



THE HOLY FAMILY AND THE SHEPHERDS.

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HIDDEN WORTH.

SONNET.

(Written for THE REVIEW.)

I saw the sunbeams on a dark crag fall,
 Flooding with rosy light each gaping seam. ,
 And flower's bright and pure began to gleam,
Where late was but a black and dreary wall !
How many lives that wear a seeming pall,
 Not void of love and merit we should deem :
 When willeth God to make it known, they teem
With holy deeds and prayer, resplendent all !
 We dare not judge the lowliest ; *He* did take
 A humble Fisher for His bosom-friend
 And promised Paradise to sinners hoar !
In trust and holier striving we should make
 Our daily journey towards the endless end
 Where swell the heavenly anthems evermore.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

Literary Department.

The World's Greatest Poems.

II. THE BOOK OF JOB.

The first article of this series being, necessarily, more or less introductory, may, possibly, have failed to emphasize, sufficiently, that which should furnish a key to the right understanding of them all: namely, how each of these great masterpieces gives expression to that language of the soul which, under many forms and names, is, radically, one and constant.

In none, perhaps has it found so fully and adequate an utterance as in the Book of Job, in none is it so clearly the language of the human soul brought face to face with God. It is as such, at least, that we shall treat of it, leaving extraneous questions, as of date and authorship, to those whom they concern.

Us, surely, they concern not, would we but see it so, "Search not," says Thomas à Kempis, "who said this or that, but mark what is spoken." And elsewhere: "There be many things, which to know doth little or nothing profit the soul." Nor, says he, shall we be blamed, at judgment, for such ignorance. The authorship of Job, or of the Pentateuch, is not among matters to make "wise unto salvation." More: there are those of whom it is said: "Thou shalt hide them in Thy Tabernacle from the strife of tongues."

Let us leave, then, to the higher critics, questions of authorship and date, and rather mark what is spoken than who may—or not—have said it. Whoever did, was face to face with God, where, first or last, we must all stand "*solus cum Solo*," even in this life.

"By a secret judgment," says the Beloved to His disciple, Thomas à Kempis, "have I seen fit to try each beforehand." Such trial may be like to that of Job.

But, for a task like this, a guide is needful. Whom shall we

choose? Whom else, of all men, but James Anthony Froude? Apostate, --twice he put his hand to the plough wherewith Newman drove so strange and deep a furrow, across the fallow weed-grown field of Mary's Dowry, and then turned back; Froude, who, thenceforward, had all an apostate's hatred of that which he once worshipped—there can yet be no doubt as to his place among the Oxford giants of his time, of his place in literature. And, of all his writings, his "Short Studies on Great Subjects" are most worthy of his place and time.

Froude, therefore,—his apostacy forgotten—shall be our guide; and shall interpret for us, as he can, and will, the language of the soul. And why? Because, he, too, understood and spoke it once; and, with such language once is always. It leaves a character as indelible—if one may say so, as that of priesthood. No matter if, for Bread of Angels, such men feed on husks of swine: the baser food can never still their hunger. Froude, to the last, was *mulgré lui*, "of the house and lineage" of the Tractarians.

"Whatever be the nature of these books" (of the Old Testament), he writes, "they (the critics) are all agreed that, at least, we should endeavor to understand them." He speaks of it, again, as the grandest poem in Hebrew literature, which is making a large claim, yet, surely not too large. Again, note the strangeness of this characteristic, that; "The hero of this poem is of strange land and parentage—a Gentile certainly, and not a Jew. The life, the manners, the customs, are of all varieties and places—Egypt, with its river and its pyramids, is there; the description of mining points to Phœnicia; the settled life in cities, the nomad Arabs, the wandering caravans, the heat of the tropics, and the ice of the north, all are foreign to Canaan. . . . No mention, or hint of mention, is there throughout the poem of Jewish traditions or of Jewish certainties." Again, he writes of it that "the scenes, the names, and the incidents are all contrived as if to baffle curiosity—as if, in the very form of the poem, to teach us that it is no story of a single thing which happened once but that it belongs to humanity itself, and is the drama of the trial of man, with Almighty God and the angels as the spectators of it."

"The subject," he continues in a later page, "is the problem

of all mankind, and the composition embraces no less wide a range." Does it not, then, deserve a high, perhaps the highest place, among the world's greatest poems? "It had been assumed that man," Froude proceeds, "if he lived a just and upright life, had a right to expect to be happy." That "right," surely, explains Job's "complaint" against Almighty God where-with Holy Church has made us familiar in her Office for the Dead. "Hast Thou eyes of flesh, or seest Thou as man seeth?" (c. x. 4). Art Thou, then, as unjust as men?

But "happiness is *not* what we are to look for. . . . Let us do right and whether happiness come or unhappiness, it is no very mighty matter. . . . On such a theory alone is the government of this world intelligibly just." And failing such an understanding, we have Job's complaint, or Omar's—as we shall see, in the next paper of this series—the complaint of the clay against the potter: "Why hast thou made me thus?"

Yet once more, from Froude, the apostate, speaking, surely, like Balaam, as a prophet, the language of a better time, "The government of the world is a problem while the desire of selfish enjoyment survives, and when justice is not done according to such standard. . . . Self-loving men will still ask why? and find no answer." Job, surely, had found it when he said "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." (c. xiii, 15.) Here, indeed, was a man not mercenary, but willing, as Thomas à Kempis says, "to serve God for naught."

"Not for the sake of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But just because Thou lovest me,
O ever-loving Lord!"

So Faber, the Christian saint: Job, we may surely say, attained to something higher. "*Quis non amantem redamet?*" But to trust, in hell,—is not that Job's meaning?—is a more difficult task.

"Justice is done," we read, on the same page; the balance is not deranged. It only seems deranged, as long as we have not learnt to serve without looking to be paid for it." *Amor coegit Te Tuus*. Such services can only be learnt at the foot of the Cross.

One short quotation, from Job himself, and I have done. It is from chapter xxviii (v. 12) : "Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living. . . . God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof . . . And unto man He saith : Behold ! the fear of the Lord, th' .. is wisdom ; and to depart from evil, that is understanding."

"Mark what is spoken;" this is what the soul learns face to face with God : this is the outcome of that trial—or should be—which, first or last, we all must undergo. This, also : "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord , that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." [S. Jac. v. ii.] "The end of the Lord" : what was it? "The Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends." [Job xlii, 16.]

"Beati misericordi, quoniam ipsi misericordiam consequuntur."

Our Calendars.

THE world is spinning like a top
 Flung from the mighty hand of Time,
 Thro' Summer sun, thro' Winter's rime,
 He whips it on—we may not stop.
 You pluck a spray of roses red,
 To give the one you love, and lo !
 The while you hold it thorns and snow
 Are on a withered branch instead.

You come beneath a leaden sky,
 You stumble onward in the dark—
 When sweet the music of the lark !
 And daisies with their golden eye
 And petals white bedeck the sod,
 While bright and fresh is all the world,
 As a green banner first unfurled,
 Down-fallen from the hand of God.

So what are wishes worth, my dear?
 The snows must come, must fall the rain,
 While grief and gladness, joy and pain
 Must have their place in every year.
 A calendar within each heart
 Unknown to all the world is set,
 Each has its Spring-time violet,
 Each holds its Harvest-Home apart.

We sit beneath our hearth at night
 Together gazing on the fire,
 While this one sees a funeral pyre,
 The other, Hope's own beacon light.
 Your Winter time I may not know,
 My Summer days you may not see,
 While snows are drifting over me
 Your gardens in the sunlight glow.

So as I weave it, take it, dear,
 This faulty rhyme all out of tune,
 To bind together rose of June
 And Christmas holly for the year.
 Your Summer-time I may not know,
 My Winter days you may not see,
 But each is best for you and me,
 Since *One* who loves us wills it so.

INNOM.

Short Lessons on English Prose.

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

Invention.

I.

It must be borne in mind that the talent and the art of composing a page of literature supposes a certain degree of intellectual culture. In other words the soul of every writer worthy of the name should receive a formation, an imprint of things around

him, an acquired knowledge, a habitual science. How can one hope to express a succession of ideas, to develop an event, if not well grounded.

GENERAL CONDITIONS FOR SUCCESS IN INVENTION.

The first condition for excellence as author or writer is *study*, the study of God, of Jesus Christ, of the Church, *i.e.* at least, the study of the catechism; then the study of man, "the proper study of mankind is man," the study of his soul, of his faculties, of his passions. . . . the study of the human heart, the knowledge of the men of the past, of the man of to-day, as he is in the social, political and religious environment in which he lives; 'tis the study of philosophy and of universal history.

The second condition is *observation* of the physical world, of nature in its manifestations, of the great cosmic phenomena and the laws of created matter; 'tis the knowledge of the physical, natural and experimental sciences.

Such is the necessary progress for any serious aspirant to publicity: God, man, the world and their relations.

If you wish to learn the art of writing prepare yourself for it by *reading*, not the easy, bright and empty works of pure amusement and fiction, but the works and masterpieces of the great masters which are to be duly appreciated by methods of critical and literary analysis. Prepare yourself by the study of the *history of literature* in the different centuries of its development and bloom, in the diverse nations of the old and new worlds, from the Bible and Homer down to our best contemporary writers. Prepare yourself by *translating* a few authors remarkable both for the value of their matter and the finish of their style. Avail yourself of the *teaching* of a master, whose competence and ability is of great utility in the formation of taste, and in the safe direction of goodwill and of labor. Finally practise short easy, natural *compositions*, cultivate the habit of thinking for yourself, of ordering your ideas in your own way, of expressing them simply, with clearness, truth and exactness, without thinking yourself bound to succeed in the first attempt, and always without vanity, when success whole or partial is attained; modesty becomes everybody and especially tyros.

PARTICULAR CONDITIONS AFFECTING THE RESULTS of laborious effort in invention.

