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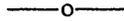
THE
STUDENTS

Vol. I. No. 5.



January, 1899.

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University of Ottawa

REVIEW

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A SIEGE.



YOUNG, beautiful, well-armed and brave,
He stood within the citadel,
In his right hand his gleaming glaive,
Above, the banner guarded well :
Without the foe was fierce and grim,
His trumpet call as lion's roar ;
In front, a garden's spoils for him ;
Behind, an Aceldama's gore.

THE DEFENDER.

Upon the ramparts as he stood,
A shining alb his coat of mail,
The barbaric arrows 'round him strewed
Pierced not that armor's filmy veil ;
While many a deadly javelin thrown
By his strong arm, brought to the dust
A fiery warrior, tho' alone
God with him was, his strength and trust.

THE ASSAULT.

Ten thousand savage bowmen rushed
To storm the fortress, strong and fair,
Some up the frowning bastions pushed,
Some sought for breaches ; everywhere
They seemed, but vigilant and bold
The one defender watched and fought,—
Upon the winds his locks of gold,
His defiant glance as lightning wrought,

THE RETREAT.

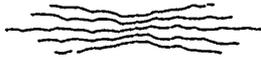
By many a red aerolit
The heavens reveal an army's course ;
Defeated and disgraced, by night
Its legions seek their Stygian source.
The victor kneels before a cross—
Crown him with amaranthine bays,
Who valiantly fought in the cause
Of Christ ; for him be endless praise.

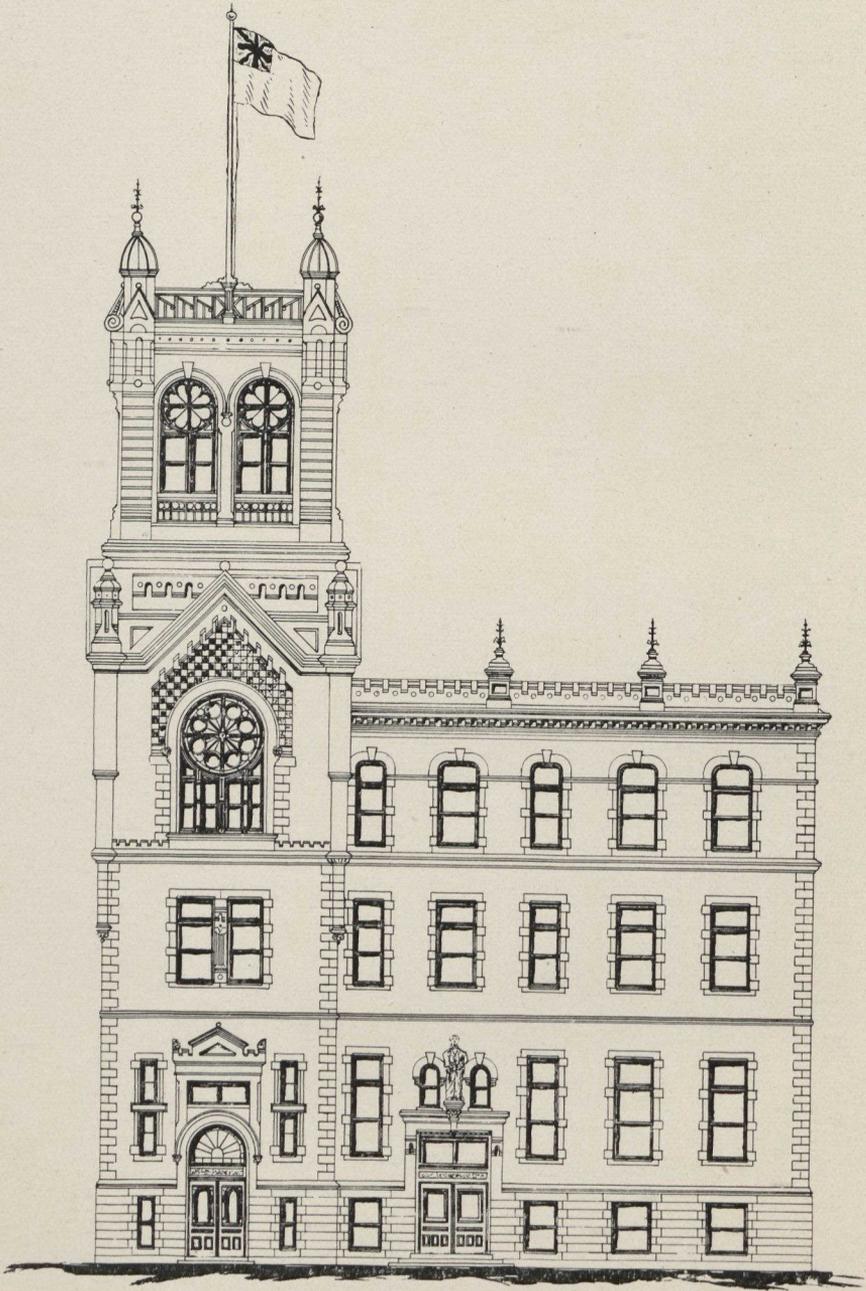
CAMEO.



“The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which
constitute the greatness of the individual”

—*Charles Sumner.*





PLAN OF THE NEW SCIENCE BUILDING.

WHO HAS THE RIGHT TO TEACH ?

HE Church has the right to teach anything lawful, wholesome and truthful. Such was the conclusion of our last paper. We are now to answer the question : Have parents the right to teach and to educate their children ; and can they intrust them to the care of persons of their own choice ?

At the very outset we find ourselves in a position not far from critical, for in the matter under our present consideration, one might easily be misled and might set forth on either of the two routes that might lead us to dangerous and excessive conclusions and even to extremes : the absolute or partial denial of the parents, right on the one hand and the granting it unlimited sway on the other. Though our bark is fairly launched on a stream overcrowded with vessels flying different colors, but all steering for the same port, we must not for all that run into Charybdis whilst endeavoring to shun Scylla. "In medio stat virtus," says the old adage ; so with the hand of authorities by no means to be despised at the helm, and with the beacon light of Justice at the prow let us trust and hope we shall not wreck on the shoals of partiality and falsehood. Parents, as will be seen farther on, have the right of bringing up and caring for their children. The might of States, the whimsical legislation of Senates and the transitory zeal of reformers cannot alter that time honored and sacred parental privilege ; nor can they raise difficulties that would render it untenable and ineffective, without undermining the very foundation of Society upon which is built the edifice of States and Kingdoms. Nay, the State cannot even subject such right to arbitrary rules ; for prior to civil power, domestic authority, firm and indestructible stands preeminent like a giant rock lifting its proud head over the angry waves of the ocean. Born with man and being the child of Nature's laws, the right of parents can wave over civil authority the claims of primogeniture. Laws conceived and brought forth in the gilded halls of capitols cannot dominate and lord over the Law of Nature whose supplement they are, and to

which they cling for support as the ivy to the granite walls of some antique mansion. Evil-intent rulers may by coercive measures prevent the free use of that right, but they cannot destroy it anymore than the laws that gave it existence. That paternal right of teaching and educating is not however absolute. Parents possess not the moral liberty to teach their children according to their own free will nor to have them taught by whomsoever they desire, if their wish or choice be unreasonable. They cannot, without being guilty of the greatest breach of their duty, inculcate vice and error. With regard to the teaching of their children, parents have the right to impart, either themselves or by means of others, only a lawful and moral knowledge ; which right is however under the supervision and control of the religious and the civil authorities in the sphere of their respective attributions. And so must it be ; for though it is possible for parents to be in the right order established by Divine Providence and the State not to be, we must admit it impossible for the State to be in the right order if parents are not. For if the constituent *parts* of a State—the families—are not sound, how can the *whole*—the State—be in the right order? In our first hypothesis, that is to say, if we suppose the State to be walking in the wrong path, she cannot exercise her authority with regard to education. But in the latter case her intervention is necessary ; yet she must not reach beyond her grasp. “ If there were ” —and unfortunately there are—men who would not allot to their children a sufficient share of Christian and Catholic knowledge would it not necessarily fall to the lot of those who preside in the schools to apply a strong remedy against such parental malice and negligence ? ”* Justice and humanity demand it. Why not, then, say the same thing of the State? Has she not the inalienable right to claim for children the education necessary to fit them for future honest citizenship? But to come back to our point: parents are called by Divine Providence to give their children not only the sustentation necessary for their physical life but also that necessary to form and fortify their intelligence.

*His Holiness Pope Leo XII in a letter addressed to Cardinal La Valitta. January the 26th 1828. Quoted by Mgr Sauvé.

Parents are consequently the first educators of their children ; and being under obligation to give their children food and raiment, to parents must be left the choice as to kind and quality. The same methinks, should be said of the intellectual food. Of course, such freedom of choice, must be bound in the "hoops of steel" of sound reason for otherwise it would degenerate into a dangerous license. Making therefore abstraction of all abuses, certain and pernicious, on the part of parents, the State must respect the wishes of parents in the education of their children. Let us listen to the eloquent voice of the great philosopher of Aquinas. "Children naturally form a part of their progenitors. They are flesh of their flesh, bone of their bones. Consequently parents can justly claim the direct right of property over them, for as long as they have not attained the age of reason they can be considered like domestic animals, *habent pueri rationem animalis*. According to the laws of Nature, therefore, children are entirely under the control of their parents, and contrary to God's legislation would it be to take them away from their parents against the latter's wishes." *

The words of Reason and Justice fall from the Angelic Doctor's lips. The State, therefore, cannot without being guilty of flagrant injustice arbitrarily usurp the right of parents, and dispense against their will, the life-sustaining elements either in the physical, intellectual or moral order. The Church herself, even when the all important interests of life eternal are at stake, cannot and would not baptize the child of an infidel without the consent of the parent. "Children", says Taparelli, "on their first appearance on the stage of life, belong to the domestic society from which they cannot be ravished with impunity. There will come a day, when grown-up to perfect manhood they shall join of their own accord, the political society, upon which they will directly depend for protection and support. But as long as children remain within the family circle, the State must not (unless parents be wholly unfit for the task) and morally speaking cannot, step-in to contest the father, his nature-given right to lord over his little kingdom—his family." †

* *Secunda Secundae. Quaest X, Art 12.*

† Taparelli, *Droit Nat., Tom. II., Livre VII., Ch. II.*

The teaching of one's children is therefore a domestic duty arising from a right which no power on earth, can usurp. Let the State proffer parents the means to bring up their children in a convenient manner. Let her erect and organize schools, colleges and academies worthy of respect and confidence and the lauding incense of grateful hearts shall be lavished upon her.

But that Governments should make those schools compulsory, even when parents do their duty is a piece of unalloyed and infamous coercion stamped with the seal of a Dionysius. Parents' right to teach their children does not stop in the interior of the family ; it does not die out on the threshold of the home-sanctuary. The father of a family has not only the right to keep his children under his personal care or to confide them to a private tutor residing in his house, but he can also intrust them to the keeping of any number of masters residing at any distance from the parental home. "The nature of a thing," says Taparelli, "is not altered by number. A thousand and one ants can never constitute an eagle, nor a score of sensations make-up an intellectual idea. Being incontestable that the teaching of children is primarily and essentially a domestic function, the same principle holds good whether there be one or ten children ; one father or many." Hence let one, a hundred or even a thousand fathers gather their children under the same roof, and let them choose one or many professors to preside over their tuition, the State does not by the fact, acquire the right to direct those schools or to usurp the sacred domestic functions of education. Unless we claim that the teaching of childhood is a function exclusively political—which would be erroneous—it would be illogical to forbid parents the intellectual formation of their children, either at home or abroad, by themselves or by teachers of their choice, providing those same teachers be morally physically and intellectually capable of performing their duty.

Parents must never be forced, directly or indirectly to send their child to any school if they are capable and willing to assume the responsibility of teaching him. Nay, if there exists any schools supported by the public funds, parents have the right

to see and require in justice, that such schools exactly answer to the exigencies of their creed. Yet, we must well bear in mind that though parents may give their children the scientific, moral and religious training they need, the Church's right to watch over that education is not *ipso facto* destroyed nor even weakened. She can, in certain cases take away or refuse to give up, children who would under the parental roof incur the risk of losing their faith and consequently of becoming perverted.

The State likewise, within the limits of her authority enjoys the very same privilege, possesses an identical right. All her hopes of future aggrandizements are grounded as it were in the schools. The children of to day will in a near future be her men of commerce, her statesmen and her defenders in the battle field. In other words, the sole ambition of the State, is to form good and active citizens, but the child will never grow up to be a *good* citizen, a useful citizen, without his having received a sound moral education; no child will ever become an active member of society without his possessing a moderate sum at least, of scientific knowledge. Hence judicial might can snatch from the control of vicious parents the child who would under their influence and guidance make the despicable apprenticeship to lawlessness and immorality. Both, the supernatural and the social welfare of children can justify the Church and the State in this apparent violation of a natural right—the ablation of parental authority. It should not be out of place to remark here, that the right of Catholic parents would certainly suffer violence, were the State to exclude from Governmental and social functions, him who did not receive his education in public schools, especially if such houses of learning would have been stumbling-blocks to his faith and virtue. Evidently no State can ask of Catholic parents the painful sacrifice of their conscience which would naturally involve the consciences of their dear ones; but if she is unable to make such a demand, she must not punish those that would refuse to accede. She cannot, therefore exclude Catholics, as such, from any social functions since it would be inflicting an uncalled—for punishment upon them. I take the privilege of translating the following apostrophe found in the beautiful peroration of an eloquent sermon delivered by a bishop of Quebec in a fervent app-

deal to his flock to stand firm by their schools. "Behold the enemy is now among us! Listen to his voice of warning: "Down with denominational schools!" . . . Can there be a tyranny of conscience more odious and despicable than the one to say to parents: You *must* intrust your children to that very master upon whose impiety you look with fear and disgust. Let your beloved ones learn from his unholy lips, to scorn your principles of life, blaspheme with frightful audacity your God and trample under foot your very authority. We enjoin you in spite of Justice to expose to the mercy of an unavoidable wreck the innocence of your child, preserved to this day, that he may lose together with all sentiments of uprightness, his health, his honor and his virtue. If you do not give your consent obstinate and rebellious father, to the sacrifice of your most sacred duty both as a christian and as a father, of your loftiest interests, of your affections the most endearing and of your rights the most inviolable, then behold your son dragged to the tribunal of mediocrity, losing all political influence and bringing upon you and upon himself the everlasting curse of oblivion." Such tyrannical language perhaps, never dropped directly at least, from the enemy's lips, but pick-up one of those anti-christian magazines scattered by the thousand by the hand of Imposture and Fanaticism—read them—study their conclusions and what shall you see? Tyranny in disguise—the wolf covered with the lamb-skin. The very same men who hold that the State should have the upper hand in matters of education, and the exclusive control of schools, will illogically clamor for the liberty of the Press. But if the State can monopolize the education of boyhood and of youth why can she not exercise the same power over that of manhood? Is it because the State has rights over children which she cannot claim over adults? But this is bordering on absurdity; for what is the child with regard to the State? An individual forming a part of society?... Assuredly not, since a child is nothing by himself. His claims upon society, his thoughts and actions—nay his very life is a reality, only in as much as he is connected with his parents by the sacred ties of blood. Punish the son—it is the father that suffers in what is most dear to him. There is not in fact a single argument in favor of the monopoly of education which cannot serve the same

purpose in favor of the Press. On the other hand, there is not a single testimony, a lonely voice in favor of the Press which cannot be turned to the benefit of Free Education, for all true liberties—not licence—are so closely united that if you destroy one, all others must follow. Respect them all or none for they have the same origin . . . Justice Uncreated. Let there be a decree promulgating the State's exclusive right to teach and she will have to get an exclusive Press, an exclusive religion and an exclusive everything. It were quite logical for a Catholic State, guided by an Infallible Hand, to have a State Religion, a State Press and a State Educational system but absurd would it be for a Government of Free Thinkers to proclaim with a loud voice the Liberty of Conscience, the Freedom of the Press and at the same time to monopolize Education.

R. B



LOST IN THE LAURENTIDES.

AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE.



