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Literary Department.

Thanksgiving.

I thank thee, Father, for the summer time,
Whose golden days of glory and delight
So grandly dower the glad year in its prime,
Warmed by Thy love, and by Thy smile made bright.

I thank thee for the peaceful hosts of flowers
That hang gay banners out above the sod,
Saluting with sweet scents the passing hours
And blessing me,—I thank Thee, O my God!

I thank thee for the purl of stream and rill,
For all the cheerful music song birds make,
For rolling echoes of the voicetull hill,
And for the silver glow of placid lake.

I thank thee for the change that dims the year—
The piercing breeze and snowflake-sowing shower—
When winter hies, destroying vernal cheer,
Because his rigors tell me of Thy power.

I thank thee for the vast of steely sky
 Doming each snowy vale and icy crest,
 When night illumines her legion lamps on high
 And gives a spacious time for thought and rest.

I thank for the impulses that serve
 To conjure gracious climes while all is bare ;
 Lord, human lives wear into winter, nerve
 Our sunless hearts with hints of summers fair.

MAURICE CASEY.

Queen Autumn.



ANNOUNCED by bugles blown
 By the west wind keen ;
 To her ancient opal throne
 Comes fair Autumn, Queen.

Where her gracious footsteps move
 O'er the cloth of gold,
 Throng her subjects, joy and love
 In their greetings told.

'Neath her feet their robes they fling—
 Leaves and scented flowers—
 Faint and sweet the joy bells ring
 Thro' the charmed hours.

On the hill with maples red
 As the ruby stone
 Where the birch's gold is shed
 She is crowned. Alone :

For a widow is the queen
 All her days are dreams—
 Thro' her veil of mist, serene
 And sad, her blue eye gleams.

Far away her gaze is set,
 Upon the haunted west;
 As one whom tender memories fret
 Of lovers laid to rest.

She pales by wood and lake ; each day
 Sadder than the last,
 Until she vanishes away
 Into the spectral past.

E. C. M. T.

Poe's Prose Tales.

" Much of crime and more of sin
 And horror the soul of the plot."



HE story of Edgar Allen Poe is a strange, fascinating tale, one that commands interest and sympathy wherever the English language is spoken. Tis the story of a young man, born, we may say, an orphan, for his mother died in a distant city only two years after his birth, and his father was burned to death a few days after her decease. Reared for a time in princely fashion, Poe's twenty-second birthday found him adrift in a pitiless, hard world, in whose gloomy environment his melancholy muse was quickened, until his name shone afar, high upon the immortal scroll of fame.

No poet in ancient or modern times has written so few poems, to acquire by them so great a fame. Of the two thousand pages of his writings, less than one hundred are occupied by poetical compositions. The 'Raven' and 'Amabel Lee' established his reputation, and they with 'The Bells' are the only poems that have attained to anything like celebrity. But his Prose Tales equal in imaginative power, vividness of description and thorough artistic finish, any of his metrical creations

In his writings, Poe's leaning toward the dark and the mysterious, offers a certain analogy with the morbid tendencies of that singular German, Hoffmann, who is said to have left the courtly 'salon' and the haunts of men, for gloomy vigils and intercourse

with sprites and demons. The eerie, the fantastic, the horrible, had for Poe a most unnatural fascination. He strove to shake off the dull realities of this earthly existence to peer into the vast unknown and "dream dreams that no mortal ever dared to dream before."

The poems give us but a faint hint of the praeternatural gloom that enshrouds his 'Prose Tales.' The melancholic intenseness of these, in fact, forms the accepted basis of their classification into the semi-scientific, the illusive, the grotesque, and the simply horrible. The division of course, is only approximately correct, for the distinctive features of each merge at times. More than half however of the tales are based on the sentiment of horror, and for such topics as premature burials and abnormal crimes, our moody author developed an almost revolting penchant. It would appear as though his motive throughout is none other than in the words of Dicken's fat boy, 'to make your flesh creep.' Thus we find him portraying painful idiosyncracies of temperament, monomania and madness; and not finding horrors enough in his mundane surroundings, and in the region of real sin and suffering, he invented a world of his own—a world so weird, so strange—"without any order and where the light is as darkness"; and to match it he evolved new crimes with novel and terrible penalties.

The limits of this short paper prevent our doing even scant justice to his most fascinating tales. Among those possessing in a marked degree the weird and magical spirit are to be found several masterpieces, such as 'The fall of the house of Usher,' 'The Assumption,' and 'The Red Death.' In exquisite finish three tales 'Leiga,' 'Bernerice,' and 'Morella' excel. They uniformly refer to one person, the ever to be remembered Leiga, whom he "loved with a love that was more than love." There is such a ring of truth about these, that there is little doubt that they were founded on his own life-experience. In them, there is no plot, no attempt at analysis, no endeavor to be horrible. They simply voice the feelings of his heart, or as some one has neatly expressed it, they are the soliloquies of a heart.

Poe was never humorous. To wit he had no pretensions, and when he attempted to crack a joke there is a certain ghastliness about it that chills. There is no laugh and little sunshine. In the

lightest of his stories 'The Spectacles,' the lightness depends on the incidents of the story, not on the manner in which it is told.

One of the author's most decided tastes was for all forms of mystification. The tales and stories which have been placed in the semi-scientific or philosophical class depend for their interest chiefly upon the unravelling of some mystery or enigma. The most noted of his works of this kind are 'The Gold Bug,' 'The Chess Players,' 'Marie Roget,' and 'Murder on Rue Morgue.'

Poe is the most remarkable of American literary geniuses, a many-sided man who could write well on any topic. His works are not disfigured by local color, and for the most part can be appreciated by all. They are written for all. In his studies of the dark side of human life he never descends to the Zolaesque level to give us a parallel to that reeking series of 'Rougon Macquart' stories. Though he loved the black domain of night and courted the company of her grim and weird retinue, he needs no apology. He is fast becoming known as the greatest universal genius America has produced, and in assigning to his prose tales the high place that is their due, it is not necessary to beg that they be considered in the light of charity, but in that of simple justice.

J. J. '06.

Synonyms.

"And the man gave names to all cattle, and to the fowls of the air, and to every beast of the field."

This was the beginning of language, that wonderful gift of God, possessed only by the rational being, the instrument by which he communicates with his fellow-men. Soon Adam and Adam's descendants went further. They did not limit their nomenclature alone to the "cattle," the "fowls of the air," and the "beasts of the field." Every existing thing found a name by which it was known and spoken of, so that, by the time the confounding of tongues at the Tower of Babel took place, we may undoubtedly suppose no distinct entity of which they were cognizant was without its particular appellation. Then, as the race advanced in culture and civilization, the minds of men became more precise, and cap-

able of more minute perception of things and they began to look at each separate object in several different ways, from divers points of view. Hence many words crept into the language which largely express the same idea, but from different standpoints. This tendency is accentuated by the fact that languages widely separated as to system and as to origin, interborrow words expressing like meanings. In modern English the *cost* is what a thing occasions to be paid out, while the *expense* is that which is actually paid out. So again *inference* and *conclusion* have the same general signification, but one is stronger than the other. In these instances and in a multitude of similar cases we are in the presence of synonyms, that is, etymologically, names going together.

Words which are synonymous are not necessarily identical in meaning; they do not express exact coincidence. The word synonym is indeed a misnomer. Words so-called are literally but *pseudo-synonyms*. Properly a synonym is a word which is the precise equivalent of, or is identical with another. The term is however used with a certain latitude so as to include words whose similarity in general signification renders them liable to be confounded, although each has a special signification that requires careful differentiation.

English is indeed most happily endowed in this respect. She has had a special advantage. Our speech is really made up of a great many different elements, the principal of which are Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French. The Anglo-Saxon of the first Englishmen has not at all become extinct, but on the contrary, three-fourths of the language we speak at the present day is derived from that ancient dialect. Most of the Anglo-Saxon words express familiar ideas and household expressions, while the Norman-French, being the language of the upper classes, gave to us words expressing refinement, education and the like. For example, the pig, ox and sheep of the Anglo-Saxon lower-classes, the raisers and tenders of these animals, became pork, beef, and mutton, when served on the tables of the Norman masters. In a great many cases we have two words, which originally expressed the same idea, one in Anglo-Saxon, and the other in French, but which now in the common tongue, the English, have slightly different shades of meaning.

The richness and variety of language depends, in a great measure, on the number of synonymous words and phrases it contains; and, as a race advances in civilization and scientific progress, there is invariably found to be a corresponding coincident increase in the quantity of synonyms its language possesses. They greatly contribute, and in fact are almost the sole cause of, copiousness and fluency of speech. They are also of immense utility in giving to a language strength and vigor of expression by serving the purpose of repetition, which is one of the strongest means of rendering expression forcible. Synonyms are indeed stronger than mere repetition, for a skillful use of them, in addition to giving force to the expression, adds to it at the same time another relative, though distinct, idea. Without synonyms, men could not express the finer shades of meaning and the subtler touches of expression; rhetoric would be made difficult if not impossible.

It is indeed very important to possess a clear conception of the use and distinction of synonyms. With a great many writers of the present day strict accuracy in words is not observed, with the result that their style is loose and shadowy, and lacks clearness and precision. Coleridge used to say that one person out of a hundred used correctly the words *notion* and *idea*. Such words as *education* and *instruction*, *government* and *administration* are frequently confused and wrongly interchanged. And shall we mention that well-known confounding of synonyms which, during the last session of Parliament, caused such a political tumult and agitation? Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, while defending the government's action in appointing military officers in the eastern provinces contrary to the wishes and suggestions of Lord Dundonald, the General Officer Commanding, used the word "foreigner," as applying to Lord Dundonald. Immediately, however, he corrected himself by substituting the word "stranger," and further limiting his meaning to "stranger in the eastern counties." The Premier at once became the target, from the press of the Opposition, of many unflattering epithets, "disloyal" being one of the chief. For was it not, they said, the most manifest disloyalty to apply the appellation "foreigner," or even "stranger," to a nobleman from the Mother Country, and one of

His Majesty's representatives? In this case exception might well be taken to the word "foreigner," for a foreigner is an unnaturalized person of foreign birth and nationality; but "stranger" as applying to Lord Dupdonald, was quite permissible, since the word generally signifies a person coming from another place, though in the same country.

New synonyms are being constantly introduced into our language; and while many of them certainly tend towards its improvement, yet there are a great many of modern introduction which are unnecessary, and instead of enriching, complicate the language. Such words are brought in, being chiefly of French origin, by the authors of modern popular novels, and are not intended for the betterment of the English tongue, but simply and wholly to give a false tone and a novel setting to an otherwise inferior plot. Examples of these are too numerous to mention, or to select any particular types characteristic of the whole. Here in Canada, especially on the borders of the Province of Quebec where the English and French languages are used side by side, we have many examples of French words and expressions employed in English instead of the English words. To go no further than than our college walls, take for example the use among the students of the word *congé*, meaning *holiday*.

Many of these foreign words, introduced lately into our language, seem to have a very general signification and are not at all well controlled; in this respect they much resemble slang, since they can be made to mean mostly anything whatever. This is a defect. The English language, it would appear, has reached that stage where it does not require, at least not to such a great extent as formerly, to borrow words from other languages in order to express the finer shades of meaning. New English words are fast becoming limited to technical and scientific terms, which are almost wholly derived from the Latin and Greek.

J. W., '05.

Le Philosophe Malgre Lui.

" Full of wise saws, and modern instances."

A saw—since definitions are in fashion,—is the equivalent of *saga*, a saying, a story. It may be grave or gay, romantic or heroic ; but, for our purpose, let it serve to mean, a saying ; such wisdom of our forbears as has found expression in handy form. At least, it passes for wisdom.

Motley, good friends, is *not* " the only wear," nor is it the most becoming. There is, moreover, a smug respectability about the philosopher's robe which lay a flattering unction to the human soul. *Dulce est desipere in loco*. True ; but so much depends on the place. " There is a time to laugh." Yes ; provided it be not " the laughter of fools." Yes, and " there is a time to keep silence." It were well, for most of us, did we find more of it.

Fuge, tace, quiesce, haec sunt principia salutis. That is the message which sent Arsenius, the Senator, the friend and counsellor of Emperors, to his cell in the Egyptian desert. " It is not given to all," says holy Thomas à Kempis, " to renounce the world, and to serve God in " a cloister." True, but it is given to every man, if he will, to " scorn delights, and live laborious days." So much for " *Fuge*." " *Ne nos inducas in tentationem*." Why ? " He that loveth danger shall perish in 'it."

" *Tace*," to quote the rogues' jargon current in the seventeenth century, " is the Latin for a candle." Jargon, only, most likely ; a more or less vague hint as to the value of silence and discretion. Were one to read a meaning into it, one might enunciate it thus : " Silence is better than a votive offering." Otherwise, " Prevention is better than cure."

" I do know of those,
" That therefore only are reputed wise,
" By saying nothing."

Perhaps they are wiser than reputed. " Silence is golden." If you say nothing—well ; " Least said, soonest mended." More ;

"*In multiloquio non deerit peccatum.*" So the wise man held. Also "*qui moderatur labia sua prudentissimus est.*" St. James goes further: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." Indeed he is. Meek Moses "spake unadvisedly with his lips," and David "said things" *in excessu suo*

But, "silence is golden" in a higher sphere—that of religion. "God is in heaven," says the Preacher, "and thou upon earth, therefore let thy words be few." And, just before, he speaks of "the sacrifice of fools," who "know not that they do evil." "Be not rash with thy mouth," he says, and adds "*in multis sermonibus inveniatur stultitia.*" "They think they shall be heard for their much speaking." Good friend, *Tace*: Let thy words be few—to God, as well as to man.