From the PHYSIOLOGICAL point of view no one denies the influence of the *health* on all intellectual labor. In indisposition, fatigue and sickness the faculties of the soul seem paralysed, without vigor or power. These are not favorable conditions for literary composition. *Temperament*, and the passing *frame of mind*, change and sensibly modify the use of our faculties; sadness, chagrin, ennui and sorrow, love the solitude and silence; but gaiety, pleasure, joy and enthusiasm create in the soul an ebullition from which ideas start forth in abundance. Even the *position of the body* has not a little to do with intellectual application; some invent their ideas more easily when seated at their desk, others meet them in profusion on their solitary and dreamy walks.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY speaking the first condition is undoubtedly that personal *reflexion* which by a distinct effort explores, sounds, turns and re-examines in all its aspects a given or chosen subject. Without this preliminary, serious meditation, we remain at a standstill. We find nothing, and when in spite of our limitations we persist in writing, we lack originality, matter, movement and ardor; we fall back into commonplaces and dry, stale, trite trivialities, perhaps even into childish or idiotic gibberish.

Further, the subject must be felt, not according to cast iron rules, nor because it is good form, but according to ones own temperament. This is a splendid rule to remember. "What is not well felt is never well written." Once *sensibility* is aroused and vibrating, and the sensation is loving and personal, details come naturally and of themselves.

Then the *imagination* goes hand in hand with the sensibility; each one has his share more or less as the case may be, but enough always to permit of development and enthusiasm. If your imagination is as it were dormant and frigid, warm it to life by a reading well chosen: 'tis an infallible tonic.

To *memory* is to be ascribed at least one half of invention. Memory is the power of evoking ideas, sensations, feelings of the past, 'tis the reservoir of our reading, our observation, our analysis, our teaching, in a word of our acquired knowledge.

Finally, the patient and tenacious *will* is a considerable factor in literary invention ; the will is as necessary in intellectual labor as in manual labor. Unfortunately, idleness, levity and curiosity combine to paralyse the energy of its resolutions and the punishment therefor is lasting.

UNIVERSALLY RECOGNIZED SOURCES OF INVENTION.

The first source is the ETYMOLOGY of a word, its origin, its derivation, its primary meaning. The mind is always curious with regard to the treasures hidden beneath the surface of a language, and thus from the etymological sense, ideas invariably rise promptly and with ease.

Words possess as well their ordinary meaning, the true criterion of which is the popular judgment,—they embody ideas in an expressive way. Usage, the supreme arbiter of language attributes to words a proper or a figurative meaning, both often to be interpreted by *extension*, by *analogy*, in an *absolute*, or in a *special* way. The logical fecundity of words is inexhaustible.

Ex. Open the dictionary at the word CROSS and you will find :

(a) Proper meaning :—*A gibbet consisting of two pieces of timber placed transversely upon one another in various forms, anciently used in the execution of criminals.*

(b) Special meaning :—*The Cross to which Our Saviour was attached.*

(c) Figurative meaning :—*The religion of Jesus Christ.*

(d) Extended meaning :—*Our trials and sufferings.*

(e) *An ornament of distinction, etc., etc.*

As the second source of literary invention we may mention universally recognized MAXIMS of wisdom.

"Tell me your company, I'll tell you what you are."

To these proverbs are to be added memorable *utterances*, *epigrams*, *anecdotes* from sacred and profane history, *examples* and literary *quotations*.

A third source of invention consists in the CONSIDERATION of things in THEMSELVES, in their nature and their constituent elements. First, by *definition* which makes an idea known by positively stating what it is and what it is not.

Next, by *division*, the role of which is the separation of primary and complex truth in secondary and special classes, in the interests of clearness.

Finally by the *enumeration* of parts, *description* or *explanation* in which a writer considers the different aspects of a truth.

Another and a fertile source of invention consists in the CONSIDERATION of things in their RELATIONS to other objects.

Comparison (whether analogy, similarity or affinity) establishes a relation of resemblance and proportion.

Contrast places us before a truth, established by a negative process of exclusion.

The relation of *cause* and *effect*, leads us on in the search of the first causes and principles of things, with their consequences.

The last and most important source is found in CIRCUMSTANCES. These are all that characterizes an act. They may summed up in the Latin verse :—

Quis, Quid, Ubi, Qua vi, Quoties, Cur, Quomodo, Quando,
Author, fact. place, means, times, motive, manner, time.

The skilful employment of the words, habits, character, etc., of a person are excellent means of amplifying and enlivening any description or narration, in fact, these are often nothing more than a succession of circumstances artfully grouped. The circumstances form a vast reservoir of interest in which the speaker in the pulpit, at the bar, or on the platform, the writer of history and of romance, the editor and the reviewer find much of their inspiration.

The Royal Way.



RINCES of the Heavenly Court,
Crowned with gems of gleaming fire,
Where your sacred steps resort,
Mortals ne'er have mounted higher.
Question you my right to march
Where but kings in glory may ?
Hark ! beneath triumphal arch,
I have come the royal way.

Dwellers in that wondrous clime
Where the winds in music flow,
In those bowers of bliss sublime
Where the thornless roses grow :
Saints ecstatic, ask how dare
I in their sanctuaries stray ;
Listen ! this my warrant fair,
I have come the thorny way.

Angels in the happy land
Where sin and sorrow wound no more.
Among their shining hosts I stand
Enraptured, on the golden shore ;
And, as they make the Cross divine
'Neath which I toiled in life's sad day,
They tell me, "Crown and throne are thine,
Thou hast come the only way."

CAMEO.

Cartoons.

A most popular asset of the present day newspaper and magazine is the work of the caricaturist. With its grotesque extravagance, its irony and its pointed significance it attracts the young, the old and all the intermediaries. Simple and harmless as it may appear it is really a potent factor in the work of the press which does so much to mould public opinion and which contributes so much to the fortune and misfortune of political parties, to the making and the breaking of careers.

Now, as the smoke of battle clears away from the political arena, we begin to realize what an important part was borne in the struggle by the newspaper artist. Every Canadian that has reached the age of reason, and some that have not, knows that the new pied piper who persuades all to follow his mellow-toned piping, is our own Sir Wilfrid of the flowing locks, the noble brow, and the impressive figure so well represented in our papers. The quondam Conservative leader, whom we have never seen, is a plain and honest looking gentleman who wears glasses and parts his hair in the middle, though some of the latter does not seem certain as to

which side of the part it ought to belong to and is probably independent. The premier is distinguished by a confident smile of superiority; while the countenance of his opponent, up to the time of his last appearance, bore a somewhat anxious expression. We are quite familiar with the face and figure of our successful neighbor, Teddy Roosevelt, as well as with that of his late lamented rival; but neither Teddy nor yet the agricultural judge has ever chanced to cross our line of vision. And all this knowledge may be traced to the efforts of the cartoonist. Miss Lillian Agnes Elizabeth Dorothy, who does not read the war news, cannot bear the discussion of politics, and would be sadly bored could she obtain no reading matter other than campaign literature, finds herself taking an anxious interest in the welfare of the fiery Japanese against his stubborn foe. Why is this? Simply because the cartoonist appeals to her feminine prejudice by making a dapper little hero of his favorite, who is in reality as ugly as sin or as a Chinaman, and by representing the really handsome Russian officer as a bewhiskered monster thirsting for the blood of Jap. the giant-killer. And you might as well try to convert a Jew or make a reasonable bargain with him as to argue with this young lady. In like manner as well as by the news columns are confirmed the preconceived ideas of her brother Frank. Unquestionably, then, the effect of these ludicrous representations upon the public is of immeasurable assistance to whichever side is fortunate enough to secure the sympathy of their authors.

But the cartoon has a baneful effect upon those whom it holds up to the gaze of all, and also upon the people in general. The rush of hostile sentiment evoked often drives a man out of public office and acts as a blighting frost upon his promising career. Of course in this respect the news and editorial columns of periodicals are assisted; but these are deep and lengthy and not so pointed as their assistant. The cartoon tends also to promote socialistic sentiment by sadly impairing the dignity of men in prominent positions. This is particularly the case in very democratic countries, like the United States, where the President himself and his rival for that position are the principal victims, followed by their respective lieutenants in order of importance. Were the American people not such a clever, sensible race, such

widespread ridicule of their rulers on the part of the ruled must exert some influence in the direction of anarchy. Fancy how the down-trodden serf of Europe would be affected should he behold his imperial master pulled from the pedestal, on which his imagination places him, in any such outlandish fashion. Fancy the respected premier or Governor of a province made stable-boy for a spavined governmental horse, thirty-six years in the saddle. It is so easy to paint the foibles and hide the good deeds of men.

To continue with the harmful effects of the caricaturist's art, however, we cannot fail to notice how in Uncle Sam's domain the exaggerated cuts of the trusts, corporations, and other such representatives of Capital brings no balm to the wounded heart of the toiler. On the contrary it fosters hatred between the classes. The scornful representations of priests, cardinals and the like on the part of the anti-clerical press of France and Italy is exceedingly detrimental to religion in these unfortunate countries. The cartoon lends emphasis to the printed matter and is therefore quite baneful where wrongly employed.

Perhaps we over-estimate the real power of the cartoon. Men there are who have sprung to popularity or to notoriety while being constantly vilely represented in the papers—which makes us reflect that perchance some of our own class-mates, of marked political tendency, will not fail to excite the admiration of their countrymen, perhaps also the envy of their less fortunate brethren, when the journalist pictures their dignified figures at some time in the veiled future. Others, even now "the real thing," have already figured prominently in the athletic cartoons of some of our city contemporaries.

From a literary point of view it may be said that the cartoon occupies much the same position in current literature that slang does in current speech. Both are emphatic and wonderfully expressive, as well perhaps as impressive; but both are also degrading to the language. Slang deteriorates the vocabulary and leads to loose flippancy in conversation. That which is the subject our sketch depraves the taste and takes the place of pure English and legitimate art in publications. Both are apparently so popular, however, that they will continue to flourish, all efforts to the contrary notwithstanding.