WILL you come with me to the spring?" My question was addressed to two companions who, like myself, were lying on a moss-covered bank alternately dozing and gazing upon the beautiful scenery of Green Lake, one of the innumerable small bodies of chrysal water that stud the valleys of the Laurentide Hills. A short distance away, were some forty or fifty fellow pleasure-seekers, each boating, fishing, or berry-picking, or tree-felling, or squirrel-hunting according to his individual taste. About two miles to the east, at the far extremity of the lake, rose majestically from the summit of a bold rocky promontory, the summer residence of the Juniors of Mary Immaculate—our vacation-home.

"Will you come with me to the spring?" I repeated. But again my question fell upon ears that were deaf. Neither of my companions was thirsty—no response, therefore, to my appeal. So out I set alone, to find the spring whose whereabouts I knew only by hearsay. I had advanced but a few yards when I was obliged to stop by a disagreeable fit of nose-bleed. I immediately descended to the shore of the lake to bathe my head in its waters. During this operation my straw-hat fell into the lake and a little gust of wind wafted it beyond my reach. I wet my handkerchief, however, and placed it, turban-like, about my head, while I proceeded on my way in search of the coveted spring. On I went until I had pierced nearly a quarter of a mile into the woods—still no spring. Another quarter of a mile—and yet no spring to be found. Since it was beyond my power to enjoy a draught of cool water, I sat down beneath a spreading beech to enjoy at least the soothing coolness of the pleasant shade. How long I remained there day-dreaming I cannot now say. But suddenly I started up and directed my steps in all haste towards the camp. Over logs and rocks, through brush and bramble—until in my thoughtlessness and haste I had confused directions and had gone the wrong way. Strange objects now confronted me at every step. I altered my

course, and this three or four times ; but as can be readily seen, only served to render my situation the more puzzling. At length I found myself in a densely-wooded ravine. I now perceived the necessity of gaining the summit of some high hill in order to command a view of the country round and, by this means, discover the position of the camp. The nearest hill was a steep declivity rising to the height of fifty or sixty feet, with scarcely a shrub on its rocky side on which a climber might find support. I attempted to climb it but soon gave up the task, after being within a hair's breadth of tumbling headlong upon the jagged rocks below. I made an attempt to cross the valley with a like success. At the first step I sank to my hips in the accumulated debris and was only too glad to regain my former position. At the cost of much labor, I then skirted the foot of the overhanging cliff until I reached a hill that could be climbed. Here again I was doomed to disappointment. The thick growth of trees at the summit of the hill shut out the distant view.

After much marching and countermarching, I was rewarded by the glimpse of a distant lake through the trees. This was perhaps Green Lake. You may be sure the rugged nature of the intervening country did not keep me long away from its side. Alas ! for my anxious hopes, I could not recognize the lake even after I had almost encircled its shore. Green Lake it could not be. I climbed the rocky mountain by its side to make observations in the opposite direction. As there was nothing visible to give me hope, but everything tending to discouragement, I sat down, compelled to admit that I was lost and alone in those forsaken wilds.

The afternoon was marked by a series of disappointments, that rendered my desolation complete. Nor did the cheerless nature of my surroundings tend to lessen the sense of utter loneliness. The deep silence was unbroken save by my own footsteps among the dry leaves and twigs. The woods seemed deserted. Not a bird or a squirrel was heard among the trees. Here, in this valley appeared the tracks of the deer that had passed long ago ; and here, in the side of this hill, the deserted home of a bear, which, though deserted, caused me to retreat from that neighborhood in a rather precipitous manner.

As the sun sank low, I made extraordinary efforts to free myself from my surroundings. My reckless energy pierced the tangled brushwood, overcame the rugged hills, and leaped from rock to rock, but all to no purpose. The unusual exertion only caused me to perspire excessively and rendered my clothes damp and uncomfortable for the chilly autumn night.

Twilight came on and immediately it was dark, intensely dark. No moon shed her pale light to light my foot-steps but here and there a solitary star twinkled through the trees to remind me of the heaven above. I stumbled forward on the rugged pathway, thinking myself fortunate if I did not fall into a lake or a bog. Luckily there were none such in the highlands on which I wandered. I hugged the hill-tops. From them at least one could discern the neighboring hills looming darkly up against the sky. But the valleys lay in the deep shadows where lurked death in the dark and treacherous waters of lake or swamp. Who could tell but that some unlucky person, in circumstances like mine, had already sunk into those gloomy depths without leaving a sign of the place where he died. A splash, a scream, a ripple on the water—and no trace remained on the smooth, black surface to tell the tale of midnight death. When compelled to enter a valley by the necessity of crossing it or by the desire to obtain drinking water, I made my way with extreme caution—not advancing a foot without making sure of every step and peering into every opening. I went groping about in the dark woods with my hands before me, stumbling over inequalities in the path, bumping my head against a tree now and then, and, even crawling on my hands and knees over rocks and dangerous places. About an hour after sunset, while still beset with these difficulties, I discovered the position of the north star from a small clearing, and an hour later a pale light on the southern horizon told me in what direction lay the city of Ottawa. By these two guides I tried to direct my course to the south west. It was of little use. Not only did the nature of the country turn me from my course but my guides were too often hidden by the trees or the clouds. At times in fact, I would find myself completely turned round and seeking the north star in the east or the west.

In such distressing circumstances, I bethought myself of some means to pass the night. To proceed further was out of question. My progress was too slow; and, owing to the intense darkness, my dangers too many. More than this I was hungry and fatigued. I now regretted bitterly my restlessness and improvidence of the earlier part of the evening while it was yet light, for not providing a suitable place to pass the night. What could I do now? I had not even a match to light a fire. Yet I made the best use of the means in my disposal. I bethought me of obtaining a quantity of weeds which I knew by experience to grow thickly in the low swampy valleys and about the shores of lakes. Without much trouble, I procured what I wanted though wet with heavy dew. I then ensconced myself in a thick bush which would serve as a protection against the swarms of mosquitoes. Branches and twigs, cut with my knife from the shrubbery near by, saved me from the damp ground. I placed some of the weeds beneath me, and after a fervent prayer, covered myself over with the rest and endeavored to compose myself to sleep. It was useless however. Since darkness had come on, I noticed that the woods at night presented a very marked contrast to the woods in day-time and now as I lay still, I became particularly aware of this fact. Various strange noises came from every direction. The place seemed alive with small animals running about in search of their food. I could hear the twigs cracking as if under the feet of large animals such as deer and bear. Such were the distractions that kept me awake. Add to this, the bush, the branches, and the weeds formed a very poor protection against the mosquitoes and the cold. I was so much engaged in slapping and my teeth chattered so violently that I was compelled to crawl from my hiding-place and resume my wandering in order to free myself from my bother-some little foes and to regain the necessary warmth.

Two long hours of aimless wandering dragged themselves away without any serious accident and, weak and weary, I again sought oblivion of my sorrows in sleep. I had scarcely closed my eyes when something brought me to a sitting posture shivering with dread. I had heard what seemed to me the cry of a drowning man. But as I sat there not a sound broke on the still night air

except the noise of my own quick breathing. Thinking myself the victim of some horrid nightmare, I lay down again. Once more I heard that cry—a long, lonely, mournful cry, like the prolonged scream of a child in pain. This time it was a reality. I was quite afraid. But no sooner did the last echo die away among the hills than my fears were banished. It was not the cry of a drowning man but the wierd, piercing scream of a loon that disturbed me. With this comforting reflection, I resumed my couch and slept in defiance of both the cold and the mosquitoes. From troubled dreams, I shortly awoke to find myself shivering and my teeth chattering unpleasantly. Scarcely knowing what I was about, but that I must do something to make myself warm, I rose up and continued my journey until I lay down for the third time, covering myself over as before.

The rising sun was just reddening the eastern horizon when I opened my eyes to view my surroundings for the first time since the preceding evening—hills and mountains on all sides as far as as eye could see, a dreary prospect indeed. What a relief if there were only a human habitation or a cultivated field to break the monotony. Still it was a pleasure that day had come at last. My limbs were so exceedingly stiff and sore from the previous day's exertions, that for five minutes I could scarcely move. A little exertion, however, enabled me to reach a neighboring lake, where I washed my hands and face. For my breakfast I ate a small crust of bread I happened to have in my pocket. A few bramble berries furnished dessert for my simple repast. The sun had pointed out the east and I now discovered a means by which I could tell the direction with certainty at any time of day. I noticed that the moss grew thickly on the north side of trees in the swamp, as a protection against the cold north wind. This discovery gave me confidence in my movements. I promptly turned my back to the rising sun, thinking that by going west I would sooner find out a road to our summer-house. All morning I travelled over a level piece of country densely wooded. I emerged from this bush upon a ridge of rocks wholly devoid of vegetation. Before me stretched an undulating woodland, with here and there amidst the leafy green a small lake or

stream on which to rest the eye. About three miles beyond rose a hill, conspicuous among its fellows for its height. I determined to reach this hill. By experience I had learned that in order to reach a desired point it was easier to do so by keeping to the hill-tops. The long detours thus necessitated proved really shorter than the way straight through the valleys where one was sure to meet a lake and be compelled to double on the track. The country to the right seemed low and broken by lakes and streams. To the left a range of hills connected with the one I desired to reach. Therefore to the left lay my course. The way proved tortuous and fatiguing but to my joy I at last found myself at my destination. And now from my lofty station, I looked down upon a panorama of surpassing beauty. Far as the eye could reach—to north, to south, to east, to west—lay mountain and valley, woodland and moorland, interlaced by the shining bands of silvery streams and studded by brilliant gems of limpid lakes. And far, far way—so far that it seemed a mere toy-dwelling, appeared the well-remembered summer-home, where dwelt my comrades and where I had spent so many happy hours. Perhaps never again would it be given to me to enter that peaceful home, nor to mingle with my fellow students more. I waved my hand in sad farewell to house and inmates; then with a weight on my heart and a lump in my throat, I turned disconsolate away. The sun had passed the meridian and still I travelled on, but ever slower and slower. I sat down to rest often now, for I was becoming very tired and weak. My sore limbs could scarcely obey my will. My head ached and my brain was dizzy. Hunger—as was but natural after my long fast—now began to gnaw my vitals. Perhaps I should have succumbed to the combined forces of hunger, sickness, weakness, and despair, had I not just then taken advantage of a small stream to take a bath. The plunge in the bright, clear, water refreshed me greatly. In a comparatively short time, I was able to leave behind me a large tract of the rugged country that still separated me from the land of hope. But what hope was there that I should ever get free of the seemingly interminable woods? For full two hours, I pursued my march in a southwesterly direction. At either side, high hills still obs-

tructed my view. At my feet the tranquil surface of a lake reflected the afternoon sun. Straight ahead I could trace leading from the lake, a small stream winding its circuitous course through the hills and disappearing in the far distance. I debated for some time with myself whether I should not follow the course of the stream before me. It would bring me to the Ottawa River which to any mind was not more than seven or eight miles distant or to the settled country. By means of a boat the undertaking might be easily accomplished. But I had none. I even entertained the project of constructing a raft—but where were my tools? In the end I decided to proceed as I had hitherto done, that is, by keeping to the hill-tops but with the stream always in sight. Soon I was surprised by the sight of a bridge spanning the rivulet. This bridge was the first sign of civilization that had appeared on my weary way and consequently, I hailed it with feelings of pleasure and hope, although the thing was a rotten structure covered with the moss of years gone by. Across the bridge another mountain loomed up before me. To climb its steep sides and reach its lofty summit, taxed my failing strength to the utmost. The task at length accomplished, I sat down on a huge rock to contemplate the miseries of my desperate situation. While thus occupied I chanced to observe a well-worn path but whether traced by the frequent steps of man or beast I could not tell. After a time, however, I concluded it had been trodden out by human feet since it led along logs and fallen trees where a deer or other beast could not keep its feet, but where a man could save himself the inconvenience of tramping through the tangled weeds and bushes. The circumstance that the path led along logs, sometimes much raised from the ground, rendered it easier to walk along but more difficult for a stranger in that vicinity to follow the right track. Here three or four logs led off in different directions and I did not know which one to take. Sometimes I chose the wrong one, and, losing all trace of the path, was compelled to return. But you may be sure I took good care not to lose a path that would lead me to a human habitation. Perseverance, they say, is generally rewarded. So it happened with me. I came at last to some railway-car wheels. "At last," cried I in my delight,

"have I reached civilization." But, alas, on exploring the neighborhood I found that the wheels had been used in an old mine now deserted. Around the mouth of the shaft were great heaps of rubbish and near by a delapidated hut. I passed by this forsaken Klondike and proceeded across a valley ahead. At the opposite side was another mine. The fresh rocks piled up and a spring close by with a well-beaten track, gave it the appearance of being worked. No person was to be seen, however, and so I moved on with the hope of soon reaching the edge of the forest. Near this place losing all trace of the path, I had once more to shift for myself. As on so many former occasions, an unwelcome mountain-height barred my progress. I had not sufficient energy to climb it. I made any way therefore around its side. It was well I did so, for the old track placed itself at my service again as my guide. It conducted me to one of those roads used by the lumbermen in winter and this road in turn set me upon the well-beaten thoroughfare by the shores of Lake McGregor—two miles from the summer-house.

It was with feelings of delight that I emerged from the gloomy labyrinth in which I had wandered so long. The sun shone brighter and all things took on a joyous aspect. My spirits rose under the magic wand of kindly hope. Weak and hungry, though I was, to an extreme, my step resumed some of its former-day elasticity as I set bravely, joyously out to march the long score of miles that lay between me and Ottawa City. About midnight I reached the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, and a heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving fell from my lips as I realized that my wanderings were over and the dangers and fears of my lonely voyage, were things of the past.

The following day, my comrades returned to the Capital in order to be in readiness for the opening of the University. From them I learned of the state of affairs at the country-house during my absence. On the afternoon of my disappearance I was not missed until late in the evening, when the signal was given to re-embark for the return trip to the house. When all had taken their positions in the boats, it was remarked that I was not in my place. As hallooing elicited no answering shout from me, search parties were sent out to scour the woods. About dusk, as no trace of

me had been found, it was decided that some of the party should remain all night upon the camping ground in case I might return. Just then, however, a stray searcher discovered my hat floating upon the surface of the lake in company with a small carved cane that I had carried during the day. Beyond a doubt I was drowned—it was the universal verdict. And indeed the silent testimony of hat and cane seemed to prove to evidence that I had sunk into the black depths of the well-nigh unfathomable mountain-lake. It was now too dark to do anything. The next morning at dawn, however, they began diving for my body. But none of the divers could succeed in nearly attaining the bottom of the lake; so, after an hour or two of fruitless labor, the task was abandoned by unanimous consent. All their hopes of recovering my corpse, now reposed on one expedient. A messenger was sent to a neighboring mine for a quantity of dynamite. Several charges were exploded beneath the waters of the lake, but even this violence did not force Green Lake to render up the body of its supposed victim. A prayer on the lake-side for the repose of my soul—then slowly and sadly, and with many a backward look, and many a wondering expression, my friends retired from the gloomy spot of such a sad, sad tragedy. It was the last day of vacation in our country-home, usually, therefore, a-get-as-much-fun-as-you-can day, but alas, the shadow of death had thrown a pall over this happy time, and as a consequence no joyous shouting was to be heard, no ringing laughter, no gay music of human voice or organ or band, no running hither and thither in pleasant, mirth-provoking games. All was hushed and still. No one had the heart to sing, to play organ or other instrument. No one had any taste for play. They that spoke, all unconscious of the fact spoke in whisper. Like a funeral cortege, the community set mournfully out for Ottawa. But suddenly, a shout from the van, three wild, ecstatic cheers—what can it mean? And why this running from wagon to wagon, and why the consequent shouts of joy so incongruous on this sad occasion? Simply, a messenger has arrived from Ottawa and the news he brings is tidings of great joy, indeed, for the dead has arisen, the lost has been found, the wanderer has returned to his own. Joy and happiness now reigned supreme; and music and song whiled away the

hours until once more in their city home, my fellow-students crowded around me to assure themselves by sight, and touch and hearing that really I was still among the living. Needless to add, that over and over again during the next few days I was obliged to recount the story of my wanderings; and needless, too, am I sure, to chronicle the fact that, from the whole community that night, rose a most fervent act of thanksgiving for my wondrous escape from the Laurentian wilds.

