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A RESURRECTION.

(Adapted from the French of Paul Bourget.)



LOWLY and pensively, like one walking in a dream, Florence Marsh, second wife to Chas. Melville, Captain of long standing in the employ of the West Indies Transport Co., was ascending the steep and meandering gravel path that lead to her home, known in the neighborhood as the "Villa of the Roses." The exquisite mansion, built on the summit of a broad cliff, commanded a full view of Chaleur Bay; and though of recent date, it presented an aspect of antiquity owing to the fancifulness of its architecture.

Mrs. Melville was returning from a quaint, yet simple village nestling by the sea shore at the foot of the hill. Thither she had gone on an errand of charity — an aged farm-hand of her husband's large estate having met with a serious accident.

How charming grew the landscape as the mistress of the Rose Villa approached the brow of the hill! But too absorbed in visions of sorrows was her mind to bestow even a glance upon the beauties stretching far and wide before her. She had now reached a spot where oft she was wont to repair on sultry summer afternoons. The place was, indeed, an ideal one! It was "a natural bower of innocence and ease!" A large rock overhung the path where her father, now dead, had had seats hewn out of the living granite. Over

all this a giant pine spread its aged and leafy boughs. Here, a few hundred feet away from her home, she paused a moment, glanced at her leather-encased watch that adorned her wrist, and sat down. Was it to recall to her mind endearing associations of her happy girlhood, or to rest a while? Or again, was it to continue her melancholic train of thoughts? The sequel of this little narrative will tell.

For the first time since she had left the humble cottage of the caretaker of the Melville Farm, did she venture to glance about her to admire the charms of the landscape. From her seat she could see the bay sparkling under the warm golden rays of the sun. Unusually warm, bright and clear was this April day. Directly in front of her, lay the bluish expanse of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At her feet, trees of divers kind and shape, sloping down amphitheatre-like, were fast covering their naked branches with tender leaflets of pale green. The distant meadows of the valley below, had donned their emerald dress. On her left, by way of contrast, lay the rock-bound shores of Gaspé; and on her right, the balsam pine-clad hills of New Brunswick.

How glorious was the day!... An ideal spring morning; one really in harmony with the joy-inspiring feast of Easter. The sun, fast approaching high noon, was covering with glory the forests, the dancing waters of the bay, the many islets with which it is dotted, and the hills swelling their lordly crests in the distance. Though it was but the 23rd of April, sweet odors of yet invisible flowers filled the air. The fairy-like beauty of this lovely spring morning, was enhanced by the chime of a distant bell, mingling its silvery notes with the æolian hymns of nature—it was that of the old village church, gently lording it over the humble cottages of the villagers scattered in the valley below. Sweet was the voice of that belfry, sprinkling the Easter morn air with pious sound. How well did everything harmonize with the universal joy of life everywhere apparent. Glory! Glory! Alleluiah! Verily, Love has vanquished death.

II.

Alas! this love feast of life, in nature and in the Church, in the heavens visible and invisible, was precisely one that hung like a pall over Florence Marsh's head, on this day of universal joy. The

sombre garments which she wore, contrasting with the graces of her comely person, spoke of a deeper mourning within her heart.

Her yet sweet hazel eyes, somewhat dulled by an excessive flow of bitter tears, seemed unable to withstand the brightness of the sun. The pallor of her face seemed to increase, and more melancholic grew her brow as each peal of the bell reached her ear. Why? Four months before, a darling boy, an only son, had been taken away by death, and in her motherly heart, the wound, deep and lasting, bled all the more at the sight of this resurrection of nature which her poor Andrew would see no more. And the bell! Was it not the same sound that had accompanied her child to the grave? Was it not a voice, as one in prayer, taking its flight towards God, that she, in her grief, did neither pray nor could pray any more, since the day He had so pitilessly deprived her of the loving caresses of her beloved boy? This death, almost sudden, of a lad of six, carried away by a disease unknown to the medical science of that remote region, was indeed a crushing blow, a severe trial. Personal circumstances had aggravated the weight of her sorrows. Just a week before the death of her son, Geo. Melville, her husband, had left for a three-months' cruise through southern seas. Precisely at a time when she most needed her husband to share the burden of a grief which was crushing her, he was perhaps thousands of miles away—nay! perhaps entombed in the fathomless ocean. When would he come back to speak those gentle yet strong words of encouragement and recall her to her duty? But what duty? The voice of the church bell, calling the faithful to Easter mass, at which an interior revolt prevented her assisting, spoke plainly of her duty. But determined was she, to go to church no more, she who, before her boy's death would seldom let a day pass without paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Why? God, she fancied in her grief, had been unjust to her. "Surely," she often murmured to herself, "I never deserved such punishment."

If Mrs. Melville, now sitting at a bay-window of her pretty villa, had glanced in the proper direction, she would have perceived, coming up the ribbon-like track winding its way through the forest, from the main road to her very door, a tiny dog cart dragged along by a docile pony. In that same diminutive vehicle, sat two children in deep mourning, a boy of ten and a girl of eight. George and Alice were of Captain Melville's first marriage. The boy was

hardly three years old at the time that the white plague had carried off his mother. When Florence Marsh—such was her maiden name—accepted the proffered hand of George Melville, a quater-cousin, she was influenced more by the affectionate pity she took on the poor motherless children, than by the love she bore their father. Yet, this marriage was, even now, a happy one. That she really loved the children of her husband was evidenced by the motherly care she took of them. So well did she play the role of mother, that even now, at the age of ten and eight, they knew not that she was not their real mother. And when her baby-boy was born, how scrupulously did she strive not to show any preference for him ! As long as the three bright heads played and frolicked around her, her heart was, without effort, divided among the three. Why was it not so now ? Why ! The young mother, hardly yet thirty, had but to turn her gaze to the left of her house and behold a little plot of ground hemmed in by an unkept stone fence. There, back of the church was God's acre. There, under a green tumulus, lay the mouldering body of a darling son. Ever since the day she had seen the white coffin enclosing her pride and happiness, disappear under the damp earth, an ever-increasing impression of rancor against her step-children had taken possession of her soul. In vain had she often tried to subdue that atrocious and ignoble feeling ; in vain did she, day by day, attempt to banish the hideous thing from her mind. More intense was that impression on this beautiful Easter morning. She could not stand the gay and innocent prattling of her husband's children. Nay ! She could not countenance their right to be young, to walk, to speak, even to feel happy, while the other, her own sweet boy, lay lifeless beneath the green sward. Not only had she ceased to love them, but at certain moments, shuddering with remorse, she felt an insuperable hatred for them. Just as if they had been the ones to deprive her own child of joy, health, light and life. A torture to her it was, to hear them call her "maman" ; so much of a torture, indeed, that she felt on those occasions, the passionate impulse to cry out to them : " Stop calling me your mother ! " " I am not and cannot be your mother ! " " The only one that had that sacred right is no more ! " " You are not my children ! " " Stop ! Stop ! ! "