C. W. F., '06.

The Reviewer's Corner.

Book Review.

THE KINSHIP OF NATURE, by Bliss Carman.

Bliss Carman always did please me. Perhaps it is due to the vagabond cast in us both. He is at his best in verse, because prose is too restraining upon that very Bohemianism. He will never write anything superior to his "Songs from Vagabondia." This latest book is indeed clever, quite suggestive, at times exquisitely written. Best when he is describing nature. Weakest when he attempts the rôle of a philosopher. Hence the opening chapters of "Life and Art" are vague. Few philosophers of any ilk and no theologian will accept his dictum (pp. 26-7) on the equal importance of taste, conscience and reason; nor will any one of the same mind agree that "Public art is much more rightly the subject of censorship than private morals." (P. 31.) Of course, no one requires an artist to be a strict logician, or an accurate philosopher or a sound theologian; but if he attempts any of these rôles he is pretty liable to criticism from their points of view.

But I agree with him that is unwise, unnatural to dissociate art from religion and practical life. God, as he well says (28) "exists as beauty" as well as goodness. This is sane Catholicism; nay more, it is Catholicism. Such was Medieval Catholicism. In all Medieval life there was art and artistic ways. Despite its extravagances, it was artistically well poised. Its saints were intensely human, lovers of everything beautiful. They had a keen eye for charming locations. The religion of the people expressed itself in the beauty of architecture, stained glass, painting, ceremony; all Medieval effort was artistic in the sense that it was patient, self-sacrificing as all artists must be, who love their work (cf. pp. 50, 107). Take in proof the great cathedrals which were building for centuries, the names of whose architects are, with few exceptions, unknown, because they worked for love of their art. Read Vasari's "Lives of Great Painters" for a glimpse into

the simple, unobtrusive lives of the great artists the world has ever, may be will ever have known.

But Modern Catholicism like everything modern has lost that old time Catholicism in some measure. And piety has lost much of the old strenuous humanity, virility: too often it is drivelling sentimentality. Our written theology has lost the vernal freshness of the days of Chrysostom and Bernard. Especially our moral theology with its almost Manichean pessimism. For this I blame Protestantism which is the antithesis in life, of Catholicism, as it is of Catholicism in theology. Protestantism has divided human nature, and set it away against itself: it is hopelessly endless by specialism. It was never able to see things in perspective: if it advocates temperance, it swings to the extreme of extravagant total abstinence; its genuine search for theological simplicity ends in thrusting all art from ceremonial and worship.

So art goes its own way, and theology her way, and life its way,—all alone. The old time union of the three graces is dissolved. The age of universal geniuses like Angelo, Aquinas, Roger Bacon, gives way to the specialists of the Huxley and the "Parson" type—separate, at enmity, or at least misunderstanding one another.

But about Nature. I flatly deny the assertion (p. 36) so often made now-a-day- that this special love of "the natural world" is entirely modern." A love of nature is peculiar to no man, no age, no land. It is universal, only it manifests itself differently. Why? Because at bottom, a love of nature is after all, naught but a reflection of ourselves. We love nature for what we seek in it as an expression of our hopes, ideals, fears, joys, sorrows.

In instance the Medieval man, the Modern critic smiles indulgently at any reference to love of nature in Medieval poetry. Even the classic Medieval man loved nature more than we of to-day. He lived near nature all the time, merely because his castle was too gloomy an abode—if for no other reason. The Knights wore flowers on their head, burnt them into their trappings, blazoned them on their shields, painted them on their arms and banners. How account for modern ignorance of all this?

Easily enough. To begin with, the Medieval poet was hampered by a language yet in process of formation—the *Langue d'Oil*. Monotony of expression is a characteristic of all Medieval writing. So then it is just as erroneous to conclude that a Medieval poet lacked love of nature because he always referred to the same flowers, as to conclude that he loved not war because he describes every battle, in identically the same fashion. The Medieval poet abounds in references to flowers as much as the Modern.

Another reason was that actually he knew of few flowers. Many modern flowers were not developed then.

Again, the Medieval man loved nature intensely, but as a child. He was essentially a child in all things—trustful, wayward, superstitious, happy; of course he was not introspective. Introspection is an attribute of maturity. We also love nature, but with matured minds. The Medieval man loved sunshine and spring, loved them for themselves; he did not talk about them, nor philosophize about them, nor “moon” over them,—because he talked and thought over very little of any nature and *never* sentimentalized.

So we come to our general principle—a love of nature is but an avenue of expressing one's self. All of us love it, but differently according as we are different. If I am well I can see the most delicate shades of coloring in a pine forest limning up black against a dreary November sky; if unwell, the gorgeous red and gold of an October day will seem a very mockery of my pain.

Let us be honest! After all, on what is based this excessive love of nature in modern literature? Much of it certainly is veiled agnosticism, unhappiness of souls either sated with the pleasures of social life, or fretted by the restraints of theology and law. It is a real “Kinship with Nature”—a hankering back to nature's savagery, nude, defiant, wilful, wild: the revolt in us of the chained savage from the restraints of civilization; the “wood-spirit” in us, that lives on long after we have left the woods and become civilized. Look at a beautiful October sunset for instance, do not its gold and red and blue and pale green and pink set you into a land of dreaming and arouse in you a disgust for dogma, law, life? What becomes of your Athanasian Creed when you

loll under the willows, by some purling meadow stream? Believe me, this love of nature is a dangerous thing sometimes. No wonder Bliss Carman and his ilk are practical free-thinkers.

So with art and beauty. Oh, why must religion be so often ugly? Because it lives in the shadow of sin; because it must deal with what is morally ugly in life; it would like to dwell upon the hills, but, alas! it must walk amidst the city dumps and in the railroad yards of life. And art draws back afraid to follow, and so art leaves religion. Beauty has a sweet uncertainty, a drifting laziness which defy dogma, hence the reason why we must beware. Nature, to me, under all aspects has an attribute of inscrutability. The silent hills, the moaning ocean, the rippling stream, the swaying trees,—all seem to be holding back some great secret; all seem to know something which they will not tell. The hills and mountains would but can not—like the birds. A sad secret, too. For me, all bird notes are sad, and is not the eye of all animals more or less reproving, as if they cannot understand how we can be so joyful in presence of the great secret saddening their lives?

The most interesting chapter in this book is "The Scarlet of the Year," the portion which deals with color as color. I know of no other attempt in literature to deal with it as such. The mystery of color puzzles me ever. It has a beauty, a significance apart from the object colored, I read in it, but of what use are art and beauty and color when one is dyspeptic or ill unto death? Through the paint ever emerges the cross-form. I like this book better than Van Dyke's "Blue Flower." Both are very much alike in their description of nature, but Carman is more virile, more intellectual, more healthy despite his practical Pantheism. Vandyke is a sensualist in style, ever hovering on the edge of sentimentality, though escaping it. Vandyke is a type of Protestant whose love of beauty is ever at war with his protestantism, a bad fit. Give me Carman's frank Bohemianism. L. J.

THE RULING PASSION, by Henry Van Dyke. *The Copp Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.*

"The Ruling Passion" is a collection of short stories, just as charming in their freshness and originality, as "The Blue

"Flower" and "The Little Rivers," by the same author. The preface is truly a beautiful thing; Van Dyke calls it "the writer's request to his Master." Such an expression as "The Ruling Passion" is immediately connected, in most minds, with the love of a man for a woman. In these stories, however, it is clearly shown that there are other obligations which may dominate the life of a man or a woman, and which may prove, in their different ways, just as great a blessing. In one, it is the love of a man for music, combined with remorse for a fancied crime; in another, it is a woman's sense of duty which nerves her to do and to dare. Then there is a capital fish story, not the kind that burdens the conscience, but just an half whimsical, wholly delightful account of the return of the gentle Isaac Walton, to wrestle with the problem of present day angling and anglers. The stories, with the exception of one or two, are of the open air life, the material "made in Canada." Not the Canada of the large cities and the beaten track of the tourist, however, but the Canada of the high and the by-ways, "a thousand miles from everywhere and everybody," up among the Laurentian granite peaks, down in the beautiful, quiet Lake St. John region. There is nothing problematical nor strenuous about his characters; they are real, everyday people, made interesting by his very personal sympathy with their joys and sorrows. Guides as features in a story are always more or less interesting, but Van Dyke's guides are irresistible. Think of a man rejoicing in the name of Patrick Mullarkey, whose sole acquaintance with the English language is confined to the *habitant* variety. In this book particularly, Van Dyke shows his mastery of detail, which he carries almost to a fault. There is a certain amount of assurance, too, about his manner of expression; it can be easily seen that he has not to depend on what he writes to-day for to-morrow's dinner. His faults, however, are minor ones, and to offset them there is his sweet, calm philosophy, his cheery optimism, his true love of nature, all given to us with the expression of an artist. He loves the Canadian woods; in an interview he has said, "I love the wilderness; but I love best of all the Canadian wilderness. It is a great rest after civilization." One of the chief charms of his writing is this res.ful, soothing quality, which he has obtained direct from Mother Nature. E M.

SHADOWS LIFTED, by Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J. *Benziger Bros.*

In this very interesting story of college life in Catholic St. Cuthbert's, the author reveals an earnest appreciation and a very deep insight into the workings of the Catholic boarding college. The story, while without plot in the general acceptance of the term, is a graphic account of the doings of the boys during the period of the year. The most pleasing features of the story are the vivid delineation of the individual interest manifested in the boys by the managing Prefect, and the portrayal of the splendid possibilities for good in the influence of the officials, an influence without which the ultimate end of education cannot be realized. Young Gilkins, crude, stubborn and cynical, never trusted in the past, not once understood, is transformed into a "man" by the frank appeal of the Prefect to his better nature. He is trusted, and, like most young men, appreciates the confidence thus imposed in him. Indeed, this element of trust is at the foundation of all successful government of men, or boys—another name for men. Kindness and decision are the two essential elements of successful discipline, and neither one nor the other is of any avail unless the one in authority sees and knows where and how to confide in the subject. This is the lesson conveyed by the work at St. Cuthbert's, and the result is plain. The senior boys organize in order to secure the majority of the prizes in the field-day sports, and thus gain over a couple of boys who are leading athletes but whose leanings had not been for good. In this club, the awkward Gilkins is an active member.