STEPHEN MURPHY, '02.



“The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.”



JOHN WILLET.



OME ten miles out in the country from the great English metropolis, according to Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge*, lived a stout potentate of the old English type, ruling despotically over a wayside inn called the Maypole. The landlord, Mr Willet—vulgarly known as old John—was a stout massively-built man with a large head and a broad fat face, a personage slightly inclined to corpulency and strongly inclined to bullheadedness. John was remarkably obstinate, his obstinacy arising perhaps from the fact that as he was painfully slow of apprehension any little property by way of ideas was adhered to most tenaciously. Be this as it may, there can be but little doubt that John's pertinacity had its origin chiefly in his strong reliance upon his own merits of which, by the way, he had by no means a superabundance, seeing that taken all round, he was about the dullest of the dull. This trait of firmly adhering to his own judgment used to display itself—without John's being at all conscious of it—in his manner of speaking, such as making repetitions for the sake of emphasis; as for instance, when speaking to Joe, his son and heir, and over whom he used to exercise no small degree of tyranny, "You're a man of business, *you are*"; or when speaking of Hugh, "He wants imagination, *thats what he wants*", or when giving his opinion on some dubious subject concerning which he had no other testimony to truth than his own declaration, John would add emphatically, "and that's the fact". Besides this, John's tone of voice and his impressive slowness of delivery gave to his statements an almost irresistible force; moreover, his manner of waiting until a remark had penetrated to his brain—a space of three minutes or thereabouts—drew upon him undivided attention and lent great strength to his arguments. Thus it happened at the beginning of this story, one stormy night about eight o'clock, John arose from his seat at the fireplace, paced slowly to the window, looked out into the darkness, then calmly resuming his seat before the fire, with his usual deliberation declared:

"It'll clear at eleven o'clock, no sooner and no later, not before and not arterward."

“How do you make that out?” civilly inquired a little man in the opposite corner, “The moon is past the full and she rises at nine.”

John was usually imperturbable ; but to question his statement after his calm consideration of the matter, was simply outrage. After a long pause, during which he gazed with great solidity of feature at the little man until he (the mighty Willet) could bring his intellectual faculties to bear on the subject of dispute, John replied in tone implying that lunar affairs were peculiarly his business and nobody else's :

“Never you mind about the moon. Don't you trouble yourself about her. You let the moon alone and I'll let you alone.”

This profound elucidation of the problem had the immediate effect of silencing any further question on the subject ; and to John's mind, of course, confirmed his opinion that the night would clear precisely at eleven.

After a victory of this kind the old cronies—Solomon Daisy, Mr. Parkes and Mr. Cobb—would shake their heads in approval of John's subtle reasoning; and especially was this the case after John had bullied, worried and tyrannized over Joe, admonishing his son by way of a parental kick or box to do his work promptly. They would tell Mr. Willett that he was a father after the old fashion; and that there were no new-fangled ways about him, and that was the way they themselves had been brought up (which seemed to be the case seeing that in dullness some of them rivalled the lordly proprietor himself) and many other remarks of a similar nature. Hence it was that Mr. Willet became imbued with a sense of his own superior wisdom, and considered himself above the general run of mankind. Hugh, he considered “a animal” and to be consistent, treated him accordingly; Joe, he tyrannized over until the latter finally broke into open rebellion and quitted the Maypole.

Among his cronies of whom there was no scarcity at the Maypole, John would never condescend to play second fiddle; on the contrary he on all occasions persisted, right or wrong, in maintaining his own opinions. Especially was this the case after a long silence or after one of our autocrat's dogmatic decisions, when anyone “putting in his oar”, as

John termed it, "with unbecoming and irreverent haste" was immediately attacked. This quality he manifested in the moon-question, as well as in his able suppression of Mr. Parkes on the riot problem, as will be seen later. But his surliness extended principally to Joe. When the latter would be engaged in serious conversation, John was sure to roar out, "Silence!" Should Joe be making his very best bow to a visitor, John was sure to collar him, politely admonishing him, by half strangling him, to mind his own business. Joe was ever considered a boy, perhaps because old John had never taken the matter into serious consideration. One fine evening, however, after John had walked rough-shod over his son and the cronies as usual, had approved of the proceedings by gravely shaking their heads, Mr. Cobb, a remarkably stupid fellow, began to gibe Joe on his ill-success. Immediately Joe's ire was aroused—he charged upon Mr. Cobb with the result that Mr. Cobb's head and the spittoons became so confused that for an hour afterward the elder Willet sat in a kind of puzzled stare, wondering which was head and which spittoon. Joe fled precipitately; and John finally managed to arrange matters among the cronies.

On this same night, as Solomon Daisy frightened out of his wits by a ghost, rushed in from outside into the bar-room, and was excitedly relating the story, old John interrupted him to inform Mr. Parkes that his listening with that kind of an expression was extremely disagreeable, and that if he couldn't look like other men, he had better put a handkerchief over his head; and then looking fixedly for some time at Mr. Parkes to give his remark a chance of penetrating, he coolly requested Mr. Daisy to proceed. It was, in fact, in emergencies of this kind that Mr. Willet displayed some of that strength of mind and plenitude of mental resource which rendered him the admiration of all his friends and neighbors.

When the riots were raging in England, John, by reason of his constitutional obstinacy, positively refused to believe a word about them. Never perhaps did he display stranger reliance upon his own judgment than on this very occasion. His cronies were about to start for London to witness the riots for themselves. John with his usual doggedness refused point blank to believe that they were going. After having asked if they thought he was a "born fool" and having received the usual compliments on his

superior wisdom, with increased doggedness John replied: "Then what do you mean by coming here, and telling me that this evening you're a-going to walk up to London together—you three—you—and have the evidence of your own senses? "An't" inquired Mr. Willet putting his pipe in his mouth with an air of solemn disgust, "an't the evidence of *my* senses enough for you?"

"But we haven't got it, Johnny" pleaded Mr. Parkes humbly. "You haven't got it, Sir?" repeated Mr. Willet eyeing him from top to toe. "You haven't got it, Sir? You *have* got it, Sir. Don't I tell you that his blessed Majesty, King George the Third, would no more stand a rioting and rollicking in his streets than he'd stand being crowded over by his own parliament?"

"Yes, Johnny, but that's your sense—not your senses," said the adventurous Mr. Parkes.

"How do *you* know?" retorted John with great dignity. "You're a-contradicting pretty free, you are, Sir. How do *you* know which it is? I am not aware I ever told you, Sir?"

Mr. Parkes of course (as the author remarks) finding himself in the position of having got into metaphysics without exactly seeing the way out of them, retired from the argument and John was left in undisputed possession of the field; whereupon the cronies laughed, of course, at Mr. Parkes and approved of John's powers of argument by many grave shakes and nods of their heads—in fact who could fail to admire the hair-splitting discrimination in the last part of John's reply? And thus it came about the landlord never being called upon to change his opinions invariably thought that he was right.

But of all Mr. Willets peculiarities probably none was so prominent as his slowness of apprehension so painfully apparent in his broad fat face and dull fish-like eyes. He never possessed enough presence of mind to answer a question at once; he invariably required three minutes or thereabouts before answering any way to the point. When old John came to stumbling-blocks that he could not overcome (which state of affairs came about quite frequently) his only resource was to consult an eternal copper boiler—which hung over the fireplace and at which the whole assembly of pot-companions, calmly smoking their pipes, used to stare for hours together without speaking or in fact giving any

other signs of life than an occasional shake of the head by some one, whereupon the rest would nod gravely as if to say "that's a fact, you expressed yourself admirably well on that point, I quite agree with you"—and wait patiently for a concentration of his ideas which came to pass in about twenty minutes, providing of course that John did not fall asleep in the act. It must not be inferred however that even after deriving all the inspiration possible from the copper boiler, that John had any great foresight or quickness of apprehension or that he could master any idea otherwise than by very slow degrees or indeed made up his mind upon doing that without a great deal of very serious consideration. Even when he had made up his mind with the aid of the boiler and a great deal of puzzling, John's ideas were generally foggy nor could he ever realize matters precisely as they stood. For instance, one day Mr. Chester came riding up and John found himself suddenly at the horse's head—more from habit than from any presence of mind—calling lustily for Hugh. The latter appearing rather suddenly led the horse away while old John stood looking vacantly at the place where the horse had been, unable to realize what had taken place until finally it occurred to him that he should usher in his astonished guest.

But never perhaps was John's slowness of apprehension made so manifest as on the occasion of the rioters visit to the Maypole. Seeing the crowd coming up the road, John, in whom the very utmost dull-headed perplexity supplied the place of courage, stood in the door with his hands in his pockets. It dimly occurred to him that something unusual was about to take place but the idea was too misty to have sufficient force to move the mighty landlord. Had he had an opportunity of consulting the boiler he certainly would have changed his aspect somewhat—taking his hands out of his pockets or looking alive, for instance. But alas! before he thought of bringing his ideas to a focus the crowd rushed in upon him pell-mell and John found himself all unconsciously—though his eyes were wide open—sitting in an arm chair witnessing the wholesale destruction of his property. They ransacked the house from cellar to garret breaking the furniture, upsetting kegs and beer-barrels, while the wines and liquors flowed about in profusion. At all this John looked in perfect

amazement. Awake as to his eyes—to employ a Hellenism—but mentally fast asleep. This all goes to display John's mental alertness, with what readiness he grasped ideas. While the worthy landlord was in this semi-comatose state, the rioters discussed the manner of disposing of him—Mr. Dennis, the hangman, looking cautiously about for a beam or hook, wished (technically speaking) "to work him off", even if they were obliged to do it over the door; but Hugh having an eye for the ridiculous, ordered that John be bound in the chair, which roping being accomplished in a twinkling by Dennis, the mob moved onward.

Alone in the midst of the debris, Mr. Willet there displayed to the utmost advantage his imperturbability and slowness of apprehension. Though apparently wide awake, he was for all practical purposes in dreamland. At the outset John had been thrown so completely out of his bearings, that he failed to realize even what was taking place around him. All his ideas had taken flight and the copper boiler having been unceremoniously hurled from its sacred position his chances of ever again fully collecting his wits seemed pretty poor. There he sat stone-still: not a nerve twitched or a muscle moved, except those of his eyes which rolled about tumultuously. He was a long way past being capable of experiencing surprise, terror, or in fact any other emotion. His face bore an expression, that was hopelessly blank. A person with a murderous look on his face entered just then and, being much puzzled by John's countenance, as the latter personage neither stirred nor spoke, raised a cudgel over the landlord's head preparatory to knocking out his brains—a large portion of John's anatomy—but seeing that Mr. Willet with his usual mental alertness remained ludicrously passive, stayed his hand and went away leaving old John bound in the chair. When sometime before dawn next morning, the cronies returned from London they—much to their surprise—found him staring about in an alarming and most disconcerted manner and seemingly speechless. After listening to a number of questions put to him by his friends John ventured on one himself showing about how wide awake he was:

"You didn't!" said John, looking about him as though he had lost his pocket handkerchief, or some other slight article—"either of you gentlemen—see-a-a coffin anywheres, did you?"

Before taking John from the chair or removing him from his native element among cronies, pot-companions, hot punch and the like (shortly after which change Mr Willet with great propriety retires from the stage of life) let us glance back at some unclassifiable eccentricities and at some of the peculiar surroundings of this dogmatic old sagum.

During the evening carousals which consisted of smoking, staring at the fire and at the boiler, and of carrying on pantomimical conversations, John used frequently to fall asleep, one of which instances it might be well to quote here.

"The room was so very warm, the tobacco so very good, and the fire so very soothing, that Mr Willet by degrees, began to doze; but as he had perfectly acquired, by dint of long habit, the art of smoking in his sleep, and as his breathing was pretty much the same, awake or asleep, saying that in the latter case he sometimes experienced a slight difficulty in respiration (such as a carpenter meets with when he is planing and comes to a knot), neither of his companions was aware of this circumstance, until he met with one of these impediments and was obliged to try again.

"Johnny's dropped off," said Mr Parkes in a whisper.

"Fast as a top," said Mr Cobb.

"Neither of them said anymore until Mr Willet came to another knot one of surprising obduracy— which bade fair to throw him into convulsions, but which he got over at last without waking, by an effort quite superhuman

"He sleeps uncommon hard," said Mr Cobb.

"Not a bit on it," said Mr Parkes who was probably a hard sleeper himself.

"Mr Willet bad by this time got into such a complication of knots that it was perfectly clear he must wake or die. He chose the former alternative, and opened his eyes.

"If he don't come in five minutes," said John, "I shall have supper without him."

"The antecedent of this pronoun had been mentioned for the last time at eight o'clock. Messrs. Parkes and Cobb being used to this style of conversation, replied without difficulty that to be sure Solomon was very late, and they wondered what had happened to detain him."

The Maypole being despoiled, John was forced to abandon it and took up his quarters at the Black Lion. Soon after this Joe came home from the war in America, lacking an arm. This latter fact—Joe's disfigurement—puzzled the elder Willet for many a day. "Shortly after their first meeting he had been observed to wander, in a state of great perplexity, to the kitchen, and direct

his gaze toward the fire, as if in search of his usual adviser in all matters of doubt and difficulty. But there being no boiler at the Black Lion, and the rioters having so beaten and battered his own that it was unfit for further service, he wandered out again, in a perfect fog of uncertainty and mental confusion. In this state he took the most peculiar plans of clearing up the mystery; such as feeling in the sleeve of his son's overcoat, thinking the missing arm might possibly be there; looking at himself and everybody else to make sure that two and not one was the usual allowance; recalling Joe in his youth, and trying to remember if then he used to have one or a pair; and other similarly bright experiments and speculations. At supper one night, John took a firm resolve to fathom the difficulty now or never. Fixing his great dull eyes on Joe by way of concentrating all his faculties, he put his food into his mouth abstractedly. He was so transfixed watching Joe cut his meat and eat with one hand that he was recalled to himself only by symptoms of choking on his own part and thus made aware of the fact that he was eating. After a great deal of studying and winking, or as one may say—for winking was a very slow process with old John—going to sleep in one eye for a couple of minutes, it finally dawned upon John how Joe was disfigured. Looking like a man who had made a great discovery Mr. Willet said: "It's been took off."

This was about the last fact of which John ever acquired the knowledge. He never fully recovered from the mental shaking he received from the United Bulldogs. At the first appearance of a grandson, he almost died of alarm but being promptly bled by a skillful surgeon he again rallied. Despite the prognostications of nearly all the doctors that he would certainly die in six months and that he should have died long ago, John remained alive—possibly on account of his constitutional slowness—for seven more years, when suddenly one morning he departed for a better world, leaving us—the readers of Dickens—to mourn the loss of the whimsical companion of many a pleasant hour.

P. J. MCGUIRE, '02.

THE MOON.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA BY L. E. O. PAYMENT, '99.



THE first celestial body to occupy the mind of man and cause him to soar beyond the confines of his terrestrial home, was the pale attendant whose softened rays fall upon our planet during the hours when the god of day has disappeared to light the inhabitants at our antipodes. Astronomy, beginning with the study of the moon, has gradually extended its scope till to-day, the sun, the planets and the whole starry firmament, all come within its voluminous pages. And it is yet on its progress in the study of the universe. Led by the moon we turn heavenward and explore the wonderful work of the Creator.