On this love-inspiring feast of Easter, that same rancor against her step-children had deeply moved her, for, as in the past, she had made up her mind to give the children the traditional Eas-

ter eggs. Be it said here, to her credit, that she had had strength enough to hide her ignoble feelings from the poor innocent ones. The unsuspecting children accordingly ran to the drawing room, anxious to see what the big eggs would contain this year. How she had watched their eyes glowing with the fever of impatience ! How she had beheld them, with a feeling half remorse and half hatred, trembling with anticipated joy when their hands tried to open the gaudily painted eggs ! With indescribable anguish did she gaze upon their pretty faces enraptured at the sight of the objects which they contained : a gold cross and chain for the girl and a silver watch and guard for the boy—their long-cherished desires.

Good God ! how innocently and how cruelly they tormented her ! Their artless joy, their buoyancy of life were like a double-edged knife that rent asunder the heart of her heart ! A sob lay imprisoned in her throat ; she was suffocating ! To hide her feelings and tears fast rushing to her eyes, she left hastily the room before she had received the customary kisses in token of their unalloyed love and gratitude.

III.

“ Good heavens ! ” said she half aloud as she left the room, “ how their happiness tortures me ! ” Soon she found herself alone, having reached the large grove that flanked her home on the north. There she paused for a moment, ; heaved up a sigh that told of the tempest that raged within her breast. Yes, she envied the happiness of her husband’s children ! This frenzied aversion made her blush with shame but the feeling was indomitable. Most unjust, indeed, it was, but is there any justice in this world ? Evidently the two poor orphans did not deserve such iniquitous resentment. But herself, did she deserve to be deprived of her darling son ?

What a moral subversion had taken place in her ! This woman, once so pious, so kind, so considerate, so devoted and who was still so in her exterior bearing, was undergoing that depravation caused by a grief too constant and too keen. “ Oh ! if one of them at least were dead ! ” Hardly had she uttered these words that distant silvery voices called out : “ Maman, where are you ? ” She startled at the sound, and passing her hand over her aching brow as if to exorcise the tentation of that abominable wish, hasten-

ing her steps, all the more did she bury herself in the thickest part of the pine grove covering several acres. Where was she going?... She knew not. Straight ahead, not following any beaten path did she go.

How quiet it was around her, save the noise made by the dry twigs and pine cones crackling under her feet. How long had she thus been walking?...Again she could not tell; but, as it often happens in the forest, she now found herself within a few yards of her starting place.

Her mind was now set. No longer would she play the comedy of motherhood! She would rid herself of the children! Had she not just as much right to treat those children as many real parents treat their own?...Yes! instead of keeping them around her, the boy would be sent to some remote college and the girl to a convent. Why! Is there anything wrong in this? Are not those children of an age when stronger hands should exercise tutorship over them?" "And withal, what moral influence can I exercise over them, when their very presence inflicts upon me untold sufferings?" "Away from the home they love so well, unhappy will they be, I am sure; George, so sensitive, and Alice, so delicate, would suffer in the promiscuity of a boarding school, but what of it?" "How many boys and girls of a same age, are at this very moment exiled from home, and were none the less developing morally, intellectually and physically." And after all if they were not happy, she deemed it but just. Was she happy herself? But how would her husband, on his return, countenance her resolution? How?...All she had to say, and it was partly true, that the children were fast growing out of her control; and he, so severe, notwithstanding his kindness, would certainly approve her act. Moreover, did he not himself, before leaving on his last cruise, remark that the boy was getting self-willed and the girl rather inclined to pout and give back answers. Her resolve was accordingly framed: the two children, innocent though they are, would ruthlessly be sent away, and this, at least, would bring her peace and leave her alone with the undying memory of her dead child.

IV.

There is for every soul, an atmosphere of thoughts and ideas, so congenial and so natural, that, being deprived of it, a choking sensation is at once felt. A noble sensitiveness may allow itself to

be dragged down to resolutions unworthy and even shameful ; and, in fits of frenzy and mental aberration, attempt to put such resolutions into execution, but to maintain oneself long in such a state, is next to an impossibility.

When once, the cruelly tormented young wife had muttered to herself : " My mind is made up ; before a month they will be out of the house," she endeavored to think no more, neither of the children to whom she was so harsh and pitiless, nor of the villainy of the part she would play before their father. Instinctively she tried to lull to sleep the scruples which were rising from the innermost recess of her soul, by concentrating all her thoughts : the souvenir of the dead one. She summoned forth, from the secret recess of her heart, the sweet phantom of her Andrew, with such ardor of regret that he was present to her as if still an object of flesh and blood. Just as if she had not seen him cold and rigid in his little bed, with his poor sweet lips half-parted, his eyes closed, and his wax-colored hands grasping an ivory crucifix ! Just as if she had not seen, a few weeks ago, those dark silent men, nail the cover of the coffin over the lifeless form of her boy ! There, she fancied him, walking by her side, the rays of the sun playfully caressing his golden locks. So vivid, so precise, so besetting was the vision that she felt the irresistible desire to give tangible form to her tenderness and the imperious need of doing something with which the dead child would be associated. Unknowingly, she had by this time emerged from the grove and instead of going directly to the house, she entered the hot-house and prepared with unusual care a large bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers, muttering all the while to herself : " Poor little darling !...how fond he was of these flowers ! "

Ever since the day the mortal remains of her Andrew had been taken away from the little pink room adjacent to hers, Mrs. Melville had given strict orders not to disturb anything in the apartment. There stood the gilded brass bed with its snow-white coverlet, the same furniture and the many little nicknacks so dear to the child. There, in the wardrobe, the little man's clothes still keeping intact the form of his graceful body. There, his little chapel where he had been wont to kneel by the side of his " dear maman," to bid good-night and good-morning to his " good friend," an artistic statue of the Child of Bethlehem.

