week or a month, a month or a year, a single year or a score of years. I know as little about the time the poet devoted to the production of this work as I know of how long it took Shakespeare to write a play. What is very clear is that "The Man with the Hoe" is a work of great deliberation, and should I learn it was really composed within a brief period, I shall be surprised. Every touch in it from start to finish shows great thought and deliberation. Its intense earnestness—an earnestness which eschews such new and uncommon words as "fraters," "norns," "hyens," "fardels," "gleering" and "weald," found rather plentifully in the other poems—is one of its marked traits. It is not mere power but good nature as well as power. It is the protest of the proletarian. It speaks for that which, so far as high utterance is concerned, is nearly dumb—for oppressed Labor personified as some such figure as the genius of Jean François Millet flashed on immortal canvas. I find in it that harmony with the tendencies of human nature, and

assertion of human right, which must induce me to consider it as a substantial influence for good. The noble ruin, the chief personage of the poem, is an image of refulgent grandeur, sublime as the statues of Phidias, and more enduring, creates itself, and will, if I do not err, long continue to create itself in the reader's mind, a perpetual embodiment and renovation of the awful truth it illustrates. The stately calling to account of the "masters, lords and rulers in all lands" is plainly a questioning of the almost general misuse of the monied power. For the rest, it is virtually democratic—Walt Whitman with music—it deals with the universal, the persecution of the laborer; it appeals to the common heart of man; it is feeling, thought, and passion used in behalf of the poor and downtrodden, and not to bolster up rank, glitter, or station. Having, as I fondly hope, adequately illustrated Mr. Markham's system of thought by the aid of some of his shorter poems, all that is necessary with reference to "The Man with the Hoe," which poem nearly everywhere speaks for itself plainly, forcefully and eloquently, is to request my readers to read the poem for themselves, in the light of the preceding illustrations.

In this small volume there is so much which ministers to excitement and enjoyment, which stimulates thought and satisfies the sense of beauty, that it cannot fail of being rich and fruitful in results. Every poem serves to remind us that we are in a period of transition. Labor, long dumb and neglected, is finding voice and advocates. The legitimate authority of intellect which ought to give government to nations, is up in insurrection against money-rule. The reprobation of the system is no longer confined to the turbulent, the ambitious, the ignorantly suffering, but it penetrates the seclusion of the philosopher, and condenses the lambent flame of poetry into the lightning that blasts while it irradiates. Down till the present, obstinate cupidity has wielded the rod of power, talent has been a coerced slave, playing fantastic tricks like Phaeton in the chariot of day, scorcing the earth, and ripe for the avenging bolt of Jove; but unless the signs of the times count as nothing, the moment is at hand, when genius, blazing in the breasts of the common people, and the guides and lovers of the common people, goes forth, like a second Galahad, armored in the entire justness of its cause, fearlessly and incessantly to make temporary application of eternal principles in behalf of the lowly, the oppressed, and the forlorn.

MAURICE CASEY.

HOMELY COURAGE.



MY hearing aches with noise of war,
And combat's hellish sound,
Like thunder when the tempest breaks
Rolls dreadfully around ;
Death holds high carnival to-day
With glees of lethal fight,
But, though his visage terror wears,
Men front him for the right.

We may have courage, all of us,
To start at honor's call,
To meet a foe, protect a friend,
Or face a cannon ball ;
To show the world one hero lives—
Pride's promptings love the light—
But do we always manifest
The courage to do right ?

To answer No, with steady breath,
And quick, unfaltering tongue,
When fierce temptation, ever near,
Her syren song has sung ?
To care not for the bantering tone ;
The jest or studied slight ;
Content if we can only have
The courage to do right ?

To step aside from fashion's course,
Or custom's favored plan,
To pluck an outcast from the street,
Or help a fellow man,
To hold the fallen, who would mend,
As worthy in our sight—
In short, do we untiring use
Set courage to do right ?

Revere the brave who die to serve
 The cause which they deem best,
 And waft your hearty blessings on
 Each living warrior's crest ;
 But ne'er forget the hero souls,
 The men of dauntless might,
 Who, day by day wherever found,
 Show courage to do right.

M.

JANUARY 8th, 1900.




Something each day—a word,
 We can not know its power ;
 It grows in fruitfulness
 As grows the gentle flower.
 What comfort it may bring,
 Where all is dark and drear !
 For a kind word every day
 Makes pleasant all the year.

Something each day—a deed
 Of kindness and of good,
 To link in closer bonds
 All human brotherhood.
 Oh thus the heavenly will
 We all may do while here ;
 For a good deed every day
 Makes blessed all the year.

—*Sacred Heart Review.*

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY BY W. A.
MARTIN, '02.

N the vast range of natural science there is, perhaps, no problem more difficult of solution or that offers a wider field for speculation than that of man's origin.

Revelation has given solutions to the problem, but these are misunderstood or distorted by many scientists, and, by materialists, they are totally ignored. Dissatisfied with the attestation of Faith, men have groped in the dark with the dim and uncertain light of science, and with this feeble glimmer have striven to discover the depths from which man has sprung. But almost invariably these men have been in the thralls of mental hallucination, or their higher moral nature was entirely obscured, and they have returned from these excursions with doctrines that are verily the strangest of phenomena. Regarding our origin, Faith tells us we are from God. But is positive science unable to give us any clue to the problem? It is utterly incapable of doing so :

" For man to tell how human life began
Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ? "

In fact the only reply it can give to our query may be adequately expressed in the words of Quatrefages. " To those," says he, " who question me on the problem of our origin, I do not hesitate to answer in the name of science, '*I do not know.*' "

All scientists, however, are not as diffident as Quatrefages in declaring science to be ignorant of man's origin, but many of them to whom *to understand* does not necessarily mean *to see*, have elaborated theories as fabulous and fantastic as the mythological legends of antiquity. But, one will ask, has not the Church always maintained that between faith and science there can be no real conflict? How, then, are we to reconcile these theories with the tenets of faith? We must examine the facts at our disposal and determine how far the truth of these theories can be established, keeping well in mind that the position of faith must always be that of a dictator, that has not one iota to concede.

In the Mosaic version of creation, we read that, on the sixth day, God said to himself: "Let us make man to our image and likeness—and God created man to his own image." "And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth; and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul." It is evident to all that the only meaning that can be given to these words of the Sacred Book, is that man was formed of the earth, and neither exegesis nor natural science can interpret them otherwise. But there still remains open the question as to the operation of natural laws by which man's body may have arisen like the other animal structures, *z. e.* through descent, and also the discussion as to whether the theory that man is the mediate effect of divine creation is reconcilable with the words of Holy Writ. For if God had evolved man's body from the organism of a monkey, we might still maintain that man was formed of the earth, not immediately but through descent from a body that had been previously formed of the earth. Although there are vast numbers, who hold tenaciously to the verbal interpretation of the texts quoted above, it would not be altogether justifiable to condemn those that take a broader interpretation, since the Church has not yet pronounced on the meaning that is to be given to the words. But, however, since it is a canon of scriptural exegesis, that the literal sense of a passage is to be accepted until sufficient reason be given to deviate from this literal meaning, it would be most advisable to accept, until science has established beyond a doubt the animal origin of man's body, the opinion which is the consensus of nearly all scriptural exegetists, and which pronounces in favor of the immediate formation of man's body from the slime of the earth.

There are many passages of scripture adduced in support of this view. When Adam has fallen, God pronounces sentence on him saying: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken, for dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." In this passage the immediate formation of man's body from the earth is manifestly supposed. . . . Moreover, it is patent to all that there is an essential difference in the manner in which God created man and that in which he created the irrational animals. For in

creating the latter he simply uttered his "*fiat*," but before making man he deliberated, and, we may say, pictured in his mind what man should be, what position he should hold in the order of the world. "Let us," He says, "make man to our image and likeness: and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth." "And God created man to his own image: to the image of God he created him, male and female he created them." Therefore, we see that the world came into existence by the mere will of the Creator, "*fiat*." But as mentioned above, before creating man, God as it were, reflected. He announced what he was going to create and also what man's destiny was to be. Hence, it would seem natural to suppose that since God intended that man should have dominion over all the creatures of the world, he would have created him differently from those over which he was to rule and not have evolved him from preexisting animal organisms. We have seen that science expresses ignorance in regard to man's origin, but pseudo-science, however, is not so modest as to admit that it is incapable of offering a solution to so momentous a question, and as the one great aim of pseudo-science is to completely unseat God, it shows no hesitation in declaring man to be of animal origin. But what causes us to marvel most is the want of facts which we should suppose would be brought forth in support of such an affirmation.

The men of this school consider man as nothing other than an animal of most complicated organization, and who being subject to the same laws as the rest of animals, is, therefore, of similar origin.

The principal exponents of this school are Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel and Vogt. The following is the description of man's origin given by Vogt:

"Man developed from the primordial slime of eternal matter, partly owing to accident, partly of necessity, by the throwing and mixing together of the materials of the first organic cells. From this original genesis arose at first the vegetable, then the animal forms, which, through infinite changes, finally developed into the ape. The first man sprung from the ape; and at the breast of the she-monkey, he sucked his mother's milk."

What name in Burke's "Peerage" would like to claim this descent ?

Haeckel goes a little more into detail, and traces man's genealogy to the famous moneron or protoplasmic cell, called the "Bathybius Haeckelii," which never existed except in the recesses of Haeckel's imagination. And from this mythical progenitor he delineates man's descent through twenty-two different stages. But he has been prudent enough not to prove the existence of these stages; in truth, they are but the figment of his untuned imagination. He himself admits that he founds his theory on the reasoning of fitness. His hypothesis is but a desperate attempt to escape the responsibility of a creator. Virchow himself who is one of Haeckel's school, has declared that he is forced to choose between religious certainty or the postulate of Monism. He says :

"Not a single positive fact is known which proves that an inorganic mass has transformed itself into an organic mass, and, nevertheless, if I do not wish to believe in a special creation I must have recourse to spontaneous generation; the matter is evident, no third course is given. When we have once said, 'I do not admit creation and I want an explanation of the origin of life,' we set up a first thesis; but whether we wish or not we must come to the second. Therefore, I admit spontaneous generation. But we have no proof thereof; nobody has seen the production of organic matter; it is not the theologians, it is the savants who reject it If we have to choose between spontaneous generation and creation, to speak frankly, we savants have a little preference for spontaneous generation."

Hence, we see that Haeckel bases his theory on spontaneous generation. He also declares that matter is eternal and self-existent, and that everything is reducible to the atom of matter. Moreover he maintains that from this atom by infinite changes has evolved man.

By the experiments of Pasteur, the eminent French chemist, the impossibility of spontaneous generation has been conclusively proved. The materialistic Tyndall almost simultaneously reached the same conclusion as Pasteur. Huxley and the other English materialists as well as those of the continent and of America generally admit that spontaneous generation is scientifically impos-

sible. But still these men show their monumental unreasonableness when they declare that we must maintain as a postulate of science that life was spontaneously generated in the distant past. But, however, would spontaneous generation exclude the idea of God? Not necessarily; as an organic body might arise from inorganic matter by the special action of the creative power. Hence we must not be surprised that many of the Fathers of the Church believed in spontaneous generation. But they believed that only the lower species of animals arose thus. We may safely presume that they derived this opinion from Aristotle and the early writers for they could have by no means obtained it from the Scripture nor did they even as much as insinuate that they deduced their belief from Holy Writ.

Despite the proofs of the impossibility of spontaneous generation, Haeckel and his confreres are still confident. They anticipate that in the near future protoplasm shall be artificially produced and then it shall be verified that the organic can spring from the inorganic.

Materialistic scientists have often caused thinking men to be astounded by announcing that they had found the means of producing living protoplasm. But invariably there has been nothing more than the announcement. For not only is it impossible to produce the cell of living matter, but the cell itself baffles all manipulations. Hence, when these godless men take upon themselves the mysteries of creation they cannot fail to arouse the amazement of mankind.

Haeckel and his followers also hold that matter is eternal, self-existent, and in continual evolution. Matter to be self-existing must be eternal, but this matter being in evolution necessitates motion. Now motion, which is inseparable from the idea of succession must have had a beginning, therefore eternal succession is self-contradictory, and hence it is impossible to conceive the idea of self-existent matter in a state of eternal successions or evolution. Thus we see the theory of Haeckel is reduced to an absolute absurdity, since it is based on scientific error and on a principle that is impossible to be conceived.

