

UNIVERSITY
OF OTTAWA
REVIEW

Vol. X

OTTAWA, ONT., APRIL, 1908.

No. 7

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

ECONOMICS.



POLITICAL Economy, being an outgrowth of the economic revolution of the seventh century, has, on account of the changeableness of its method and doctrine, given widespread dissatisfaction. About this time problems of keen competition and precarious employment began to play such a part in the social standing and well-being of man that a method of reckoning public utility had to be inaugurated to keep pace with these exigencies; and, as a consequence, followed its doctrine of safeguard to the workman. The individual began to find the urgent necessity of a standard of saving, and thus the state found the necessity, doubly urgent, of devising a means of public saving. This crisis formulated the first investigation of economy.

The present economic conditions of the twentieth century seem to prescribe a careful study of political economy. The dissatisfactions of the first doctrines are now apparent, and thus we may look upon ourselves as being in the transition period. We have left the unsatisfactory period, and now let us make the growing period the best possible.

How is this to be done? Not by proceeding as if we were "doomed to death, yet fated not to die;" not with negligence or trusting to fate, but with scientific investigation into the past economic conditions by a scientific class of people. This work has been let fall into the hands of a few lawyers and men of letters, instead

of making it a general research. That is, we must give a suitable place to the study of political economy in the curriculum of all our schools. Hence this science will abandon the form and spirit it had in the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, and will assume a positive character that will mark this present century as the economic age.

In this wholesale study we must be ever careful to discriminate between the history and antiquarianism. Too much time is often given to the former, while the theory of the latter is wholly neglected. We must concern ourselves mainly with the modes of thinking that largely prevailed and that seriously influenced the practise in the past, and in this way we can arrive at the roots of the present and future conditions. Each period seems to have offered solutions for its own urgent problems, and those only. By cautious study, then, can we raise and form doctrines conditioned by practical situations, needs and tendencies for our own epoch.

One of the primary considerations is to determine what we mean by political economy, and know what is to be taken in by its complete range. The name political economy, according to the nominal definition, is derived from the Greek "politikos," which means belonging to a state, and "oikonomia," meaning household management. Thus, from the very etymology of the words, we find it must mean the science of the sources and preservation of the material wealth and prosperity of nations, especially as to internal affairs. On the point of giving a real definition taken from its absolute nature, that will settle all disputes on the matter, it is useless to attempt. But, taking the leaders of the English, American and French schools, it is found that they substantially define it as the science which establishes the general laws that determine the activity and efficacy of human efforts in the production and the rightful enjoyment of wealth which nature does not grant freely and spontaneously to man. This definition must surely take in most of the field covered by the study. The laws established, although they must determine the efforts of man, in the production of wealth, must, above all, insure their rightful enjoyment. It is, in fact, the theory of social wealth, and, as such, it must be the science of production, distribution and consumption of wealth. The term wealth, as it is used here, means 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.

But here the question might also be asked: Is political economy

a science or an art? The inquirer may be at once assured that it is both an art and a science. For it is essentially scientific, just as there is a medical art and a medical science, so there is also an art and a science in political economy. Science is nothing other than a system of notions deduced from the highest causes—"cognitio rei per causas ultimas." Now, a science, taking only the highest principles, does not stop with any consideration until it reaches the relation of cause and effect within its own field. It concerns itself with tracing effects back to their causes, as well as with projecting causes forward to their effects. Therefore, we have a science that treats of the production, distribution and use of wealth, and this science is evidently political economy. Nor does it stop here, for, as an art, it is a process of the intellect, and proceeds by reasoning also. An art is the perfect disposition of things feasible—"est recta ratio factibilium." It is the result of rational rules about the making of a thing, starting with assumption that a thing is desirable or undesirable, good or evil; it seeks to ascertain how the good may be attained or the evil avoided. In a word, art takes the application of all the rules. If all the painting were destroyed there would still remain the art of painting. The same composition of colors on canvas would produce the same effect. Thus, the art would exist, even though every rule or semblance of a rule were to vanish from the earth. So long as there are goods, no matter of what kind, and exchange, we will have the art. Then, political economy, dealing with the relation of cause and effect, and also establishing laws governing these relations as well, must play the double role of an art and a science. In this way we are bound to consider economics in its twofold aspect in the same manner as that of medicine.

While supporting the double category, still it is dependent upon other sciences for its perfection. The fact that science is determined by its formal object directs political economy to the activity of man ordained to his temporal well-being or happiness. While ethics, by its formal object (honesty), the activity of man ordained to his eternal well-being or happiness, places economy as a stepping-stone to attain the end of morals. That is, the object of economy is only a means to the end of morals, and is thus subordinate to ethics. Politics, or the science of governing society, having for its formal object the entire well-being of man as to his intellectual, moral and material progress, claims economics as a part of itself, and subordinates it as any part is subordinate to the whole. The more carefully we

study this endless and varying science the more we find it to always play a dependent part as a science-maker.

After having shown that economics is both an art and a science, it is hardly worth while setting out to show its practicability; for, as it is an art, raised to the dignity of a science by the manner of regarding the formal object, not by changing the object, it must also have a very important feature in practice. No more practical object can be given for any science than that enjoyed by the one under discussion. It regards the well-being of nations and the individuals composing them, and thus demonstrates its practicability. The individual being subservient to society, so is economics a servant to a number of greater sciences. To us, a young, prosperous and fast progressing nation, with ever-increasing wants and desires, it is evident at first sight that we have great need of the lesson of economics. Consequently, every serious and honest man should be a factor in the orderly progress of society, and to be such he must first have a knowledge of the laws governing such progress, and, secondly, the will to apply them. It is useless for the Federal Government to promise to build the Georgian Bay Canal unless it has those two essential requisites: a knowledge of the undertaking and a will to execute it.