Quiesce. Not quite the same as *Tace* "Don't worry," one might render it. Or, rather, "Be not solicitous," over-anxious "for the morrow." "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." "In quietness—*silentio*--and confidence shall be your strength." "*Quiesce, sit still.*" "*Haec sunt principia salutis.*"

Short Lessons on English Prose.

Adapted from—'Principles of Literature,' by Rev. L. Lejeune, O.M.I.

III.

The Literary Faculties.

In literature, whether it be the study of rules, or the analysis and criticism of the works of the masters or again the actual work of composition, the faculties of the soul play a necessary part: the study therefore of the nature of the faculties and of the role of each is of prime importance.

1. THE INTELLIGENCE is the faculty which conceives ideas and perceives the true and the apparent, just as the eye sees the star in the clear firmament.

Ex. "A life in the country in the midst of one's own people was the dream of Roman poets from Virgil to Juvenal and the reward of Roman statesmen from Cincinnatus to Pliny."—Newman's Sketches.

As the words of this sentence pass one after the other before my eye, in the same way the ideas they express pass before my intelligence, which looks at them as it were as they pass, and reads in them what they are; such is the act of the intelligence (*intus legere*): in other words intuition.

But this method is the exception; my intelligence ordinarily goes slowly, painfully, by a laborious roundabout way from one idea to another, comparing, connecting, uniting sister ideas and separating those not allied, in order to get at the truth of the whole; here the intelligence is called reason and its act is named judgment or deduction.

2. JUDGMENT is the reason of affirming or denying the relation of agreement or of dissimilarity between two or more ideas.

Ex. 'God is holy.' (Affirmative.)

'All men are not saints.' (Negative.)

3. WIT is the reason seizing promptly and with ease the hidden inter-relations of ideas and objects.

Ex. 'Miss—— is not old, she has rather retained her youth for a long, long time.'

4. MEMORY is the intelligence in as much as it retains the impressions of sounds and of forms of sensations, of sentiments and of ideas, of words and of expressions, to give them when occasion demands it, life and consistency, in literary composition.

Ex. 'I saw in the sister of charity, the Good Samaritan.'

5. THE WILL is the faculty which under the light of the intelligence freely tends towards that which is good. It has to do less with the construction of the style than with the general tone of the composition. The normal will exacts in all literary work, elevation, nobility, decency and moral righteousness.

6. THE IMAGINATION is that faculty which represents as objects of the senses things absent, or as sense-images things immaterial. It is not to be confounded, as happens at times, with the power of invention or mental creation,—this latter is not the result of a single faculty, but of them all, acting in unison.

Ex. 'My soul is like a bird that frets in its gilded cage.'

FEELING or SENSIBILITY is that faculty by which we experience sensations and grasp sentiments, by which we perceive moral impressions and are affected by outside influences.

Ex. 'I felt instinctively a feeling of indignation against the murderer and of pity towards the victim.'

Note.—Many writers now a days yield to the temptation to place imagination and sensibility before intelligence and will. This is an error and a danger ; in the Creator's plan, the imagination aids the reason and the sensibility serves the will.

8. TASTE is the acuteness of the intelligence, and delicacy of feeling, in the discernment and appreciation of beauty and defect in the works of the mind.

Ex. 'Of a sample of verse, without originality, emotion or finish, we say, 'tis wretched doggerel.'

Taste is *bad* when the grotesque, the burlesque, the eccentric pleases.

It is *incomplete* when it fails to seize the beauties of a model recognized as such, *defective* when it ignores the perfection of art, and *depraved* when disgusting, realistic and trivial things please.

Good taste loves the simple and the natural even in the sublime. Its qualities are :

(a) Variety, which immediately discerns the merit of a work.

(b) Delicacy, which distinguishes beauties more or less veiled and minor defects.

(c) Reliability, which never confounds the gold and the gross, the beautiful and the ugly.

(d) Breadth of view, which knows how to appreciate works of widely separate origin.

Taste is *cultivated* by careful and attentive *reading* of classic masterpieces, *acquaintance* with good literary criticism, by the *teachings* of the professor, and by the *counsels* of a judicious friend.

9. GENIUS and TALENT are the reunion of literary faculties developed to a high degree.

'Tis genius when these have extraordinary power and produce original and sublime results.

Ex. Shakespeare, Byron.

Tis talent when they raise a man above the ordinary.

Ex. Poe, Longfellow.

There is between them a difference of degree rather than of nature.

REMARKS.

Two fundamental qualities will always distinguish the true writer—*naturalness* and *originality*.

1. NATURALNESS consists in seeing things as they are and expressing them truly; it is the equation of the intimate impression of the external world on the soul, and the expression through a style, of this impression: to see things as they are and to paint them as they have been seen, is to be natural.

Now an impression is received by the soul by all its faculties which should all vibrate in harmony. The soul and all its faculties should voice these harmonies in the style. For this they are in absolute need of an instrument, and the instrument is none other than language. Unfortunately language is but imperfectly acquired and naturalness is thus rendered impossible.

2. ORIGINALITY is the personal mark which ideas, sentiments and images receive, as they pass from the soul of the writer; thus this imprint is common to the plan and to the style of the work.

There is in the soul of each writer a proportion according to which the faculties are combined, a place assigned to each and a development acquired by education and by study, the sum of which gives the peculiar lineaments, the literary temperament, the individual originality.

(To be continued.)

Etymological.

The word 'petrel' used with the adjective 'stormy,' to designate an aquatic bird and in a secondary sense a certain type of politician, is derived from 'Peter.' The allusion is to his walking the waves.

The Reviewer's Corner.

Book Review.

LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE—A DRAMA OF MODERN LIFE. REV. DR. SHEEHAN—*Longmans, Green & Co.*

Very dramatic, though one could hardly say, stagy. The author of *My New Curate*, of *Luke Delmage*, etc., could hardly be sensational; but perhaps it is almost impossible to present a drama of modern life without producing rather extreme sensations with pain predominating. This short story of three convent—college girls—begins on the college stage. As chief characters we see a class that seems to be on the eve of their first appearance on the large (?) stage of fashionable life that will be partly played in Dublin, partly in London—with one very sensational scene in the studio of a French Jew in Paris, said sensation is on canvas. The three girls who had personated the fates in their classic costumes, poses, etc., go through the mazes, with the ordinary smiles and tears: one becomes a nun in an Irish convent, but fate, rather obedience brings her to London in the nick of time. Another, a trained nurse has much to do, in a perfectly guileless way, with the losing of the Paradise, such as it was; the third marries an eminent London physician, a good man, presumably a good Catholic, but he too, in a perfectly guileless way is to be blamed for the loss of the Angel (!) but like most love stories, after a few painful complications are cleared, the proper adjustments are made and all may hope that the Doctor's second wife, who was his first love—as far as face goes, was able to tell of Paradise regained.

All in all, one likes to judge the author by some of his other works. *Geoffrey Austen*—par ex.—or *The Triumph of Failure*; one likes to believe *The Lost Angel of the Ruined Paradise* would have been stronger to bear up against false appearances had she spent more time under the cedars or the stars, than in making of tableaux drawn from her classic studies. Moral: well—many morals might be drawn from this sad story, perhaps the most im-

mediately applicable would be to allow one's first impression of a haunting face to have something to do in our coming to a life-decision—also to have no secret cabinets unless one lives alone. As to final conclusion, probably the safest one to draw is that college girl or convent girl, professional woman or nun, wife and mother, the eternal feminine is deeply interesting and fully deserving of all the censure, praise, admiration, dread, pity, and love, the poets, dramatists, novelists and hagiographers have bestowed upon her—and that Lost Paradises are always the result a pretty fairly balanced masculine and feminine mistake or malice.

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF WESTERN EUROPE—JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON, PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.—*Ginn and Co., Boston.*

Mr. Robinson has earned the gratitude of the lover of impartiality. He starts off with a new definition of history. We have heard of the 'conspiracy against truth,' of 'the rich treasure of man's dishonor,' of 'the scripture of the devil.' But his is just as catching and more true. History, he says, is all that we know about everything that man has ever done or thought or hoped or or felt. To embody in his work that concept of history was his aim and he has succeeded. One of his chief merits is that he has brought out many of the thoughts and feelings beneath the surface of events, ordinarily passed unnoticed by our superficial historians.

He gives as no Protestant writer of so summary a work has done, the *Zetgeist* of the middle ages. A most absorbing stage of human development it is, that making of Christendom after the fall of the Roman Empire. We assist as it were with the evolution of embryonic civilization and follow it to the promise of the full-grown freedom of to-day. Mr. Robinson's opinion is to be gathered from these words: "The more careful studies of the last half century have made it clear that the middle ages were not dark in the sense of being stagnant and unproductive. On the contrary they were full of movement and growth, and we owe to them a great many things in our civilization which we should never have derived from Greece and Rome.

He speaks of 'how the people lived, their institutions, their occupations, interests and achievements; how business was transacted in the middle ages, almost without the aid of money, how later commerce increased and industry grew up; what a great part the Christian Church played in society; how the monks lived and what they did for mankind.' "Monasticism" he states "supplied the element of personal responsibility and spiritual ambition upon which Protestantism has laid so much stress."

"There is no more extraordinary revolution recorded in history" he observes on another page "than that which raised the weak and demoralized papacy of the 10th century to a supreme place in European affairs."

As regards the French Revolution of '89, the introductory reads: "Whole volumes have been written about the causes of the French Revolution. The real cause however, is easily stated: the old system was bad and almost everyone, both high and low had come to realize that it was bad and consequently, the French did away with it."—Which reminds one forcibly of the 'time for a change' talk of the modern politician. He goes on then with a masterly exposition of the defects of the *ancien regime*.

On the reformation question he admits frankly "There are many indications that the Bible was commonly read before Luther's time," The best adjective found for Henry the VIII of marital memory is 'notorious'—on the other hand his appreciation of Cromwell is rather lenient. In the discussion of religious persecutions the confusion of religious and political motives is clearly pointed out, with the exception of the unfortunate phrase in which we read concerning the massacre of the Huguenots, "Both the Pope and the King congratulated the French on their loyalty to the church. (throne?)" On page 223 we read the epigrammatic statement that 'the heretic was the anarchist of the middle ages.'

With regard to his treatment of Catholic usages and beliefs we have little criticism to make, so well posted is our historian on sacraments, friars, the mass, etc. However, speaking of indulgence, he fails to make clear the need of perfect dispositions, as regards the necessity of absolution; he conveys the impression that explicit desire at least is necessary in the Catholic view. He minimizes the traditional argument in favor of the primacy of

Peter, confounding perhaps 'historic' and 'documentary.' The assertion on page 62, that the Irish 'knew little of the traditions of the Roman Church,' should read "had not accepted in its entirety the traditional discipline of the Roman Church." In his treatment of the disputes between the Celtic and Saxon Church he unwittingly conveys the impression that the Celts meditated schism. He omits entirely mention of the Organic articles, by which Napoleon I. negatived the Concordat. The third Napoleon is not sufficiently scarified for his duplicity with the successor of Peter, and the Orsini bombs might have been mentioned as a motive pressing the 'crowned Carbonaro' to the spoliation. 'Tis certainly an error to say that the temporal power was the chief obstacle to Italian unity, or that there is doubt as to why Pippin made the initial donation. Why he lessens the generally accepted verdict on the importance of the crusades we know not. but it would appear that the solidarity of Europe, safety from the Saracen, and the impetus given to letters, industry and navigation, make it a momentous movement.

The references are well chosen, although more place had well been given to representative Catholic writers, such as Lingard and Jansens. The topical system of treatment is used throughout, and to advantage, in an apt sequence that keeps the chronological thread while it permits the student to view continental affairs and synchronous events abreast. The cuts are numerous and well chosen, covering architecture, painting, manuscript and sculpture, and there are several splendid topical maps.

He has succeeded on one great point, viz :—He has reviewed the history of Europe without taking the standpoint either of a Frenchman, a German or an Englishman.

Among the Magazines.

That most erratic of writers, Goldwin Smith, is again to the fore in the *Atlantic*, with an article on Oliver Cromwell. He considers the Protector's character "a remarkable combination of power and tenderness." It is of course superfluous to attempt to contradict such a statement. Drogheda and Wexford cry out its

refutation in a voice which the whole world hears. Speaking of that unhappy monarch Charles I., he says "to compare the tribunal to a drum-head court martial is surely unfair." For our life we cannot help shouting "Hear! hear!" The word "unfair" is immeasurably far too mild, dear Goldwin, for that unparalleled travesty of justice. There is hardly a school-boy who has not heard of "Pride's Purge."

"He steadily upheld . . . their principles of religious toleration," says Goldwin. Does the gentleman forget some of the orders of Cromwell's parliament issued at his beck, that all the churches in England should be painted black, as a sign of the dark superstition that prevailed therein, or that all the organs in the kingdom should be destroyed, etc.: orders which happily were never carried out?