There is a second school of evolutionists who maintain a theistic genesis. Its principal exponent is Darwin, who has

revived and has placed in a new garb the theory of Lamarck that had been pushed to the back-ground by Cuvier. Darwin does not deal so much with the origin of life but rather with transformism. He asserts that in the beginning God created one, or at least three or four primitive forms of animal life. And from these, by means of slow and gradual transformations, the existing forms of animal life have descended. This evolution has been brought about by "the struggle for existence," from which resulted a "natural selection" and the "survival of the fittest." He declares that since more individuals are produced than can survive (animals tending to increase in a geometrical series while the means of sustenance increases in an arithmetical series) there must necessarily result a struggle for existence in which the individual battles for its existence and the species for its preservation. The struggle will be most severe between the varieties of the same species, and the more opposite the varieties and individuals are to one another the greater will be their chance of surviving. However, Darwin endeavors to cast a shade of light over this gloomy picture when he says :

"When we reflect on this struggle we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that *death is generally prompt*, and that the vigorous, the healthy and the happy survive and multiply."

In his *Descent of Man*, Darwin thus traces man's origin :

"Man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World. This creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed amongst the quadrumana, as surely as would the common, and still more ancient progenitor of the Old and New World monkeys, the quadrumana and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient maunpial animal : and this, through a long line of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal. In the dim obscurity of the past we can see that the early progenitor of all the vertebrata must have been an aquatic animal, provided with branchiæ, with the two sexes united in the same individual, and with the most important organs of the body (such as the brain

and heart) imperfectly developed. This animal seems to have been more like the larvæ of our existing marine Ascidiæ than any other form known." It is needless to mention that in this hypothesis everything is assumed and not a single part is based on scientific fact.

The gorilla, chimpanzee or orang-outang are generally considered the last stage of transformation before man. One of these anthropoid apes lost the habit of creeping on all fours and of climbing trees. After walking on the ground for generations its hind limbs became feet and the ape began to walk erectly. Its tail, having no further duties, grew shorter and eventually disappeared. The hands being now developed supplanted the jaws as organs of combat and as means of procuring food. By degrees the features underwent a complete transformation, the snout was somewhat abbreviated and the face became more vertical. Further on in its advance to man's condition, the ape discarded his repulsive grin and assumed man's pleasant smile. And his monotonous cries were converted into articulate language. This theory is patently absurd, for the inductive sciences, as all know, are founded on the constancy of nature for indeed no conclusion could be drawn from beings that were in a continual state of variation. But the Darwinian theory denies that anything in the world is permanent. Now nature must be permanent or variable: if permanent the theory of Darwin must vanish; if variable, we can make no inductions concerning the beings in nature, hence the theory is baseless.

But, however, how has Darwin established his theory? Is it not simply on analogy, on the anatomical similarity between man and beast? Supposing the analogy to be true, would the likeness of structure denote common origin? Hence it would be absurd to found a theory on such a basis.

How can the Darwinian theory explain the succession of vegetable and animal forms in nature? We have already seen the futility of attempting to bridge over the abyss between non-living and living matter, and there is also nearly as wide a gulf between vegetable and animal life. Extreme supporters of Darwin are not alarmed at this gap, but boldly attempt to fill it up. They tell us there are beings whose nature is doubtful, it not being certain whether

they are plants or animals. This is true. But the Darwinian theory claims that life succeeds in graduation from inferior to superior forms. If this be so, why are not the highest species of plant life most akin to the lowest of animal? whereas it is a fact that the animal and plant life approach each other in the lowest forms of both. Can evolutionists presume to teach us how the plant acquires a sentient soul, how it ceases to deoxydize and acquires the power of oxydizing; how it loses the function of accumulating and begins to expend? They have essayed to solve such momentous questions, it seems surprising that they would not first remove these slight difficulties.

There is again another great break in the scale of evolution that Darwin and his supporters have found impossible to seal up, and this is the difference that exists between the various species of animals. The transmutation of species is more widely doubted to-day than it was when Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared in 1859. It is true that species are known to admit of limited variations, but it is equally true that the law restraining the transmutation of species has never been transgressed. Moreover, evolutionists tell us that the succession of species has been slow and gradual, whereas research has proved that the transactions have been abrupt. For instance, the bones of Marsupial mammals are found in Triassic rocks but there are no remains of the animals connecting them with the inferior oviparous species. The Tertiary rocks are rich with the fossils of true mammals but not a single trace of one has been found in the Cretaceous strata. But the greatest break of all is found between man and all other animals. And no amount of search will ever succeed in finding the link that is supposed to connect him directly with the rest of the animal kingdom, for as Wallace admits, he is really "a being apart."

Could we who adore an all-wise and merciful God believe that this theory of natural selection, whose essence is an implacable struggle, is in harmony with His wisdom? Are we not more disposed to acknowledge that he created the species of plants and animals according to their kind as the Sacred Book tells us: "God made the beasts of the earth according to their kinds, and cattle, and everything that creepeth on the earth after its kind." For what is the "struggle for existence" but the annihilation of the

weaker, and continues incessantly until only the more powerful forms remain. We who worship God as our Creator are more inclined to believe that He created all beings after their kind rather than that they are the result of a merciless conflict. In fact, we might ask does not the theory of natural selection entirely exclude the idea of God and design from the universe, since it makes everything dependent on chance? Or if evolution does not overthrow the belief in a design in the universe, it at least teaches that God is not good and that he is unskilful. Now again, in the "struggle for existence," it is supposed that the most intelligent ape abandoned its arboreal habits and accustomed itself to walk erectly. It also became denuded and acquired handsome features. This seems to be the very antithesis of what one naturally supposes would occur, for a struggle is more calculated to convert a man into a brute than to transform a brute into man. Moreover the monkey's physical structure is better adapted to buffet hostile influences than is man's delicate body. In a word, it is impossible to conceive how the "struggle for existence" could make a man out of the ape.

It would seem apropos to inquire how the first man-ape was initiated in the art of thinking. Moreover, how was the volume of the ape's skull increased to about twice its natural size? When Darwinists are asked how the ape began the thinking process they tell us that the power resulted from the increase of the brain. And asked again how the brain increased, they inform us that it was by the "activity in thinking." This is truly a vicious circle in every sense of the word. We would infer from what they say that the faculty of thinking depends on the weight and size of the brain, or that the greater the increase of the brain the more powerful will be the faculty of thinking. This does not stand the test of examination, for if it were true our present-day geniuses would have heads of importable dimensions. But it has been proved that the Palæolithic men had skulls as large, and in many instances larger, than the present day men. It has been ascertained that the cubic capacity of the skulls of several "Cave-men" of the Palæolithic period average 1606 cc., whereas the average Parisian skull, which is the largest in Europe, is but 1559 cc. Again, if we consider the relative weight of the brain, is not man surpassed

in this respect by many beasts? And also, indeed, in relative weight the brain of the child exceeds that of the adult.

The evolutionists say that after the ape became man the size of the brain began to increase, and fathers begot children with still larger brains. This is evidently absurd, for no generative force can produce a superior being from an inferior. Now, if in the distant past apes were changed into men, why does not the process continue? Have the natural laws been suspended, or has some other agency impeded their action? Moreover, no one has ever witnessed the changing process that evolution describes, nor has there ever been found a fossil that indicated this process. It has been despaired of finding the missing link, still men persist in defending a theory which is truly but the dream of a perverted fancy. Schlegel tells us that "absolute doubt constitutes scientific error." Hence, it would be just to place evolution at the very top of the category of errors, for it is an error that has no extenuating features, it is not an error of the every-day kind.

There are eminent Catholic scientists who endeavor to reconcile the Darwinian theory with revelation and with the doctrines of the church. They differ from Darwin in that they maintain the special intervention of God in the creation of the human soul. Among the exponents of this modification of Darwinism are Dr. Mivart in England, and Dr. Zahm in the United States.

Mivart believes that it does not militate against any defined doctrine of faith to maintain that God modified the animal body through the agency of natural selection, plus some other force, until it was developed sufficiently to receive the rational soul which he then infused into it. Like Darwin, Mivart bases his theory on the anatomical resemblance between man and the ape.

In America Fr. Zahm holds views somewhat similar to Mivart's. In a lecture delivered at the Catholic Summer School in 1895, he quoted St. Gregory of Nyssa, in support of theistic evolution. "The primitive material," says the saint, "the nebulous matter from which all things were fashioned, was created by God directly and immediately, whereas all the multifold creatures of the visible world were produced indirectly and mediately, that is, by the operation of secondary causes called the laws of nature." He also cites St. Augustine, who says: "God did not create the world

as it now appears, but only the primordial matter out of which it was composed." "And," continues Fr. Zahm, in his own words, "spontaneous generation was never a stumbling-block either to the Fathers or Scholastics, because the creative act was always acknowledged and because God was ever recognized as the author, at least through second agents, of the divers forms of life, which were supposed to originate from inorganized matter."

We have previously seen how the theory of spontaneous generation is not necessarily atheistic, and also that many of the early Fathers believed in the spontaneous origin of several lower forms of life. But we have also seen how Pasteur has proved the impossibility of spontaneous generation, and, moreover, that even the most rabid materialists have admitted that there are no proofs of the formation of organic from inorganic matter. Hence it is evident that Fr. Zahm, although he may be supported by St. Gregory and St. Augustine, has based his arguments on a very shallow foundation.

In regard to the relation between evolution and scripture, Fr. Zahm affirms: "Evolution is not opposed to revelation, as is often imagined, but to certain interpretations of what some have imagined to be revealed truths. It is not opposed to dogmas of the church, but to certain individual exponents of dogmas, who would have us believe that their views of the inspired record are the veritable expressions of divine truth."

Of course, as has been stated before, it is not heretical to maintain that theistic evolution is in accordance with revelation. But why should we accept the words of Genesis in a figurative sense? When scientific proof of man's descent from pre existing animal forms shall have been adduced, then there may be reason to understand the words of scripture in other than the literal meaning. But at present there is no reason whatever for deviating from the verbal interpretation. And the general opinion of exegists declares that Scripture excludes the hypothesis of man's corporal origin from animal forms.

(To be continued.)

PRAYING IN WAR-TIME.



E kneel before God's altar high, and mumble
 A thumb-stained page of old, familiar prayer ;
 Doubtless our postures are devout and humble,
 Our features perfect unctuousness wear.

We call upon the " Prince of Peace " to hearken :
 " Forgive, as we forgive," the cry we raise ;
 But hate-filled clouds of war His bright sky darken
 And through the murk the murderous cannons blaze.

What fine consistency marks our devotions—
 Loud must the demons laugh to see each fool
 Issue, at close of his p.r.yerful emotions
 To break all precepts of the Golden Rule !

We hold that which we have, and dearly covet
 What we have not, though 'tis our neighbor's share :
 An *abstract* honesty—oh ! how we love it !
 And peace (when war is done) were meet and fair !

So let us pray with trumpet voice, my fraters,
 Until the other's ear each shouter stuns ;
 We can (when prayer is o'er) go forth deep haters
 To sit at ease and gossip of—the guns !

Christmas Day, 1899.

W.

"THE DARK AGES."



THE time between the seventh and fourteenth centuries is generally honored with the above title. Now, whoever affixed it to that part of our history must have been either very ignorant or very malignant; for we can think of hardly any time since the creation that less deserves so harsh an epithet. But certainly an age in which the wisdom of the Church of Rome enlightened the world,—a time during which some of the greatest lights of that Church illuminated every field in arts, science, religion and statesmanship,—must seem dark to those that are blind to the beauties of these lights. Such an age must seem dark to those that are enlightened and guided solely by their own wisdom, a wisdom so ridiculously profound that it cannot even rise superior to prejudices. It should of course be no surprise to us if men of that kind would call the Middle Ages dark, for, from their infancy, they were taught to regard the Roman Catholic Church as a chaos. But often one may hear even Catholics using the word "dark" in reference to the middle ages. Now this is a sign of ignorance, for if they would but remember the teachings of their Church, Catholics, even although they did not refer to history, would see the absurdity of such a title.

Now let us look at the principal reasons that are advanced to uphold the above name. Cruelty, barbarism, ignorance, are the charges that are brought oftenest against the Middle Ages. And no matter how often they are refuted these charges always spring up again like the good-for-nothing weeds they are. Books might be, and have been filled with the refutation of these slanders, but the space of this article is very limited, so we shall endeavor merely to look over the "Dark Ages" and compare them with their supposed more enlightened successors, leaving our readers to judge whether or not the epithet "dark" is just.