Thus the uses of political economy are co-extensive with its practicability. There is no other way of finding out the exact state of our present store but by studying the laws of production, repartition, consumption and circulation of our country's wealth. Then the means of protecting and sparing such will become evident. This is what the science of economy does, and this is the path that should be followed by such knowledge-seekers. It is senseless to say, you, or I, or someone else has no need for such a study. Because there is nothing more practical for the individual and more beneficial to a nation than a thorough knowledge of the country's productivity. Therefore, political economy is both practical and useful.

A. STANTON, '09.

THE PRINCESS.

The Story of Tennyson's Poem, The Princess.



ON a delightful spring holiday a philanthropic knight, Sir Walter Vivian by name, placed his English park and estate at the disposal of the people, that they might "wander at will o'er the meadows." The great mass of excursionists, let loose, indulged all their fancies. The city clerk reclined in the shade, on a fragrant knoll; some played tennis, others cricket, and in the distance a gathering of schoolboys, of all ages and sizes, could be seen scampering over the lawn in the game of fox and hounds. But our attention is drawn to a select party composed of Lilia Vivian, the knight's daughter, his son, Walter, Aunt Elizabeth, and one of Walter's college companions. Seated on the greensward, each expressed a desire to hear a story. Finally Walter was chosen, and, readily consenting, told the following tale which he and a number of fellow-students composed one Christmas night as they huddled about the hearth fire. In this story of the ways of a woman he had a pretty idea of teasing his sister, who was a firm believer in women's ability to cope with men. It is told in harmonious tetrameter, agreeably interrupted at times by a song from either of the ladies.

There was once a crown prince, noble of feature, and stately of frame, who had been, in early youth, betrothed to Ida, a princess of the kingdom to the south of his father's territory. When the time came that he should marry he was informed, by messages from her kingly father, that his daughter was of a haughty temperament, and refused to recognize the early engagement. He also stated that it was beyond his power to do aught to secure its fulfilment. The prince, who, from childhood, had revered a lock of her hair, and had treasured a picture of a baby-face, hid in curls, grew to love his little angel. With the recklessness of youth he decided to present himself to Ida in person. He stole away from his father's court, accompanied by his friends, Florian and Cyril. They journeyed to King Gama's capital, where disappointment met them. There they learned that the princess now directed a college for the cultivation of women, in a country castle, hitherto the royal summer resort. Conceiving some idea of her disposition, the prince saw no way of presenting his suit other than to enter her establishment disguised as

a lady. He and his companions entered the university with little delay, though not without being considerably ill at ease.

On setting eyes upon them, Psyche, Ida's dearest friend and closest companion, immediately recognized Florian as her brother. In great excitement she warned them that, if detected, their lives, according to the laws, would be forfeited. Melissa, Blanche's child, was in the secret too; yet, neither she nor Psyche would dare to inform on the intruders, lest these rash youths would be sentenced to death. Orders of such a nature might have been enforced by the bodyguard of sturdy mountain-bred peasant women, who could hold their own against a very considerable band of men. The following day several ladies rode to a wood for an outing, the gentlemen being in the company. The prince and princess passed many hours together; first, in the ride, and, later, in the mountain climb. Evening approaching, the spread was laid; and, when the lunch was over, each was called upon to sing. A sentimental lassie sang: "The Days that Are No More." Ida sang, and the prince sang. Cyril, perhaps from too free use of the wine cup, began a drinking song. At this the princess, all indignation, rose and cried: "Forbear, sir." A panic followed. In rushing heedlessly over the boardwalk that bridged the nearby brook, Ida lost her balance, falling headlong into the current. The prince had the good fortune to rescue her, but retreated at once under the impulse of his shameful conscience. That night, having wandered back to the castle grounds, he and Florian were captured by the guard. While they were yet in the presence of the princess, who bitterly chided them for desecrating her retreat, letters came from the prince's father stating that he had arrived in the vicinity with his army and would hold King Gama prisoner until such time as his son should be released. Entering his own camp, later, the prince caused much laughter owing to his female attire. Cyril was there, and Psyche, who had become separated from her friends. The young widow wept for her baby that Ida held, and which, at that time, was teaching the young princess the sweetness of motherhood. The prince went to Gama's lines to propose terms with Arac, the commander, Ida's brother, and her only acknowledged male friend. She had previously pledged him to protect her. Negotiations followed. They agreed to fight forty good knights to a side, the princess to abide by the issue. The fight was fierce. The prince clashed with the best of the knights, and left them writhing on the ground. Arac alone, giant-like, met, and finally overcame

him. On the broad walls with the baby in her arms, and her hair blown by the wind, the princess watched the issue, and saw her countrymen and her cause win.

The true woman now showed in the girl whom the widow: Blanche's teachings had made so unique. She was dragged "from her fixed height to the milky rabble of woman-kind." Her wounded brother, and the wounded prince, who had saved her from drowning, claimed all her attention, and friend and foe were alike taken into her college to be nursed to health. Each maid being sent to her home "till better times." It chanced that the nursing of the prince fell to Ida. The young lady's interest in him became extraordinary while she listened to his ravings of her: "the foolish work of fancy." After this a feeling other than interest made itself manifest as she held his hands, and hoped and prayed for his recovery during many weary weeks. So, when he regained consciousness there was a very touching scene, for he found, instead of the mail-clad princess, the Ida of his dreams.