How many women, whether mothers, wives or unmarried, have thus tried to prolong the existence of a loved one by preserving

intact things once familiar to the departed one? Let the priestess of such a shrine of domestic worship disappear in her turn and at once the relics become objects of venality.

Who should dare, then, blame one who, with a heart all faithfulness, defends and protects from inevitable destruction those priceless, though valueless articles, so personal that they seem to be persons? How religiously, then, did Mrs. Melville enter the vacant room morning and evening! Herself would open the shutters, dust the furniture, fold, unfold and fold over again the garments that were once worn by him, the deity of her shrine.

The large bouquet, almost an armful, which she now took to his room, was a sort of solemn rite, useless and passionate, that her distressed piety was accomplishing.

A sad and impressive sight it was to see the lovely young woman, walking demurely towards the house with an armful of flowers, contrasting singularly with her sombre dress—it was the sight of one bereft of all earthly affections going towards a grave to decorate it and to weep over it.

Mrs. Melville, having arranged the flowers artistically in a large-porcelain vase, ascended the stair that lead to the shrine of her sorrows, to lay her offering on the altar of her Love. What was her surprise on nearing the door of the room to which she had forbidden entrance, to hear voices, the voices of those self-same children that had haunted her mind all morning. What were they doing in there? What!...was not their presence there a sort of desecration of a place sanctified by her tears? She had now reached the door of the room; it was ajar. Unperceived she could both hear distinctly their conversation and watch their movements. "My God," said she, "see, they, a half-brother and sister, have preceded me on this pilgrimage of tenderness!" Yes!...they had preceded her!...The two tender children had each prepared a bunch of choicest flowers and were making their Easter offering to their "dear little Andy." "Let us put the flowers here," said Alice. "Here, said George, we will hide the big eggs." "Poor little Tot," said Alice with a sigh, "how I wish he were her today!" "He would be so happy!" "But it is impossible." "He is dead, you know." "But, you know, Alice, we will see him in Heaven." "Yes," muttered Alice, "but I would like to see him before that—we won't die now, won't we?"

—"That's true!...if he came to life again?" See Lazarus,

the son of the...of a widow, you remember, and our Lord Himself !
" Do you know, Alice, that I always pray with my eyes shut every night to ask for his resurrection ? "

" So do I," said the girl... " and, maman too, I bet you," echoed the boy. " Say," said the boy, bracing up and staring in his sister's eyes, " that would be a miracle, that's all." " Why could not God grant it ? " " After all, there are miracles." " Let us kneel down and ask for a miracle." " Maman would be so glad ! "... " And Pa, too ! "

Yes, there are miracles !... Little did the innocent ones suspect that at this very moment, a few steps from where they were kneeling in fervent prayer, God was really performing a miracle for them. Their childish but powerful prayer had been heard. A resurrection was taking place ; that of justice and piety ; that of faith and duty ; that of forgiveness and affection ; that of generous and noble virtues in the soul of her who was on the point of becoming to them a cruel and inhuman step-mother.

The two hopeful miracle-seekers had scarcely finished their sweet invocation than a gentle knock was heard at the door. " Oh ! " said the timid girl, " it's maman, and she'll scold us for being here."

The door flew open, and the mother, yes ! their mother now, smiling through her tears, extended to them her flowers, saying : " Please, darlings, to offer these along with yours." And falling on her knees, she drew the two children to her bosom, and, sobbing, half choking with emotion, she pressed them to her heart and covered their sweet faces with kisses. In vain did she attempt to speak ; all she could say was : " I love you ! " Yes, she loved them now ! She loved them in him, for him and through him. The voice of her dead Andrew was still ringing in her ears : " Oh ! My little maman, love them for loving me so much ! "

With her tears, now flowing freely and abundantly, disappeared all rancor, all evil intentions, all unworthy resolves. At each caress, fonder she grew of those dear young orphans that a moment ago she hated so much. Once more, the glorious mystery of renovation in the Church and in nature was being accomplished in a human heart :... Life had vanquished Death ; Love had overcome Hatred. Glory ! Alleluia !

" IGNOTUS."

THE ECONOMY OF MACHINERY.



HE wonderful scientific inventions of recent years are immense factors in the material revolution which has taken place in the economic world. They have simplified the process of agriculture, lessened the hardship of labor, and increased the productive power of energy and industry, and facilitated more perfect work. Even the soil is rendered more fertile under the treatment of effective machinery. The great majority, if not all, of those inventions may be classified as elements of wealth and are largely instrumental in increasing the prosperity of nations. They have not only improved the conditions of man, and raised the standard of life, but they have also stimulated labor and capital into greater activity.

To the different inventors the greatest honor is due. There is no calling or occupation more admirable than that of the inventor. He who does that which has never been done before, and shows his fellow-men how to make improved use of the forces of nature, confers an unlimited favor upon the world at large. The number and value of inventions have increased so rapidly of recent years that the people have come to accept the most wonderful innovations with readiness ; nevertheless the triumphs of those discoveries are the results of the labor of thinkers who have kept in advance of the crowd and added to the sum of human knowledge. We can easily imagine the inconveniences which would exist without the numberless labor-saving machines now in operation, and such would be the case were it not for the genius of the inventors.