Let us begin with the accusation of cruelty. "Surely," you say, "nobody can deny this charge; look only at the Spanish Inquisition; look at all the tortures that were employed by that institution, tortures for which you can find no parallel in history, and you must say that this alone is enough to put the stamp of

cruelty on the forehead of an age which permitted such a court to flourish." Now you believe that you have thrown a bomb at us that will blow every argument of ours to fragments. Let us, however, pick up this missile and examine it, and we shall find that it is harmless. We acknowledge that the Inquisition was rather cruel according to the way we look at things; according to the judgment of an age which does not believe in the existence of Heaven and Hell, and which considers bodily pain the greatest misery that can befall a man. The Inquisition employed tortures, pain^{ing} the body for a short time to save the soul from the everlasting tortures of Hell. There!—I hear somebody laugh; yes you see there are even some at the end of the nineteenth century, who are so "dark" as to believe in such things as Heaven and Hell, and they are very well contented to remain in that "darkness."

We shall never deny that the Inquisition was misused. What court was not? The courts of the present time deal out only justice? Yes, we never hear of decisions against which everybody cries out? Supposing all that is said and written about the Inquisition to be true, have we no parallel? Aye, more than a parallel to it in recent times. What about the, — permit me to call it so, — English Inquisition of Henry the Eighth and his successors in England and Ireland, where tyrants tried to thwart the consciences of their Catholic subjects by hanging and quartering? What about the cruelties to which such men as Thomas More, Fisher and all those that would not weigh down their consciences with a noxious oath, were subjected? What about Ireland? The "most enlightened nation" was not cruel in Ireland? The Inquisition in Spain sought to convert heretics by words or sharper means; that at least was its primary object. England tried to convert Ireland by caresses? England became so affectionate, that thousands of Irishmen live in exile because they cannot get used to the English embraces. English rule in India was never cruel? O, no!—how could it be? The people of India were oppressed until they were forced to rebellion, and then they were blown from the mouth of a cannon.

But we need not go back even as far as the time of Henry the Eighth. Let us look at things taking place before our eyes. To-day, even in the enlightened nineteenth century,

Catholics are treated as if they were noxious things, aye, they are openly, solemnly insulted even at such an impressive ceremony as the coronation of the sovereign of England. Every religion is tolerated and upheld except the Catholic religion. Then see the treatment the poor get, the world over ; they are kicked and left to starve. The only institution that really takes care of the poor, no matter to what denomination they may belong, is the Catholic Church. Again, look at the Indians, and at the cruelty with which they were and are treated. The poor red man was oppressed until human endurance reached its limit. Then, when he arose and tried to avenge the wrongs the white devil had done him ; when he took life for life, scalp for scalp ; when he tried to win back the heritage of his fathers by force of arms ; then there was a chance of butchering him wholesale. We will not speak about slaves and slave trade, nor about the cruelties committed in the revolutions of our times, nor about many other things we could mention, because we think the above is sufficient. We think the exaggerated cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition can very well stand a comparison with the underrated atrocities of post-Reformation times. Of course, every unprejudiced mind will see that the Inquisition is brought forward only because it happens to be a Catholic institution. Who has forgotten the slanders heaped on Catholic Spain during the late war ? To-day the authors of those slanders, at least those persons that came in actual contact with the oppressed and patriotic Cubans and their oppressors, are of a different mind, but very few of them have manhood enough about them to come forward and say : "We made a mistake."

The Crusades seem to furnish another proof showing the cruelty of the "Dark Ages." Their "barbarity" and terrible loss of life are constantly bemoaned. Now there must be nothing higher than temporal life for him that accuses the Middle Ages of barbarity and cruelty on account of the crusades. Could there possibly be a higher aim than that of the Crusades for a military expedition ? Merely by their end, (now please do not do me the honor of calling me a Jesuit), they could be justified, if justification be needed. They aimed at putting a stop to Turkish atrocities in Palestine : they had as their object the end of Turkish power

in Europe. This is called barbarism by an age that allows the most barbaric nation to usurp a goodly part of Europe. This is called cruelty by the nations that protect the Turk whenever he feels like butchering a few thousand Christians, as he periodically does in Armenia or in his other possessions. This is called cruelty, and the life of the fallen is bemoaned in an age which makes war for the slightest reasons, in an age in which wars are waged because this or that nation covets the possessions of its neighbor. How are these wars, (we need not go far for examples), justified? By the words: "for humanity's sake," or for the "advancement of civilization." The Crusades put a stop to Turkish cruelties, but that is not the only thing they did. They built up a desire for arts and sciences in the western part of Europe; they united Europe, if only for a time, and constant peace reigned there during their continuance. Popes and Princes, Clergy and Laity of those times were equally enthusiastic about the Crusades. If these men had seen any unjust barbarity or cruelty in the Crusades, they would not have supported them with all their power, even with their lives. Many other advantages which the Crusades brought to their own, and to times long after, might here be mentioned, but we think that the above will do to show that the Crusades were not as cruel and unjust as some of our modern wars. And if they were cruel, they have had, and are now having many imitators in more unworthy causes.

Did you ever hear of one who attacked the Middle Ages and did not try to show the great immorality that had spread during that period, over the then known world? It well becomes our moral age to preach morals to the Middle Ages! Compare the worst examples of the Middle Ages with those found in the side streets, and in the front streets, too, of London, Chicago, New York, Paris, and many other modern cities,—then speak against the morals of the Middle Ages if you dare. Moreover, there were, in the Middle Ages, no courts whose only business is to dissolve the marriage tie. Marriage was then considered a sacred state, a sacrament; in our times it is the contract made and dissolved at the pleasure of the contracting parties. You may marry as often as you like; if your wife does not suit you, go to some court and

in half an hour, you may be rid of her and be united to another to be got rid of, in like manner, at your pleasure. Worse still ; you may have as many wives as you like ! Now, even the Koran allows only four ; a Mormon may have as many as he can support. Yet worse ; free love is inculcated by certain enlightened teachers. Immorality is openly taught and praised as a virtue in some books and newspapers of this "moral" age. We have not mentioned child-murder in its different degrees ; we have not mentioned the immoral influences of schools, out of which even the name of God is banished. Such a state of affairs was absolutely impossible in the "immoral" Middle Ages.

The accusation of ignorance is another of the many slanders thrown against those centuries. Compared with our own age, they were, in a certain sense, ignorant. But we must not compare the two ages. We might as well try to compare constitutional England with despotic Russia. At an age when a book cost a small fortune, not everybody could have a library and be able to read it. Nevertheless, at that time and under those disadvantages, we find schools and universities all over Europe. Besides schools for the common people, we find universities in Rome, Lyons, Paris, York, Oxford, Fulda, Ratisbon, Paderborn, and all these seats of learning are existing still. It is true that many nobles could not even write their names, and that they even boasted of this ignorance. But that did not prevent them from being true men ; it did not hinder them in the fulfilment of their duties as true knights. They did not the less protect the poor, the widows and orphans, because they could not read Cicero. Moreover, what need had they of more learning ? They never had occasion to sign their names to big documents, for their word was as good or better than hundreds of signatures are now. The word of a man was given and kept. In our age, where an oath has sunk down to mere formality, you must be able to sign every promise you make, so that the one you make it to, may have at least some little security.

Then, whence would we take the books out of which we get the most valuable information for the advancement of sciences in our age, where would we get the Latin and Greek classics after which the classics of our own times are formed, if the monks in the Middle Ages had not preserved them carefully by copying and re-

copying them? Was it not during the Middle Ages that the foundations were laid on which we are now building those grand structures of science? If the foundation did not exist, and had not been laid on solid rocks, the buildings which our scientists raise now, for the admiration of all ages to come, would soon crumble to pieces. The monasteries so readily destroyed in our times, were the places where arts and sciences were fostered. Many of the learned men of the Middle Ages, many of the inventors were monks. These same monks also conducted schools in which the common people were taught. Then, as now, the Catholic missionary, as soon as he arrived amongst the heathens, taught them; not only the Gospel but everything that might be helpful to civilize and educate them. No Catholic missionary ever tried to keep the people whom he had converted, in ignorance for mercenary purposes, as some of our Protestant missionaries are accused of doing.

There is hardly an age that produced such eminent rulers, statesmen, scholars, warriors and artists as these much-slandered centuries. A few of the best known names will suffice to show the truth of this statement. We have Charlemagne, Alfred, King of England, Stephen, King of Hungary, Louis the Ninth of France, Richard the Lion-hearted, Godfrey of Bouillon, Robert of Flanders, Raymond of Toulouse, Tancred; we have Raphael, Dante,—indeed we might keep on filling line after line, page after page. Purposely, we have abstained from mentioning any saints, of which this age was particularly rich, for they surely are considered the darkest spots in the "Dark Ages."

Though the brains of the common people were not filled with mathematical formulas, and, though the children did not have to bother themselves with Cicero and Demosthenes before they could read and write their mother tongue correctly, they knew how to follow the rules of a Christian life; they knew how to defend their faith and country; they knew how to lead a life equally advantageous to themselves and to their neighbors. In our times, of course, when the almighty dollar is the highest god, we need quite an amount of knowledge to find the best and easiest way of transferring that same god from our neighbors' pockets into our own. What do most men study for, unless it be to make money after-

wards? You will find only a few, and them in the Catholic Church, that have a higher aim in their studies than to make money in their after lives. Why does John study law, and Peter, medicine, and Paul, something else? Does John want to be able to help the oppressed? Does Peter want to cure the ailments of the poor? On the contrary, whoever afterwards pays the most, is usually served first. Whether the case is right or wrong, there is always a lawyer to defend it; whether the practice is against the law or not, there is a doctor to undertake it,—for money. Exceptions of course are found, but they are rare.

With the foregoing we have tried to prove how groundless some of the slanders are, that are thrown against the Middle Ages. Now let us speak of some things that are never mentioned by the slanderers.

Architecture is a pretty good criterion by which to judge the spirit and also the capacity of an age. If this be so, then what will you say of an age that raised the cathedrals of Milan and Cologne and many other edifices of like grandeur and beauty? Can any building, however grand, that was raised in our age of light, compare with those buildings raised in the age of "darkness"? A people able to perpetuate their skill in such monuments can hardly be considered very ignorant. The "skyscrapers" of modern cities bring more profit to the builders and owners than did the buildings raised for the glory of God during the Middle Ages, but where is their artistic beauty? Our enlightened age is not able even to finish the buildings left unfinished by the Middle Ages.

Then why do we find so many ruins of castles, abbeys and churches which vandals have destroyed all over Europe? Why are not these ruins removed from the earth? Because even the ruins show the grandeur of the original structures. Do you think that if any of our much praised "skyscrapers" would fall to ruins, any one would try to preserve it in that state to hint at the beauty of the complete building? You laugh!—the idea seems ridiculous, but it shows, that in point of architecture, our age is, so far as beauty may be concerned, "behind the times."

Moreover, we stand before the paintings and statues, we read the books produced by masters of the Middle Ages; we

appreciate them, but we are unable to imitate them, although we have such grand light, while they sprang into existence amidst such "complete darkness."

The many useful inventions that were brought into existence during those times are, I suppose, more signs of the "darkness" that reigned then? But they, at least, show that the inventors had quite a lot of energy and perseverance; they show that these men did not work for themselves alone but for coming generations. Are we not much benefited by these inventions? We praise ourselves for the inventions, that are daily made in the art of warfare. But look at the machines that were employed during the Middle Ages at the siege of a city. Look at the battering-rams, the catapults and other machines. Do they not prove a great amount of skill? We could mention many other things in favor of the "Dark Ages." We have not mentioned the Orders that were then founded, which are to-day, more than ever, the back bone of the Church we revere, and which are admired by Catholics and Protestants alike, a few bigots excepted. We have not mentioned the institutions that made it a duty for their members to sacrifice their liberty, lives and all, if, by such a sacrifice, the liberty of one Christian slave could be bought. We shall, however, mention a few institutions founded generally by the Roman Catholic Church, which are an adornment to their age. Even our secret societies try to legitimize their own existence by pretending that these institutions are there origin.

We consider chivalry one of the greatest institutions of those and of all ages, because in it we can see the spirit of the times, we can see what was the foremost thought of the nobility. Chivalry made out of a rough soldier, who could not be kept in bounds except by superiority of strength, a defender of the helpless, a help to the poor, a protector of widows and orphans. Chivalry sanctified and ennobled the most profane of all callings. Can you compare the spirit of our grand armies with the spirit of this institution?

