

## Science Siftings

### BY 'VOLT'

#### Light as an Aid to Civilisation.

Light is the greatest enemy of criminals and evil-doers. A city lighted well is a city well policed, for it may almost be said that an arc lamp is as good as a policeman any night. That this fact was fully realised in the very beginning of electrical development, as we know it to-day, is shown by an old woodcut reproduced from the *Electrical Review* of March 7, 1885. They were just beginning to think about central stations and electric street lighting systems in those days, and undoubtedly the argument, 'Light prevents crime,' was as effectively used then as now.

#### Falling Asleep.

How do we go to sleep? How does Mother Nature charm away our consciousness? First of all, she throws her spell on those centres of our bodies that preside over the muscular system, causing one group of muscles after another gradually to collapse. Thereafter various powers of mind succumb in regular order. First we lose attention and judgment. Then memory goes, and imagination wanders away in reveries of its own. Ideas of time and space cease to control thought as gentle sleep—the nurse of our life—draws nearer. Then comes the turn of the special senses, beginning with sight—eyelids close and eyeballs turn upward and inward, as if to shut out all light, the pupils contracting more and more as slumber steals over us. The turn of the ears comes—the power of hearing fades away. The heart beats and breath is drawn more and more slowly. The heart beats from ten to twenty times less frequently each minute, or five thousand times less during the night, while breathing is not only slower, but much more shallow than during waking hours. Temperature falls by perhaps two degrees, and the body loses three times less heat than when awake. And so at last sleep covers a man all over—sleep that shuts up sorrow's eye.

#### To Find Your Way Out of the Bush.

It's a strange thing, but when a man gets lost in the bush the first thing he usually does is to start out and run as fast as he can in a sort of a panic-stricken way. This is the very worst thing he can do. Nine times out of ten he will go around in a circle and meet his own tracks. He only exhausts his strength to no purpose. I remember before I went into the bush I had an idea that there were great bald spots, and you could find your way from open to open as easy as walking the streets of a city. But my guide soon disabused me of that idea. He took me up on a high hill, and then told me to climb a big tree. He went ahead, and I followed him. As far as our eyes could see there was nothing but bush, bush, bush. There were tiny openings here and there that looked like the mouths of bushel baskets, but my guide told me that they were only small ponds. These openings were sometimes five miles and sometimes ten miles apart, as near as we could judge. I made up my mind that there would be bush enough to last after I was gone. When you are lost in the bush, as I hope you never will be, there is one sure way to get out, if you are lucky. Travel until you come to a little stream and follow it down. Nine times out of ten it will bring you to a larger stream, which will show you your way out, or it will lead you out by its own windings. I have been spared many a long, cold night in the bush without food or shelter by this manoeuvre.

#### The Esquimaux Dogs.

Of the various breeds of dogs indigenous to the polar regions the most familiar are the Samoyedes and the Esquimaux (writes Dr. R. Lankester in the *London Daily Telegraph*). Both are of inestimable value for draught purposes, alike to the natives and explorers. For their size their strength is remarkable, and it is astonishing what they can do in the way of dragging heavy burdens. The Esquimaux bear a marked resemblance to the wolf, and they have a temper which suggests but short contact with civilising influences. Those who have kept them say that a thrashing is always remembered, and revenged. Travelers relate that a team of Esquimaux will cover nearly sixty miles a day, even with a substantial load behind them. They are cobbily built, with powerful quarters and heavy bone. The coat is an admirable illustration of the kindly way in which Nature adapts animals to their surroundings. The undercoat is dense, soft, and warm, through which comes the hard, wiry outer coat, the whole forming an excellent protection against the inclemency of the Arctic weather. The color of the coat varies, including white, white with black patches, silver grey, and dark red. The back and sides are always of a darker shade than the under parts. A great virtue of the Esquimaux is that they never bark. Of course this handicaps them in their usefulness as watchdogs, but it is a great recommendation to town dwellers.

## Intercolonial

His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne has made the following clerical changes in the Archdiocese:—Rev. J. H. O'Grady, from South Yarra to Geelong; Rev. M. Quinn, from Geelong to Elsternwick; Rev. J. Kenny, from Elsternwick to South Yarra; Rev. J. McKeon, from Essendon to North Fitzroy; Rev. J. Ellis, from North Fitzroy to Essendon.