But when he says "to speak of Cromwell's treatment of the Irish nation is a misuse of language; there was no Irish nation" (!!!), Mr. Smith hurls an insult in the face of every Irishman who loves his country. Owen Roe O'Neill taught Cromwell, in a rather forcible manner that there *was* an Irish nation. Does Mr. Smith think that the inhabitants of the "Pale" constituted the entire population of Ireland? The "Pale" was but a small portion of Ireland, completely cut off from the rest of the country which differed entirely from it in language, manners, customs, and traditions; in fact at the confederation of Kilkenny we find that the majority of members who took the side of Rinuccini know little or nothing of the English language. The erratic Canadian further says that "Cromwell had solved the Irish question, and had he lived longer the solution had been final, which latter statement we do not question. Cromwell's solution however, would probably have taken that form suggested by the poet Edmund Spenser. If there is any nation on earth about whose history Mr. Smith appears to know nothing, that nation is Ireland; and yet he boldly makes such statements about her." Well, after all, it is not to be wondered at; it is merely in line with the opinions Mr. Goldwin Smith has expressed on other subjects. Mr. Smith's chief claim to literary fame is the delightful balance of his sentences and the extreme eccentricity of his

opinions. Lately the idea has gradually been dawning on us that the reading world has been deceived and that Goldwin is really laughing at it. What if after all, the great (?) Canadian writer meant all those eccentric opinions as so many brilliant sparks of humor? Ah, then things take on a different aspect. Behold his assertion that Washington was no general whatever; how delightfully humorous! His assertion that Edmund Burke's ideas were not deep, but that his reputation rests chiefly on his well rounded sentences; how excruciatingly funny! What a pity that the reading public cannot appreciate his humor.

Rev. John T. Driscoll's article in the October Number of the *Catholic World* is excellent, so also is Jas. J. Walsh's article on Boniface VII, as suggested by Chas. Magurn's picture "The Outrage of Anagni." Rev. W. J. Madden pays an Irishman's tribute to "The Grand Old Man" in his article "An Incident in The Life of Gladstone."

SCRUTATOR.

Exchanges.

"The Collegian," from Oakland, California, is the first exchange to claim our attention. It contains two very interesting and instructive articles, one on "Hydraulic Mining," and another on "Secret Societies." The article on "The American Citizen" is well written, but does not portray any traits of citizenship which belong exclusively to those of American birth. The poetry and editorials are bright and spicy.

The September number of the "Young Eagle," is devoted almost entirely to literary criticisms and to the celebration of the community's golden jubilee. It is well gotten up and attractive from cover to cover. The jubilee sermon is very beautiful and a fitting introductory to the number. The articles on Schiller's character of Mary Stuart, Colonel Newcombe, and the character study of Hamlet are well worthy of perusal.

The "St. Vincent College Journal" has an excellent initial contribution in its October number, entitled "At the Games. In

the form of a monologue it draws a striking pen picture of the cruelties of the ancient inhabitants of Herculaneum; and the frightful chastisement which followed in the destruction of the city. "Night in the Northern Pines," is another excellent article. The other items, poetry and prose are well up to the standard.

The "Ottawa Campus" contains three most readable short stories, including a "Turquoise Rune," a tale of treasure-seeking and adventure, written in the style which is generally associated with stories of the Viking days. The mention of re-construction is of especial interest to us, as we too have known only too well the ravages of the fire fiend and are even now awaiting the completion of our beautiful new buildings.

Two numbers of the "Notre Dame Scholastic" have already reached us. Its editors are to be congratulated on their enterprise in providing such good literature and in weekly editions at that.

THE STICKLER.



The hackneyed fallacy that the material prosperity of a nation may be taken as a gauge of its perfection in Christianity, is well met by these words from the Ave Maria :

"The only promise of temporal prosperity recorded in the Bible was made not by Christ, but by Satan on the pinnacle or the temple. Pointing to the kingdoms of the earth he said "All these will I give thee if falling down thou wilt adore me."

Mainly History.

ST. COLUMB CILLE.

His Mission in Ireland.

In treating the life of St. Columb Cille or, in fact, the life of any saint of early Irish history, one is confronted at the very outset with a peculiar difficulty, viz. : While the documentary information is quite abundant, it cannot be altogether relied upon. This difficulty has its origin in the habits and customs of those times. The romances of the Irish people of this epoch of history were, in part, made up in the lives of their greatest saints. They treated the doings of these holy men much in the same way as the troubadours did the doings of their great knights, using them as a basis upon which to build their tales. As the gay poets of Provence decked their heroes in all the knightly virtues that their fervid imaginations could suggest, so also did the bards of Ireland dress the works of their saints, twining about them the loving coils of Irish folk lore, and weaving the assembled whole into one delightful romance. Certainly a large number of the lives of the saints, which we find in the Irish manuscripts, were never intended as orthodox biographies. On this account, therefore, we must, contrary to the methods of the Bollandists, not only accept tradition, but in many cases, even reject documentary evidence for its sake. For in striving to arrive at the truth when written evidence and tradition clash, we must choose the more probable of the two. All men do not choose alike : and for this reason, therefore, we find many apparent discrepancies in the various accounts of the life of a particular saint. Hoping, that these circumstances may serve to excuse any errors that may occur in our work, we shall proceed without more ado.

I.

In the sixth century, at the zenith of Ireland's greatness, when churches and chapels, monasteries and convents, schools and colleges dotted the land, and the light of Irish faith and learning

illuminated the whole of Western Europe, foremost among the illustrious sons of Erin, we find the name of St. Columba, or Columb Cille as he is more properly called. The life of the venerable man furnishes one of the most pleasing and fascinating studies in all Irish history. His noble descent, together with his renowned sanctity and the greatness of his talents—Hyde calls him “the most renowned missionary, scribe, scholar, poet, statesman, anchorite and founder, of the sixth century”—all conspire to throw a halo of glory and sweetness about his memory, and to enshrine it forever in the heart of the Gael.

We read in the book of Lismore, one of the ancient Irish manuscripts, that the birth of St. Columb Cille had been prophesied by St. Patrick, St. Mavateus and many others of Ireland's elders, and the greatness of his mission, made known to his mother in a dream. He was born at Gartan, amid the beautiful wilds of Donegal on the 7th December, A.D. 521.

*“As then was foretold by Ireland's elders and as was seen in visions, so was Columb Cille born. Now Gartan was the name of the place in which he was born, on the seventh of the ides of December, as regards the day of the solar month, and on Thursday as regards the day of the week.”**

The nobility of his birth is unquestioned. His father was Feidhlimid, whose ancestors was Niall Naigiallach, (Niall of the Nine Hostages) and his mother Eithne was the direct descendant of the royal house of Cathoir (Cauheer) Mor, the reigning family of Leinster. As the Book of Lismore quaintly puts it:

“Wonderful in sooth was the child who was born there, (at Gartan) child of the King of Heaven and Earth, even Columb Cille, son of Feidhlimid, son of Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. Of the Corpraige of Leinster was his mother Eithne Ollmanc, daughter of Dimma NacNai.”†

Columb Cille himself, so it is said, was actually offered the crown of his native province in 544; but he, preferring the enjoyment of God to all the perishable honors of the world, took the cowl and left the diadem.

* *Vide* Book of Lismore, l. 803 et sqq.

† *Vide* Lismore, l. 907 et sqq.

*"Noble in sooth was Columb Cille's kindred as regards the World, for of the kindred of Conall son of Niall was he. "By genealogy he had the natural right to the kingship of Ireland, and it would have been offered (given) to him had he not put it from him for the sake of God." **

While still very young, Columb Cille's parents entrusted him to the fosterage of the pious Crothnecàn, the priest by whom he had been baptised. By this holy man he was reared and educated, living it is said, near the church of Cillemacnain. Even at this early date Columb Cille began to give indications of the wonderful talent he possessed; while yet a boy, he recited the psalms with the Bishop of Brugacius, at Rath Enaigh, whither he had accompanied his preceptor, who had been invited by the bishop to celebrate the festival of Christmas.

Having spent about three years under the care of Crothnecàn, he was sent for instruction to the celebrated school of St. Finnén, at Maghbile (Moville). It was here that he lost his baptismal name, Crimthain, and received in its place, the tender appellation of Columb Cille or dove of the church, on account of the frequency with which he sought the holy building.

After spending several years under St. Finnén's instruction Columb Cille journeyed south into Leinster, where he became the pupil of a venerable old bard named Germanus, called in the book of Lismore 'German, the master.' At this time, be it remembered, the only educational bodies in Ireland were the Christian clergy and the bardic order. The length of his stay with Germanus is not known, but it was probably rather brief. From Germanus he went to St. Finnén of Clonard. Here, the gift of prophecy began to manifest itself on the very day of his arrival. When he had been received, "he asked Finnén in what place he should build his hut" 'Make it in front (at the door) of the church,' said Finnén. So he makes his booth, and it was not at the door of the church at that time. He said however, that it would afterwards be the monastery and this had been fulfilled." † Several things are told of him while at Clonard. The old book of Lis-

* Vide Lismore, l. 749 et sqq.

† Vide Lismore, l. 848 et sqq.

more in its own peculiar style tells how "each man of the bishops (students) used to grind a quern in turn, howbeit an angel from heaven used to grind on behalf of Columb Cille; that was the honor which the Lord used to render him because of the eminent nobleness of his race."*

St. Finnen himself, to quote the same manuscript, once had a strange vision concerning St. Columb Cille and St. Ciaran who was also studying at Clonard. "Once there appeared to Finnen a vision, to wit, two moons arose from Clonard, a golden moon and a silvery moon. The golden moon went into the north of the island, and Ireland and Scotland gleamed thereby. The silvery moon went on till it stayed by the Shannon, and Ireland at her centre gleamed. That was Columb Cille with the grace of his noble kin and his wisdom, and Ciaran with the refulgence of his virtues and his good deeds."†

We next hear of Columb Cille at the famous school of Mohbi at Glasnevin. Here, he seems to have made companions of St. Cainnech, St. Comgall, and St. Ciaran, afterwards founder of the celebrated Clonmacnoise on the Shannon. The Lismore Life records a rather curious incident concerning these four friends to which Douglas Hyde gives prominence. "Once on a time," says the ancient scribe, "a great church was built by Mohbi. The classics were considering what each of them would like to have in the church. 'I should like,' said Ciaran, 'its full of church children to attend the (canonical) hours.' 'I should like,' said Caimnach, 'to have its full of books to serve the sons of life.' 'I should like,' said Comgal, 'its full of affliction and disease to be in my own body, to subdue me and to repress me.' Then Colum Cille chose its full of gold and silver to cover relics and shrines withal.' Mohbi said it should not be so, but that Columb Cille's community would be wealthier than any community whether in Ireland or in Scotland."‡

(To be continued.)

THOMAS J. TOBIN, '06..

* Vide Lismore, l. 850, et sqq.

† Vide Lismore, l. 852 et sqq.

‡ Vide Lismore, l. 866 et sqq.

Canadian Cameos.

ADAM DOLLARD DES ORMEAUX, SIEUR DAULAC.

Canada has had her hecatomb of heroes, of whom the larger proportion belong to the primeval period of French domination, when the missionaries of the cross led the vanguard of civilization and taught men how to die, as they instructed them after what manner they were to live. Their deeds of valor were performed far from the eyes of the court; for them are no triumphs in golden chariots, no crowning with laurels, no applause in the capitol or the sena e. The very names of the most conspicuous amongst them would have faded into complete oblivion had it not been for the chronicles of the missionaries or the annals of religious houses.

The world in this twentieth century still rings with the fame of Rome's imperial legions, her athletes and her generals, who fought immortal battles on the plains of Latium or in the fortresses of Cisalpine Gaul. It still hears the death song of those who fell under the translucent skies of Attica, in the shadow of Parnes and Pentelicus. Not sweeter is the famed honey of Hymettus, nor more fragrant the breath of its variegated flora than the memory of those who perished by the shores of the Aegean, or on Thessalian hill-sides. The Laconian streams, the Boeotian cities, the Isle of Salamis, the pass of Thermopylae are haunted by the memory of those who died or conquered there. A whole host of poets, dramatists, historians have arisen to proclaim the valor of the Spartan, the all conquering energy of the Macedonian.

In Canada, within the shadow of the Laurentides, upon the very shores, prosaic to the imagination, of the Ottawa or the St. Lawrence, within call of Quebec or Montreal, deeds of heroism have been performed, heroes have fought and died, which required but the glamor of the epic poet or the magic wand of the romancer to render immortal.

Theirs was a stern destiny, those men of the past; they forded almost unnavigable rivers, explored the depths of mighty forests and warred with the elemental forces of nature in the wilds of a

pioneer country. They experienced the extremes of cold, grappled with the frost, traversed illimitable snow-plains. Few of them died "the common death of all men." Warring perpetually with the red men, these brave colonists too often fell by the tomahawk or perished in torments at the stake. They held their cities, so to say at the sword-point, believing with the Spartans that the best fortifications of a city are in the valor of its inhabitants.

It may be of interest to recall the names of some, who perished, at a time, when Brebeuf and Lallemand had but recently given the example of a splendidly heroic death, when courtly gentlemen abandoned courts and palaces to explore untrodden wilds and convey the good tidings to the heathen after the manner of Champlain, who declared that "the salvation of one soul was of more value than the conquest of an empire."

It is said that the pupils of "L'Ecole Polytechnique" in Paris, on listening to the "History of Canada" by François Xavier Garneau, leaped to their feet, greeting the inspired recital, with prolonged cheering. For French Canada was from its inception the theatre of animated action; pioneers, traders, the hardy voyageurs of song and story, valiant women, religious and secular, throng upon the stage with Recollets and Jesuits, aboriginal tribesmen, Intendants and Viceroy. It is a stirring drama, having as its darkened, terrible background the perennial wars with the Indians. Men were prepared to sell their lives dearly, but instances are recorded of individual heroism, unsurpassed in the world's history, and there was about their most martial exploits, a fine aroma of the old, living faith, and true Catholic fervor.