The intellectual tone of the college is strongly depicted, and the Catholic spirit among the boys is very properly managed.

The strange part played by the Indian juggler and the shadow hanging over young Claude Wilkins, together with the happy outcome of the whole matter, constitutes all there is of the 'plot' in the story. Altogether it is a book which will well repay perusal for the reader who can "read between the lines." We recommend it to all interested in the education of our Catholic youth, prefects, teachers and students, and believe that a nearer approach to the spirit of Father Copus' characters would not be amiss in many of our educational institutions.

G. B.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SAINT IGNATIUS, edited by Rev. — O'Connor, S. J. *Benziger Bros., New York.*

This treatise is not "just fresh from the press," but it is quite possible few of our readers have seen this valuable addition to our hagiographical library. There are a few of the dear saints who have been made to obey and take us into the awful secret of their beautiful lives—this chronicle of the rough, proud, Spanish soldier, the wounded man of Pampeluna, the mystic of Manresa, the great founder and general of a religious military order. Ignatius of Loyola reads like the best of chivalrous tales, the sweetest of love stories, the fullest of spiritual idylls; wonderment guesses just how and when the popular term—Jesuitical—came to mean craft and cruelty. Surely not in the lifetime of this loveable saint and of his just disciples! This story of a soul's life was dictated to Father Gonzalez by the saint; it must be considered as the ground-work of all the other lives of him that have been written. Comment on the revelations must seem an irreverence, nor will any be made. Whatever reason some might have for protesting against the elaborate statistics with which the editor chooses to conclude this very edifying and cheering book, now given us in perfect English, on good paper, in large type, one is led to wish that if all the saints, our true heroes and heroines, could have been forced to tell their own story, we might find it easier to overleap the hedges and dykes of circumstance in our own strivings after our ideals of perfection. The God-like would seem more attainable. Who has helped us more than Saint Paul, not only when he tried to tell of what he saw and heard and felt beyond the ken of human, unaided eye, ear and heart, but when he takes us also into the pathetic secret of his struggles and their consequent weariness and dismay? Oh, it is good to come near the soul of the saints, to renew our faith in the dreams that are from God, to gather new strength to leap at Godhood through our closer relation with Christ, to reassure ourselves that even if we fall back to earth crippled and bleeding, manhood is Godhood in germ.

NORTH STAR.

Exchanges.

The Christmas numbers of the many College journals have come clothed in the brightest of garbs, and filled with the beautiful sentiments which this happy season inspires. It is hard to choose from among them, for each has put forth its best effort to make the December number a 'stunner,' the masterpiece of the year's issue. Not a few of our Catholic contemporaries have made of the December number a memorial of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. Among these the *Georgetown College Journal* claims first place. The frontispiece is a full-page colored plate of Murillo's 'Immaculate Conception,' and scattered throughout the magazine are selected reproductions of Madonnas by world-famous painters. The matter is up to Georgetown's high standard. Congratulations.

We are sorry indeed that *Leaflets* from Loretto arrives so seldom, for its contents are bright and varied. The opening poem would grace the pages of any magazine, and the pleasing effect of the initial contribution is not lessened by the other features. We venture to suggest, however, that the translations be replaced by original essays; a plethora of translation stands in the way of the true aim of college journalism, which is to develop the imagination and taste of young writers, by actual composition.

An affecting little war-time story appears in the *Amherst Literary Monthly*. "Wanted a goddess" is a very vague skit and common sense demands either a sequel or an explanation. The "Kicker's column" is eminently a safety-valve for the feelings of subscribers and deserves imitation.

For the book of one hundred and seventy-five pages which the editors of *Acta Victoriana* present as their Christmas number, we are duly thankful. The adjective "high-class," is very appropriate. The names of Goldwin Smith, Agnes C. Laut, and others of like calibre are sufficient signs of merit.

We submit humbly that the *Xavier's* New Year editorial gushes too much and waxes metaphoric to excess. The poor old year is compared first to "a flickering candle," then to "an

aged beacon to be cast adrift," then to "a stubborn dying son of Father Time. then to "a flame," then to a "king of lordly reign." Finally, we are relieved to find out that the old thing was only a yearling. There is consolation in the thought that the second editorial claims that "mercy 'that falleth as the gentle rain from heaven' is showered (*sic*)" upon ye editor.

Take the *Abbey Student* for editorials, perhaps the best criterion of the quality of any publication. They treat of questions of present importance, and of helpful character, in a sound and forceful way.

From *Queen's College Journal* we cull :—

"The College men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease,
For when at last they graduate,
They do it by degrees."

To conclude we offer a timely paragraph from the *McMaster Monthly* :

"There is in North America a large throng of critical and appreciative youth gathered into our higher schools of learning, and any institution whose magazine has no exchange editor or department, is deliberately closing its doors to an influence which is as broadening as it is helpful, and removes one of the most potent influences in correcting the faults and strengthening the already strong features of its publication, besides shutting out from its students the rich fund of poetry, story and humor to be gathered from college journals."

THE STICKLER.

Once a man asked the Devil to buy his soul.
"Nay, nay," said the Devil, "I'll keep my gold;
For though, of course, Devil I am
And dearly love the soul of man,
Yet an angel I *was* and still have taste,
Cheap goods I buy not in too great haste;
But you, you're not worth a d— n."

L. J.

Science Notes.

The Electrical Engineer, his Training and Opportunities.

In the Calendar of the University of Ottawa for the academic year, 1904-1905, appeared an announcement of deep significance. It was proposed to establish, in the near future, courses in practical or applied science, such as Civil, Mining, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering. This announcement must have been a source of pleasure to all true friends of the institution, showing, as it undoubtedly did, that the Management was filled with a laudable ambition to keep abreast of the times.

This evidence of a determination to increase the sphere of usefulness of the University by opening up to its students new fields of learning, leading to new and useful professions, should enlist the loyal, generous and practical support of all the well-wishers of this, *our own* local house of learning. In expressing the hope that the scheme may be successfully financed, I believe I voice the sentiments of a large number Ottawa's good citizens. It is a serious undertaking, but with courage, determination, and reasonable assistance, it is quite within the bounds of possibility.

There are many, no doubt, among the pupils who now follow a Collegiate course, whose natural tastes and aptitudes will lead them after their Matriculation, to look for careers of usefulness in the community in the professions for which the proposed courses are intended to fit them. To these young men who may now be deliberating on the choice of a profession, as well as to their parents and guardians, certain questions will suggest themselves as to the means by which training for and proficiency in engineering may best be attained, and as to the chances of profitable employment and future success. I will endeavor to answer these questions with regard to Electrical Engineering with which I am more familiar, from my observations and by quoting expressions of opinion from successful engineers and educators.

First. It should be understood that there is practically only

one channel through which the education necessary to the electrical engineer may be obtained, that is, the technical, or engineering school. The knowledge that he requires is now so complex that it is extremely difficult to acquire it anywhere except in highly specialized courses, such as the University proposes to establish.

Three to four years seems to be the least time in which may be compressed the various subjects that it is necessary to master in the school.

This should be supplemented by practical work during the school holidays and for one or two years, following graduation, spent in electrical manufacturing establishments or with electrical operating companies, preferably the former.

At graduation the student should receive the degree of Bachelor of Applied Science, and after the succeeding one or two years of practical experience he might come back to the College and qualify for the degree of Electrical Engineer. Some schools, however, confer the degree of E.E. upon graduation, while others do not give it at all.

During the time of probation work, the student, although he will be regarded as an apprentice will not only be under no expense, but will receive a small remuneration for his services.

True, some very capable electrical engineers in practice today have not had the advantages of special technical courses, because such courses are a somewhat recent development in this country and for other reasons, but the average student would not care to undertake the plodding hard work and wearing study which these men have had to go through in the process of self-education. Contemplation in advance of such a career of sacrifice and labor would tend to discourage all but the most fearless and determined young men. Courage and determination alone are not sufficient, and some of these engineers were men who possessed such special aptitudes and were endowed with such talents that they were bound to succeed even under the most adverse circumstances. The facts remain that at this time the men to whom coming engineers must look for a start in their professional life, seek college graduates almost exclusively and that in the race for promotion and advancement the graduates will generally leave the others far behind.

It must not be forgotten, however, that engineering is essentially an art of experience. The graduate who is inclined to rest on his college laurels and to cease his search for knowledge at the doors of the school would court certain failure. A proper understanding of these conditions at the start may save the student much disappointment in after years.

Some engineering courses are carried out along very practical lines, sometimes including workshop practice and most practical demonstrations with commercial apparatus, but even that will not enable the graduate to convince his first employer that he is capable of undertaking work involving considerable responsibility or to earn a large salary. He will be asked to prove his worth under the conditions of commercial operations.

At this stage the young man should consider his opportunities for gaining valuable experience rather than the size of his pay envelope. He should not hesitate to put on the *overalls* nor to soil his hands, because that is a necessary phase in his practical training.

At first he may find his work uninteresting and his scope very narrow, but if he works conscientiously, doing all things, even the most trivial, as well and as intelligently as he can, he will generally be rewarded by increased opportunities for experience of a higher order.

Gradually the full meaning of all he has been taught in college will unfold itself to him, the purpose of all the mathematics and the other dry subjects upon which he used up some of the gray matter in his brain will become manifest to him with ever increasing cleverness in concrete practical examples and he will begin to *think as an engineer*.

From this time on he will feel the power of his knowledge and if he possesses the right *engineering mind*, I predict for him much enjoyment in the practice of his profession. He will find not only his greatest pleasure, but also his greatest interest in life in solving the problems and overcoming the difficulties which give to the Electrical Engineer his *raison d'être*.