There is no doubt whatever that the moon reigned as queen of the night many ages ere the eye of man was raised in admiration to contemplate its serene beauty. It is our nearest celestial neighbor and, as it were, belongs to us. Being our attendant planet it is like a distant province, an Australia to Europe. Its distance from us is only thirty times the diameter of the earth, and were 29 of our globes placed side by side they would form a bridge that would join us to our silent neighbor. According to our unit of measure the moon is distant only 238,840 miles. Not far indeed in comparison to the other celestial bodies; it is only $\frac{1}{384}$ of the distance to the sun, and $\frac{1}{100000}$ of that to the nearest fixed star. A telegraphic message would reach it in a few seconds; a flash of light produced here would be perceived on it almost instantaneously; while a train that could make the tour of the world in 27 days, would, at the same rate, reach our satellite in 38 weeks. When Mongolfier invented the balloon, the first idea that presented itself to the people as possible was the voyage to the moon. The impossibility of such a voyage is clear to everybody at the present day. The absence of a continuous atmosphere to the moon places the infeasibility of such an undertaking beyond a doubt; yet the expectation in the minds of the people at the time

of Mongolfier was so great that a medal was struck showing the people of the moon with telescopes watching the aerial visitor upon its arrival. These people, it was supposed, would be terrified at the sight, and some ingenious poet wrote the following quatrain for the occasion :

Mais la frayeur est dans la lune,
Où le badaud et l'ignorant
Jurent l'aérostat errant
Une planète peu commune.

The diameter of the moon is found to be $\frac{1}{4}$ that of the earth, 2163 miles; its volume $\frac{1}{53}$ that of our globe and $\frac{1}{62000000}$ that of the sun. Its surface comprises, roughly speaking, an area equal to four times the continent of Europe, or to that of North and South America together. The mass of the moon is calculated to be about $\frac{1}{81}$ that of the earth while its density is $\frac{3}{5}$ that of our planet, or about $3\frac{1}{2}$ times that of water. The circumference at its equator is about 6795 miles.

The story of Newton and the apple is familiar to all. It is said that when he saw the phenomenon of the apple falling to the ground, he wondered why it was that the moon, which was shining brightly, did not act in the same way and fall to the earth also. Whatever credence can be placed in these traditions, it is certain that Newton set himself the task of solving a problem from which he evolved the laws of universal gravitation.

Galileo had already studied the question and noted that weight always produces on bodies the same effect in the same time whatever be their state of motion or rest. He had remarked that a body always acquires the same velocity per second whatever time may have elapsed since it began to fall, and that it always falls towards the earth at the same rate whether it has been dropped vertically or thrown horizontally.

A cannon-ball sent in a horizontal direction would never stop if it were not for the attractive force of the earth. It would proceed indefinitely in a straight line by the force of inertia, but gravity causes it to strike at a point lower than the mouth of the cannon. This point is lower by the same distance that the cannon-ball would have fallen directly from the mouth of the cannon without any initial velocity during the time the ball was travelling

to the spot which it struck. A strange phenomenon this, but it is proved by actual experiment.

This same law of Physics applies to the moon. Its movement around the earth is similar to that of a cannon-ball projected horizontally. Instead of continuing in a straight line it falls at each moment towards the earth just the distance which will make it describe an orbit approaching the form of a circle. And let it be remarked that at each moment it tends also to go directly on, but is drawn down as said above. The result is that it can never leave the earth nor can it fall upon it. The attraction of the earth acts precisely like a string at the end of which is fixed a weight. When the weight is set in motion it tends to fly off at a tangent, but is held by the string and cannot do so as it would should the string break. It is clear also that it cannot fall in since it tends continually to escape. It is thus seen that so long as the force of gravity exists the moon is bound to follow the earth in its wanderings through space, the earth in turn following the same laws with regard to the sun.

According to the principle that attraction is in inverse ratio to the square of the distance, the force drawing the moon to the earth is easily calculated, and it is found that it falls in $1\frac{3}{1000}$ millimetres in one second of time. It deviates that distance from the tangent line and thus makes its revolution of the earth. The attractive force of the earth is the agent which makes the moon describe its orbit, and it is easily understood that if that force were greater our satellite would describe its course in a shorter time, making our lunar months shorter also in direct ratio to the increase of gravity. The same law applies to the motion of the earth around the sun and our year would be shorter or longer in direct ratio to the diminution or increase of the attraction of the sun. Astronomy has fully proved this universal law, which is thus formulated: *Matter attracts matter in direct ratio of the masses and in inverse ratio of the distance.*

While the moon is making its revolution around the earth, the latter itself is revolving about the sun. The result of this movement of the earth is to make the moon's phases longer than the time of the moon's actual revolution around the earth. For, suppose the moon directly between the sun and earth. Now,

should the earth remain still and the moon alone move, it would be back to the same relative position in exactly 27 days 7 hrs. 43 min. 11 sec. But the actual fact is that the earth moves many millions of miles during this interval with the result that the moon must travel much farther to be again placed directly between the sun and the earth. This distance is such that it takes the moon 2 dys, 5 hrs, and 52 seconds to travel over it. Hence our lunar months are increased to 29 days, 12 hrs. 44 min., 3 sec., almost 30 days. The motion of the moon from West to East may be considered as the first facts observed by ancient astronomers, and it served as the basis for the measurement of time and the invention of the calendar.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

We will now deal with the phases of the moon, and will first speak of these phenomena as observed by the ancients. Not having the artificiality of our modern society to monopolize their attention, they lived in closer communication with nature than we of this century. Shepherds for the most part, they laid the foundation of science on the solid rock of observation; they did not burn the midnight oil to study what others had observed; on the contrary, they observed and recorded what others study.

Astronomy, as I have said, is the most ancient of all the sciences, and the observation of the moon has furnished the first facts of that science, because it is the heavenly body that offers the greatest facility for study. As the shepherds of early ages, engaged even at night in tending their flocks, naturally turned to the moon for reference to the hour, it became the universal clock of night as the sun was that of day; and the means of measuring succession of days was furnished them by the regular recurrence of its phases. This last became a very important factor in early astronomy and deserves to be well noted.

During the course of a month the moon travels once around the earth in the direction from West to East. This is easily seen by comparing its position night after night with some particular star. It gradually recedes from the star and at the end of a month will return to it from the opposite side. The phases of the moon, however, are more easily remarked than this movement. When it has become freed from the rays of the sun and can be seen by

the observer it shows a crescent with the concave edge towards the East, and as the sun shines on the West that side is illumined and causes the round contour of the satellite to be seen ; this is the convex edge of the crescent. The horns are very sharp and the whole is clearly defined.

This crescent increases in size very gradually and in about 6 days attains the form of a hemisphere. The moon is then said to be in Quadrature which is commonly known as the First Quarter. At this time in its phases it can be easily seen during the day. Moving away from the sun, it assumes an oval shape, and in the course of 7 or 8 days it becomes perfectly circular and shines all night. This is known as Full Moon. It crosses the meridian at midnight and sets at sunrise. Being directly opposed to the sun it reflects upon us his light from the whole surface that is turned towards the earth.

The decline immediately begins, and the changes take place in an inverse order from what we have seen in its progress from New to Full Moon. There we saw it increase, now we shall see it decrease. From the large disc it becomes oval, then in Quadrature, finally crescent in shape, and gradually diminishes until it disappears when the sun shines on the side opposite to that presented to the earth. It is now between the sun and the earth and, being opaque, our side is left in darkness. Again, possessing no light itself, and having none to reflect, it is wholly invisible to the inhabitants of our planet.

When does the New Moon begin? The exact moment is very difficult to assign unless it should happen that at the precise moment when the moon is in conjunction, there should happen to be an eclipse. Should this latter occur we know the moon would have completed a revolution and set out immediately again. This, then, would be New Moon. The determination is of great importance to the Mussulmans as the appearance of the New Moon terminates their great annual fast, their Lent. They would, perhaps be the best authorities to consult on the matter. It is a greatly disputed point with astronomers, some saying that as long a time as 40 hours elapses from the moment of conjunction till it can be seen with the naked eye, and 27 before its conjunction. Americus Vespucius stated the time to be much shorter in low latitudes.

A phenomenon that all must have remarked is that after the New Moon has appeared we see both the bright crescent and the remaining part of the moon in a dimmer light. The explanation is that the earth reflects the light of the sun for the moon in the same manner as the moon reflects it for us. When the moon is in conjunction, that is, between the sun and the earth, the latter is in opposition with regard to the moon. Being in opposition it reflects the light of the sun in the same way as does the Full Moon when in the same position with regard to us. Were the moon inhabited, the people there might call it Full Earth. Moreover, the earth being much larger than its satellite must reflect much more light than does the moon. This phenomenon by which the whole body of the moon appears along with the crescent has received in English the very poetical designation of "The old moon in the new moon's arms".

This darkened outline of the rest of the moon can be more clearly seen by placing oneself where the rays of the illuminated crescent can be shut off, for instance, in the shadow of a house. By doing this the great spots on the surface of the moon can be easily observed. At its First Quarter, this darker outline disappears for two reasons: first, because the earth sends to the moon four times less rays than at New Moon; and secondly, because the greater brightness of the moon prevents us from distinguishing it.

This remarkable phenomenon shows us the great reflecting power of the earth. In winter when the northern portion of the globe is covered with snow, the reflection is greater. Astronomers had come to the conclusion that some large body of land existed in the South on account of the great reflection that could not be produced by the immense southern oceans, for water absorbs the rays of light to a great extent. The discovery of Australia put this question beyond a doubt.

These phases of our silent attendant gave to the ancients their measure of time. The month is easily understood; it is one revolution of the moon around the earth. The week, however, was determined by the phases themselves. A noticeable change takes place in the appearance of the moon every 7 days—New Moon to First Quarter; First Quarter to Full Moon; Full Moon to Last

Quarter ; and finally Last Quarter to New Moon again. Thus was a period of 7 days established which became our present week. There was no other celestial body which acted so regularly and on which were produced such remarkable changes that could give the ancients a standard for the reckoning of time. Families agreed upon certain phases of the moon to meet for their conversazione ; feasts were agreed upon in the same manner, and so important was it to know the precise time of the appearance of the New Moon that the people gathered together to watch for it, and the fact was promulgated by the High Priest with great ceremony and flourish of trumpets amid general rejoicing. All ancient nations : Romans, Greeks, Turks, Chinese, Peruvians, adopted this measure of time which seems to have been specially adapted to the crude civilization of those days.

As public administrations in early times found it necessary to assign dates in the future a calendar became a necessity. The problem of forming one engaged the attention of the best talents of the day. Meton in the year 423 B.C. by observation and calculation found that every 19th year the phases of the moon took place on the same day of the year. Thus, a full moon occurring on any particular day will be repeated on exactly the same day 19 years hence. This calculation is astray only one day in 312 years. Less correction was necessary than for our present calendar where one day must be added every fourth year, and dropped out every four hundredth. The Lunar Cycle is therefore a period of 19 years.

THE MOVEMENT OF THE MOON ABOUT THE EARTH.

The moon in its revolution around the earth describes an ellipse whose long axis differs in length very little from the short one. It therefore comes very nearly being a circle, and yet it must be remembered that this orbit is far from being so circular as that of the earth which approaches very closely to a perfect circumference. On account of this even slightly elliptical orbit, the moon continually changes its distance from the earth. This can be verified by noting the apparent difference in the size of its disc at various periods of its revolution. In the space of 15 days it varies about $\frac{1}{4}$ of its distance from us. This variation is perceptible, as I have said, in the decreased size of its disc, but particularly so,

in the intensity of its attraction upon the earth, as evinced by tides of which I shall treat later on.

The movement of the moon in space is more complicated than is that of the earth. The most important peculiarities of this motion are the two following :

I. The orbit of the moon around the earth is not in the same plane as that of the earth's around the sun. If it were there would occur an eclipse of the sun at each New Moon and one of the moon at each Full Moon. It is not thus because the plane of the moon's orbit is inclined 5 degrees to that of the earth's. Even the points of intersection of these two orbits do not remain fixed, but travel around the Ecliptic once in $18\frac{2}{3}$ years.

II. The inclination itself of this orbit varies. The mean inclination is $5^{\circ} 8' 48''$ but it makes as small an angle as $5^{\circ} 0' 1''$ and one as great as $5^{\circ} 17' 35''$, going from the smaller angle to the greater and back again to the smaller in the course of 173 days.

There are many other motions upon which I shall not dwell, but it is a satisfaction to know that though the Great Ruler has given our silvery satellite such variations in movement He so governs them as not to prevent it from performing with regularity its kind offices to man.

It is wonderful to note that the study given to the moon has brought to light more than 60 different irregularities in its motion. When we see the great penetration which man has shown himself to possess we cannot but conclude that his intelligence proceeds from the One who framed the universe and who permits him to have a glimpse of the vastness of His intelligence who conceived the wonderful harmony and beauty of all He has made.

To have a complete idea of the motion of the moon in space we must consider that if the earth were stationary, the moon would describe an ellipse about it and close it where it started. But the earth is itself in motion, and consequently the moon cannot describe this ellipse and return to the point whence it set out. Its path is really a sinuous line crossing and recrossing the orbit of the earth around the sun, and this line is so prolonged on each side of the earth's orbit that the two orbits practically coincide.

Thus the initial motion given the earth carries it through space. The sun itself is probably describing an orbit around some

other celestial body ; the earth follows the sun, revolving about it in a fraction over 365 days ; the moon follows the earth going around it once in 29 days and a few hours ; the stars have motions of their own, and probably are surrounded by globes like ours ; and all is guided by the same being whose power is beyond the conception of human intelligence. The mind of man is amazed at the contemplation of these wonders.

We have thus far seen the distance, the size, and the movements of the moon. We shall now touch upon the subject of its weight ; this will give us its density and the force of attraction on its surface.

To the uninitiated the question of weighing the moon will appear preposterous, but the following method adopted by scientists will be reasonably clear to those who have made even a superficial study of Astronomy or Physics.

The moon causes the Tides ; that is, twice a day the waters of the sea rise above their level owing to the attractive force of the moon, and fall as soon as the position of the moon is so shifted that it no longer exercises this attractive power. Now, by measuring exactly the height of the water thus elevated, and knowing its quantity and weight we can find the force necessary to raise it. From this the weight of the moon can be deduced.

Here is another method. The moon in its revolution is sometimes before the earth. At these times our satellite accelerates the motion of our planet. Again later on it is behind, and then it retards the motion of the earth. The effects of this at the First and Last Quarters is to make the sun apparently move aside a distance of $1/290$ part of its diameter. Since the moon is the cause of this displacement its mass can be calculated and, this being given, the weight can be easily found.

By these methods it has been ascertained that the weight of the moon is 81 times less than that of our globe. As its density is $1/6$ that of our planet objects on its surface weigh 6 times less than here. A man tipping the scales at 240 here would be only a featherweight of 40 pounds on the moon. Should he be placed upon its surface and retain his strength, he who could lift 500

pounds here would with the exercise of the same force raise 3000 there. One who could jump 15 feet here could leap 90 on the moon with the same ease.

This remarkable lightness of matter has had great effects upon the moon's physical features, for natural forces such as pressure of gas, explosions, and volcanic energy remaining the same as here, have caused mountains of enormous heights to be tossed up on its surface. Andes have been piled upon Rockies and capped with Himalayas upon the face of the body that looks down so tranquilly upon us in the soft nights of summer.

And let it be remarked that were the moon as large as the earth its diameter would be increased, and, as attraction varies as the square of the distance, a body at the surface of the moon would weigh only 1/90 of what it does on the earth. A person weighing 180 pounds here, would have an avoirdupois of 2 pounds there. The same effort we make to jump 5 feet would launch us to the height of 450. A dangerous place to play leap-frog, I hear you say; but we must remember that we would fall also with only 1/90 the force, a fact that would counterbalance matters.

The following table gives the comparative weights of bodies on the sun and the different planets :

Sun.....	27.474	Uranus....	0.883
Jupiter...	2.581	Venus.....	0.864
Saturn...	1.104	Mercury...	0.521
Earth....	1.000	Mars.....	0.382
Neptune..	0.953	Moon.....	0.164

We here see that bodies weigh less on the surface of the moon than on that of any other planet in the solar system.

PHYSICAL FEATURES OF THE MOON.

Not till he knows the Author of all being will the thirst of man for knowledge be satiated. His search is unending, and it is not strange that the moon has been a problem which he has been continually attempting to solve. It would indeed be a great satisfaction for us to know whether or not the moon is inhabited. We are much like children who throw away the toys they have to grasp for new ones. We long for knowledge of this far off world while there are immense tracts of our own globe as yet unknown.

