

THE OWL.

VOL. VIII.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, MAY, 1895.

No. 9.

AN ALLEGORY OF LIFE.



EARLY all our great epics are more or less allegorical. But there is one which in an especial manner, and by the use of characters and incidents, not at all overstepping the limits granted to the poet, has given us an instructive and very pleasing view of the *battle of life*. Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, to the superficial reader, might seem to be only a charming description of how the Holy City, after great toil and marvellous deeds of valor, had been rescued from the hands of impious Moslems, and made free to all Christian pilgrims. Yet to the student there lie just below the surface, within easy reach, deep principles of conduct, incidents which show us the vicissitudes of this life, examples which prove that true success and happiness live in virtue, and, that after all, our lives should tend not to an earthly, but to a heavenly destination—in short, an allegory of life. Towards the end of this essay the writer will say more on this feature of the poem.

We are reminded forcibly by the present time of Torquato Tasso himself. April 25th, 1895, was the 300th anniversary of the death of Italy's great poet. Sorrento, his birth place, commemorated the event by a festival lasting ten days. The King of Italy and the Prince of Naples encouraged the committee in charge a great deal, and Mr. Marion Crawford, the novelist,

whose home is there, took an active part in the celebration. The life of Tasso, apart from his great Epic, is a strange mixture of success and failure; it is, perhaps, another added to that long list of great men who have been severely dealt with by their own age, but whose greatness has increased with time. However paradoxical the expression may seem, it is certain that many of his friends were his worst enemies. He manifested his poetical tendencies at an early age; but his father, also a poet of considerable note, had grave doubts as to the advisability of his son taking up a profession which had brought so many calamities on himself. After a sound philosophical and literary training at Padua and Bologna, young Tasso was formally attached to the great House of Este, whose history he has glorified in the 17th canto of *Jerusalem Delivered*, as shown by the shield given to the hero Rinaldo who is represented as belonging to this House. At the age of 27, Tasso had already written eight or nine cantos of his great Epic; in another year he added ten cantos, and at the age of 30 that poem which has immortalized his name was completed. Our English Spenser, who has drawn much from Italian sources, who has in fact taken many of our poets verses for his *Fairie Queene*, was then studying at Cambridge.

The orthodoxy of his poem was a source of continual anxiety to Tasso; and much against the will of his friends he submitted it to the Pope for strict examination. He

had been shewing portions of his work in manuscript to some of his so-called friends, but, unfortunately for his own peace of mind, he condescended to pay minute attention to the suggestions of these courtiers, none of whom possessed in any degree the poetical taste of Tasso himself. Their criticisms worried his sensitive nature to such an extent that he began to suspect their intentions. He thought himself surrounded by enemies, and felt sure that the Inquisition would pronounce his poem heretical. This was the beginning of a long train of hardships for our poet; it is a striking evidence of what over-zealous friends may do for us at times. His mind gradually grew weaker. Being placed in the Franciscan convent at Ferrara, he suspected the monks of a design to poison him; and later on he turned all the powers of his mind against the nobleman who had been his patron and admirer. At last he had to be shut up in a lunatic asylum. While here, he learned with great disgust that his *Goffredo*, the first name he gave this epic, had been misprinted at Venice. An edition revised by Tasso, with the name changed to *Jerusalemme Liberata* was published at Parma in 1581, and passed through six editions within a year. The author further revised his poem in 1593, calling it *Jerusalemme Conquistata*. This edition has been set aside, however, as giving evidence that the poet's mind was losing its best powers. Tasso repaired to Rome in 1594 to be made Laureate of Italy, but his health gave way entirely. He was tenderly cared for in the monastery of St. Onofrio, and Cardinal Cinzio came to him at the hour of his death, April 25th, 1595, with the Pope's benediction. "This," said Tasso "is the crown with which I hope to be crowned. It is not the glory of the poet's laurel, but the glory of the blessed in heaven."

The English student of *Jerusalem Delivered* is at a great disadvantage in having no translation which gives with any degree of accuracy the spirit of the original. We have depended on that of Fairfax who published his *Godfrey of Bulloigne* in 1600. He was a good poet, but certainly not a great one. Although he has translated stanza for stanza, yet he allowed himself much freedom, giving in his own

fashion the sense of each stanza; adorning as he went with interwoven figures of speech and bits of classical mythology. The exquisite sweetness which we know to be characteristic of Tasso is lost. In a word, when the Italian poet said a hero was like Mars, our English Fairfax said Mars would be afraid of him. Yet this translation still holds a high place in our literature, being, it is said, among the books "that so did please our Eliza and our James," and have not lost their pleasantness with the lapse of time, as is proven by the fact that a new and elegant edition was published in 1890 under the care of Henry Morley.

Jerusalem Delivered is a romantic treatment of the First Crusade, begun by Peter the Hermit, and supported by Pope Urban II. in the Council at Clermont. Godfrey of Bouillon, after pawning his dominions to obtain sufficient money to go to the Holy Land, was made leader of this pious undertaking, and set out for Palestine in 1096. He captured Antioch, defeated the Moslems with great loss at Dorylaeum, reached Jerusalem in 1099, and captured the city after a five week's siege. He refused, however, to be crowned with gold where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns. On his death the following year, his brother Baldwin succeeded as King of Jerusalem. At the opening of Tasso's poem the Crusaders are encamped on the plains south of Antioch, which city had just been taken. Though true to history in the main points, our poet introduced much fiction, especially in the leading characters. He has also made use of supernatural agents which according to many have weakened instead of strengthening his Epic. Yet Tasso did this only after mature consideration; it is only one of the many features he has borrowed from Homer. His poem has a double origin. While its substance and spirit are essentially Christian, and deal with the romantic chivalry of the Middle Ages, the form of the poem is classical and has much in common with the Iliad. There is one great action, the siege of Jerusalem, which was for Tasso what the siege of Troy was for Homer. Like Homer also, he makes use of views from the walls of the besieged city, in order to shew to advantage the qualities

of the leading heroes. It would be wrong to suppose that for these reasons Tasso lacked originality. While his quiet nature allowed him to choose a path already travelled, and although on many occasions he was imposed upon by contemporary writers and critics far superior to himself, yet, like a true genius his imitations are never servile, and what is remarkable he was nowhere so successful as when he depended entirely on the resources of his own mind. When he follows the inspiration of his own heart, he becomes grand and noble; and it must be confessed that the romantic side of true Christian chivalry has in him its truest painter. Take for instance, the twelfth Canto in which the beautiful episodes of Clorinda's birth, of her combat with Tancred her lover, and her happy death after being baptized a Christian, are related. It is the most pathetic incident in the whole poem, and is surpassed by no poet ancient or modern. Even Tasso's warmest admirers cannot but regret that he saw proper to take so many notions on the conduct of his epic from Homer. Godfrey of Bouillon, a noble type of the chivalrous and Christian knight, though modelled on Agamemnon, lacks the proud brilliancy shewn by the leader of the Grecian hosts. The anger of Rinaldo, the hero of *Jerusalem Delivered*, cannot be compared to the divine wrath of Achilles. The women in Tasso's Epic are certainly far inferior to those of the Iliad or Odyssey.

These faults however, are covered by virtues which place the Italian Epic among the masterpieces of human genius. The verses are exquisitely polished and harmonious; perhaps too much so at times; it is said that some were written as many as fifty times by their author. The poem, moreover, is carefully planned, and marked by great unity of action throughout. In this respect it is totally unlike the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto which preceded it. Ariosto made his work embrace so many distinct episodes that in order to give the end some connection with the beginning he brings back reason to the crazy Orlando in a bottle from the moon, and Roland snuffs in his lost reason through the nose. Tasso possesses another grand feature—

he wrote for all classes. From Milton down the majority of modern epic writers are appreciated only by the student, and completely understood by the learned. Our poet wins a warm place in the hearts of all his readers by his simplicity of style and sweetness of verse. When we add to these facts, that the poem is highly moral and religious—the work of a good Catholic—we naturally expect a great deal. Nor are we disappointed.

Tasso's account of the allegory of *Jerusalem Delivered*, to which we referred at the opening of this essay, is, to say the least, a most ingenious one. There seems to be some doubt as to whether all these details were in his mind when he wrote the Epic. Yet it seems evident that our poet had before him a broad sense of the battle of life figured by the Holy War. It was certainly no after-thought that made Godfrey stand for the guiding powers of Reason, and Rinaldo for the combatant powers in Life. The Italian poet declares his Epic to be a mirror of life; maintaining that in heroic poetry two natures should be joined, one of imitation which pleases man, the other of allegory which inculcates virtue and knowledge. In a work of this kind man must be considered as a compound of soul and body with all their inherent propensities. Some writers have had regard only for the speculative part of man's nature and hence have dealt almost exclusively with the higher powers of his soul. The *Divine Comedy* of Dante represents the contemplative side of human life; in the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, *Aeneid* we have a pleasing mixture of both. The contemplative man is solitary; Dante and Aeneas therefore are unaccompanied when they visit the lower regions; likewise Ulysses when he leaves Calypso. Agamemnon and Achilles on the other hand represent civil life, and are described as being leaders of men, and greater in war than in wisdom. This is but natural. The Reason is best figured in one man, whereas political life and heroic deeds live with the multitude.

So Tasso has made Godfrey the man of Understanding; and he is rightly chosen to head the other heroes who in different ways typify the lesser faculties of the soul which are the servants of reason. Rinaldo is a man of marvellous courage and

strength. Tancred, though a great warrior, is a man of love. In the Battle of Life we are assailed by enemies within and without. The exterior enemies are represented by the armies of Asia and Africa, by unlucky battles, by the loss of friends and many personal afflictions. Internal impediments are the impure love and enticements of Armida which win the hearts of Tancred and Rinaldo; the enchantments of Ismen signify the false persuasions of men; the flowers, the fountains, the music, and the nymphs in the garden of Armida shew us the baneful delights which win our hearts by appealing to the senses under the pretense of good. Jerusalem, the strong city, placed in a rough and hilly country, signifies the earthly happiness for which we all strive; just as the path of virtue is an arduous one, so it requires much toil, great constancy and carefulness on the army's part to capture the city. The angels who help the Christians figure the divine assistance which God vouchsafes to those He loves and who ask His help. The Hermit and the Wise Man shew us how with the help of God's grace correct notions on justice, temperance, contempt of death and mortal pleasures are instilled into our minds. The Wise Man was a Pagan by birth, yet on his conversion to Christianity he yielded to the judgments of his superior and trusted not to his own wisdom. So with Philosophy which of old amongst the Egyptians and Greeks was presumptuous and proud in her assertions, yet by St. Thomas and other holy doctors she was made the handmaid of religion. Godfrey is the most pious of all the heroes; thus he is not deceived by the allurements of Armida, nor discouraged by adversity. Rinaldo excels in bravery. When his anger was aroused nothing was too difficult for him to accomplish; yet he brought many evils upon himself by allowing his wrath to rule his reason. Hence on his return, when his prowess was guided by the understanding, he scaled the walls and fought his way into the Holy City. His repentance and reconciliation with

Godfrey point out that obedience is necessary, and requires our passions to be subject to Reason. And Godfrey's moderation proves that Reason should dominate anger not imperiously but courteously; that the Ireful virtue should be tempered with justice; because as Plato says the head is the seat of Reason, and the right hand the instrument of wrath, the latter in subjection to the former.

In the end the powers of darkness are overthrown Rinaldo and the other heroes return to the path of justice and obedience; they are now guided by the higher faculty of their souls, and their passions instead of producing evil are made the instruments of good deeds. Then the wood is easily disenchanted, the enemy worsted, and the Holy City captured. But Godfrey, a true Christian, after thus winning temporal felicity, made it a means to reach eternal life. He fought to win not an earthly but a heavenly Jerusalem. The thanksgivings of the army and Godfrey teach us that true success coming from above, we should be grateful for it; that we should patiently suffer in trouble and adversity for they are part of our imperfect nature; that we should consecrate our lives to God and be firm in our hope of heavenly reward; that in the end it will be well with those who have a true conception of this life, viz. :—that it is a means and not an end.

We have dwelt only on the most important features of this Allegory of Life, which might be extended almost into a treatise on moral philosophy. The student is referred to the poem itself and to Tasso's account of its allegorical sense, both of which are extremely interesting and instructive. It is to be hoped that some English poet, mindful of Tasso's exquisite sweetness and simplicity, will endeavor, in the near future, to give us a translation more worthy of the original than those we possess at present.

JOHN R. O'BRIEN, '95.

THE HEART OF MARY.

HERE in thy Garden of Roses,
 Maid, let me linger with thee ;
 Here, where the Lover reposes,
 Love in His pryncedom of Three !
 Here, thou most wonderful Maiden—
 Mother, and Maiden, and Spouse !
 Here, in thy garden o'erladen
 With roses of love-breathing vows.

Here let me lie in thy Garden—
 Eden made perfect in plan,
 Needing no angel for warden,
 Filled with the Godhead of Man !
 Here, where no Serpent may enter ;
 Here, where the footfall of Sin
 Never can tarnish this centre
 Of loveliness Love lieth in.

Maid, thou art hearted with sweetness !
 Maid, thou art' lovely fair !
 Builed of liliē completeness ;
 Crowned with a sunlight of hair ;
 And for the eyes of thee, blossom
 Of heavens the heavens above ;
 God for the breath of thy bosom ;
 And for the heart of thee, Love !

And for the drops of it, roses,
 Wonderful Maid, in whose blood
 Fullness of Godhead reposes,
 Blossoming out of each bud !
 Every drop of thy sweetness
 Budding and blowing with Him,
 Maiden of matchless completeness,
 Body of Godhead, and limb !

THE GREATEST OF ECUMENICAL COUNCILS.



HISTORY records few facts more plainly than the claim of the Catholic Church to be styled a supreme and perfect society fully equipped to assure its welfare.

Resting on the distinction of divine origin, obeying the impulse of supernatural life and authority, the society descended from the Apostles pauses before no hindrance to its expansion and development. Whether its rights have been always respected, whether it experienced more fair play than foul, is not the question at present. This much is certain. The Church has not come down the path of time unassailed. Its most unquestionable powers met opposition; every point in its organism has been tested; blows rained upon it; obstacles were in the way. The Church did not seek these attacks, for its mission was essentially one of peace. In presence of its adversaries it seemed unarmed, yet never felt misgiving about the victory. Truly, it appeared at times on the point of going to pieces from the rudeness of the shock; yet, in those moments of despair for mere human institutions, the more than natural character of its organization shone out in striking evidence. There were unailing resources of strength and support. Usually, violent pressure was relieved through the care of the Vicar of Christ, wielding, by virtue of divine right, a supreme and universal authority. When the causes of anxiety grew unexpectedly critical and complicated, and there was need of combined and concerted action, all the bishops of the world, in concurrence of course, with the Roman Pontiff as head of the Church, assembled in General or Ecumenical council.

The General Council is, however, an extreme measure, frequently impossible and not essential to the existence of the Church. For the first three centuries after Christ, whilst the new religion lived in the catacombs, there were no councils. They occur but rarely from Nice to Trent.

The latter was followed by the recent Vatican Synod, but after a lapse of some three hundred years. In the meantime, vital controversies on dogma, morals and discipline were certain to rise. How were they to be settled in the absence of the supreme tribunal of a council? The divine founder had provided a second means, equally supreme but permanent, simple, of easy access, empowered to render decisions, which, though more summary and less solemn, were neither less authoritative nor less definitive—it was the tribunal of the Roman Pontiff, judging in all the fullness of his apostolic power. How many departures from true religious belief has not this tribunal condemned, how many schisms checked and terminated, how many dangers warded off from the Church without need of arousing the universe or calling together the general court of the episcopacy.

General councils have, however, been signally instrumental in averting dangers threatening the Church in its most vital interests—an assaulted faith, a violated liberty, and a relaxed discipline. What, in fact, could be more effective in stopping heresy than to oppose it by the combined efforts of the episcopacy, the Church's great army of defenders, combatting under the leadership of an acknowledged chief? What more advantageous to enlighten the erring, convince the skeptical, decide the wavering than to offer the imposing spectacle of all the successors of the Apostles joining their voices with that of Christ's vicar to proclaim christian truth? What more proper to re-establish order in the discipline of the clergy, to restore piety and moral righteousness among the faithful, than to decree by all the bishops gathered in council that which all the bishops were to teach their flocks and enforce in their dioceses? There is a second advantage. Dogmas must not be defined and disciplinary decrees enacted, unless previously cleared of their naturally inherent difficulties. These difficulties may exist for the. Sove-

reign Pontiff, and when they do, check his action. The Pope, enjoying only the benefit of divine assistance necessary to infallibility, and which does not include inspiration, cannot speak *ex cathedra*, or as doctor of the universal Church, after the fashion of the prophets. He pronounces and judges, but with full knowledge of the case, after employing means sufficient to reach the truth. When this understanding is wanting, either in his own mind or the minds of the prelates about him; in fine, when the problems at issue will not find proper solution except at the hands of the assembled episcopacy, the Pope, for the good of the Church, ought to entrust them to a general council. Be it remarked that he does not recur to the council as to a superior court, but simply to be enlightened by the decisions of the bishops and to confirm, if he deem proper, their sentence by his own supreme judgment.