The infant settlements of Three Rivers, Quebec and Montreal during the greater part of the 17th century, from the time of their foundation, were harassed by perpetual inroads of the savages, and left in a state of continual alarm. But never was this more conspicuously the case than in the years 1658-9, when Indian depredations were constant and a conspiracy was discovered amongst the fiercest, most powerful and most implacable enemies of the French, the Iroquois, to fall upon the settlements, behead the Viceroy, and annihilate the whites. The tidings of this plot, caused widespread consternation, since fighting men were few and

the means of defence inadequate. Montreal or Ville Marie was to be the centre of attack and it became incumbent upon that city to make the first organized attempt at resistance. The Commander of the garrison, at that time, was a young man of twenty-five, Adam Dollard des Ormeaux, Sieur Daulac, destined to go down to history as "the Canadian Leonidas." He was an absolutely fearless soldier and an experienced Indian fighter, inspired, moreover, with that sublime enthusiasm which impelled him to lay down his life for the safety of the colony. He believed that a blow struck in time might have a deterrent effect upon the red-men, and inspire them with a salutary fear of the French. He carefully laid his plans, rallying about him, a score of chivalrous youths, whom he inspired with his own intrepid spirit, and who were prepared after his example to lay down their lives for God and country.

Dollard chose for his undertaking, the month of May, when the streams released from the frost-grip of winter, flowed freely once more and when his little band would at least be spared the fearful hardships of a winter campaign. These heroic volunteers to the number of seventeen, repaired to the parish church of Notre Dame, where they received Holy Communion in a body, after which they registered a solemn vow to accept no quarter, but to conquer or to die.

That was an impressive scene amongst the many which that venerable temple witnessed, and the names and ages of those adventurous paladins remain to this day in the proverbial archives. They were young. Life was in its zenith and if the strenuous existence of the colony was beset by ever recurring perils, it nevertheless offered almost infinite possibilities of unusual achievement and of future advancement. Nevertheless there was no looking back. The Dollards, as they have since been called went thus to the altar of their God, and offered the sacrifice of their young lives.

The story of this short sharp struggle is tolerably familiar to the student of Canadian history. Their canoes were brought into premature collision with a detachment of Iroquois, and they gained a dearly bought advantage, with the loss of three of their number. This was at Ile à St. Paul, very close to Montreal, but they

pressed on from there to the foot of the Long Sault and took possession of a small palisaded fort, which had been formerly built by the Algonquins. Here, they were reinforced, unhappily as the event proved, by some two score Indians, Hurons and Algonquins, and made preparations to make a determined stand against 500 Iroquois. These latter lost no time in closing in about them, cutting off the water supply, and keeping them in constant alarm by attempts to set fire to the palisades. They felled huge trees which might further embarrass their adversaries and servé for their own protection.

These precautions taken, they advanced to the attack with their accustomed ferocity and with all the resources of their savage ingenuity. Each time the attack was repelled. Dollard, who seemed to bear a charmed life, was forever in the van guard, inspiring, directing, while all the time his trained marksmen did deadly execution upon the foe. Again and again they were driven back, until, at last, they began to believe that a large force of Frenchman lay in concealment. They sent swift couriers to bring to the spot, another five hundred Iroquois, who were encamped upon the Richilieu.

Upon the arrival of these reinforcements, the situation of the devoted few became momentarily more desperate. Invested upon all sides, with ever advancing hordes of barbarous foemen pressing in upon them, the intolerable pangs of thirst began to make themselves felt. Under the ceaseless fire of the enemy, Dollard caused a channel to be cut to the river, but a muddy, insufficient stream was the only result. As the days went on, the red warriors taunted Dollard's Indian allies and drew lurid pictures of the death which awaited them by thirst and famine. They so worked upon their feelings, that the greater number leaped from the palisades and joined the ranks of the enemies. Not more than half a dozen remained with Annon Hata, the celebrated Huron Chief, ever the friend of the white men. Dollard made one last effort. He loaded a blunderbuss to the utmost and strove to cast it into the midst of the savages, hoping that its explosion would terrify them and defer the final moment. But an intervening tree turned the weapon backwards upon the brave defenders, killing several amongst them.

Still the struggle went on. Wearied, exhausted, famine stricken, consumed by intolerable thirst, the heroes still continued to perform such prodigies of valor, that the Iroquois were more than ever convinced that a large reserve force was at hand. They debated the advisability of retreat, and would certainly have withdrawn had not the renegade Indians, so lately part of the garrison, assured their new allies, that but a mere handful of the original seventeen still held the fort and that they were in a deplorable condition from the ravages of hunger and thirst.

Dollard, at last, fell, pierced by innumerable bullets and the Iroquois inspired by the event, burst open the redoubt and swarmed in upon the remnant of the French. Each man amongst them died, fighting to the last, in close hand to hand encounter, by the hunting knives of the savages. The sacrifice, made before the altar of Notre Dame was accepted in its entirety. Some ten days after their departure, the sunlight of the early summer-time fell upon their dead faces, defaced, blackened by the smoke of battle, worn and emaciated by the want of food. Where the Ottawa rushes down to join the St. Lawrence, they all found glorious rest after their labors. The story of their combat was conveyed to Quebec by the Huron renegades and remained a tradition amongst the fierce nomads of the Five Nations. Surely they had made for themselves "a new Thermopylae." They had done more. Their self-immolation was exalted by the spirit of faith wherewith, it was animated, till it reached almost the heights of martyrdom.

Nor was their sacrifice in vain. The Iroquois intimidated by the valor of the French were induced to abandon their project of extermination, arguing that if seventeen men under disastrous circumstances, could keep them at bay during eight days of incessant fighting, then, it was surely hopeless to war against the entire strength of the colony. They withdrew into their distant settlements and New France was saved.

A. T. S.

Events.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF HISTORY NEWLY MADE.

October 1. —A proclamation dissolving the ninth parliament of Canada is promulgated. The Dominion elections will be held on the third day of November. Nomination day will be the 27th October, and the writs are returnable on the 15th. December. The new House, like the old one, will consist of 214 members.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the British Liberal leader, died to-day.

October 3.—General Stoessel officially confirms the report of the defeat of the Japanese before Port Arthur in a battle which began the 19th September and continued for three days.

October 4.—The political campaign preceding the Federal Elections for the United States of America is progressing apace. Theodore Roosevelt, the Republican candidate for re-election to the office of President, is opposed by Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate from New York

October 8.—An important conference of Archbishops preparatory of a Plenary Council for the whole Dominion, is to be held at Three Rivers within a week, under the presidency of Monseigneur Sbarette, the Apostolic Delegate.

October 9.—After spending the interval since the battle of Liao-Yang in resting, reorganizing and redistributing his forces, General Kuropatkin, has assumed the offensive, and his army is advancing southward from Mukden in three divisions.

The Russians have captured the strongly fortified town of Bentsiaputze, south-east of Mukden, and commanding roads leading to Yentai and Liao-Yang, the Japanese base.

October. 10.—The Russians rapidly advance, cross the Shakhe River, thence to Hamantung, 20 miles south-east of Mukden and

10 miles north of Yentai, forming a line from the latter place to the coal mines south of Bentsiaputze.

October 11.—The Japanese have occupied a new position, enfilading the Russian trenches, and begin to work around the Russian left. The Russians hold their positions tenaciously, and the Japanese suffer greatly from their fire.

October 12.—The Japanese have worked farther around to the left. A great artillery fight is taking place, while the infantry of both sides is engaged, the men fighting hand to hand.

October 13.—Thunder and rain continued all morning, but the battle was renewed promptly at daylight. The Russians fight stubbornly but slowly retire. The Japanese continue to threaten the Russian left. Towards evening the Japanese opened with all their guns on the Russian position, the shells dropping like hail over the extended battlefield.

October 14.—The Russians retreated to the Shakhe River during last night, but are reinforced in positions on the north shore. Another storm burst shortly after noon, turning the roads into morasses.

October 15.—The battle began with the morning. The whole Russian army is slowly retiring and fighting every inch of the way. Russian losses are estimated at 15,000, and the Japanese are supposed to have lost ten thousand at least.

October 16.—The Russians have retreated to positions on both banks of the Shakhe River, where they hold the Japanese.

October 17.—The Russian operations to-day have been quite successful. The Japanese after a terrifically stubborn resistance, were compelled to retire along the whole line, losing heavily.

October 18.—The Russians have seized Lone Tree Hill, the key of the Japanese position near the village of Shakhe, which gives its name to the battle.

October 19.—The Russians are again slowly advancing southward, but there is a lull in the fighting.

In the series of battles which lasted over ten days the Russians are estimated to have lost 25,000 men and the Japanese loss is thought to be little below that appalling number.

Religious Topics.

Federation of the Catholic Societies of the United States.

The old city of Detroit, Michigan, was chosen as the centre of a veritable Catholic Congress, under the auspices of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. At 8.30 a.m., August 2nd, 1904, delegates from every State in the Union and from Canada, assembled at the Cadillac hotel to proceed to St. Mary's Church, where Right Rev. John S. Foley, D.D., celebrated Pontifical High Mass. The venerable Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee, and the Rt. Rev. Bishops Maes, Stang, Hartley and McFaul were present. Rev. P. A. O'Brien of Toledo, Ohio, delivered in a lengthy sermon an admirable summary of the duties of citizenship in the universal Church and especially in America. He made of his masterly address the occasion of a succinct review of the scope and past history of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, giving as its aim "the union of all nationalities in the American Church," for the purpose of "the promotion and defence of Catholic interests and Catholic citizenship, the creation of public opinion on all great problems of the day, and the dissemination of their Catholic solution through the religious and secular press, such as the school question, the Indian mission question, divorce, socialism, capital and labor." "Discuss" said the speaker, "these questions honestly and fearlessly. Hew to the line, no matter where the chips may fall."

Followed an address of welcome from the Mayor of Detroit, Hon. William C. Maybury. Among his remarks were these words: "You are in a truly Catholic territory, a truly Catholic city."

His Grace Rt. Rev. John S. Foley then greeted the delegates to the city of the northwest, in the name of the diocese.

President G. B. Minahan, responded feelingly, alluding to the kindness of their reception, and introduced Right Rev. James McFaul of Trenton, the Father of the League. He expressed his confidence in the future and hoped to be able to 'plow around'

any difficulties that might confront the Federation. After Bishop Maes and Messmer had spoken in the same view, a committee on credentials was appointed and the meeting adjourned.

At the afternoon session the report of the committee revealed among other things, the presence of ten national organizations and five state organizations. Letters from several prelates were read, among others one from His Excellency Mgr. Donato Sbaretto, Apostolic Delegate to Canada. Additional committees were then organized, on press, on constitution, on resolutions, on ways and means, and on finance, in a way that reflects much credit on the abilities of the energetic secretary, Mr. Anthony Matre. The secretary reported that the Federation was already introduced into thirty-eight States, with an aggregate number of over three hundred County Federations. He read the cablegram sent by His Holiness as follows :—

Rome, October 12th, 1903.

Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer, Bishop of Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Pius X has received the filial greeting of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, and joyfully sends his Apostolic blessing.

Cardinal GOTTI.

Matter pertinent to educational questions, divorce, and the Indian missions, was then summarily reviewed and the secretary's report finished with a list of episcopal approbations, thirty-two in number. Most of these bishops are on the advisory board.

The President's report consisted in a comprehensive survey of the situation, and a study of the ways and means towards expansion and thoroughness.

A highly interesting incident was the address by a representative of the Catholic Sioux Indians. Charging Bear, to the "big Union of the Whites that belong to the Black-robbed prayer," thanking them for recognition and for educational assistance.

The event of Tuesday evening was the mass meeting held at the Armory to hear Mr. Condé B. Pallen's address on Christian education. He demonstrated that Catholics were the true friends of education, that they had saved the cause of Christian education in the United States, and ended with a scathing criticism of the Godless school. Bishop McFaul followed with an elaborate ex-

position of the aims of the Federation. Addresses by Rt. Rev. J. J. Hennessy of Wichita, Kansas, and Rt. Rev. J. J. Hartley of Columbus, Ohio, were the chief features of the rest of the session.

On Wednesday evening a learned lecture on socialism by Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J., occupied the absorbed attention of three thousand persons present.

Thursday morning was devoted largely to resolutions. Chairman W. G. Smith of Philadelphia, presented a report containing a series of resolutions expressing homage to Pius IX, protestation against the spoilation of the temporal power, encouragement of Peter's Pence, praise for the German Centre Party, deprecation of the French persecution, thanks for the improvements in Indian affairs, commendation of efforts made to uplift the negro, to guard the faith of emigrants, to maintain the Sunday observance, to place Catholic books in public libraries, to keep religion in the schools and to demand a share of the school funds. The state of the Church in the Philippines, the support of the Catholic University, the reform of divorce laws and the evils of socialism, also received special mention: the prevalence of bribery and corruption was deplored. A reference to the jubilee and the definition of the Immaculate Conception closed the resolutions. After a few amendments as regards the wording, the resolutions were adopted and placed on record.

A cablegram was sent to the Holy Father. The reports of the committees on finance, and ways and means, were adopted. With a balance on hand of \$500, the Federation is not in any way embarrassed, and with the intermediary of a monthly Bulletin funds will not be wanting. After resolutions of thanks, the officers for the coming year were elected, Thomas B. Minahan of New York, retaining the Presidency.

