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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Evangeline, Symbol of Enduring Life	293
Yellow Journalism	299
An Outpost Affair	301
The Physics of Heat	306
Mainly About Books.....	310
Little Miss Golden's Astonishing Exploit with a Cleveland Burglar	315
Two Sides to the Question	320
Scientific Argot	323
Poetry :	
Literary Leisure.....	298
The Household of Faith	304
Mizpah	305
A Loose Translation.....	314
Editorials :	
Quite in Keeping	325
Secular Universities and Catholic Truth	326
To Subscribers	327
A Loyal Alumnus	327
Various.....	328
Book Review.....	329
Among the Magazines.....	331
Exchanges.....	333
Athletics.....	335
Of Local Interest	338
Priorum Temporum Flores.....	341
Junior Department.....	342

University of Ottawa

REVIEW

No. 6

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Vol. IV

EVANGELINE,

SYMBOL OF ENDURING HOPE.



LONGFELLOW'S *Evangeline* presents to the view a perfect picture of peace, happiness and love against the background of a little Acadian village. The heroine *Evangeline*, a pure, tender maiden is in love with and in turn loved by young *Gabriel*. All through their childhood days they bask their love in the beautiful garden of peace. And when that mutual affection which had grown in their hearts from earliest years is about to unite them, the poet allows the cruel, unsparing hand of the tyrant to separate them and to make them wander for years through the world in search of each other.

In the character of *Evangeline*, Longfellow portrays a vivid picture of the "affection that hopes and endures and is patient." From the time their affections were cruelly blighted to their reunion in the Philadelphia hospital, *Evangeline* ever yearned for her lover, and in all the trying disappointments of her long journeys she ever displayed unshaken hope in the attainment of her object. The reverses of her life begin at the village church, where she learns that she must leave the home of her childhood days. She accepts her first cross, bears it generously and, forgetful of self, passes

through the village "cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women."

"And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
Charity, meekness, love and hope and forgiveness, and patience!"

Even in the trying moment in which she and Gabriel are to be separated, hope speaks to her heart, for beholding Gabriel in the silent and mournful procession, she runs to meet him and whispers :

"Gabriel, be of good cheer ! for if we love one another
Nothing in truth can harm us, whatever mishap befall us."

Here begins her long life of hope. Long, she wanders through the desert of life, ever hopeful to catch a glimpse of Gabriel. Sometimes she remained in towns, till, urged on by the fevered and restless longing that swelled her bosom, she would again begin her hopeless journey. The homes of the dead she trod and looked on the crosses and tombstones, and she lingered by the homeless grave, thinking that within its bosom Gabriel was already at rest. Hope again, but hope deferred.

"Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward."

And to add difficulty to difficulty, her own friends advised her to abandon her vanished object and to give her hand to other youths as tender and as true. But love and hope replied "I cannot."

"Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand and not elsewhere.

When the clouds darkened the waning light of hope, her faithful guide, Father Felician, brightened her spirit with timely words of comfort.

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted.
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment."

To this he adds the great lesson of patient and silent suffering which comes in proportion to the intensity of one's love.

"Patience ; accomplished by labor ; accomplish thy work of affection.
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike."

Cheered by the good man's words she resumed her journey, over boundless praires and through endless forests to encounter at each step disappointment and sorrow.

"But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight."

Hope again is fired when she meets the long-absent Basil, but it is hope that ends in renewed disappointment for,

"Old memories rose, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart ;"

Her love for Gabriel fills her with the utmost longing for union with him as we plainly perceive in the third cant.

"O Gabriel, my beloved,
Art thou so near unto me and yet I cannot behold thee ?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me ?
Oh ! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie !
Ah ! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me !
Ah ! How often beneath this oak, returning from labor
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"

This love is strong, this longing for union is so powerful, that it urges her to pursue her lover into the very wilds of the then unexplored far West, of which Longfellow gives such a vivid and beautiful description—one that puts before us strikingly the difficulties, the dangers that Evangeline has to face there. But love ever overcomes all obstacles. And so Evangeline sets forth with Hope as her guiding star : Hope which presents ever the possibility of obtaining the good sought for. And so she went hopefully forward day after day, because, she in common with her guide, "thought each day to o'ertake him."

Their hopes were built upon the fact that :

"Sometimes they saw or thought they saw the smoke of his camp fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain,"

And though

"at nightfall

When they had reached the place they found only embers and ashes,"
yet even this was a sign that Gabriel was at least not far away, and so Hope still guided them on. When hope in this direction was finally extinguished, Evangeline

again turns with a sudden and secret "though inexplicable emotion" to the good priest of the Jesuit mission. Yes, hope again, but hope delayed. "Far to the west he has gone," said the priest, "but in autumn

"When the chase is done, will return again to the mission."

A ray of hope—and Evangeline will await the mission his return in autumn. But,

"Came the autumn and passed and the winter—yet
Gabriel came not.
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon the world and in the wood, yet Gabriel came not—
Yet the same voice of Hope, for
On the breath of summer winds a rumor was wafted.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River."

And so,

"With returning guides that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the mission."

But alas,

"When over weary ways, by perilous marches
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin.

Thus successive hope and disappointment guided her on,

"As the magic Fata Morgana
"Showed (her) her lakes of light that retreated and vanished before her.
Even the episodal tales of the Indian woman came to
decrease her hope and to increase her despair, until "a secret

"Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror
And she felt for the moment

That like the Indian maiden, she too was pursuing a phantom."

And though hope revived at the thought of the mission, yet soon it died again when the priest with solemnity answered :

"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side,
Told me the same sad tale ; then arose and continued his journey."

And as "hope oft deferred maketh the soul sick," then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive :

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

Then autumn came and passed and yet no Gabriel. Evangeline's hope gave place to disappointment, only to be revived again at the whisper of a vague rumor. And this state of her soul continued through the weeks and years that followed.

"Fair was she and young when *in hope* began the long journey;
Faded was she and old when in disappointment it ended."

But the death of earthly hope gave birth to a grander, a heavenly hope, and opened to her the portals of a higher and nobler life. On the horizon of this sublime life, she saw a wider sphere of love--the love of God and of neighbor.

"Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy, frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected."

But the love of God and neighbor did not lessen her love of Gabriel. Her love was made "god-like,"

"Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven"
Until it became all-embracing, including God and all His creatures.

"Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him.
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed but transformed,
He had become to her heart as one who is dead but not absent."

In the hospital in Philadelphia, all the love of her life, all its hope and all its despair return to her at one and the same instant, so that the love, the hope, the pain, the disappointment, all concentrate their united forces upon the one moment of her life. And when she meets the "motionless, senseless, dying," Gabriel, "still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder,

"Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flow'rets dropped from her fingers

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it and started up from their pillows.

Sweet was the light of his eyes, but it suddenly sank into darkness."

"Thus all was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow, all the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing, all the dull, deep pain and anguish of patience."

As in all cases God sends earthly sorrow and disappointment and pain to lead the soul to Him, so Evangeline from her life of disappointed love learned the grand old lesson of

"Patience and abnegation and devotion to others."

Meekly she bowed her head and murmured,

"Father, I thank thee."

J. B.



LITERARY LEISURE.

Let my life pass in healthful, happy ease,
 The world and all its schemes shut out my door,
 Rich in a competence and nothing more,
 Saving the student's wealth—"Apollo's fees"—
 Long rows of goodly volumes, to appease
 My early love, and quenchless thirst of lore.
 No Want to urge me on the path of Gain—
 No Hope to lure me in Ambition's track;
 Struggles and strife and all this savage train,
 Still from my tranquil dwelling driven back,
 My only triumphs—if such toys I lack—
 Some subtle nut of science burst in twain,
 Or knot unravelled. Thus be't mine to live,
 And feel life pass like a long summer eve.

—SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

Yellow Journalism



THE rapid strides recently made in circulation by a few well known newspapers have given rise to a new feature in journalism. These journals, whose editors had the courage and independence to break away from old fashioned customs, have been denounced by others who still cling to the staid and set opinions of their predecessors.

We do not hear much about "yellow journalism" but within the last decade. Previous to this a circulation up in the hundred thousands was unheard of. To-day we see a few in this country whose average daily circulation is in excess of half a million and perhaps more than twenty-five in the hundred thousands.

The cause by which these journals have attained so great a circulation has mainly been attributed to their method of giving out the news as quickly as possible and in a manner to strike the public fancy. The "dress" of so-called "yellow journals" has been largely criticised on account of their "glaring headlines" and the lavish use of polychromatic inks. The most important news items of the day or edition, appear on the initial page in huge letters. The main object of this seems to be to eat up space. However, one objectionable feature of these modern journals exists in delving into the minutest details of shocking and horrible crimes. A suppression of circumstances and accompanying photographs might well be omitted. If credence be given to rumors, we would be under the impression that "yellow journals" tend to incite persons to crime, but we fail to see any large increase in the percentage of criminals since the advent of "yellow journals." Many editors have gone so far as to intimate that the late Spanish war would not have taken place were it not for reports sent out from this class of papers concerning which our subject treats. That the press exerts a wide-spread influence, goes without saying, but to say that our government was driven to war by the editorials of a few newspapers is mere

folly. The death of our late president also gave the critics another opportunity to grow fanatic in their denunciations of our progressive journals. The latter have been attacked for their publication of facts relative to municipal and national mismanagement on the part of officials. Perhaps it would be better to let open robbery continue than to raise a cry against this too prevalent practice.

One of the leading features of the "yellow journals" is the cartoon. That the cartoon is an educator is proved by the fact that most all the papers of the country now employ one or more cartoonists.

The literary development of many of our citizens has been sadly neglected. To this class the cartoon appeals and by this method things are shown in such a manner as to become readily intelligible to whom an article consisting of high-flown expressions would leave but a vague apprehension in the mind. Some cartoons hold up to ridicule municipal or national politics in such a way that shows the true state of affairs in a clearer light than would a lengthy news article or editorial upon the same subject.