The story ended, the party walked off to lunch. Lilia spoke little, yet seemed more pleased than offended that it was so ordained for men and women to occupy such widely different spheres.

W. GRACE, '11.

HYMN BEFORE ACTION.

Ah, Mary, pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach, and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the GOD that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need,—
True comrade and true foeman,
Madonna intercede.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE OUTCAST.

IT was on a cold, raw day in New York City. Towards evening it was becoming even colder, and people were everywhere hurrying home to their warm firesides and their families. No one seemed to notice a poor little waif, standing at a corner, half starved, and having not a stitch of warm clothing on his poor little body. He had been wandering around all day, from street to street, trying to sell a few little trinkets to keep himself from starving. A few turned their faces to him with a pitying smile, but none deigned to say anything.

About 10 o'clock he started to go to his sleeping place, which was nothing better than an old disused coal shed. He had a few old bags there to cover him, but he knew right well that they would not be much good on such a cold night.

He had walked but a few steps when he heard a call for help coming from a little distance up the street. Turning round, he walked quickly up the street, and found a poor old lady, who, having slipped on the icy pavement, was unable to rise. His young, strong arm at once assisted her to regain her feet.

"Thank you, my dear boy, and may God reward you," said the old lady.

"Oh!" said the boy, "that was no trouble to me. Sure my mother used to tell me so often that it was wrong not to help anybody in distress."

"And where is your mother," replied the woman.

At these words the tears started to the poor little boy's eyes. He told the lady that months ago his mother had died, and that he was left to the mercies of his father, a man who spent his days between the bar and the gambling den. When he would come home, nearly always drunk, he would beat his poor invalid wife and her only child for not having his meals for him, even though he knew right well that there was not a penny in the house to buy anything with. This state of affairs had been going on for years, till at last the poor, much-abused wife died, leaving this world, where she had known nothing but misery. The boy said that he stayed a while with his father, but, not being able to stand his cruel treatment, he had at last ran away. He had been all this time on the streets, earning a few cents here and there, but on the day on which our narrative begins he had not made a cent.

When the boy had concluded the woman, who had been silently weeping, all at once became aware that the poor little lad was shivering with the cold. His home was only a few blocks away, so she hurried him there and gave him a fine warm supper. After the meal was over she asked him many questions about his mother, his father, his days at home, and those spent on the street.

After satisfying her curiosity about the boy who had rendered her so kind a service the lady finished up by asking him to stay with her.

"But that would not be right," said the boy. "I have to get out and earn my own living."

"Tut, tut," replied the woman. "Who could expect such a small chap as you to go out and earn your living?"

After much persuasion the boy gave in, and the old lady was never sorry of her choice.

Not long afterwards she sent him to school, where he earned popularity both in the school-room and on the play-field.

When he was about fifteen years of age his dear protectress died, without even making a will. The little property that she had then passed away to some distant relative, and our dear little friend, now no longer a child, was once more left to the cruel mercies of the world. But he was in a far better condition now than he was before, and with what education he had received when his benefactress was alive he was confident of making an honorable living.

But, though he sought everywhere for work, he could not obtain any. Everybody seemed to have enough, or did not want one without any credentials. Nearly everywhere he would go he would be asked:

"Well, where are your recommendations?"

"How do we know that you are honorable, etc.?"

One day he was walking down 43rd street, when he noticed a run-away team rushing madly down the street and dragging a carriage in which was seated an old man. He knew right well that the vehicle would be upset if the team were allowed to pass the corner. Always being a brave boy, he leaped at the horses' heads when passing and held on for dear life. The horses tried their best to rid themselves of the burden, but the lad hung on. At last the horses slowed down, and, within a few yards of the corner, were eventually stopped. A crowd at once gathered round, and in the excitement the old man had forgotten all about the brave little boy who saved

his life. When he did remember him the hero had vanished. No one seemed to know where he had gone, though only a few moments had elapsed since the horses were stoppd.

Jim, for such was the boy's name (his surname we will learn later), after he had escaped from the crowd, made his way down town. He had the luck of getting a job in a big departmental store for a week, but at the end of that time he was again out of work, with only a little money in his pocket.

A few days after he was passing a broker's office on Wall street, when something seemed to tell him to enter. Nobody paid the least attention to him. He tried to get talking to some of the clerks, but they told him they were too busy to listen to him. After waiting around for awhile he was about to go out when the owner of the office, Mr. Slocken, came in. He perceived the boy going out, and told one of the clerks to call him back. The boy at once recognized the man as the one whom he had saved a little over a week before. But the man, though he knew that he had seen him before, could not place him. All at once he remembered the runaway, and then he knew where he had seen him before. "Are you not the boy who saved my life the other day?" asked the man.

"I did my best to stop the horses," modestly replied the boy.

"Well, anyway, you have saved my life, and I will reward you."

"But I don't want any reward," answered the boy.

Seeing that it was useless to persuade the boy to take some reward, he told him that if he ever needed help he had only to send word to G. S. Slocken, broker, Wall street, and he would obtain it.

"Slocken," said the boy; "that's funny."

"What's funny?" asked the man, almost angry. He thought the boy was trying to make fun of his name.

"Oh! that name," answered the boy.

"Well, what is the matter with it?"

"Well, you see, that's my name."

"Your name?" gasped the man.

"Yes, Jim Slocken is my name, and my father's also."

"Come into the office, and we will speak further on this," then said the man.