A spade or a hammer, in Political Economy, is considered a machine in as much as it is an instrument to facilitate the work of production. But such simple instruments, in general, are called tools while the more complicated ones are spoken of as machines. The latter usually is applied to a construction resulting from the combination of several elements ingeniously disposed to easily and efficaciously obtain a certain result. Both machine and tools are used as a means to control the natural forces and direct them towards the accomplishment of our designs.

The division of labor has been to a certain extent the cause of inventions of machinery. Each machine performs only one part in the production of an article. When one man has to labor always to secure the same object, and his whole attention is centred on

it, he is disposed to discover the readiest and the most effective means of obtaining that end. This theory partly explains the fact that so many of our inventions and mechanical improvements have had their origin in the minds of laborers or operatives. According to Adam Smith, the greatest improvements in the productive powers of labor seem to have been the effects of the division of labor. But not all inventions nor improvements of machinery have been originated by operatives or those who had to use them. Those who have spent much time in making a certain kind of machinery, whether it was their own invention or not, have discovered wonderful improvements and applied them successfully. Then again, we have those great thinkers, with superior powers of observation, bringing into practice machines made from the combinations of the most unlike elements.

Among the important discoveries and inventions made during the past century, the development of electricity is the most noticeable. In the nineteenth century its applications were advanced to such a notable degree that this period has been called the "Era of Electricity." Since electricity has been brought under control, it has been used for telegraphic, telephonic and lighting purposes, as well as for heat and motive power. At the same time, it is generally believed, that the area of its practical applications has been scarcely entered upon. This discovery together with the numerous other labor-saving machines have aided largely in bringing about the present happiness and wealth of the people.

The advantages of machinery are evident. Its chief usefulness is found in the lightening of labor and making natural forces supplant the work of man. In ancient times the toiling requisite to produce the absolute necessities of man was wearisome and humiliating. When corn had to be ground by hand, imagine the length of time necessary to produce sufficient quantities of meal. When the soil was cultivated with the rudest instruments such as the hoe or spade, the amount of production could not have been very great. These and many other kinds of labor, which in the early ages were performed by the hand, are now worked by the ingeniously devised machinery, to a supreme degree of perfection. The force of an ordinary watermill is now calculated to be equal to that of one hundred and fifty men. Now since the work of a machine is so powerful, it naturally follows that the amount of products will be increased, and consequently their price will be

diminished and they will be within the reach of the poor as well as the rich.

Besides the increase in the amount of commodities and the diminution in the price caused by machinery, there is also a distinct gain in their perfection. Although the artist may paint or draw the most decorative designs several times, it is almost impossible for him to continue the work with the same regularity and uniformity as a machine. The printing press, for instance, can perform its work with a precision, a perfection and a speed that no reasonable person would think of rivalling with the hand. The electric machines, and the steam engine can attain the ends for which they were designed with a wonderful accuracy. Considering only the exactitude of the results of those as well as of the other machines we must conclude that they add perfection to products. Without the implements used for the cultivation of the soil, and without those machines employed in the manufacture of goods we can only surmise the difficulties and hardships that would be encountered and the time that would be lost.

The time that would undoubtedly be devoted to the production of the necessaries of life, may now be spent in the cultivation of the faculties of the Soul. Education and religion may be given due attention whereas if machinery were lacking, man's almost continual labor would be demanded. All the works of art and the different luxuries we now enjoy would be, of necessity, neglected. Since one ordinary machine can, with greater facility and greater perfection, perform the labor of one hundred and fifty men, in the same amount of time, then that number of men can employ their time at something else; in intellectual advancement, or, perhaps, in the study of sciences, or in investigations which would ultimately lead to discovery of other machines or to improvements in those already in existence, thereby increasing the wealth and happiness of the nation.

Although there are numerous advantages accruing to society in general from the use of machinery there are also disadvantages. It decreases the number of hands employed. An ordinary machine can do the work of from one to two hundred men, and therefore this number is unemployed. In order to secure employment they must change their occupation, and herein lies the difficulty which has invariably been met with upon the introduction of a machine. According to the division of labor, one man follows always one occupation at which he perfects himself, and to all other pursuits

he is usually inattentive. Then when he is supplanted from this employment by machinery, he requires time to acquire the necessary methods of another form of labor. If he is then dependent on his daily work he is reduced to poverty during his term of apprenticeship. To him, therefore, the introduction of machinery is detrimental. Of course, it may be said that depression only affects the individuals and cannot be favorably compared to the general advantages accruing to society from machinery, but society itself is defective if it does not protect the interests of individuals, and especially the poor. It also decreases the demand for intelligent labor. By the use of machinery, the work of a skilled laborer can be performed by a child, and the latter is very often employed, thereby neglecting his education and endangering his morals and these steps often lead to corruption of the child and of society also. Wages are also lowered because the children and those who are employed, can maintain their existence on a cheaper scale than skilled laborers. Another disadvantage in machinery is that it multiplies unskilled laborers, since employees can do their work with very little application or study. The low standard of wages also prevents intelligent men from working at them.

If we compare the advantages and disadvantages of machinery, we must conclude that the former preponderates. Machinery increases the productiveness and efficacies of industry or the wealth of a country. But the more wealth the more demand for labor, and therefore in proportion as the wealth of a community is increased, so also is the demand for labor increased. Again there are machines, such as the plough, that are useful to all and injurious to none. It was once feared that the conveyances by road would be severely injured by steam-engines which are now considered so necessary for the transportation of things and people. But they resulted in an increase in both passengers and merchandise, and were consequently a source of wealth to the nation. The spinning wheel, in England, which was so strenuously opposed, resulted in a great increase in the quantity and quality of manufactured goods. By such extensive use of machines, one nation is placed in a position to compete with another nation, the necessaries of life are within easy reach of rich and poor, and any suggestions to abandon machinery on account of its disadvantages would now seem most detrimental to the economic welfare of the world.

M. D. DOYLE.

WEALTH.