If these explanations appear of unnecessary length, let the importance of beginning with correct principles be our excuse. It was thought useful to throw some light on the role which history ascribes to general councils, to the Council of Trent as a matter of course, and on the advantages derived from this source for the Church. The Council of Trent is chosen for these remarks, not indeed that it is a new and recent affair, but because none more justly merits the title, because it stands without peer among a score of similar events. No other in the in the first place had been of such remarkable length; none so noted for the gravity of the circumstances amidst which it was held, for the number of delicate questions which it treated and the profound influence it exercised on after generations. The end of its benefits have not yet been reached. Since the the Arian controversies of earlier centuries, certainly no graver crisis in the religious world claimed the attention of any council. It will be interesting to see with what forces it had to contend and how it met them.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the need of a general council was universally felt. Forces preparing a great religious and social revolution had been long at work. Among the first were the tenets of Manicheism, early trans-

planted from the east. The doctrine of the two principles with their mutually destructive antagonism excited a first violent reaction on the soil of Spain. It appeared a few centuries later in the south of France, shown forth characteristically in the shocking immorality and seditious theories of the Albigenses. England and Germany were the next theatres with Wicliffe and Huss as advocates of opinions utterly hostile to all religious and social order. Though checked, the working of the poison in the body politic was not arrested; time and favoring circumstances would develop its fatal energy. The dream of pure democracy rapidly became the popular idol, but its triumph was incomplete till first the religious and next the civil power were overthrown. Liberty in the new guise bade the individual bow to no other law-maker and ruler, nay to no other god, than himself. What a prospect was thus opening up! The old-fashioned methods of government and order to which society owed recovery from a not far distant barbarism along with what actual prosperity it enjoyed were now ungratefully cast aside as practical failures. Church and state would be no longer borne or rather there should be as many churches and states as individuals. This was the doom of social organization. Add to this a second movement of no little weight. The troubles which had arisen in the middle ages between bishops and barons, popes and emperors had not been entirely smoothed over. An apparently close union between Church and State was indeed existing. But as the newly-formed sovereignties of Europe saw their power increase they grew jealous of the rival ecclesiastical order and repented of the alliance. The ascendancy, long held by the Church with so good a result, created enemies among princes, nobles and lawyers. It became pretty well agreed among them to subject the spiritual domain to the temporal. The powerful also looked with greedy eye upon the possessions of the clergy. About the same time the Renaissance of arts, sciences and letters began in Europe. Italy was among the first to throw herself with enthusiasm into the movement and soon became as successful in Painting,

Sculpture, Mathematics, Astronomy, in the study of the Greek, Latin and Hebrew tongues, as she was prominent before in Theology and Architecture. Strange to say, her pre-eminence in fine arts and literary pursuits produced a host of enemies. Welcome besides to civilization and progress as this movement was in its chief features, it nevertheless developed a tendency more or less inimical to right worship and morals. The habit of analyzing, unimpeachable in merely secular matters, extended to the Scriptures and all sacred things, causing them, in contempt of religious direction, to be treated with as much freedom as if they belonged to the province of profane science and admitted no higher laws. The disasters of such a course are soon recounted. "Whenever," writes an eminent author, "man proposes to study some object of the material order, reason aided by analysis and criticism can make wonderful progress in knowledge. When, however, his researches are carried to the supernatural world reason finds itself falling short because it has gone beyond the circle of demonstrations to which natural truths are adapted: it is not at home with its object. What necessarily happens. There is either a subjective transformation of the supernatural, in other words heresy, or an absolute denial of the same, that is incredulity." When the mind finds itself unable to rise by its own exertions to the level of supernatural truths, it naturally seeks to reduce them to its own measure and scope by changing them, or if the alteration proves unsatisfactory, by denying them entirely. These were the terms to which men, dissatisfied with revealed religion, were rapidly tending at the time of which we are speaking. The great cry, however, went out against abuses. That religious discipline had relaxed mainly through the stay of the Pontifical Court at Avignon and the great Western Schism cannot be denied. Most of the evils came by a curious interference of political influences in ecclesiastical matters. Princes, taking advantage of the distracted times, usurped the right to confer valuable church livings and in consequence of naming the incumbents. This abuse, a promising source of revenue, often recruited the ranks of God's minis-

ters with individuals scarcely a credit on the score of doctrine and morals. How many vocations responded not to a supernatural call but to the attraction exercised by the honors and wealth of the clerical state. Even at Rome the prevalence of much disorder created alarm. Morals grew corrupt in the same measure as the material ease and wealth of families were consolidated. The very men who by virtue of their attainments or their elevated positions were relied on to furnish the example of simple and virtuous life, in too many instances were distinguished for worldly pomp and for all the extravagance of a luxurious life.

These evils, it was felt, would be corrected only by a General Council. "Princes and nations earnestly called for one," says the historian Alzog. Yet the moment was scarcely propitious. The growing opposition to established authorities and the abuses cried out against, *took alarm*. Europe was disturbed by continual war, whilst the Turks kept Italy and Austria in continual dread. In this unsettled state of things Luther precipitated the crisis in Germany; Calvin, in France; Zniuglius, in Switzerland; Henry VIII, in England; Gustavus Veza, in Sweden. These leaders feigned reform, but really meant the destruction of the Church. Their platform was broad enough. It was offered to the piously inclined as the restoration of primitive fervor; to minds of independent mould, as the ideal of liberty of thought; to enemies of the clergy it promised a share of the spoils; to lax ecclesiastics, abolition of celibacy; to sybarites, the removal of the checks which fasting and confession placed upon their evil passions. Princes warmly supported a change which relieved their authority of a wholesome but unwelcome curb. The aristocracy rejoiced at the downfall of a rival order, whilst middlemen and vassals were cheered by the prospects of abolished rents and tithes. With so many weighty elements of popularity in their favor, it is not amazing to see the new doctrines, secretly encouraged or openly sustained by arms, gaining in a short time a large part of Germany, several cantons of Switzerland, the whole of England and Sweden.

Though these religious divisions were incredible bitter, there was no idea at first of

perpetuating them. The Reformers, as the adherents of the new party styled themselves, professed to be the most dutiful children of the Church. But to escape the judgments of the Holy See they called for a general council. The difficulties in the way of the scheme were not inconsiderable. Italy alone enjoyed comparative peace at the moment, but the Reformers would accept no council held within the dominions of the Pope. For another cause, the city of Mantua was not available; Vicenza was next agreed upon, but it was set aside in favor of Trent, a town of Austrian Tyrol. It was a place acceptable to both parties, and here the celebrated council was opened on the 13th of December, 1545. Meanwhile, the Protestants seeing that the first obstacles were unexpectedly surmounted, retired from their first position, and, while seeking impossible concessions, eventually refused to take part in the council. They asked for an assembly where discussion was free, something never refused. They would not, however, yield to the reasonable conditions that the laws which governed former general councils should be maintained in the present one. Nor would they bind themselves by a promise made previously to fully accept the rulings and decrees voted by the majority of those assembled. Finally, after all efforts at agreement were quite exhausted, the council set to work. After weary years of alternate sitting and suspension, it was happily concluded in December, 1563. The canons and decrees which had been drawn up in twenty-five sessions were solemnly approved by Pius IV, in January, 1564 and declared obligatory for the whole church from May of the same year. Those acts had previously received the signatures of the two hundred and fifty prelates who were present at the closing session.

The dissidents held out till the last. No argument could prevail upon them to take part in, or present their claims to the council. The so-called Reformation was, in fine, an accomplished fact. The Protestants were no longer desirous of remaining members of one great fold with a single shepherd, and hence formed independent societies of their own. New paths were struck out. As the new-fashioned apostles worked their teachings into shape it be-

came apparent that most of the old landmarks were to be swept away. They accorded in little or nothing with the old religion. The negotiations of compromise which marked the first stages of the Council finally, as was perceptible especially in the latter sittings, gave place to indifference towards each other on the part of both the Protestants and the Fathers of the Council. The dissenters did not care to be present, and in consequence no judgment regarding either their persons or their opinions was pronounced. Their systems of belief were hardly alluded to, except to note those points which clashed with Catholic Faith. The Council turned its undivided attention to measures of reform, but of wise and prudent reform. Once the sources of weakness and scandal were removed, and the causes of decay stopped, the great losses already suffered would be surely, if but slowly, repaired. Without sacrificing any of its claims, the Church would be in a position to overcome by superior discipline and unity the heterogeneous and dissociated masses opposed to it. The measures adopted fully answered expectations. It is pretty well agreed that the triumphs of Protestantism ceased within the first fifty years of its existence. "We see," says Macaulay, "that during two hundred and fifty years Protestantism has made no progress worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that as far as there has been a change, that change has been in favor of Rome." The great religious revolution which excited wonder and alarm by its unparalleled progress, met a decisive repulse at Trent, nor to this day has it managed to recover.

Comfort is sought in the fact that a large portion of Christianity refused to accept either the council or its reforms. The authority of its statutes is not thereby lessened. There was a defection, but did none such ever take place before? Did the Arians bow to the Council of Nice; the Nestorians to that of Ephesus; the partisans of Eutyches to Chalcedon? The teaching body, instituted with and as the Church, legislated at Trent, either as a whole or as a part. Surely not as a part. For years previous "an Ecumenical Council" was the great demand, but it ceased the moment the Synod of Trent became

a fact. Infinite pains were employed to summon together all the bishops of the world, and repeated too after each suspension. During the eighteen years of the council's existence, the news of its continued sessions must have penetrated to the most remote parts. It is claimed that few of the eastern bishops answered the invitation. This supposes that all the bishops should be necessarily present, and is a condition that was not required of preceding councils. The authority of the Council of Nice was never questioned though the western bishops were absent. Not one of them was present at the Synods of Constantinople or Ephesus, but there was no hesitation in accepting and enforcing the decrees in the West as soon as they were known. In the light of these precedents, the objection to the Council of Trent is ridiculous, when it is considered that the signatures of the prelates present at the closing scene were supported not only by the adhesion of the absent but of the thousands who have been elevated to episcopal dignity since that date. A favorite objection is the alleged absence of freedom of discussion. It is not possible to conceive how a moral pressure upon over three hundred bishops could be maintained through eighteen years under the reign of four different popes without a protest of some kind having been placed on record. Yet no such protest is to be found. All documents point to the utmost liberty of discussion. The Fathers drew up of their own accord rules of procedure and carried on the business of the assembly according to their own regulations. Dogmatic decrees required unanimity of sentiment; disciplinary enactments passed by a majority of votes. The voice of the papal legates was never heard in the committees, in order not to influence them. There were undoubtedly pronounced party lines and at times the minorities evinced an aptitude for sharp dealing and obstructive tactics that would do honor to modern politics. But they thus rendered the service of an opposition, in allowing nothing to pass unchallenged.

The Council of Trent dealt with much that was not merely disagreeable but also most difficult. That it contained abilities requisite to realize success honest opponents themselves admit. "No general

council," writes Hallam, "ever contained so many persons of eminent learning and ability as that of Trent, nor is there any reason for believing that any other ever investigated the questions before with so much patience, acuteness, temper and desire of truth. The early councils, unless they are much belied, would not bear comparison in these characteristics. Impartiality and freedom from prejudice, no Protestant will attribute to the Fathers of Trent. But it may be said they had but one leading prejudice that of determining theological faith as handed down by tradition in the Catholic Church to their age." By the last remark the historian converts, whether intentionally or not, an unworthy reproach into a decided commendation. The "one leading prejudice, that of determining theological faith according to the tradition of the Catholic Church as handed down," links very appropriately with the spirited words of St. Augustine "that which they found in the Church," writes the great Doctor about the pastors of his time, "they left; that which they learned, they taught; that which they received from their fathers they transmitted to their children."

As certain men are flattered by the surname of "Great," which they have merited for manifest superiority of genius and surpassing splendour of exploits, so the Council of Trent deserves to be called not only the great, but the greatest of Ecumenical Councils. The reverence and gratitude of three centuries unani- mously bestow that honor upon it. It was called together under a most curious combination of difficulties which instead of diminishing, rather conduced to enhance its superiority. Finally, those who figured in it, the Pope, the bishops assisted by enlightened theologians were animated by but one thought, namely, after mature deliberation and in all liberty to outline true Christian teaching and draw up a code of laws such as might be a perpetual source of strength and light for themselves as well as for the spiritual society which they governed. That they succeeded cannot be doubted; but on the exact measure of their success, history has yet much to say.

AMBITION'S FATE.

EARLY with work and vigils late,
 One winter's eve, fatigued I sate
 Musing before the burning grate :
 Honors I'd won ; but more to gain
 Eddied around my whirling brain ;
 Nothing appeared a graver sin
 Than th' effort made which fails to win.
 The embers died—one flamed alone,
 Wherein a human figure shone.
 " Art thou a spirit damned ? " I cried.
 " No ; but ambitious," it replied ;
 And, as the last spark ling'ring died,
 The spectre vanished : where it stood,
 Lay but the remnants of the wood.

C. C. D., '91.

"WHO READS AN AMERICAN BOOK?"



UCH was the sneering question asked by the *Edinburgh Review* in the early part of this century. Sneering and cutting as it was to the heart of every American citizen, he was obliged to endure it, if not without resentment at least without reply, for it is undeniable

that in the first few decades of the present century, an American book with the stamp of ability on it was a very rare article. It certainly was not to be expected that America should, at the very outset of its history, take a foremost rank in the literature of the world. Had it come to the front in this respect, it would have done so in the face of numerous and serious obstacles, and would have offered the single instance to be found in the world's annals of a young nation springing at once into literary prominence. A country which produces genius and offers abundant scope for its exercise, will, sooner or later, bring forth a literature that will not only be above ridicule but will compel attention and respect. However, before this standard has been reached, it is inevitable that the earlier efforts should meet with bitter and perhaps unfair criticism.

The best literary productions of America could not, of course, bear comparison with the productions of older nations, and foreign critics took full advantage of the fact. Their sneers and scoffs were undoubtedly productive of much discouragement to our young writers, but, on the other hand, they urged the more courageous to renewed and persistent efforts, with the result that the answer to the question of the *Edinburgh Review* inevitably came, and in 1850 the *London Athenæum* was obliged to admit that "an American book has really always something fresh and striking about it to English readers." This admission was tardy, but could not longer be withheld. America was producing literature of a high grade of excellence

and perhaps a larger quantity of it than any other country in the world. And at the present day other nations find a great difficulty in keeping pace with the numerous issues of the American press. Of course, no one contends that every work which appears will enjoy lengthy literary fame, but in every branch the efforts of American energy and talent are considerable and creditable.

Our newspapers, which number about twenty thousand, are often of a high order, both in literary merit and journalistic timeliness. The editorial pages display no mean ability and suffer nothing in comparison with the best papers in the world. Nor do they confine themselves to being mere relators of current news, but enter largely on the fields of science, art and general information.

Our magazines are also very numerous and managed with conspicuous credit. *The North American Review*, *The Century*, *The Forum*, *Scribner's Magazine*, need no words of commendation; their excellence is universally admitted, and they are noted as well for their sound erudition as for the purity and clearness of their language. Nor are the Catholic periodicals one whit inferior in this respect. The very titles of *Brownson's Review*, *United States Catholic Miscellany*, *Metropolitan*, *Catholic Quarterly* and *Catholic World* represent to competent judges everything that is purest and noblest in thought and language, and have been received with equal honor at home and abroad. No one can fail to admire the lofty principles which characterize those excellent periodicals, nor can it be other than a matter of general regret that some among them are already numbered with the achievements of the past.

It is not too much to claim that biblical and theological works of American origin have had a wide circulation and favorable reception in England. No philosophical or critical writings have enjoyed a popularity greater than those of Dr. Channing, while in the field of oratory

no contemporary can bear comparison with Daniel Webster in logic, fulness of facts, richness of illustration, chasteness and force of language.