As I have said before, these cartoons are a special benefit to those who, although illiterate, are endowed with a good amount of common sense. Cartoons are to the general run of illustrations what humor is to literature. Humor is one of the highest species of literature, and very few have succeeded in this line. Still more rare are the clever cartoonist and the number of those who have attained a national reputation can be counted with little exertion. Some of our best writers are renowned for having left an excellent pen picture upon the mind. This is exactly the mission of the cartoon, and it takes little time to see the intricate point.

To say that "yellow journals" deserve the sobriquet, "yellow," would go to affirm that millions of inhabitants of this country who are daily readers of our progressive dailies are wholly without taste. These millions are silent testifiers of the position of so-called "yellow journals" and if questioned would undoubtedly agree in saying that our old fashioned newspapers have been very "yellow" in their denunciations of "yellow journalism." They have all along exhibited those symptoms arising from their weak and loathsome rivalry.

CHAS. M. ROUGHAN, in the Allegheny College *Laurel*.

AN OUTPOST AFFAIR

BY LIEUT. F. FALKLAND WARREN.

T was a bright afternoon in February. The South African sun beamed down unmercifully. Men and officers in camp were making all sorts of extempore shelters against the unbearable heat. The sentries were the only ones to be seen out in the fiery glare, eagerly scanning the horizon—for the foe, who usually crept up at night to take pot.shots at them as they kept guard around the camp. The officers were chatting and laughing over in the squadron mess tent, whose sides were looped to allow any stray breeze to circulate. All around the veldt, right away to the Longe Bergen Mountains in the distance, could be seen dust devils twirling; ever and anon clouds of locusts took wing and soared through the sultry air, making to other than a practiced eye what must be dust raised by mounted men.

The Colonel had just begun relating a funny story when a sergeant of the guard walked up and saluting reported that a sentry had descried a cloud of dust in the wake of a horseman who was heading direct for the camp. Every one turned out and went up a small kopje at the back of the camp. Very soon half a dozen field glasses were eagerly scanning and wondering who the rider could be and why his mad haste on such a hot day. Captain J—— was the first to recognize him by the gait and color of his horse. "Why! that is Corp. Elliot who is out with Lieut. Danvers in No. 3 company at the summit of the Longe Bergen."

"Lieut. Bradshaw, jump on your horse, gallop out to that man and if anything is the matter, circle your horse to the left. Now then off!"

In less time than it takes to tell, Lieut. Bradshaw was away bareback toward the distant messenger. Meanwhile, we gazed after him, anxious for a little brisk work, as we were wearied of marching and false alarms. Ours was a new raised corps of the Cape Colonial Defence force: there were a few Australians

and Canadians, but the majority were raw recruits, for the most part Africanders. We were anxious to see how they would behave, of course hoping to show that we formed as good a corps as any in the field.

Presently, Bradshaw reaches Elliot. After a brief wait, we perceive the joyful signal given. All is commotion in the camp below as the Colonel shouts :

“Sergeant-Major ! Let the bugler sound the fall in ; then everybody saddle up. Let the Quartermaster issue two days’ rations of beef and biscuits. Get the pack-mules ready, then wait for further orders !”

It was not very long before Bradshaw and Elliot trotted up to where we stood around the commanding officer. The Colonel asked, what was the matter.

“Sir, at 6 a.m. we were attacked by about forty Boers. We managed to drive them off, but Lieut. Danvers fears that they will attack again to-night. I have also to report that one trooper was killed ; myself and two others wounded.”

Now we noticed that his right arm was hanging limp. It was well bandaged, however, and the bleeding stanchd. The doctor soon found that the fracture was between the elbow and the shoulder. What pain he must have suffered during the seventeen-mile ride we leave to the reader to imagine.

The Colonel withdrew to the mess-tent to give us our orders. Drawing out a map, by its aid he laid out our respective routes.

“Captain Johnson, take forty men, proceed to Kogman’s Pass, go through and make for Concondia. Try and get behind the Boers on the Summit Trail.”

“Lieut. Francis, pick out five men, go and find out all you can about the commando, whence it comes, its number, etc. Report at Danver’s Camp.

“Lieut. Bradshaw, you take thirty men and proceed via Reil Vlei. Work your way up to the left of No. 3 Camp.”

“Lieut. Hendricks, you also take thirty men, go by way of Roe-Hoecher and work up to the right of No. 3 Camp.”

“Now gentlemen, use all caution, have careful men scouting and all come up to the position I have laid out by day break.

With the remainder of the corps, I shall proceed to Danver's Camp. I wish you every success."

I picked out my five men, three Australians, a Canadian, and one Africander, who not only knew the country like a book, but also the Dutch and Kaffir languages.

We rode hard till we reached the foot of Longe Bergen. Here dismounting we led our horses up to the base of the peak, called Devil's Rise. Here I left an Australian in charge of the horses, telling the other two to scout to the left and return in three hours, while I went to the right. We located the enemy from a small kopje. Ordering the Africander to stay where he was, the Canadian and myself after careful stalking got very close, so close as to hear their talk. With my field glasses, I could easily see their horses saddled. They were evidently going to move, though a dispute seemed to be going on. I counted thirty men standing around: some more were lying on the grass, while others were piling up stones and rocks. Returning, we met the Africander and got back to our horses. The other two scouts arrived shortly and reported having seen the enemy on the other side of a deep donga.

All being together again, we returned upon our trail for about a mile when we cut across the country and eventually dropped into the path to No. 3 Camp. Finding the Colonel there, I gave in my report, after which I moved ahead again. I took with me the Canadian and Africander allowing the Australians to go together. After an hour's easy ride we found where the enemy had been and from tracks it seemed they must have retired towards Brake Fontein. If Capt. Johnson made good time, they would run right into his arms.

We came upon the cairn of stones; judging it worth while to see if there were anything underneath, we went to work and were well rewarded by finding one hundred and fifteen mausers with as many bandoleers. The Canadian went back to guide the Colonel who soon came up with the corps which Lieuts. Bradshaw and Hendricks had joined with their men. We soon demolished those rifles and bandoleers.

I galloped ahead, the regiment following in skirmishing order. The trail lead down a steep donga ; rough travelling it was, rocks, cactus, and wait-a-bit thorns in profusion. We soon heard firing. It was grand to witness the enthusiasm of the boys and the way the troops galloped up and went into action. For once the enemy was well caught, hemmed in on all sides in the donga. We might have wiped them off the face of the earth, but they put up the white flag of surrender and were ordered to walk single file up the donga. Seventeen were counted, the others having wrangled over the route to take and gone off in various directions. Three had been killed in the fight. The majority were mere boys who had just joined. The rifles had been brought by them to be given to recruits that might be induced to join Scheeper's guerilla band. Little further remains to be said. Three men of Capt. Johnson's were slightly wounded. Everyone behaved well and the Colonel promised all hands an extra pot of rum on return to camp. It was also with great satisfaction that we handed over our seventeen prisoners at Worcester.



THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE FAITH.

(In the Missionary Record.)

'Tis Mary's lovely self that makes
 The household of the faith a home,
 With mother-love our love that wakes :
 'Tis Mary's lovely self that makes—

The lovely truth upon me breaks
 While reading in the Sacred Tome—
 'Tis Mary's lovely self that makes
 "The household of the faith" a home.

J. FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.



MIZPAH.

"The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another."

I.

Go thou thy way and I go mine—
 Apart ; yet not afar ;
 Only a thin veil hangs between
 The pathway where we are ;
 And, " God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"
 This is my prayer.
 He looks thy way, He looketh mine,
 And keeps us near.

II.

I know not where thy road may lie,
 Or which way mine will be ;
 If mine will lead through parching sands,
 And thine beside the sea ;
 Yet " God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,"
 So never fear.
 He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,
 And keeps us near.

III.

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine
 And my lot lowly be,
 Or you be sad or sorrowful,
 And glory be for me ;
 Yet " God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,"
 Both be His care,
 One arm 'round thee and one 'round me,
 Will keep us near.

IV.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,
 But since this may not be,
 I'll leave thee to the care of Him,
 Who cares for thee and me.
 " I'll keep thee both beneath my wings."
 This comforts, dear.
 One wing o'er thee and one o'er me.
 So we are near.

V.

And though our paths be separate,
 And thy way is not mine ;
 Yet coming to the mercy seat,
 My soul will meet with thine.
 And " God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"
 I'll whisper there,
 He blesseth thee, He blesseth me,
 And we are near.



The Physics of Heat*



CIENTISTS in the investigation of the phenomena which diversify the surface of our globe, unlock the door to many valuable and interesting discoveries. One fruit of their labors is a better knowledge of that law of nature which says : There is a loss for every gain and a gain for every loss. Many a change indeed there is and continual transformation in material objects. Bodies, for instance, by the virtue of inertia, if at rest, would never move, or if in motion, would never come to a state of repose unless they were first acted upon by internal and external forces. These forces appear to be innumerable and infinitely modified ; but they may be all reduced to one common principle which Physicists usually term energy. If there seems to be a countless multitude of the most diverse agencies at work in the production of phenomena or of visible changes upon bodies ; if now some appear to act in harmony with or in opposition to, and then to yield their places to other forces and disappear, it is solely energy appearing for an interval under one or several forms to be lost to view in others without thereby suffering any increase or diminution. The word energy, moreover, marks the limit or last stopping place of human investigation. Beyond it is the great impenetrable mystery of the great cause. Scientists to-day as much as formerly have to confess that the more they delve into the secrets of nature, the more evident becomes the existence of the all-powerful and good Creator, the vital principle of all energy, the support upon which the universe rests.

A common form of energy, one of the most widespread in fact, is heat. Well nigh all phenomena owe something to heat. Lord Kelvin points out that heat tends to diffuse uniformly throughout nature and that it is a tendency of all kinds of energy to change into heat. Heat exemplifies as well as anything the working of the

*Abstract of a paper read in the Scientific Society.

law of relative loss and gain, the exact compensation of forces, of the real conservation of energy. Heat is an element that sooner or later must engage the attention of the student. Naturally the latter will feel that to make satisfactory progress in this study it is important to begin by obtaining some knowledge of the nature of heat as well as of the sources which produce it.