Then look at all the military Orders,—the Knights Templars, the Knights of St. John, and many more. They combined all the virtues of true knights, all the heroism of true crusaders, with the spirit of true religious. Can you count all the good these Orders

did? Can you count all the defeats they brought down upon the enemies of Europe? Who knows, but that Europe might be now possessed by these enemies were it not for the stand the military Orders took against any invasion. Remember the defence of Rhodes, Malta, and many other places held by the military Orders. As long as a single man was alive they would not surrender, and the very barbarians whom they defeated looked up with awe and admiration to those heroes. Our times are absolutely incapable of producing such heroes. We can see this by comparison with the men that are called heroes now-a-days. Our age ignores the above facts. Only a few weeks ago a prominent bigot, he happened to be a "minister of the Gospel," addressed the Catholics in these polite words: "We abhor, denounce and spit on your stinking Orders." The man must have made a deep study of these "stinking Orders?"

Let us consider also the "Truce of God." This was a command of the Church prohibiting the continuation of any warfare during the days consecrated to our Lord's Passion, Death and Resurrection, *i. e.*, from Wednesday afternoon until the following Monday morning of every week, and also during the whole of Lent and Advent. This command was strictly observed. Where can you find any sovereign who would obey such a command now? Look at the latest events. A war, just, so called by some, is carried on not only during the whole week, but even during the time in which the birth of the Prince of Peace is celebrated.

We have also the right of the Sanctuary, showing what reverence the Middle Ages had for a church or monastery. If any criminal, fleeing from justice, took refuge in a church or in certain privileged monasteries, then he could not be taken from thence; he was free within the walls of the sacred building. But as soon as he would leave the sanctuary, he would again be subjected to the rigor of the law. In our times, a man may go into a church or where he likes; he is sure to be taken if he be wanted by justice. Nay more, the priest on the altar, if he be wanted for a pretended crime which he even had to commit against civil authority to satisfy his conscience, is not respected; he is torn from the altar and thrown into prison. Worse still, modern devotées of law and order do not even give themselves time to throw him into prison, but kill

him, on the steps of the altar, recalling in this way the worst persecutions of the Roman Emperors in the first three centuries of the Christian era ; with the only exception that the Roman Emperors were heathens whilst the moderns call themselves Christians. Examples to prove this might be found within the last fifty years.

But now it is time to let our readers judge. Just allow us to tell them once more that, if the Middle Ages were cruel our age is worse ; if they were barbarous, our age is no less so ; if they were ignorant—but what am I saying ? they were not ignorant, as we have tried to show. If only our enlightened age would try to be in some respects as *dark* as those ages were, we would not hear any more talk about money difficulties, social troubles, and we do not know what kind of questions. We would not have to listen to speeches about the rights of women, because in the “Dark Ages” every woman knew her right, aye, and her duty too. We would not have to look at the wretchedness of the poor, which is constantly before our eyes, because the monasteries which our age has destroyed, and the “lazy, good-for-nothing” monks which our age insults and tries to do away with, took care of them. We would find out that the “Dark Ages” with all their failings, made man happier and more contented than our enlightened age, which has—no failings at all ? In short, we would find out that the “Dark Ages” were not so dark after all.

HENRY HERWIG,

Third Form.



THEIR PROUD RECORD.

WHAT THE OBLATE FATHERS ARE DOING IN SOUTH AFRICA MISSIONARY WORK—FAITHFUL TO THE OLD FLAG, THEY LEAVE THEIR PARISHES TO CARE FOR THE WOUNDED, THE SICK AND DISTRESSED.

(From the *Daily World*, Vancouver, B.C.)

At the present time all eyes are turned towards South Africa. Everybody follows with concern and anxiety the sudden turn of a war which, it seems, will be long and terrible. The Boers are very numerous, brave, well disciplined, furnished with the best arms, have great confidence in themselves and in divine Providence which, they say, will never fail them, because they are fighting for justice, their rights and independence.

The theatre of the war is precisely the parts of South Africa confided by the Holy See to the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate. For 48 years they have labored with extraordinary devotedness, zeal and perseverance in an arid and ungrateful soil. The work was hard and laborious. For a long time they sowed in tears without reaping much fruit from their labors. The good seed, however, was not without fruit, and for the past 25 or 30 years in many places it has produced a most abundant harvest. In 1851 the first Oblate Bishop was consecrated. Rt. Rev. Bishop J. F. Allard, O.M.I., with a few Oblate Fathers were the only Catholic priests in those vast regions of Natal, Transvaal, Orange Free State, Bechuanaland, Zululand and Basutoland, and there were only a handful of Catholics scattered over those immense territories. Now, there are five Vicariates, with over 80 Oblate Fathers, a very flourishing monastery of Trappist Fathers, Christian and Marist Brothers, Holy Family, Augustinian, Dominican, Nazareth, Mercy, Ursuline and Kermaria Nuns. Of late years the number of conversions among both the white and black populations has been very remarkable; Catholic institutions have become very prosperous in all the principal centres of population. Let us give a few names of the institutions: At Johannesburg there is the largest and best equipped hospital in South Africa, a

large boarding school for young ladies, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Family; near by, a home for old men and women and an orphanage, under the charge of the Sisters of Nazareth: besides these, the Ursuline Nuns and the Marist Brothers teach more than 500 children in their schools.

At Bloemfontein the Sisters of the Holy Family have another boarding school, and day schools, having a large number of pupils. The same good works are carried out at Kimberley, where there is also a school for the negroes; the schools of the Christian Brothers are well attended. In the same city the Sisters of Nazareth have an orphanage for children, and a home for the old men and women. At Mafeking, the Sisters of Mercy, and at Taungs, the Sisters of Kermaria, have also schools. At Newcastle, which has just been occupied by the Boers, without striking a blow, the Dominican nuns possess a large boarding school for young ladies. Ladysmith and Estcourt, the headquarters of the British, have each a hospital and school, under the direction of the Augustinian Sisters. Pietermaritzburg is not behind the other cities for institutions: there is a college, under the direction of the Oblate Fathers, a boarding school and orphanage, day schools for white children, Indians and Kaffirs, under the charge of the Sisters of the Holy Family, and a sanatorium under the care of the Augustinian Sisters. At Durban is another sanatorium, an asylum for old persons and for orphans, a boarding school for young ladies in a beautiful position, besides large and flourishing schools for Indian and Kaffir children.

These details are sufficient to show the progress that the Catholic religion has made in those countries whose inhabitants a few years ago, were either pagans, infidels or heretics. But, alas! what will now become of those grand establishments? They will undoubtedly experience the fatal consequences of the war. In the cities already occupied by the troops, some wards are entirely solitary on account of the emigration: but the hospitals are filled with sick and wounded: the schools are transformed into hospitals, and teachers into nurses and Sisters of Charity.

Many of the Oblate Fathers have been obliged to abandon the ordinary works of the sacred ministry and to devote themselves to the service of the soldiers, to follow the armies as military

chaplains. We find the Oblate Fathers in both armies, because in both there are Catholic soldiers. Rev. Father Michael Morley, O.M.I., and the other Fathers of the residence at Kimberley, give their care to the soldiers at and around Kimberley; Rev. Father William Murray, O.M.I., and Rev. Father James Saby, O.M.I., perform the same duties to those at Ladysmith. Rev. Father Leon Marchal, O.M.I., of Johannesburg, is chaplain to a regiment of 2,000 Irishmen, who have taken the part of the Boers; Rev. Father Stephen Hammer, O.M.I., of the same city, is chaplain to a corps of 3,000 German volunteers.

The Oblate Fathers, on the battlefield, in the camp, amongst the soldiers as on their missions, will reap an abundant harvest of souls for Heaven. Father Wm. Murray, O.M.I., at Ladysmith, has already administered the sacrament to 900 men, many of whom had not approached the sacrament of Penance and Holy Communion since they had made their first Communion. Almighty God does all things for the salvation of souls; it is to be hoped that He permits the horrors of this war in order to bring many souls to everlasting life. May He spare our institutions which we have established with much labor and many sacrifices. May we ask our readers to offer a prayer for this intention?

PETITES ANNALES, O.M.I.

December, 1899.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF RT. REV. BISHOP CH. JOLIVET, O.M.I.

“The Boers are already masters of a part of Natal. From the beginning, the British abandoned to them Newcastle, where they are now established. The Dominican nuns were obliged to flee thence in a hurry, leaving their beautiful establishments to the mercy of the Boers. The nuns left with many of their boarders who were unable to return to their parents. For a few days they stopped at Dundee, whence thirty nuns and thirty boarders were obliged to seek refuge here at Maritzburg. They have rented a house into which they are all crowded together. A month ago they had one of the finest boarding schools in South Africa; now it is in ruins, and the nuns are in a sad state of poverty. At

Ladysmith and at Estcourt the Sisters are still holding their own. The Sisters of the Holy Family at Maritzburg and at Durban are undisturbed and perform their various good works. Our missionaries and our French and German Sisters are still respected. Father Wm. Murray, O.M.I., has gone as a military chaplain to the Irish regiment.

“ † CHARLES, O.M.I., Vic. Apos.

“ Bishop of Belline.”

EXTRACT FROM A LETRER OF REV. FATHER MARCHAL, O.M.I.

“The Boers are brave, well-armed, good horsemen and good marksmen. They are fighting for their independence and are determined to fight to the last man. The hardships of war are nothing for these hardy farmers. They know the country and can become invincible in guerilla warfare. They are already, with Free Staters, 60,000 strong, and will be 100,000 after the first victory. A regiment of 3,000 German volunteers, most of them artillerymen, have just started for the front. Rev. Father E. Hammer, O. M. I., is their chaplain. I am starting as military chaplain with 2,000 Irishmen, with their green flag. The corps Franco-Belge guard Johannesburg. The numerous Dutch railroad navvies are all going to the front. I had a flourishing parish, 400 Catholics near the church and 1,000 in the dirtrict. All are either going to the war or to places of safety. Yesterday I had only 30 men and three women at mass. The Catholics that are going to fight have obeyed my instructions and have received the sacraments. During my absence, my Kaffir servant will take care of my house and garden till my return. If you learn that I have been killed on the field of honor and in the performance of my sacred ministry, I presume you will be proud of me, and not forget to pray for the repose of my soul.

“ LEON MARCHAL, O.M.I.”

FROM THE LAND OF GOLD.

The following interesting letter was recently received from the Klondike by Rev. Father Boisramé, O.M.I. :

DAWSON CITY, YUKON DISTRICT,
Nov. 7th, 1899.

DEAR FATHER BOISRAMÉ,—

My last letter was dated the 13th of October, when I sent some photographs to you and Mgr Routhier. Since the receipt of your letter of the 11th of last August, I have had no news from you. Rev. Father Desmarais has kept you pretty well informed of all that goes on up here, whether good or bad, and of the *opera Dei per Oblatos*.

You must have read in the newspapers an account of the terrible accident that befell the boat carrying Father Desmarais on his return to Dawson. It was a miracle that no lives were lost. The "Stratton," aboard which the Rev. Father had a free passage, was toilsomely descending the Yukon, feeling its way with great difficulty through masses of floating ice, when at midnight on the 24th of October, those detached masses got jammed so tightly as to form a dam across the river, thus closing navigation. The ice continued to pile up around the boat, and as the current is very swift, the water began to rise before the obstructed passageway. What could be done in the darkness of the night? The danger was so quickly realized that a sailor seized a hawser, and, jumping from one block of ice to another, finally reached the shore, where he fastened it securely. The passengers in turn took hold of the hawser and slid along the ice, jumping from block to block behind the sailor. In the meantime the ice gathering beneath the boat raised it and threw it over on its side. Thereupon the women rushed madly for the windows and crawled out upon that side of the boat that was now uppermost. Then, by means of the hawser and with the assistance of the passengers already landed, they slid along the ice to the shore. Scarcely had the last woman (one of my fervent Catholics) touched the ice, when an immense block raised the stern of the vessel, which, all on a sudden, plunged

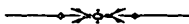
bow foremost beneath the ice, disappearing in an instant amid the noise made by the explosion of the boilers. Not a trace was left of the vessel so lately engulfed with all its baggage and freight, including thirty sacks of mail. Part of the goods bought by Father Demarais in Montreal were on board. Now, chalices, altar linen, altar wine, holy oils, etc., are all at the bottom of the river. The remainder of these goods were aboard a large scow, the owner of which was under contract to deliver them at Dawson City. But his scow was caught in the ice, and there lie our goods in the open air one hundred miles from Dawson. The question is, shall we get them? The freight was paid for the entire distance, but the loss of the goods has ruined the poor boatman. The cost of carrying them over the ice to Dawson will be greater than the purchase price in Montreal. I gave Rev. Father Desmarais \$800 at his departure and he borrowed \$1,000 in Montreal. He arrived here yesterday after an absence of more than two months, having lost his baggage and breviary, and bringing with him nothing but the clothes which he had put hastily on before leaving the vessel. He had travelled more than 140 miles on foot over the ice, which he found sometimes loose and drifting, sometimes piled up in huge masses on the banks of the river. Unnecessary to add, that during this painful journey the poor Father suffered intensely from cold, hunger, fatigue and insomnia. He arrived here at last remarking that it might have been worse.