The end of this conversation was that Jim found an unexpected uncle.

George and James Slocken had been the only sons of a Wall street broker, but the younger James got into a quarrel with his

father, which ended in his being sent from his father's house disgraced. They had never heard anything about him, and, therefore, had thought him dead.

After finding the son, George strove to find the father, but all his searches were in vain. Having no son to follow him in his business, the broker took young Jim in and treated him as he would his own child.

The honesty and courage of this young boy won for himself a place in the battle of this world. Many of his age would have fallen into vice, but to succeed in this world one must have, above all, honesty.

THIRD FORM.

THE CLASSIC OF THE WOODS.

(In the *Central Catholic*.)



THE Catholic missionary pursuing his spiritual labors in remote missions often comes upon important new fields of scientific research hitherto undeveloped. A mind rendered active in pursuit of learning by the training received for the priesthood, at once seizes upon the opportunities of the situation, and thus are secured and preserved much of the scientific store of the ages. A striking example of such a service is found in the life-work of Father Morice, O.M.I., among the Indians of British Columbia.

On the occasion of a visit to Winnipeg, the writer had the advantage of a brief interview with this distinguished missionary, whose "History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia" was noticed in these columns at the time of its appearance in 1904. It is curious that the western public gets so few glimpses of a man in their midst, as western distances go, who so frequently engages the attention of the learned classes at home and abroad.

By vocation a priest of God, Father Morice has followed parallel with his spiritual labors the avocation of science; as philologist, ethnologist, sociologist, archæologist, ethnographer and explorer, he commands the attention of the most eminent bodies in these departments of learning. Father Morice's standing in the realm of

science is at once established by an enumeration of the societies which have honored him with election to membership: Honorary Member of the Philological Society of Paris, of the Natural History Society of British Columbia, and of the Art, Historical and Scientific Association of Vancouver; Member of the American Anthropological Association; Corresponding Member of the Canadian Institute, of the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, of the Geographical Society of Neufchatel (Switzerland), and Member of the Ethnological Committee Brit. Ass. Adv. of Science.

A son of old France, Adrian Gabriel Morice consecrated his life to the evangelization of the savages of British North America, and at the age of twenty-one he was located for his life-work—in the wilderness of the northern interior of British Columbia. Amid the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains and the "forest primeval," this man has matured, practically without the companionship of his race, from the dawn to the prime of his manhood.

The man we met gave no hint of the singular career. The carriage, the converse, the very cut of the clothes would indicate rather, the prosperous professional man moving in the elegant society of a metropolitan city. He showed no scar of the many and long tramps over the mountains, which literally wore out his legs, so that latterly he was called to Kamloops till they might recover their vigor. The language used in the interview was not French, his native tongue; but the purest English—on the part of Father Morice; not the English of "the man on the street," but that acquired by solitary study from the best literature, for the missionary thus mastered this enigmatic language.

Father Morice, fluent in four Indian languages, in French and English—in others, possibly—sat before us—mute.

Is the Indian vocabulary as extensive as that of English? we asked, though not in sarcasm.

The Father was amused: "Ah, the Indian tongues are richer—far richer—than the civilized languages. The variety of expression seems to be limitless."

The missionary-scientist waxed warm on the subject that had been acquired with a life-long application of a brilliant mind. "For instance," he went on, "in the Carrier, the richest of our four Indian languages, there are no less than sixty-five thousand synonyms for the verb 'to put.' The Indian languages are radically unlike the civilized in that they are concrete in expression, while the latter are

abstract. The Indian cannot be abstract in his speech. Let us illustrate," continued Father Morice, his scientific ardor now aroused. "We express the action 'to put,' unattached with any object. The Indian must connect the object with the verb; he must say, 'to put something long,' 'to put something flat,' 'to put something soft,' as the object 'put' might have been a stick, a plate or a handkerchief. Thus, the verb 'to put' may be expressed in sixty-five thousand ways."

What then is the number of words in the Carrier vocabulary?

The priest threw up his hands: "Counted by the millions. You must understand in the Indian tongues the words are built up from monosyllabic roots, or elements, by a method called agglutination. Thus I am in command of every word in the language; I know the Carrier more thoroughly than my native French or my professional English (in which language he publishes his books), for the civilized person knows only from one-half to two-thirds of his native language."

Then these sixty-five thousand expressions cannot be used in the current conversation; they are poetical expressions?

"No, unlike the cultivated languages, our Indian tongues possess no style. In my preaching I use the very same style as is used in every condition of life. Thus we have only a very few slang words, and besides these there are a few expressions of love and endearment that are peculiar to the mother's talk to her babe."

Father Morice learned his first Indian language, the Chilcotin, so as to be able to preach in it, after three years of hard study. But he was not a master of it, as he has since become of the Carrier.

We interrupted this intensely interesting vein, with a question that might reveal the nature of the country where Father Morice's labors have been made.

The northern interior of British Columbia possesses not the least fascinating history of the several great divisions of the Dominion. Who knows, for instance, asks Father Morice, that long before Victoria and New Westminster had been called into existence, the province had been settled in a way, and had possessed a regular capital—at Stuart Lake—whence a representative of our own race ruled over reds and whites?

The best answer to the question is to be found in the missionary's story of the "primitive tribes and pioneer traders" of that great inland country, which upon its publication in 1904 was "re-

cognized both in Great Britain and France as of the highest value (Chief Librarian of Toronto Public Library)." The scholarly precision of the work characterizes Father Morice's most casual conversation.