The legal commentaries of Judge Story and Chancellor Kent, are among the best in that branch, while our medical literature, particularly that of the school of Pennsylvania, deserves its well-merited eminence. These great men and the work they have performed for the advancement of national letters render untrue the charge of foreign critics that our literature is stagnant and inferior. Yet we must not flatter ourselves that we have attained anything approaching absolute perfection. There are still many things that tend to make our literature provincial and weak.

The early American colonists were largely exiles driven from their peaceful homes and obliged to provide the necessities of life, as best they could, on the rude shores of a foreign land. It is easy to see that their circumstances were quite unfavorable to literary work. The use of the pen in the old communities is undoubtedly a great source of progress. But in newly established settlements, such as the colonies were, the gun, spade and plough can be employed to much better advantage. Many things pressed more urgently on the attention of our forefathers, than literary pursuits. They had to subdue a wild country, cut down forests, erect new homes, protect themselves against the rigors of the American climate, and provide for their immediate wants. Moreover, the state of colonial dependence, even under the most favorable circumstances, can scarcely be said to be the ideal condition for the development of a national literature, and this was particularly the case with regard to the American colonists. Not only was no encouragement given by the mother country, but every evidence of colonial prosperity was studiously repressed. The English parliament and English people by jealousy, narrowness and unjust laws merited the reproach that their sole object was to enrich England at the expense of America. Literature, of course, suffered with the other American interests, and, while commerce and industry were retarded and circumscribed to suit Britain's convenience, every effort was made to

stifle the expression of a national sentiment and hinder the foundation of a national literature. British critics depreciated everything of American origin, and it would almost seem that the future of the British Empire was dependent on the enslavement of the American colonists. This policy was short-sighted and suicidal. It was not the last amongst the causes of the American revolution. If England's action prevented the birth and development of great masters in song and story, if it were her aim to make American writers mere servile imitators of foreign models, her success, though thorough, was but temporary.

The war of independence was fought and won, and henceforth whatever of backwardness and inferiority is to be found amongst American men of letters, though partly traceable to those early causes, is in the greater part the direct fault of the Americans themselves. Though they threw off the yoke of political dependence they still bowed the knee to English literary idols, and James Russell Lowell was justified in his stinging reproach to the leaders of American thought: "You steal Englishmen's books and think Englishmen's thoughts." They had won their political independence on the field of battle, but they still lived in the completest intellectual subserviency. It must be said, however, in all fairness that America is not alone in this inexplicable tendency towards imitation. The literature of other countries, says Mr. Sismondi, "has been frequently adopted by a young nation with a sort of fanatical admiration. The genius of these countries having been so often placed before it as the perfect model of all greatness and of all beauty, every spontaneous movement has been repressed in order to make room for the most servile imitation, and every national attempt to develop an original character has been sacrificed to the reproduction of something conformable to the model which has always been before its eyes. Thus the Romans checked themselves in the vigour of their first conception to become emulous copyists of the Greeks; and thus the Arabs placed bounds to their intellectual efforts that they might rank themselves among the followers of Aristotle.

So the Italians in the sixteenth century and the French in the seventeenth century, desirous only of imitating the ancients, did not sufficiently consult in their poetical attempts their own religion, manners and character." But this cause is not sufficient to explain satisfactorily the backwardness of the first generation of free Americans. We may add that the national mind was busily engaged in the establishment of a settled government and in the development of our unrivalled inventive powers. Mr. Whipple, speaking on this subject, says: "The course of our literature has been, upon the whole, subsidiary to the general movement of the American mind; our imagination has found exercise in the subjugation of a continent; in the establishment of liberty, in war, politics and government --above all in the inventive and constructive energy and financial boldness needed to develop and control the material heritage which has fallen to us." Another cause, and that too of no secondary importance in the matter of the subordination of literary fame to commercial prosperity, was the inherent desire which the Americans had to turn everything immediately into money. Nothing troubled them but strictly financial affairs. It was impossible for them to pursue mental and manual labor at the same time, so they sacrificed literary glory to commercial progress. Commerce meant money, and an unfortunately large number of the best men of America regarded the readiest means of increasing their credit with their banker as the aim of their existence.

Another cause that has profoundly influenced American literature, and for the worse, is the superficial education imparted in our country. We shall certainly never be able to enter into successful competition either in literary pursuits or in general knowledge with the older nations of Europe, until we acquire their generous spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion when the cause of true intellectual progress is in question. The feverish anxiety of the American youth to quit his books and give up study entirely, is in striking contrast to the patient perseverance with which the European student prepares himself for a literary career. Two or

three years in a High School, after a smattering of elementary education received in the public schools, the whole topped off with four years of what is dignified by the name of a University course--this is the highest mental equipment to which even the most ambitious of our students aspire. Consider for a moment the nine years that the German youth spends on classical studies before he thinks of entering a university, and place beside that period the paltry preparation required for matriculation into American universities, and it is not difficult to perceive the sorry figure that we must cut by the side of our European brethren. Not more difficult is it to understand the effect this state of affairs must have on the demand and supply in the marts of our literature. The generality of our readers neither ask for nor require a very superior standard of excellence in their intellectual food, and the generality of writers, with more selfishness than patriotism, never rise above the prejudices or weaknesses of their clients. The result is hasty and crude productions with not a single substantial claim to excellence in either thought or style.

But amongst all the obstacles with which the growth of our national literature has to contend these is perhaps none so serious nor so wide reaching in its consequences as the comparative youth of the American nation and the heterogenous character of its inhabitants. With less than a century of settled history and with a people drawn from all quarters of the globe, it is not to be wondered at if the unity of purpose and the enthusiasm necessary to all great literary achievements be conspicuously absent. There is much room for progress in this respect, and little can be done until the fundamental principle is admitted by all, that every foreigner who seeks a home on the shores of America must give up the customs and habits and language of his native country as far as their retention would be prejudicial to the national interests of his adopted land. Any other doctrine is false in morals and disastrous in politics; a breaking of the commandment to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.

Nevertheless there is no cause for pessimism. Our resources are unlimited; the outlook is, therefore, re-assuring. Time and patience will work wonders. Nature has bountifully blessed us in other respects; she will give us also the men needed to raise our national literature above its present provincial and feeble tone and to lift it to a height equalled by few and excelled by none.

I think what Mr. Stedman says on the outlook of American song may be well applied, with the change of one word, to our literature in general: "And concerning the

dawn which may soon break upon us un-awares, as we make conjecture of the future of American *literature*, it is difficult to keep the level of restraint, 'to avoid rising on the wings of prophecy.' Who can doubt that it will correspond to the future of the land itself—of America, now wholly free and interblending, with not one but a score of civic capitals, each an emulative seat of taste and invention, a focus of energetic life, ceaseless in action, radiant with the glow of beauty and creative power?"

T. F. CLANCY, '98.



I hold, in truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

—TENNYSON.



JAY'S PEAK.



HAT is Jay's Peak;" and the speaker pointed to the most northern of the picturesque prominences that adorn the physical features of Uncle Sam's eldest adopted daughter.

So it was; and he had good reason to remember it. He had not been long engaged in the sacred ministry before he was called to administer to the spiritual wants of the benighted flock scattered through the hilly regions that surrounded the base of this noble eminence. Like the Good Shepherd, he was often constrained to leave the ninety and nine in the plain, while he went in search of some stray member of the fold up in the mountains. Arduous as such a duty must have been during the summer season, it became doubly so, as may easily be conceived, in the winter months, when the deep gorges were filled with the snows of many storms and the blanched declivities of Silurian formation were clad in the hoary headed monarch's livery.

It was an evening in February when the young pastor received a summons from a little farmhouse, situated high up on the steeps of Jay's Peak. The aged farmer that dwelt there was on his death-bed, and desired the last consolations of his church. With that alacrity so characteristic of the Catholic clergyman on like occasions, the good priest made all possible haste to answer the pressing demand. Already the shadows of night had taken possession of the lowlands and were rapidly climbing the mountain side, when his sleigh could have been seen moving hurriedly in the same direction. The lowering aspect of the heavens above him portended anything but fair weather, and, before a third part of the journey had been accomplished, a storm of sleet, accompanied by intense cold and darkness, and driven by a north-east wind with all the fury of a western blizzard, broke over

the country. Down it came from the frozen coast of Labrador and the land of icebergs beyond, not altogether unlike the great glacial tide that, ages before, swept over these very same limestone elevations. Such was the madness of the elements on this particular night that it seemed as if Satan, whose throne is said to be erected in the north, had let loose his furious war dogs to defeat the pious work in progress of accomplishment. The road, which at best was only a rugged mountain path, was soon covered and lost to sight under the heavy snow-drifts. Still the hardy little animal of Canadian stock that toiled in front of the sleigh, animated apparently with the spirit of its driver, struggled heavily against the bitter blasts and ever deepening drifts, while the priest had to use all his ingenuity to keep his face and eyes free from the icy pendants repeatedly formed by congealed snowflakes.

But let us for a moment leave the "messenger of peace" in his battle with the elements, and transport ourselves to the farmer's cottage higher up, where a struggle as fierce, though of a different nature, is in progress.

On a low bed in one corner of a dimly lighted room lies the wasted form of an aged man. At his side sits a young person whose features bear so many traits in common with those of the prostrate figure that they would sufficiently indicate the near relationship existing between the two, even if the word "father," which from time to time escaped the younger's lips, did not place it beyond a doubt. The deep moaning of the invalid is again and again interrupted by the almost inaudible whisper: "Mary, Mary, my child, is he a coming?"

"Yes, father dear," replies the girl, "I sent him word by Abe Noble's man, who, you know, lives down in the village near the church."

The mention of Abe Noble's name seemed to awaken some distressing recol-

action in the memory of the dying man. His groans presently became louder and more painful to hear. Intermingled with his mutterings could be distinguished such broken sentences as: "Oh, if it was settled—only settled—with Abe, Abe Noble—if it was settled—I could die—die in peace."

"What is the matter, father dear? Will you not try to rest a little?"

But the only response to the sad-eyed watcher's soothing expressions of tender anxiety were the continued groaning of the agonized parent and the reiterated wish that some affair with his Yankee neighbour, which appeared to weigh heavily upon his mind, were adjusted ere he left the world forever. His daughter, though she paid little attention to the meaning that might lie hidden in his ravings, deeming them the outcome of his fevered brain, could not, at times, refrain from feeling uneasy over his constant recurrence to the subject of this much longed for settlement, and now began to fear that her poor father's conscience was suffering some severe pang of remorse. This conjecture rendered her only the more anxious about the advent of the priest, whose arrival she expected every moment. But now, as, in compliance with the old man's request, she went to the door and looked down the mountain side in the hope of catching sight of some reassuring sign of the priest's coming, her heart sank within her bosom. "What a terrible night it is," she sighed with a shudder; "can any living creature venture out upon the mountain in a storm like this, and still live?" And the gale that hurled the cold drift into her face seemed to reply: "no, no, nothing human!" She had spent many years in this bleak locality, so exposed to all the inclemency of winter winds, but never had she before witnessed a storm so violent.

While yet she stood there, a picture of sorrow-stricken love, breathing forth a fervent prayer for the parent she almost worshipped and for the safety of him who might then be imperiling his own life to bring solace to the dying, the priest and his horse were still fighting the wild hurricane. On, on, plunged the weary beast, floundering at every step; on, on, while

every plunge may be the last and every step bring both horse and man to the bottom of some yawning abyss.

At last it seemed as if further effort to brave the storm must prove useless and that all must shortly perish in its icy grip, when the light of a lantern glimmered through the darkness a few paces to the right of the road, and a shrill voice sounded above the howling winds. "Hallo, there! friend," said its owner, "bad night for travelling, heh! Better turn in here a bit and wait till the storm 'bates. Can't navigate much further, I should calculate in this ere weather."

When the priest, in answer to this heaven sent invitation—couched, it must be said, in anything save heavenly phraseology—had driven into the barnyard whence the voice issued, and had disengaged the blinding snows and icicles from his eyelashes, the first objects that met his still uncertain gaze were a huge fur cap, a great ulster coat, and a long, woollen muffler turned many times around the intervening space between cap and coat. At either side of the latter article of apparel hung a proportionately large furred mitten, and from the extremity of the left one dangled a lantern. Now, under all this not uncommon winter gear, rose the lanky frame of Abraham Noble.

"Guess you lost your way, friend," now pursued the mail-clad mountain knight, holding the flickering light so as to obtain a better view of his unknown visitor.

"Not exactly," replied the priest; "but I might have lost something more, had I not seen your lantern. I was going up to Barney's place on a sick call."

"Hah! you're the Catholic minister, then," said Abe; "by gosh, if you'd a tried to go much further this ere night, guess your folk 'd be, as Scripture says, like a fold without a shepherd."

The priest could not help thinking that poor Mr. Noble and his co religionists had been nearly five hundred years in just such a sad plight as this, but he did not so express himself. Whether he would have eventually done so or not cannot be said, since he was not then afforded an opportunity, the good-natured Abe, who in all probability had not given vent to his pent up *calculations* in many weeks past, bursting out again with the

volubility of a Widow Bedotte: "Wal, so you're the Catholic preacher, heh? Mighty glad to see you sir; but never seen one of your cloth before, sir—never, in all my born days. Was a kind of church member myself once—bring your hoss in here in shade of the barn—bro't up a Baptist sir, an' all that sort of thing; but since 'Becca died, ha'nt practised much. 'Becca was a Methodist when we got married, but her mother would have the young 'uns bro't up in the 'Piscopal church, like thar gran-father. She liked parson Tompkin's preaching in the Methodist; had to go with her, of course, till Burt Hardy an' some of the women folk got 'round the elders, 'cause they said Tompkins squealed, so he had to git, by gosh. Fact is, it did sound like our kerrige that gran-father oiled when he was a boy—never seen any since, sir, not a drop. Never told 'Becca that, but she couldn't stan' been 'bused, so she left the Methodist an' 'tended the Baptist meetins whar Tompkins' voice was better liked. After she died, I gev it all up, an' be jist followin St. Paul neow. But you'd a better put up your hoss, sir, an' stop for the night."

"Many thanks," said the priest, who in the meantime had succeeded in getting his blood into circulatiou; "I think I shall be able to get on nicely now. Besides, I suppose Barney is very low by this time and cannot last much longer."

"I reckon thar's no great danger of him, sir; if he hold on to life as he done to that ere morgige after I'd paid the money on't, you've no hurry."

This last remark in allusion to Barney's tenacity, which Abe made in a gruff undertone, the priest did not understand, nor did he await an explanation, but simply turned his horse out into the road to pursue his journey. Before the mare had taken many steps, however, she was caught by a big drift and was suddenly brought to a standstill. After this check, nothing the priest could do would induce her to move on; she shrank back or shot to one side, and absolutely refused to clear a rapidly rising snow bank in front of her.

"Thar," shouted the Yankee, as he witnessed the futile efforts of the priest to press the beast on, "thar, that hoss knows

more nor you do; I just told you thar's no use in trying to buffet that breeze. Scripture says the children of this world are wiser in thar generation than the children of light."

Thus rendered powerless, for the present, to fulfill his charitable mission, the pastor resigned himself to the will of providence, and, accepting the proffered hospitality of the kind-hearted Yankee, soon found himself snugly ensconced and chatting away pleasantly before a cheerful log fire in the kitchen.

The conversation turned naturally enough upon religion, and it is needless to say that the host was not less astonished and enlightened by his guest's profound knowledge, than he had already been edified by his christian spirit of charity, which had led him to endanger his life in order to comfort and console one of his parishioners. As the evening hours fled by, Abe listened with eager interest to the priest's brief exposition of the Catholic creed and to his explanation of certain objectionable dogmas held by the Roman Church. For all his lack of erudition, he was not an unintelligent man; and, when once his prejudices were overcome, his good sense could not hesitate to acquiesce in the logical conclusions which he saw flowed from the very scriptures and traditions he had always admitted, and with which, as he was now shown by the priest's clear reasoning, every Catholic tenet perfectly coincided.

It is not to be wondered at, then, if before retiring for the night, he exclaimed: "It beats all, by gosh; I never heered one of our parsons explain the text so plain as that. But sir, I don't believe that confession, for all you tell me, can make your Catholics give back what don't belong to 'em any more nor ourn," and he gave a doubtful shake of the head and looked thoughtfully into the yellow flame of the lamp he held to light his guest to his bedroom.

Long before daybreak, the priest was up, and, finding the storm had somewhat abated, immediately set out for Barney's.