Neither the North nor South Pole of our world has yet been visited by man. It is true Nansen crossed the Arctic Ocean but he has not located the exact spot where is situated the North Pole ; while no successful attempt has ever been made to know anything about the southern extremity of the imaginary axis of the earth. The intensity of the cold prevents our attaining these points on the earth, and the same cause along with the tenuity or absolute lack of the atmosphere renders a voyage to the moon beyond possibility. We are actually prisoners surrounded on all sides, as it were, by an invisible wall of cold the intensity of which is beyond imagination, and from this prison we can soar only in thought to the celestial regions beyond. Where is all our boasted freedom ? We can go only a few miles beyond, and cannot know even all of our own little world.

From ancient times the moon has been looked upon as receiving its light from the sun and reflecting it to us. This theory was supported by Thales, Anaxagoras, Anaximander and Empedocles. The last mentioned philosopher sustained that its heat on account of reflection reaches us in a very much diminished state, indeed almost a minus quantity. This has been upheld by Lord Rosse who says the heat of the moon is 1 50,000 of that of the sun. Proclus held that mountains and valleys along with peoples and cities existed upon its surface. Anaxagoras speaks of mountains and valleys but makes no mention of inhabitants. Pythagoras maintained it was a world similar to ours but inhabited by animals of much greater size and strength than those of the earth. He stated that plants were proportionately greater than ours, and held this proportion to be as 1 is to 15 ; so that instead of man's being 6 feet in height, he would be 90. Our 40 foot trees would correspond to those of the enormous height of 600.

It was not, however, till 1609 when Galileo made use of the telescope to study the moon that we have any definite idea of the nature of its surface. He found its face to be very rugged, having great mountains and very deep valleys. The first map of the moon resembled in a marked degree the human face, as the spots seen by the naked eye make it resemble the eyes, nose, and mouth of a man.

We can see the principal spots with the naked eye, but the

telescope reveals an immense number entirely invisible to us without its use. The most favorable occasion to make an observation is when the Full Moon crosses the meridian at midnight. The cardinal points of the compass correspond to those of the earth as we represent it to ourselves, the upper portion being North; the lower, South; the left side, East; and the right, West. When looking at it, however, through a telescope the image is *inverted* and it is thus that all maps of it have been drawn. These maps, it is admitted, are made with much greater accuracy than are those of our globe; for it must be confessed that our maps, particularly of Africa and Asia along with the northern and southern portions of the globe, are anything but complete.

Helvelius drew the first map of the moon in 1647, and was so scrupulously careful to have it exact that he engraved it himself. The nomenclature he adopted was that of our oceans, mountains, lakes, and cities. He transformed the moon into a second earth. He had intended to use the names of important men, but feared to alienate his friends by not giving their names such prominence as they might expect him to do. Father Riccioli S. J. with the characteristic fearlessness of the Jesuits, boldly adopted the plan rejected by Helvelius: his map is the one best known.

The topography of the moon shows large gray spots and darker ones. The former are mountainous districts, while the latter are called seas.

On the left side of the map below the equator, that is in the N-W, we find the *Mare Crisium*. We must be on our guard as to the meaning of *Mare*. By this term is not meant oceans of water. This name was first given by early astronomers, but modern science has proved what they termed *Mare* to be nothing but vast plains with a possibility, as we shall see, of their containing a small and imperceptible amount of as yet unevaporated water. This *Mare Crisium* can be seen shortly after the New Moon, but it is the first to disappear after this phase.

A little to the N-E of this is found the *Mare Serenitas*, a large spot of an irregular oval form.

Somewhat to the S-W of this latter is found the *Mare Tranquillitas*: its borders or shores are less regular. There is a gulf on its eastern side known as the *Mare Vaporum*.

The *Mare Tranquillitas* is divided into two branches which have been called the legs of "the man in the moon." The western one is known as the *Mare Fecunditas* and the eastern as the *Mare Nectaris*.

To the far North is found what has been termed the *Mare Frigoris*. It corresponds to the Arctic Ocean of our globe.

Between the *Mare Serenitas* and the *Mare Frigoris* is found a lake known as *Lacus Mortis Somnii*, a ghastly name indeed.

The bogs known as the *Mare Corruptionis* and the *Mare Nebularum* occupy the eastern side of the *Mare Pluviorum* of which the northern boundary forms the *Mare Iridium*.

All that part of the moon situated in the East is dark. The edge of an immense spot is confounded with the luminous portion of the disc. The northern part of this spot is made up of the *Mare Pluviarum*, already mentioned, which gives rise to the gulf known as *Oceanis Tempestatum* in which can be seen the great craters Kepler and Aristarchus.

The more southern portion of this "ocean" near the centre is given the name of *Mare Nubium*, while nearer the eastern edge it is called *Mare Humorum*.

About $\frac{1}{3}$ of the disc of the moon is covered with these spots, but the observer can see with the naked eye the great crater *Tycho* which, shining very brightly, reflects the rays of the sun for a great distance around.

The relative size of the clear parts, that is, the mountainous regions of the moon, have been measured very carefully and found to be, with regard to the spots, in a proportion expressed by the numbers 332 to 121.

It requires a telescope of but very weak magnifying power to show the rugosity or wrinkles in the surface of the moon. The famous mountain *Tycho* found in the south is the greatest elevation on the surface of our satellite. It possesses an enormous crater the mouth of which is fully 60 miles in diameter. At the moment of Full Moon, *Tycho* shines with such intensity that the eye is dazzled, and cannot observe the geological phenomena of the crater. Mount Copernicus is another possessing great beauty and interest. The diameter of its crater is nearly 59 miles. Among other mountains may be mentioned *Leibnitz* whose height is 7610

metres (one metre being 39, 37 inches); Doerfel, 7603 metres; Newton, 7264 metres, and many others. There are mountains so situated that their summits never lose sight of the sun; they have been called the Mountains of Eternal Light.

The most remarkable feature of these mountains is the size of their craters. The largest craters of terrestrial volcanoes are of no consequence in comparison to them. Etna's has a diameter of but 3,600 metres, and the largest on earth measures only 70,000 metres; while in the moon we have Petau with a diameter of 150,000 metres, Sacrabosco, 160,000; Schickard, 200,000; and Clavius, 210,000 metres. Yet the moon is 49 times smaller than the earth!

The mountains of the moon are, relatively to its size, much higher than those of the earth. There are many peaks that reach the height of 4 miles, and Doerfel and Leibnitz equal the 470th part of its diameter. Our highest peak, Everest, in the Himalayas is but $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, only the 1443rd part of the terrestrial diameter. These mountains have been thrown up by gigantic eruptions. The geological formations in the moon have been carried on in the same way as those of the earth; and as the specific gravity of matter is less, and the physical forces of nature remain the same, it was possible for the expansive force of the gases to raise these enormous masses of rocks to such stupendous heights.

Astronomers believe that at some time there actually were oceans on the surface of the moon, and that they occupied the low parts or spots, as we have previously called them. Now, as the force of gravity is much less than that of the earth, matter in the moon has less density than here and is consequently more porous. It is contended from this fact that these oceans were gradually absorbed by the moon, and that probably there may still exist moisture in the bottom of the low lands. Some maintain chemical combination instead of ordinary absorption.

The map of the moon which has been described is only of one side of it—one hemisphere—for that planet always presents the same face to the earth. No human eye has ever seen nor ever will see, its opposite hemisphere, as it travels around the earth

just as a baloon would in making a similar voyage, always presenting the same face to us. But it does turn, that is, once on itself during its revolution ; otherwise we should see every side of it.

(To be continued)



“ Knowledge and Wisdom far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.”

—*Cooper.*



Literary Notes.



And as for me, though that I konne but lyte (little)
On books for to rede I me delyte,
And to them give I feyth and ful credence,
And in my herte have them in reverence,

—Chaucer.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM BLACK.

HIS popular novelist died last month at the age of 57 years. He could tell a pretty story in a very pretty manner. This statement, made in no disparaging spirit, sums up his claims to be numbered among the novelists of the era. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1841, and received his early education in that city. He removed to London in 1864, and spent ten years as war-correspondent for, and editor of, the "London News." His first novel, "Love or Marriage" appeared in 1867, and was well received. In all, he has produced over thirty stories of about equal merit, although his tales of Scotland, such as "MacLeod of Dare", "The Princess of Thule", "A Daughter of the Heath", "In Far Lochabar", and "Madcap Violet", seem to me to transcend the novels whose scenes are laid entirely or partly out of Scotland, such as "Shandon Bells", "The Monarch of Mincing Lane", and "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." His stories are told for the sake of the stories, and his moral, if any, appears unobtrusively between the lines, so to speak. Many of his works smack of the clear sky and the open air, suggesting that their creator was a lover of Nature. A Scotch skipper once told him he need never starve, because he could make his living as pilot in the Western Highlands. This allusion of the skipper finds its point in the perfect fidelity with which Mr. Black painted the scenery and inhabitants of that remote part of Scotland. Although he has written so many stories about his native land, he has no affinity whatever to the so-called new

Scottish School. His stories are invariably wholesome in moral tone, bright and picturesque ; mines of light and happy entertainment. He who furnishes innocent amusement is a benefactor of his race.

THE POEMS OF DR. DRUMMOND.

Two new poems by William Henry Drummond, M. D., of Montreal, beautifully illustrated by Mr F. S. Coburn, compose a volume published by G. T. Putnam's Sons, with the title of "Phil-o-Rum's Canoe and Madaleine Vercheres." It is a Christmas book, and hence should have been noticed last month, but it is impossible for a monthly Review to keep pace in every instance with the multitudinous procession of worthy publications. Like the marvellous talking canoe presently to be introduced to the reader, "I'm tryin to do bes' I can for you on summer-tam, spring an' fall." My best both in selection and expression is, I acutely feel, all too frequently bad enough, but if the average walks close on the heels of pretty good, I am convinced my sins of omission and commission and my other shortcomings, though numerous as "autumual leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa", will be overlooked and forgiven by an indulgent and kind hearted audience like this of mine. But I must not wander away from my subject.

Phil-o-Rum Juneau, is a French-Canadian who owns a canoe. He and his frail bark have seen very many days on lake and river, fishing and fowling and hunting deer, no doubt. It was not strange, therefore, that, like St. Francis Assisi and the birds and animals, this constant companionship should make the canoe seem like a brother--or sister if the sex suits better--to him, endowed with personality and a sentient nature. But of late Phil-o-Rum finds that his canoe does not make the headway against the current it used to do in years gone by, when both man and boat were younger, although he explicitly declares in his droll English that he "work hard enough on de paddle"; and so he upraids the craft asking, "w'y are you lak lazy feller' too sleepy for move along?" It was not an over-indulgence in "whisky blanc", the favorite brew of the locality, that led to the miracle, at least the author does not say so, he only insinuates it vaguely, but wonder of wonders! the

canoe, after the fashion of Balaam's ass or Homer's speaking horses, talks back to its master, who after recovering from his excusable surprise, compares notes with his companion only to find that the suspected laziness is merely a result of the debilitating action of age and was shared alike by himself and his boat. In fact, there is only one "current" before him, the worst of all, "de current of Dead Riviere."

"You can only steer, and if rock be near, wit wave dashin' all aroun'
Better mack leetle prayer, for on Dead Riviere, some very smart man get drown;
But if you be locky an' watch youse'f mebbe reever won't seem so wide
An' firse t'ing you know you'll ronne ashore, safe on de'noder side."

Such are the incidents and the good-natured philosophy of "Phil-o-Rum's Canoe." The second poem tells in orthodox language of the heroic defence of a fort for six days by Madaleine Vercheres, a young girl, and an infinitesimal garrison, against a numerous onslaught of murderous Indians, in the romantic days of the Old Regime. If I can trust my own judgment, this poem is one of the best pieces of work yet produced by its author.

I hope I have said enough to prove this beautiful little book is worth buying, and the publishers have certainly not set the price too high. Remember, books intended for Christmas gifts serve admirably as Easter presents, in fact, any date is appropriate for presenting a friend with a token of affection or esteem. The day to hand is the one on which a good action should be performed.

The transition from this book to its precursor "The Habitant," the initial and larger volume of French-Canadian dialectic poems, by Dr. Drummond, can be made without violence. To praise "The Habitant" at this late hour, when it has been lauded to the skies by the ablest critics of the whole English-speaking world, must be chiefly a work of supererogation, yet I feel constrained to remark that the book deserves all the praise it has received, and even more if more were possible. Although all its critics have missed the point, or failed adequately to lay stress upon it, the work has, it seems to me, a deeper signification than the mere surface appearance of its contents would warrant. It is really a noble effort of genius to draw the two leading nationalities into which the people of Canada are divided closer together. Let me whisper it gently, knowledge will not die with us the inhabitants of Ontario. One

of the things we do not know with that full understanding by which sympathy is begotten, is our French-Canadian countryman of Quebec. "The Habitant" is replete with this really useful knowledge, and it is imported in a captivating manner. The emphasis and sincerity that are the natural attendants upon a first-hand knowledge of anything are here applied to Dr. Drummond's pictures of French-Canadian life, and form the fascination of the poems, which are throughout informed with a vivid minuteness that bespeaks their intense verisimilitude. The author is simply inimitable, as his numerous imitators find out to their cost; he has a right to the title of the George W. Cable of Canada.

As everybody is aware, dialect is a mode of expressing thought peculiar to the people of a locality. Though much has been advanced for and against its employment in poetry and fiction, the subject is not exhausted. From what has been said by authoritative critics, it may be concluded that the successfulness of dialect as a method of expression depends upon the temperament of the individual reader. What is one man's pie is another man's poison. For myself, were I asked to specify the poems that move me most, I should point to one or two of Bret Harte's wonderfully dramatic monologues in dialect, to Charles Dibdin's sea-songs in marine vernacular, and to a few Irish ballads written in "the musical brogue of the beautiful south." Yet, these instances are exceptions; for, as a rule, I have no liking for dialect, finding its perusal an "oppression of the spirit if not a torture of the flesh", much as students find their initial experiences of the manifold mysteries of our venerable friend *Tupfo*.

Literature is, I fancy, an escape from life, its monotony or its distractions, as well as a grappling with life and its problems; since it has constantly the double tendency to negate the life around it, as it were, as well as to reproduce it. I know of very few literary productions so satisfying to a broad-minded Canadian as Drummond's studies of the French-Canadians, fresh, full of color and poetic feeling, romantic with the romance that abounds in the life they portray, racy with twinkling humor, tender with a melting pathos, intensely dramatic and throughout all, and better than all, flowing with the milk of good-nature. It is in their aromatic quality and kindness that much of their inviting charm lies

for me at least ; as they afford a most welcome contrast to the soulless and lifeless versification that so frequently passes among us for "Canadian Poetry," a material wanting alike in depth of feeling and patriotic fervor, and of which it can be said as of the gelid beauty of Tennyson's "Maud". "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection. no more."

I feel certain I am not exposing myself to the fate that is said to await the modern prophet, when I make bold to affirm that by far the greater portion of the carefully scanned verbal inertia--it is little more--that has won such brilliant but short-lived fame for so many of our Canadian bards, will be forgotten five years hence--nay, some of it, almost still-born, has already slipped from public memory--while the warm and natural poems of Dr Drummond will be universally remembered and quoted by the people they will have done so much to unite and humanize

HER MAJESTY THE KING.