New Caledonia, the pioneer name of the country we have mentioned, may be defined as that immense tract of land lying between the Coast range and the Rocky Mountains, from about 51 to 57 degrees latitude north. To the ethnographer it is the region peopled by the Western Déné Indians. Lines of snow-capped peaks intersecting the country between the two ranges, endless forests and great long lakes, of deep waters, are the features of the topography. Schools of fish infest the waters, myriads of water fowl abound in the marshy districts, and the variety of fauna—of moose, cariboo, the grizzly and black bears, the beavers, fox, marten, fisher, etc.,—quite agrees with the picture of the far North conjured up in a tenderfoot's imagination.

Such has been the environment of the brilliant missionary; his companions, the hunters of the finny tribe, the trappers of the venison and fur-bearing animals, as they themselves class them. Four tribes comprise the Western Dénés, the Sekanais, the Carriers, the Babines and the Chilcotins. "They have all very black and straight hair," says Father Morice, "dark eyes, small hands and feet, and a complexion of a swarthy brown."

What was the striking feature of the Indians from a sociological standpoint?

"My Indians," answered the missionary, "those of the Déné family, might be called anarchists, so far as their sociological state was concerned when unaffected by contact with alien tribes, or before they came under the influence of our Fathers. To understand this properly you must know that Indian tribes in their original state followed one of two forms of government, the 'patriarchy' or the 'matriarchy.' Under the system of patriarchy the father of a family is the absolute authority within that unit of society; he knows no other authority; there are no chiefs, no councils. The communities consist simply of groups of these detached units; this is anarchy. Under the system of matriarchy, the father is in an altogether contrary position. His offspring do not recognize him; he is no relation of theirs. They belong to the mother's clan and the mother's brother, their uncle, is to them what our father is to us. This brings about a peculiar state in their society, for the members

of one clan will not intermarry. Yet we found frequently a young man marrying his father's brother's daughter, that is, his first cousin by blood relationship, but who is unrelated according to the Indian view, because a member of another clan. On the other hand, in my long experience I have never known Indians of one clan to intermarry, with a single exception,—and this couple were ostracized by everyone, they were shunned by all.”

The several tribes possess strong religious instincts and concurred in their religious ideas. They believed in a future world, and had some confused notions of a Supreme Being who governed the universe through the instrumentality of spirits, whose object was to protect or injure the individual. A curious suggestion brought out by Father Morice is that these aborigines had some time in their early history, commerce, perhaps through intermarriage, with peoples of Jewish persuasion or origin.

The salutary influence of the Catholic missionary has been exercised over these primitive people since as early as 1842, about twenty years before any non-Catholic clergy entered the field. The efforts of these latter gentlemen have, however, been restricted to the white population and, on the authority of Father Morice, there has never been a Protestant Indian within the limits of New Caledonia. After periods of interruptions the territory was entrusted in 1861 to the care of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, whom, by the way, Bancroft, the American historian, converts into Jesuits, as was his wont. During the “sixties” this vast mission was reclaimed by great travels and travails on the part of the missionaries, and the Black-robos were frequently edified with the perseverance in the faith of numbers of the natives. Father Morice, in his history, records among others the testimony of a Protestant missionary, Rev. D. Gordon, who writes, of the Indians of the district, “that it was gratifying to notice that they had prayers each evening, one of their own number leading the service.”

We borrow also the testimony of one Malcolm McLeod, of the Hudson's Bay Company, who says in his Notes on Peace River:

“While many of the company who spent their lives in the service of the Indians have given freely of their gold to the missionary cause, it is no doubt to the noble zeal and effective teaching of the Roman Catholic clergy, ever welcome at every post as brothers of the Cross in a common cause, that the Christian civilization of the North American Indian is mostly due.”

It is hardly fair to the scholarly and very accurate historian of New Caledonia to treat in a sketchy interview a theme which Father Morice has truly rendered into an epic of the red men and the sturdy white traders who made up this curious commonwealth of pre-Confederation days. In the work that stands as the monument of his career, the history referred to above, Father Morice paints with a master-stroke a series of pictures of this country made wondrous by nature and rendered fascinating by the picturesque life that abounds therein. Following along its pages we hear with pulsing emotions the epic-story of the great chief 'Kwah, the internecine strife, bloody retaliation, raids and massacres; we travel across the Rockies with Alexander Mackenzie and Simon Fraser, paddle along the rivers, whose banks are lined with threatening warriors, and behold, amid exciting episodes, the first foundations of the white man. With a wealth of incident, always authentic, we follow the rise of the Hudson's Bay company in New Caledonia, its conflict with the opposition traders, through all of which runs the thread of the epic of the red men as typified in 'Kwah and other great chiefs. We learn the fascinating story of the first missions, of the superstitious red man won over by the innate benevolence and astuteness of the Black-robe. The rush into the gold-fields is traced with lively detail, and the seamy side is shown with its tales of shipwreck and gruesome cannibalism. We come upon building parties engaged in laying telegraph wires which would connect the two hemispheres by means of a line traversing British Columbia and the Russian possessions—now Alaska—whence the wire would be laid down Behring straits across to north-eastern Asia; only to be rendered useless by the unexpected success of Cyrus Field's then novel plan of a trans-Atlantic cable. With these any many kindred subjects the priest-scientist is as familiar as his rosary, but the limits of this sketch forbids even passing consideration of such; they are accessible in his work to every reader who delights in acquiring under most entertaining auspices the romantic history of a country that will be rendered prosaic in large part upon the opening up of the Grand Trunk Pacific system.