Here at the outset, a difficulty blocks the way. It does not seem possible as yet to obtain any definite idea of the nature of heat. However, the effort to clear away the problem shows itself in two ingenious theories. One, styled the emission theory, accounts heat a subtle imponderable fluid which passes from one body to another. Each molecule of a body possesses its own atmosphere, composed of this fluid. These heat atmospheres, by their very nature, are in continual movement. Their flow or entrance into our bodies produces the sensation of warmth; their ebb or egress, the contrary feeling of cold.

According to the other theory, the undulatory, the molecules of bodies are in a state of constant and rapid oscillation or vibration. Whatever accelerates their movements raises the temperature of the bodies to which they belong. By these vibrations is disturbed the outlying ether—that imponderable elastic fluid which as Physicists conceive it, occupy the inter-molecular spacings, as well as all space. The ether at once transmits the agitation given it across space to the molecules of neighboring bodies. These latter immediately reveal the reception of the new energy in also growing warmer.

Of the two theories, the undulatory is the one most in favor with scientists. It seems to explain best the phenomena all simple bodies, and most compound ones exhibit, when they are passed through the three stages, the solid, liquid, and gaseous and reversely. In every body there is heat, in different degrees to be sure. In solids the molecules are in a state of vibration, but not to such an extent as to overcome the force of affinity which retains the molecules in certain fixed positions in regard to one another. In consequence, a solid possesses the independent shape given it by nature or art. Nevertheless, the attraction of affinity may and often does yield to increase of heat. The parts of the

solid are then seen to separate, the independent form is lost. The solid becomes a liquid in which the molecules, no longer fixed to any relative position move about one another with active freedom. At this stage the body takes the shape of the vessel that happens to contain it. Lastly, the molecules may be given a mobility so great that not only affinity but all mutual attraction which molecules in the liquid state still preserve is entirely lost. Here the gaseous state sets in. The molecules passing out of the sphere of mutual attraction, simply fly forward according to the laws of motion; they tend to occupy greater and greater space. As a result the gas takes neither shape nor volume save what pressure may impart to it.

Water, according as it is subjected to heat or cold, adopts readily all three states. At a temperature 4° C. it becomes solid in the form of ice. With its loss of heat, the vibration of molecules is lessened. Affinity asserts its power to place these molecules in fixed relative position and the substance becomes a solid with its own definite shape. However, as soon as sufficient heat begins to act, the vibration of molecules becomes rapid, affinity releases its hold, the ice melts and becomes a liquid once more. With the application of further heat, the water boils: its molecules vibrate now so rapidly as to obey no longer their mutual attraction for one another, and the liquid turns into vapor or gas which if not arrested, will disappear altogether into the air. This process is reversed by passing vapor through different degrees of cold.

We might multiply examples afforded from practical life of the action of heat in bodies. How many explosions and conflagrations may be traced to the action of imprisoned heat. In railway building, spaces have to be left between consecutive rails to obviate accidents liable otherwise to occur by reason of the expansion of the iron from heat in summer or its contraction in winter. In all constructions of iron how carefully must the joints and braces be fitted together to compensate properly for the alternate action of one and the other causes. The household glass or the laboratory test-tube, unless carefully heated will fly into bits because of the unequal expansion of its warm and cold parts. The blacksmith utilises this effect when in his craft—he first beats the tires

of carriage wheels so that when they are set, the contraction of iron on cooling effectively binds hubs, spokes and rims together.

Now when we look for the sources of heat we find them resolved into three, the mechanical, physical and chemical. To the mechanical source belongs friction, pressure and percussion. The Indian producing fire by the brisk rubbing of pieces of wood together is a familiar example of heat obtained by friction. A bit of lead vigorously hammered upon an anvil grows hot by way of percussion. Meyer has calculated that if the earth were suddenly stopped in its rotatory motion the percussion or shock of its parts together would volatilise it.

Of all sources of heat the sun is indubitably the principal. There are several theories to account for the sun's great heat. The most plausible of them holds for condensation. The metals known to be present in the sun are conceived to be in a high state of fusion and in consequence give off vast amounts of nebulous gas. The heat absorbed by this gas is in a latent state. In time, as the gas moves away, it is condensed, the latent heat is released and is forced forward in continuously succeeding waves.

The earth also contains heat in its molten interior. The existence of this heat is seen best in such prodigious phenomena as volcanoes, hot springs and geysers. Borings made into the earth's crust show that the temperature increases one degree to every ninety feet of descent.

The other source of heat is the chemical. A practical example is the fire that warms and the flame that lights our houses. The invisible oxygen of the air combines with the constituents of such fuels as wood, coal, oil, illuminating gas, and what we call burning or combustion results. Heat is thereby generated. This effect had been previously prepared by the combination of molecules which in different bodies bear affinity to one another. When two bodies attract each other chemically they move together with gradually increasing velocity. At the moment of cohesion their arrested energy is converted into a heat capable of forming a new compound of the two substances. Combustion merely resolves the compound into its simple elements, and the heat that was taken up in uniting them is released for other services.

JAS. GOOKIN, '02.

Mainly About Books.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY.

FOURTH PAPER.

THE death of Aubrey Thomas De Vere, of Curragh Chase, near Limerick, on the twenty-first of January, at the patriarchal age of eighty-eight, removes from English literature a masterly exponent. A Catholic by conversion, he bent every power of his great intellect towards advancing the faith. An Irishman by birth and long extraction, many of his finest creations draw their inspiration from Irish romance and history. Being Irish, and living a great part of his life an exemplary Catholic, both his nationality and his creed vitiated his popularity in England, a country that is tolerant only by boast. Then, he was not a *persona grata* with the Irish, because his political views were, if not unique, extremely peculiar at least; for he professed to believe in something closely resembling a theocracy as the ideal government for his native land. From Tory misrule to a theocracy would be a long step upward, I freely admit, but it has one fault, it is a step impossible to take. The Parnells of history, the true heroes who stoop from their own class to champion the cause of the poor and oppressed of a class beneath their own, are like angel's visits, few and far between. De Vere belonged to the aristocracy—the landlord class of “quality-blood poisoned with quality-pride”—and although he and other members of his family more than once managed to rise superior to the teachings of that cruel, selfish, and thoroughly corrupt cult, he hardly ever held a thought in common with the Nationalists, who form nine-tenths of the population of Ireland. I often suspect he must have perceived the utter inutility of his speculations, in which case his vague theocrastic notions, whereat his countrymen were wont to smile loudly, may be accepted as a blameless, albeit a puerile compromise with his conscience. Avowedly imbued with the idea that the Irish should leave to the English the conquest of the material world, retaining for themselves the conquest of the spiritual world, thus enacting

over again the role of the Chosen People, his works often reflected his conviction, and the poems of "The Ode Against False Liberty" and "The Irish Gael to the Irish Norman," voice it in harmonious numbers. But the Irish went to the more practical Redmonds, and their band of merry-men, for guidance in politics; precisely as in the days of gay Tom Moore, they resorted to Daniel O'Connell, and not to the deathless bard of "The Irish Melodies." The verdict of history will be that the Irish people acted wisely on both occasions. Poets seldom make good politicians: they are too spiritual for the trade. The reader who desires to learn more of De Vere's amusing politics is referred to the poet's "Reminiscences," and to the issue for July, 1892, of *The Nineteenth Century Review*.

* * *

Happily it is as a literary light I am expected to deal with De Vere in this department. Remembering the height and duration of his greatest poetic flights, the sustained power which he could command almost at will, the grace and polish of his style, and above all the immaculate elevation of his mind; it would be difficult to overrate him as a poet and a Christian teacher. That he displays on every page many of the marks of a great poet, no scholar who examines his works will deny. He wrote well and much in prose, as his "Reminiscences," religious essays, and papers for the reviews, bear witness, but the bulk of his work, and all of it that will live, is in poetry; the leading characteristics of which are, if I do not mistake, a cloistered serenity of thought, a noble choice of subject, and a method of expression adequate for all the emotions that fall short of the most profound. His breadth of vision, though more than ordinary, was limited; a natural result, be it said, of his aristocratic descent. His power of burnishing an old Irish legend was enormous, and all his metrical Irish legendary tales rise into glorious foregrounds and melt into unforgettable distances. They teem with incidents and personages fittingly portrayed. As a maker of that "small lute" which Wordsworth reminds us, "gave ease to Petrarch's wound," the Sonnet, he had few equals and no superior. Many passages in his great poem on St. Patrick positively surpass almost anything written by

poet in a hundred years. Sometimes he essayed the task of making theology step to music, and he failed, but it was in good company, as Milton will testify. The poet lacked passion, in the sense that we attribute that quality to Byron, which, perhaps, is not a right sense. Some think he was wanting in humor, but no one who has carefully read his masterpieces, will hold that view ; although, it may be allowed, his humor is scant, and what there is of it is very delicate. When all is said, a great mass of valuable work remains with which it is the duty of every intelligent reader to make himself thoroughly conversant. That his qualities will endure, I believe for one, and that they will be apprehended and appreciated more and more is in the nature of things, since genius tends to create the atmosphere wherein its children flourish. But the process may require years, and in the interval those who find in the works of the poet a large, mellow, and useful utterance, and an inspiration that leaves them better than it found them, may safely seek content in the expectation that time is almost certain to stamp their favorite author with the insigna of imperishable worth.