The following from the official organ of the Vatican explains itself :—(*Osservatore*.)

A Congress of the Federation of Catholic Societies of the United States was held in the city of Detroit (Mich.) a few days ago. Taking occasion from this Congress, the illustrious Bishop of Trenton, Mgr. McFaul, wrote a magnificent article for "Donahue's Magazine," of which we make a short summary in order to give our readers some idea of this great organization.

Catholic Federation has for scope Catholic progress, the defence of Catholic rights when they are contravened or disregarded; and has now made such head-

way, and attained proportions so imposing, as to draw into it, in a few years, every Catholic society of the country.

Bishop McFaul makes manifest the necessity which is felt in our era to organise, to associate together, whatever be the object in view. The Federation of which we speak aims at uniting all Catholic associations in one great confederacy. It must be remembered that Catholics should not, as such, associate themselves with any political party: that would do grave injury to their own interests. Of what use, then, is Federation? Bishop McFaul answers, that, while Federation has no political object, it has for purpose to educate all Catholics to avail themselves of their rights as American citizens for their civil, social and religious advancement. Federation gives great help in the educational campaign through discussion of problems of the day and the popularising of Catholic solutions.

Besides, the influence on Catholic societies of various nationalities will confer the benefit of protecting them against Protestant proselytism. Federation has already made a great step by forming public opinion on the great questions of the day, its conclusions having been made matter of public discussion. There is no doubt that since the beginning of the Federation movement, the Catholic position with regard to education, divorce, socialism, etc., has been proclaimed with a vigor never before felt in the history of the Republic.

As a practical result of Federation may also be cited the concessions made to Catholics in Philippine affairs, the present friendly relations existing in Porto Rico, the change in matters regarding the Indian schools, and the clear light which is breaking on the famous question of the Public Schools. The arrangement proposed is this: Let the Catholic Schools remain in possession of the Church, and be taught as now by Brothers and Sisters. No religious instruction will be paid for by public money. Let the children be examined in the Catholic Schools; and if it be found that they have received the instruction demanded by the State, let the State pay for such secular education as it does in the Public Schools.

To those who look with fear on Federation, the Bishop recalls that it is advancing with all the prudence and forethought that a work so serious and promising demands.

Mgr. James Augustine McFaul is of Irish birth; and still in the flower of his age, being only 54. He is considered one of the most learned and popular of American Bishops, being sympathetic in manner, and the very type of a Prelate who believes in action.

In view of the evident benefits of united action, why not federate the Canadian Societies?

W.

The General Conference of the Society St. Vincent & Paul at St. Louis.

It is not generally known that the city of St. Louis claims the proud distinction of having been the home of the very first circle of the St. Vincent de Paul work in America, anticipating old Quebec by exactly one year. St. Louis is a Catholic city of Irish and Germans, and in congenial surroundings the helpful society has waxed strong. At the present time, within the corporation limits may be counted forty-seven independent conferences. Therefore when the St. Louis brothers decided to hold a General Conference, a Southern 'at home' as it were, on the occasion of the world's fair, success was a foregone conclusion. The event proved it beyond the greatest expectations.

On the 27th of October, over two hundred workers from the Eastern, Central and Southern States gathered in for a three-days session. Four Canadians were on hand to represent the great Catholic northern land. These latter were Messrs. J. J. Murphy, President of the Central Council, Toronto; J. J. Seitz, Vice-president; John Gorman, the well known head-centre of the Ottawa Division, and Thomas Burns also of Ottawa. Mgr. George Blondel of the General Council, Paris, represented France, and Mr. Paul Van Steenberghe, Belgium. The General Council of Quebec failed to send a delegate. The delegates were, in every particular of social standing, educational attainments and undoubted zeal, the embodiment of its ideals, and a credit to the society, as they would have been to any society that met this year in historic St. Louis.

The Hon. Daniel Dillon of St. Louis, was unanimously voted in as presiding officer. On the morning of the 27th, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Most Rev. John D. Glennon, D.D., Archbishop of St. Louis and a sermon was preached. The first session opened with addresses of welcome, and next the regular committees were appointed in the business-like way characteristic of the organization. On Wednesday the 28th, after a solemn High Mass of Requiem, and on Thursday after a general communion, the routine business was transacted in morning and evening sessions of three hours each.

The Committee on Resolutions brought in a report recommending :—

(1.) The merging of the Higher and Superior Councils into one, instead of maintaining practically four centres, viz : New York Brooklyn, New Orleans, and St. Louis.

(2.) The distribution of Catholic literature (a resolution already brought forward at the Chicago conference).

Followed the reading of papers, more than a score of which were announced on the official program. These, were on such eminently practical topics as, 'Visiting the poor in their homes,' 'The primitive spirit of the society,' 'How to interest young men,' etc. The only criticism and that perhaps a risky one, as regards the procedure, is, that the discussion of papers was rather limited. Less papers and more discussion conduces to a thorough understanding of details. Be this as it may, it must be borne in mind that for every constituent present, the important thing was *his own* report. No doubt the compromise made by the management was as judicious as well as it could be. The meeting was most harmonious, and from its circumstances most important in the steady development of that little band of Christian workers that came from the Apostolic heart of a great Catholic layman, Frederick Ozanam. Much praise is due to the St. Louis management for their organizing ability and thanks for their true Southern hospitality.

Tis a peculiar organization, that founded in the early thirties by the zealous man Ozanam, and transmitted to us as vigorous as ever. Its scope is a large one, for it is expressly stated in the constitution that no work of charity is foreign to a member. It has no salaried officials. Its administrative methods are wonderfully elastic, so much so that the central council is merely an executive body, not a legislative one, and to the individual conference appertains the privilege of joining in federation or not. Roughly speaking the conferences or local boards depend on the particular councils and these in turn on the central council.

In concluding permit the gatherer of these few items to present the title of one of the papers read, 'The influence of the Society as a beneficial factor in the solution of the social questions of the day.' It suggests what he believe to be true, namely, that the

methods of St. Vincent de Paul have before them a great field as the only means capable of coping, in any way successfully, with that perennial and ineradicable disability, social inequality in the sense of poverty. The grace of God is behind its methods.

W.

The Eucharistic League.

During the last week of September a general council of this association of priests was held in New York. The sessions began on Tuesday and ended on Thursday, a triduum being held in St. Patrick's Cathedral and similar exercises throughout the archdiocese on the same days. A message was received from Pius X praising in the highest terms the work of the Congress. His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, formerly Apostolic Delegate to Canada, represented the Holy Father and was one of the speakers. Archbishop Farley opened the proceedings, and Rt. Rev. Camillus Maes, Kentucky, presided. The triumph of the organizers was complete, for the solemn and impressive homage paid during those three days to Christ in his Real Presence, was of a nature to make jealous nations older in the faith.

A pertinent address was made by Father Conroy of Ogdensburg, in which he inveighed against a tendency among ignorant immigrants to superstitious practice that would tend to divert devotion to secondary objects, to the detriment of the centre of all our worship, the Real Presence. Which reminds us of the strictures of Erasmus on that Elector of Mayence, who treasured some of the earth from a field near Damascus, out of which God was supposed to have created man. 'In all things be reasonable' says St. Paul.

"Carlyle seemed to think that the Mass was the only form of faith in Europe which had any sincerity remaining in it." Froude, "*The English in the West Indies*."

Dampier gives as the origin of the word "petrel," an allusion to St. Peter's walking on the wave. This the ocean bird seems to do. The expression "stormy petrel" is in common use to indicate one who leads an agitated public life.

Science Notes.

The relation of Mathematics to Engineering

In view of the projected plans for the establishment of engineering courses as a much needed complement to our Science Course, so soon as the congestion in the Science building will be relieved, the following pertinent remarks taken from *Nature*, March 24th, will be of interest. They are abridged from an address delivered by Prof. C. A. Waldo, as president of the section of mechanical science and engineering at the American Association at St. Louis.

“ We may sum up what seem to be the best ideals in secondary school mathematics as follows :—

These ideals come from the engineering professions. They insist upon quality rather than quantity. They insist that the problems shall be largely concrete and shall be worked out to an accurate numerical result. They insist that the thought shall precede the form, that the symbol shall not conceal the thing symbolised. They insist that systematic and progressive problems based upon every-day experience and observation shall be, to a much greater extent the materials of education. They demand that the several elementary mathematical subjects, from arithmetic to calculus, shall develop side by side in the boy's mind. They demand that the mastery of these subjects shall be more the work of the judgment than of the memory. They demand that from first to last, at least during the secondary period, mathematical ability to think clearly, investigate closely and conclude correctly shall develop together, and to the extent that four well-spent years will on the average permit. Those who formulate these ideas contend that they lead to the correct mathematical training for all professions and all careers.

The proposition that mathematics is the very bone and sinew of an engineering course needs no discussion. It is everywhere conceded. The extent and nature of the mathematical element in the curriculum, however, are two decided fluents with curves of opposite slope. More mathematics but fewer kinds seems to be

the tendency. The opinion appears to be gaining ground that the purely descriptive and highly specialized and professionalized elements in our technical courses should be reduced, while more subjects with a mathematical basis, with long unbroken continuity and bound together with a strong logical element should command the attention of the student to the end of his undergraduate period.

Upon the question as to what mathematical subjects shall the undergraduate courses include in our technical colleges, opinions are decidedly at variance. Upon the four ordinary elementary subjects the sentiment is practically unanimous, that these should be principally taught in the secondary schools. The practical people, however, are inclined to relegate analytic geometry and the calculus to the scrap pile. To such subjects as vectors, theory of functions, theory of groups, they allow no place whatever.

One cannot but feel that this verdict against analytic geometry and the elementary calculus—not to mention higher subjects—is a great pity. Especially does it seem true when we recall that instruction in these two lines forms the principal mathematical element of the second and third years of the ordinary technical course, and that the calculus itself is probably the most powerful and wonderful tool for investigation that the genius of man has ever contrived.

Why do practical men almost unanimously place calculus among the dispensable elements of a technical curriculum. The answer, of course, is very simple; they have never found any use for it, probably because they have never learned how to use it. Yet they dare not pronounce against it altogether. They know that Rankine and Maxwell were master mathematicians, and that through this mastery of the most powerful of tools they were able to do for terrestrial what Newton and Laplace did for celestial mechanics. In college the engineer has not learned to use the modern tool called the higher analysis; it remains to him as foreign currency. Out of college he has not time to learn its use.

The most effective teaching of the higher analysis will be possible only when reforms in mathematical instruction have permeated the principal secondary schools.

The teacher should be saturated with his subject. Not only should he be strong and apt on the formal side, but more import-

ant still, its inner meaning should be clear to him and its close relation to the phenomena of the objective and subjective life. Some contend that the only man to whom the mathematics of a technical college can be entrusted is an engineer. Does that make any difference? Rather are not these the essential questions? Does the man know his subject? In his teaching can he assemble from engineering and other records the material that will vitalise his work? Is he in sympathy with engineering essentials and ideals?

Throughout the college course the teaching should be mainly concrete. The problem, say from the physical sciences including engineering should first presented concretely. It should then be stated in mathematical symbols. The operations performed upon the symbols should be accompanied by drawings or models, the final result reduced to numerical form, and then interpreted in language. Upon every problem the student must bring to bear the whole range of his acquired powers and be taught to select the shortest method within his ability.

In other words, all typical problems should receive a three-fold consideration:—(a) its statement in words, and the statement in words of its solution when effected; (b) its graphical statement and solution, involving geometry and mechanical drawing with squared paper; (c) its analytic statement and solution, ending with a numerical result.

The purely formal should be presented as a necessity arising from the so-called practical, and in order that a body of knowledge and technical ability may be accumulated which will give the student easy control over the practical in whatever one of its various forms experience shows that it may arise.

The problems chosen should be progressive in character, and their mastery should amount to a complete laboratory course in all that part of the higher analysis in which it is desirable that the engineering student should be well versed.

The course should be lecture and seminarium and individual, more after the manner of the German *Technische Hochschule*. The text-book should become a book of reference. The instructor should know clearly and be able to state accurately the limitations of his methods, but abstruse discussions of obscure points should

be postponed as long as a due regard for logical development will allow. Time is wasted in removing difficulties the existence and importance of which the student has not not recognised.

These are some of the necessary extensions into college work of the reformation now urged upon the secondary schools, and though every one of them seems familiar enough when taken separately, all together their united application to the mathematical courses in our technical colleges amounts to a departure from our present traditional methods little short of revolutionary.

In recent years mathematical instruction in the United States has greatly improved in its thought content, but it has responded slowly and conservatively to modern methods. We are still more English than German. In the work of training a master of the physical sciences the text-book and the senseless repetition of words and formulas have been replaced by the lecture, the laboratory and the seminarium. Why should not mathematics, so intimately related to them, follow their lead and partake in the benefits of modern methods carried to their logical completion concerning the development of the department of applied science."

In the announcement published in the last calendar of the University, the importance of mathematics was insisted on in these words, "The first year gives the foundation, and consists mainly of theoretical work and the mathematics, physics and chemistry needed." Mathematics make the exact man, still more than the writing exalted by Bacon.

ADVANCE CANADA.

The first turbine steamer for the Atlantic has just been launched from the Belfast yards for the first class Canadian mail service. Her name is the Victorian of the Allan line.

The first successful lift-lock and the largest in the world is situate in the progressive inland city, Peterborough, Ontario.

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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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. VII.