I brought the month of the Holy Rosary to a close by using for the first time my beautiful pair of gold beads. You are aware that I intend to present these beads to Very Reverend Father Superior General, after exhibiting them at the Paris Exposition. If I thought it would give you pleasure, I would send them first to Ottawa whence they could be forwarded to Paris. I am told that since it is certain they will attract attention in Paris, it would be worth while seeing them at Ottawa. I will send you by next mail a newspaper containing a description of the beads and of the school which I have just opened.

I remain yours devotedly, who need your prayers,

E. GENDREAU, O.M.I.

University of Ottawa Review.



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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OLD SERIES, VOL. XIII, NO. 5

JANUARY, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II, NO. 5.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

During the past month THE REVIEW has received many kind congratulations from various staunch friends, all of whom have expressed themselves as well pleased with both its efforts and its success. Moreover these faithful supporters have amply proved the sincerity of their words by inclosing in their letters such tangible evidences of good will as dollar bills, checks and postal notes. Now this is just the kind of support we want to get from a lot of other persons whose names are found on our subscribers' list. They need not bother praising us if they don't think we deserve it, but, at any rate, we expect them to pay their debts. This is not asking too much, we deem. It is a matter very easily understood by anyone with even an ordinary share of brains, that we cannot continue to publish our magazine without money. The printer's bill and the engraver's bill come to us quite regularly,

and we, poor mortals, not possessing the famous philosophers' stone, have nothing to meet them with, except perhaps the faint "hope of future prosperity." It may be surprising, but it is none the less true that, during the past year, the amount of money paid to THE REVIEW by subscribers, *would not be sufficient to defray the expenses of a single issue.* More than once, THE REVIEW has had to draw from private purses in order to meet its bills. Luckily it has some better friends around here than the majority of its so-called subscribers.

Now we have extreme difficulty in bringing ourselves to believe that this state of affairs is at all just; indeed we may well surmise that most of our delinquent subscribers will scarcely have the hardihood to call it just either. If a subscriber doesn't wish to continue taking THE REVIEW, let him pay up his arrears and give us notice to stop sending it. In doing so, his action, although not very encouraging to us, will be, at least, conscientiously honest, and that's a good deal in this last year of the nineteenth century. It should be borne in mind that, under the new Canadian postal regulation, we are obliged to pay postage on THE REVIEW, from the office of publication to subscribers. This is an additional expense over and above that of former years. Consequently, taking everything into account, the subscription arrears are absolutely necessary for us in order to keep our magazine in existence.

In this disagreeable state of affairs, we are about to act in a manner that may seem a little harsh to some; but necessity has no law. We are sending bills to each one of our subscribers that is in arrears, and expect these bills will be promptly attended to. **MOREOVER THE NAMES OF ALL PERSONS THAT HAVE NOT PAID UP ARREARS ON OR BEFORE THE FIFTEENTH OF NEXT MARCH WILL BE REMOVED FROM OUR MAILING LIST, AND IN OUR BOOKS, OPPOSITE SAID NAMES, WILL BE WRITTEN IN RED INK, THE NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY PHRASE, "CUT OFF UNPAID."** These three words appear already on our books in a few places, and we can assure our readers that they do not contribute much to the honor and dignity of the persons opposite whose names they have been placed. This is about all we have to say upon so unpleasant a subject, and we think it is enough.

THE HOLY YEAR.

The solemn ceremonies attendant upon the inauguration of the Holy Year were participated in throughout the world with extraordinary manifestations of Catholic piety. In thus auspiciously commencing the sanctification of the last few months allotted the dying century, the universal Church of Christ entered well into the profound religious spirit of its Chief Pastor,—into the undying spirit of its Divine Founder. Could there have been imagined a better manner of beginning the Holy Year than that decreed by the Sovereign Pontiff? What nobler idea than that of sanctifying its first moments by the mightiest act of all Christian worship? aye, by the only real act of Christian worship in existence? With good reason did the Holy Father decree the New Year midnight Mass; for without the sacred Mass, Christianity would fail to render God the honor that is His due. Without sacrifice, religion is *nil*; and there is no sacrifice but the Mass. Let us hope that this Holy Year, so well begun by the oblation of Christ's adorable Body and Blood, may be for all of us what its name implies. To us students, this year affords opportunities of great moment. We are young yet; indeed most of us shall reach manhood only in the advance of the new century. Let us, nevertheless, keep clearly in mind that this is a kind of account-settling, and stock-taking year. We need to find out just where we stand. All our old debts must be wiped out, and new pages must be turned ere sounds that midnight stroke which will be, at the same time, the knell of a hoary-headed friend of progress, and the birthday clarion of a new and, we hope, happier era.

In olden times, when the Jewish people were the chosen ones of God, the Jubilee Year was, as we know, an important event. When it occurred "each household received back its absent members; each family recovered the property that had passed out of its hands during the fifty years before; the debtor was released from his obligation; the captives and the bondsmen were set free." Let the present year see verified in us the spiritual regeneration so aptly typified by the temporal favors long ago accorded to the Jews. If we have been absent from the family circle of God our Father, let us return home; if we have forfeited our right to

our eternal inheritance, let us bravely strive to recover it ; if we have become indebted to the divine justice, let us hasten to obtain remission ; if we have been captives or bondsmen under the cruel sway of vicious passions, let us unhesitatingly break our chains and make for liberty. In a word, let us make noble and sincere efforts to end well that of which none of us saw the beginning , let us prepare ourselves to begin well that of which none of us, with these mortal eyes, shall see the end. The twentieth century will be for each one of us what we make it ;—either a kind friend or a harsh, cruel tyrant. One thing is absolutely certain ; it shall stand meditatively beside the newly made grave of each one of us, and witness the last sad sod placed in trim position. There by the lonely tomb, it will test our worth, whether that worth be meted out in gold, in silver or in lead. Let us so labor now from its beginning, or rather during this year of great opportunities that precedes its beginning, that when we come to pass away into that sleep we call death, the twentieth century may be able to raise over our silent ashes a golden monument of glory—of glory not in the worldly sense, but of glory that is everlasting—of glory won by devotedness to the eternal interests of ourselves and of our fellow-men.

* * *

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

The unfortunate war now waging in South Africa has, for the past three months, fixed upon its saddening pictures, the attention of the whole civilized world. Now, it is not within our field, to enter into a discussion as to the validity of the relative claims put forth by Briton and Boer in this lamentable struggle. All we allow ourselves to do, is to join our little word of sorrow with the heartrending sighs and wails of bereaved mothers, and wives, and children, and to inquire why it is that, in this last year of a noble era, such scenes of carnage are allowed to have a place. In all this nineteenth century world, famous for wise statesmanship, is there no man or committee of men capable of settling this petty dispute, without having recourse to bloodshed? Surely the matter is not so very difficult? Surely proud Albion, without sacrificing a whit of honor, might have bowed her haughty head

for once, to the decision of some reliable umpire. Was she really afraid of getting the worse side of the decision? Indeed it would seem so from her hasty flight to arms; but even so, the preventing of such terrible scenes of bloodshed as were lately witnessed on her own territory, would have been worth a consideration, especially to one so rich. Yes, we hardly pity England in her reverses, because we deem her chiefly responsible for the existing sad state of affairs; but we do pity the poor soldiers that, far away from home and friends, are suffering so much in her cause. We do pity the heart-broken mothers, and wives, and brothers, and sisters, of which there are now so many throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles. In the existing state of affairs, our sympathies are aroused by a sentiment such as is voiced in the following lines written at Christmas time for the "*Westminster*," by Mr. Thomas Hardy:

South of the line, inland from far Durban,
There lies—be he or not your countryman—
A fellow-mortal. Riddled are his bones,
But 'mid the breeze his puzzled phantom moans
Nightly to clear Canopus—fain to know
By whom, and when, the All-Earth-Gladdening Law
Of Peace, brought in by Some-One crucified,
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside.

* * *

OUR SOCIETIES.

The various societies which furnish so much profitable enjoyment to the student body during the long, dreary winter months, are now, we are glad to state, in a very flourishing condition. Without these periodical breaks in the weekly round of study, life at the University would very soon become both dull and monotonous. It is therefore a duty incumbent upon every student, to encourage these societies as far as lies in his power. By so doing, each one can prove his generous loyalty both to his fellow-students and to his *Alma Mater*, and, at the same time, benefit himself immensely. He can, moreover, contribute not a little towards making college life pleasant both for himself and for those that call him companion and friend.

We are especially pleased to note that the Scientific Society is prospering even beyond our most sanguine expectations. Nor need we wonder much at this, for how could it do otherwise under such able guidance? The varied and carefully prepared lectures that it provides for its select and attentive audiences, are, every one of them, real intellectual treats; something, in fact, that cannot fail to impress much useful knowledge upon the hearers. Then, as the Society's energetic Director once laughingly remarked, the pill is very well sugared; that is to say, each lecture is carefully set in such a varied programme of vocal and instrumental music as is a real treat.

Now perhaps there is nothing of more utility to students than the practice of public speaking on the various important topics of the day. Such a practice is amply provided for, at the weekly meetings of the Debating Society. At each of these meetings every student present is free to have a hearing on the subject under discussion. The debates are becoming more and more interesting and more closely contested every week, so we may expect great results from the society before the return of summer. In reference to this organization, however, we would suggest that the discourses, especially from "the house," be much better prepared than hitherto, and moreover we *insist* that *slang is entirely out of place at such reunions*. Those that have the intention of speaking on the subject under discussion, should not wait until they arrive in the hall, before thinking of what they are going to say. If this observation be attended to, it will prevent many foolish things from being said.

We are very glad to be able to state that the student societies are not the exclusive property of the senior department. Our young friends, the juniors, have lately re-organized a society, known as the Sodality of the Holy Angels. They have even got ahead of the seniors by the fact that they have obtained for their organization, the special blessing of the Apostolic Delegate. We congratulate the juniors upon the admirable earnestness and edifying piety with which they have undertaken the work of the Sodality, and we wish both them and their society every prosperity during the remainder of the scholastic year.

Editorial Notes,

BY W. P. EGGLESON, '00.

The favorite assertion of Protestants that converts to Catholicity are made only among the savage, the ignorant or the weak-minded has received another flat denial by the recent conversion of the Rev. Dr. DeCosta. We are continually being told by our separated brethren that the Catholic Church has no power and can exert no influence over minds that have known intellectual freedom and have been enlightened by the philosophy of Liberalism, Socialism and Rationalism; that her doctrines cannot stand the test of modern thought nor bear the scrutiny of severe logic; that there exists a necessary antagonism and perpetual struggle in the mind between reason and faith; and that all who enter her fold must abnegate their own reason or be possessed of none. It seems hardly necessary to mention that these are most gratuitous suppositions on the part of our opponents, for experience has long since placed such statements in the category of the purest of figments. Even a cursory glance at the history of religion during the past one hundred years is sufficient to disprove such statements.

The great revolutions in religious thought in England during the first half of the present century was but the natural and logical outcome of an eager and honest investigation for truth and a careful and conscientious examination of the claims of the Catholic Church. The great Tractarian Movement which effected this, numbered among its originators and promoters many of the most distinguished scholars of the time at Oxford. Keble and several others that had a large share in the work, unfortunately remained and died in the *via media*, but Newman, Manning, Ward and a host of others, encouraged by the success already attained, urged onward by the impetuosity and strength of their mighty intellects and, guided by the "kindly light" from above, continued their labors and, following the logical sequence of their researches, arrived at the goal of truth and made their submission to the Church of Rome.