AMONG the leaders of the different schools of economy, a controversy of more or less intensity is still maintained as to the meaning of wealth, its cause, its constituents and its scope. Many are the definitions that are submitted to our consideration, but so widely different are they, and so diametrically opposed do some seem to be that, the student is at a loss which one to take and adopt as his starting point. But as one must have a clear idea of the subject he is about to study, and as such clear idea is embodied in the definition, I may, with the help of leading modern economists, venture to define wealth thus : the sum total of material objects, found in nature, possessed by man in excess of pure need and having the two-fold capacity of exchangeability and of gratifying a desire. So, we see that wealth scientifically considered, bears the same meaning it has in common parlance.

From the above definition we see that a thing, in order to be a constituent of wealth, must be useful and have value ; useful in as far as it gratifies a desire : valuable owing to its power of exchange. Moreover, the thing must be in excess of pure need, for no one can be termed rich or be said to possess wealth if the things possessed answer but to the present needs. By the words, "sum total of material objects," we mean that wealth is a collective term and not a distributive one. A sheet of paper in excess of pure need would not make a man wealthy. This sheet and other articles should be called elements or items of wealth. Of course, the number of elements required to constitute wealth is relative, and what would be wealth for one might be poverty for another. All depends on the man himself, his wants and the degree of civilization in which he lives.

The taking of the collective term in a distributive sense has led to the error which consists in calling wealth any article in excess of pure need.

The economists who uphold that theory, base it on the fact that the number of items of wealth does not change the nature of the latter... "Plus minusve non mutat speciem." Hence, any item, be it ever so small, can be called wealth in the same way as one grain of corn is grain just as much as a bushel of it. The error is apparent. What they fail to see is that grain is a distributive term

which can be applied to one and many, while wealth is a collective one, like army, people, including the idea of multitude.

In those things that constitute wealth, the two main factors to be considered, are utility and value. So intimately connected are those two terms that oftentimes they are wrongly used one for the other, though wide is the difference between them. That which serves to attain an end is called useful ; thus wholesome food, ordained to the well-being of the body, is useful. Utility, therefore, is the power, the fitness, the aptitude of a thing for the attainment of an end.

Means are loved for their utility and the end for itself ; utility, therefore, is proper to means. In things that constitute wealth, utility is their aptitude of gratifying our desires. Practically, all things help to satisfy our desires, we should, therefore, distinguish between goods granted freely by nature and goods produced by man. Keeping this distinction in sight, we divide wealth into natural and artificial. Natural wealth is that which is granted freely by nature, and is either unlimited as air, light and sunshine ; or limited as water, wind and wild fruits. Unlimited wealth is not wealth proper, lacking the power of exchange, resulting from its non-appropriativeness. Artificial wealth consists of raw material transformed by labor.

From the concept of utility arises that of value, which is the capacity of a thing of being exchangeable. If a thing is useful to one it may also prove of some utility to another. In this case, that useful thing can be exchanged for other useful things, and this alone constitutes value.

From the foregoing statement, one may safely affirm that everything that has value has utility, but on the contrary, things that are useful have not necessarily value. An example will make it plain. No one will deny that pure air, sunlight have great utility, yet they have no economic value. And why ? Because, air as well as sunshine, is not appropriable, and consequently not exchangeable.

Price is another term which is generally mis-applied and misunderstood, being often taken for value. Price is nothing else but value expressed in money. A thing has value in money just as it would have in grain or other merchandise.

The value of a thing is its relation of exchangeability. The fundamental conditions of value are desirability, exchangeability

and difficulty in acquisition. But what is the real measure of value? Surely, there should be a measure.

This is an important question and one which is much discussed. A thing must be measured by an homogeneous thing; hence the measure of value must be a value. But to have a real measure of value and of all values, a fixed standard is required, and experience shows that all values are mutable owing to the fact that conditions of value change from time to time, hence, we are forced to admit that there is no real measure of value. The chief cause of fluctuation in value is the contact of two wills: that of the possessor and non-possessor. In other words, it is the intensity of desire which constitutes the demand, against the difficulty of acquisition which is in accordance with the supply. But the supply, and the things dependent on it are mutable; hence we may safely conclude that there is no real measure of value.

Notwithstanding that fact, evident in itself, there have been, and still are, opinions which have respectively called money, labor, utility and scarcity, measures of value. Succinctly let us refute each theory. Is it money? No, for money, an adopted medium of exchange, is itself a value subject to fluctuation and which must be set. Is it labor? Labor cannot be the measure of value, for though it costs more labor to produce wheat on a poor farm than it does on a fertile one, the value remains the same. Could it be utility? Certainly not; for were it so, a loaf of bread would have more value than a pearl necklace. Lastly, the measure of value cannot be scarcity, for a thing may be very scarce and still have no value owing to its uselessness. Fancy a fur coat in the tropics and bright and airy Easter bonnets in polar regions.

Having now a clear idea of what is meant by wealth, utility and value, may we not ask ourselves this all important question: Which of the two, utility or value, is the cause of wealth? At once we claim that utility, and not value is the real and only cause of wealth.

Wealth is that which serves to satisfy plentifully the wants of man. But fitness to satisfy the wants of man constitute utility and not value, utility, then, must be the sole cause of wealth. Moreover, as every one knows, the value of a thing is proportionate to the efforts made to obtain it; and the efforts, in turn, are proportionate to the obstacles in the way of attaining the coveted objects. Then, if wealth was proportionate to value or depending

upon it, the best way to create wealth should be to set obstacles in the way of production ; and this is evidently absurd. Again, when a man ships merchandise to a country, he considers its utility in that place and the demand that will naturally follow. The fact that large quantities of goods overcrowd markets and find no purchasers, is caused by a want of foresight on the part of shippers who failed to inquire into the utility of such goods in those places where they were sent.

The material object of Political Economy is wealth, but it should embrace material things only. A rich man is one who owns material goods or the equivalent, money. The current expressions, "rich in virtue, rich in knowledge" are often used, but simply by analogy. A teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, do not barter their science. They receive, if you will, more or less remuneration for their trouble. The teacher, for instance, is as learned after a lecture, and even more so, than he was before. To classify material goods with the immaterial is to lower the dignity of the latter. Material things can be valued in money, but quite impossible is it for immaterial ones. Were it otherwise the brainless son of a millionaire could buy the science of a Newton or of a Pasteur. Again, virtue itself would become the object of barter, and the science of an Edison would be wealth just as a phonograph is. According to this principle, then, God would be wealth, for He is the Creator of all things ; and, I feel confident, my readers will side with me and keep wealth within its proper limit.