OTTAWA, ONT., November, 1904.

No. I.

THANKSGIVING.

Even though the fiery visitation of December last is yet deeply graven on the tablets of sorrowful memory, we recognize the chastening hand, and we are mindful ever of our consolations and of our gains in spite of misfortune. We are conscious too of the unexampled peace and prosperity of our native land. Wherefore let us join in the great autumnal hymn of gratitude, in the words of our beautiful liturgy, than which none are more apt and appropriate.

"We return Thee thanks O Lord for all Thy benefits, who livest and reignest world without end."

AVE, VALE.

The Britannia Rugby Football Association has ceased to exist as a factor to be counted in the full tournaments. The Brit's in all

their twenty years never landed the trophy, but their is not an inglorious exit. Long ago they won interprovincial fame, as an aggregation of manly men ready to meet odds and sure defeat for love of the game. May they hand over to the mountaineers the traditions of the past.

RELIABILITY.

Be reliable!—The Anglo-Saxon equivalent is trustworthy. In other words cultivate a capacity for confidence and be a man to be counted on. Consider the grimy engineer in his cramped cabin, the throttle wide open, his eye gleaming along the ribbons of steel that meet in the hazy distance. A machine, you say. Verily a machine! And his composition must be as free from flaw as the throbbing giant that bears him on. He must be reliable, for great are his responsibilities. We too have responsibilities, none of them trivial or negligible, and we may not shirk them, no, not until that final uncontrollable accident, when our living freight shall be hurled into the hereafter. Be like the engineer, reliable; be on time; keep your opportunities; stick to your word.

SECOND WIND.

The sprinter who is yet but a tyro, knows how the first burst of speed exhausts the system. Then as the circulation adjusts itself to meet the extraordinary call on the respiratory function, comes the sense of relief and the deep breathing, that makes possible the long, hard lope for miles. With the intellect too, the undisciplined ardor of a start has a momentary reaction. But if the effort continue, the mental powers settle down to steady methodical action. We may call this by analogy—second wind. An earnest student may be puffed out, as it were, and not a little dismayed after the first few weeks of September, but the 'second wind' is due when the leaves begin to fall. Let each student cultivate the 'second wind' habit in the study-hall gymnasium.

NON-COMMITTAL.

Party Government was given to us by the Mother of Parliaments, thanks in part to George's ignorance, in part to Walpole's finesse. The system with its Whig and Tory, from its very inception presented to the patient world the unheard of novelty of a cabinet executive and a prime minister. These innovations constitute a distinct step in the evolution of those realities of representative and responsible Government known as the Magna Charter, the Bill of Rights and the Petition of Right. With them has come that new and far-reaching power stronger than armies in battle array—public opinion.

The machinery of government in the Isles of Britain is just now menaced with *motor ataxis*. This is not indeed to be ascribed to defective machinery, nor yet to the strategy of the obstructionist, but rather to the false position the English voter has taken on things educational, fiscal, and, we may add—Hibernian.

The identical party system, British of birth, flourishes to-day on this Western Continent. This fall sees simultaneously general elections in Canada, Newfoundland and the United States. A three-ring circus, you say. Not so! A very serious affair it is in sooth; the destinies of America are wound up in the surging of those free peoples towards ideals of prosperity and fair-play. It costs the country a penny, but it gives satisfaction, this going regularly to the country; it serves the purpose of an intermittent safety-valve to vent the vapors of restless agitation. Are we to opine that beyond that the system is a failure. Not exactly, for since there are so many men of many minds, few questions of public import escape thorough ventilation under the procedure as it now obtains. Facts are eventually got at, and they are proverbially stubborn things "that winna ding, but aye maun be respektit."

In the Republic, the Democrat does not stand out distinctly from the Republican, for our cousins are making it a personal issue. With us, this year the party element is not very much to the fore. With the Canadians the worry seems to centre about the site and extent of a projected railway,—and here seemingly there is not an amazing difference of platform.

But nevertheless the party spirit and organization are there backing the big chiefs. Behind the bandying of sounding words such as Protection and Free Trade, lurk great elemental opposed *ideas* informing the instinctive antagonism of rival camps. With the United States, these are 'American expansion' as opposed to 'Constitutionalism.' At home, we may name them 'Consolidated Canadianism' on the one hand, 'Imperialism' on the other. These are ideas that will be party issues in the future, and parties are needed to fully explore and examine them. In the thoroughness of Parliamentary debate and in the vigilance of Oppositions we look forward to a favorable solution of our problems. What will it be. *Chi lo sa?*

RECENT CONGRESSES.

The society instinct is innate in the race, whatever Jean Jacques may intrude with regard to initial conventions and habits resulting therefrom. The family, the nation, the race; these are entities bound to last, and undoubtedly for the world's good. The friction and the emulation of the component parts of mankind have done much and will do more for humanity. Therefore is it that variety in unity is nature's law, even in the world of humans.

In our day the social animal has cultivated and developed the grouping tendency in a very marked manner. We have unions, and congresses, alliances and federations, company's, conventions and clubs; the names are incorporated in our everyday language, so true is that most people are joiners of something or other. These minor ramifications of the social, the organizing instinct are, abstraction made of fad and exaggeration, productive of much good, but unfortunately they constitute world forces that may be prostituted to do the battles of evil against the true and the good.

During the few weeks just passed, four important and characteristic gatherings have attracted the world's notice. They are the Eucharistic Congress at New York, the Infidel Congress at Rome, the Socialist Rally at Berlin and the St. Vincent de Paul General Conference at St. Louis. We give them purposely in the order best suited to bring out the antithesis. The Eucharistic Congress was one of the greatest gatherings of Catholic prelates

and priests ever held in America, to manifest Catholic faith in the words of the Saviour "This is my body, this is my blood"; the Infidel meeting was one organized and engineered by the irreligious sect which has usurped headquarters in Rome of the spoliation; the Socialistic meeting had for aim the reiteration of their unchristian program for the securing of earthly blessedness; the St. Vincent de Paul men came together to do real work in uplifting the disinherited proletariat, by exemplifying the golden rule.

The two Catholic gatherings have been fully described under 'Religious Topics'.

The Socialist gathering, it must be admitted, was cosmopolitan, including a representative from far-off Japan, and numerous up to the five-hundred mark. Their harmony, it appears, was marred by a serious split. Strangely enough the German Socialists under Karl Marx are of the orthodox revolutionary type, while the French, the direct offspring of the Commune, advise, under Jaures, Parliamentary tactics, or rational methods as opposed to the violent ones of the revolution. Coincident with this hitch comes the news that American Federated Labor has rejected the Socialistic platform by an overwhelming majority.

The fact however remains that on the main issue, which is ever the redistribution of property and the levelling of heads, the Socialistic convention was a unit; they differed but as to ways and means. The Continental Socialist with German method, and French daring and enthusiasm, will be heard from distinctly before the century is old.

The flocking to Rome of the *esprits forts* of all Europe did not seriously disturb the earth's centre of gravity, for the twentieth century infidel is confessedly a lightweight. The assembly offered a theme truly worthy of Carducci the laureate of degenerate Italy and that text of Daniel on the abomination of desolation sitting in the holy place, fits here very aptly.

There is an Italy however, the Italy of the logical mind, of the sense of fitness and of the artistic temperament, for whom the faith will ever be a second nature; who indeed are close to the great heart of nature and know its beauty, but who reason from its beauty and its harmony and look through to the Architect and

Artificer. To them and to the world, the consecrated authority of the greatest society the world possesses, speaks of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, an event unique in the history of devotion to the mother of our heavenly life, and invites souls to join in a mighty striving with the God of pardon.

OBITUARY.

MR. WM. GEORGE.

One of our staff, Mr. James George, was absent a few days, assisting at the last sad rites over the remains of his uncle Mr. Wm. George of Eganville. To J. George '06, to Mr. Leo George, a son of the deceased whom many of us remember, and to all the bereaved relatives, we extend our sincere sympathy. *Requiescat in pace.*

MISS COLLIN.

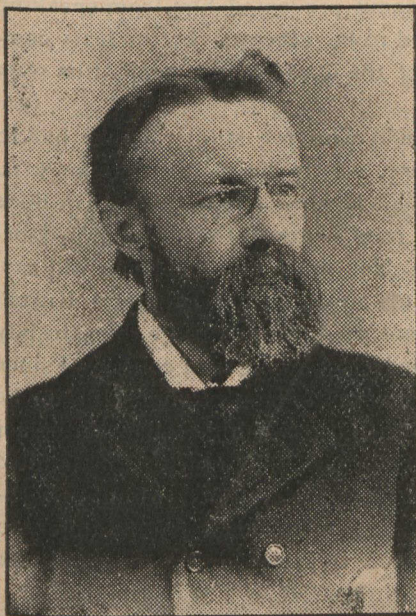
We are grieved to have to announce also in our columns the death of Miss Collin, the young sister of Mr. A. Collin, of this year's graduating class. Miss Collin was only twelve years of age and died after a very brief illness. To Mr. Collin and to the friends of this little girl the REVIEW conveys the heartfelt condolence of all the students. *R.I.P.*

The sad news of the deaths of Rev. Canon McCarthy of St. Bridget's and Rev. P. A. Twohey of Trenton, Ont., comes to us too late for a full obituary notice. A sketch of their work will be given next month. *R.I.P.*

Our Alumni.

Asking for a Grand Congé.

(The first of our 'Alumni series' is contributed, by a member of the class of '74, whose countenance beams below. As author of volumes of note, and as editor of the "Pen" and the "True Witness," he has won a Canadian reputation. He is at present official translator in the House of Commons.—ED.)



J. K. FORAN, Lit. D.
Journalist and Poet. Born, Aylmer, P.Q., 1857.

THIRTY years have gone past—almost to the day—and I still remember that eventful afternoon. It was in October, 1874. The hour was 4:30 p.m., and the day of the week was Monday. We had suffered two weeks from the autumn rains, and had in vain looked forward for a day to play our great base-ball match. We had two famous "nines" that year, and we were very anxious, before the winter came, to test their prospective claims to the college championship. We did not then call our Alma Mater the "University," it was still grand old St. Joseph's College.

We had only Thursday afternoon in each week, and every Thursday it rained like fury. Besides we did not care to have such a match played on the college grounds, for we had a much better *campus* out at the Farm. In a word we were badly in need of a grand congé. To wait a whole day for base-ball, and to obtain the same were two very different things—at least in those days. It is true the Indian Summer had apparently come on Sunday, for Monday was a glorious day, and the wise ones—who

were weather prophets—predicted a splendid Tuesday. Hence the hurried meeting on the hand-ball alley, at 4:30 p.m. on Monday. At that meeting it was decided to ask for a grand congé. The only difficulty was to find a spokesman. Our class was the one selected to do the asking; and our class had to select one of its number to make the speech. We were five. James Burns, Thos. Cole, John Sloan, Henry Lajoie and the writer. Lajoie being an *externe* had gone home that afternoon; Burns claimed that he had asked on the last occasion; Sloan said he was not feeling well; Cole had caught a cold that he said prevented him from speaking fluently. In fine, the task had to be accepted by the least competent as well as the smallest of the five—though none of us were giants.

At five o'clock the bell would ring for study; so we had to bestir ourselves. Father Tabaret was in his room. We knew it, for we had seen him standing in his window. All that was to be done was to go up to the main hall, pass along to the superior's door, knock and wait the outcome. Not much of a feat, you will say. Ah! the reader may not have known Father Tabaret. Kuroki, advancing on Port Arthur did not need more courage than the boy who went up to that awful door to ask for a grand congé. I since learned how good Father Tabaret would laugh to himself after he had given us a terrible fright; but I then imagined that there must have been a dead fire behind the cannon-like roar of the dreaded superior. It was no mean adventure to stand before him, to withstand his frown, to brave his shout, to face his apparent anger, to hear his awful "No Sir." And yet to persist and persist until the assumed lion vanished in the natural meekness of the lamb.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings as we five ascended the steps, moved along the corridor, paused at the door, knocked timidly, and then drew back, as if each wanted to hide behind the other. It was a fearful experience. It was like marching to your own execution. The ordeal, however, did not last more than five minutes. I will try to recall the scene.

As the door flew open, Father Tabaret, towered above us, seemingly larger than ever and apparently in the height of passion. Before I could say a word, he shouted: "Well, what is it?"

"Father," I began, "we have come"

"I see you have," in a still fiercer key. "And why did you come?"

"We've had bad weather, Father," I said, "ever since the last week of September."

"I know that : what about it?"

"The weather seems to have improved since yesterday."

"Is that all you want to tell me?"

"Father," I felt as if I were going to sink into the College cellar, "we expect it will be fine to-morrow, and"

"That will do now ; you need not disturb me to tell about the weather, go back to the yard."

He turned as if to shut the door, when I picked up some kind of mad courage, (I believe I then would have faced a whole battery alone), and continued in a louder voice :—

"We want to have our fall match, and we want to have it at the Farm, and before it rains again, and we require a whole day for that."

The door was almost closed. I saw that he was about to shout the final "go," before closing it, and I seized the opportunity and continued thus :—

"We want a Grand Congé to-morrow to go to the Farm—just say the word Father—it is a grand chance for us—may we go."

"Go," shouted the Superior and the door was slammed in our faces. Down the hall we rushed, out to the yard, and as Father Durocher was awaiting us to know the result, just as anxiously as were all the boys. I yelled to them "we have got it."