The estimable editor of *The Pilot*, that eldest and most reliable of Catholic weekly newspapers, is no stranger to the reading public. Brilliant and discreet as a journalist ; dramatic and impassioned or humorous and satirical as a poet ; faithful and painstaking as a biographer, witness his most readable "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly," the palatable fruit of a long companionship with the illustrious subject, one of the most philosophic and sympathetic of Irish poets, and the direct result of a similiarity of tastes, a closeness and unity of occupation, an amiable intimacy between two scholars, a fraternal loyalty that reflected credit on both--in all those different provinces of letters, Mr. James Jeffrey Roche has many substantial claims on the admiration of every lover of good literature. In the volume to hand--"Her Majesty the King," (Richard G. Badger & Co, Boston)--Mr Roche appears as a satirist in prose of the shams and foibles of his day and country. The book makes exceptionally suggestive reading for the rising generation of that most energetic of nations, the Yankees. Every paragraph bespeaks the keen mind of its author, and each chapter contains sufficient wit to furnish the stock in trade of a less sparkling writer. The pictorial illustrations are carefully and well

executed throughout. Ridicule, Lord Shaftsbury declared, is the test of truth, meaning thereby, I take it, that the truth that could not silence a jest by the sheer force of its own nobility, was not worthy of the name. His lordship was right, I venture to think ; because, to paraphrase Byron, when fools are the theme, satire should be the song. Be it distinctly understood that all who diverge from rectitude are fools, though they may manage to keep out of Beauport Asylum

Mr Roche has been called a humorist, but people who are accustomed to draw a nice distinction between humor and wit, will, I venture to think, credit him with a great deal more of the latter than of the former. Indeed, I have found myself more than once wishing, while reading his book, for somewhat more humor in it and somewhat less wit ; but I should explain that I have only an indifferent desire for satire, finding therein, as a rule (to which "Her Majesty the King" is an exception) too much of the goat and too little of the man ; and I dislike "smart" writing in general, believing it to be far too volatile to serve a permanent use. That Mr Roche's book satisfies such an unsympathetic disposition is, perhaps, its strongest recommendation.

I am strongly averse to that study of literature which consists in reading about books rather than in reading the books themselves. In order to enjoy this book it must be purchased and read, extracts would only impair the edge of an appetite that should be keen to do justice to the array of good things spread out between its covers. This satire, unlike the majority of such productions, does not seek applause through fear, as it deals more with systems than personalities, which happy spirit renders it almost incapable of causing the better laughter which Whipple affirmed this sort of composition creates, and of the mirth the same eloquent critic pronounced to be that of fiends, and renders its wit anything but the gleam and glare of the infernal. "Satire", said Dean Swift, furnishing at the same time a sample of the article he defined, "is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world." Mr Roche laughs *with* men far more than *at* them, and the method he employs is that of a master of

the art ; the light and sudden touch that wounds while scarcely felt or seen.

THE GROUNDWORK OF SCIENCE.

This work by the well-know Eglish Catholic man of science, Dr. St. George Mivert (G. P. Putnam & Sons) is a masterly synopsis of physical science. The subjects he treats of have been life-long studies with him, and his method of exposition is peculiar to his calling as a professional student of nature. He tells us quite plainly in his preface, for example, that it has been his constant care to be impartial, and, above all, to allow no consideration not purely scientific—no anticipation as to possible consequences—to influence him in the conclusions which his judgment has led him to form. This statement is explicit, and even suggestive of the challenge. I ven re to think it is the one proper spirit in which the exposition of natural science should ever be approached. Here nothing must be taken for granted, the veracity of things must be tenaciously held, and appearances must be pierced to reach the reality behind. As the author affirms, his whole appeal, and the appeal of every man of science for the matter of that, should be to the dry light of reason, and to that alone, I can heartily agree with him, too, when he adds, that so to act as to allow any kind of prejudice, any non-scientific consideration to influence him in such a task as an endeavor to investigate the groundwork of science, would be both treason to science and a betrayal of the cause of philosophy. Science is the systematic classification of experience, and it deals exclusively with things as they are in themselves. It has no appeal to the emotions which it leaves to poetry : it sees signs ; imagination the thing signified. It is as Dr. Holmes expresses it, "a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber if he has common-sense on the ground floor. But if a man hasn't got plenty of common-sense, the more science he has the worst for his patient". Dr. Mivart's "ground floor" is, on the whole, well equipped with the proper article, and in general—to follow out Holme's figure—his patient may rest perfectly reassured under his skilful manipulation.

That the book does not furnish reading as light and easy as a novel by Ouida, might be guessed from its title. On the contrary,

it calls for an almost painful concentration of attention and an extended application ; although in style and arrangement the author has done seemingly all that can be done to save the reader from labor. He has a nervous, brilliant literary style and solid erudition. Each subject discussed in this book is illustrated by a wide variety of references and analogies, whence we may form an idea of the extensive reading and attainments of the author. The volume presents one of the best and most comprehensive views of the broad plain of modern science ever published. Regarded as a "little book on a great subject," it merits high ecomium. It was not to be expected that in dealing with such really controversial subjects as some of the assumed "certainties" of modern science, in the manner Dr. Mivart deals with them, more than one statement would not be made out of harmony with some one or another of the reader's convictions or predilections, and the thesis is well calculated to engender intelligent discussion.

No educated person in the evening of the nineteenth century worships science as a savage his fetish, and when such worship happens it is among the class with whom, as Pope has so pointedly said : "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Scholars have learned to take science for what it is worth, like street-corner stories, to compare the great with the small. They are right. Much of our science is science falsely so called, and the best of it is not calculated to awaken superstitious awe among people who reverence justice and truth. Etymologically speaking, science simply means knowledge, and the man of science is the man *who knows*—it signifies nothing more. A hod-carrier and a boot-black are men of science in this particular sense. But the word has within modern time been given a special signification, and when we speak of a man of science, we mean something more than this ; and the man of science would resent this definition as degrading, and justly so. A man who knows a science or a trade, empirically is a very different man from one who knows it from a thorough acquaintance with its theory and the reason why. Nevertheless, the proud professor of physical science, has merely this advantage that at almost every stage he can prove himself right by experiment ; and science in the mouth of ninety-nine people out of a hundred—the proportion is very likely still

larger—is used as a synonym for physics. A subject is treated scientifically whenever the *modus operandi* is also studied, and the student proceeds from one law to another, and works entirely by law, and not by rule of thumb. In physical science something more is required, and that is that every law is provable by tangible, visible demonstration, nothing is assumed; and until the law can be *proved* it is no law, but a hypothesis, and however long the true man of science has to wait, not until he has so proved it in all its essentials does the hypothesis change into the law. All things must be tested, proved, and their truth held fast. To treat a subject scientifically you must proceed from certitude to certitude, there must be no guesses; every step must be founded on a past certitude, and be the imperative outcome of what has gone before.

It was possibly, nay probably, some such train of reasoning that led Dr. Mivart to state in his preface that he was going to be swayed by scientific reasoning and scientific reasoning to the exclusion of all other considerations. As a humble student of his principal works, I owe Dr. Mivart too much to hesitate for an instant in testifying to his honesty and worth. In fact, I might well say of him what Lyly said of Lord Burleigh: "This gentleman I found so ready, being but a stranger [to science], to do me good, that neither I ought to forget him neither cease to pray for him".

Now, I desire to ask a question. What is there, I may be permitted to inquire, in the boasted scientific method, except common sense—a whimsical expression for a sort of sense by no means common—and ordinary logic, applied to physical problems? Dr. Mivart would, very probably, reply that the scientific method is nothing but common sense and ordinary logic applied to physical considerations, and differs in no way from the reasoning of the lawyer, the doctor and the man of business. The method of science then, is to interrogate matter by analysis and experiment, and to call ascertained results, *facts*; and a series of sequential facts, *laws*; and to call a certain something which it cannot analyze or experiment upon, but which yet seems necessary to account for the phenomena, the *theory*. But very frequently we find a theory substituted for a law, and whenever this happens we have false science. Evolution, for example, is no better than a theory, yet it has been so represented, not so much by its inventor, however, as

by his disciples, as to seem to very many a fixed law. All that can be said of people who write and speak of a theory as a law is that they are advocating false science and misleading all who trust in them. A theory, be it remembered, is frequently as weak and unfixed as "the spider's web that floats on air," and the most plausible of them should not be compared with a law.

In the book before me the difference between all the great laws and all the great theories is widely marked, and the instances where this demarkation is not strictly and accurately carried out are so unimportant that the danger of misconception they produce is not great. This is precisely what the author's high reputation for care and veracity in exposition would lead me to expect, and while employed in this manner there are few contrivances so innocent and conducive to the rapid amassing of useful knowledge than the method of science. It is well not to forget, though, that as with natural science so in an exactly analogous way the theologian, the moralist, and the practical man bases on the text of evidence and experience his faith, his rule of life, and the conduct of his business. Men of science frequently display a more than slightly comical repugnance to admit that their method is applied anywhere or by anyone outside of natural science and its devotees; when it is a fact that all mankind have been using the scientific method ever since the first man felt hungry, and found that eating removed his hunger and repeated the process whenever occasion required. Science is more than a synonym for physics, and its method is of very general application. The want of appreciation so generally displayed by men of science to other callings and methods reminds one of the "potter detests potter," saying of Aristotle. The man who cannot see logical deductions, who cannot and will not see the common-sense, syllogistic sequence of facts, is the man we call a fool, and there can be fools in science, using the term in the mutilated sense to which it is now so commonly narrowed, as well as in any other walk in life. Furthermore, in proportion to the small aggregate number of scientific men, I should be almost disposed to think there is a greater percentage in that class than in any other.

In a time when all secrets are at length supposed—only supposed—to be laid bare before man's microscopic understanding,

all superstitions exploded, all mysteries explained ; when the universe emptied of ancient awe seems no longer venerable, and all this by the power of the Circe-wand of Physical Science, it is not surprising that persons whose minds are not of the most robust order sometimes mistake Sensuous Inquiry and Discovery for the breathing embodiment of the Deity. The truth is Physical Science is no more exalted or systematically complete than it has been rendered by the limited human intelligence of man developing knowledge of the manifold phenomena of nature, discerning its separate laws and the harmonies and correlations of these laws, and doing all this in a slow, tentative, and often uncertain manner.

Modern science is not more than three hundred years old. For several thousands of years humanity contrived to do some very startling things without it, and the greatest names that our race has produced, or ever will produce, lived and died with the faintest possible notions of the material world. Up to three hundred years ago, what stood for science was half silliness and half knavery, but about that time men began to see that if they must learn anything accurate about the physical world, they must use the common sense and common logic which they employed in every other department of life. Beginning with the humble and true assumption that almost nothing was known, they began to weigh, to gauge, analyse, and proceeding from one established demonstrable certitude to another, gradually built up the various physical sciences which have culminated in the telegraph and electrical apparatus, the steam engine, the spectroscope, and I know not what else of the present day.

I repeat it, all that modern science has done has been to apply natural logic to the examination of physical nature in a systematic manner ; in all other domains of thought mankind has been applying it since Adam had to toil for his living. One does not wonder at the great cleverness of modern men of science in employing this system, but rather that their predecessors should have neglected it so long. Much of our boasted knowledge is the mere knowledge of mere matter. Science, in the language of our age, means and means only, the understanding of what is obvious to sense. In this science and its success consists the greatness of our age : its little-

ness consists in its ignorance of the soul, its rationalism : it is an age of material progress and spiritual decline, and the thinkers of our time are almost all materialists. Yet, material knowledge does not satisfy our minds, the intellect is insatiable, and the only hope of rest is to seek after and find supernatural light. The instinct of Catholicism alone can furnish the key to the soul-satisfying philosophy.

I do not forget our debt to physical science. It has done much in cleaning our minds of chimera, in popularizing more systematic thinking, and in instituting sounder methods of observation. In some directions it has deepened our sense of wonder. It has broadened our conception of the universe, but, I fear, it has been at the expense of narrowing our conception of man. With Hamlet it contemptuously says, "What is this quintessence of dust!" Now, this arrogant assumption is so egregiously wrong that it detracts seriously from all the good engendered by materialistic experiment. It cannot too often be insisted, I venture to hold, that whatever uncertainties there be, man has one certainty—himself. Science has really adduced nothing essential against his significance. True science never can. As James Thomson, my favorite poet, says :

"Man superior walks amid the glad creation, musing praise and looking lively gratitude."

That he is not as big as an Alp, as heavy as a star, or as long-lived as an eagle, is nothing against his proper importance. It is La Fontain's fable of the Mountain and Squirrel over again. Man's importance in life, it is beneficial to recollect, rests upon the ethical bases of human responsibility.

To sum up, with natural science in its proper place I have no quarrel, but I protest against natural science, or any other human contrivance, being set on high and adored like a pagan goddess. I also hold, the professor of a natural science possesses, of necessity, no qualifications specially entitling him to speak on any other subject than the science he professes. This must be understood as another way for saying that it is not right to make science a substitute for theology, morals, metaphysics and education. A man well versed in physics may be as ignorant as an Eskimo otherwise. As to Dr. Mivart's book, I believe children should not be

allowed to handle edged tools. This book may be a source of danger to some people, the ignorant and the inexperienced. The remark applies with at least equal force to the Bible itself, and, if my memory serves, St. Paul has voiced some trenchant utterances concerning this very point. But the student who has to any extent studied himself, his relations to his Creator and to society, nature and art, in a Christian atmosphere, has, so far as his faith and morals are concerned, as little to dread from this work and as much useful knowledge to gain from it as a Sparks Street shop-keeper from a directory of the City of Ottawa.



THE NEW SCIENCE HALL.

The science department of the University has of late grown to such proportions that the accommodations afforded at present have been found altogether inadequate. The study of the natural sciences has always formed an important part of our curriculum. Botany, zoology, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, physiology, astronomy, and physics, are taught successively. The three last are reserved for the two higher forms, and the study of physics extends over a course of two years. Of all these branches a diligent student may acquire a thorough grasp. He has at his disposal all the appliances necessary in scientific research, and furthermore he is allowed great freedom in the way of excursions for scientific purposes.

The new building which the authorities purpose erecting in the early spring, for the exclusive benefit of the science classes, will give, we think, a greater stimulus to this study. A wider field will be opened up for those who desire to prosecute scientific studies solely, and the students of the regular course will be enabled to derive considerably greater profit from the necessarily limited time already allotted to this branch of knowledge.

Neither pains nor cost will be spared to make the new hall an

entirely up-to-date building, and one fully adapted to meet all requirements. It will be built of solid, cut limestone, with a frontage of 85 feet, and a depth of 95 feet. On the first floor will be found the Museum. Quite recently a most important addition has been made to our already valuable Museum. The new portion is valued at \$30,000, and is the gift of Rev. Father Arnaud, O.M.I., who has devoted a lifetime to the collection of the various animals and curiosities of which it is composed. On the second floor will be situated the Physical Laboratory, which will comprise within its limits the Science Lecture Hall. The lecture room will be placed at the disposal of the Students' Scientific Society for their semi-monthly *séances*, and also at the services of the various scientific societies of the city. The third story will contain the Chemical Laboratory. The whole will be surmounted by an observatory, that will rear its head high above the surrounding buildings, and will thus enable the young astronomers to study unhindered the celestial bodies.

The new Science Hall is an evidence of the faculty's desire to afford the students of this institution exceptional opportunities of obtaining a complete mastery of any particular science for those that wish to become specialists, and of acquiring a general grasp of the whole group of physical sciences for those that wish to embrace a more general course of studies. The students, on their part, fully appreciate the great sacrifice made by the University Council of Administration in thus undertaking a work of such magnitude without any assistance from without. We beg to assure our Reverend Superiors that we will repay their spirit of self-sacrifice by profiting to the utmost of our present and future opportunities in respect of Physical Science.



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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One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cents. Advertising rates on application. Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT.

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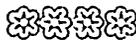
JANUARY, 1899.

No. 5

AMBITION.

Every student worthy of the name should be ever fired by ambition. Not that he should be animated by the "low ambition and thirst of praise" so characteristic of vain and shallow minds; nor again, by the "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself," the curse of intellectual pride. But the true student should cherish that noble ambition, synonymous with duty, which does not so much point out such and such public positions and offices as objects of ardent and unceasing pursuit, but which inspires one so to develop himself physically, intellectually, morally, that, on his entrance into public life, offices of trust will naturally seek him. Thus, the student, animated and guided by true ambition, will ever deem it his bounden duty to profit by the means at his command of developing his physical faculties—foot-ball, base-ball, hockey, gymnastic exercises of all kinds. He will embrace with eagerness the exceptional facilities for moral improvement in College life—to form, especially, a right conscience that may be

for him throughout his future public career, a perennial source of light and comfort and strength. He will, moreover, make the most of the signal opportunities he enjoys of developing his intellectual faculties. He will diligently store his mind with all the good, the true, the beautiful and the useful to be harvested from the fields of art and science and literature. He will strive to master that queenly science, Philosophy, so necessary for the perfect development of the intelligence and for the right ordering of the reason. He will strenuously endeavor to acquire that queenly art, the literary and oratorical art, of expressing his thoughts so as to have power on his fellow-man. He will cultivate then, to the highest degree, but with due regard to their natural hierarchy, the faculties that combine to produce every literary emanation—intelligence, will, imagination, sensibility. He will, over and above, cultivate the special requisites of the orator as distinguished from the writer—presence of mind, self control and ease before audiences, distinct pronounciation, facial expression and graceful gesture, all of which are to be acquired by frequent participation in the plays and by frequent speech in the debates and lectures of the various student societies. For this is true ambition, Self-perfection. He that conceives this truly, and makes it his guiding thought, will be ready whenever a grand occasion presents itself and he will rise to the level of the occasion. And of one more, will it be said in the day of his success, "That man sought not the office; the office sought the man."