Even on this side of the Atlantic, and despite the fact that nothing seems to be more in opposition to the trend of the American mind than to enter into itself and seriously think out any question, we are at no loss to mention many notable examples of men who, by the native strength of their own minds, have worked their way from the dark and stormy ocean of error and uncertainty to the calm and sunlit harbor of truth and satisfaction. The Rev. Dr. De Costa is the latest addition to this bright galaxy in America. His conversion has an additional significance in view of the fact that Protestant controversialists are ever charging us with opposition to the Bible, and that among the chief reasons stated by the distinguished convert for his change of creed, is the fact that the Catholic Church is the only true custodian and interpreter of the Scriptures, whereas the various Protestant sects and subjects repudiate divine revelation and tradition. The result is that many of their adherents deny all religion, while others, more profound in intellect, seeing that religion is natural to man and an inextinguishable craving of the human soul, fervently inquire: "To whom shall we go for the words of eternal life?" Diligent inquiry and deep research invariably point to the Church of Rome. She alone holds the keys of the heavenly kingdom and can give the only correct solution of all doubts and difficulties. Her doctrine and teaching alone can bring conviction and peace to the mind, and joy and satisfaction to the heart. Such, Dr. DeCosta assures us, has been his personal experience and such, we may say, will ever be the experience of those who, laboring under doubt or embarrassed with philosophical difficulties about religion, enter upon an honest and careful search for the true faith.

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His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons in a contribution to the "End of the Century Book" published by the New York *World*, sums up in a few excellent words, the great evils which at present confront the United States. While entertaining strong hopes for the future prosperity of his country, the Cardinal is not without his fears and apprehensions, and reminds his countrymen that they must not ignore the fact that the Republic is assailed by great

dangers, such as impiety, unbelief and socialism. The following quotation from his words is well worthy of consideration :

“ The dangers that threaten our civilization may be traced to the family.

“ The root of the Commonwealth is in the homes of the people.

“ The social and civil life springs from the domestic life of mankind.

“ The official life of a nation is ordinarily the reflex of the moral sense of the people. The morality of public administration is to be gauged by the moral standard of the family. The river does not rise above its source.

“ We are confronted by five great evils—divorce, which strikes at the root of the family and society ; an imperfect and vicious system of education, which undermines the religion of our youth ; the desecration of the Christian Sabbath, which tends to obliterate in our adult population the salutary fear of God and the homage that we owe Him ; the gross and systematic election frauds, and lastly, the unreasonable delay in carrying into effect the sentences of our criminal courts, and the numerous subterfuges by which criminals evade the execution of the law.

“ Our insatiable greed for gain, the coexistence of colossal wealth with abject poverty, the extravagance of the rich, the discontent of the poor, our eager and impetuous rushing through life, and every other moral and social delinquency, may be traced to one of the five radical vices enumerated above.”

* *

The flourishing state of Catholic missions in South Africa is certainly most encouraging, and bears eloquent testimony in behalf of the zeal and labors of the Oblate Fathers to whom that district was confided by the Holy See. The first Oblate bishop, Rt. Rev. J. F. Allard, was consecrated in 1851, and had jurisdiction over the vast regions of Natal, Transvaal, Orange Free State, Bechuanaland, Zululand, and Basutoland. For a long time the work was hard and the results discouraging, but the patient and heroic labors of the missionaries at last bore fruit. At present there are five Vicariates and over eighty Oblate Fathers, a monastery of

Trappists, Christian and Marist Brothers, Holy Family, Augustinian, Dominican, Nazareth, Mercy Ursuline and Kermaria Nuns, and the numbers of conversions is large. That God may spare and protect the numerous religious institutions from the horrors and disastrous consequences attached to the present war, should be the fervent hope and prayer of all.



Obituary.

ROYAL DUMONTIER '98.

It becomes our sad duty once more to record the death of one who, but a short while ago, was amongst our fellow students, Royal Dumontier. Though it was known that his feeble health had hastened his departure from our midst, still no one expected that the hour of dissolution would come so soon. Indeed, hopes of recovery were held out at various times, and, after a few months' rest from study, he rallied to a slight degree. It was during this brief period of convalescence that Royal passed with most brilliant success, the entrance examination of the faculty of law at Laval University. He pursued his course there for six months, but was finally obliged to return to his home in Hull. There, despite every care and attention, he slowly wasted away. His cheerfulness and resignation to the will of his Creator during the last hours of his life, did much to alleviate and soften the sorrow of his family. God took him to Himself shortly after the opening of the New Year.

As a student, Royal had won the respect and praise of his professors, and as a comrade, he was true and staunch. To his bereaved parents and family the REVIEW offers the heartfelt sympathy and condolence of the professors and students of Ottawa University. They join with them in asking God to grant him rest and happiness for eternity.

Of Local Interest.

The Holy Year was appropriately ushered in at the University by the celebration of Midnight Mass in the chapel. Rev. Dr. Nilles was the celebrant, and in the body of the chapel, were all the professors and students that had remained at the University during the holidays.

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The Christmas holidays have come and gone, but their memories are yet very pleasant. The students all report having spent a most joyous fortnight, whether at their homes or at the University. After this brief interval of relief from close study, both professors and pupils have settled down to the routine prescribed for the next term. All indications promise a most successful year from every point of view. Though somewhat tardy, yet THE REVIEW offers the teaching staff and the student body all the compliments of the season.

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A matter which is engaging the attention of the students at present is the condition of the volumes in their library. It is not such a long time ago since the number of books on the shelves was fairly large; the selection was varied, and the books themselves were well bound. Now, however, owing to several causes, which are well known, the number of volumes has dwindled down very rapidly, and their condition is very much dilapidated. It is to be sincerely hoped that steps will be taken very soon to put the library on a firm working basis.

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We regret to announce that Rev. Father Cornell has been obliged to give up his classes for a short time. His failing health made this decision imperative, and his superiors have granted him leave of absence for a month. We sincerely trust that, after this short term of relaxation has expired, Father Cornell will once more be able to resume his work as professor.

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Father Cornell's temporary retirement has caused some few changes in the teaching staff. Father McKenna has taken charge

of the Fifth Form in English, and Brother Kirwin will teach the same branch in the Third Form. Father Flynn and Brother Fallon have been entrusted with Father Cornell's French and Catechism classes respectively.

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"Falsely Accused" is the title of a drama which will be presented shortly by our Thespians. The play is adapted for male characters from Hazelwood's "Awaiting the Verdict," and is of no little power and interest. The rôles have been given out and the actors are rehearsing faithfully. We look for a repetition of the successes which our Dramatic Society has met with in the past.

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The Academy of St. Thomas, under the direction of Rev. Dr. Lacoste, is engaged in the discussion of the various theses for the examinations in Philosophy. The Academy meets every Monday and Friday morning. The interest displayed by the members of the Philosophical Course augurs well for the prosperity of the society, and beneficial results may confidently be expected from it.

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The Senior Debating Society had hardly finished congratulating itself on its good fortune in securing the services of Rev. Father Patton as Director, when it was announced that other duties made such demands on his time that he would be forced to sever his connection with the society. However, Father Cornell was approached and gave the committee a favorable reply. We are sure that our new Director will do a great deal to advance the interests of the Society in many ways.

The last debate before the Xmas holidays took rather a literary turn. The question was: "Resolved that Brutus was a better friend to Cæsar, than was Mark Antony." Messrs. Coughlin and Lynch presented the arguments for Brutus, while Messrs. Poupore and O'Gorman did likewise for Antony. The decision of the judges favored the gentlemen on the affirmative. The restriction of further immigration into the United States was argued on January 13, by Messrs. Gookin and Hanley for the affirmative, and Messrs. Burns and Murphy for the negative. After a warm

and spirited debate, the judges awarded the victory to the negative. On January 20, "Resolved that the study of experimental sciences is detrimental to the cultivation of art." Messrs. Conway and King upheld the cause of experimental science, while Messrs. Morin and Nolan pleaded for art. The debate was most interesting and well argued. The judges favored the affirmative.

* * *

The Scientific Society has been fully reorganized for the winter term. The season opened with a lecture on the Metric System by Mr. A. Donnelly. The explanation of this system as given by the lecturer, was very clear and concise. Father Murphy supplemented the lecturer's remarks by a few well chosen words. The Society's glee club and orchestra rendered several selections, which were well received. The President announced that several lectures by gentlemen from Ottawa would be given during the year.

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Owing to lack of space, several items of interest must be omitted for this issue. However next month we shall have more room at our command and shall publish full accounts.



Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.

The opening month of the year 1900 sees many of our valued exchanges again in our *Sanctum*, and with them, a number of new publications which have been received with keen pleasure and appreciation.

The *Sacred Heart Review* of January 6th is an especially important issue. Reference has already been made to that splendid series of articles under the title "Considerations on Catholicism," by the Rev. Charles Starbuck, and so deserved is their importance that we give the following clipping lest some readers may misapprehend the purpose of these contributions :

- "Rev. Mr. Starbuck does not "defend" any Catholic

doctrine, nor does he combat any Protestant doctrine. A careful reading of his papers will show that his design is to state correctly the teaching of the Church on this or that point of doctrine, and, comparing this teaching with the erroneous notions of it held by representative Protestant ministers and others, to do what he can to remove such misapprehensions. In exposing Protestant misunderstandings of Catholic teaching, Rev. Mr. Starbuck not unfrequently may give the impression to the inattentive reader that he is defending Catholic teaching in itself. On the contrary, he is only defending this teaching against Protestant ignorance or misrepresentation. He believes that Protestants ought to know, ought to have, the genuine Catholic teaching on all points of doctrine, instead of the spurious, counterfeit thing that now passes current among them, among the learned as well as the ignorant. He knows, what all Catholics know, that Protestant distrust of Catholic doctrine is largely due to ignorance, and, aside from all religious consequences, he sees in this fear, this distrust, social and civil results which have frequently worked mischief to the common wealth. Protestants and Catholics are fellow-citizens, with a thousand interests in common. The common welfare demands that the citizens should live together in peace, should work together with mutual confidence for the common good. Whatever sows the seeds of suspicion or mistrust, whatever foments sectarian wrangling and religious bickering, is a positive injury to the common weal. The citizen who has it in his power to eliminate these mischief making elements from the body politic is bound in conscience to work for that end. Rev. Mr. Starbuck is the only Protestant minister in this country who has the requisite knowledge of Catholic doctrine to state what it is. In all probability, too, he is the only man in the country who, in doing that, commands the respect and confidence of intelligent and educated Protestants. With special force, therefore, has the responsibility of good citizenship and a love of truth and fairplay pressed Mr. Starbuck to this work."

In the same issue, Professor Schurman, of Cornell, unfavorably known as the dictator and mouthpiece of that body cyleped the Philippine Commission, comes in for a well merited castigation for his narrow-mindedness and want of liberality in an

address recently delivered before the Congregational Club of New York City. The editorial demonstrates that the Professor, who is sometimes quoted as an authority on the Philippines, is not so well informed nor so learned on these matters as his friends would claim.

* * *

The Sacred Heart Messenger (American), for January assigns its opening pages to a delightful itinerary entitled "Some New World Glimpses of an Old World Race." In the same issue there is a just mead of tribute given to Alexander Legentil through whose noble efforts the Basilica of Montmartre was begun. This magnificent Church, which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, is being erected in fulfilment of a national vow made by French Catholics in 1871, and foremost among these devoted sons of the Church was Legentil. He was the prime mover and master mind of the undertaking. At first this gigantic project was in the hands of lay Catholics, but always with the approbation and encouragement of the clergy; then step by step the movement proceeded until June 16th, 1875, when, to the great joy of Catholic France, the cornerstone was laid by Cardinal Guibert, O.M.I. In that most instructive contribution "Higher Biblical Criticism," Father A. Maas gives a lucid explanation of the nature, results and methods of higher Biblical criticism.

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The *Catholic World* is not at all polemical, so that when a vigorous article touching on the status of the Church appears in its pages it is acceptable to all readers. Many pages of the current issue are given to a review of a few of the movements which now disturb the religious world. Under the title "The Crisis in the Church of England," Rev. H. G. Ganss surveys the Ritualistic agitation in England and its correlative force in America. This movement is not conducive nor helpful to the future stability of the English Church, for, according to this writer, "it emphasizes and accentuates, with an overpowering sense of conviction, the absence of unity, even uniformity which the logical mind must expect, and which always typifies the handiwork of God throughout animate or inanimate creation, and all the more in his kingdom on

earth, the Church." The divergent views of Anglicans, their contradictory doctrines, the unreliable primatial decisions, the vacillations and inconsistencies of the Ritualists, are vigorously exposed and carefully commented upon. The erudite editor of this magazine never allows a surfeit of religious matter to predominate in its pages but wisely gauges the general taste, and allows proportionate space to sketches appealing to the æsthetic reader, to contributions on great scientific questions, or touches his humor by some lively skit or story. Thus we pass to an article entitled "Murder in the Name of Science," and certainly the nature of its contents justifies the giving of this startling name to an attack on certain practises of the medical profession. From a pamphlet entitled "Human Vivisection," the author of this criticism (Father Searle) takes a number of cases in which dangerous operations were made with living human beings, and powerful drugs administered without any intention of curing or alleviating the disease, but simply to learn how such operations or drugs will affect the subject under such treatment. The writer clearly establishes a strong case, and in no uncertain terms, condemns those outrages which are crimes against the Christian code of morals. As the religious question is prominently to the fore, and the reader engrossed with solutions of all difficulties, the most careful consideration should be bestowed on that luminous review of Mr. Mallock's article contributed to the November *Nineteenth Century*, which criticism appears in this issue under the caption of "Mr. Mullock on the Church and Sciece." The fiction of this number has a special and local interest, for the opening scene of Miss Hughes' story, "A New Year's Tale of the North" is laid in the Canadian Capital.