"What did the Superior say?" asked our Prefect of discipline. I made answer at once :—"He said for us to GO to the Farm to-morrow to play the fall match."

The next day we had our Grand Congé.

In the evening, after all had returned home and supper was over, Father Tabaret sent for me. There was that loveable smile on his dear face, that all who have ever felt its influence can never forget. When I came in he said :—

"Boy, how comes it that you told Father Durocher, that I gave you a Grand Congé? You know I did not say 'yes' to you yesterday."

I felt brave this time, and I answered : " You did not use the word ' yes,' but when I asked you if we might GO to the Farm for our match (and that meant a Grand Congé), you said ' GO' "; and after a pause I added " and we obeyed you and went."

He placed his hand on my head and smilingly said : " If you are never a priest, you will be either a lawyer or a politician." Till this day I cannot tell whether he intended that as a compliment or otherwise—all I know is that Father Tabaret was prophetic in that instance as he was in all matters of graver and greater moment that interested him.

Thirty years, I said, have passed away since that afternoon in October ; and those years have carried off almost all those who were full of life and hope on that day. God's rest to them now. Father Tabaret is no more, but his life work remains as the most glorious monument that could be raised to the devoted priest, the great missionary, the grand educator. He was one of the *elect* in the world beyond. Last summer I beheld his statue amidst the ruins of the glorious institution that his master-hand had been so instrumental in building. Like Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage, that statue seemed to weep over the ashes and debris at its base ; but unlike Carthage, that city of science and faith is destined to arise again more magnificent than ever, and consequently more in accordance with the ideal University that Father Tabaret had pictured to himself in his dreams of the future.

Of the members of our class, three entered on the holy avenue that leads to the altar,—two of them, Burns and Cole, have passed from the ranks of the Church Militant to those of the Church Triumphant. The third is none other than that zealous, pious, beloved priest Father Sloan, of the diocese of Ottawa,—long may he live to walk the pathway of his selection and to carry out in practice, for the glory of God, the lessons learned from Father Tabaret in the days long gone. Of the remaining members of that class, Lajoie is now a leading light in the legal circles of the great city of Montreal, and the writer is an humble scribbler, who rejoices in the prosperity of his boyhood's companion, and whose only merit is to have never forgotten the scenes of his youth and faces and voices of those who also cherish them.

JOS. K. FORAN, Lit. D.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. Father J. E. Tourangeau, O.M.I., formerly so favorably known as professor and prefect of discipline here, and later master of novices at the Oblate Novitiate, Lachine, has been appointed Provincial of the Canadian Province. It is a happy choice.

Rev. Father A. Antoine, O.M.I., so long and so successfully connected with the University, as professor of higher mathematics and sometime prefect of discipline and also of studies, has been called to a position of trust in San Antonio, Texas. *Ad multos annos.*

Another veteran professor, Rev. Father L. Gervais, O.M.I., for many years in charge of the language courses, and Prefect of Studies, has been named Parish Priest at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, Cap de la Madeleine, P.Q. May continued success accompany him in his new environment.

Rev. Father A. B. Roy, O.M.I., under whose efficient supervision the business and commercial departments outgrew their quarters in the old building, is now at St. Peter's church, Montreal. His stern face that masqued the kindest of hearts, will be missed by the boys.

May the best of success, both in the intellectual and athletic worlds, attend our genial Will Kennedy, who has entered for medicine in Queens.

Saturday the 17th was marked by a welcome visit from Rev. M. Fallon, O.M.I., D.D., rector of Holy Angels College, Buffalo, a former professor and Vice-Rector of this our Alma Mater, and one whose name and fame, as a foot-ball coach of the Garnet and Grey, will long remain green.

We acknowledge a pleasant call from Felix French of the champion Varsity team of 1901.

Rev. D. McDonald, for six years the king-pin of the Varsity fourteen, and now the well-known parish-priest of Glen Robertson, Ont., honored us with a visit on the 25th.

Joseph Black of Marmora, Ontario, paid his Alma Mater, a flying visit on the day of the College-Montreal foot-ball match.

Athletics.

THE SEASON'S RECORD.

The feeling of uncertainty and doubt in which the Athletic season opened gradually assumed a more hopeful form as the season advanced. So that when the schedule opened on October 1st, College was able to place a well-balanced team on the field.

As has already been mentioned, on Tuesday, September 26th, Britannia, who found themselves unable to place a team on the field, disbanded, leaving a vacancy in the League. Westmount, who had already been conditionally accepted in senior company, took the vacant place and dates. This brought them to Ottawa for the opening game with College.

Westmount's record in intermediate company had preceded them, so the Collegians expected an interesting game. In this they were not disappointed as the boys from the 'Mount are all scientific exponents of the game, and with a little experience in senior company can make the best of them hustle to win.

WESTMOUNT 6.—COLLEGE 11.

As the game went, the wearers of the Garnet and Grey were victorious, by the score of 11 points to 6. It was free from roughness, and being very open, was a splendid one to view from a spectator's standpoint. The team and officials were :—

Full-back	—	Durocher.
Halves	{	O'Brien,
		J. Gleeson,
		Masson.
Scrimmage	{	McCreadie,
		Brennan,
		A. McDonald.
Wings	{	Walters (Capt.)
		Boucher,
		Jones,
		Filiatrault,
		Nagle,
		Lonergan.

Referee Johnson, and Umpire McKenna, had little to do, as there were few close decisions to be given.

ROUGH RIDERS 7.—COLLEGE 14.

Though much interest was evinced in the advent of the Westmount team, the main topic of conversation for weeks among the students was the coming clash with the Rough Riders on October 8th. Those chosen to uphold the honor and retrieve the past defeats of College at the hands of the Riders, had practiced faithfully and were never more confident of victory. The hope of success rose high in the breast of every student and professor and communicated itself to the team. The day fixed for the great game proved to be an ideal one, and as Captain Walters' bunch of "Garnet and Grey" braves stepped on the gridiron, they were greeted with a V-A-R that told plainer than words what hopes were centered in them. And nobly did that XIV respond to the call of their admirers. The game was not long in progress when it became evident that College were masters of the situation in all departments of the game.

In the scrimmage, which was supposed to be the strong part of the Riders team, McCreadie, Brennan and McDonald for College, rushed matters as they wished. Beside them, at third wing, Walters and Boucher gave the greatest of protection to the quarter, besides tearing the opposing line to pieces, when they held the ball. Harry James, one of the old guard, showed that he had lost none of his old time effectiveness, whilst Filiatrault rushed his cover off his feet and with Nagle and Lonergan played havoc with the Ottawa backs. Kearns at quarter-back for College bucked the line and passed to the halves with unerring precision. Gleeson's phenomenal punting was the feature of the day, and elicited unstinted applause from the spectators. O'Brien never played better in all his foot-ball career, whilst Jim Murphy who replaced Masson on the side half, displayed all his old-time fleetness and elusiveness. Unfortunately, Murphy was not long playing when, in an attempt to put him out of the game, he received a nasty kick in the side of the head. He pluckily continued to play the game to the end. Durocher at full-back had little work to display his abilities. When the whistle blew for the final call of time, Riders had scored 7 points, whilst the students just doubled this score.

The close of the game was the signal for such a burst of en-

thusiasm as has seldom been witnessed on the old College campus, and the cheers of the victory resounded in all quarters of the city.

The College men to uphold the prowess of old Varsity were : Durocher, Murphy, Gleeson, O'Brien, Kearns, McCreddie, Brennan, McDonald, Walters (Capt.), Boucher, James, Filiatrault, Nagle and Lonergan.

Referee Molson and Umpire Lash had the players well in hand throughout the game.

After the game the Honorary President, Mr. Slattery, entertained the players and Executive to a banquet at the Russell House. It is unnecessary to say that everyone enjoyed and appreciated the kindness of Mr. Slattery, and all were agreed that the evening's entertainment was one of the pleasantest at which they had ever been privileged to be present.

MONTREAL 11—COLLEGE 10.

After the defeat of the Ottawas by College the race for championship honors centered between Montreal and the Students. Both had won two games and lost none ; and both were confident of taking the leading place on October 15th. College had but one change, in that Mike Shea replaced Murphy, who was still unable to play. Montreal were strengthened since last year by the acquisition of four of Britannia's best players.

As there was but one man on whom both teams could agree for referee and he could not act, and as no Ottawa man was acceptable to Montreal, College were forced to leave the appointment in the hands of the President of the Union. The result was that a certain Mr. Ross was commissioned to wield the whistle in the most important game of the season. His attempt at officiating with that of the umpire was one of the rankest ever seen on Varsity Oval, and notwithstanding the fact that the students had the better of the play through the whole game, the decisions of this gentleman at critical moments were so disastrous to College that when the whistle blew for full time the wearers of the "Garnet and Grey" were found to have the small end of the score. Of course the game was lost, and the reader may think that we cannot accept defeat with good grace, and as a morning contemporary says, "regrets avail nothing when the game is lost," but it

was, to say the least, a most exasperating, unfortunate defeat for College, from the fact that College had the better of the play and to a good substantial degree at that. But for a couple of incidents in which the 'garnet and grey' "were wronged," whether intentionally or not, in a manner disastrous to all chance of victory, they would have won out with a good lead to spare. Now, as it is not the first time in late years in which college have had to suffer at the hands of the officials, we think it is high time that we assert our feelings in the matter. All we seek is a fair chance and if we cannot secure it in the ordinary way, we should take other means to obtain fair play.

The game in itself was one of the most interesting and nerve-racking ever played on Varsity Oval, for the result was in doubt until the last second.

In spite of the adverse fortune which placed the students behind in the score, Capt. Walters threw his men into the opposing line with renewed vigor, and in the gathering darkness they tore their way to their opponents goal only to lose ground on some decision of the referee. Nothing daunted even by being called back from over the line College fought to the bitter end. About six o'clock time was called with Montreal one point ahead and the ball on their five yard line.

On Sunday, October the second, a battle royal was fought on 'Varsity oval between two teams of College juniors. It was a hard fought battle, a battle in which neither team could be pronounced decidedly the superior. For a long time it looked as if neither side would score, but, when the whistle announced the end of play, the team captained by Bastien had five points to its credit, and T. Bawlf's XIV, which included Tom O'Grady, did not have any.

A hard fought battle we said! And why should it not have been hard fought? Was there not a bag of big, red, ripe, juicy apples, the gift of the Bursar, awaiting the victors? Well the others won them, and O'G. did not have a look-in. Not that Tom did not play a hard game, He worked like Trojan, and, it victory did not perch on the banners of Bawlf's brigade, it was not Tom's fault His style of play was somewhat too scrappy, however. He manifested temper overmuch. Three times he was hidden by the

umpire to seek the soft, green grass over near where Father Kelly was standing,—first, for grinding his teeth at Courtois, 'second, for sticking his toes in the ground at Normandin, and third for assaulting umpire O'Neil by pushing him from behind.

Cavanagh's game was 'punk.' There was one soft spot of grass in the field for which he seemed to have a special preference, (perhaps because it had such an *emerald* appearance). At any rate he occupied it nearly all the afternoon. In several cases he missed passes from the quarter by being engaged at the time in tightening his belt, or in adjusting the loose end of the laces of his vest.

P. Shaw played an affectionate game. He was ruled off once nevertheless for saying "O h—l." There is some talk of protesting this decision of the umpire however, as Shaw's trainer, J. B., claims it was "held ball" he said. At the time of the occurrence Mr. Shaw was sitting on the ball.

The shining lights among the twenty-eight players were easily M-l-e and Sc-y. Many in the grand stand were heard to remark that they were everywhere *conspicuous*.

One of the most exciting scenes of the game was a fistic encounter between Ch-t-d and G-r-rd. It ended quite amicably however when C-r-t-s said "Laisse le faire."

A feature of the play was the spectacular work of A. Reynolds in the scrimmage.

At the end of the game Tom O'G was carried off the field on the shoulders of his admirers.

On Thursday, Oct. 13th, a keenly contested game was played on the Oval between the College second and third team. In spite of the score, 9 to 0, the teams were very evenly matched, and the thirds certainly made a very good showing against the seniors. The second team will have to play better foot-ball if they wish to retain that Bryson-Carling trophy which last year's team won with such glory. Our seconds are not up to the standard of last year, but their opponents, on the contrary, will be much stronger. Wake up seconds! The Rough Rider II. are confident of winning back the cup, and it is your bounden duty to prevent them. Alex. Macdonald and Larry Brennan were respectively referee and umpire, and gave perfect satisfaction.

Here's to the struggle of town and gown,
How the College team brought the Riders down,
How Gleeson gleed, as they 'also ran,'
And Walters waltzed with the Clancy clan.

ROUGH RIDERS 7—COLLEGE 10.

So read the score at the call of time in the second encounter of the season, between College and Riders. Twice they met and twice within a fortnight the wearers of the garnet and grey emerged triumphant over their once mighty rivals, in red, white and black. The 22nd of October will long be remembered by the citizens of Ottawa. Politics which had engrossed the minds of all for weeks were forgotten in the all-absorbing topic of foot-ball. For was it not the day when the vanquished Riders of two weeks previous were to attempt to lower the colors of the victorious Collegians? Both teams were prepared to do their best and the large crowd who visited Lansdowne Park received the worth of their money. Mr. Herbert Molson and Dr. Patch of Montreal, the officials for the day, performed their duties to the entire satisfaction of both teams and spectators, and had the team well in hand at all stages. Captain Walters won the toss for College, and elected to play with the wind and sun in the rear. The game was not long in progress when Shillington who wrenched his ankle in the Montreal-Rider game laid up and was replaced by Morley Walters. Sheriff, another Rough Rider, could not stand the pace, and was replaced by Sandy Cameron. Both substitutes are old veterans and decided acquisitions to the team. Though the students played a more or less listless game at the opening, they secured in the first half, two touches in goal, a safety touch, two rouges and an unconverted try whilst the Ottawas' tally was nil. This scoring on the part of College, was mainly due to the splendid punting of Gleeson and the aggressiveness of Capt. Walters and Filion. Supporters of the garnet and grey expected more in the first half, and fears were entertained that the students could not hold their veteran opponents within this score for the next half.