By the time he returned, Abe was astir and out in the barnyard engaged in clearing away the snow from around the stable-doors. "Wal, I declare," he shouted at the top of his voice as he saw

the priest dashing down through the deep banks of snow, "you don't mean to tell me you're back from up thar so soon?"

"Once I succeeded in getting up there, I experienced no difficulty in coming down," replied the pastor with a smile; and then assuming a more serious tone, he continued: "I have a commission for you, Mr. Noble, which comes from your neighbor yonder. Here it is," and he drew from his breast pocket a roll of bills and handed them to the awe-stricken Abe. "This is a sum of money which you paid him twice," the priest went on, "and, perhaps, your will remember the transaction with which this restitution is connected, if you can recollect having given him a mortgage on your farm for a loan some years ago—a mortgage you neglected to have cancelled when you paid it the first time. Taking advantage of your negligence, our poor friend—whom I trust God may be merciful to, now that he is no longer among us—fell into the temptation of defrauding you. I am certain, however, that he suffered all these years since from remorse of conscience far more than you have from the unjust detention of your money. At any rate, he here refunds the amount with interest, and desired that his confession of his guilt be made public, while his dying words were a petition to you for pardon."

Upon receiving this palpable proof of

his old neighbor's repentance, Abe Noble could not articulate a word, so choked up was he with emotion. When, at length, he regained his power of speech, he stammered out some such apologetic phrases as: "No consequence money—forgot all about it—not at all—no hard feelings—hope he's in Sion—proper religion that makes rogues good men, an not t'other way"—and would have so proceeded indefinitely, had he not observed the priest about to take his leave; whereupon, he cut short his good wishes for the departed, and, directing his attention to the departing, bade him a cordial farewell with the assurance of a warm welcome at Abe Noble's as often as duty or pleasure should call him to the rugged slopes of Jay's Peak.

As the narrator finished this story, which was only one of the many episodes in his long and fruitful ministry, and which he recounted with all that modesty and brevity consistent with a bare rehearsal, I turned again to look at the Mountain. The sun had just vanished behind the distant Adirondacks in the west, but its lingering rays now cast a beautiful purple tint over Jay's Peak—a color, I may add, not out of harmony with that of the narrator's cassock—he had since become a bishop.

CECIL DRAPIER, '97.



TO A MAY-SHRINE LILY.



EMBLEM of Her in whom no stain
 The glance of God could view ;
 In all their glory monarchs vain
 Are not arrayed like you.

Thrice happy spray of spotless bloom,
 Fetched here to crown the day,
 You only live to lift perfume
 Unto our Queen of May.

Your honey heart floods on the air
 A ceaseless stream of balm,
 As sweet as maiden's song-like prayer
 Or youth's seraphic psalm.

To guard and garnish Mary's shrine,
 Twain tasks to you are given ;
 And Oh ! you share the charge divine
 With angels sped from Heaven !

When your too fleeting prime is past,
 And droops your snowy head,
 Leal friend of Mary to the last,
 You perfume pour till dead.

True flower, told is your loyal tale
 In life-long offering :
 Thus did my service never fail
 With joy my breast would ring !

MAURICE W. CASEY.

SOME OF OUR GLORIES.



HERE I master of fifty languages I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, *write in the copious English,*

sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."—Madame de Staël.

"I speak Spanish to God, Italian to my wife, French to diplomats, German to my horses, and English to my dogs."—Charles V.

Chivalry is not the only reason which induced us to take sides with the talented and accomplished French lady in preference to acquiescing in the views of the man who still writhed under the bitter sting of plans thwarted by the unflinching opposition of the English. Charles V, however, is not the only one who has placed the ban of excommunication upon the English language, for, we read that when the great Shane O'Neill visited the court of Elizabeth, his servant was asked by a citizen of London, why the Irish prince did not speak English. "Think you," he replied, "it would become the O'Neill to twist his mouth with such a barbarous jargon!"

Despite the sharp criticisms passed upon our mother tongue, by the Emperor Charles V and O'Neill's lackey, we do not despair; we are convinced that our English literature is an unfailing "Pierian Spring" from which all may imbibe pure healthy, unadulterated waters whereby to slake their literary thirst.

Some are wont to pass into ecstatic admiration of their native tongue, but these deluded mortals generally become hopelessly entangled in a mass of unmeaning verbiage out of which it is impossible to extract a single sentence worthy of the slightest notice. It is not part of our system to glorify the English language by vilifying its opponents in the great struggle for supremacy in the literary world; for as Voltaire has well and tersely put it

"the taste for making comparisons is the taste of little minds." We wish to state as best we can, the many excellent qualities of the English language, and lest anyone should think we are biased by petty national and racial bigotry, we shall quote a few of the many foreigners who bear unimpeachable testimony to the nobility and grandeur of our mother tongue.

Too often do we hear it whispered about, that English is a semi-barbarous tongue well enough adapted to express the cold mathematical record of a census calculating machine, but wholly unsuited to clothe in living words the finer sentiments and nobler aspirations of the human heart. Some English people accept, as a matter of course, this calumny against their language; others induced by the most fantastical affectation of foppery, endeavor to chatter in a foreign medium as a sort of palliation for the terrible misfortune of being English-speaking. No doubt, the mother-tongue of Shakespeare and Milton should be duly thankful that they inflict upon a foreign language their platitudes about the threadbare subject of the weather and the latest society fads.

Facts, those merciless demolishers of cavilling sophists, give the lie direct to those whose minds are so poisoned by prejudice as to impute barrenness to the English language. Any language which possesses such intrinsic powers; attains such unbounded success in all the various departments of literature; is spoken by so many millions of men as is the English, must necessarily be a grand and noble heritage of which we who are English speaking may well be proud.

The most learned men of Germany, the land famous for its profound scholars, freely acknowledge that the language and literature of the English speaking world is the grandest product of human genius since the palmy days of ancient Greece. Jacob Grimm, who is the greatest philologist of modern times and a passionate lover of his native German, has given the laurel wreath of victory to English. After

ascribing to it "a veritable power of expression, such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of men" he continues "its highly spiritual genius, and wonderfully happy development and condition have been the result of a surprisingly intimate union of the two noblest languages in modern Europe, the Teutonic and the Romance. It is well known in what relation these two stand to each other in the English tongue; the former supplying in far larger proportion the material groundwork, the latter the spiritual conceptions. In truth the English language which by no mere accident has produced and upborne the greatest and most predominant poet of modern times, as distinguished from the ancient classical poetry (I can, of course, only mean Shakespeare) may with all right be called a world language: and like the English people appears destined hereafter to prevail with a sway more extensive even than at present over all the portions of the globe. For in wealth, good sense, and a closeness of structure no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it—not even our German, which is torn even as we are torn, and must first shake off many defects before it can boldly enter into competition with the English." We wish to accentuate the more cogent points mentioned by Grimm; we desire to lay particular stress on the richness, strength, and wonderful flexibility of the English language. The English dictionary is replete with words drawn from all sources, or to quote the words of another foreigner, Max Müller, "There is perhaps no language so full of words derived from the most distant sources as English. Every country of the globe seems to have brought some of its verbal manufactures to the intellectual market of England. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, German—even Hindustani, Malay and Chinese words lie mixed together in the English dictionary.

Even as London is the great money mart and commercial *rendez-vous* of the world so is the English dictionary the great absorber of all that is best in every language. English has not been exclusive; she has been cosmopolitan; she has admitted all beneath her protecting aegis;

and the sequel has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that she could make her own, the flower of every foreign tongue. She has, nevertheless, by her common-sense laws, united all these heterogenous components into one vast, compact literary empire; the words belong to many nations, but all must conform to the grammatical forms and inflections of the English language.

Then again, as Grimm hinted, there has been in the English language, a happy marriage of the languages of the North and South, upon which the *Muses* bestowed their most gracious smiles. The English language tempers the exuberant vivacity of the South with some of the stiff and starched dignity of the North; and the result has been the sprightly wit and stately grandeur, which are so peculiarly the distinguishing characteristic of our literature.

Moreover, English is one of the very few modern languages that have a poetic diction almost entirely different from that of prose. This applies not only to the choice of words, but also to their arrangement into sentences. To quote the words of Blair, "our poetical style differs widely from prose, not in point of numbers only, but in the very words themselves, which shows what a stock and compass of words we have in our power to select and employ, suited to those different occasions," and again, "It is chiefly, indeed, on grave subjects, that our language displays its power of expression. We are said to have thirty words, at least, for denoting all the varieties of passion and anger." To illustrate our meaning by an example: if one were engrossed in Moore's exquisite Irish melodies he would naturally expect to find the euphonious term "The Emerald Isle;" if an orator in the British House of Commons were to exclaim in a burst of eloquence, that "Home Rule would be a blessing to the Emerald Isle," the unexpected transition from the prosaic tameness of the committee to the realms of fairyland would evince a sad deficiency in good taste.

Our blank verse shows the stately grandeur which the English language can attain by the simple force of numbers; whereas, other languages not enriched

with blank verse soon grate upon the ear owing to their spiritless, regular, monotonous melody, distinguished from their ordinary prose only by their rhyme.

It is but natural to expect that a language so comprehensive in its vocabulary, so pliant in arrangement and so varied in diction should have in the progress of time and according to the wants of different ages, expanded into full maturity and left behind a precious treasure of immortal works of genius. No man need forsake his mother English to seek the land of letters. It contains masterpieces in every branch of human thought.

All admit that the Epic is the highest kind of poetry, or as Blair states, "Of all poetical works the Epic is universally allowed to be the most dignified and at the same time the most difficult of execution." The truth of this, is patent from the fact, that from the earliest ages of the world the genius of man has produced but four great epics: Homer's, Iliad in Greek, Virgil's Aeneid in Latin, Dante's Divine Comedy in Italian, and Milton's Paradise Lost in English. Milton has won a title deed to immortality in the literature of mankind. We know of no better estimate of his style than that of Jenkins who says, "A tide of eloquence rolls on from beginning to end, like a river of gold, outblazing we may say everything of its kind in any other poetry." Even Taine himself, scoffs as he is, of things divine could not refrain from paying the following tribute to the genius of Milton: "This energy is sublime; the man is equal to the cause, and never did a loftier eloquence match a loftier truth. . . . No poetic creation equals in horror and grandeur the spectacle that greeted Satan on leaving his dungeon. . . . The heroic glow of the old soldier of the civil wars animates the infernal battles and if one were to ask why Milton creates things greater than other men, I would answer, because he has a greater heart."

If the sun of the English language shone resplendent in Milton, it reached the meridian of its splendor in Shakespeare who is the greatest of our dramatists. We would repeat with Cardinal Wiseman "I profess myself one of Shakespeare's enthusiastic admirers. His language is the purest and best, his verses the most flowing and rich; and as for his sentiments,

it would be difficult without the command of his own language to characterize them. No other writer has ever given such periods of sententious wisdom." Foreigners, too, admit that he is the prince of dramatists. Coppée, probably the greatest of living French poets, writes of the Bard of Avon "He dissects the human mind in all its conditions. He displays its workings as it lives and throbs. He divines the secret impulses of all ages and characters—childhood, boyhood, manhood, girlhood and womanhood; men of peace and men of war; clowns, nobles and kings. His large heart was sympathetic with all, and even more so with the lowly and suffering; he shows us ourselves, and enables us to use that knowledge for our profit. All the virtues are held up to our admiration and praise, and all the vices are scourged and rendered odious in our sight. To read Shakespeare aright is of the nature of honest self-examination—that most difficult and most necessary of duties." Taine, too, was one of Shakespeare's favorite admirers, as can be seen from the following quotation "He had the prodigious faculty of seeing in the twinkling of an eye a complete character, body, mind past and present in every detail and every depth of his being, with the exact attitude and the expression of face, which the situation demanded. . . . Shakespeare flies, we creep." Schlegel, the famous German convert and critic, wrote of Shakespeare "A whole world is unfolded in the works of Shakespeare. He who has once comprehended this, and been penetrated with its spirit will not easily allow the effect to be diminished by the form, or listen to the cavils of those who are incapable of understanding the import of what they would criticise. The form of Shakespeare's writings will rather appear good and excellent, because in it his spirit is expressed and clothed as it were, in a convenient garment. . . . In them (Shakespeare's works) we see that he who stood like a magician above the world, penetrating with one glance into all the depths and mysteries, and perplexities of human character, and having the power to call up into open day the darkest workings of the human passions—that this great being was not deprived of any por-

tion of his human sympathies by the elevation to which he was raised, but preserved amidst all his stern functions, a heart overflowing with tenderness, purity and love." To sum up all that has been said about Shakespeare, we quote Henry Hallam: "The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature. It is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in the creative powers of the mind; no man ever had such strength at once, and such variety of imagination." Whilst no man ever dreams of denying that Shakespeare is *the* dramatist of dramatists, Coppée claims that "Butler's Hudibras is the very prince of burlesques; it stands alone of its kind, and still retains its popularity."

A celebrated critic has said that "no literature has reached perfection till it can boast of a great epic poem and a great history." We have seen that English literature is the proud possessor of one of the world's four great epics; has it the other requisite—a great history? In reply we quote the learned Schlegel "Of all the works connected with elegant literature which the English produced during the last century, by far the most important are their great historical writings. They have in this department surpassed all the other European nations; they had, at all events, the start in point of time, and have become the standard models both in France and Germany."

The nineteenth century is the age of electricity and fiction. Preachers may thunder forth from the pulpit against novels; the octogenarian may scorn them; the youth may laugh at them in public and devour them in private; nevertheless, the novel wields the greatest influence in moulding the thought and aspirations of the present day. Many pass a sweeping condemnation upon all works of fiction; these do not discriminate between the blood-and-thunder *dime novel* with its terrific title and startling pictures, and the faithful portrayal of life, manners and society. They do not perceive the vast impassable gulf that separates Dickens from such mere quill drivers as Rider Haggard and his troupe. Whipple's classification of novels is "novels written by men of genius; novels written by commonplace men; and novels written by dunces,"

which we would slightly modify and say that there are novels written by men of good morals; novels written by men of loose morals, and novels written by incarnate fiends. To the honor of English fiction be it said that very few descend as low as the second or vapid class of novels. The father of English fiction is Daniel de Foe who describes the commoner events of life. François Coppée criticizing Robinson Crasoe writes: "We see in him a brother and a suffering one. We live his life on the island; we share his terrible fear at the discovery of the foot-print, his courage in destroying cannibal savages and rescuing the victim. Where is there in fiction another man *Iriday*? From the beginning of his misfortunes until he is again sailing for England—after nearly thirty years of captivity—he holds us spell-bound by the reality, the simplicity and the pathos of his narrative."

Scott towers head and shoulders over any other writer in historical fiction. Thierry, who stands high up on the list of modern historians, confesses that a perusal of *Ivanhoe* revealed to him the correct method of historical composition. Dickens plays on the chords of the human heart with a master-hand and discourses sweet strains of "the still sad music of humanity." He cast the lime-light of his genius upon the abuses of his age and exposed them to the ridicule of all honest men. Lack of space compels us to close with Schlegel's appreciation of Goldsmith "Of all romances in miniature (and perhaps this is the best shape in which romances can appear) the *Vicar of Wakefield* is, I think, the most exquisite."

The Parliament of Great Britain is universally acknowledged to be the greatest deliberative assembly of the world. Of the many English orators, whose voices have resounded throughout the sacred walls of Westminster, we shall consider only two representatives: Burke and O'Connell. Burke, the highest type of the philosophic statesman; O'Connell, the ideal popular orator. "This man (Burke)," wrote Schlegel "has been to his own country and to all Europe—in a particular manner to Germany—a new light of political wisdom and moral experience. He corrected his age when it was at the height of its revolutionary frenzy."

Donoso Cortes, who has been aptly styled "A Prophet of the Nineteenth Century," forms the following estimate of O'Connell, "O'Connell is the single man in all the lapse of ages who can be called a people. Demosthenes was the greatest of all orators, but he was only a man. Cicero was an academician; Mirabeau, a faction; Berryer, a party. But O'Connell is a whole people, and a whole people is everything. There is not a man in the three kingdoms whose head reaches to the knees of this Irish Cyclops. He is sublime as Demosthenes, haughty as Mirabeau, melancholy as Chateaubriand, tender as Plutarch, crafty as Ulysses in the Grecian Camp, daring as Ajax supplicating heaven for light to die in the noontide sun. He is at once a fox and a lion. I cannot deny that I drop my pen with pleasure to lovingly contemplate this sublime figure with the eyes of my imagination."