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Donahoe's for January has not come up to our expectations. Some leading article on the all-important Religious question, or a contribution suggested by the coming events of Holy Year, should have found place in the opening number instead of some of the very ordinary articles. Withal, there are certain contributions worthy of careful consideration, particularly the criticism of Othello by Rev. James Cotter. The character sketches of Othello and of Iago are excellent conceptions, the writer's conclusions

are carefully drawn and substantiated by selected quotations from the play. In the article entitled "In Brownson's Middle Life" we are made acquainted with the great influences affecting him at the important crisis which resulted in his conversion to Catholicity. The article contains Brownson's beautiful tribute to the stern, uncompromising Catholicity of Bishop Fenwick. In "Boer against Briton," the author has but a veneering of truth in his pro-Boer attitude, and of course would not deign to consider her whom he is pleased to name "the chief pirate among the nations and most unconscionable Pharisee." The reader does not look for a high class Catholic magazine to furnish such matter when a similar *pot-pourri* is served daily by our newspapers. The fiction of this number, with the exception of "The Transition," is weak and of little value.

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Among our new exchanges for 1900, *The Gael* deserves most favorable mention. In introducing this magazine to the student body, THE REVIEW commends the non-partizan stand of *The Gael*, and the desire of the editor to maintain in its columns an unswerving devotion to Ireland's dearest interests, and particularly to promote the spread of her language, literature, music and art. In the January issue there is an interesting description of the "Rock of Cashel," which carries the reader back to the Milesian invasion and conquest of Ireland. "The Moondharrig Hurlers," as the title would indicate, is descriptive of the noble Irish game of hurling. This charming contribution is by our own Canadian Celt, Rev. James B. Dollard (Sliav-na-mon). The author of "Irishmen in South Africa" pays a just tribute to a number of Irishmen who played an important part in the peaceful development of this now famous English possession. While all readers are engrossed with the present situation in South Africa, the editor has found a favorable occasion for some interesting paragraphs from John Mitchell's "Jail Journal." These notes breathe a patriotic love for the old land, a distrust of her oppressor, and truly have terrible emphasis at the present moment. The sense of humor characteristic of the Irish Race, even when bowed down with oppression, happily shows itself in some excellent lines.

Exchanges.

P. J. GALVIN, '00.

The second number of *The Skylark* has reached our sanctum. In its exchange column we notice that it solicits recognition, and expresses surprise that its advent into the world of journalism was not proclaimed by the other periodicals. Truly we admit that there was a lack of courtesy displayed therein, a lack of gallantry in fact. But we in this northern clime have an excuse to offer for the oversight. We have heretofore never seen any *Skylarks*, and consequently knew nothing of the deep rich melody of their song. We were thus entirely unaware of the value of the little feathered songster in our possession, which we kept confined for some time without giving it an opportunity of displaying its power. We might urge still another excuse in our behalf. November is a very unfavorable month for the first appearance of a *Skylark* in Canada. It is not, in the minds of Canadians, the month that is coupled with song, and moreover the warble of songsters is then liable to go unheeded or be drowned in the jingling of sleigh-bells.

Well, we read the second number of *The Skylark* through and found it quite to our taste. Articles on various topics are found in its columns. Fiction and poetry receive considerable attention. Moreover, the article "Sounds from the Science Room" shows that the contributors appreciate also the study of natural phenomena. The merit of the first two issues of *The Skylark* augurs well for its future success. It has made a favorable impression on us, and we shall always accord it a hearty welcome to our sanctum.

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The excellence of most of the convent publications that we receive regularly is deserving of comment. Often, it may be claimed, there is a lack of didactic matter, but in nowise can it be said that such a fault is general. And just here we might remark that did some of our essentially didactic journals, who by the way pride themselves on being such, devote their exclusive attention for some length of time to lighter literature, they would afterwards

be the better qualified to present in more readable form, discussions on the topics on which they undertake to enlighten us.

* * *

The *Niagara Rambler* contains a pleasing variety of literary selections. This publication is only a quarterly, but when it does appear, it brings with it the accumulated merit of the three months during which it was in preparation. In the present issue, among the best articles are "On the Need and Use of Self-Conceit," "Moods," and "Old Letters."

* * *

The Young Eagle, now twenty-five years old, next claims our attention. The articles are quite entertaining, but most of them might have been drawn out to greater length without any detriment to the subjects treated. We look for superior merit in short contributions, and if such be not displayed, we are somewhat disappointed.

* * *

"As seen through a Mist," in the *McGill Outlook*, is a kind of parody on the "Vision of Mirza." The writer is wafted aloft, and from thence, through surrounding dimness, looks down on the vast city of Montreal. He sees and he moralizes. An inhabitant of that airy region conducts him along, and answers the strange questions that his curiosity prompts him to ask. The closing lines of this remarkable vision are: "I was about to point to a group of creatures, who tore from a building to the left, as we stood, when I felt a rush of cold clear air, and turning saw my friend beckoning me to a door which leads into a clearer, purer atmosphere. Gladly I followed him and the door shut with a soft click, and Montreal faded from my thoughts as I viewed the landscapes there." Of course the writer intends us to speculate as to who those "creatures" were. But I fear the occupation would be a useless one. We might suggest, however, that they were citizens who dreaded the approach of that scrutinizing eye that was soon to glare down upon them. On the whole, the article appears purposeless and displays no literary merit whatever.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, raised Thomas Fay, '96 to the priesthood on December 23, in the Basilica, at Ottawa. Father Fay celebrated his first Mass at Almonte the following day, Sunday. He has been placed as curate at St. Patrick's Church Ottawa. We beg to offer Father Fay our sincerest congratulations, and hope that his career may be long and fruitful.

* * *

At the ordinations in Montreal we notice the following names of old college students: Mr. J. T. Quilty, '97 was ordained sub deacon; Messrs. Ryan '97 and Foley '97 received minor orders; and Mr. Bolger, '98 received the tonsure.

* * *

J. J. Garland and W. W. Walsh, two members of the class of '96 have recently entered upon the practice of medicine and law respectively. Dr. Garland is located in Syracuse, and Mr. Walsh in Vancouver. May success be theirs is the REVIEW's fervent wish.

* * *

We are extremely well pleased to chronicle the marriage of one of our old friends, Mr. John Quinlan of Baldwinsville, N.Y. All of the Alderman's friends will rejoice at his good fortune and wish him long and happy years of bliss.

* * *

The people of Springfield, Mass., will have as their chief executive officer an ex-Ottawa College student in Mayor Hayes. This victory was decidedly popular, and it is intended to tender the new Mayor a complimentary banquet. We hope to be able to present our readers with further details in our next issue.



Athletics.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Football Union was held in Montreal on Saturday, Dec. 2nd. Ottawa College was represented by Messrs. T. G. Morin, '01, and W. P. Egleston, '00. The secretary's report and treasurer's statement for the past year

were read and showed that the Union was in the most flourishing condition in every respect. The Shamrocks of Montreal were admitted to the junior and intermediate ranks. The union is now constituted of four senior teams : Montreal, Brockville, Britannia and Ottawa College ; eight intermediate teams, Lennoxville, Quebec, Brockville, Westmount, Montreal, Britannia, McGill and Shamrocks; and seven junior clubs, Montreal, Point St. Charles, Quebec, Britannia, McGill, Westmount and Shamrocks.

The election of officers for the season of 1900, resulted as follows :—

President—J. F. Savage, Montreal.

First Vice-President—T. G. Morin, Ottawa College.

Second Vice-President—Allan Rankin, Britannia.

Secretary-Treasurer—E. Herbert Brown, Montreal.

The union is now rid of all sporting organizations of the tin-horn denomination such as the Granites and Ottawas, and enters upon what promises to be a most successful year.

* * *

Jack Frost has once more made his appearance in this section of the globe and has cooled all ardor and excitement for every outdoor sport except hockey. This being the only athletic amusement permitted by His Hyemal Majesty, we have again organized four student teams and arranged a schedule of matches for the season. Each member of the victorious team will be presented with a handsome group photo, as a souvenir. The teams are captained by Messrs. Costello, Smith, Callaghan and Poupore, and are as follows.

Costello, (Capt.) Halligan, Chenier, Blute, A. O'Leary, Davie, A. Valin—Smith, (Capt.) Meehan, Richards, Sims, McGuckin, T. Morin, Mills.—Callaghan, (Capt.) M. O'Leary, McDonald, O'Brien, E. Valin, Eves, U. Valiquette.—Poupore, (Capt.) Kennedy, Talbot, Breen, MacCosham, Filiatrault, Lonergan.

SCHEDULE.

Jan. 17, Poupore vs Smith; Jan. 20, Callaghan vs. Costello; Jan. 21, Smith vs. Callaghan; Jan. 24, Poupore vs. Costello; Jan. 27, Smith vs. Costello; Jan. 28, Poupore vs. Callaghan; Jan. 31, Costello vs. Callaghan; Feb. 3, Poupore vs. Smith; Feb. 4, Pou-

pore vs. Costello; Feb. 7, Smith vs. Callaghan; Feb. 10, Poupore vs Callaghan; Feb. 11, Costello vs. Smith.

The teams are fairly well matched and all the games have been keenly contested. The following table shows the standing of the clubs in the games already played :

DATE.	TEAMS.	WON BY	SCORE.
Jan. 17.	Poupore vs. Smith,	Smith,	3 to 0.
Jan. 21.	Smith vs. Callaghan,	Callaghan,	4 to 1.
Jan. 24.	Poupore vs. Costello,	Costello,	2 to 1.
Jan. 27.	Smith vs. Costello,	Smith,	7 to 1.

The match scheduled for the 20th inst. was postponed on account of the unfavorable condition of the ice.



Junior Department.

The Junior Editor is happy to see the old familiar faces of '99 again grace the campus of Lilliput. Many new names have been placed upon the registrar, and are now counted among the knickerbocker tribe. Judging from the many quaint stories that the Junior Editor has heard from his numerous friends, he is persuaded that they spent a very pleasant Xmas vacation. It is needless to state that such good news brings joy to the Editor's heart.

* * *

That overhanging gloom, which is usually the result of loneliness, has disappeared from the countenances of the Juniors, and they are now settled down to active work again. Each one has returned to his professors with resolutions many and great, and has taken a prospective view of a successful term. We hope that no darksome cloud will come to dim the brightness of such pleasant hopes. We regret very much that we cannot publish the records made during the fall by the many football teams of the J. A. A. The reason of this unusual omission is that we do not wish to proclaim to the public the stinging defeats suffered by the footballers. We expect, however, to be able to say much in praise of the lovers of Hockey.

In order that the present term may be marked by a spirit of progress, each boy must lend his time and energies to all that will further the interests of the community. In the study hall and classroom, let there be shown an earnest desire to succeed. All unnecessary parading through the corridors during study hours must cease. In the yards, the accustomed sportsmanlike spirit must prevail.

* * *

On January 23rd, the Holy Angels Sodality assembled in the University Chapel for the first time this year. It was a real pleasure for us to see such a large number of boys in attendance. Rev. Father Henault, the devoted Director of the Sodality, preached an appropriate and well thought out sermon, which was listened to with most edifying attention. The subject of the discourse was devotion to the Holy Angels. It was announced that the election of officers would take place in due time, and that, every Tuesday evening, the members of the society will assemble in the chapel to hear instructions given by the Rev. professors of the University. We sincerely hope that all our young friends will prove themselves worthy of admission to the ranks of the Sodality, and that, once admitted, they will always remain faithful to its rules. The Sodality has received the special approbation and blessing of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate.

* * *

CHRISTMAS BANQUET IN LILLIPUT.

As Christmas was a day of rest for all true Christians, Captain Moonlight, the Junior Editor's holiday reporter for Ottawa, determined to imitate worthy examples, and remain at home to enjoy his turkey and cranberry sauce with the members of the small community. I assure our young friends who went home that he ate much of the sumptuous table set before him and filled his heart with all the good words offered him.