But at the opening of the second half, the old spirit seemed to have seized the Collegians, and except once throughout the rest of the game, when the Riders were allowed to score a try, th

boys in garnet and grey played perfect ball. Gleeson, who had been badly hurt pluckily remained on the field, but went to side-half whilst Shea took centre-half. Capt. Walters by his herculean efforts kept his men fighting nobly to retain our advantage. Dr. Kearns at quarter-back stamped himself as the best playing the position to-day. The scrimmage played a strong steady game, whilst the wings worried the Ottawa backs until they could do absolutely nothing. It was simply magnificent to see the students run the ball from their own ten yard line to their opponents five yard line, either by scrimmage, line-bucking or running.

At the call of time, a great silence fell on the spectators. The rooters for the red, white and black, were in despair; but for the rest it was the calm before the storm. Suddenly the pent-up feelings of the final moments of suspense found utterance, and before any of them could realize it the heroes of old Varsity were surrounded by a cheering multitude who bore them on their shoulders to the dressing rooms. The whole route of the victors home was lined with happy, cheery supporters, and their hearty congratulations fully repaid the players for all the hard knocks of the day.

After the game the executive invited the team as their guests to the theatre, where a most enjoyable evening was spent.

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## Of Local Interest.

### THE CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.

On the 29th September, our beloved Archbishop, Most Reverend Joseph T. Duhamel favored us by celebrating the annual mass of the Holy Ghost in the presence of the students assembled in St. Joseph's Church. After the profession of faith made to the ordinary by the members of the faculty, His Grace was the recipient of two addresses from the undergraduates. Mr. John Burke '05 of Ottawa represented the boys of English speech, Mr. Raoul Lapointe '05 the French Canadians.

The text of the address in English follows—

To the Most Reverend Joseph Thomas Duhamel, D.D.,

Archbishop of Ottawa, Chancellor of the University of Ottawa :—

YOUR GRACE :—Your annual visit to this institution which owes so much of its prosperity to your kind protection and benevolent assistance, has ever been one of the most welcome events of the scholastic year. Your presence with us to-day on the occasion of the inaugural ceremony, the first since the disastrous fire of December last, is for us an occasion of joy and gratitude. We are not indeed unmindful of the many favors which Your Grace has either personally bestowed on the University of Ottawa, or secured through your powerful influence. We feel proud of our *alma mater*, of her lofty rank among institutions of her kind, of her wonderful vitality under trying ordeals. We know that future generations will point to your revered name and recognize in you, after God, the author, the custodian, the father of it all.

The outlook for the future is bright ; the white walls of the New Arts building loom majestic against the sky ; the Theological, Philosophical and Arts courses are in full swing, and the number of students in attendance has not at all diminished. Their loyalty to *alma mater* we feel to be an earnest of their loyalty to you and to the faith and the authority which you represent.

May Almighty God, to whom be thanksgiving, long spare you to revisit our home, to watch and ward the destinies of the University of Ottawa.

#### THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

His Grace replied in both languages congratulating the boys on their good fortune and exhorting them to continued effort.

The Debating Society has been organized for another year, in so doing the members have acted wisely and well, and show that they have at heart the best interests of the society. This early organization combined with the enthusiasm displayed at the annual meeting, augurs a most successful year for the Ottawa University Debating Society. The officers elected were :—

Director, Rev. J. H. Sherry, O.M.I., D.D. ; President, J. Torseney, '06 ; Secretary, C. J. Jones, '07 ; Treasurer, R. J. Byrnes, '05.

Councillors, J. McNeil, '07 ; J. J. Freeland, '05 ; T. J. Sloan, '06.

With such an executive, there is no reason why this body should not prosper. All that is wanted is the co-operation of the members. Great trouble has always been experienced in collecting the fees and in securing men to take the debates. Such should not be the case. When one considers the benefits to be derived from debating, it is a matter of great wonder that the executive finds trouble in the securing of debaters during the season. A little more spirit—like that which animated the members of the French Society last year, and which rendered it so successful—is all that is necessary. If you are a member at all, you should be willing to do all that is required of you. If you are not so inclined, then, don't join the society at all.

A little more than a month and the Inter-Collegiate debate will take place. It will be an event in the history of this institution. It will be the first Inter-Collegiate debate ever held in Ottawa. Prepare yourselves accordingly. Let not the grass grow under your feet. As soon as possible agree upon the subject for debate and choose your debaters.

Rev. Dr. Sherry and Mr. Burke, are the representatives of the Debating Society to the meeting of Inter-Collegiate Debating Unions. They are respectively the Honorary President and Vice-President of that body.

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The exterior of the New Arts Building is all but completed. For seven long months the contractors have been striving to make the elaborate plans of the architect a reality. That they have succeeded few will deny. When finished it will be one of the most beautiful of Ottawa's beautiful buildings. It is an ornament to the city; a credit to the country. For all time to come it will stand a lasting monument to the pluck and energy of the Oblate Fathers.

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On St Edward's Day, October 13th, the feast of the Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D., our esteemed President, the students were granted a grand congé. And it was most opportune. Occurring as it did, the boys were enabled to see the great lacrosse match between the Capitals and the Shamrocks for the Journal Cup.

Owing to the demands from many of the students for private rooms, the faculty have found it necessary to rent another house on Stewart street.

Rev. Father Fortier is now organizing an orchestra, to be composed mainly of students. This is a good idea, and the REVIEW wishes the Rev. gentleman every success in his undertaking.

Many of the students had their names placed upon the voters lists, in order to be able to vote at the coming Federal election.

When three span of stocky Percheron dray horses failed to move the truck laden with the first massive ten ton pillar for the portico of the new building, though they tugged at it until the whipple-tree chain snapped, a stage whisper went round the circle spectators "Where is the 'big three' scrimmage?"

Prof.—Give me an example of polarized light.

Jack.—The North Star.

Prof.—(Who has called T. S. and found him asleep)—"Sir, I ordered you up,"

T. S.—(Who has been playing cards all night)—"I pass."  
He went it alone before the faculty.

#### LOCAL LIMERICKS.

There was a young student called L——n,  
Here for a while and then gone ergain,  
Now he is back  
And says its a fact,  
That our championship will be won again.

Another young man is John B——e,  
A man fit for all kinds of wurke,  
But in an election  
He is simply perfection,  
And he is usher besides, in the 'kurke.'

And finally Mr. Mc——  
He sings, yes,—or else I'm a lire,  
But not in a tavern,  
Just ask Mr. D——  
He's wheel-barrow-tone in our quire.

## The Junior Locals,

Shortly after the J. A. A. elections a meeting was called to adopt suitable plans for the football season. The officers, wishing to give every student a chance to participate in the games, decided to reorganize the "Junior Football League." Three well balanced teams were accordingly selected and a schedule drawn up. Besides the league teams, a junior representative team was chosen with Rev. Fr. Boyer, manager and E. Chartrand, captain. Another important feature of the meeting was the decision to purchase thirty new uniforms for the league teams.

An innovation in the small yard this year, is the forming of a Reading Room Society. A spacious room in the rink has been secured, where the daily papers and standard magazines are always at the disposal of the members. Rev. Fr Boyer is director of the society, and Messrs. Lanctot and Fleming are curators.

The opening football game of the season was played Sunday, October 9th. Our first team had for opponents the Unions, a very strong fourteen from Lower Town, and managed to defeat them 9 to 0. The playing on both sides was somewhat ragged, and it was only the good punting of our halfbacks, and the fast following up of our wings, that won us the game. The first team lined up thus: Belanger, Byrnes, Couillard, Morin, McHugh, Street, Valiquet, Baulne, Chartrand, (Capt.): Guertin, Goodwin, O'Neal, Letourneau, Powers.

Thursday, Oct 12th, the first league game took place between the "Invincibles," captained by Couillard, and the "Royals," under Byrnes. The "Invincibles" easily had the better of the game all through, and may thank their captain and E. Chartrand for winning it. O'Neal for the "Royals" deserves special mention for his all around good work. The final score was "Invincibles" 9; "Royals" 2.

The "Orphans," a select team of "has beens" from the big yard attempted to lower our colours, October 16th. Despite the disparity in weight of the two teams, our little fellows plowed



through them at will, and would have run up a much larger score, had it not been for the many free kicks awarded the "Orphans" by the all too generous umpire. This is the fourth time in three years that we have decisively defeated our friends of the senior department, and we would suggest that they secure a competent coach and thus make these annual matches more interesting. The features of the play were the punting of Morin and Belanger, and the finished work of Chaput at quarter. The only noticeable point on our opponents side was the clumsy manner in which the center scrimmager managed to step all over the diminutive quarter-back. The score was, small yard, 17; big yard, 0.

The "Garnet and Grey" and the "Royals" met in the J. A. A. series on October 19th the former winning by a score of 10-1. Captain Dunne of the "Garnet and Greys" played a very aggressive game, while Byrnes and O'Neal did some good work for the Royals. This is the second defeat the Royals have suffered, and it behoves them to waken up if they wish to be in the running.

The "Hobbles" and the "Gobbles" two of our smaller, teams, have met this season, with the result that neither team has been able to score a point. This, however, is not surprising, when we consider that they spend a great part of their time trying to "lynch" the referee. Several Stalwarts have been ruled off repeatedly for "scragging" their men.

The first team played a return game with the Unions on Oct. 22nd. Our friends from the other side of the city were reinforced by two or three good men, and were determined to retrieve their lost laurels. But College was in condition for this second struggle, and scored 28 points, while the visitors fail to make even one. College's scrimmage played great ball, and the punting of the half-backs was above the ordinary.

Two Jr. League games have been played thus far, and if we may judge the teams from these contests, we would be led to

believe that 'Invincibles' will carry off the championship. The scores and schedule are as follows :

|                                        |    |                      |   |
|----------------------------------------|----|----------------------|---|
| First team .....                       | 9  | Unions .....         | 0 |
| First team .....                       | 17 | "Orphans" (big yard) | 0 |
| First team .....                       | 28 | Unions .....         | 0 |
| Oct. 12th—Invincibles....              | 9  | Royals .....         | 2 |
| 19th—Garnet & Grays                    | 10 | Royals .....         | 0 |
| 26th—Invincibles vs. Garnet and Grays. |    |                      |   |
| 29th—Royals vs. Garnet Grays.          |    |                      |   |
| Nov. 2nd—Royals vs. Invincibles.       |    |                      |   |
| 5th—Garnet and Grays vs. Invincibles.  |    |                      |   |

The above clearly shows that our foot ball teams are out to cover themselves with glory this season. The boys put great enthusiasm into their work, and it is this, coupled with conscientious practicing, that nets them so many victories.

We are pleased to see that the Juniors are taking active steps to have a splendid hockey rink this winter. The ordinary games will be played upon the rink in the old yard, while all the big matches will take place in Rideau Rink.

A series of Basket-ball games will be arranged as soon as the foot ball season closes. Many of the Juniors are practicing faithfully for these games, and some good sport may be looked forward to.

Rev. Father Ouellette is again on discipline in the small yard. Needless to add that he was welcomed with lusty "hobble gobbles" by his friends the small boys.

Frankie Brennan has at last given up shuffleboard. He received some very stinging defeats of late, and lost so many desserts that he preferred humiliation to starvation. His brother Hugh, who is succeeding him is playing splendidly. Once he gains the hand, he always tries to and generally does "hold it."

The countersign in the small yard is "pomme."

In the recent game with the big yard, one of our graduates, "Vic" by name, bemoaned the fact that they had such poor uniforms. "No wonder you chaps can play," he said, "look at the fine suits you have." Yes, those new canvas suits, with the garnet and gray jerseys and stockings, certainly do look natty.

From the following list, anyone knowing the young men mentioned will readily see that the Junior League teams are very evenly balanced.

| <i>"Garnet and Gray."</i> | <i>"Invincibles."</i> | <i>"Royals."</i> |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|------------------|
| Dunne, (Capt.)            | Couillard, (Capt.)    | Byrnes (Capt.)   |
| Rousseau,                 | Chartrand,            | Peachy,          |
| Morin,                    | Des Rosiers,          | Coté,            |
| Brennan,                  | Fleming,              | Foley,           |
| Chaput,                   | Roney,                | McHugh,          |
| Valiquet,                 | Baulne,               | Powers,          |
| Burns,                    | Bisson,               | Morin,           |
| Guindon,                  | Street,               | Theault,         |
| Harrington,               | Chartrand,            | O'Neal,          |
| Goodwin,                  | Lanctot,              | Letourneau,      |
| Legris,                   | Gauthier,             | Leacey,          |
| Fleming,                  | McLaughlin,           | Fontaine,        |
| Dowd.                     | Perreault.            | Morin.           |



In order to augment our already rapidly increasing circulation, the Management will present to the student who secures a New Subscription, a copy of the 'SOUVENIR OF THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE.'

The number reserved is limited. First come, first served!