* * *

I allow myself a novel each month—just one. My latest story was "Lalor's Maples," by Miss Katherine E. Conway. My experience pleased me so much that when Miss Conway publishes another work of fiction, I shall, I promise you, make it my choice for that month. The author displays a deep insight into human nature, earnest pathos, charming humor, (although a woman,) and great command of language. Mildred is an Irish American girl who makes a man proud of sharing her nationality. Such women are not the spice of fiction, but they are the salt of real life. The scenes and most of the personages we all know, although none of us may be able definitely to locate or identify ; because, as in all good fiction, both the scenes and the persons are composite, being created by their author's cunning out of rich stores of experience and observation. The personages are true to nature, the story tells itself seemingly without effort, and the realism is of the sort that scintillates into glowing romance. Often the interest held me spellbound. I almost trembled for a long time while the heroine

was under the stress of terrible emotion, but I was captivated with the happy conclusion. I confess that I harbor an old fashioned desire to leave my friends of the printed page comfortable and in good spirits between their cardboard covers. This delightful new story encourages, soothes, cheers, and makes it easier to live and bear and make sacrifices—the last more than all.

*
* *

I often wonder do the friends who honor me by perusing those paragraphs favor a form of literature which I consider as interesting as it is instructive, I mean Biography? When Carlyle averred that biography is the only true history, and defined history as the essence of innumerable biographies, he spoke truth. History deals with masses, biographies with individuals. In the latter the attention can be easily concentrated on a single subject, while in the former it is apt to be divided by a dazzling variety of objects. A Biography is the record of a single life and the exponent of a character. Its interest and worth depend upon the significance of the events and character recorded, and the skill and fidelity of their narrator. Men may be roughly divided into two classes, those who act and those who think; and biography of necessity follows the divisions. - Young people generally concern themselves with records of incident and adventure, while people of more advanced years turn to the story of the historical personage, the statesman, or the scholar. It is pleasant to be able to remark that English Literature is rich in biography, and has models of all sorts, and it is a subject for even more satisfaction to be aware that Catholics on both sides of the Atlantic have distinguished themselves in this important department of letters. Later on, when time and space are at my disposal, I may return to this theme.

*
* *

I have looked into "Canadian Essays," by Dr. Thomas O'Hagan. From the article on "Poets and Poetry," I learn, *à grands frais*, that one of our Canadian poets, "writes poetry with all the felicity and charm peculiar to the author of "The Deserted Village," that another possesses "resources of melody which

might well be matched against the best music of Shelley or Swinburne," and of the volume of a third, that "it is splendid with the purple of thought, it is royal with the richness of color and diction." In another paper Fréchette is made give place to our own genial Mr. Benjamin Sulte, who is called the most national poet in French Canada," and William Kingsford is termed "a first-rate Canadian historian." Those extracts speak for themselves and require no comment.

THE END.



“ A LOOSE TRANSLATION ”

(From *My New Curate.*)

“ I have argued and asked in my sorrow
 What shall please? what manner of life?
 At home am I burdened with cares that borrow
 Their sorrow from a world of strife.
 The fields are burdened with toil,
 The seas are sown with the dead.
 With never a hand of a priest to assoil
 A soul that in sin hath fled.
 I have gold : I dread the danger by night ;
 I have none : I repine and fret ;
 I have children : they darken the pale sunlight ;
 I have none : I'm in Nature's debt.
 The young lack wisdom ; the old lack life.
 I have brains ; but I shake at the knees ;
 Alas ! who could covet a scene of strife ?
 Give me peace in this life's surcease ! ”

Little Miss Golden's Astonishing Exploit with a Cleveland Burglar.

SOME dozen years ago Frances Hodgson Burnett published the little tale called "Editha's Burglar." It had a tremendous success among the wisest critics in the world, the children for whom it was written. Yet some people said the charming story was impossible.

They complained that the little girl was unreal, and the burglar, too. They may be interested to know that in Cleveland, just recently, the tale of her imagination was paralleled in real life; more than paralleled, in fact. The "Editha" of Cleveland, Ohio, reformed two burglars in a single night, induced them to relinquish all their plunder, and even to pay damages for a broken lamp shade. Each is, induced, a charming story, but once again the narrative of actual fact, of real happening in real life, has exceeded the imagination of the novelist.

HE is just an ordinary, well educated, well brought up little girl of nine. If she had ever had any special knowledge about burglars, no one suspected it. Since her experience, which has subjected her to much questioning, she says she knew there were bad men in the world who took things from other people, and good men who had things and didn't need to take them. So that shows she had given the matter some thought.

Her bed time came around on a certain evening just recently, after she had seen her mamma and papa off to a reception.

"Take care of the house, Bert," her father says he called out. And the burden of it rested no heavier than he had intended. The servant, who had remained with her half an hour later than usual, had stolen off to her own-quarters when suddenly Roberta stirred in her sleep. She wondered at first if it were her mother and father coming in had awakened her. She listened. Somehow it didn't seem like them.

Then she seemed to hear her father's voice saying; "Take care of the house, Bert."

The little girl made a bound and stood in the middle of the floor. She crept to her door and opened it softly. She had been

brought up to move softly at night so that she wouldn't wake people who were sleeping. She heard a tinkle of silver, and she crept on down the stairs.

"You see," she said, describing it all afterwards, "I didn't know just who might be in the house, and I thought I'd go and see."

She saw to her amazement a big, strange figure standing in the parlor, with his back to her, gazing intently at one of her father's paintings.

This was queer enough, but what was queerer still was that the gas was lit and all the silveware, spoons, dishes and everything were lying in a heap on the floor. Near by this pile was a beautiful red globe belonging to her mother that the little girl recognized at once, shattered to bits.

"Dear me!" she said, quite unconsciously.

"Cheese it, Bill!" cried a rough voice, and Roberta saw that there were two of them.

One was standing in the parlor window. The other, who had been gazing at the painting, wheeled around quickly and saw for the first time the little girl in the doorway, her hair all tousled, her eyes blinking in the sudden gaslight, her bare feet just peeping from under her white nightgown.

"Excuse me," said Roberta, remembering her manners, "but I didn't have time to dress."

"Hully, gee! she'll holler!" cried the man in the window. "Rap her over th' head!" answered the other.

Then both of them paused and stood looking at the little girl who, in her turn, looked too.

"What are you doing here?" one of them asked gruffly.

"I'm looking over the house," answered Roberta, in her clear, childish treble. "What are you doing?"

"Looking after it, too," chuckled the man nearest the pile of silver. He got on his knees and grabbed up some of the smaller pieces.

"Rap her over th' head, why don't yer?" growled the man on the floor to the man at the window.

"Cheese it, why don't yer?" growled back the other, advancing threateningly.

When he got near the small, white robed figure he stooped down and grabbed a piece of the silver instead.

Roberta stooped, too, and picked up a piece of the broken globe. "Who broke it?" she asked. "My mamma will be so sorry."

"She'll be sorrier yet," growled the man who said "Cheese it" usually. The other one exclaimed "Cheese it" instead, and then he added, with a glance at the little girl, "What yer goin' to do 'bout her?"

"You see, I'm 'specially sorry about this just to-night," said Roberta, "as my papa told me to take care of the house. I wish you'd leave something, Mr. Burglars," she exclaimed, for the first time seeming to know their business. Then she took a step forward and said: "Don't you know that God wont love you?"

"Cheese it; rap her over th' head!" exclaimed both of the burglars simultaneously.

The little one waited. When she told about it afterward, she said: "I waited, and when I found nothing happened, I went right on, just as if I hadn't heard their rude remarks.

"I suppose you have to steal, she said, "because you haven't got anything. My mamma and papa have. I wish they hadn't almost, because it's so hard to take care of the house."

Roberta says she really did almost cry just here. But she had heard her father say that only babies cried, so she tried not to. Just then one of the burglars asked her a question: "Where does yer ma keep her money?" he said.

"I don't believe I know," answered the little girl.

"Come, now"—cried her questioner, grabbing up a hammer.

"Cheese it, Bill; none o' that! Can't yer see the kid's tellin' the truth?" interrupted his companion.

Then Roberta looked straight at her protector. "Oh," she said, "please, Mister, don't take the things. Your little girl will feel so bad if you do, because you wont go to heaven, and she

wont see you when she dies. Perhaps you have no little girl! That's too bad."

The burglar closest to the child swallowed several times in quick succession. Roberta said she could see it by watching his big Adam's apple. And the other didn't look so fierce.

He walked about the room until his eyes rested upon the heads of three little angels on a plaster cast hanging on the wall. He looked at them for a moment, and then back at the picture he had been gazing at when the child first entered the room.

"What's it mean, kid?" he asked.

"This is the return from Calvary," answered Roberta, just as if she were in Sunday school. Then she said: "You know about Jesus, don't you?"

The burglar nodded.

"The reason I asked," said Roberta, apologizing, "was because—well, the way it's been explained to me is, that sometimes people forget, grown-up men, you know, for instance, burglars. But I've been to Sunday school, you know, so I can tell you all about Calvary. Little girls always can."

"Can you pray, too?" asked one of the men sheepishly. "Cheese it, Bill," murmured the other, but he took off his tattered cap for the first time.

"If you'll both kneel down with me, it would be easier," said Roberta.

"Cheese it, wait," exclaimed the burglar who had his cap off. The other looked at him, and together they picked up the silverware, piece by piece, and placed it back on the sideboard in the dining room.

Then, with the child kneeling between them, they listened as she prayed.

"Dear Jesus, forgive these men, because they didn't take the silver. Help them to have things so they can be good and go to heaven to see you and their little girls, him which has them. Make him a good man—and the other, too—for his little girl's sake, him which has them, and for Jesus' sake. Amen."

One of the burglars, the one with the Adam's apple, Roberta said, afterward, was really, truly crying. The other asked if the "kid" knew any hymns.

"Oh, I'm so glad I do," said Roberta. She moved a little to one side and began softly: "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly"—"Oh, Mr. Burglars," she broke off suddenly, "couldn't either of you, most probably the father of the little girl, tell me the next line?"

He that was called "Bill" scratched his head, the other fumbled his cap and muttered "Cheese it."

"Never mind," said Roberta, "you can't be expected to remember all the hymns. Would you mind if I sang another?"

This time she got through.

"Nearer my God to Thee," she sang, "nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still, all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

The beautiful old hymn that recently thrilled the entire nation came from the childish throat at first clearly, then in lagging tones.

"I know one more," she said, "but I'd rather not sing it, Mr. Burglars. You see, it's after my bed time, and I'm awfully sleepy."