LIONEL JORON.

Oh, why did it always ring too soon!
But we had to obey the thing ;
If we didn't, before we had time to think
The breakfast bell would ring.

After that, each half hour bell that rang,
Showed us always a task to do,
As we practised, studied, recited,
While the hours swiftly flew.

—In *The Allisomia*.

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.



HE pen is mightier than the sword is a somewhat hackneyed expression. The pen is said to be mightier, because its influence is more potent both for good and for evil. We intend to note only some of the mischievous tendencies of the greater instrument. Passing over the intellectual movements of a more ancient date, which the Pen undoubtedly furthered, we shall make our task easier by considering, and endeavoring to pass a fair judgment upon, its works in the sixteenth and in subsequent centuries.

From the 16th century dates the so-called Reformation, which was brought about, chiefly, by the writings and works of Martin Luther. In speaking of the causes and general features of this momentous religious revolution we may note the great mental awakening which marked the close of the medieval and the opening of the modern ages. This intellectual revival, though often spoken of, in so far as it concerned the northern nations, as an effect of the religion revival, was in reality at once the cause and the effect. It hastened the Reformation and was itself hastened by it.

The greatest factor in bringing about the revival of classic learning was certainly the Printing Press. This recent invention was a powerful agency in the formation of the new religious movement. At the same time that the press scattered broadcast the Bible, it also spread the voluminous writings of men who had begun to doubt its inspiration and to dispute the authority of most of the doctrines and practices of the old Church. These writings stirred up debate and led to questioning and criticism. Luther, when called upon to oppose Tetzel in the controversy anent indulgences, drew up ninety-five theses wherein he fearlessly stated his novelties. By means of the press these theses were scattered with incredible rapidity throughout every country in Europe. The continent was plunged into a perfect tumult of controversy. Henry VIII. of England, ably refuted the writings of Luther. However, the King's base passion for Anne Boleyn induced him later to accept these same writings as a pretext for breaking off alliance with the Holy See. The downfall of the ancient faith of Britain was soon complete ; and while England was eventually to become the foremost of Protestant nations, the country was first to be covered with ruins and pauperism and grinding despotism was to be introduced into the once happy land of Alfred the Great.

One of the men who contributed not a little, though, perhaps, unintentionally, to extend the Reformation in Europe and England, was the great scholar Erasmus. His Greek Testament was used as a mighty lever in the hands of the fomenters of that movement. It has been said that "Erasmus laid the egg and Luther hatched it."

The next great social convulsion was in the 18th century, namely, the French Revolution. Chief among its causes was the anarchistic character and spirit of French philosophy and literature. French philosophy at this time was sceptical and revolutionary. The names of the great writers, Rousseau and Voltaire, suggest at once its prevalent tone and spirit. Rousseau declared that all the evils which afflict humanity arise from vicious artificial arrangements such as the Family, the Church, and the State.

The tendency and effect of this sceptical philosophy was to create hatred and contempt for the institution of both State and Church, to foster discontent with the established order of things, to stir up an uncontrollable passion for the innovation and change.

Voltaire turned his brilliant gifts of poetry and wit into weapons of invective, slander, ridicule, buffoonery and malice to wage war against the Catholic Church. "Ecrasez l'infame"—crush the infamous thing—was the motto of his life. The dominant philosophy of both Voltaire and Rousseau undermined every existing institution and denied all authority to custom, religion and state. The reading of such works became the fashion, the rage in social and scientific circles. In their warfare against the Church, the followers of Voltaire and Rousseau were determined to obliterate the Jesuit Order, and this war against them began in the literary world.

They (the followers of Voltaire and Rousseau) founded the Merchants' Bank for the purpose of disseminating slanderous books and pamphlets. In Spain the downfall of the Jesuits was occasioned by a letter forged by the Duke of Alva.

Such writings proved that the pen had more influence in stirring up the people than the sword. So uncontrollable became the frenzy of the people that Charles III. in 1776 signed the decree banishing the Jesuits. By this (without the use of a sword) all the houses and colleges of the Society throughout the Spanish possessions were taken over by the state, 6,000 members were crowded into ships and thrown upon the shores of the Papal States.

Because of the feeling aroused against these zealous religious

by publications of all sorts, Pope Clement XIV. suppressed the Order for the sake of peace. In consequence 39 Provinces, 176 Seminaries, 669 Colleges, 359 Smaller Residences, 223 Missions (mostly among heathen nations) were given over to secular hands, and 22,000 members deprived of the happiness of Religious life. Was it not a great calamity? The sword could never have attempted it; it was effected by the pen, and by the pen alone.

The denial of the divine authority of the Church naturally led to the denial of human authority in the State. In France the spirit of rebellion against the Church was caused by the books of the Huguenots, and the Jansenists. The Holy See opposed all its weight but the adverse writings prevailed in the Parliaments, in the legal profession and especially in the provinces where they were profusely disseminated.

The world is aware what evil the Free Masons have done the true religion. When was this body formed? At the time when a reaction set in against the skeptical literature of the 18th century, the censured authors retired into the secrecy of Masonic lodges and continued this nefarious works unmolested.

Joseph II., by a stroke of a pen destroyed the Constitution of the Austrian Netherlands and replaced it by laws in sympathy with the anti-religious writings of his age.

Not one of the philosophers obtained an influence in shaping future events which could be compared with that of Rousseau. His "Social Contract" published in 1762 became the model of the revolutionary state. With him, in his writings, the state is nothing but a collection of individuals. Everything that opposes an obstacle to the equality of the citizens, such as a government or a Church, must be overthrown.

It is evident that such a theory, carried out in practice, must lead to anarchy and mob rule.