CANADA DEMANDS HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

The Dominion Parliament of Canada passed, on three successive occasions, namely, in the sessions 1882, 1886, and 1903, resolutions in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, which were duly submitted to the Imperial Parliament.

The *Toronto Globe*, in its issue of January 21st of the present year, had a strong editorial in favor of Home Rule. These were the closing sentences: "They will never hear the last of Ireland until they give her people control over their own affairs. Other concessions are only a step to this. Perhaps it was inevitable that the ultimate point should be reached by stages. It would have been a great blessing, however, if these stages had been attained by the good grace of the predominant partner, and not pried out of him."

"A mighty voice is sounding from the West,
A young and giant nation looks across
The wide Atlantic, crying, 'England give
Our sister Erin, what to us you gave—
Freedom and right to live—crush her no more,
My people's murmurs, rise from shore to shore
Ocean to ocean—'speak a word' they say
For hapless Ireland—lo, her moans invade
Our halls of mirth, and feasting, and our wine
Of joy is turned to vinegar and gall.
Our cheeks burn red for Britain's open shame,
From Canso, to Vancouver.

O'er the vast
And wide expanse, Quebec, Ontario,
Saskatchewan, Alberta join the cry
Ungava lone, Keewatin, Youkon wild
Swell the demand—'End, end, this crying shame
This cankered wound, within the empire's breast
Poisoned and opened up a myriad times
By hate and rancour, wanton tyranny
Must now be healed—or else the empire dies
By fatuous suicide—Throw, Albion, down
That rusty sword of long-envenomed hate
And raise to rightful place that sister wan
Ierne—that besides the western wave
Strikes her sad harp, to chords of grief and woe!"

J. B. DOLLARD, in the *Pilot*.

THE PEOPLE OF MY MISSIONS.

(By Rev. Charles Serodes, O.M.I., in the *Extension*.)



HIS missionary is a Mexican, not by birth, but by vocation. He left his "douce France" five years ago. Since then he has been jogging along with the Mexican people of this border.

To make me the right kind of a Mexican missionary, it seems, Providence wanted to keep me moving on, as He does my people. So I have been running for a good while, not in the Rio Grande waters, but along its crooked shores.

Last year Obédience tried to settle me in Del Rio. Here I found a 90 x 35 ft. adobe church, recently built, though not paid for. You know already about this church which, on the day of its dedication, was called Maria de Guadalupe, for you gave \$250.00 towards reducing its indebtedness. And for your kindness we will be eternally grateful. Poor Mother Church! She has to feed, in my district, more than 5,000 souls, all spiritually weak and hungry. I wish you, dear Fathers, could drop into Del Rio some Sunday. Rosy-cheeked babes, "Grandma" type widows, patriarchal grandfathers, black-veiled mothers, full-bearded men; neat, brown-faced boys; black-eyed, black-haired girls,—you will see them all represented in large numbers around their well loved church. Many, too many, in the parish, did not yet approach this tender-hearted Mother; but before long, such is our hope, their number will diminish at least in the proportion that it has lately.

Much could be said about the general religious feelings and practices of our people, but please hold me excused if to-day I give you rather a bird's-eye view of our missionary field and work. Some other day I intend to entertain you and the *Extension* family on the moral, social, and religious character of the Mexican of this border.

I suppose you would be pleased to know something about Del Rio and vicinity. I wish I were an artist, to picture all the beauties of this Texan oasis in which Del Rio is growing. I went several times up on the roof of our church and looked at the many marvels which the Creator has bestowed on this tongue of land. Just at my feet, looking south, runs San Felipe creek, the clear water of which has been partly drawn off through several canals, to irrigate fields where grow sugar-cane; also rice and some vegetables. Across the

creek stands, large and half-busy, the center part of the town, where Americans have their headquarters. Out from the town I see, distant a good ways each from the other, three suburbs, all Mexican houses and, apparently, all Mexican people. There is not a church in any of these suburbs. One priest walks, every week, one mile and a half to reach the children; get them all together in an old barn, and teach them, in three different groups of sixty children each, the truths of our religion.

Now, from my observatory, I turn to look east, and see what is known as the Mexican town. This, too, has its suburbs: they are four, and have odd names. The largest is called Phillipines. Why? History does not say a word about it. Another is Calaveras (skulls), and a third Puerto Rico. The church was built midway between the center of the Mexican town and its suburbs. Protestants have been working actively among our poor people and, so far, have succeeded in taking away some fifty families.

According to the size and situation of Del Rio, four priests are needed; but we have only three. One of the three is in charge of the American congregation. He has a nice church, though it is still unfinished. This is located, of course, in the American town. Close to it is the priest's residence. The other two priests minister to the spiritual wants of the Mexicans. We have the church, Maria de Guadalupe, and near-by a five-room house. We Mexican missionaries have also to serve all the Catholic missions scattered in four large counties. These missions are visited by your servant, or his assistant, some once a month, some every other month, and there are three places which we reach only four times a year; the main reason for the rarity of these latter visits is owing to the fact that we have to drive 250 miles to reach the nearest one.

American Catholics are very scarce in these three missions, and, sad to relate, these few are very poor Catholics, as far as their faith is concerned. Why is this? Because until lately, priests visited those places only once every other year, as they are so far away from any other missionary station. In Juno, one of these spiritually isolated missions, there are over thirty Catholic families, all Mexicans except two; in Sonora and Ozona, about two hundred Catholic families,—Mexican with the exception of three families in Sonora and five in Ozona. There is no Catholic church in any of these three missions. Mass is said in a Mexican hut. Mexicans come around the priest, not because they are more religious than their brothers

of American blood, but because the visit of the "padrecito" is a novelty, and besides, there are always a dozen children to be baptized. American Catholics in those three missions are not willing to meet with Mexicans at church. The natural temperaments of the two peoples do not harmonize.