"Bill" spoke up. "Cheese it, kid," he said, "jest you go to bed an' we'll git same's we came. See?"

Behind him a gruffer voice croaked, "We wont take nothin', nedder."

Roberta held out a hand to each of the burglars. "Thank you," she said, "and please excuse my appearance. I hope some day we'll meet in clothes—I mean me in clothes."

Late that night, when Mr. and Mrs. Golden returned to their home, they found the globe lying upon the floor in pieces, where one of the burglars had knocked it down. On the dining room table they found a note written in a trembling hand. It read:

"Fer the spunky little kid, from two fr'ends what hasn't things, an' so takes 'em; only this time they didn't, 'cause of the spunky kid an' two other kids, girls, as belongs to Bill. An' they means not ter no more. An' enclosed please find good money fer that thar globe as was broke."

—In the *N. Y. Journal*.

Two Sides to the Question.

We never see the stars
Till we see naught but them—so with truth.

—FESTUS.

IN its issue of Feb. 8, the *Ave Maria* republishes an article from the pen of the late Aubrey De Vere, under the title "My submission to the Roman Catholic Church." The conversion of this eminent literary man created a tremendous sensation. As was to be expected, representations touching his unwise course poured in upon him from every quarter. The deceased poet tells us that Carlyle was one of those who gave him the most curious form of warning.

"I have ridden over here to tell you not to do that thing. You were born free. Do not go into that hole. I said: 'But you used to tell me that the Roman Catholic Church was the only Christian body that was consistent and could defend herself.' He replied: 'So I say still. But the Church of England is much better notwithstanding; because her face is turned *in the right direction.*' I answered! 'Carlyle, I will tell you what I am about. I have lived a Christian hitherto and I intend to die one.'"

This indeed seems to be the text of the non-Catholic press to-day. "You were born free. Do not go into that hole." Or in other words, you cannot be a Catholic and at the same time be free. That such is pretty much conviction, is clear from the following parrot-cry chanced upon in that excellent periodical, the "Literary Digest":

"John Foreman in *The Contemporary Review* (London), of the situation in Spain, writes: 'Priestly influence continues to undermine all attempts at social progress. It has no connection whatsoever with religion, pure and simple; it is a vast political organization, much stronger than any other in the country. It imposes itself upon all classes of society from the palace to the cottage. It terrifies alike great ladies and peasant women, who in turn exercise their sway over the acts, if not over the minds, of the men. It imbues a sentiment of horror for everything which signifies enlightenment, and 'Liberalism' is frequently, to this day, openly denounced from the pulpit throughout the realm as a pernicious, soul-wrecking innovation.'"

I happen to know a little about Spain. I have been a strict disciple of John Knox, and when the interests of my business took me to southern Spain, I had only intense compassion for the

benighted (?) inhabitants and indignation against the priestcraft which kept them in slavery. During my stay, I, fortunately for myself, was stricken with malaria, and was carried to a hospital under the charge of a Catholic sisterhood. There I had leisure to study the "Papists." My views underwent from actual contact a wonderful change. During a long convalescence I travelled some through the Peninsula. There still remained indeed the marks of several political revolutions and dynastic changes in the backward state of many institutions. But what grand churches everywhere filled with deeply religious congregations! What a number of fine universities to which students are seen flocking, just as to those of Canada. And there seemed to be no dearth of primary schools—Catholic of course—overcrowded with little ones like your own Separate Schools here. Spanish literature, too, seems to have attained a rare excellence and it gives every evidence of a most refined and cultured people. In more than one city I met the Protestant propaganda, which is liberally supported by funds from London and New York. The blundering ignorance, the self-sufficiency and the insulting impertinence of its agents pained and disgusted me. English bibles were there by the carloads. The Spanish have the Scriptures in their own tongue, authorized by their own religious guides; naturally they hesitated and refused to accept the garbled English printed version. Hence the cry, "priestly influence" goes back to London and New York. It is a case of "sour grapes." Another clipping this time from the Montreal Herald, in my opinion, fits the situation better than any scholarly argumentation:

A monkey once decided upon a visit to a foreign country. In due course, having arrived at his destination, he immediately proceeded to exhibit extreme and contemptuous surprise at the manners and customs of the animals he found there.

"Now, look here," said he to a horse, "My whiskers! but you are a queer lot of beasts. Just think of not being able to hang on to the bough of a tree by your tail. Why, in monkeyland every one can do that."

"Indeed," replied the horse who felt it incumbent upon him to be polite to a stranger, "Is that so? Well, I suppose you are all very clever beasts in monkeyland."

"Oh, yes, of course," acquiesced the monkey, turning up his nose with a disdainful air, "and I'll tell you another thing. You haven't the least conception of the proper way to spring here."

"We have not?" returned the horse, with a touch of irony in his voice.

"No," continued the monkey. "Why, it makes me grin when I think of it. I saw a dog jump after a rabbit the other day, and you should have seen the exhibition he made of himself."

"I should certainly not have cared to do so," replied the horse, decisively, "because the dog happens to be a great friend of mine."

"Is he?" laughed the monkey. "Oh, what a beast to choose for a friend. Why, we don't think anything of dogs in monkeyland. We just regard them as lower creatures. But, tell me, why in the world do you sleep on the ground instead of in trees, as we do in my country?"

"Because it is not our custom," replied the horse, suppressing a sharp retort with difficulty.

"It is! Well, I don't want to live here," retorted the monkey.

"You will pardon me," replied the horse, in a dignified tone, "but you certainly are not bound to remain."

"Now, that is insulting," complained the monkey. "Really very rude and ill-bred indeed."

The horse opened his eyes wide in astonishment. "I suppose it does not occur to you," said he, "that your criticisms of our way of doing things are even more so. Honestly, unless you can conform to our customs, I think you had better run swiftly back to your own country."

Then he went on with his grazing.

"They are an ignorant, uncouth set, these beasts," reflected the monkey. "I'll be shot if I can make any friends among them."

The moral of this fable is easily found: If you desire to make friends in a foreign country, above all things avoid derogatory comparisons.--Michael Gifford White, from "Pets and Animals."

A MCGREGOR.



Scientific Argot



SCIENTIFIC language conveys an idea of the obscure. The "scientific man" appears to us as one gifted with great intellectual powers, and being wise in his generation proceeds, on the slightest provocation, to display his knowledge. He does this usually in language which, to the ordinary being, would require a constant recourse to the dictionary, and which is at the same time unintelligible and objectionable,—unintelligible to those not familiar with the particular branch upon which he may be holding dissertation; and objectionable, inasmuch as it is not in accordance with science itself.

Science does not necessarily mean the mysterious. Why then submit to a virtual slaughter of the mother tongue? Why accept Greek-Latin derivations when oftentimes a word of two syllables would convey an adequate idea of the meaning intended? These questions, though pertinent, naturally beg another—wherein the blame and wherein the remedy? The fault, we maintain, lies with the scientist himself; not that he wishes to inflict upon humanity greater evils than is our portion to suffer, but thrusting such words as are herein reprobated, the compliment is more than a delicacy and easy comprehension of his subject, which may or may not be deep, is only retarded by a too liberal use of sonorous words.

The scientist who possesses the greatest mastery of his subject is in many cases the most simple in language when communicating his ideas to fellow beings. This statement is worthy of consideration, and in the face of text-book and lecturer may seem somewhat glaring, but considering the lectures of our own day and giving them earnest and careful deliberation we make bold to thus speak, for the scientist in his addresses must not—the practice is but too prevalent to-day—confine himself to fellow scientists alone.

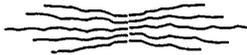
How often, for instance, do we examine the reports of our Canadian mining experts and feel compensated for the trouble

incurred in turning the pages? At a recent lecture on "Formation of Mountain Ranges" we were frequently perplexed by high-sounding words and when the following came forth, that, "As a mountain range resulting from the crushing of a geosyncline is called a synclinorium, a region raised to a high altitude by a geanticlinal movement may be called an anticlinorium"—we doubted whether even the dictionary would prove beneficial.

"Scientific language," however, is confined to no particular science. The abuse is almost universal and the outlook for the future correspondingly hopeless. People of ordinary intelligence, yes, educated people, shun the lecture hall. And why? A lecture, they hold, is synonymous of boredom, it is too tame, too dull and altogether uninteresting and incomprehensible, but it is generally the last named, the interest being secondary were the speaker easily understood. Society sometimes attends a lecture, applauds at the proper time and pronounces it "quite too interesting," "beautifully simple," and yet how many are better off intellectually for their presence!

In conclusion, we can but look into the future and hope for a speedy delivery. This deliverance means nothing short of freedom from degeneracy. We might suggest a censorship, but this is almost impossible. The only effectual means is a vigorous slashing at scientific literature until we get it within our common grasp, by seeking to make it hackneyed if necessary that we may the more easily understand and by earnest supplication to scientists and lecturers that they make their writings and lectures readily comprehended by the people.

C. P. McCORMAC, '03



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Vol. IV.

QUITE IN KEEPING.

Fasting, the staple of Lent, is practicable for very few in our ranks. Its wholesome tonic is sought elsewhere. Thus good sturdy application is making short-shift of loitering, "going down town" and similar methods of squandering time. The closest friend these times of the light-hearted collegian is his text-book. Every day fattens his note-books and brings out crops of them.

A student who merits the name needs no lent: he has what is as good and better. He resigns din, bustle and other exciting diversions for a laborious silence and seclusion. And then, what a severe though salutary discipline does he pass through. One of his anxieties and distractions—will be the mind itself. Naturally a mobile faculty, the intelligence when left alone will run riot among a variety of things. A first care—no slight one—

will be to gather all its vital forces together, and concentrate them on a single point. Another obstacle to study is the imagination. An organic faculty, moulded out of flesh, having direct relations with the passions and with the senses centred upon it, it is extremely sensitive to impressions from those several sources. Imagine the strength of will that shall be required to repress its excessive activity, to control and submit it to the mind, to elevate it to the latter's level where, as in a serene atmosphere, it will be sheltered both from the tumult of the passions and from the importunities of the world.