Such a course of study and preparation as I have outlined is intended to eventually fit a man for the most responsible and important engineering practice from which very substantial monetary

rewards may be expected. This course would of course be quite unnecessary to young men who merely wish to fit themselves for and would be content to remain in subordinate positions in the electrical industries. Possibly the University of Ottawa will consider the establishment of short industrial courses for electrical workmen, foremen, inspectors, etc., who are handicapped in their work by the want of theoretical training. It seems safe to assume that in a profession requiring so much application and industry in the preparation, overcrowding is not likely to take place for a good many years in a country so rich in possibilities and probabilities of future industrial expansion. If at any time there should be anything approaching overcrowding, it will be in the lower ranks, there will always be some room in the middle and lots of room at the top.

One who reads the periodicals devoted to the electrical industries cannot fail to be impressed by the rapid development along electrical lines which is taking place all over Canada, and with the ever increasing opportunities for engineers.

The pupils who will enter the University course at its start will be advantageously situated to strike this tide of development at its greatest flow, to be carried with it to success.

Electrical engineers will be employed as consulting and supervising engineers, taking charge of construction ; as designing and superintending engineers in electrical manufacturing establishments ; as superintending engineers in the operation of electrical enterprises for generating, transmitting and distributing electrical energy for railways, light, heating, motive power and industrial chemical processes ; in the operation of telegraphs, wireless and otherwise, telephones and for the endless uses to which electricity is and will be applied. The field is truly immense. These views are confirmed by the men best qualified to speak with authority on such matters. The following extracts from communications which I recently received, may be taken as an indication of it.

From an experienced engineer in charge of construction work, maintenance of lines, etc., for a large supply company in Canada:

“ Those who are not equipped with a technical college education are seriously handicapped. At the present time we have several positions vacant where it is absolutely necessary that the

man have a college education, but where such an education in itself is not enough. The man must have some experience, the result of practical work. One grievance I have against technical schools is that the young men who graduate from them are allowed to consider themselves as fully equipped engineers, who can demand substantial salaries. In all our engineering work we insist on a man having an engineering college education and I know that there are twice the number of vacancies for college men than there are for men with general practical experience only. electrical apparatus is often so complicated, especially in alternating current work, the disturbances are so complex that a man who can think scientifically and technically is required on the ground. The college educated engineer is trained to think and reason and he has been educated to express his thoughts in the form of reports concisely and carefully, he is the man who has the greatest chance of advancement. This has been my experience here and I feel sure it is the same in all large cities. . . . "

From a distinguished professor in a school of electrical engineering: . . . "Graduates in electrical engineering from colleges of repute are in great demand by the large electrical manufacturing companies of the United States. It is felt by graduates at present that they will get a training of much wider scope in the United States than with Canadian companies, offshoots of American companies who have most of their engineering work done for them by the parent companies across the border. These graduates after one or two years' experience will come back to Canada and enter the service of the operating companies. The Power and Light companies of Montreal, Quebec, and the West principally have already absorbed quite a number. It is my opinion that this order of things will be materially changed in the near future. The larger electrical manufacturing companies are now building large shops in Canada where Canadian graduates will obtain the practical experience needed. The demand in Canada is bound to increase in a marked degree very soon."

"Graduates cannot expect to step right into engineering the day after graduation. An apprenticeship of one or two years in the shops is the best start. If the graduate is clever, conscientious and hardworking, the rise will be rapid and his monetary value

will increase rapidly. The demand for graduates is increasing. As far as this school is concerned the demand has been greater than the supply. Technical men will be more and more needed as the development of the electrical industry, as far as can be seen, is spreading out in a hundred ways and in all directions ”

From the Chief Superintending Engineer in a large electrical manufacturing company :

“ As you are aware my experience has been acquired in the U.S., and I have not been long connected with the Canadian Electrical field. My remarks are not entitled to all the weight of observers in this line with longer experience in Canada. The opportunities for young engineers would seem specially inviting, because of the large amount of development work now going on and which will doubtless be on the increase for a number of years. The existence of the numerous water powers throughout Canada dictates that the electrical engineer will always be in demand. The opportunities are at hand also for the graduates of technical colleges to gain good practical experience either in construction works, factory, or operating.”

God speed the University in its noble endeavors to increase the scope of its beneficent work for the youth of this country. Let us hope that the proposed courses in applied science will soon materialize either as a new faculty of the Institution, or as a separate establishment affiliated with the University. Certainly no city in Canada is more suitable for such a school, owing to the many and varied electrical industries in the city and its immediate surroundings.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.

The Report of the Haanel Commission.

The Department of the Interior has just published an important blue-book, containing the results of the late investigations concerning the electro-thermic process for the smelting of iron ores and the making of steel. It will be remembered that January last Dr. Eugene Haanel left for France, Italy and Sweden to ascertain facts in connection with plants already established. Together with Mr. C. E. Brown, C.E., of Peterborough, and Mr. Harwood, metallurgist of the Indian Government, he visited

Gysinge, and Kortfors, Sweden, La Praz and Livet, France, and Turin, Italy.

The chief advantages urged by Mr. Brown in favor of the electric process, is its adaptability to other ores, the simplicity of construction, the intensity of temperature, (1000° C. higher than the blast furnace) and the easy control of the regulation of the heat supply.

The processes differ in the manner in which the electric energy is employed to generate heat. The Kjellin method is by induction and electrodes are dispensed with. In the Heroult process at Kortfors and Praz, the iron and scrap is carbonized by means of carburite under the heat of the massive electrodes. The Turin or Stassano process depends on the radiation of heat from an electric arc placed above a charge, the whole apparatus being rotated during the reduction.

The most important experiments were those made by Keller at Livet. His furnace is of the resistance type and consists of two iron shafts lined with refractory material, the bases provided with carbon blocks with electrodes projecting inwards. The charge is loaded above and descends continuously, and as the shafts are connected by a lateral canal the reduced metal may be tapped. By an ingenious short-circuiting in which the molten metal plays a part, Mr. Keller enables the furnace to be worked continuously without varying the load on the alternator. His final type of furnace has a plurality of hearths and utilises the gases escaping for the preliminary drying of the charge.

The finding is very encouraging indeed. Mr. Harbord reports that—

(1.) Steel equal to the best Sheffield crucible steel can be produced by three distinct processes, at a cost considerably less.

(2.) At present, however, structural steel to compete with Siemens or Bessemer steel cannot be economically produced in the electric furnaces.

(3) Pig iron can be produced on a commercial scale at a price to compete with the blast furnace, only when electric energy is very cheap and the fuel very dear.

With the cost of electric energy \$10 per E. H. P. per year, and coke at \$7 per ton, the cost is approximately the same as in a modern blast furnace. And it must be borne in mind that as yet the electric process is in its infancy, and no direct effort at commercial competition has yet been made.

Religious Topics.

Canadian Religious Activity.

The great reunion of representative Canadian ecclesiastics to assist at the laying of the corner stone of the New Arts Building of the University of Ottawa, has come and gone. Since then the archbishops have met at Three Rivers, for the crowning of the Virgin at the pilgrimage of Cap de la Madeleine, P.Q. In Ottawa the preliminary meetings for the arrangement of matter for the proposed National Council of the Canadian hierarchy have been again resumed.

On the opposite page is a half-tone taken from the photograph of the learned ecclesiastics to whom was entrusted this preliminary discussion and classification of matter for this National Council. The President, Mgr. C. Alfred Marois, Vicar General at Quebec, is seated in the centre. At his right sits Very Rev. Charles Lecoq, S.S., Superior of the Montreal Grand Seminary; at his left, Very Rev. Alexander McDonald, Vicar General, St. Andrew's, Antigonish. In the row standing immediately behind are in order from the right of Mgr. Marois, first, Rev. J. J. McCann, Vicar General, St. Francis', Toronto, Very Rev. John Masterson, Vicar General, St. Mark's, Prescott, Very Rev. Emile Roy, D.D., Chancellor of the Montreal Diocese, Rev. W. J. Murphy, O.M.I., Rector of St. Joseph's, Ottawa, Rev. J. Grenier, S.J., La Visitation, Sault au Recollet, Mgr. L. A. Paquet, D.D., Director of the Grand Seminary, Quebec, and Rev. M. Froc, O.M.I., sometime Professor of Church History and Exegesis at the University of Ottawa. In the last row, commencing as before, we have first Rev. J. Levallois, D.D., Eudist, Professor of Theology in the Halifax Seminary, Venerable Archdeacon Casey, Rector of St. Mary's, Lindsay, Rev. D. Jacques, O.P., Rector of St. John the Baptist's, Ottawa, Rev. J. E. Meunier, Vicar General, Windsor, Ont., and Rev. E. A. Latulippe, Rector of St. Columba's, Pembroke. Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D., of the University of Ottawa, who completes the



number of sixteen members, was absent when the photograph was taken.

Each archdiocese or province is represented by two delegates :

Quebec, by Mgr. Marois and Mgr. Paquet.

Montreal, by Rev. Fathers Roy and Lecoq.

Kingston, by Rev. Fathers Casey and Masterson.

Toronto, by Rev. Fathers McCann and Mennier.

Ottawa, by Rev. Fathers Jacques and Latulippe.

Halifax, by Rev. Fathers McDonald and Levallois.

Vancouver, by Rev. Fathers Emery and Murphy.

St. Boniface, by Rev. Fathers Froc and Grenier.

Among the religious communities eminently Canadian, the Dominicans, Jesuits, Oblates, Eudists and Sulpicians are represented—French, Irish and Scotch Canadians will find that the group is a very representative one from a racial standpoint.

The work of these men though not of a definite character will serve much to guide the episcopacy in their concerted action in matters of importance for the religious future of Canada, and the coming Ecumenical Canadian Council will no doubt be fraught results on a par with those of the well known Councils of Baltimore. To His Excellency Mgr. Donato Sbaretti, the Apostolic Delegate, is to be ascribed the initiative in a step so much needed in view of the marvellous expansion and progress of our country in a material and worldly sense.