Once, in the stage, after gazing long at me, a man showed that he felt rather bitter toward Catholics.

"Are you a preacher?"

"No; a Catholic priest," I replied.

"It is about the same thing," said he.

"Not that I know, and not that you think, either," I replied.

And he soon talked against his own statement. Quite in favor of all the preachers, he would not admit anything about priests or "Romanists."

After some further parley on contentious points I began to talk about cattle. My friend was a ranchman; our conversation became much more amicable.

It takes two full weeks to make this missionary trip overland. After it, the Lord's laborer longs for some hours of rest. But he does not get a very long breathing spell.

On the railroad, 140 miles from Del Rio, is Sanderson, sometimes called Gap City, on the top of a mountain, and the priest climbs to it once a month. Catholics are very few, but quantity is compensated for by quality,—at least as far as American Catholics are concerned. They are of Irish and of German descent, and number eight families. Mexicans are much more numerous, and their religious spirit, considering that they are Mexicans, is about all that may be expected of them. For, you must understand, that, with the Mexicans of this border, to be religious is to have been baptized, confirmed, married before a priest, to go to Mass once in a while, and to give monthly a nickel for the support of the Church and the missionary. But among so many goats are to be found some first-class sheep. So on December eighth of last year, that being the patron-feast of their church, I gave First Holy Communion to fourteen children who, for some time, at least, I believe will keep up their religious duties. People in Sanderson are rather poor,—most of them are railroad men,—but they do what they can to help their church and priest. *Three years ago they started to build a chapel.* That was surely a hard job, for they had no help from outside sources. The chapel is still incomplete. The altar was made out of

some pieces of lumber and covered with canvas. There is no ceiling. We are now saving dimes to have some pews put in. So far there is no house for the priest, but the Catholics are so good to the minister of God that they give him the best room they have. Every time I go to Sanderson I try to stay there a week. Our people, specially American Catholics, wish to have their Divine Savior residing among them in the Blessed Sacrament all the time the priest spends in their community.

A question often asked is: Why do Catholics, living in such isolated places, continue to dwell there, subject to hardships, and deprived of the advantages, both for themselves and their children, of a religious environment and training which they could secure in the more populous towns? The struggle for life! It is all due to that. I presume you know of the climatic resources of this corner of the world. Hundreds of people live here for health's sake. And, as for the Mexicans, they go where they can find work, without weighing the question of nearness to church or school. To have a child baptized they may drive forty-five miles, but to attend Mass or get religious knowledge they will hesitate and grumble over a fifteen minutes' walk. But they will send a hundred miles for a priest when sick. Last September, during the telegraphers' strike, a man came from Sanderson, 140 miles distant, to take me to the deathbed of a young mother. Five years ago, one winter's night, about eleven o'clock, I was awakened suddenly by hasty strokes at the door. A sick call to a ranch twenty miles away! We started off: the cold was intense. We arrived at the ranch at three o'clock, only to find the man dead. I said some prayers for the repose of his soul, got home at seven o'clock, said Mass, and went to bed with a well-fixed cold.

I hope, dear *Extension* readers, that these few points about our missions will interest you. For the aid that you have given us, our grateful hearts call down God's blessing upon you. You would be touched could you hear the children who gather for Sunday-school in the church you helped, praying for the welfare of the Society and its members. These lambs of the flock are the joy and consolation of the missionary's heart. There are 500 children attending the catechism classes now, and there will be twice as many next year.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 13 cents. Advertising rates on application.

Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

E. BYRNES, '09,

J. CORKERY, '09,

V. K. O'GORMAN, '09,

A. STANTON, '09,

W. J. SMITH, '10,

W. J. GRACE, '11,

Business Managers:—M. DOYLE, '08; E. B. Leacy, '10.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. X.

OTTAWA, ONT., APRIL, 1908.

No. 7

REAL ROBBERY.

From the columns of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* and other English newspapers, we see that the Socialists have become very active in agitating their doctrines in publications of every sort and in public meetings, especially of working men. It is a simple matter to show how erroneous are the principles asserted and the measures advocated for the bringing about of the socialistic millenium. "The State has no authority to interfere further with the natural rights of its subject," argues a writer in the *London Tablet*. "It was instituted to protect those rights, and if it infringes them it acts tyrannically and unjustly. Private property is one of the rights which the State was instituted to defend. As Leo XIII said: 'The right to possess private property is derived from nature, not from man; and the State has the right to control its use in the interests of the public good alone, but by no means to absorb it altogether. The State

would, therefore, be unjust and cruel if under the name of taxation it were to deprive the private owner of more than is fitting.' Here, therefore, the Catholic differs radically from the socialist. The State of the socialist arrogates to itself the power to take into its hands the ownership and management of all the means of production, distribution and exchange, whether the present owners consent or not. Catholic doctrine denies that the State has authority to do this. Quite apart from the question as to how it is to be done, whether compensation is to be made to those who are expropriated or not, we assert that such an act of spoliation would be simple robbery. We may dismiss the hypothesis of the owners giving their voluntary consent as chimerical. 'The Collectivist scheme could only come into existence by a gigantic act of robbery and injustice.'"

FAITH AND SCIENCE.