A further difficulty to mental development is furnished by the body; its clayey embrace must relax before the mind is free to soar. Study is the best of dissolvents. It is a fact certified by science that intellectual work draws more blood to the brain and uses up more physical vitality in shorter time than the heaviest manual labor. No more limp and crestfallen creature can be found than the turbulent youth after a hard session with his books. His animal spirits have simmered pretty low and to the same extent allow his higher powers of soul to assert their ascendancy.

Those among us, inclined to complain of being debarred from the advantages of that austerity conceded to members of her household of the faith who have reached their majority, should not feel inconsolable. They have in their studies the equivalent and all its serviceable qualities, natural as well as supernatural, if they so wish.

SECULAR UNIVERSITIES AND CATHOLIC TRUTH.

The noted Catholic layman, Du Maistre, somewhere describes history as "conspiracy against the truth." In fact English history and literature teems with slanders, caricatures and allusions offensive to Catholics. It is far easier to find English writers who have not offended in this respect than to enumerate those who have. Neither Scott nor Dickens are clear of blame. Save possibly Linguard, no great English History is just to Catholicism or gives the whole truth. In the *True Witness* we notice a representation of the present phase of this question, contributed by Dr. Thomas

O'Hagan to the *Catholic Telegraph*; it does honor to the courage and enlightenment of this writer. Here, in part, is what he says :

"The great centres of intellectual life where is supposed to radiate the sun of truth—the great secular universities—are to-day up-to-date, but not up to Catholic truth. The professor of Harvard, Cornell, Johns Hopkins and Chicago universities goes abroad to teach the truth of science, the truth of history, the truth of art, and seeks it everywhere save in the Catholic Church. So the most enlightened keep on tap some of the old slanders. They would be ashamed to be found napping in an elementary principle of science, but they unblushingly stumble over the most elementary teaching of the Catholic Church."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We feel obliged to recall the fact that for an enterprise like THE REVIEW funds are indispensable. We hereby respectfully call upon our kind friends to pay subscriptions that may still be owing. To those who have aided or who will thus aid THE REVIEW financially we express the most heartfelt thanks

A LOYAL ALUMNUS.

We cannot forbear reproducing the following extract from a recent letter of Dr. Gibbons of Syracuse, N.Y.:—

"You will find enclosed a New York draft for \$25, \$5 of it to go towards paying my subscription to THE REVIEW and \$20 for a gold medal. Use the medal wherever and for whatever the faculty thinks best. All I wish is that it will be used where it will do the most good."

Dr. P. J. Gibbons, besides being one of the most successful of the Warren St. practitioners, has won a name in the Empire State and beyond as inventor of the Gibbons Resuscitating Appliance, a mechanical means of stimulating artificial breathing in ordinary asphyxiating and drowning cases. Its practical value has warranted its adoption on several of our Canadian steamship routes.

With all his success Dr. Gibbons, M.A., is a loyal alumnus and talks interestingly in a reminiscent vein of the "old days" when the boys gathered from the Lackawanna Valley and Syracuse district to meet the Albany contingent and finally invade Canada a hundred strong at Ogdensburg on the way to *Alma Mater*.

In this connection, names of other alumni may be mentioned.

VARIOUS.

More than 2000 Boer children are reported to have died in British concentration camps in South Africa during December, 1901.

The *Augustinian*, Kalamazoo, is our authority that an American General found by personal inspection 5,000 students in the Dominican University in Manila.

Of the half-dozen public school superintendents appointed by the American Government for the Philippines, five are Protestant clergymen. Most of their pupils are Catholics. It would be fair play now to appoint some Catholic priests—who would have the leisure—to similar functions in this hemisphere.

In liquid air there are 140,000 pounds of power for every pound of air. Liquid air is capable of producing the intensest heat, since, left to itself, it becomes so rich in oxygen that one might light a bar of steel in it with a match. As a refrigerant it exceeds any commodity known, having a temperature of 312° F. below zero.

Count Hannibal, by that entertaining writer, Stanley J. Weyman, deals considerably with the dastardly crime, St. Bartholomew's massacre. Says an exchange: "There is no religion in it (the novel) save that of the pastor, La Trihe, a Calvinist, devout even to fanaticism, and that bloodthirsty travesty of divine justice which inflamed the souls of Romish prelates and priests, court and people, to deeds the world can never forget while history remains." The event, we venture to insist, was chiefly a political move; unbiased facts absolve the accredited *Romish* clergy from complicity therein.

The Earl of Dufferin and Ava has just died at his family seat, Clondeboye, Ulster, once the ancestral home of the great O'Neills, The illustrious Irishman, with the blood of Richard Brindsley Sheridan in his veins, was distinguished in literature as well as in statesmanship and wit. For years he occupied the highest posts in the British diplomatic service. Lord Dufferin was popular as

Governor-General of Canada. The bereaved Lady Dufferin will have the sympathy of all classes of the community.

The second session of the ninth parliament of the Dominion of Canada was opened Feb. 13th, by Lord Minto. The Speech from the Throne referred among other things to the recent census, the splendid crops in the Northwest, the visit of Mārconi, the late President McKinley's assassination, and to the Dominion's prosperity in all lines of trade. The Government, beyond the estimates of the forthcoming year, has no new legislation to propose and expects that the session will not be long.

Since the accession of the present Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII., on the 20th of February, 1878, no less than 139 cardinals have died. The dignitaries composing the Catholic hierarchy at the beginning of the present year are as follows: Cardinals, 66; patriarchs of the Latin and the Greek rites, 11; archbishops and bishops of the Latin rite, resident sees, 827, archbishops and bishops of the Oriental rite, 54; archbishops and bishops, titular, 385; archbishops and bishops having no title, 9; prelates *Nullius dioceseos*, 10; total, 1,362.



Book Review.

Writes the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, author of "My New Curate," "Luke Delmege," etc., of Katherine E. Conway's new novel "Lalor's Maples":

BRIDGE HOUSE, DONERAILE, IRE.,

December 30, 1901.

. . . Last evening I finished "Lalor's Maples" in a second sitting . . . going back to my childhood when a call to tea from the beloved volume was a hardship and a grievance. It is a rare piece of American fiction . . . a bright, healthy, wholesome novel, with a moral—why not?—and a good one. Mildred is a delightful creation—a type, I hope, of many Irish-American girls.

“Instructions and Prayers for Catholic Youth” an excellent manual of prayer intended for young people. It contains a complete summary of the duties of a Christian, including instructions for daily exercises, for hearing Mass and for receiving the Sacraments—to which are added a numerous selection of devotions, prayers, litanjes, etc. For sale by Benziger Bros.

Another little book by the same publishers, “Short Visits to the Blessed Sacrament” also deserves recommendation. It has been compiled by Rev. Fr. Lasauce in the interests of the Eucharists League, and will be found useful to those who wish to be “drawn nearer to Jesus in the tabernacle.” Both of these handy manuals very properly bear the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of New York.

The American Book Company has sent us a copy of Susan Stokes' nature lessons, bearing the title of “Ten Common Trees.” Several species of our more familiar trees are treated of in a series of attractive stories. Much useful scientific information in regard to flowers, fruits and leaves, pollenization, propagation, etc., interspersed with interesting anecdotes and occasional poetic quotations, show the writer's novel method of popularizing an abstruse subject.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

American Book Company, New York :

Geschechten von Deutschen Städten. By Meneo Stern, author of “Geschechten von Rhein. Cloth, 12mo, 420pp. With vocabulary, maps and illustrations. Price \$1.25

Riehl's Das Spielmannskind and Der Stumme Ratsherr. Price 35 cents.

Harkness and Forbe's Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. Half leather, 12mo, 593pp. With maps and illustrations. Price \$1.25.

Among the Magazines.

The Messenger, which until last month appeared under the title of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, contains many papers and stories of no mean worth, and many of its illustrations are commendatory from an artistic view-point. The initial article is an exhaustive paper on "Morgagni—The Father of Pathology," by James J. Walsh, Ph.D., M.D. The writer pungently shows that there is no such thing as conflict between true science and religion. In a pastoral letter of His Lordship the Bishop of Orleans, the question "Why canonize Joan of Arc?" is satisfactorily answered. The writer's appreciation of the "Maid of Orleans" is no small tribute; in speaking of the soldiers who followed her in battle, he says: "They remembered and spoke of her tears of devotion at Holy Communion, her prudence in battle, her pity and compassion for the wounded and dying, her meekness and magnanimity under insult, her firmness and her modesty in counsel." Success to the movement.

One of the departments which most appeals to the casual reader is the *Catholic Chronicle*. All the vital questions which are engaging the attention of the church dignitaries of to-day, are laid before us in a clear and condensed form. Ottawa University finds mention in this department, regarding the appointment of our new rector, Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., and "the opening of the new Science Hall, thoroughly equipped with all modern improvements and the latest scientific apparatus."

"The Pope's Temporal Sovereignty a Providential Fact," by Rev. Thomas H. Ellison, first engages our attention in the *Catholic World* for February. It is a candid exposition of the condition of the Papal States from the time of their bestowal by Constantine until their unjust spoliation by Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. The writer shows that the wretched subjects have realized to their bitter woe, the difference between the fatherly rule of the Pope and that of the present King, under whom they are obliged to pay a tax of seventy-five per cent. of their income "to bolster up a bankrupt United Italy with bloated armaments." James Murphy writes concerning the "New Crisis in Irish Affairs,"

in a knowing manner. In more than one place, he strikes hard at England for the wrongs and insults heaped upon poor, struggling Ireland. The writer, however, not very sanguine as to the success of the Irish Party in gaining Home Rule, says: "Home Rule would probably be granted to Ireland with a willing heart, but the English rulers fear that Home Rule would mean total separation. And this an Ireland either actively or passively hostile." Under these circumstances Ireland would be a point of vantage for a foreign power in case of war with England. Hence, "it is fairly safe to say that in her present humor England would lose her last ship and spend the last shilling in her treasury, rather than concede Home Rule to Ireland." However, we think that England realizes that she has a great source of revenue in Ireland, and so she is going to hang on tight. Other contributions to this month's *World* are: "From Panama to the Horn"; "May there be a Golden Age in the Future?" by William Seton, LL.D.; "The Idylls of the Southland", and many more.