During a great part of Christmas afternoon he was kept very busy perusing long letters from his many friends. Tired and fatigued over this laborious work, he was about to fall into sleepy oblivion, when he was suddenly called from his slumbers by the

President of the "Dark Room." Here is Captain Moonlight's description of what followed: "Come to the banquet hall," said Dennis, "we cannot begin the feast without you." "Now, as the President wore a serious mien, I replied that I would go instantly. Amidst the applause and music that greeted me as I entered the spacious dining hall so beautifully illuminated, my heart began to beat against my breast in joyous vibrations. I advanced arm in arm with Dennis to my place of honor at the banquet table. On all sides, I bowed in my loveliness, and wriggled a fascinating smile out of the corners of my mouth to each round-mouthed midget whom I met. As I sat down every guest and every waiter was on the *qui vive* to serve me to all the sweet things on the menu card.

Toast-master Dennis entertained me with his fund of Irish wit, and repeated again and again, remarks on the Anglo-Boer war that would have done credit to Mr. Dooley. His jokes were short-lived. After justice had been done to all the good things, Dennis rang the bell amidst uproarious cries of "more dinner." Having said a few ugly words relative to the feast, he dwelt at length upon the harmony and good will brought to all men at Xmas. Dennis proposed the toast to our "Absent Ones," and coupled with it the name of Tommy, the member from Winnipeg. A shower of apples, pies, potatoes and turkey bones met the honorable gentleman as he rose. Standing on a high-chair in the centre of the dining room, he thanked them for their generous manifestations of joy, and expressed the hope that he would treat the subject proposed, in a manner worthy of the occasion. In a few words he resumed the many advantages his absent chums were enjoying such as no prefects, no study, no dormitories etc., "They say," he continued, "that when a fellar leaves his comrades at college, he is a coward, afraid to stay within the college walls. Fellars, I'm not afraid nor am I a coward, and if I was asked to change places with the fellars who went home—No! I'd say; I be long' to Winnipeg." "Hear! Hear!" shouted the guests and Tommy resumed his seat amidst a bounteous ovation of substantial applause.

Several other toasts were given about "clean collars" and "tooth powered shirts," about *poies* and *hams* and stolen butter.

Each deserves reproduction in our pages but lack of space prevents us from fulfilling such a pleasant duty.

The really munificent treat of the afternoon was Dennis' own discourse. I trembled and the turkeys flapped their wings when he announced the subject, for it sorely concerned me. It ran thus—"The Rights of Budding Editors to Express Their Views." Before rising, the speaker was kept on the alert dodging a boisterous display of the turkey dinner refuse. "Fellar Juniors," he said "personal grievances embitter me against all editors. I have a libel suit against one already. ("Lynch him," cried a wee voice from some part of the hall.) "And if I find my name in print again, I'll bring the whole police court, judges, attendants and the whole cop force of the small yard to arrest every suspicious character." (Hear, hear!) Dennis then asked for a drink and a swarm of buzzing knickerbockers ran to him with pails of iced water. His speech was a masterpiece; for fully an hour, he pleaded in behalf of the suffering tribe of the small yard. So powerful were his words of "thundering sound" that he struck each guest with a violent attack of somniloquism. The peroration was magnificent. We quote it in full. "O ye short pants, I hate ye. How long shall I be circumscribed by your limited extensions? Short legs begone and let me reach my longed-for greatness. Insult, rage, misfortune, calamity and cold ice, come and crush me!" Dennis consolidated. The next morning our young hero was in the infirmary and was eating oatmeal mixed with Mellin's food, and cake.

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Owing to the small corner that is allowed me in the REVIEW, I am able to publish only one of the many letters that I received during the Xmas holidays. This letter contained a piece of gum, some old stamps and, on one of its pages, was painted or panned, the dramatic picture of David slaying Goliath. What this picture signifies, the reader may judge for himself. The sentiments of the letter, however, are written in a milder tone. The letter runneth thus :

UTOPIA, UP THE CREEK,
January the 4th, 1900.

Dear Mister Junior Editor,—

You asked all of your young friends to forward you a few lines during the Xmas holidays. I assure you that you did not ask in vain. I was just waiting for an opportunity to write you, long before you sent out the invitation in your last issue. Now I begin to write.

During the past three months of the Junior Editor's existence, I have kept very quiet and have not shown the least propensities of a detective. I have taken part in all the sports of the small yard, and have played in the gymnasium; I have talked with all suspicious literary buds, but I have failed to get any inkling of the hidden gem. I notify you that on my return I shall be on the watch for you at all times and on all occasions.

Dear Editor, I am having a very pleasant time at home. At Xmas, Santa Claus came (at least I was told so when I enquired why the stove funnel was removed) and brought me many presents. Among the most necessary and valuable, were a pair of hockey skates and shin-pads, a kockey, a new overcoat and a few novels; (they were not dime novels). The ice has been so good since I left College that I have spent but a few hours at my books. *Au revoir*, I'll see you later, but take care.

Yours very lovingly,

THE GAME ROOSTER.

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* *

In our last number we proposed that the small boys should imitate their older neighbors, and form a league of hockey clubs. Our young friends have effectively responded to our suggestion and have drawn up a schedule of three clubs, which will play hockey on *congé* afternoons during the winter months. The captains are Smith, N. Bawlf and Cloutier. The schedule is as follows:

Bawlf vs. Cloutier,	January 13th.
Smith vs. Bawlf,	" 17th.
Cloutier vs. Bawlf,	" 20th.
Smith vs Cloutier,	" 24th.
Bawlf vs. Smith,	" 27th.

Bawlf vs. Cloutier, " 30th.
 Cloutier vs. Smith, February 3rd.
 Smith vs. Bawlf, " 7th.
 Cloutier vs. Smith, " 10th.

*
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On January 13th, Bawlf and Cloutier met on the Junior's rink, and entertained the spectators with an excellent exhibition of hockey. Bawlf was the star of the rink; he evinced a thorough knowledge of the secrets of hockey. When the referee's whistle blew to announce the end of the game, the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of Bawlf. The best combination work was done between Bawlf and Shields. Cloutier's men, with the exception of Pinard, were ineffective to bring the puck beyond the centre of the rink. On the whole, the game was free from unnecessary roughness, and the members left the rink as friendly as when they went on it.

*
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On January 17th, the members of the Junior department witnessed a game that did not in any way increase their admiration for Smith's contingent. Of course we do not wish to condemn the whole team for the unsportsmanlike work of Smith or Aubry; but the spectators, who knew the baneful rule, "*ab uno disce omnes*," left the rink uttering condemnations of the Smith contingent. It is a painful duty for the Junior Editor to express his indignation at the actions of those hockey players. He hopes that in future games, Smith and his ally will manifest a more sportsmanlike sentiment, and be able to suffer a few reverses without losing their respective tempers.

The game between Bawlf and Smith resulted in a victory for the latter, only after the roughest kind of play by Smith. The rough play consisted in the disabling of one of Bawlf's best men, Shields, who was obliged to retire.

After the game, the consensus of opinion was that Master Bawlf is a little gentleman and plays a gentlemanly game. He was ineffective, however, on account of his fear of Smith. The score read Smith 8, Bawlf 5 goals.

It is reported that Lynch is going to join the North Pole skating contingent. Success, Dennis.

Burns is somewhat light.

Pinard shoots as straight as a gun.

Smith is the whole team. It is too bad that such a good player should lose his temper.

* * *

It has leaked out that one or two pretentious hockey clubs from Sandy Hill have already begun to practise. They anticipate a few games with the Juniors.

* * *

We are pleased to note the marked change our few words of advice have wrought among the small boys. We congratulate them on the good spirit in which they have accepted the counsels we offered them. Whenever we have an occasion to direct them to good, we hope that they will always follow our advice: "Do not consider who says a thing, but what is said." We offer our sincere words of praise to the J. A. A. on the good judgment they have shown in appointing H. Smith policeman of the rink. This devoted young man has put spirit into the brooms and shovels; he has them at work immediately after each snow-storm, thus giving the community, ample time and space to skate. Woe to the unfortunate youth who steps on the rink when the flag of defiance, "*keep off*," is raised. Smith, by the most effective means, enables the young culprit to leave the gelid premises and then with protuberant chest exclaims: "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" Smith thinks that the snow scoop is as easy to handle as is the plough. His retinue of harnessed colts obey him well.

* * *

One evening last week, as we were having a quiet stroll in the vicinity of the juniors' study hall, all at once there was a tremendous crash, closely followed by divers noises such as might be caused by half-suppressed merriment. On making enquiries as to the cause of such an earthquake-like concussion, we were informed that a certain member from somewhere in far Algoma, had been experimenting as to whether the centre of gravity was free to move around as it pleased, during the time of a person's sleep.

Of course the result was a collapse during the honorable member's after-supper nap, with results nothing more serious than some broken steampipes, boards and chairs, and an egg-shaped miniature hill on the back of the honorable member's cranium. We are inclined to hold the Director of the Scientific Society responsible.

* * *

It was noticed with extreme sorrow a short time ago that one of the rough youths of the small yard attempted to assassinate the Managing Editor of THE REVIEW. Take care, young friend, editors are scarce just now; Supposing we lose the present incumbent, it would take nearly all the unpaid subscriptions of THE REVIEW to bribe another into office.

* * *

During one of our perambulations through the much frequented departments of the small yard, we chanced to enter the gymnasium. Our sense of taste was highly offended to behold so much disorder in that spacious hall. Naturally we sought to find a few member of the J. A. A., but none of them were within grasping distance. We draw their attention to this discreditable condition of affairs, and we hope that one warning is sufficient to open their eyes.

The members of the 'Dark Room,' who are in charge of the photographic gallery, would do well to read the foregoing notice.

* * *

Now, on principle, the Junior Editor doesn't like to criticise his elders. However, a week or two ago, he happened to see, or rather hear, something occur, which was so evident a violation of even the most lax good breeding that he cannot let it slip unnoticed. Chancing to pass a well known college stairway, where a knot of *gentlemen* were "looking for a job," he caught sound of the words, "*punk, punk*" insultingly addressed to a passer-by. Now the person passing at the time was, in more ways than one, far superior to any one of the staircased *gentlemen*. The Junior Editor's refined taste was highly offended, so he drew the following conclusions: "We juniors don't occupy private rooms in the college; still we know what is proper and what is street-cornerish

We have heard such rot as "*punk, punk*" from the bills of mocking-birds and parrots, and we have heard of dogs barking at the moon. But then, neither the mocking-birds nor the parrots are supposed to be *educated*; and dogs that bark at the moon are probably moon-struck; so we may excuse these animals. But—!!!

* * *

Not even an extraordinary feast day can justify a boy in breaking the rule or in disobeying his parents. We hope, therefore, that our young friends will *smoke no more of those unhealthy cigarettes*. We noticed that the hand-ball alley gang were in tribulation a short time ago.

* * *

During a hockey practice, Tommy Sloan got a *puck* in the eye.

* * *

Duchêne—" *O'âcêcê* off the floor."

* * *

A remark passed on one of our gems:—" Say do you think Albert *groulx* much ?

* * *

During the present month there was but one attack made on Gulliver's strongholds. No damage, however, was done.

* * *

During the past week Leon's elegant notebook has been under examination by the Junior Anthological Society.

* * *

The other day, a long-faced wag of the small yard suggested that the Junior Editor should exchange his *Nick*-erbockers for long pants. People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

* * *

The Junior Editor and his holiday assistant, offer their sincerest thanks to all those that presented them with boxes of nuts, candies, cakes, etc., during the merry-making season.

HONOR LIST OF COMMERCIAL COURSE AT CHRISTMAS
EXAMINATIONS.

First Grade - Lucien Lafontaine, 1st ; Philip Kirwan, 2nd ;
Philip Levesque, 3rd.

Second Grade, Div. A.—Jos Fortin, 1st ; L. P. Brosseau,
2nd ; Eug. Renaud, 3rd.

2nd Grade, Div. B.—William Valiquette, 1st ; Emile Lan-
glois, 2nd ; Joseph Coupal, 3rd.

3rd Grade, A.—James Parker, 1st ; Francis Tailleux, 2nd ; Hor-
ace Legault, 3rd.

3rd Grade Div. B.—James Donahue, 1st ; Eugène Seguin, 2nd ;
Felix Routhier, 3rd.

4th Grade, Graduating Class.—John Gallagher, 1st ; Henry
St. Jacques, 2nd ; George Babin, 3rd.