Honest Mark Twain.

(The REVIEW is pleased to present to its readers a hitherto unpublished letter addressed to Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, by a secluded genius not far off, congratulating him on his recent defence of "La Pucelle." The answer is characteristic. May Mark's honesty prepare the way for the gift of faith.—ED.)

TO MARK TWAIN.

DEAR SIR,—I have derived keen pleasure from your remarkable sketch of 'Joan of Arc,' in the December issue of *Harper's*, and I have felt so deeply touched by its many admirable qualities, that I cannot refrain from writing to thank you for having given us such an unblemished literary gem.

In justification for presuming to intrude on you I advance the fact of my firm belief that when a writer has performed a splendid achievement, he should not be averse to be told that his effort has been appreciated.

You must have made a profound and exhaustive study of your subject, to have treated it in such a competent and masterly manner. Your eloquence carries conviction, because we realize that it is truly heartfelt "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and your admiration for the peerless maid, is both contagious and illuminating, illuminating to such an extent, that I do not hesitate to believe that thousands of your readers having heretofore had but a nebulous knowledge of the martyred heroine, will now love and cherish her memory, prompted by the warmth of your beautiful panegyric.

All desirable qualities combine to render it a little masterpiece, so comprehensive in its brevity, so elevated in idea, and so beautiful in language, so concise and clearcut in expression, so reverent in tone, so convincing and persuasive in its eloquence, and so ardent in its loving enthusiasm—in a word, it is the brightest gem in your literary crown.

It is meet and fitting that your story should have been so appropriately illustrated by that true and gifted artist, Howard Pyle, who so ably seconded you, by the aid of a sister art, in portraying "La douce Pucelle."

I have said that your sketch is "unblemished"—I retract. There is one tiny blot, you say the "fabulous" stories of the saints. The adjective is too general and sweeping, and might lead many readers to regard all as such. Of course there are fabulous stories of the saints extant, but that there are also true ones; we may cite your own as an example, and there are many others. Permit me to respectfully advise you to consult the works of the Bollandists, those patient, painstaking and scholarly delvers in hagiographical lore. There you will find precious food for thought, and sublime themes for stories.

But why not a series of stories, with Saint Joan of Arc as the initial number? Why not narrate in your gifted and inimitable style those lives of heroic charity, of stern self-denial, of boundless and Christ-like devotion to the welfare both spiritual and temporal of their fellow-men?

This grovelling and material age, where the ruling passion is greed of gold, has pressing need to be spurred on to higher and purer ideals. Oh! yes, in spite of the gush of airy optimists, it is a sordid world.

To draw men to the contemplation of saner, purer aims, is a glorious mission, a mission for which you are faultlessly equipped, by your rare gifts both natural and acquired. What cleric would not envy you your lay pulpit in Harper's? from which you can reach an audience of a million or more, and every story would form a sermon of impetuous power, *Noblesse oblige*.

CONCLUSION.

May the radiant Saint Joan of Arc, standing before the Great White Throne, transfigured in the effulgent light of the Beatific Vision, intercede with the Supreme Master of the Universe, may she beseech the Sweet, Compassionate and Holy Mother of God, the August and Glorious Archangel Saint Michael, and all the "Voices" to join their pleading to hers, for the final and eternal happiness of Mark Twain, and when his earthly course shall have been run, may La Douce Sainte Jeanne d'Arc, surrounded by all her beloved kindred knights who have gone before, come to him arrayed in their resplendent robes of righteousness, to greet and

to welcome him with words of never dying love, as he enters the Golden Gates of Paradise. *Ainsi-soit-il.*

With great esteem,
Sincerely yours,

NAMPORT KEY.

Dec., 1904.

The following autograph note was received a few days after this letter of appreciation was mailed :

"THE GROSVENOR,
" Fifth Avenue, New York.

" Dear Sir,—I thank you for those cordial good words and am glad to have earned them. They have touched me deeply. Their eloquence has gone to my heart.

" Sincerely yours,
" S. L. CLEMENS. ('M. T.')

GOD'S ACRE.

A cypress'd cemetery in whose shade
God's spirit garden fallow lies,
Until His springtime decks anew the glade
With everlastings. They shall rise
From darkest furrow never more to fade.

W.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

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NEW YEAR.

Congratulations to the twentieth century on the new arrival in its growing family of years. May this one be a messenger of happiness to our readers.

AT LAST.

The beleaguered stronghold on the Yellow Sea has handed over the keys, after a carnage unparalleled. Of the noble defenders of its walls we must say with the Greek "Every man was a brick."

ORACULAR.

The Delphic oracle whose present abode is in the mysterious depths of the lumber room of the sanctum, when consulted by our

circulation manager concerning elections, uttered a sound unmistakeably like "Ross," but the cognomen was not to be had.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Be on time. Punctuality is demanded everywhere, in the college as in the world. Just as the lack of it has lost battles and trailed glorious banners in the dust, so will failure attend the student who allows his work to accumulate from day to day, from week to week.

GET TOGETHER.

The *Ontario Agricultural Journal*, published at Guelph, has broached in a late number a bright scheme, the holding of a convention of representatives of Canadian college journalism. The REVIEW desires to express its approval and ventures to suggest that Ottawa is a capital convention city.

CATHOLIC ART.

The abundance of illustration in current Christmas literature and especially the laudable efforts made by several Catholic publications in celebrating the Jubilee, have given rise to a train of musing in the editorial sub-consciousness. Art is the heritage of Catholic ages. Therefore Catholics should lead in art and in its appreciation. How very little of the truly æsthetic there is in this city of Ottawa.

IRREVERENCE.

Europeans hold that irreverence is a characteristic vice of American youth. We hope not, for a lack of reverence shows a lack of appreciation of the truly good and great. But there are not wanting straws that betray the presence of an undercurrent in educational systems. The goddess of reason is worshipped to the disadvantage of the God of moral sanction and revealed truth. Anti-chapel strikes are the order of the day in a college we wot of.

One of our exchanges goes to the extent of parodying a psalm in a low way, commencing: "The pony is my helper, I shall not funk." The very latest is the abolishing of the Doxology in the University of Chicago and the substitution for chapel service of the Alma-mater chorus.

UNIFORM LATINITY.

The Catholic hierarchy of Ireland at a recent meeting unanimously decided to introduce the Roman pronunciation of Latin into all ecclesiastical colleges and seminaries. This is a splendid object lesson, for Maynooth men are not traditionally rash innovators. Canada is afflicted with a variegated diversity of Latin pronunciations, ranging from that of the long *i*'s and *a*'s in vogue in the non-Catholic schools, to that of the French *u*'s and nasal endings popular in Lower Canada. But by all odds the compromise or blend known as the *English Catholic* pronunciation is the most illogical and awkward, distancing even the absurd "Kickero" fad of the Germanising school. Give us the full vowel intonation of those to whom the language is a direct heritage, whose vernacular is derived from the language, who in language as in song and instrumental harmonies excel in musical taste. Let the clergy of Rome be the academy for the standardization of the official language of the Church, and the problem of intelligible oral communication in a cosmopolitan meet of clergymen will be vastly simplified.

LITERARY JAUNDICE.

Mr. Morley in a recent lecture to an English audience emphasised the value of the newspaper as the modern vehicle of information. We desire to emphasise as well, the exception that must be taken in the case of the daily affected with the jaundice of sensationalism, and most of our dailies are. Crime-laden columns do as much damage as the circulation of the dime novel and the penny frightful. The columns sold over to the empty nothings of the fashionable world waste as much time as the sea side or the fire-side trashy libraries. A most objectionable feature is the *feuilleton*

romance 'to be continued.' In one of these, perused by the editor in a moment of weakness, the hustling hero uniformly dies a violent death in each chapter, or rather uniformly refuses to die, for, shot in the first,—oh, joy! he reappears in the second only to be drowned? is rescued miraculously for the third chapter, only to walk over a precipice one hundred feet high, to be pieced together when the denouement is due, which is of course a happy, happy marriage with a harmless chocolate fiend.—The vast amount of space given over to election rubbish is also regrettable. Surely half of it might well be dispensed with, but here the question will naturally arise,—Which half?—Reading maketh a full man, but often full of cynicism and flippancy of mind, for, 'all looks yellow to the eye jaundiced by improper reading.'

TAKE NOTES.

Two friends of Gladstone, admirers of his versatility and intellectual acquisitiveness, plotted to find a topic on which even the giant would be uninformed. To have him at sea for once, the subject chosen was "Chinese chess," the intricate features of which fantastic game they mastered from a lengthy magazine article. At the next meeting with the Premier the conversation was deftly turned to games, to chess, and finally to that peculiar kind known as "Chinese." Fully prepared to enjoy the Grand Old Man's discomfiture there were electrified to hear him break in with the words "Gentlemen, I have just written a magazine article on the subject." 'Twas the very one our two plotters had exploited. Gladstone scored.—His versatility and great mental store were with all due credit to his genius, the result of method. He was a systematic note taker. The books in his library were amplified by myriad marginal annotations and he was an omnivorous reader in his spare moments. The student to be an all round scholar must read and take notes. When reading a book *if it be your own* make analytical observations, deductions, considerations on the folio if you will, or better as is practiced by a systematic reader of our acquaintance on fly sheets inserted at the back. A volume might well be written on the value of these, and of references, and clippings, it may be a chance bright, elusive

inspiration of your own, the epigram of a lecturer, a paragraph in a periodical, any gem of another mind. Jot them down and make a thesaurus of your own. 'Tis a great thing to have them when wan'ed, at least to know where to find them.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

(The space below is reserved for reasonable criticism, and may be called in colloquial language 'The Kicker's Corner.'—Ed.)