The Englishman ascends the rostrum on St. George's day and heralds it forth that the sun never sets on British soil and yet British territory is only a fractional part of the English speaking world. Of the four chief languages of Europe and America, English is spoken by about

125,000,000; Spanish by 63,000,000; German by 53,000,000; French by 48,000,000; and John O'Kane Murray predicts that fifty years hence there will in all probability be one hundred and fifty millions of people in the United States alone using English as their mother tongue. In the two last conferences of the great nations, viz.: that in Berlin at the close of the Franco-Prussian war and that recently held at Paris to settle the Behring Sea difficulty, English was the official language. The strong foothold that English has obtained in Continental Europe is proved from the fact that the present Emperor of Russia could speak English two years before he could converse in his native Russian.

We do not pretend to be a seer such as lifts the curtain that separates the future from the present, in "Looking Backward" but if there is any truth in the popular adage that "coming events cast their shadows before," every reasonable man must be forced to the conclusion that the English language is the "Volapuk" of the future.

ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.

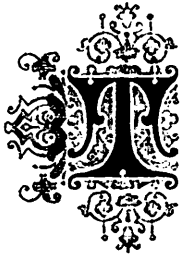


GREAT CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD.

"Farewell, whose living like I shall not find,
 Who-e faith and works were wells of full accord—
 My friend, thou most unworl'dly of mankind,
 Most generous of all ultramontanes, Ward,
 How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind,
 How loyal to the following of thy Lord."

—TENNYSON.



HE great religious movement, commonly known as the Oxford movement which agitated the Anglican Church during the first half of the present century, although resulting in no great profit for the establishment, which it had tried to catholicise, proved a great gain for the Catholic Church in England. Seeing their efforts fruitless and their hopes blasted, the leaders of the movement were attracted by the claims of Catholicity and one by one they entered the True Fold, where they found peace for the heart and satisfaction for the intellect. Newman was the prophet of this band of Oxford scholars; Faber, its poet; to William George Ward, the subject of this sketch, belongs the high honor of being its chief philosopher. They were all men of distinguished intellectual attainments and of the most upright moral character; their writings have incalculably enriched English literature, and their careers furnish us with the noblest examples of personal worth and generous self-sacrifice.

William George Ward, was born on March 21st, 1812, at the family residence on the Isle of Wight. What little we know of his early years shows that even at this period of life he gave clear indications of his future greatness. While yet quite young, his tastes were very marked and his likes and dislikes very intense. He manifested a strong passion for mathematics, the drama and music and gave to them every hour of his leisure time. His mind was of such an active nature that

he could not suffer a moment to pass unoccupied. When at the drama, which he attended quite frequently, his favorite reading between the acts was a treatise on mathematics. At the age of twelve he was sent to a grammar school, where he continued his mathematical studies with great success, and moreover held first place as a latin scholar. But for the applied sciences and the concrete affairs of life he had a great dislike. He had very little aptitude for games and often remarked in after life that his school days were the least happy period of his life. "I never was a boy" he used to say.

It was in the October term of 1830 that Ward went to Oxford, and was entered as a commoner at Christ Church. At this time religious thought in Oxford was dormant and there were yet no signs of the great religious movement in which he was to figure so prominently later on. Yet a man of so remarkable mental activity and conversational powers could not long remain idle. Just at this time the Oxford Union, a celebrated debating society was at the zenith of its fame and power. Into this Ward threw himself with all his heart and in a short time became so popular that he won for himself the sobriquet of "Tory Chief of the Union," although in reality he showed no signs whatever of being a genuine Tory. On entering the university, through a kind of headstrong instinct, he had joined the Tory party of which his father and grandfather were then zealous supporters. His keen power of speculative insight into every question, and the zest with which he used this

power, contributed very much to prevent him being a Tory intellectually. And although he took very little part in politics in later life, the bent of his mind was Liberal. Ward was not what we would call a student; he had very little taste for the regular studies of the university and was in no wise ambitious to distinguish himself. He was a constant but very desultory reader, reading with great rapidity, and retaining what he read. Whenever a new book or article of interest appeared he "threw himself upon it," carefully marking the important parts, adding occasional notes and references, and then noting all at the end of the book. Thus prepared, he was ready for a discussion on the question with his friends.

During his university days Ward took great delight in pure mathematics, and was also a noted Latin scholar, but the poetry of past ages had no interest for him, and he looked on history as merely a dry record of facts, possessing no more attraction than his daily newspaper. At times he would maintain that the acts of Julius Cæsar and the romances of chivalry were intrinsically no more interesting than the doings of any insignificant Mr. Smith of our day. But from this it must not be concluded that he was no believer in history. He disliked the dry details when they threw no light whatever on the philosophy of life. Those who have read his writings have seen with what force he can use the authority of history to establish a question of importance.

At this time Ward possessed a very remarkable personal appearance; he is described by his companions as being stout and unwieldy, with clear cut features of great nobility of expression, and having an affability in his manners that pleased all who came in contact with him. His countenance manifested a remarkable combination of intellectual power and gentleness. His manner of speaking was always straight forward and frank to a fault. In an argument there was no escaping him; his statement of the question was clear and to the point and expressed without any conventional preamble. He was always willing to listen to objections against what he said, and was remarkably quick in answering. He talked theology, politics and university affairs with equal

ability and if his views were not always strictly original, he had made them his own by fearless, independent thought. He was endowed with wonderful conversational powers, always interesting, quick, lively and varied, possessing a remarkable fund of anecdotes which he related with great vivacity.

Yet Ward, too had his physical and mental sufferings in early life, and music and the drama were his great means of transporting himself into the ideal world, to which he had recourse to obtain relief from the insupportable trials of melancholy to which he was subject. He fled from the perplexities and religious doubts which harassed him at such times and threw himself into any form of congenial recreation with the utmost unreserve. He was perfectly conscious of his intellectual gifts, and considered that to ignore them would be as unreal and affected as to deny the color of his hair, but he never cared to dwell on them and his greatest enemies never accused him of vanity. Pure intellectual gifts seemed to him so inferior to high ethical qualities that he could scarcely understand intellectual vanity and he was always lamenting over and exaggerating the degree in which he fell short of his own standard of self-discipline and piety. He delighted in superlatives, and a character with him was either "noble" or "detestable." "Intellect," he said to Henry Wilberforce "is a wretched gift, absolutely worthless. Now my intellect is in some respects almost infinite and yet I don't value it a bit."

A sketch of Ward's religious tendencies is so intimately bound up with the great movement, in which, after Newman, he took the most conspicuous part, that we cannot speak of them without being obliged to give at least a slight outline of its rise, progress and final collapse. Oxford, to the eye of the passing visitor, has been the same for centuries, but considered in regard to its religious thought it has changed more during each decade of the last half century than in any century of bygone ages. The years intervening between 1835 and 1845 were especially fruitful of startling changes, and at their close the celebrated Tractarian movement was at its zenith, and had almost revolutionized religious thought. It had awak-

ened the Establishment from its long lethargic sleep and set Anglican churchmen a thinking.

The almost immediate result was the formation of two distinct schools of thought, each designed to combat the common foe and avert the destruction threatened to Anglicanism. These schools were known as the High and the Broad Church systems and they both exerted a powerful influence on Ward. Even when he was at the grammar school, though his habits of piety were irregular, his mind always seemed to dwell on religion. He always manifested a deep realization of God's presence and power in the world, and when quite young, he had taken a resolution to devote his whole life to the greater glory of God. When he first came to Oxford he was soon attracted to Dr. Whately, in whom he recognized "a breadth of sympathy and a dislike of unreality," and whose logical distinctness of mind fairly delighted him. To this, however, soon succeeded an attachment to the teaching of Dr. Arnold, the moral excellence of whose system satisfied Ward's special attractions for the higher life,—hatred of shams and love of the poor. Such a system, faultless as it was morally, was intellectually very insecure, for the spirit of free enquiry on which it was based, would soon lead a stern logician like Ward to the denial of all revelation. While this principle, applied by Arnold to Holy Scripture, furnished him with his moral teaching Ward, clearly saw that it would leave no satisfactory basis for any religion at all. But though this system failed to satisfy him, he did not like many of Arnold's disciples thereby lose faith. It was no doubt the deep religiousness of his mind that saved him. When he saw his creed undermined intellectually, he decided that the mainspring of faith was in the conscience and not in the intellect. Thus he gained the dogmatic principle, and this, along with a desire he always had for a visible and trustworthy guide, made him intellectually a Catholic long before his reception into the Church. But at this time he was not prepared for such a sudden transition as that from the Latitudinarian principles of Arnold to the full plenitude of the Catholic faith. Like many others he was destined to pass by

the intermediate path of the Tractarian party with Newman at its head. It appears that during his first years at Oxford, Ward was considerably prejudiced against Newman. When asked to attend the sermons Newman was then preaching in the University pulpit of St. Mary's, and which were stirring the whole religious life of England, his only answer was "Why should I go and listen to such myths." By the strategy of a friend he found himself one night at the Church door, just as Newman was about to enter the pulpit, and, after a little coaxing, he entered, and the sermon he heard changed his whole life. From this time Newman exercised a great influence over him and years contributed to increase it. But Ward was not satisfied with the *via media* that Newman then advocated. His logical mind soon told him that it did not go far enough. He wanted the principles and results of the Reformation condemned. But for some years Newman would not allow this. The appearance of Hurrell Froude's "Remains" decided him to openly join the Tractarians, since the book was approved by Newman. Herein the Reformation was condemned and authority in religion was the avowed principle, a clear explicit rule of faith was substituted for perplexing and harassing speculation. Just what Ward was longing for. But with his usual severity of logic, he soon alarmed Newman and the other leaders of the movement by going away ahead of it. He soon found himself at the head of a distinct school of thought. Though condemned by the older and soberer, though less logical, Tractarians, Ward did not hesitate, but went straight ahead, and advocated principles which brought on his own condemnation. He saw no good in his own church and openly stated his admiration for everything Roman, not only doctrinal but also devotional. He advocated these views in the "*British Critic*," a widely circulated periodical of that day. The adverse criticism that followed, far from moderating his tone, induced him to put forth his views in a definite form and thus challenge the authorities to decide if a clergyman of the Establishment could believe and teach all the Roman doctrines. This work was the once famous but now for-

gotten "Ideal of a Christian Church." The authorities at Oxford were at last obliged to act; they summoned convocation to deprive Ward of his degree, which he had received on condition that he would sign and hold the thirty-nine articles. They claimed the book was inconsistent with such subscription and Ward frankly acknowledged that it was. His defence was that they were not only inconsistent with different parts of the prayer book but also with themselves. It was not Ward who was at fault but the whole "illogical piecemeal system." But amidst this strange anomaly and inconsistency there happens to be one point on which the Anglican Church speaks clearly. "The Church of Rome has erred," and it was just in this erring body he had found his ideal. At his trial he was allowed to defend himself, and those who heard him declared his speech to be a masterpiece, during which he repeated several times, "I believe the whole cycle of Roman doctrine." Thus defied, nothing remained for the Oxford authorities to do but to condemn the book. It was in the month of September, 1845.

Those who have followed step by step the struggles of Mr. Ward's mind will in some sense understand the new world that now opened up before him. He was always willing to have a field of action marked out for him and to avoid forbidden ground. The quicksand of Anglican Church authority stifled him. It disowned infallibility yet it claimed obedience. It said we may wrong, but you must think we are right. There was no finality in such a position. It left everything unsettled and a thousand questions unanswered. The idea, however, of certain matters decided by authority on which detailed questioning was forbidden *because* the authority was infallible supported him. It marked out his sphere and left him freedom in that sphere.

During the seven years that followed his conversion, Ward taught theology to the students of St. Edmund's College, near Old Hall. That he was qualified for this all important charge may be seen from the following tribute from Father O'Reilly, the Jesuit theologian. "For breadth, depth and thoroughness of theological reading or knowledge, I have never met his equal." Ward began his greatest work

as a Catholic layman in 1862, when he assumed the editorship of the *Dublin Review* at the earnest request of Cardinal Manning. He has stated that all articles passed under the judgment of three censors, who were charged to examine their bearing on faith, morals and ecclesiastical prudence. From the time he undertook the office of editor, he threw himself into it as the work and way in which as a layman he was to serve the church. He contributed to it not only his talents and all his time, but also large means for its support. He possessed an intellectual characteristic rarely to be found—an absolutely fearless reasoning out of principles, without ever allowing sentiment to stand in his way. His whole mind, ever busy in studying the intellectual wants of Catholics, and always on the alert to defend truth and assail error, found expression in its pages. Such was the *Dublin Review* during sixteen years. His was a case of all but the identity of an editor with his periodical. His wonderful intellectual powers and vivacity of mind impressed upon the work a dominant character which, while rendering the *Review* uninteresting for the generality of readers added much to its intrinsic value, for the articles if not as varied, light and interesting, as are generally sought for, were, however serious, solid, and of enduring importance. If we would appreciate at its true value the great service that Dr. Ward has rendered the Catholics of England, we must realize the many dangers to which they were exposed by their peculiar position, for it was to combat these dangers that he labored incessantly. Just a few years before, in 1829, the Emancipation Act had launched Catholics upon that wide waste of laxity in theory and practice known as freedom of thought, which now reigned supreme in England. It is foolishness to deny that this opened up many dangers which formerly did not exist. From the time of the so-called Reformation until over fifty years ago the English Catholics were deprived of all colleges and schools, and were consequently obliged to seek higher education for priesthood and laity on the continent. If this separation from the political and social life of their native land narrowed their range of thought, it preserved in a singular manner the unity of the faith, and the intellectual

system from which it is inseparable. Perhaps the greatest of these dangers was that arising from their constant intercourse with non-Catholics, unconsciously imbibing their doctrine and the habit of reading their literature freely and unsuspectingly. Other dangers were worldliness, social ambition, impatience of restraint, a seeking of secular advantages at the known risk of the faith, a belief, or a practice that implies belief, that Catholics can be Catholics and yet act as non Catholics do ; and finally that the atmosphere of "modern thought" in society literature, colleges and schools can be freely breathed without danger to faith and morals. It was evils such as these that Ward made it his life work to avert from his fellow Catholics. To this end he worked untiringly in three distinct fields. First, in that of philosophy which in a sense furnishes theology with a sound and precise basis. It was here especially that he did his greatest work and won distinction for himself, for he has done more than any other single writer of the century to demolish the arguments of anti-theism.

Secondly, on the relation between religion and politics, including the office of the civil power and civil principedom of the Sovereign Pontiff. He defined with great clearness the true position of Catholics in party politics. He treated the Irish question, especially the difficulties arising from the attitude of the Irish priesthood in their relations with the landlords and the elections. He made a powerful reply to Gladstone's "Expostulation" on the question of the Vatican Decrees in their relation to civil allegiance, as also a final reply to Gladstone on his Catholic critics.

Thirdly, on Catholic education, especially in its higher form. Besides this he wrote much on the question of the infallibility of the Pope, treating especially the question of Pope Honorius and of Galileo. He has also left some very useful volumes of "Devotional and Scriptural Essays."

In 1873, his advancing years obliged him to resign the editorship of the *Review*. He was not however to cease his great work, for until the hour of his death, which occurred in 1882, his pen was never idle. Besides contributing to the *Review* a constant series of philo-

sophical articles, he published several volumes of essays, selected from his various contributions, in a slightly altered form, divested of the allusions to the special circumstances under which they were written. It was impossible for such a man to escape without some adverse criticism. He was accused of being full of self-assertion and intolerance, exaggerated and extreme both in thought and language. But there is no better refutation of this than what he himself has unconsciously furnished in a preliminary essay to one of his volumes. "No doubt," he says, "I must have incidently made many serious mistakes in them both as regards theory, and still more in the practical application of theory, though my conviction is certainly strong that the general principles which I have maintained are undoubtedly sound and Catholic. On this, however, I unreservedly submit my own judgement to that of more learned and competent theologians."

No more fitting conclusion can be given a sketch of the life and labors of this most celebrated of English Catholic laymen of this century than the words of Cardinal Manning in the number of the *Dublin Review* following Dr. Ward's death. "So long as the Catholics of England are a handful in the millions of our country, there must ever be danger of being acclimatized. The assimilating power of public opinion, of English life and of nationalism which is so strong in our race will long be a subtle and powerful influence dangerous to the firmness and fidelity of English Catholics. So long as this danger is around us, the writings of William George Ward will stand as a witness and a guide. We cannot hope to see raised up again in our time an intellect of such power and clearness, disciplined with such mathematical exactness, with such logical completeness, so firm in its grasp of truth, and so extensive in its range of thought and perception. But we may all strive to be like him in his childlike piety, his zeal for truth, his impatience of all paltering with principles, his docility to the Catholic Church, and his fearlessness in the declaration and the defence of all that the Supreme Pontiff, the Doctor of all Christians, has taught for our guidance."