So much for the Reformation and the French Revolution, the two greatest blows dealt the Catholic Church. If now we take up the literature of the present day we can hardly find a more pernicious effect on the morality of our youth than is produced the trash daily set before it by immoral writers. Much of the present day literature is unspeakably "yellow," but feverishly consumed by the young. From the printing press of the world pours forth, day by day, a stream of pollution, poisoning the minds of the simple and inexperienced, and preparing the way by its solvent and destructive

properties for those social and political upheavals that threaten the destruction of civilization. You may see those infamous booklets endorsed by names famous in science and literature, selling at nickel or a dime in any of our cities and towns ; you may see them advertised and recommended in newspapers owned by Catholics. And these books which are normally scientific, but positively blasphemous and aggressive, you will find in the hands of "the man in the street." This term includes the lady in her boudoir, the artisan in his workshop, the teacher in his primary school—every one, in a word, who has no hope of carrying an ermine or silk bow and a square cap. Thus it is that the girl who pushes the perambulator before her with the right hand takes her gospel, her code of ethics, her very religion from the cheap novelette she holds in her hands. From the fashion page the lady gets her not very exalted ideas—ranging from the price of a feather to the heights of a desirable engagement, a ball dress or a horse show. In the same way the Sunday journal replaces the pulpit for the formation of character, and popularizes irreligion and infidelity, for the ordinary reader.

It is a sad thing to admit, but the Pen is mightier than the Sword for evil. The former slays the body, but rarely the mind or the heart ; when the latter does not kill souls by millions, it too often leads them to mental and moral imbecility.

E. LETANG.



University of Ottawa Review.

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THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object 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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No. 8

CLASS WORK FIRST.

It has been said of a certain eminent man that during his collegiate course, he never missed a recitation of his class and was never known to have his name handed in for absence. All those who have ever become influential, almost without exception, begun to be distinguished for a conscientious discharge of all appointed exercises while obtaining their education. A student feels unwell to-day. He, therefore, feels little inclination to prepare his lessons. He is tempted to offer some excuse for being absent from recitations. That student is yielding to a temptation likely to cause him serious detriment. The reason for not conforming to the daily program should be a very serious one. No friends, no invitations to social gatherings, no writing to friends should turn anyone aside from getting up the lesson that is shortly to be recited. Regular prescribed exercises have the first claim on

the student's time and should never be thrust aside for incidental things. It is the student who, during the year acts up to the resolution never to neglect any of the regular studies of his form, that forges to the front, carries off the sparkling discs of silver, sweeps the examination papers, and finally graduates with one or several sheepskins dangling at his belt.

THE CATHOLIC WRITER.

Canon Sheehan describes the iron limitations that surround and embarrass, whilst they shield, the Catholic writer. Catholic literature can never be as attractive and popular as the world's literature because it can never appeal to the two great elements of popularity—passion and untruth. Human nature, as such, seeks excitement, scenes of dramatic interest, suggestive and voluptuous thoughts, dangerous and lascivious actions. Our fiction, our poetry, our drama, our art, must be, above all things, pure. A Catholic writer would rather put his right hand into the fire than write much that passes for art and literature in our days. The true Catholic heart demands that there should not be in art or science or literature one word that could originate an unholy thought or bring to the cheeks of the innocent an unholy flame. This seems to be a serious drawback for the conscientious author while the world wantons with vice and secures popularity. Again, the non-Catholic writer is absolutely unfettered in his choice of subjects, in his quotations and authorities, in his treatment of historical, philosophical and ethical questions. He may revel in every absurdity without let or hindrance. He has a free hand, a fair field, and every favor. Attracted by his audacity, the public buys his volumes and spend the nights reading them. On the contrary, the Catholic must write in the solemn, majestic presence of Truth which he has learned to love and revere all his life. If he ignores or forgets her through ambition, or avarice, or a desire of fame, conscience will rebuke him, a hundred critics will pounce upon him, ecclesiastical authorities will condemn him. The Catholic philosopher has to draw his lines with the utmost circumspection; the Catholic historian has to be endowed with almost superhuman powers of discrimination to find the truth amid the factious misrepresentations of rival cliques or creeds; the Catholic poet must guard himself against too daring flights of

imagination ; and the Catholic mystic must be ever fearful lest he touch the bounds beyond which it is at least rash to pass. Still within these limitations there is a wide field and many new, varied possibilities. The great force to be subjugated by our writers is Style. The illustrious names in modern philosophy, science and literature, are stylists. There is a broad field for the Catholic writers untilled except by Newman, Balmez, Brownson, and a few more. Dr. Sheehan, in his later books of fiction, has worked out some of the possibilities, and shown to what eminence, the Catholic writer can attain, in spite of his limitations.

Among the Magazines.

In the *Rosary*, the "Coming and Going of the Red Man" is a very complete review of the conditions, past and present, of the Indian. It is "the story of races, as it appears written in the face of this broad continent, that of an early civilization erased by barbarism, and this in turn when it was in the full enjoyment of its simple life and happy hunting grounds, polluted by contact with the fringes of a new civilization and herded in diminishing masses towards decay and extinction." The interesting articles on "Irish Art in Olden Times" are continued.

A valuable article in *The Messenger of New York* entitled, "The Centennial of Quebec," turns chiefly on the noble figure of Champlain. The illustrations of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli are particularly attractive. One of the most readable portions of the magazine is, as usual, the "Chronicle."

"Supposing," argues the President of Stevens' Institute of Technology, in the *Electric Journal*, "a student graduated with a grade of ninety, but through one cause or another, at the end of five years after graduation, his grade in the school of practice and experience is, say, only twenty ; his combined average then is only sixty, and, as a rule, his ability is mediocre or worse. Supposing, on the other hand, a man graduates with the lowest passing mark of sixty ; that, at the end of five years, he has attained a grade in the school of practice and experience of ninety. The combined average shows a grade of seventy-five. But as a doer, the comparison is still more favorable to him than is indicated by

the difference between 60 and 75, for he is better able to put into effect the smaller amount which he has acquired in college. But now suppose we have a man who has graduated with the average grade of ninety; and at the end of five years he has acquired in the outside school a grade of ninety; his combined average would be ninety. And, here we have a man of high scholarship who will be able to demonstrate by results obtained that scholarship does count."