MR. EDITOR,—

I was pleased to see a notice of the Abbé Klein's new book—*Au Pays de la Vie Intense*—in your December number. Now I am on the alert for all the other notices that are sure to come from both sides of the Atlantic, not that the book is surely of the order of world's literature for all time, nor is it likely to revolutionize Europe, any more than the cur-tailed fox succeeded in persuading the other foxes to step up to the block and be relieved of their tails. I have read the book carefully for several reasons, not the least of which, was a strong personal interest in the clever writer and in some of his ideals; as a mere book of impressions on the seemingly inexhaustible subject—America, it strikes me as very easily superior to Paul Bourget's and Max O'Rell's. I will not speak of the special championship of America, which all the world knows to be a big subject; and likely to be for some years more, a rock of scandal for some, a helping stone for others. But do let me ask you, if you don't think the fair and able and fearless writer, who is not a new "chiel" among us taking notes, has been somewhat used as an advertiser, all unknown to himself, in the loud Yankee fashion, by some of the notabilities to whom he brought the open sesame of letters of introduction? That's the funny part of the book to me, especially the chapters devoted to the White House and to the so-called Red House, with all due respect for the Rough Rider, elected almost by acclamation to fill the responsible chair, set up by George Washington. One cannot but smile as one realizes how near to the farce-form of the dramatic act, Mr. Roosevelt's strides and speeches may appear to those who always lived in America, either below the Mason and Dixon

line or above the imaginary line separating British North America from the United States. "Cheap heroics," one Southerner calls Teddie's deeds of valour. The Abbé Klein, all unconsciously, makes me echo "cheap heroics"—accent on the *he*. As for the histrionic star that illumines the "Red House," well—no wonder such as he, might perplex the censors beyond the Tiber; as for the Inquisitors by the banks of the Seine, they have *só* much perplexity of their own, these "Au doux pays," it matters very little what they think of "Americanism," but—well—in the Land of the Strenuous Life—*entre nous*, the strenuosity is not all of the order of St. Bernard, St. Chrysostom, Godfrey de Bouillon. or of Abraham Lincoln, or of Stonewall Jackson, etc. Yet this book has many charms, the charm of simple, clear, strong style. carrying with it a wistfulness not very hard to define, when one realizes how every true Frenchman must feel to-day, when he remembers how justly proud his *belle France* had a right to be, in speaking of her strenuosity as: "Gesta Dei per Francos." There's charm, too, that appeals to our vanity. No nation presumably, any more than any individual, ever truly reaches the philosophical degree of indifference as to the way "others see us." The few chapters given to Canada make very pleasant reading. Here the author was not in quest of features essentially American; he came in the first days of September, saw some of the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, Lake Ontario, Thousand Islands, Niagara Falls, both sides. What else could he do but repeat what all true lovers of the grandiose in nature, must say? The villages of Caughnawahga, Oka; the cities of Montreal and Ottawa, he speaks of in a tone to satisfy the inhabitants thereof. Poor Toronto and Kingston get the cold shoulder, if such an expression can be used. When one is weary of dust and heat and travel, the book is, possibly, the first of the many, inspired by "Jonathan and His Continent," that aims chiefly at grasping the religious status of the fearfully cosmopolitan Republic. That all the old folks at home should not be ready to share the generous Abbé's enthusiasm, can be easily conceived even here in Canada.

S. NORTH.

Our Alumni.

A Roman Letter.

(From a letter just received by a member of the Faculty, we make the excerpt as below. The writer is John J. Cox, '07, now student at the Propaganda, Rome. The topic is an appropriate one, and the writer reveals well the touching features of the great Roman 'festa.' To obtain a coign of vantage in such a jostling multitude is ever a heroic feat, but trust our old scrimmage key-stone for that. We hope to be able to publish other phases of Roman student life from time to time.—ED.)

COLLEGIO AMERICANO DEL NORD,

ROMA, ITALIA, Dec. 13, '04.

* * * We have just put in two of the most busy weeks that I know of since I have been here, as almost every day we have either been on ceremonies in some church near by, or visiting the Lateran Museum, where all the gifts received by the Popes in honor of the Immaculate Conception were exhibited to the public; and it is needless to say that they far surpassed anything that I had ever seen in that line. The most beautiful ciboriums, crucifixes and candelabra imaginable, adorned with the most precious jewels; the original documents of the dogmatic Definition; the tiara and vestments worn by Pius the IX, on the day he declared the dogma, were all on exhibition, and a great many other valuable things which, of course, are very important, but entirely too numerous to mention here. They had copies of every picture of the Madonna; and histories of every shrine of the Blessed Virgin on the face of the earth; and even pictures and sketches of the lives of a great many of the people who had been cured while visiting those shrines, were to be seen.

We also spent some time at the church of the *Santi Apostoli*, where a Congress, pertaining to the glories and consolations of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, was held by representatives of the different countries and Catholic provinces throughout the world. The idea of the Congress was to gather

the opinions and sentiments of the different races regarding the Dogma, and also to have representatives praise the Mother of God in the various tongues—from English down to Chinese—from the same platform; and according to all reports this was done most eloquently, and was a most splendid success.

The Congress was concluded at St. Peter's on the Sunday afternoon preceding the *Festa*, when its president and officers presented a golden crown, adorned with twelve enormous stars of solitaire diamonds, to his Holiness, who placed it on the head of the Madonna occupying the canon chapel on the left entering the church. This celebration was only a minor affair in comparison to the one on Thursday, the 8th, it being held in the afternoon with only a small crowd present, most of whom were clerics. The ceremonies relating to it were all most gracefully and elegantly carried out, but then it didn't glow like the one on Thursday, that is, the intense solemnity made it entirely void of any sensational peculiarities whatever.

There was an interval then of three days before the celebration in commemoration of the Immaculate Conception, which, without doubt, was the most sublime and magnificent that I certainly ever saw or ever could hope to see, as it was most gorgeously attended by all the pomp and power that the Church affords. The doors of St. Peter were opened at seven a. m. to those holding invitations, and long before that time the mighty piazza, almost surrounded by the massive embracing colonnade, was filled with a mass of living beings, from the celebrities of both Church and State down to the poorest peasants from the Campagna. Many of them had come from the remotest parts of the earth to pay homage to the Blessed Virgin on her glorious festivity. We all arrived at St. Peter's shortly after seven, and even at that early hour we could hardly get standing room; and at nine o'clock, the time fixed for the procession to leave the Vatican for St. Peter's, more than seventy thousand people had passed through the doors.

The procession proceeded up the centre of the church about 9:15, headed by fifty or sixty of the Pope's private guard, who lined up along the sides until the rest of the procession had passed. They were followed by ninety-three *Monsignori*, one hundred and fifteen priests representing the different Orders of the Church,

one hundred and seventy-six bishops and archbishops, fifty-four of the noble guard, all of whom are members of the Italian nobility ; thirty-four cardinals, and last and by all means the greatest of all, our glorious pontiff, who was raised up above the heads of all the others, seated in a golden chair under a beautifully decorated canopy. He was dressed in his Pontifical robes, and, it is needless to say, looked magnificent whenever he raised his hand, with the first three fingers opened, to give his benediction, while the beautiful peacock fans undulated to the flapping to and fro of his huge sleeves as his hand went from right to left bestowing his blessing on all who desired it.

Shortly afterwards the mass was begun with the Pope as celebrant, and was not ended until one o'clock. What a sight it all was—the ceremonies, the Pope on the throne, the beautiful contrast that the red and the purple, of the cardinals and bishops, made with the elegant costumes worn by the fair sex. The music and the singing, the Pope's singing in particular, the moving masses of people, the illuminations and decorations, along with St. Peter's itself, which is a most marvelous sight in its very simplicity, and which needs nothing whatever to set off its beauty and immensity—can only be fully appreciated by those who witnessed it, as it most certainly was far beyond any power of description that the imagination can conceive.

The following Sunday we all attended another very elaborate celebration, the canonization of two Saints—Alessandro Sauli and Gerardo Maiella. The canonization, which followed immediately after the procession, and consequently before the mass, was of absorbing interest throughout, as it was marked by a great many spectacular features in the ritual proper to such an occasion. For instance, during the most solemn part, two bishops, two archbishops, and two cardinals approached the Pope on the throne ; and the bishops kissed his toe, the archbishops his knee, and the cardinals his hand, as an act of submission, and also in signification of the superiority of the cardinals over the archbishops, and of the archbishops over the bishops.

The procession was much more extensive than on Thursday, as the Pope had issued a proclamation commanding all bishops and archbishops within a radius of two hundred miles of Rome to be

present, and as both of the saints-elect were members of religious Orders, he requested their respective Orders to send as large a delegation as possible, and accordingly there were between seven and eight hundred. Every one in the procession (the Pope excepted) carried a candle, and all, excepting the bishops, archbishops and cardinals, sang from the time they entered the church until they arrived at the High Altar, which is over the tomb of Saint Peter, and where mass is celebrated only on the most solemn occasion, or when the Pope officiates. The mass, apart from the canonization, was the same as on Thursday, but the decorations and illuminations were a great deal more numerous; every statue and picture of the different saints throughout the church, was beautifully and remarkably illuminated and embellished for the occasion; so you can imagine what a resplendent and most beautiful radiance, those lights and ornaments cast over that multitudinous assemblage, who stood almost motionless, gazing continually on the '*Baldacchino*,' the centre of attraction during the two great celebrations, occupied by the Pope and his venerable colleagues

This is the seventh time I have had the extreme pleasure of seeing His Holiness and receiving his blessing, and I must say that each time I felt his presence more keenly, as on this occasion in particular, I found it absolutely necessary to bite my lips in order to keep the tears back; and on all sides of me during the celebration, I noticed strong men and women weeping like little children. This seems to be very queer, and whether they were tears of joy or tears of sadness I know not, but I do know, the moment he raises his hand in the act of blessing, and looks towards you with that sweet fatherly smile, which brightens up his impressive features, you immediately feel a tremor vibrating through your whole being, and resulting involuntarily in an abundance of tears.