C. J. SLOAN, O.M.I., '91.

A HALF HOUR WITH FABER.



It was Archbishop Whately who said, "throw dirt enough, and some will stick;" but it was Cardinal Newman who added, "well, will stick but not, will stain." Now, the lessons to be learned from these two proverbs are plain: Whately evidently intends to say that persistent misrepresentation will destroy the reputation, while Newman reminds us that, though we may thus destroy the reputation, the character remains intact. And it always appears to me that these two truths are most strikingly illustrated in the history of English Catholic literature during the greater part of the last half century. Not many years ago, Arth. F. Marshall, speaking of the Catholics of England, declared that it is not too much to say that the general public have no knowledge of even the existence of the Catholic writings of their fellow-countrymen. And, although this may not be true in England to day, yet I believe that were Marshall's statement made with regard to English-speaking Catholics in America, it could scarcely be denied. As to the cause of this state of affairs, all will not agree; and doubtless, it is due to many causes. But whether, as seems clear to me, the chief among them has been the systematic "dirt-slinging" against English Catholic literature by way of the foregoing influences once so common and so fashionable among our people and even in our institutions of learning, it would be useless here to discuss. Suffice it to say that the "dirt" has been thrown from some quarter, and that too much of it has "stuck." We are concerned, not with the truth of Whately's statement, but rather with that of Newman's, viz., that it has not "stained." And, as Macaulay knew no better way of refuting the foolish arguments made by Montague in defence of Bacon than by stating them, so there is no more effective mode of dispelling the silly prejudices against our literature, and of reinstating it in the minds of the Catholic pop-

ulation than by placing it before the public. In doing this, I shall, therefore, draw from the works of one who is considered by many to have been the most popular author of his day, one of whom it was said that power and sweetness combined to make him an apostle to the educated and the uneducated, to make him "fit into" the period in which he lived—I speak of Father Faber, an author who, considering the number and merit of his works, has altogether too few readers. Of him it has been well said that "he makes theology the very strings of the Catholic harp;" and if this is so, nowhere will he be seen to greater advantage than in his hymnal literature. Consequently, from this it would be well to make our selection, for thus, besides becoming somewhat acquainted with Faber's style, we may have a glance at what is almost a novelty in the English language—Catholic hymns. Of these, he has written in all not less than one hundred and fifty, among which no one can fail to find his favorite subject, for under such general heading as "God and the Most Holy Trinity;" "The Sacred Humanity of Jesus;" "Our Blessed Lady;" "Angels and Saints," &c., &c., we find grouped nearly every religious subject within the reach of poetry. In these extracts I shall give one or more examples from the different headings. But first of all, if we would learn from the apostle of love we must throw off all doubt and clothing ourselves in the "white robe of faith," follow the author whither he leads us, for he sings for none but the faithful, none but the initiated may interpret his notes.

Near the beginning of his book of hymns, I find one entitled "Majesty Divine," from which the following stanza is taken:

Timeless, spaceless, single, lonely,
 Yet sublimely Three,
 Thou art grandly, always, only
 God in unity!
 Lone in grandeur, lone in glory,
 Who shall tell Thy wondrous story,
 Awful Trinity?

In these lines we find nothing new, no attribute which has not been applied to the Deity for ages. But yet there is something striking in the lines—not in any one line, but in the whole stanza. It produces in us some such awe as we are wont to feel in Byron's "Ocean" when we read—

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests, etc.

And yet there is a vast difference between them, for while the charms of Byron's lines is due mostly to their effect on the imagination, that of Faber's is begotten not alone from this but from the simple faith expressed in things which, to the mind of "little man" seem impossible. Thus, "single," "lonely," "yet sublimely Three." Then, as if overwhelmed by his sacred theme, he confesses his inability to tell the "wondrous story," though in another stanza he ventures to present to us a half-seen vision of the better land :

Splendors upon splendors beaming
Change and intertwine ;
Glories over glories streaming
All translucent shine !
Blessings, praises, adorations
Greet Thee from the trembling nations !
Majesty Divine !

Among the many beautiful things that have been said and written on this subject, rarely do we find anything more pleasing to the imagination than the above stanza. The first four lines so beautifully descriptive of the Divinity's abode seem to transfer us in spirit to the realms of eternal bliss, whence in the last three we view the "trembling nations" as they breathe forth their faith, their hope, their love, to the "Great White Throne." Such faith, perhaps, as this :

Thou wert not born ; there was no fount
From which Thy Being flowed ;
There is no end which Thou canst reach :
But Thou art simply God.

Such hope, perhaps, as this :

My God ! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy-seat
In depths of burning light !

Such love, perhaps, as this :

We too, like Thy coequal Word,
Within Thy lap may rest ;
We too, like Thine Eternal Dove,
May nestle in Thy Breast.

All these stanzas, but especially the last,

appeal in a special manner to the Christian soul ; and rightly so, for they are not the floundering of one essaying to "spell out the fragments of the message of the One Reality" by the aid of reason alone, but the result of a mind schooled in Christian revelation, the product of a heart taught in Christian meditation.

Many other hymns on kindred subjects will well repay perusal, especially such as "The Eternal Word," "The Eternal Spirit," &c., but space does not permit of further exemplifying. We shall, therefore, pass on to another class of his hymns—a class, which, perhaps, more than any other, shows the simple faith with which the heart of this noble Englishman was animated. I speak of those treating of the "Sacred Humanity of Jesus," under which heading he deals with not less than twenty different subjects. From these I shall give two examples of which the first is taken from "Blood is the Price of Heaven:"

Blood is the price of heaven ;
All sin that price exceeds ;
Oh come to be forgiven—
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds !
Bleeds !

Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The Blood drops from His brows,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds !
Bleeds !

Does their simplicity offend? If so, you have not the heart of a true Christian and Faber wrote for none but those who simply trust and love. That God loved was to him a foregone conclusion ; with Robert Browning he believed :

"That the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid His worlds."

Hence the simplicity of the above heart-song to the Precious Blood—only love for love. For those who hold that man is pure intellect, he had no message ; but for those who hold that man, as Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding well says in *Things of the Mind*, "is life ; and life is power, goodness, wisdom, joy, beauty, yearning, faith, hope, love, action," he had a message of God's own consolation, a message of unbounded love, a message tending to perfect this

life and all its fruits—fruits, indeed, often immature and frequently entirely hidden on account of man's fallen nature, but always bursting into view and ripening under the influence of the Cross. Hence his unadorned appeal, "Blood is the Price of heaven ;" hence the pleadings of the Christian heart, "Oh come to be forgiven."

The other example I quote is from the "Sacred Heart :

A Heart that hath a mother, and a treasure of red
blood,
A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon for
food !
In the brightness of the Godhead is its marvellous
abode,
A change in the Unchanging, creation touching
God !
Ye spirits blest, in endless rest, who on that vision
gaze,
Salute the Sacred Heart with all your worshipful
amazement !
And adore, while with ecstatic skill the Three in
One ye scan,
The Mercy that hath planted there that Blessed
Heart of Man !

Myriad, myriad angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three !

Nowhere, I think, is Faber so happy as on the Sacred Humanity. Nor is this surprising, for the Incarnation is the very foundation of Christianity, and just as the ideal poet of nature is he who loves nature, so the ideal poet of Christianity should be he who loves the Incarnate God. And such was Father Faber—a priest who loved his master with his whole soul as any one who has read even a single page of his writings must testify. Hence it was that when he wrote on such a subject as the Sacred Heart his whole soul went out with a great desire to have others taste the consolations and see the beauties which it was given to him in his long meditations to taste and see. I am aware that others have written of the Sacred Heart in more refined verse or in more intricate metres, but the very study of their verse has detracted from the result. The subject is too sacred to admit of successful studied plan, and besides Faber was too great a man to indulge in intricacies and obscurities, for as "Walter Lecky" says, "genius is rarely a gymnast ;" and we may add that our author

was never a "gymnast." Particularly in the "Sacred Heart" his words are only the unsought expression of the language of his soul, only the fruit of a meditation on the Sacred Heart of the God-man, only the outburst of a soul lost in contemplation of the bridge that spans the "immeasurable gulf between the Infinite Spirit and the creature." Thus, "A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of red blood," "A Heart that man can pray to," "A change in the Unchanging," &c., &c. And then as if lost amid God's unbounded mercy to man and conscious of his own inability to sufficiently adore him, he beseeches the spirits of heaven to salute the Sacred Heart, to adore the Divinity and the "mercy that hath planted there that blessed Heart of Man." This hymn numbers in all eight long stanzas, each of which contains more food for reflection than is to be found in many whole sermons.

And now leaving behind the Incarnation we come to his greetings to the Blessed Virgin, a subject which the most lukewarm Catholic writer, not to speak of such as Father Faber, rarely leaves unnoticed. Amid the surprising and touching sweetness of all his hymns devoted to Our Lady, we are at a loss to know whence to choose an example. In one of them he thus writes :

Conceived, conceived Immaculate !
Oh what a joy for thee !
Conceived, conceived Immaculate !
Oh greater joy for me !
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state ;
And I keep singing in my heart—
Immaculate ! Immaculate !

Kathleen O'Meara in her life of Dr. Grant, first bishop of Southwark, relates of that prelate that he declared the very name "Immaculate" to be a source of extreme consolation to him ; and thus it seems to have been with Father Faber, "And I keep singing in my heart, Immaculate ! Immaculate !" Almost childlike may seem the expressions of love used by these two great prelates towards the Blessed Virgin. And children indeed they were, not in the sense of "children crying for the light" as were some of their great contemporaries, but, inasmuch as they loved all that was pure, and good, and beautiful. Not only that Faber pos-

sessed such a love to a remarkable degree, but that he was able to impart its spirit to his writings, is evidenced by the childlike charm of the above stanza.

Again in "Mary the Flower of God" we find:

O Flower of God ! divinest Flower !
 Elected for his inmost bower !
 Where angels come not, there art thou ! .
 A crown of glory on thy brow,
 While far below, all bright and brave,
 Their gleaming palms the Ransomed wave.
 Mother dearest ! mother fairest !
 Maiden purest ! maiden rarest !
 Help of earth and joy of heaven !
 Love and praise to thee be given,
 Blissful mother ! blissful maiden !

This is only one of the many stanzas, each more pleasing than the other, found under the above heading. Its beauty need not be pointed out, the most superficial reader will pause to think before passing on. Thus, Father Faber saw Mary's dignity and thus he pictured it to us, and not in vain, for he has lent to his verse a part of that spiritual light of which his prayerful life brought him such a bountiful supply. Here follow many other hymns on St. Joseph and the Holy Family, the latter being aptly named the "Earthly Trinity," but we must content ourselves with what is already quoted.

Reading under the title "Angels and Saints," we find one of the first devoted to St. Raphael. After many stanzas describing Raphael's unceasing love of man, Father Faber thus addresses him :

O thou human-hearted seraph !
 How I long to see thy face,
 Where in silver showers of beauty
 God bedews thee with his grace !
 But I see thee now in spirit
 Mid the God-head's silent springs,
 With a soft eternal sunset
 Sleeping ever on thy wings.

Here we have something more than the ordinary—a word-picture, reflecting and imprinting on the heart that peace, hope, and love with which it is so skilfully and delicately tinted. The impression received is not unlike that we are wont to feel on seeing a well-executed painting of the "Ascension," "Christ Blessing Little Children," etc., in which the predominant feature, at least to those who know little of art, is the air of peace and love which pervades the whole. But leaving each to

make his own comment, I shall hasten to conclude. There still remain many hymns on miscellaneous subjects, worthy of being placed side by side with those we have already noticed. Many of these have been adopted—and occasionally *adapted*—by Protestants, sometimes, as the author says, with his permission, sometimes without. If I mistake not, one of the best known of these is "Come to Jesus." Here are two stanzas taken from it :

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea ;
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.

* * * * *
 But we make His love too narrow
 By false limits of our own ;
 And we magnify His strictness
 With a zeal He will not own.

I remember having heard this sung in the public schools some years ago when it was the custom to devote the last ten minutes of the day to such exercises. This beautiful custom is now a thing of the past in these schools ; perhaps it was abused in its day ; at any rate the utilitarian spirit of the age has now no room for it. However, I believe that all who have assisted at these exercises in their school-days will bear willing testimony that one of their least effects was to make us feel that there is a God and that He is good—this is much. And if the effect of these sacred school-day lyrics of years ago still remains, may it not be strengthened by the reading of such "heart songs" as Faber's? May we not hope that they will, to some extent, unite us more closely to God, or at least make religion more tangible and pleasant for those who, like St. Teresa, are "drawing water from a deep well?" Of course, I am aware that profiting by hymns is, in the mind of many, inseparably connected with *singing* them ; but this is not so with Faber's, for, as the author hints in his preface, though all may be used as hymns, yet they are published chiefly to serve as a book of spiritual reading wherein we may find pleasant and accurate lessons on dogmatic, mystical, and ascetical theology, all in convenient order. Hence the mere reading of them will be profitable even if we consider only the

information, not to speak of the other advantages, to be derived therefrom.

And now by way of conclusion, little remains to be said. I have quoted what appeared to me to be a fair sample of the writings in question; on some selections I have commented at length with no other object than to draw attention to them; others I have passed over almost unnoticed simply because I thought comment unnecessary. From some of Father Faber's best hymns I have not quoted,

nor am I sure that in every case I gave the best examples to be found in those from which I did quote. But in all cases I have chosen those parts which I thought best calculated to arouse an interest in the man and at the same to illustrate his style; for, to have an interest in Faber is to have an interest in English Catholic literature, and to know him better is to know that literature better.

H. J. C., '93.



WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? 'Tis but a madness.
 What is life? A thing that seems,
 A mirage that falsely gleams,
 Phantom joy, delusive rest,
 Since is life a dream at best,
 And even dreams themselves are dreams.

—CALDERON.



LITTLE BABETTE.

FROM THE FRENCH.



PAUL Ovenbeck was a clerk in the customs. The salary was not high, but bless you! in Alsace some twenty years ago a reasonable man was passing rich on sixty pounds a year. Paul was not fifty, but he was a confirmed old bachelor. Many a blonde maiden from the Vosges would gladly have come to brighten his lonely fireside, if he had asked her; but he never asked. He lived alone in his tiny cottage on the skirts of the town of St. Louis—alone, except for the company of Nanon, his old-woman-of-all-work.

"People don't know when they are well off," she would say whenever mention was made of an approaching marriage amongst her or his acquaintances, "if they did they would stay as they are."

"But, Nanon, you had a happy life of it with your Jacques," Paul Ovenbeck would remark.

"Just so, I had too happy a life ever to be happy again when it came to an end. My poor Jacques!" and Nanon would heave a sigh.

Now, it was well known that she and her Jacques had led a cat-and-dog life of it together—for Jacques was seldom sober, and very quarrelsome in his cups—but the loyal old soul always spoke of him as the best of husbands and of men.

"This will be terrible weather for Christmas, if it lasts," said Paul, as he stood looking out of the window at the rain that fell in torrents on the cattle-tramped road.

"It will not last" said Nanon, "it will clear off between this and the 25th." "Perhaps, and then the frost will come, and what a state the roads will be in," said Paul Ovenbeck.

The rain kept pouring down during ten days and it was now Christmas eve, and the sky was as murky as ever, but towards

nightfall however, the rain cleared off, and, as Paul Ovenbeck had prophesied, it froze hard during the night, and next morning the roads were like iron blades. Paul had been invited to eat his Christmas dinner by many kindly neighbors, but he preferred eating it alone.

He sat by the window this Christmas afternoon watching the people coming and going on the road, and highly enjoying the ridiculous appearance they presented, for it had come on to sleet, and in ten minutes, the road was as slippery as soap, and the position of the wayfarers, though painful, was in the highest degree farcical. Paul and Nanon shook with laughter as they watched the frantic efforts of the pedestrians to keep on their feet. Suddenly the sound of a light cart was heard rumbling down the road, and the rapid paces of the horse showed that he was properly shod for the occasion. But just as the cart came in sight an old man and a little child were making their way across the road; the man was blind and the child was leading him. Both were tottering and slipping and the child was laughing merrily as they slowly put one foot before the other.

"Good heavens! if they don't make haste the cart will run over them," cried Nanon.

"There is no one in it; the horse is running away!" said Paul Ovenbeck, and he flung down his pipe and flew to the door and out into the road.