With the death of Archpriest Sheehy (remarks the *Freeman's Journal*) the last of the Benedictines of Archbishop Polding's time has disappeared. The sad event almost depletes ecclesiastical pioneer ranks in another direction. Of the band of priests to whom State-aid was continued after its general disestablishment in 1859 Archpriest Sheehy has but one survivor in the person of Father Birch, of Bungendore, who for quite a number of years has been on the retired list of the clergy of the Archdiocese. And in 1859 there was but the Archdiocese in New South Wales.

Rev. Father Clement Anthony Hyland, of the Franciscan Order, died at St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, on September 15. For the past twelve months he had been unable to fulfil his mission, owing to the precarious state of his health. The late Father Hyland was a native of Dublin, where he was born on November 23, 1850. His ecclesiastical studies were made at St. Isidore's, the College of the Franciscans in Rome, where he was ordained in 1873, at the age of 23. Returning to Ireland he worked chiefly in the capital, and at times was Superior of the Franciscan houses in Drogheda, Waterford, and Cork. Father Hyland was a brother of the late Archbishop of Trinidad, who was a Dominican, and one of his sisters, who died about a year ago, was Abbess of the Poor Clares in Galway.

In the course of an address at Lewisham a few Sundays ago, his Eminence Cardinal Moran referred to the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal, and hoped that, within a few years, they would have the privilege of holding a similar function in Australia. Of course, he said, the necessary preparation for that event is the completion of St. Mary's Cathedral, as at the present time there is no Cathedral in New South Wales which could accommodate such a large procession. When the Cathedral was completed it would not only be worthy of such a cause, but it would surpass many of the Cathedrals in which some of the processions have been celebrated. It would seem as if Australia were preparing for such a celebration. The Panama Canal would be opened in a few years, when thirty or forty Bishops could favor Australia with their presence on such an occasion, while others could conveniently make the trip from the home countries, but such an event pre-supposes that St. Mary's would be completed.

Subscriptions to the Roll of Honor in connection with the completion of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, now stand at nearly £21,500. On Sunday, September 18, his Eminence made an appeal on behalf of the building fund of the Cathedral at Lewisham, when a sum of £1076 was subscribed. One notable feature of the Cardinal's appeal for St. Mary's Cathedral has been its progressive character. The first occasion was at Parramatta, when £800 was subscribed. The Forest Lodge parochial appeal reached £1002. This result was outstripped at the comparatively unpretentious parish of Botany, where £1020 was subscribed. His Eminence completed his 80th year on September 15, and on that day he visited Monte Sant' Angelo, North Sydney, the head house of the Sisters of Mercy, who through their various committees, pupils, and schools beat all previous records of the religious Orders with the returns, the total amount subscribed being £1008 10s, which is a magnificent result of the work of the Sisters and their schools for the great work of the completion of the Cathedral. Besides these amounts for the Roll of Honor, the Sisters of Mercy are also managing a stall in the Children's Court at the Fair.

One of the last links with the pioneering days of the Church in this State (says the *Catholic Press*) was broken on September 14, when the Ven. Archpriest Samuel Joseph Sheehy died at his residence, Randwick. He was ill about three weeks, and was in his 83rd year. The previous day he was visited by the Cardinal, who gave him his blessing. The Archpriest was one of the missionaries who half a century ago achieved great things in the cause of Catholicity, and materially helped to lay deep and solid foundations of the Catholic Church in this country. Amongst others of the pioneering missionaries with whom Archpriest Sheehy was a contemporary were the late Monsignor Rigney, the late Archdeacon McEncroe, and the late Dr. Hallinan. Archpriest Sheehy retired from active parochial work in 1906. The late Archpriest Sheehy was a native of the City of Cork, Ireland, and arrived with his parents in Sydney in 1838. Educated at the old Seminary of St. Mary's, he entered the Order of St. Benedict in 1845, and was ordained priest in old St. Mary's on March 6, 1852. In religion he took the name of Austin, and was for many years called by that name. Soon after his ordination he became a prominent figure in the Catholic life of Australia, and no important ceremony seems to have been complete of recent years without the presence of the venerable, white-haired soggarth who succeeded Father Therry as Archpriest.