Agnostics, writes the non-Catholic theologian Harris, whom we quote at length, are fond of contrasting Religion with Science very much to the advantage of the former. Science, they say, walks by knowledge, whereas Religion walks by faith. Science proves its principles by experience, or by logical reasoning from experience, whereas Religion assumes its principles without proof.

To this we offer unqualified denial. Science is as much built on faith as religion. Before science can proceed to the investigation of a single question she must make a number of pure acts of faith:—

1. An act of faith in the trustworthiness of human reason; that is, in its ability to lead the inquirer to true conclusions.

2. An act of faith in the trustworthiness of human memory; for unless memory is trustworthy it is impossible to construct a chain of reasoning.

3. An act of faith in the trustworthiness of sense, for unless the senses can be trusted knowledge of the external world is impossible.

4. An act of faith in a number of unprovable principles generally summed up in the phrase "uniformity of nature."

All sciences, including mathematics, are based on certain first principles, called axioms, or postulates, which, being incapable of proof, are taken for granted. Some times these principles are formally stated, more often they are tacitly assumed. We state, not as a

hypothesis, but as a fact, that the first principles of science are as incapable of demonstration as those of religion, and that consequently they must be accepted, if at all, on faith.

The sciences can, however, verify their first principles by showing that the first principles which they assume explain the whole, or the bulk, of the facts, and that no other first principles. But such verification is equally possible to theology, which can and does show that the actual facts of the world and of human nature are fully explained by the hypothesis of the existence of a Personal God; and that the facts are not so well explained—rather, are not explained at all—by any rival hypothesis. The method and procedure of natural theology is entirely legitimate, and as little open to objection as that of any science.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Students of Ottawa College and past editors of THE REVIEW will grieve at the death of James Jeffrey Roche, which occurred on April 3, after years of delicate health. Mr. Roche was born in Ireland in 1847, received his higher education in St. Dunstan's College, P. E. I. Soon after graduation he went to Boston to engage in business, contributing considerably to papers and magazines. In 1883 he joined John Boyle O'Reilly as associate editor of the *Pilot*. On Mr. O'Reilly's death in 1890 he became editor-in-chief. As a literary critic and an editorial paragrapher he had few superiors in the country. But he was far less the journalist than the man of letters. His published works include "The Story of the Filibusters"—fruit of about twelve years' research and study, and perhaps the best specimen of his prose style; "The Life of John Boyle O'Reilly"; three volumes of poems, and two novels, "Her Majesty the King" and "The Sorrows of Sa'ped," both alleged Oriental romances, the former a most delightful bit of humor. In 1904 Mr. Roche accepted the consulate of Genoa, Italy, whence he was transferred a year ago to that of Berne, Switzerland. A good Latin scholar, well grounded in English classics and master of prose writing, Mr. Roche was always "a slow, careful, and fastidious writer, letting nothing out of his hands until it had taken the finest literary form which carving and polishing could put upon it." Through the *Pilot*, as well as

well as through his books, Mr. Roche was well known and appreciated in Canada and in the University. His loss is very keenly felt here. May he rest in peace.

Exchanges.

We cannot help expressing our delight with the "lily" number of the *Young Eagle*. Each month we get a treat, while about the present one there is, as is proper, a delicate sweetness, freshness, and variety. "A House Party in Exchange Land," is very cleverly worked out. The *Young Eagle*, it seems, is a welcome visitor into the college sanctums throughout the length and breadth of the continent, and also to countries of Europe and to South Africa.

We failed to find a table of contents in the *Nasareth Chimes*. The quarterly is worth reading from cover to cover, but, just the same, we cant take a whole day off to do it.

The first number of the *Vox Lycei*, second volume, is on our table. We welcome this organ of a sister institution of our own city. Its prospectus is stated in a quotation from the *Vox Lycei* of nearly fifteen years ago:—

"Nothing bordering on the vulgar will obtain entrance; slang will be carefully excluded. In regard to humor, which is by far the most dangerous department to manage, we are determined not to subvert the true literary standing of this paper to the outcome of rabid and senseless imaginations. Genuine humor, however, will be appreciated and will find a suitable place in our columns. We shall not be content merely to uphold the past reputation of the *Vox*, but our aim shall be to raise the standard of its literary worth. We appeal to the pride, the good sense, the generosity, and the genius of our school to uphold us in this resolve."

Book Review.

"The Test of Courage," by H. M. Ross, Benziger Bros., New York; price, \$1.25. This is a story that proves the strength of a

good mother's influence even after death and the triumph of fidelity and love and religion, over meanness and malice and the greed of gold, and all the sordid things that make this world unlovely. Suffering is the test of real courage, and the hero of this well-written book has nobly stood the bitter trial, that proved him, after weary waiting, a hero in very deed.

"Althea; or, The Children of Rosemont Plantation," by D. Ella Nirdlinger, Benziger Bros., New York; price, 60 cents. The writer of this book has given us a charming picture of beautiful home life in the land of ideal homes. Althea carries us away—for too short a time, alas!—from the chilly snow-bound north to the southern "land of enchantment," fragrant with the scent of orange groves and magnolia blossoms, and musical with the laughter and song of dark-haired, shadowy-eyed children. Four lovely little "gypsies" (two pairs of twins) made Rosemont Plantation a paradise, and then came the golden-haired little northern "sister" and the manly boy friend Max. With unflinching interest we follow them through all their wonderful adventures, thrilling escapades and marvellous escapes, through dark days and bright days, until at last we leave them with a sigh amid the revelry of a good old-fashioned Christmas party in the home of "December summers."