The blind man was standing alone, looking blankly around in the direction of the cart that came bounding along. He held out his hands piteously for help, for the child had let go her hold of him and was scudding across to save herself. She was almost out of harm's way when her little foot slipped, and down she fell at full length. Nanon screamed, for another stride and the horse was over her. But Paul Ovenbeck seized the child by the hair and pulled her away just in time,

and then prostrated himself on the slimy ground beside her.

Nanon ran out, clapping along on her wooden shoes, and helped the pair to get on their legs, and then led the blind man across to his faithless little guide.

"You are badly hurt, child!" she said, as the little one wiped away the mud from her face, and showed the blood streaming from a cut in her forehead. "Bring her in and wash it well," said Paul as he led the blind man after them.

"Is the little one much hurt?" inquired the grandfather as he entered the sitting room, tapping the ground with his staff at every step. "Only a scratch, good man," said Paul, placing him in a chair, "it will be nothing. Nanon will wash it nicely for her and bind it up." But the cut proved more than a scratch. The black sand of the road had penetrated into the child's flesh and irritated it, and it kept on bleeding for a long time. "She will bear the marks of it to the end of her days," said Nanon, "The skin will close over the sand, and leave a black mark on her forehead. See, it is like a cross with one arm lopped off."

Paul Ovenbeck looked closer and saw, as Nanon said, the black mark through the red—a sad disfigurement for a maiden to carry on her brow, even over such sweet blue eyes as those that looked up timidly at him from under the wet bandage which Nanon was fastening tightly round the curly head. With all her rough speech she had a kind heart, Old Nanon, and she took the little one in to the old grandfather, who was waiting patiently with that pathetic look on his sightless face that is so touching in the blind, and then she went to prepare a meal for them, as Paul Ovenbeck suggested. The child looked wistfully at the fire, and then drew near and spread out her tiny hands to the old man, and took one of his cold hands between her small palms and pressed them on it.

"It is good, bon papa?" she whispered as the old man turned his blind eyes lovingly on her.

"Very good, my little one; but warm thyself now." Nanon came in with the sauerkraut, and set the beer and the bread and cheese on the table, and helped

the old man and watched the child feeding him.

"We are having a merry Christmas in spite of thy tumble, little one, eh?" said the grandfather, as he swallowed a draught of the beer and drew his sleeve across his mouth.

"You live far from this, good man?" inquired Paul, who had been watching the weather-beaten face of his guest with a growing sense of curiosity.

"Not more than half an hour's walk, monsieur," said the old man; "in the Cour Blanche."

The Cour Blanche was the poorest quarter in St. Louis.

"How do you live?"

"The little one earns for both of us, monsieur."

"What! that child? What work can she do?"

"She is nimble at her needle, monsieur, she embroiders well, and folks buy her work readily."

"She is a handy little body and she keeps my place tidy, and manages better than many a woman twice her age, though she is only ten years old. The Sisters kept her for a couple of years, and taught her a deal of things. I had to take her home when my old woman died. It was a pity, she was an apt scholar; they would have made her as learned as a bishop if I could have left her with them altogether."

Here the man called Babette. They must be going he said. It was getting late, and they had a good step to walk, and, moreover, they had abused the kindness of monsieur by staying so long.

"Come and see me soon, and bring me some of your embroidery to look at, Babette," said Paul, putting a small silver piece in the child's hand as he said good-by.

"You are too good, monsieur. May the good God repay you for your kindness on this Christmas Day," said the old man; but the smile in Babette's eyes was the sweetest thanks of all.

Paul Ovenbeck and Nanon stood at the door of the cottage and watched them down the road, Babette leading the blind old man, and looking back now and then with a wistful glance at the two figures standing in the open doorway of what had

seemed to her a very paradise on earth.

More than a month passed, and neither Babette nor the old grandfather returned to the cottage.

"I wonder why the little one has never come near us?" said Nanon one morning, as she set the heavy beer-jug on the table.

"He said he lived in the Cour Blanche. I dare say one could easily find him," observed Paul Ovenbeck.

So Paul went out one day—it was Sunday, and he had part of the afternoon free—to look for Babette in the Cour Blanche.

"Babette and the Père Noquette?" said a cobbler, the first person to whom Paul addressed himself. "Yes, I knew them well. A brave fellow was Père Noquette. He is dead, he died a month ago."

"And the child?"

"The Sisters came and took her away. It was pitiful to see the grief of the little thing! But she is better off now. The Sisters will keep her until she is twenty-one."

This was all Ovenbeck could learn. Babette had drifted out of his life for ever.

Many Christmas eves came and went. The years followed on, and Paul Ovenbeck was still a clerk in the customs, and Nanon ruled in his cottage by the roadside.

But there comes a moment when the stagnant waters are stirred, when the current of our lives is checked in its placid flow and turned back, not "as a river in the south," but as some torrent stopped by an avalanche, that, dashing the stream out of its narrow bed, makes the quiet hills echo to the thunder of its fall. The war-dogs were let loose, and contented, cabbage-eating Alsace awoke one morning to hear that she was threatened with a change of masters. The men shouldered their muskets and went forth to fight for it; the women laid aside their knitting-needles, and made lint and bandages. Then came the roar of cannon, echoing close to the peaceful valleys; and the looms were silent, for the weavers were wanted to fight.

"I will take my musket and fight with the rest," said Paul Ovenbeck; and he stepped out as firmly as a younger man,

though his age exempted him from service.

"You are right," said Nanon.

"If I were a man cart-ropes should not hold me; I would fight as long as I could hold a gun, as long as there was a Prussian in France. We would make short work of them!"

Some weeks after his departure Paul Ovenbeck wrote to say he had come safe out of all the fighting so far. But he was a good deal broken by the hardships of the camp and the field, and if the war lasted much longer it was likely he should never come home. He cared not for this. To die fighting for fatherland was a death to be thankful for.

The colds and the frost had joined against the French, and it fared sometimes worse with the old recruits who escaped the enemy's fire than with the stalwart young ones who had ugly wounds to show after a battle. News came from time to time that Paul Ovenbeck was failing, but his spirit rose in proportion as the flesh grew weak. He had been changed from an advance guard into a reserve corps. He became attached to his comrades as he had never been attached to his old neighbors in his home in Alsace. He was *bon comrade* with them all.

The Prussian army was steadily advancing; the French troops, beaten at all points, were driven farther and farther back from the frontier. Towards the middle of December the order came for the general in command to move on with his reserve corps to join the routed army of the Loire. The order was welcome, for the soldiers were growing "demoralized," as they called it—dying of their wounds and of cold and hunger, and having no fighting for nearly a fortnight.

"It's a sorry Christmas we have in prospect," said a young fellow to Paul Ovenbeck, as they plodded along in the snow within a few days of the joyous festival, dear above all others to the home-loving children of Alsace.

"Bah," replied Paul, "we must fancy the cannon are the village chimes, and forget we ever had a home. It will be all the same in a hundred years. And France will still be France!"

They halted towards dark in a village

near Orleans. It froze hard that night. Five men in Paul Ovenbeck's company were found dead where they lay next morning. Paul wondered to see himself alive; but he rose and stretched himself, and found out that he was not even frost-bitten. At daybreak they were on the march again. Paul walked on till the sounds of bells came to them over the frosty air, and then he staggered and fell.

They lifted him up and carried him by turns till the troops marched into Orleans. A sorry sight they were, blood-stained and travelworn. There was a train of ambulance carts following in the wake of the soldiers, but it was not worth while carrying Paul Ovenbeck back to it; they were too near the town; and, besides, there was sure not to be a vacant place in one of them. The town itself was like a great ambulance, with sheds run up in every direction and filled with the wounded and with fever patients.

"Is there a bed for our comrade?" enquired two soldiers, carrying in what seemed to be a lifeless body to one of these impromptu hospitals.

"Not room for a dog to lie down," was the answer; it was given in a tone of despair, and the surgeon came out to see what the case was.

"He is not wounded, and he has no fever," said one of the bearers, as the medical man took the patient's hand to feel his pulse; "he is dying of exhaustion. If you can find him a bed for a few hours, M. le Docteur, he will not keep it longer, I warrant you."

"Come here, ma soeur," said the doctor, calling to a Sister of Charity, who was busy gliding from pallet to pallet amongst the sufferers all round her.

She came at once, and drew a little memorandum from the huge pocket of her gray-blue habit.

"The name of his regiment, monsieur?"

"Fifty-second line."

"Do you know his name?"

"Paul Ovenbeck."

She wrote down the name.

"Where does he come from?"

"From the town of St. Louis in Alsace."

The Sister of Charity—Soeur Jeanne

was her name—took down the answers to her questions, and replaced the little book in her pocket.

"There is a bed vacant; come with me," she said.

The soldiers followed her to a low shed that stood close to the great ambulance. There was a bed on the ground, and on the wall above it a black crucifix. This was Soeur Jeanne's cell.

"Lay him down there," she said, moving a little table that stood in the way. The soldiers were advancing when a voice behind them called out:

"Halte la! I can't allow this, ma soeur. Your life is too valuable to be sacrificed for any one, were he even a marshal of France."

"Don't be afraid doctor, I shall take care of myself. You know I always do," said Soeur Jeanne good-humoredly, and, without paying the slightest heed to the doctor's prohibition, she uncovered the bed, assisted the soldiers to stretch their comrade on it, and then wrapped him up in what clothes there were.

"Now I must go and fetch hot bricks, and something hot for him to drink when he comes to," she said, and hurried out of the tent.

The doctor drew near, and, kneeling down placed his ear to Paul Ovenbeck's heart. "Done for!" he muttered, shaking his head.

"Is he dead? Will he not wake at all?" enquired the soldiers, who stood watching, anxious and expectant.

"He may wake; Soeur Jeanne will probably bring him to; but it won't be for long," said the medical man, and he left the tent.

—Soeur Jeanne came back with her arms full of restoratives. But she was not alone. A Franciscan father stood at the door, and looked in to see if there was room for him in the tiny box, where the soldiers were barely able to stand up right.

"Ha! he opens his eyes!" cried Soeur Jeanne in delight. "Don't go yet a moment, mes amis; it is well that he should see you near him when he comes to."

One of the soldiers knelt down by the bedside, and took Paul Ovenbeck's hand and chafed it gently.

"Allons! . . . En marche!" murmured

Paul, drawing a long breath, and looking blankly from his comrade to the white coiffe of Soeur Jeanne.

"You may go now," she said; and the two men withdrew, and the Franciscan father came in.

"Where am I?" inquired Paul Ovenbeck, gazing at the strange, cowed face of the friar bending over him.

"You are amongst friends," repeated the father.

"It is cold," said the sick man, shivering, as the wind blew through the slits above his head.

"Yes, it is cold down here, with frost on the ground and the north wind blowing," said the friar; "but in heaven it will be better." "In heaven!" repeated Paul, and he turned to look at Soeur Jeanne, resting his eyes on her with a strange expression. Was it a dream, or had he seen that face before? The blue eyes met his with a soft, wistful glance that seemed familiar to him.

"You do not remember me?" Soeur Jeanne said smiling. "It is a long time since you have seen me, M. Ovenbeck. You have forgotten little Babette and her blind old grandfather?"

"Babette!" repeated Paul Ovenbeck, and instinctively his eye seemed to look for a sign upon her forehead. She pushed aside the white linen band, and showed the mark of a cross underneath it.

"There it is—the mark of the accident that would have been my death if you had not saved me, M. Ovenbeck. I am little Babette that you were so kind to that Christmas day just ten years ago!

She left him alone with Père Jérôme a while, and then Père Jérôme went to the door of the tent and told her to come back. Two brave soldiers were waiting to know how it fared with their comrade.

"Come in and help him in the last battle, mes amis! it will soon be over, and with a better victory than ever you gained together," said Père Jérôme.

The men came in and knelt down with Soeur Jeanne, while the friar said the Litany for the dying.

Paul Ovenbeck was breathing hard.

The prayers were over.

"Babette . . . little Babette," he murmured faintly.

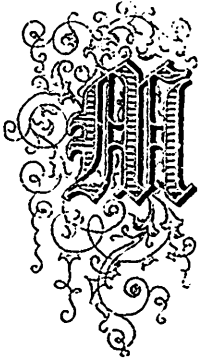
"Yes, M. Ovenbeck; my good friend, I am here."

"The bells!" whispered the dying man.

"Yes, the Christmas bells that are welcoming you up to heaven," said Babette: "you will pray for little Babette when you get there." "And Nanon. . . . The bells are ringing, Babette."

And then Paul Ovenbeck spoke no more. The bells went on ringing, while Babette and Père Jérôme recited the *De Profundis* for the soul of the brave soldier.



NEAREST THE THRONE.

OTHER most pure, thou snow-white flake,
 Thou sole true lily of our race,
 Who did'st in God's sight worthy make
 That which, without thy worth, were base.

At Bethlehem thy lullaby
 In slumber soothed Jesu mild ;
 Through years, resigned, yet anxiously,
 Thy tender thoughts pursued thy Child ;
 With His, thy heart beat sweet accord
 While, breathing wisdom, ranged He earth ;
 What time His guiltless blood was pour'd
 Nearest the dripping cross thou wert.

Mankind's proud boast, to thee alone,
 Proved fondest by the Saviour thus,
 The brightest place beside His throne
 Rightful is thine ; oh, pray for us !

Rideau Park.

J. DANTE SMITH.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

————— I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

—Two Gentlemen of Verona

46—Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novelette, begun in Scribner's Magazine for May, is the first serial that she has ever contributed to a monthly. She has heretofore resisted the highest offers for serial publication, believing that her books would create a greater impression if read in bulk. This last word means mountains when applied to the writings of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Prolix to a fault she finds a difficulty in being brief. A lady who pretends to know so much about philosophy should be aware that life is brief and cut her books to suit circumstances. The present novelette, however, gives promise of having been kept within bound. *The Story of Bessie Costrell* is a graphic picture in monochrome of life among the farm laborers in an English village. The tale centres about a wooden box containing the savings of a laborer's lifetime which is put into the hands of his niece, Bessie Costrell, for safe keeping. The story is notable, also, for the great amount of dialogues that it contains, the long pseudo-philosophical and reflective passages of Mrs. Ward's other novels being absent. This omission adds immensely to the attractions of the story for such of us as are careful of the quality of the wisdom we drink in from books. Otherwise the work has few good qualities to recommend it, and the opening chapters positively repel. We like Mrs. Humphrey Ward's writings under one condition only and that is at their briefest.

47—The author of *Rudder Grange* has finished a new story, which is said by those who have read it in manuscript to be one of the best things he has done. Frank Stockton has done many things well, and he has wrung many a hearty laugh from our tired, dull world; no small achievement, it may be conceded. The

story is entitled *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, and is quite unlike in character anything that has appeared from this popular author's pen. It is a romance of the most adventurous sort, the events of which, although born of Mr. Stockton's imagination, are wholly extraordinary, and yet, through the author's well-known ingenuity, appear altogether probable and even real. The out-door novel, the story of adventure and of romance, is, I venture to think, the best form that fiction can assume. When all is said and done, it will be found that the present generation of novelties has made no improvement on *Waverley*. A story should be a story; not a philosophical treatise, and, above all, not a sermon. If Mr. Frank Stockton can tell a good story in a straight forward way he should not hesitate to do so. The works he has produced prove that he can unfold a tale, but in them, perhaps, too many qualities were made subsidiary to the humor. Now that this condition of affairs is reversed we may expect a story to which we can turn with pleasure, leaving behind us Howells and his school of greatly overrated painters of the commonplace.