If one wishes to be abreast of the times he must read matter which is thoroughly up-to-date. The *Current History* informs us of all that is going on in this big world of ours, and we are, as a general rule, able to rely upon statements contained in it. For general information concerning live questions the *Current History* is a good instructor.

Lovers of Irish literature always welcome *The Gael* on account of its good stock of brightly written stories and articles. The February number is no exception. "Irish Pipes and Pipers" is a good historical sketch of Irish musicians. "A Soft Bit o' Mist" is good, and the poem "Knock-An-Fària," by Rev. J. B. Dollard (Sliav-na-mon), has that easy swing to it which has always characterized the pretty Irish poems of the Canadian Priest. The department, written in the original language, is well looked after.

Exchanges.

In the *Argosy*, of the University of Mt. Allison, Sackville, N. B., a graceful writer carries us away to Japan, the Sunrise Kingdom. The otherwise charming article is somewhat marred for readers of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Such hostile looking words as "Romish" and "Romanism" were coined for no purpose, but to serve as *sticky* epithets. And we all do like to feel clean. Suppose we look for some spot on the dark side of the moon to bury such things.

The *Chisel*, of the Woman's College, Richmond, Va., comes breathing the grace and attractiveness of the fair, gentle sex. Bless me, how we like the girls—and at that distance, too! When dear Isabel prattles on about "Tetzel selling indulgences," eulogizes that easy-going pagan the Elector of Saxony, then shivers a lance on the mail of the "personification of corruption and falsehood—the Papish government"—we listen, oh, sugarcane! Yet the horrid suspicion arises: Is this history "as she is made" since the Reformation, or is it the history of the facts as they stand. We'll look it up, at any rate.

The *Acta Victoriana* also gives us a "mortal start." In rummaging about the stately cathedrals of England the enterprising writer on the subject must have scrutinised the parish registers or monuments equally reliable, for he informs us that previous to the Reformation the secular clergy connected with the service of those churches had their individual homes (and often wives). Would it be trouble to furnish names, dates and places of the weddings?

While on this subject we might be allowed to point out how some valuable work could be done. Not long ago history was so falsified by prejudice and ignorance that it was anything but history; but the scholars of the present day, taking nothing second-hand, are replacing these myths with facts. As we Catholics have suffered most from lies and calumnies, surely we ought to be the first to welcome the truth. Are we? Take Father Gasquet's "Eve of the Reformation," published a year or two ago. Here several commonly accepted opinions concerning the relation

of the English Church (Catholic, of course) with the Revival of Letters, with the Papacy and with the English people are proved absolutely false. And there are dozens of such works, by Catholics and Protestants alike. How many of them are reviewed in our college papers? Besides, we have Catholic treatises on all the live questions in science, polemics, higher criticism and philosophy. What are our Catholic college papers doing to make the students familiar with one or some of these subjects? We confess it is a matter upon which we have been slack ourselves.

The *Ottawa Campus* apart from its merits, which are neither few nor light, comes with particular interest for us. It is the organ of the Ottawa University of Kansas, U. S. A. Besides the name we may claim some sort of relationship. It seems that a branch of the Ottawa Indians went from Canada to establish themselves in this distant land and that the founders of the university there were members or descendants of this colony.

Bates Student (Lewiston, Me.) is the latest addition to our exchanges. After reading the first story it contains, "Legendre de la Chute de Montmorency," we are tempted to enquire, like the boy after the nursery tale, is it true? The author of "The Drama and the Novel," one of the young lady graduates of '02, evidently understands the value of condensation.

An admirable pen-picture of Rome and the commencement of an article in favor of the Friars remaining in the Philippines are found in the *St. John's University Record* of this month. But what is the matter with that magazine having an exchange department? Why a college that has not got an ex-man is almost as bad as one which has not got a football player!

The Georgetown College Journal claims that it is every whit as good as the best college magazine in the country. So it is—in its way. Its poetry is the best we get; its fiction as good as the best. Its exchange editor, chiefly on account of the humorous, good-natured individuality which appears in his work, stands easily head of his class. The magazine seems to be on especially good terms with the fair sex, and it (the magazine of course) has our cordial envy, if we may be permitted to use that term. The

following "Song of the Skaters," an example of its average work, will, we think, be interesting to frequenters of the rinks :

THE SONG OF THE SKATERS.

(First Stanza.)

Let weaklings shun the cold,
Let grey-beards sit by the fire,
But you and I will winter defy,
And breast the tempests dire ;
For on the pond and the river beyond
The ice is brightly gleaming,
And thither are flocking the stalwart youth
And maidens of lovely seeming.
Give me life, give me life, for I care not to die
When lovers are laughing beneath a blue sky,
And over the river comes ringing the song
Of the tuneful steel, as they glide along.



Athletics.

Owing to the recent heavy snowstorms in this vicinity, hockey has been at a standstill, and the lovers of the game have had ample time to muse upon the beauties of Canadian winter. Three games of those scheduled to decide the Championship have already been played, and resulted as follows : Richards vs. Halligan, 3—2 in favor of Richards ; Halligan vs. Macdonell, result a draw, each team scoring 1 goal ; Richards vs. Macdonell, 5—2 in favor of Richards. The standing of the teams at present is : Richards, 4 points ; Halligan, 1, and Macdonell, 1.

VICTORIAS VS. 'VARSITY.

On Feb. 9th, the first seven of the garnet and grey met, and easily defeated the Victorias of this city on the College rink. The play in this match was even for a short time, and then the Collegians, waxing warm in their work, took things into their own hands, and scored almost at will. They surpassed their opponents

in every part of the game, and particularly was this noticeable in the clock-like combination of the forwards.

At half time the score stood 5—1.

In the second half the Victorias made an attempt to rush matters, but to no avail : for were they fortunate enough to evade the 'Varsity forwards, they were met by Callaghan and Brennan, and this meant that the puck travelled to the other end of the rink ; and then Lamothe in goal was there to keep the puck out, and right well did he do his duty, letting it slide between the flags but once. The final score was 7—1, scored as follows : Halligan, 3 ; Richards, 2 ; Smith, 1 and Ebbs, 1.

The Collegians have a strong, fast team, and expect to have some interesting games with city teams before the close of the season. As this was the first time 'Varsity had an opportunity to test her real strength, considerable interest was taken in this game by the students, who hesitated not to climb the "Alpine heights" surrounding the rink, and there follow the game from start to finish.

Referee—Mr. Whalen.

Goal umpires—Messrs. Enright and Macdonell.

Timekeepers—Messrs. Enright and Nolan.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE VS. 'VARSITY.

On Feb. 15th, 'Varsity added another victory to her list by defeating the seven from the Collegiate Institute, on the College rink. The game was very fast from start to finish, and it looked, at first, as if 'Varsity could not win on account of the fast clip at which her opponents began. All doubts, however, were soon dispelled when the wearers of the "garnet and grey" settled down to hard work. About ten minutes after play had begun, Ebbs made a nice spurt up the rink, and shot the puck between the flags. This seemed to spur on the representatives of the Collegiate Institute to greater efforts and they finally succeeded in evening the score, 1 to 1. Richards following up secured the puck, and drove it through, making the score 2—1. The score was again evened up, and about five minutes before half-time, stood 3—2 in favor of the visitors Smith, who was playing a splendid game,

secured the puck, and 3—3 was the result. Play was resumed after half-time, with 'Varsity determined to win, and the manner in which they went into the game, showed that they were superior to their opponents. When time was called, the result was 6—4 in favor of 'Varsity. A word of praise is due to the Varsity players on account of the splendid work they did together. Individually they are good hockeyists, but there was no selfishness displayed in the game; they played to win, and *combinatton* was the password, thus proving the truth of the O.U.A.A. motto, "In unity lies strength."

Referee—Mr. Fraser.

Goal judges—Messrs. Copping and Röss.

Timers—Messrs. Nolan and Taylor.

OUR INTERMEDIATES.

Gay was the rink on Saturday
 As the ice like a mirror lay,
 When Cormac's hockey team came forth
 With H - - - g - - - t's seven to play.
 The boys who came from far and near
 Their joy could not conceal,
 To see Mac's invincibles matched
 With foemen worthy of their steel.

All was ready when time was called,
 Each player was in his place,
 And grim resolve to win the fight
 Was written on every face.
 A stroke—a fall—the puck was off,
 The cheers rang far and wide,
 To see it driven at lightning speed
 Across from side to side.

Mc - - - yre came quickly down the ice
 But H - - l - - y stood before him;
 He passed to Spud who shot so nice
 That it was caught by our brave Tim.
 Mac told Jim G - - e to go - - -
 But, now, little did he care
 He only thought of the final score
 So down the ice he went once more.

Half time and the score is Mac two,
 While Swiggen's team scores three ;
 But the boys had faith in their 'vincibles yet
 And shrieked in their noisy glee.
 Then much offended Spud O'K - - fe
 Just loosened his temper quick,
 Smothered a cheer in H - - l - - y's mouth
 With the end of his hockey stick.

Time was up and the rival teams
 Line up for the second half,
 And H - - - r - - g - - n's hope for victory sweet
 Is expressed in an easy laugh.
 The game is played to the ring of steel,
 And the sweeping stroke of sticks,
 But strive as they will, Mac's team sees defeat
 By a score of three to six.

Hurrah for H - - - l - y roars the crowd,
 And hurrah for D - - ner too
 Who, backed by G - ge and H - - vey, sent
 The puck to its mark so true.
 Hurrah for L - - n - in, J - - s - y and C - r - y,
 Grand masters at the game ;
 Hurrah for Mac for with the rest
 He played a red-hot game.



Of Local Interest.