In his account of a recent visit to the east coast of Africa, as we read in the *Scientific American*, Dr. Alexander Agassiz, a former president of the National Academy of Sciences, mentioned that the general theory was that the long necks of the giraffe was the result of the stretching of the necks to reach the top of the trees. He was greatly surprised to find herds of giraffes feeding on bushes thus apparently contradicting the generally preconceived notion of the development of the necks of the animal.

According to the *Educational Review*, practically the whole of the scholars in a rural district are "short-timers," "shore coursers." A youth induced to return in any case to the lonely unattractive school-house is squeezed into a seat beside "little learners," and set at work that little accords with his circumstances. The system is admirable if it is proposed to go clear through from primary to university, but that is for those who go into the city or leave the province. Some girls and boys must remain to develop the country, to face worn-out farms and other discouraging factors, not to speak of the fact that they no longer live in community, not even in a province, but in a keen business world; postal, telephone, transit facilities have changed everything. Denmark, and even Japan, sent their people to school again to learn the meaning of fractions and decimal points. Nova Scotia lost last season by reason of dishonest and inefficient fruit packers; New Brunswick by reason of careless preparation for the season's crops; and both provinces are losing all the time through keeping poor yield cows.

Exchanges.

We welcome to the fraternity of college journals a new convent paper, the *St. Mary's Angelos*. It makes its initial bow in a very

neat form, hailing from Winnipeg, Manitoba. "The Building of a Sonnet," "The Dream of Gerontius," "Where Music Was Prayer," "Madame de Sevigne," are articles that all betray a real literary workmanship.

The "Dedication" number of the *College Mercury* will appeal to others than to the students of the College of New York, which has but recently moved into its new home. The accompanying half-tone of the mural painting entitled "The Graduate," is a masterpiece rich with lessons for the youth going forth from his Alma Mater.

The April *Victorian* brings its usual tribute of a series of thoughtful articles. The writer who treats so exhaustively "The High School Fraternity"—though he is manifestly within the truth—is unnecessarily severe in his language on the tendency of societies in lower schools to "ape." It seems to be one of the most persistent needs of human beings to imitate the faults of as often the good points of models.

"Editors are melancholy men. They are supposed to run the paper they edit. Yet to see the editor collecting his contributions for his next number is a melancholy sight. In the first place nobody ever writes anything. In the next place they never give in what they do write. In the third place when anything does come in, it is promptly thrown out again, owing to lack of space."

—*The Mitrè.*

Priorum Temporum Flores.

At the concluding session of the Ottawa Teachers' Convention held here at the Normal School, Mr. P. Leddy, B.A., principal of St. Patrick's Separate School, was elected president.

Hon. F. R. Latchford, formerly Commissioner of Public Works, and later Attorney-General of Ontario, has been appointed a Judge of the High Court of Ontario, and will take up his duties in September at Toronto. Mr. Latchford was born at Ottawa in 1856. He graduated from this university in 1882, taking among other honors Archbishop's Duhamel's medal for an essay in Christian Doctrine, the Governor-General's medal for the best English essay, and the Pope's medal for the best Latin essay on a subject of phil-

osophy. Mr. Latchford chose the legal profession, and was admitted to the bar in 1886. Having been a member of the Ross Cabinet in the Ontario Legislature from 1889 to 1905, he clearly showed himself a public man possessed not only of an ability of a high order, but of a most conscientious adherence to the principles of right conduct. All the best qualities of a character matured by a varied experience and study fit Mr. Justice Latchford for a useful and eminent career in the judicial world.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

The Eighth Annual Prize Debate took place on Tuesday evening, April 28th, in St. Patrick's Hall, and Mr. Austin Stanton was the successful competitor for the Superior's medal. The subject of debate was : "That woman suffrage is just and expedient." The negative was argued by Messrs. J. C. Conaghan and A. Stanton, while the affirmative was championed by Messrs. F. O. Linke and E. L. Ginna. The judges were : Dr. A. Freeland and Messrs. E. P. Stanton and F. Grey. Mr. Stanton's speech was a forcible one and was characterized by its terseness and richness of expression. He was closely followed, however, by his leader, Mr. Conaghan, who at times showed a force and 'go' which clearly indicated that his sentiments were in full accord with the subject. Messrs. Linke and Ginna also delivered very eloquent speeches, the cogency of their arguments winning the debate for their side. We hope to hear from them again. An excellent programme of songs, music and recitations was also carried out, being contributed to by Misses Aumond, Cheney, Babin and McCullough, and Mrs. O'Driscoll, and Messrs. Kehoe, Mitchell, Marier and Rev. J. A. Dewe. Taken all in all the prize debate of 1908 was up to the standard of past years, and in every way worthy of the traditions of the Society. We take this opportunity of thanking all those who so kindly assisted in making the affair a success.

Mr. A. J. Reynolds, '07, paid a visit to his Alma Mater recently.

A rather impromptu concert was held in a well decorated room on Wilbrod one evening during the Easter holidays. It was as follows :—

- 1.—Song: "Did Anybody See My Roof-mate?"—John H-rt.
 - 2.—Song: "The Letter That He Longed For Never Came"
—James Goll-gh-r.
 - 3.—Speech: "The Effects of X-rays on the Heart"—George
R-g-n.
 - 4.—Song: "Down Where the Mississippi Flows"—Captain
H.
 - 5.—Song: "I Got Mine."—Stanton.
 - 6.—Reading: L'Oiseau sur le chapeau de Nellie—Sully.
- Wh-bbs—Why is L-cy in such good condition?
C-rk-ry—Because he has a *Trainer*.

It is rumored that, owing to his skilful manipulation of the pipes, McD-n-ld will be engaged by the Kiltie Band in the near future.

The twenty-fourth of May is a fast day this year—No meet.

Once to every college student,
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with Greek and Latin
If he walks or if he ride.
Truth forever used to study;
Wrong forever used to play.
"Ponies" carry for the moment;
But upon that final day
When there comes a test of knowledge
Ah! the ponies, where are they?