Every now and then a cheer would burst forth from several of the multitude, but the moment the Pope noticed it, he immediately raised his finger, and everything became tranquil again as if by magic. The present Pope requested that there should be no oral or noisy demonstration whatever, and it must have been a pleasure to the grand old man to see how his wishes were

all obeyed, by that conglomeration of different classes and races, which one would naturally expect to see excessively boisterous and even uncontrollable. It evidently proved that they recognized in him their Ruler as the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, for no other man on earth could possibly have controlled that crowd under the same conditions, and in the same easy and simple manner. * * *

JOHN J. COX, '07.

The letter closes with New Year's wishes to all friends, and a special word to the team.



Two Provinces.

In order to more successfully further the interests of the Church on this continent, the Oblate Order has recently divided the southern half of it into two vast provinces. Very Rev. H. E. Constantineau, O.M.I., formerly Rector of the University, has jurisdiction as provincial over the South-west, including Mexico, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Missouri, New Mexico, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, California, Utah, Nevada, Oregon and Washington Territory. His headquarters are San Antonio, Texas. The rest of the American Republic is under the jurisdiction of Very Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., formerly Vice-Rector here. His headquarters of this, the 'First American Province,' are at Buffalo, N.Y. The REVIEW desires to respectfully congratulate both provincials on the honor, and to express a prayer that they may successfully bear their responsibilities, in the development of the great American Church, and the winning of souls to God.

At the Christmas ordinations held at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, His Lordship Mgr. Archambault, Bishop of Joliette, conferred orders on the following old students of Varsity :

Minors—J. H. McDonald, '03 (Kingston); Subdeaconship—L. E. Staley, '06 (Kingston); Priesthood—J. R. O'Gorman, '01, J. T. Warnock, '01 (Pembroke).

Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., LL.D.



Our readers will remember the loyal and encouraging words published in last month's REVIEW under the heading, "Reminiscences by Doctor O'Hagan." He graduated in 1882 with honors in languages. After a postgraduate course in Syracuse and Cornell Universities, he taught in the Separate and High Schools of his native province, Ontario, with splendid success for a number of years. He is regarded as one of the most sympathetic interpreters of English literature in Ontario. His fugitive pieces of verse were collected and published in a volume called "A Gate of Flowers." Since then he has published "In Dreamland and other poems," and "Songs of the Settlement." He has recently come widely into notice as a lecturer. As Mr. O'Hagan was born in '55 we have yet reason to hope for further results of his literary talent.

OBITUARY.

Mr. James Binet, father of Rev. Leon Binet, Ont., Professor of Chemistry, departed from this life on Sunday, 8th of January. The deceased was born at Beauport in 1841, but resided at Hull since 1882. His unassuming merit won for him the esteem of those who knew him. To Father Binet the REVIEW tenders its sympathy in his loss.

Of Local Interest.

The Oblate students of St. Joseph Scholasticate who received orders from Archbishop Duhamel at the Christmas ordinations, were :—

Priesthood—J. Racette.

Deaconship—P. J. Hammersly, N. Laflamme, J. A. Therien, L. J. Bonnet.

Minor Orders—J. A. Renaud, C. Perrault, Jas. Carriere.

Tonsure - F. Vachon, G. H. Flannigan, J. Hagerty, E. Strauss, J. B. Lavoie.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 11th, the question of "Woman Suffrage" was discussed by the members of the English Debating Society. Messrs. Freeland and Malone maintained that women should be given a voice in the government of the country. Messrs. Walsh and Johnson upheld the opposite side and brought forth many weighty and telling arguments in support of their contention. The judges awarded the debate to the negative.

The Debating Society gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a neat little volume on oratory, the gift of Mr. Charles Murphy, '87.

Under the most favorable auspices the Scientific Society has reorganized for another year. Thursday, the 8th of December, the members assembled in goodly numbers to elect the officers for the season. The following executive was chosen :

Director—Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse, O. M. I.

President—J. C. Walsh.

Vice-President—L. D. Collin.

Secretary—J. J. Freeland.

Treasurer—R. Lapointe.

Reporter—T. Sloan.

Counsellors—Messrs. Byrnes, Jones, Joron, George.

During the early part of December, the French students met

and elected officers for their Debating Society. The gentlemen who are to direct the Society for the coming year are :—

Director—Rev. A. Normandin.

President—L. Donat Collin.

Vice-President—R. O. Filiatrault.

Secretary—Charles A. Séguin.

Councillors—E. Theriault, H. St. Jacques.

On their return to the College after the Christmas vacation, the boys found several changes in the teaching staff. A few familiar faces were missing. During the holidays Rev. G. Gauvreau, O.M.I., received orders from his superiors to proceed to Mattawa to take over the rectorship of the Oblate House and parish at that place. For well-nigh fifteen years Father Gauvreau has taught Higher Mathematics, Greek and Chemistry in this University. During that time, in all his dealings with the students, he proved himself their friend and well-wisher. By his departure this institution loses an excellent professor,—one whose place can not easily be filled. The REVIEW extends to the Reverend gentleman its best wishes for his future.

Prof. Grey too has resigned in order to secure a more lucrative position. During the year spent initiating us to the secrets of good English, he made many friends. The REVIEW will always be glad to chronicle his future advancement.

On Sunday evening, December 18th, under the direction of Rev. W. J. Stanton, O.M.I., a musical and dramatic entertainment was given by the students. The following program was carried out:—

PART I.

Overture.....	College Orchestra
Dialogue Messrs. J. Lajoie and M. Smith	
Vocal Selection.....	Mr. J. Torseney
Recitation	Mr. G. Brennan
"The Spanish Guitar".....	Soloist, Mr. F. Smith
		assisted by the <i>Agony Octette</i>

Recitation	Mr. J. Freeland
"Rosalie"	Mr. M. Masson
	assisted by the <i>Agony Octette</i>
Vocal Selection	Mr. Arthur Desrosiers
Selection	Orchestra

PART II.

"Our First Performance."

Billy Jones, stage manager and prompter.... F. Bresnahan Smith
 Frank Walker, the tramp M. Lightfoot O'Neill
 Jim Palmydays, the old man..... W. Chesterfield McCarthy
 M. Ryan, the Irishman..... F. Sarsaparilla Gaboury
 Henderson Dashpot, the villain..... J. Edwin Booth Burke
 Ike Johnson, the coon J. "Postum Coffee" O'Keefe

The members of the *Agony Octette* are Messrs. Joron, Bazinet, Sloan, Gaboury, Masson, Coté, McCarthy and Burke. There was not a hitch in the evening's proceedings, thanks to the efforts of Messrs. O'Grady and Scully. The playing of the Orchestra, under the direction of Rev. J. A. Fortier, was excellent. Mr. "Con" Bresnahan acted as accompanist. The boys thoroughly enjoyed the whole performance, and look forward to many more such entertainments during the winter months.

Let us hope that R. L-p-n-te never takes it into his head to visit Sanctum. Then there would be "only room for one." The question would be where to put the coal oil stove.

The boys at 115 Stewart street are looking forward to the day when they shall be able to sing "O where, O where, is my little dog gone?"

Answers to a Correspondent :—

T. O'G.—Decidedly not ! Mr. Sc-l-y is never allowed near the coal oil stove. Moreover, Sir, allow me to inform you that although the sanctum does contain one or more magazines, dynamite is not kept in stock.

The Junior Locals,

Owing to the large amount of space devoted to matter pertaining to the recent Jubilee, and to other special features in the Christmas number, our department was necessarily omitted. As it is now rather unseasonable for Christmas greetings, we shall simply pass on to the New Year, trusting that each and every student has passed an enjoyable vacation, and that this year will be for all replete with God's choicest blessings.

It is creditable to the Juniors to note that, despite the terrific snowstorm which swept this vicinity January 7th, all reported in good season.

A marked improvement since the boys' departure, is the spacious and well equipped recreation hall in the new Arts building.

A new, long-expected and much-needed organization sprang into existence in the early part of December—the Junior Debating Society. Meetings are held every Sunday evening, and a most instructive and enjoyable treat is assured to those who attend. The Juniors wish to take this occasion to thank Prof. H. J. McDonald, the organizer of the society, for the kindly interest he has manifested in their welfare.

The first debate was held before a very large and enthusiastic gathering, Dec. 1st. The meeting opened with a few words of timely advice by Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse, who, it may be remarked, has lent every encouragement to the society since its inception. The subject of the debate, "Resolved, that boarding schools offer more advantages to a student than do day schools," was discussed by Messrs. J. Moran and W. McHugh for the affirmative, and Messrs. A. McHugh and P. Shaw for the negative. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

The respective merits of rural and city life were debated on Dec. 7th. Messrs. C. Kehoe and J. Byrnes, who defended country life, secured the decision over the city champions, Messrs. Béroard and Vallillee.

A meeting of the officers of the J. A. A. is soon to be called to select the players for the Hockey teams.

Those who spent their holidays at the College will long retain recollections of the pleasant time they enjoyed. Through the kindness and foresight of Rev. Fr. Latulippe, an entertaining program was marked out for each day, and the vacation passed all too soon. The sleigh-ride party, with the accompanying banquet, will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant evenings ever spent within the College walls.

True, it is like talking ancient history to bring up a football subject in the middle of winter, but as the Seniors monopolized the whole athletic column of last month's issue, we are going to take this opportunity to congratulate the Juniors on the many successes they achieved during the season of 1904. The individual members of the team worked conscientiously under the management of Rev. Fr. Boyer, and that they fully deserve a great deal of credit for their efforts is evinced in their record here given.

First team	3	Juniors	0
"	6	"	0
"	10	Mascottes ..	9
"	20	Unions	4
"	27	Big Yard ...	0
"	12	Juniorists ..	0
"	8	Cliffsides ..	6
	—		—
Total First team.....	86	Total Opponents....	19

JUNIOR EDITOR.