Seldom, indeed, has the old college hall presented such a lively aspect as it did on the occasion of the concert given in aid of the Athletic Association on the evening of the 8th inst. The fact that Lady Laurier was patroness is sufficient evidence of the tone of the audience, and when one adds to this that the talent was the best obtainable in Ottawa, he may form a fairly good estimate of the concert's success. The programme was :

PART I.

- Chorus..... "O'er the Star-Lit Waters,"..... *Campana*
 University Glee Club.
 Song..... "The Vagabond,".....
 Mr. W. J. McCaffrey.

Song.....	Selected.....	
	Miss Nellie Richardson.	
Piano Solo.....		
	Miss M. Devlin.	
Song.....	Selected.....	
	Mr. Harold Hawken.	
Recitation.....	Selected.....	
	Miss Tessie O'Reilly.	
Song.....	"Chanson de L'Abeille".....	<i>Millard</i>
	Mme. A. Arcand.	
Song.....	"Down the Vale".....	<i>Moir</i>
	Mr. G. I. Nolan.	
PART II.		
Violin.....	9me Concerto.....	<i>Aeriot</i>
	Miss Kate Ryan.	
Song.....	"The Three Horsemen".....	<i>Stearns</i>
	Prof. Horrigan.	
Song.....	Selected.....	
	Mme. M. Mahon.	
Recitation.....		
	Mr. L. J. Kehoc.	
Song.....	Selected.....	
	Miss Jennie Tremblay.	
Song.....		
	Mr. Wm. McCarthy.	
Chorus.....	"Le Ruisseau".....	<i>Gilbert</i>
	University Glee Club.	
	Accompanist, Prof. Amadée Tremblay.	
	God Save the King.	

In distributing meeds of praise it would be extremely difficult to discriminate among the different artists—all were really excellent. And considering that they gave their services gratuitously, the boys feel themselves bound to them in everlasting gratitude. Not only was the concert a decided success from the artistic viewpoint, but from the financial side also its results exceeded the expectations of even the most sanguine, and for this the merit is due to the students who worked so zealously in disposing of tickets. Everything connected with the concert went to show the deep appreciation that is felt for the noble work done by the association during the past season.

The reputation of the Scientific Society is growing apace both within and without the house. The regular lectures given during the past month—"Language: Its Rise and Growth," by W. A. Martin, '02, and "Glaciers," by U. Valiquet, '02—were favored by attendance the largest on record since the Society's inception. On the evening of the 12th inst. an audience filling the entire Dramatic Hall witnessed the inauguration of the public lecture course. Mr. Topley, in an illustrated lecture on Ireland, gave a treat long-to-be-remembered, and has caused himself to be enrolled as one of the Society's chief benefactors.

From time immemorial it has been the peculiar privilege of speakers in the English Debating Society to address empty benches, but, thanks to the general awakening of the student-body, this condition of affairs no longer exists. The attendance at the last three debates was extraordinarily large.

On Jan. 26th, "Resolved, that the introduction of modern machinery has been baneful to society," was discussed by Messrs. J. J. O'Gorman and J. Tobin for the affirmative, and J. F. Hanley and P. Smith for the negative. The decision was given to the affirmative.

Feb. 2nd, Messrs. T. E. Day and J. Harrington opposed Messrs. R. Carey and W. Dooner on the question, "Resolved, that municipalities should own and control the public conveniences (water-plants, telephone, lighting, and street railways). This was one of the most finely conducted debates heard for many a day. Messrs. Carey and Dooner were the successful contestants.

On Feb. 9th, the Academic Hall was engaged by the Dramatic Society of Hull, and consequently no debate was held.

The subject of debate on the 16th was—"Resolved, that the formation of trusts tends to the material prosperity of a country." Messrs. W. J. Collins and O. Macdonald upheld the resolution, and opposing them were Messrs. J. McDonald and V. Meagher. The decision went to the affirmative.

The weekly philosophical discussions in St. Thomas Academy are proving agreeable as well as instructive. Great praise is due Rev. Dr. Nilles for the good work being done.

The Gaelic Society has just added to its incipient library several volumes in Irish, together with the series of Gaelic pamphlets. A primer of the League gives striking evidence of the radical methods taken in the old land for the preservation of the language.



Priorum Temporum Flores

Rev. D. Campbell, '90, P.P. of Dickinson's Landing, called at the College last month and said mass for the boys in the University Chapel.

Rev. M. F. Fitzpatrick, '91, for many years pastor of the parish church at Young's Point, has been transferred by His Lordship the Bishop of Peterborough to the parish church at Ennismore. We congratulate Father Fitzpatrick on his recent promotion and wish him all success in attending to the duties of his new charge.

Mr. F. Costello, a former student, visited the University during the month and renewed acquaintance with many of his old classmates and friends.

Mr. J. F. Maloney, who attended College last term writes us from his home in Boston, Mass. We understand that Mr. Maloney will remain at home for some time, being obliged to take a rest on account of ill-health.

Toward the close of last month, Mr. F. J. McDougal, '93, of Dawson City, Yukon, was married to Miss Irene Glassmacher of this city. Mr. McDougal is a prominent lawyer of the new City of the North, having practiced there for a number of years as a member of the law firm Belcourt, McDougal & Smith. To the happy couple THE REVIEW extends its sincerest congratulations.

On the 22nd inst., Rev. Bro. McGirty, O.M.I., was ordained to the sacred Order of Deaconship. The recipient of this dignity is one of THE REVIEW's most valuable workers. We sincerely congratulate him.

Junior Department,

A group of small boys were seated in one of the farthest ends of the recreation hall the other evening, narrating ghost stories and midnight adventures. Some of their recitals were very thrilling and might fittingly grace the pages of a Frank Merry well or Diamond Dick. The ubiquitous Junior Editor (as usually unknown to all) overheard the following stirring tale by a member from some place near Winnipeg.

"There had been a dread... murder committed in our city," the narrator began. "A man had stabbed another and had thrown the body into the M... river, and after much seaching, the body could not be found. One evening, about nine o'clock, I was standing on the corner of a certain street talking to two companions (we call them Mick and Jim for the present) and discussing the awful tragedy. Mick suggested that we go down to the place 'just for the excitement of the thing.' But Jim refused, thereby causing us to send some rather abusive names after him. Mick and I, however, went on to satisfy our curiosity. There was an old pier extending out into the river, and it was here where the man was stabbed. We walked to the end of it and gazed for some time at the seemingly placid waters to contemplate the horrors of the deed. At 9.30 p.m., it had become quite dark (it was summer time) and as there was no moon shining, we determined to return home. But, at this moment, we were arrested by a low sepulchral voice, coming from under the pier, which softly but distinctly murmured :

" 'It floats ; It floats.' "

"Imagine our fright to hear such words in such a lonely spot. We were so dumb-founded that for some moments neither spoke, but just shook from fright.

" 'It's his ghost,' my companion whispered. 'Come, we'd better make our escape.' "

"We started to run and only stopped on reaching Mick's house. As I neared home, I met Jim, who stopped me to ask the casue of my haste. I tried to find an excuse but, judging from his looks, I succeeded very poorly.

"The next evening Mick and I decided to re-visit the pier. Great was our surprise and horror to hear the same doleful voice:

" 'It floats ; It floats.' "

"The next evening we induced a policeman to accompany us. He was a powerful looking man, tall and broad-shouldered. He avowed that if we were foolin' him he'd break our necks. He realized that we were not, for exactly at 9.30 p.m. we again heard the same deep and mournful voice moaning :

" 'It floats ; It floats.' "

"We both noticed a slight quiver in the officer's frame when he heard the mysterious sound. However, he immediately recovered his st composure, and drawing a shining revolver he stepped to the side of the pier. Leaning on the railing he peered over and called out in a slightly tremulous yet commanding voice:

" 'In the name of the law I demand that whosoever you may be, tell me what floats! ' "

"This time a different voice, that of a healthy lad of fifteen, shouted up in a clear tone:

" 'Ivory Soap !' "

The Junior Editor may have had blurred eyes, but he strongly declares that all he saw for the next fifteen minutes was a thick mass of rolling humanity from which finally emerged something clad in about half the clothing that belongs to a boy.

Well, we'll not try to depict him. If you wish to see him, look in bed 6, Infirmary No. 3.

To the Junior Hockey Team the present season has been one of brilliant victories. Careful training and faithful practice rendered them invincible to all opposing teams. They dealt out some stinging defeats to their opponents, who in the main were much heavier men.

They have won the congratulations of all their fellow-students.

The average weight:

J. A. A's.....	117 lbs.
Emeralds ..	125 "
II. Collegiate.....	129 "
Young Ottawas.....	124 "
II. Big Yard	133 "

The scores of the games run as follows :

Jan. 19—Emeralds vs. J. A. A.....	0—19
" 25—II. Collegiate vs. J. A. A ...	4—11
" 26—Emeralds vs. J. A. A... ..	1—13
Feb. 3—II. Collegiate vs. J. A. A....	1— 3
" 8—II. Big Yard vs. J. A. A.....	3— 4
" 17—II. Big Yard vs. J. A. A....	1— 5

As the Small Yard has looked in vain for more games, they have decided to quit the game and turn their attention to other fields of sport.

HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY.

THIRD GRADE.—1st, Harry Macdonald; 2nd, E. Poissant; 3rd, P. T. Kirwan; 4th, Gerald Kirwan.

FIRST GRADE, DIV. B.—1st, Willie Perrault; 2nd, Prospère Poirier; 3rd, D. F. Séguin; 4th, H. Ménard.

SECOND GRADE.—1st, A. Fleming; 2nd, I. Labrosse; 3rd, R. Valiquette; 4th, A. Arcand.

FIRST GRADE, DIV. A.—1st, Charles Kehoe; 2nd, Fred Gervais; 3rd, Azarie Ménard; 4th, D. J. O'Brien.

FOURTH GRADE.—1st, Jos. Coupal; 2nd, Felix Routhier; 3rd, N. Bawlf; 4th, G. Gaudry.