Editorial Notes.

The Hon. Edward Blake deserves unstinted praise for his untiring and self-sacrificing efforts to restore union to the much-divided Irish Parliamentary Party. In a masterly speech delivered at Glasgow, on Dec. 13, Mr. Blake made the following powerful appeal for unity :

“Unity was essential to show they were a power to be reckoned with, and that once again Ireland blocked the way. * * * Close up the ranks and stand to the guns was the motto. Solidarity and a determination to keep aloft the standard of Irish Nationality, the polling of every single vote for one cause, was the way in which this much desired freedom was to be achieved. There were no differences of policy. There must be no discriminations, condemnations, or recantations asked. The past must be buried, and the future must alone be regarded. They must accept the honesty of intention of those who had divided from them, and they were to be asked to accept their honesty of intentions. There must be give and take on all questions of tact, which was nine-tenths of politics. The bitter experience of the last few years must be forgotten, and the work done in the good old days when they were united must be remembered, and they must become as brothers once more.”

* * *

Bishop Hanlon, of Uganda, in his latest annual mission report gives some very gratifying and interesting statistics concerning the progress of Catholicity in darkest Africa. Within a few years there have been 1,970 converts, and there are at present 6,950 catechumens under instruction. During the past year the progress has been especially great; 578 adults and 225 infants have received baptism; 588 candidates confirmed, and 30 marriages celebrated, while the school attendance is 167.

* * *

It is with great pleasure that we note the success of the Oblate students in the Gregorian University at Rome, during the past year. From *The Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate*, we learn that six of them obtained the degree of D.D.; ten, that of L.Th., and five that of B.Th. Three of them were equally entitled to the second prize in Holy Scripture, two were also equal for the second in Dogma, morning class. In the

first year, one was awarded first prize in Dogmatic Theology ; and another, second, morning class, while, in the afternoon class we find the same. The prizes in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic and Archæology were also captured by Oblates, and in Church History two obtained second prize.

In the faculty of Philosophy we find equally gratifying results. One young Oblate obtained the degree of Ph. D.; five that of L. Ph., and eight that of B.Ph. The successful candidate for Ph.D. also obtained second prize in the third year's Metaphysics and Ethics. The second prize in Chemistry was awarded to an Oblate student, as was also the first in Physics, while the first and second premiums for Logic with General Metaphysics, fell into the hands of members of the same order. The recipient of the first prize in Logic was also second in Elementary Mathematics.

To all the successful students *The Review* offers its sincere congratulations.

* * *

Count Ballestrem, the recently elected President of the German Reichstag, is a Roman Catholic. The Vice-President is also a member of the same church. A German Liberal non-Catholic journal commenting upon this says: "Any one who would have predicted twenty-five years ago that Count Ballestrem, the combative member of the Centre party on whom Pius IX had just bestowed the dignity of Private Chamberlain, would one day sit in the presidential chair that had been filled by a Simpson or a Forekenbeck, would have been regarded either as a lunatic or as an enemy of the Empire."

* * *

According to *The English Catholic Directory* for 1898, the Catholic population of the United Kingdom is as follows: England, 1,500,000; Scotland, 365,000; Ireland (according to the census of 1891) 3,549,956. Including British America, Australia, India, and all the other colonial possessions of Great Britain the total Catholic population is about ten millions and a half.

There are 31 Catholic peers, 18 Catholic lords who are not peers, 55 Catholic baronets, 19 Catholic members of the Privy Council, 3 Catholic members of the House of Commons for England and 69 for Ireland.

The Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, recently delivered a lecture at Maynooth College, on the progress of the Catholic Church in Australia. In the course of his remarks he said :—" The light of Irish faith was the first to shed its glory on that land ; Irish missionaries were the first to teach on its shores the truths once delivered to the saints; and Irish martyrs in will and endurance, if not in actual consummation, were the first to sanctify the soil by their sufferings and their heroism..... Irish priests, as well as laymen, have been scattered throughout the world by the cruel policy of England, but in this we can clearly discern the hand of Providence. That the mission of Ireland is to carry the light of the Gospel into foreign lands, seems beyond any reasonable doubt. In the present instance we have another proof of this. Previous to the year 1798, the little flock of Irish Catholic exiles who dwelt in penal servitude on the island, had no one to minister to their spiritual wants. It was even a crime, according to English law, for a priest to set foot on Australian shores. But the rebellion which broke out in that memorable year, was indirectly the means which gave to these transplanted Gaels the services of the ministers of their holy religion. In that year three Irish priests, Rev. Fathers Harold, Dixon and O'Neill were charged with complicity in the revolt and sentenced to banishment in Australia, where they arrived in 1800. The chief charges against Father Dixon were the singing of a song in which were the words 'Hurrah for the Shamrock and Erin-go-Bragh,' and the wearing of a badge with the inscription 'Erin-go-Bragh.' When the exiled priests arrived in Australia they were forbidden by law to exercise their sacred office. Later on they were granted conditional emancipation and thus began the good work in Australia."

*
* *

We have just received a copy of the annual school report of St. Joseph's College, Colombo, Ceylon, which is conducted by the Oblate Fathers. The number of students in attendance is now 241 in the College, and 310 in St. Charles' School, in all 551, which is considerably more than last year's number. The College began the third year of its existence on the 2nd of last March. Judging from the large attendance and the rapid progress made during the

past year, we can safely predict a brilliant future for our sister institution in far off Ceylon.

* * *

A pleasing incident showing the wonderful mental alertness of Pope Leo XIII, is related in *La Croix*, and reprinted in *The Antigonish Casket* from which we quote the following: "Last month Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, made his visit *ad limina*. He was fairly astonished to find the Holy Father so vigorous, and expressed the hope that he would live to see his hundredth year. "Oh," replied the Pope, smiling, "among my three hundred and sixty-three predecessors only one has lived to so advanced an age." (Gregory IX.) "*Unus, ne desperes*—One, despair not," said the Bishop. "*Unus, ne confidas*—One, presume not," rejoined the Pope, completing the text of St. Augustine."

* * *

By request, we insert the following news-notice which may be of interest to many of our readers.

This year the second series of lectures of the Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard, is to be delivered by Monsieur Edouard Röd. His theme will be the "History of French Dramatic Poetry, to be treated in eight lectures, under the following dates and subjects:

1. "The Origin of the Tragedy," Wednesday, March 1.
2. "The Struggle between the Regular and the Irregular Drama, The *Cid*." Friday, March 3.
3. "The Triumph of the Regular Drama. *Britannicus*." Monday, March 6.
4. "The Religious Drama. *Athalie*." Wednesday, March 8.
5. "Shakespeare in France." Friday, March 10.
6. "The Romantic Drama. *Chatterton*." Monday March 13.
7. "The Classical Reaction. *Lucia*." Wednesday, March 15.
8. "Contemporaneous Dramatic Poetry. *Cyrano de Bergerac*." Friday, March 17.

The following sketch of the life and works of Monsieur Röd may prove interesting reading to those who will hear him lecture at Harvard or at some other of our great University centres; for he has been invited by many of our colleges and other organizations, and for instance: Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, Worcester, French Club, Smith College, Adelphi College and Packer Institute of Brooklyn, the French Club of Chicago, Williams, Vassar, University of Pennsylvania, and many others, to so extend his visit that they may have the privilege of hearing him.

Edward Röd was born at Nyon, near Geneva, in 1857. After excellent studies in classical philology in Switzerland and in Germany,

he made his first appearance in French literature in 1879 by a pamphlet entitled, "Apropos de l'Assommoir," in which he warmly and ably took the part of M. Emile Zola, who was violently attacked at the same time. This was followed by several novels, among them being such works as "Les Allemands à Paris" (1880); "Palmyra Veulard" (1881); "La Chute de Miss Topsy" (1882); "Les Protestants: côte à côte" (1882); "L'Autopsie du docteur Z" (1884); and "La Femme d'Henri Vanneau" (1884)—but by none of these was the true personality of the young writer disclosed. The earliest book to really assert the ability of M. Rôd was "La Course à la Mort" (1885). At the time of the publication of this book, which was then much talked of, M. Rôd was a contributor to several papers and magazines; besides which he had founded, with the assistance of a few young men of his own age, "La Revue Contemporaine," which became the most important of the small magazines of the period. Shortly thereafter he was appointed Professor of Foreign Literature at the University of Geneva, and was soon given charge there of the instruction in French also. While fulfilling his functions as Professor with distinction M. Rôd did not slacken his literary activity. As a critic he published an interesting volume of "Etudes sur le XIX Siècle," "de la littérature comparée" and "les Idées Morales du temps présent"—the last named work proving the signal for a complete intellectual movement. As a novelist he wrote in 1886 "Titiana Leilof" and in 1888 "le Sens de la Vie," (a moral sequel to "La Course à la Mort") which was crowned by the French Academy and won for its author the Cross of the Legion of Honour. His versatility is remarkable, for with apparently equal ease he produced such biographical works as "Stendhal" and "Lamartine;" criticisms like "Nouvelles études sur le XIX Siècle" and such novels as "Le Sacrifice." His "Essais sur Goethe" also call for particular attention as another instance of his talent, as does his translation from the Italian of "Les Malavoglia" de Verga." Among the novels which contributed much to establish his reputation are "Les Trois Cœurs;" "Scènes de la Vie Cosmopolite;" "La Vie privée de Michel Tessier" (which was so successfully dramatized; and "La Seconde Vie de Michel Tessier." His "le Silence;" "Les Roches Blanches;" "Dernier Refuge;" "La Haut;" "Le Ménage du Pasteur Naudie;" "L'Innocente" and "Scènes de la vie Suisse" finally placed him, during the course of later years, in the front rank of contemporaneous writers.

Following Monsieur Rôd the Cercle expects Monsieur Paul Bourget, the famous French Academician, to lecture in 1900.

Anyone desiring to attend the lectures of M. Rôd at Harvard can obtain tickets and any information desired from the President of the Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard, Cambridge, Mass.

Events of the Month.

By D. McTIGHE.

United States
Expansion.

Even victory has its penances. Man seldom accomplishes anything without finding himself confronted by new conditions which perplex and disturb him. Our neighboring Republic, after its successful war against Spain, and after its still more successful course in the peace negotiations, is now experiencing the force of this observation with evident irritation. The treaty of peace, by which Spain cedes to the United States the islands of Porto Rico and the Philippines, imposes upon the Senate the task of disposing of these islands in such a way as to be in keeping with the spirit of the American government and at the same time meet the approval of the inhabitants of the islands. However, a solution which will meet this dual requirement, is scarcely possible. The Philipinos are bent on making trouble, as they have the bee of independence buzzing in their ears so loudly that it drowns the voice of common sense. As soon as the United States decides to keep the islands—which will hardly be questioned by anyone conversant with the prevailing spirit in the nation—an outbreak may be looked for. It is desirable that this should be avoided, and hardly anyone desires it more sincerely than the United States Senate. The latter can fully realize that in a conflict between the ragged, half-disciplined troops of the islands and the American soldiers, there would be no alternative but the utter extermination of the natives. Nevertheless there is nothing visible on the political horizon which warrants the hope that a clash may be averted. The United States appears to consider itself in duty bound to annex the islands. There are several good reasons why it should hold this opinion. Spain has ceded the islands as indemnity for the expense of war, getting a bonus of \$20,000,000. Since then, Spain cedes its sovereignty over the islands, the question for the Senate to settle is, "What shall be done with them?" The opponents of annexation propose that an independent government be given them and that they be left to their own fate. This is impracticable. An independent government in the Philippines would be an anomaly. The size of the is-

lands, their surroundings, and the low degree of intelligence among the natives preclude all pretensions to independence. If left to their own fate, their government would be short-lived. It is easy to picture the end of it. There would be a brief period of civil strife, after which, if the government should still exist, it would not be difficult for some greedy European power that covets the richness of the islands, to pick a quarrel with it, subdue it and absorb the territory. Thus the United States would be not even generous, much less just, to the Philippines. A change involving only the transfer of allegiance from one European power to another would not benefit them, because none of the European powers, probably, would treat the natives as equitably as the United States. From the Philippines' standpoint it is decidedly to their advantage to be annexed to the United States, to enjoy the protection of that nation and to gain the uplifting influence of its predominance. And from the standpoint of the Republic, it is also to its advantage to keep the Philippines. The Americans would be ruthlessly throwing away golden opportunities by surrendering the islands. Commercial supremacy is the aim of every country. Anything which will contribute to the accomplishment of this is not to be despised, and it would be absurd to expect any nation to reject such a profitable addition to its commerce as the Philippines will provide. The islands in the past, in the face of discouraging conditions, and with only meagre development, have yielded Spain a large annual revenue. This will not be lost to the Americans, and it will not be all. The entire archipelago admits of a high state of cultivation, and with skill and enterprise bent to this end, its productiveness may be easily doubled. These advantages are not counterbalanced by any disadvantageous results. The United States is large and resourceful enough to provide a stable government for all its possessions. True, this will require some expense at the outset, but after a few years it will be borne without additional burdens on the people. However, there are many citizens opposed to annexation on constitutional grounds. This opposition numbers among its supporters some of the leaders of the Senate, who are making a strong fight against the ratification of the treaty. They hold to the opinion that it is unconstitutional to acquire other than contiguous territory. But there is very little weight in this argument.

Some of the Senators themselves have shown the inconsistency of it by voting recently to annex the Hawaiian islands. The opinion is also held—and in this is contained perhaps the best reason against annexation—that the new responsibilities will necessitate an increase in the army and navy. If this is proposed it will meet with an opposition much stronger than that brought to bear upon annexation, which will actually divert the question from one of acquiring new possessions and make it a trial of strength between capital and labor. Militarism is repugnant to Republican principles. Its autocratic nature and its dangerous power under unscrupulous leaders are alike abhorred. It is especially odious when there is the probability of widening the breach between the producing and employing classes. This is not a mere theory. It is an actual condition, confronting the American people, which accounts in a large measure for the doubt and hesitancy at present characterizing the attitude of the Senate on the ratification of the treaty. The capitalistic class would not hesitate to use its influence to increase the army under the pretext of "new responsibilities." But if the attempt were made the masses of the people would rise as a unit against it. With these various matters to consider, the Senate has a difficult task before it. The disposition of the Philippines is the most important subject of legislation since the days when slavery agitated the mind and heart of the nation.

