

she, who was the impersonation of every domestic virtue, a loving wife, a tender mother. Such is the character of the distinguished princess who has been well and truly styled the "co-discoverer" of America. At length Columbus was ready to set sail, the sailors attended Mass, all knelt to receive the parting blessing, tore themselves from the embraces of their friends who never expected to see them again, went aboard and were soon lost to sight.

Oft did the seamen complain, oft did they think they were sailing to certain destruction. Their complaints became louder and more threatening, but Columbus knew how to calm their terrors, he knew how to meet misfortune for he had received a thorough training, in the school of adversity. Then came the deviation of the needle. The poor ignorant sailors thought that they had reached the end of the world. Columbus was equal to the occasion; he told them that it was the finger of God warning them to change their course south-west to follow the course indicated by the needle and they would reach their destination. At last the joyous cry of "land, land" is heard and the sailors who but a few hours before threatened to cast Columbus into the sea now knelt at his feet and honored him almost as a god.

America was discovered on Friday, Oct. 12th, 1492. Columbus landed and solemnly took possession of the country the name of their majesties Ferdinand and Isabella. What deep emotions must have stirred the soul of Columbus as he beheld the realization of all his hopes, as he viewed the reward of all his years of trial and privation! But even now when the sun of his fame was in its mid-day splendor, dark clouds were beginning to overshadow its brilliancy, calumniators were busy whispering their cowardly falsehoods into the ears of authority. All are familiar with the fact of Columbus being sent in irons to Spain. Ferdinand and Isabella quickly removed his chains, but Isabella soon passed to another life. Ferdinand ungratefully allowed Columbus to live in obscurity and to drain to the very dregs the bitter cup of misfortune, Columbus laid himself down to die in that thankless

land to which he had brought honour, wealth, a new world and which in return almost unwillingly gave him a grave.

To understand Columbus aright we must enter into the motive that guided this great man who sailed "For the back door of Asia and landed at the front door of America." It is to be believed that Columbus acted for the honour and glory of God. It is much to be deplored that many modern writers are not just toward Columbus. They picture him as a mere devotee of science, avaricious, the vilest of hypocrites. But these writers are not striking at Columbus personally, but at the institution that encouraged him. Protestant writers may perhaps deny this and we like to believe that they are unconscious of how short-sighted they are when they sit in judgment upon what went before the so-called Reformation. Moreover some deprecate the lack of a national feeling in Columbus, but these forget that this narrow, bigoted nationalism is an outgrowth of the last two or three centuries. Neither Columbus nor anyone of his age would have hesitated for one moment to call a foreign prince into their native land were religion interfered with. In the affections of Columbus, Christianity was first, nationality second. He desired to discover new lands. To bring new lands beneath the banner of Christ, to enlighten the minds of those who were in darkness, to bring them into the One Fold, to bestow upon them the priceless boon of faith was the one object of the life of Columbus.

His tried and trusty friends were the priests, without whose aid he would have undoubtedly failed. His idea took complete possession of him; he had laboured a lifetime to make it known. He did not offer up incense at the altar of Mammon, but at the altar of the living God. To understand Columbus, we must be true to history, we must divest ourselves of the spirit of the age, and place ourselves in touch with the time of Columbus, during which Faith the guiding star was something real, not a mere abstract principle, and this world was considered a place of exile; and this life, the narrow path to a glorious future beyond the grave.

ALBERT E. NEWMAN, '93.