Yellow Journalism. Of all nineteenth-century enterprises, that have contributed so much to the general and particular progress of the world, perhaps none is being perverted to such base uses as that of newspaper publishing. It is appalling to reflect on the infinite unscrupulousness with which the most extensively read newspapers in all the large cities on the continent cater to the lowest senses of their readers by providing that species of passion-food called "Yellow Journalism." This term is very expressive, but sadly out of joint. We are sure journalism was never intended to be qualified by such an adjective as "yellow." Journalism should be, as it once was, an honorable, influential, intellectual vocation, disdaining the greed for remuneration that leads it away from the ideal. When newspapers cease to inform the mind with truthful descriptions of current happenings, they are no longer deserving of patronage. When they fail

to improve the taste by neglecting the good and beautiful and by giving undue prominence to crime, thereby degrading human nature, they call for unreserved condemnation. There are many papers falling into this perverted course—too many, in fact, and they are not meeting with the condemnation they merit. On the contrary they seem to thrive, while those with nobler aims go to the wall. This, too, in the face of the fact that, for one or two cents, they give a quantity of diet that is astonishing. Some Canadian papers, having adopted the "yellow streak," have been offending the public taste so noticeably of late, that Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, has made an effort to check the evil. About the first of the year he addressed a letter to the newspapers of that city, calling attention to the moral danger of sensational papers, and making an appeal for the modification of their tone. Among other things he puts forth a good argument to combat the claim that is usually presented by the publishers of these papers as an excuse for their existence. "I know," says he, "the objection, the only objection, no doubt, that can be raised against my appeal and my prayer; nowadays the readers like such reports and such pictures, they ask for them, they want them. A reason more why they should be absolutely refused. The evil is already great enough; it must not be increased, it must be stopped. Otherwise that perverse curiosity will become more and more insatiable, it will soon exact shameless scandals. If a son were to ask poison from his father, would the latter give it to him? Do not daily distribute to your readers the poison they crave." The conditions that have forced "yellow journalism" upon us are not excusable by any plausible reason. They are traceable to the effects of transferring the management and conduct of papers from the editorial room to the business counter. This has made the newspaper a business, and one of a very low kind. Of course this does not apply to those journals that are conducted on sound principles. And we would like it to be understood that whatever we might say condemnatory of sensational papers, would only emphasize our hearty approval of those which aim to instruct and uplift. These are among the blessings of our higher civilization, while the "yellow" kind are a plague, morally and intellectually, and a detriment to society.

Obituary.

CHARLES O'GARA, '01. AGED 18 YEARS.

Since our last issue the Angel of Death has visited the home of one of our fellow-students and deprived us of him forever. Little did we think on the 23rd ult. when we bid one another *au revoir* and quitted college to spend the happy days of Christmas-tide with our dear ones at home, that we were parting with one of our companions for the last time and that our farewell words were being spoken to one who before our return would be numbered among the dead. Such were too painful a reflection. Yet on the re-opening on the 7th inst., the sad news was awaiting us that Charles O'Gara, '01, had died on Thursday evening, Jan. 5th, at his father's residence in Ottawa East.

The late Charles O'Gara was a son of Mr. Martin O'Gara, Q. C. LL.D., a prominent Ottawa lawyer and a member of the Faculty of Law of this University. He received his elementary education at St. Patrick's School in this city, and commenced his classical studies under the Jesuits at St. Mary's College, Montreal. At the beginning of the present scholastic year he entered Ottawa University and was admitted to the Fifth Form. An earnest and conscientious student, a fervent Christian, and a perfect gentleman he soon endeared himself to all his masters, teachers and fellow-students. While here he was never seriously indisposed, but was troubled with kidney disease, which was the cause of his death. That his last hours were most edifying is a great consolation to us. During his short illness he had little thought that his death was near at hand. In the forenoon of the day on which he died he was visited by Rev. Father Nilles, O.M. I., but was not then prepared for confession. Later in the day his illness took a sudden turn for the worse and the priest was sent for immediately. Fear and despair seemed to take possession of him as he thought that he might die without receiving the last sacraments. But God was too good to allow so devoted a servant to die without the comforts of religion. When the priest arrived the dying boy burst forth in a prayer of thanksgiving, made his

confession, was anointed, received the holy viaticum, and shortly after, surrounded by his parents and relatives died a most happy death. To the members of the bereaved family THE REVIEW tenders the sincerest sympathy of the faculty and students. They can judge of our sorrow only by comparing it to their own. *Requiescat in pace.*

JOHN McDougall, ex. '99.

To the list of our departed college friends it is also our painful duty to add the name of Mr. John McDougall, ex '99, whose death took place on Dec. 25th. Deceased was an Ottawa boy and the youngest son of ex-mayor McDougall. During the two years that he spent with us, his genial and kindly temperament won him hosts of friends, while his many accomplishments made him a most entertaining companion. After his departure in 1893 on account of ill health, nothing seemed to delight the students better than a visit from "Jack." His untimely and unexpected death is regretted by all the teachers and students, and the members of the bereaved family have the most heart-felt sympathy of all in the irreparable loss they have sustained. —*Requiescat in pace.*

Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY.

The new year seems to have opened auspiciously for our Exchanges. Judging from the contents for the present month and the numerous and various features promised for the remainder of the year, every reader must admit that their influence will be more beneficial and far-reaching.

In the *Ave Maria* of January 7th, Rev. Dr. Shahan begins a very interesting description of a summer vacation spent in the Maritime Provinces. Here are lands of a romantic and mysterious past described by a writer who has evidently put to use the best of the characteristic gifts of a born traveler—a keen eye, a mind alive to close observation and a memory redentive in picture holding,

and as a consequence he affords us enjoyment while at the same he imparts information about historical places with which many readers are but too little acquainted. "Weighed in the Balance" is a serial commenced in the same number, which all readers will eagerly follow. From the first chapter, the attention is held by the character of the story and the power and charm of the author's style.

Under the title of "What we should read," Rev. T. J. McDonald contributes a seasonable article in the current issue of the *Carmelite Review* in which he offers many valuable suggestions on the choice of good books.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart has a table contents in the January issue arranged to suit the most critical of its large circle of readers. The leading article for the month is entitled "Philadelphia's Catholic Protectory" in which we find a lengthy and readable account of the growth and prosperity of the greatest charitable institution established by the clergy and charitable Catholics of Philadelphia. The subject of "Modern Art in Catholic Churches" receives valuable treatment in the same issue. The Church, ever the zealous protectress and nurse of art has always encouraged painting and sculpture and must be the leader in the revival of religious art. Every consideration favours the church to attain this honor; the choice of subjects is less limited than in Protestant Churches, the faith of Catholics to which these subjects of art appeal is more fervent and the atmosphere of belief which surrounds them is more genuine, in the Catholic Church, the subject is the means to some object appealing to Christian Faith but in the Protestant churches, the subject will be more distinctly chosen as a means to decoration. Again when we consider that our churches are invariably larger and more magnificent buildings than their Protestant rivals, that they stand on a firmer financial basis, that the support of the congregations is more methodical and more effective, we should admit that the decorations in Catholic Churches, should naturally be more impressive and more important. Such is the pith of a contribution that should receive earnest consideration both from the occasional admirer of art and the ardent aesthetic.

One of the most important contributions to the current issue of

Donahoe's Magazine is undoubtedly "Washington's ideals contrasted with those of our day." The writer of this succinct article has the courage of his convictions and makes directly for anything that militates against the principles and ideals of Washington. That the American people have often during the closing quarter of this century been false to the counsels and teaching of the great patriot, that American statesmen have fallen from the standard adhered to by Washington are statements that will startle many readers but the bitter facts to prove these assertions are clearly exposed in this article.

"Market Places of the World" is a well illustrated article in which the writer gives some valuable information about the great depots of supply. In fiction, readers will find in the "Redemption of Tunncliffe" a capital story wherein the author with a clever knowledge of human nature sketches an event in the life of a society man which was happily brought about by the cheerful influences of Christmas-tide.



Of Local Interest.

By W. P. EGLESON.

At the first meeting of the Senior English Debating Society the subject for discussion was: "Resolved that physical culture should be a part of every university curriculum." The affirmative side of the question was upheld by Messrs. J. Farrell and P. Murphy, while the negative was supported by Messrs. F. Burns and J. Burke. The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

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On January 15th it was "Resolved that any extension of the United States beyond its actual boundaries will be detrimental to the best interests of the Republic." Messrs. M. T. Carrigan and W. Martin conducted the debate for the affirmative, and were opposed by Messrs. M. A. Foley and D. J. McTighe. The discussion

was a most spirited one and reflects great credit on those who took part. The judges rendered a decision favorable to the affirmative, a verdict which received the approval of all present.

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On January 22nd, another great question of the day was discussed. It was: "Resolved that the Government's plan of Senate reform should be adopted." The advocates for the affirmative were Messrs. J. F. Breen and E. Mosgrove. They were ably opposed by Messrs. J. A. Meehan and G. Poupore. After a very close and interesting discussion the judges conferred and awarded their decision in favor of the negative.

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The first debate in the French Debating Society took place on Sunday, the 15th inst. The question discussed was: "Resolved that the theatre corrupts morals." The debaters for the affirmative were Messrs. R. Lafond and O. Lachance, for the negative Messrs. J. C. Langlois and R. Lapointe. The result of the vote was a victory for the negative.

"Resolved that it is beneficial to go to the Klondike," was debated on Sunday the 22nd inst. Messrs. E. Laviolette and E. Bouchard argued for the affirmative, and were opposed by Messrs. G. Filliatrault and A. Campeau. Notwithstanding the popular mania for the golden fields of the Klondike, and the arguments of the speakers for affirmative, the members rendered their decision for the negative.

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The first regular meeting of the Scientific Society was held on Saturday, the 14th inst. President Albin occupied the chair and in a brief speech explained the nature and object of the College organization and outlined the programme that would be followed this season. Mr. L. E. O. Payment then delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on "The Moon." Rev. Father Murphy illustrated the principal features described, with limelight views. At the conclusion of the lecture Rev. Father Constantineau, O. M. L., rector, made a few remarks, congratulating the lecturer on his work, and encouraging the members of the Society to profit by the many advantages afforded by such an organization. Rev. Father

Lajeunesse, O. M. I., the director, also addressed a few words of congratulation for the work already done and urged the members to continue in the same manner as they had already begun.

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On Wednesday, January 25th, Mr. P. J. Galvin, '00, delivered an entertaining lecture on "Pascal's Law of Pressure." He accompanied his remarks with various experiments to prove the law, and explained many of the various practical applications of it. Mr. W. P. Egleson, '00, followed in a brief criticism of the lecture.



Book Notices.

By J. M.

PEASANTS IN EXILE.

FROM THE POLISH OF HENRYK SIENKIEWICH

By C. O'Conor-Eccles.

Notre Dame, Indiana : The Ave Maria.

Under the above title there has just been laid before the English speaking people of this country another touching little story from the distinguished pen that wrote "*Quo Vadis*." The name "Peasants in Exile" may indeed give us a fair idea of this simple narrative's general trend, still it is far from indicating the full amount of heart-melting incident that deeply tinges with sorrow its hundred and seventy pages.

A forced departure from one's native land, separation from the old home with its every scene that makes childhood's memories dear, removal from the daily companionship and encouragement of those familiar faces and gentle loves one has long so fondly cherished, must indeed, under all circumstances, bring sharp and lasting sorrow ; but when this breaking of old attachments is followed by bitter disappointment, when it brings in its wake utter misfortune, friendlessness and starvation amid strange scenes and

unfamiliar peoples, then it is that exile, more so even than death itself, is a fitting subject for our tears.

Perhaps in the whole history of the world, no members of the human family have suffered more from this most trying kind of exile than have the honest, simple-hearted peasantry of Poland. Enticed or driven from the greatly cherished homesteads of their ancestors to a far-away land of whose inhabitants they know neither the language nor the customs, these truly valiant people have oft been made the victims of a tyranny not less galling than even the heaviest Russian chains. It is sufferings such as these, it is the almost unremitting trials of a friendless Polish exile and his charming daughter that form the subject of the little story we are now considering.

In the estimation of persons accustomed to the every-day modern novel, "Peasants in Exile," will doubtless prove a most disappointing story. One lays it down with a feeling akin to that which one experiences, on turning away from the newly closed, untimely grave of a much loved friend. Did the story end otherwise it would indeed be more a work of fiction, but it would be less a picture of the stern reality that is daily enacting in our seaport cities. Marysia's gentle, virtuous life, her faith, her love, her patience, certainly demand a happier end than death from hunger, broken-heartedness and exposure; still when we duly ponder the fleeting sham of all earthly joys, we are led to admire the author for leaving his heroine to find in a land of bliss beyond the grave, the happiness that was so persistently denied her in this world of tears.

"Peasants in Exile" contains a lesson and a good one too. It is a solemn warning against what we may call blind emigration. It thoroughly explodes the idea so prevalent among the simple peasantry in many parts of Europe that America is a kind of huge gold-field or an immense garden of Eden where wealth and smiling fields can be had to heart's content for the simple asking. Alas! many a Lorenz and many a Marysia has crossed the Atlantic; others, unfortunately are still coming to meet their quota of homelessness, misery, hunger and death. Let us hope that the little book now under our notice will do its share in staying the headlong rush of blind emigration.

"Peasants in Exile" pleases us by a sweet simplicity throughout; it is, moreover, tinged from beginning to end by the naïve piety that comes so natural to a Polish peasant. The English translation has been well executed—so well indeed that we are confident it will meet with widespread approval. We take pleasure, then, in recommending the book to our readers. It can be had from "The Ave Maria," Notre Dame, Indiana, for seventy-five cents a copy, retail.



Athletics.

For the first time since the addition of hockey to our list of sports, Varsity is not represented in the city league. Owing to the increased number of city teams and the consequent lengthening of the schedule, our players were reluctantly forced to forego the pleasure of a race for championship honors. This season marks the institution of a local league of four teams, captained by Messrs. Bonin, McGlade, Morin and Meehan, respectively; and that no enthusiasm may be lacking, the victors will be tendered a complimentary banquet and a more lasting remembrancer of their prowess in the form of a group photo to each member of the team.

TEAMS.

Bonin,	McGlade,	Morin,	Meehan,
Kennedy,	Duffy,	Sims,	Prevost,
Poupore,	Doyle,	Callaghan,	Cameron,
Nagle,	McDonald,	Smith,	Edge,
Mendl,	Breen,	E. Barclay,	Campeau,
Kelly,	Ebbs,	Costello,	C. Barclay,
J. O'Brien,	Foley,	Lynch,	M. O'Brien.

SCHEDULE.

Jan. 25.. Bonin vs. Meehan.	Jan. 28.. McGlade vs. Morin.
" 29.. Bonin vs. McGlade.	Feb. 1.. Morin vs. Meehan.
Feb. 4.. Morin vs. Bonin.	" 5.. McGlade vs. Meehan.
" 8.. Morin vs. McGlade.	" 11.. Meehan vs. Bonin.
" 12.. Bonin vs. Morin.	" 15.. Meehan vs. McGlade.
" 18.. Bonin vs. McGlade	" 19.. Meehan vs. Morin.

The first match of the series resulted in a win for Bonin by 2 goals to 1. E. Doyle, referee.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

From the Gregorian University, Rome, comes the good news of the signal success of Rev. Bro. W. O'Boyle, O. M. I., '96. In the list of competitors for honors in Dogmatic Theology, morning class, and in Moral Theology, the name of Bro. O'Boyle figures first among the *laudati verbis amplimissis*; while among those of the Academy of St. Thomas, that distinguished themselves, *peculiaris facto periculo*, we find our old fellow-student sharing with two others the third premium. Congratulations, Bro. O'Boyle, for past successes and good wishes galore for increased honors during the present scholastic year.

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Rev. C. C. Delany, has sent us kindly New Year's greetings, accompanied by a welcome cheque for a goodly sum. Father Delaney is stationed at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Burlington, Vt. A clipping from a local paper acquaints us with the highly elaborate program of the Midnight Mass at the Burlington Cathedral. We note with pleasure that the Mass was that grand composition of W. A. Leonard, an old Ottawa student. We return with interest, Rev. Father Delaney's good wishes, and thank him a thousand times for his generous contribution to our cash account.

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From far-away Cape Breton, we have lately received a communication from Rev. J. A. M. Gillis, '95. Father Gillis writes:— "A short time ago, I left West Newfoundland, where for the twelve preceding months I was assisting the Rt. Rev. Dr. MacNeil, Bishop of Nilopolis and Vicar-Apostolic of West Newfoundland. I was recalled by His Lordship Bishop Cameron, of this (Antigonish) diocese and appointed to the curateship of Glace Bay parish. This is a large and important parish, comprising the town of Glace Bay and two large coal mines in the neighborhood. The Catholic population numbers about 2,500 souls. I am therefore quite busy, but will always find time to read the *Ottawa University Review*, when it makes its monthly round." To Rev. Father Gillis we offer our sincerest congratulations on the good work we feel sure he has accomplished in the different missions of Newfoundland, while we wish him a hearty *God speed* on the path marked out by his present duty. We likewise tender Father Gillis a hearty vote of thanks for his generous contribution to "the necessary."