48—Whether a college training is or is not necessary to success in literature, was the question to which Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, the famous book-reviewer of the *New York Sun*, recently directed his attention. The result of his inquiries serve to confirm me in what I believed beforehand. I have long held that the necessary stock-in-trade of a literary man should consist of a knowledge of reading and writing, of men and things, of pen, ink and paper, and—brains. But listen to Mr. Hazeltine while he delves into the lives and biographies of American men of letters. Some of his discoveries are most interesting, for instance:

'Go over any of the great encyclopædias and you will find that Harvard University is responsible for more of our literary men than any other of our colleges or universities. Next comes Yale. Then, in the third class, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Columbia and Princeton rank on nearly equal terms. As regards quality of intellect, Bowdoin, it must be remembered, can point to Longfellow and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Dartmouth to Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate. It is plain enough, however, to the reader of any of our encyclopædias that a college education is by no means necessary to success in literature. The fact, of course, was demonstrated long ago by the unlettered Shakespeare, when he beat such university men as Greene, Peele, Nash, Lodge and even Marlowe and Ben Jonson. But our encyclopædias reveal, for instance, that John C. Whittier received only a slender schooling as a boy, and was chiefly occupied with farming until his twentieth year. Subsequently he studied for two terms at the Haverhill Academy. Mainly, therefore, he was self-taught. Henry Clay, (unlike Webster) was educated at a country school, and that he left at the age of fourteen. Bret Harte 'received only a common school education,' which stopped at the age of seventeen, after which he taught school for a little while in the rural parts of California. Then he worked successively as a miner, an express manager and a printer's apprentice, until he found an opening in journalism. William Dean Howells was to a like extent self-taught; he seems to have learned to set type in a newspaper office before he was twelve years old. This is a memorable example, because Howells's style is much more finished and scholar-like than F. Marion Crawford's, who was singularly well educated in the conventional meaning of the words. It is also noteworthy that Henry James, Jr., is not a university man—a fact calculated, to puzzle those who imagine academical training of an advanced order requisite for precision, grace, and eloquence of style. Richard Watson Gilder is another man who owes nothing to universities, having received his education at Bellevue Seminary, in Bordentown, which he left at the age of nineteen. The same thing

is true of H. G. Bunner, who was educated at a French school in New York City, afterward entering a Portuguese business firm. In the same category of men, whose knowledge and whose style have been mainly the outcome of self-tuition, belongs Washington Irving, who received his general, as distinguished from his professional, education at sundry small schools which he left at the age of sixteen. Fitz-Greene Halleck had a common school education, becoming at the age of fifteen a clerk in the shop of a relative. The same thing is true of Richard Henry Stoddard, in whose case, however, a common school education was supplemented with private study during several years' work in an iron foundry. Joseph Rodman Drake was not a university man. Neither was James T. Fields. Samuel L. Clemens ('Mark Twain') is a remarkable example of the needlessness of a college education for success in literature. What instruction he has was obtained at a district school in Missouri, and was finished when he was thirteen years old, for at that age he was apprenticed to a printer. Three years later he became a pilot on the Missouri River, and followed that vocation for a considerable period. We have enumerated only a few out of a multitude of instances, which might be culled from these brief biographies, to show that a university training is no more indispensable to eminence in literature than it is to eminence on the bench or at the bar. Neither Patrick Henry, perhaps the greatest of American advocates, nor Chief Justice Marshall, indisputably the greatest of American jurists, had a college education."

49—The Catholic News recently made mention of the one book in the world, except the Bible, of which it would be impossible to say too much in praise—*The Imitation of Christ*. Says the News: "Few Catholics can be found who have not heard or read of *The Imitation of Christ*. It has been the companion and solace of many, not only in the Church, but outside. We have heard of generals carrying this little volume into battle, and when opportunity came of gaining a brief rest, stealing away to some retired spot to read a chapter. There is so much wisdom stored up within the covers of this

small book that it would seem that nothing had been omitted of counsel or admonition. The life of the author of the *Imitation* is but little known. Thomas Hammerken is his real name. He was born in 1380 in the town of Kempen, not far from Dusseldorf, in the diocese of Cologne. His parents were poor but managed to send their children to school. The youth was called, after the custom of the time, "Thomas from Kempen," and this title clung to him ever after. No one speaks of Thomas Hammerken, but Thomas A' Kempis is a name celebrated all over Christendom.

Thomas A' Kempis entered the Augustinian order and was ordained priest in 1423. He led a holy and retired life and devoted much time to the education of youth. He lived to be ninety years of age, and during his long and busy life wrote many books, but the *Imitation* is the one that has made him famous and endeared him to us all. No book outside of the Bible has been so widely circulated nor has any work been translated into so many languages. Every Catholic should own and read the *Imitation*. The fourth book alone is a treasury of holy thought. It is devoted to the Blessed Eucharist, and as a stimulus to devotion before and after Holy Communion it has no rival.

Our separated brethren, who have given this little volume a prominent place among their devotional works, must find it difficult to ignore the fervid sentiments with which the fourth book overflows. No doubt they have "expurgated" editions for their especial use. The author's meaning is too clearly evident to admit of any ambiguous interpretation. Once the reader tastes the wholesome sweetness of the *Imitation*, the book will become a necessary companion and friend, in the light of whose wise counsels many troublesome problems will be solved, burdens will become lighter, and religion will become the guide and moving principles of daily actions."

Well may *The Imitation of Christ* be called a book for all time. It is more than this. It is a book for all moods. It is a companion in sunshine and a consoler in storm. It is an adviser in every case, or circumstance, that can sway the heart

or touch the feelings. It reads like a message of comfort addressed to us by the tenderest and most pitying angel in the halls of heaven. The book has not received the praise which is its due, not because it has failed in its mission to men, for it has ever been popular among them, but because its ministry was not felt at a time and in a manner that could not be revealed to the public. The present writer has such a tale to tell, but as far as the crowd is concerned, it must remain untold, though it will always prompt him to regard *The Imitation of Christ* as a dear friend whose words of consolation and advice have served him better than gold or precious stones. The chapter on the spiritual sense of the *imitation* in *Phrases of Thought and Criticism*, by Brother Azarias, is an appreciation of the book fairly indicative of its value.

50—Some New York genius has discovered a "new writer," and cackles in the magazines after the manner of a well-known barnyard bird when an addition has been made to the nest. The "new writer" is Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard and the discovered book, the *South Sea Idyls*. It is many years since this work was published. Robert Buchanan has long pointed the finger of scorn at America for her neglect of Stoddard, and now he is being "discovered." Too much should not be expected from a people who kneel down and worship Howells. But the overlooking of Charles Warren Stoddard's delightful book was certainly too much in a wrong direction. I hope Mr. Stoddard's religious belief had nothing to do with the cloud which for so long concealed his merits. If Mr. Stoddard was overlooked on account of his faith, his co-religionists should have "discovered" him instead of leaving that task for Mr. Buchanan and the amusing New York critics. That Catholics possess few literary Livingstones and Stanleys is a truth good for us to know. The "Catholic press" has much to answer for in this respect as in many other. If literary discoveries are to be made it will be the "other fellows" who will make them. 'Tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true. Mr. Stoddard is professor of English literature in the Catholic University at Washington.

51—Father John B. Tabb is a poet with whose workmanship the readers of the best American magazines are well acquainted. *Poems*, by John B. Tabb, is a volume of lyrics, all short and daintly wrought like those of Herrick. Father Tabb has brought conciseness to a fine art. He is a thinker of much more than ordinary power, and an observer of great acuteness. The results of those personal qualities he has put into small verses, rarely exceeding the length of a sonnet, usually shorter, and frequently a mere quatrain. The late John B. O'Rielly had something pertinent to say concerning carvers of cherry stones, but it does not apply to Father Tabb. The latter is a carver and a polisher it is true, yet he does not work with cherry stones but with diamonds, emeralds, and sometimes rubies. Perhaps, he is a touch too much of the artist to be a moving singer even in little. "Many of the conceits are attractive," says *The Atlantic Monthly*, alluding to the poetic "swallow-flights," "and the work is nearly always skilfully polished, but the little poems are things best read where many of them first appeared, at the end of a page of prose in a magazine. There they are welcome bits of fancy; here their effect is to leave one feeling as if one had risen from a dinner of crumbs." There is some truth in this; but the poems are fanciful little fellows well expressed in choice language moulded into suitable stanza forms—in a word, works of art that deserve our attention.

52—Brig.-Gen. Adam Badeau, soldier and historian, died suddenly, on the night of March 19th, in the Herbert House, Ridgewood, N.J., of apoplexy. He had been in poor health for some time and had submitted to several operations on both eyes for cataract. He lived at Ridgewood with his adopted children, George Corsa and Miss Chillman, and was talking with Mr. Corsa when he was stricken.

General Badeau was born in New York on December 29, 1831. After leaving his father's boarding school at Tarrytown, he engaged in newspaper and literary work, paying special attention to the drama. At the outbreak of the war he went to the front as a correspondent. During the engagement in front of Port

Hudson, noticing a Zouave regiment in disorder on account of the death of its officers, Badeau rallied the men and led them on a charge. He was shot in the foot and taken along with General Sherman, who was also wounded, to New Orleans. Sherman had him commissioned captain and made him an aid on the general staff.

When Gen. Grant made his memorable trip around the world, Badeau accompanied him. On its completion Badeau went to Havana as Consul-General, and there accused the State Department of corruption. His resignation followed a refusal to permit him to substantiate the charges. Then he returned to literary work. "*Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*," "*Conspiracy—A Cuban Romance*," "*Aristocracy in England*" and "*Grant in Peace*," are among his best known works. General Badeau was married to Elsie Niles by Cardinal McCloskey.

53—The youthful Sir Galahad whose martial genius presides over *The Catholic Register*, a weekly newspaper published in Toronto, informs his readers that I became "incensed at a local Catholic paper"—for which gratuitous information, by the way, I thank him—and does me the honor of supposing that some of my remarks in the Note (No. 42) on the manifold and manifest shortcomings of our Catholic press were meant for his Journal. He adds, that of two "nick-names" *Proser and Poser*, to wit, used by me, he is at a loss to determine which was meant for his publication, owing to a purely fanciful superabundance of "cuteness" with which his spring-like urbanity prompted him to endow me; so he calmly arrogates both of them, poises as a martyr as is the habit of his class—a St. Sebastian riddled with arrows of air—and winds up the performance by misquoting Dickens, to show his scholarship. "So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke severe in youthful beauty, added grace invincible." The man in Dickens was noted for "slyness" not "cuteness," but "this does not matter," as the editor of the *Register* would word it. The editor might have referred to his master at greater length withal. I shall strive to make this point clear. Once upon a time, as the children say, Charles Dickens drew a picture of a

scoundrelly Yorkshire schoolmaster, the lowest and most rotten of his species, to cite the words of Dickens, and presently the life of the author was beset by every villainous schoolmaster in Yorkshire. "One worthy, he had reason to believe, has actually consulted authorities learned in the law, as to his having grounds on which to rest an action for libel; another has meditated a journey to London for the purpose of committing an assault and battery on his traducers; a third perfectly remembered being waited on, last January twelvemonth, by two gentlemen, one of whom held him in conversation while the other took his likeness; and, although Mr. Squeers has but one eye, and he has two, and the published sketch does not resemble him (whoever he may be) in any other respect, still he and all his friends and neighbors know at once for whom it was meant—because the character is *so* like him." Dickens had to withstand an amount of this sort of thing. It was no use his explaining that the picture was composite. It did not avail his affirming that no special scamp was meant. Remonstrance on the ground that it was a class and not an individual that was aimed at counted not the worth of "the snows of yester-year." Dickens had drawn a true picture of a scoundrelly schoolmaster, and every scoundrelly schoolmaster deemed himself the original of the sketch. Then, the master, to whom our friend of the *Catholic Register* resorts for not entirely apt comparisons, changed his mode of action. Instead of further explanation Dickens shut his lips hard and only relaxed them to assign his unreasonable tormentor to an unmentionable clime, more sultry than Canada in July, which is presided over by a namesake of the author of "Copperfield," an act which I should be sorry to repeat in the present instance, although the brawny youth who sways the destinies of *The Register* has acted very like a Yorkshire schoolmaster. While I must be excused from explaining away the article that raised the gorge of my Western friend, an article which I am vain enough to believe is (barring a few misprints) sufficiently explicit and opportune to be understood and appreciated by

every Catholic not oppressed by much more than ordinary denseness, I would be very sorry to consign the angry scribe to Tartarus instead of Toronto. The worst I wish this certainly estimable and presumably very young personage is that he may live on and thrive where he is, and not fall a prey to diphtheria, or the measles, the twain deadly enemies of juvenility.

This little magazine is not, and never was intended to train journalists. If by any chance, however, one of The Owl's brood should adopt Catholic journalism as a profession, I hope he will not be blind to the terrible examples of total editorial depravity which now threaten to make the Catholic journalistic calling a proverb and a by-word; that he will not constitute himself the champion of dunces, frauds and cheats; that he will either produce what he uses or not neglect to pay for what is contributed to his columns; that he will not steal poetry from the "Boston Pilot" and prose from every quarter of the universe; that he will not allow a petty local jealousy to prompt him to belittle and abuse praiseworthy and inoffensive institutions; that he will not fail to credit the Catholic people with some little intelligence and discrimination; in a word, that he will not be what some of those who unduly doubt even the possibility of his existence plume themselves on being, but that, on the contrary, he will always and everywhere deport himself as a conscientious christian and scholarly Catholic should, that he will make it a point to set up high intellectual standards, that his mind will be fertile enough to conceive, capacious enough to contain, creative enough to originate and send forth, fresh and vigorous in the full bloom and maturity of exquisite expression, the thoughts, which will be suggested to it by the religious, social and political problems of the day, that he will refrain from beating the air with wild and whirling words when the individuals who befoul his profession are righteously assailed, and that he will go to his till, be it never so near empty, to pay for the literary matter he uses and scorn to batten on the brains of better men than himself.

The Owl,

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

TERMS: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. Advertising rates on application.

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

C. MEA, '95.

J. R. O'BRIEN, '95.

J. P. FALLON, '96.

T. P. HOLLAND, '96.

W. LEE, '96.

W. W. WALSH, '96.

J. RYAN, '97.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '98.

Business Manager:

J. T. HANLEY, '98.

Address all letters to "THE OWL," OTTAWA
UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA, ONT.

VOL. VIII. MAY, 1895. No. 9.

TALENTED BUT LAZY.

It is strange in an institution of learning, where the sole aim is ostensibly the attainment of love of study and the cultivation of scholarly habits, that anyone should be held in repute for the very neglect of these qualities. It is, nevertheless, true that there is a class of nominal students who have favor and influence among their fellows for nothing else than the violation of the cardinal virtues of the scholar. We do not now speak of the ordinary class

fixture who is content with last place well deserved, but of that quasi aristocracy of might-have-beens who bear the proud encomiums of "talented but lazy," and who are infinitely more despicable than their less presuming confreres. They are familiar to everyone. Every class has its stars who will not shine, but who could lead the class if they only wished to. The more magnificent specimens are to be found in the inferior forms where the clouds of many examinations have not dimmed their lustre, and where the fertility of the imagination lends magnitude to the proportions of these reposing giants. It is amusing to see how careful they are to conceal their splendor from the eyes of the expectant world, allowing only occasionally a ray of transcending brilliancy to escape, just sufficient to preserve their place in the firmament. There is always a charm about the mysterious, and no mystery is so profound as that which surrounds an habitual sluggard who is suspected of animation. He is the object of most extravagant speculation by his companions. His avowed potentiality is made as much of as actual perfection, and the possessor of this precarious talent is credited with more worth than those whose actual achievements have proved their worth. By dint of cribbing, or through some accident on the part of those above him, or possibly by a real desperate effort, after taking care to let fall some dark threats about going to do something this month, he reaches a respectable rank in his class. His ambition is at once satisfied, the effort is too severe. He announces his intention to descend to his wonted abode, where he pursues the even tenor of his way. The characteristic of all his successes is their brevity. Their suddenness and shortness produce the effect of a flash, and he is pronounced at once a brilliant. His feats are never the outcome of long

and patient trial, and therein lies the secret of the mystery. An occasional effort only *middle rate* in a person passing industrious, when set in the foil of continued passivity, is magnified to unreal dimensions. He is at once a cetacean in the eyes of the small fry. They always knew he was smart. If he would work, etc., and the phenomena he has displayed have cast such a halo about him that he is really held in awe.

The most disgusting thing about this caste is that students of any sense should be imposed upon by such shams, or that they allow such a class to gain prestige among them. These talented gentlemen are always popular, are always the most prominent, and are often intrusted with confidence by the student body to the exclusion of betters. Now this talent is, of course, purely imaginary. Talent, in the most common acceptation of the term, implies something more than crude, natural gifts, it is inseparably associated with labor and discipline. The talented person is not he who could if he would, but he who will and does,—he who can focus all his powers on his work. Why, then, do such students receive so much recognition from their fellows? Their influence is decidedly unhealthy. Their negligé manner, their apparent indifference to success, and the seeming ease with which they reach their attainments have a certain attraction for younger students who get the fashion of looking upon honest effort as a detraction from the splendor of achievement. They give a tone to the student body that is altogether deplorable. Such nonsense should be frowned down. Those who pretend to have talent, while they are too lazy to use it, and who enjoy prestige by their possibilities should be relegated to the lowest degree of consideration. Let a man prove himself before he is recognized among respectable students. We are imposed upon too

much by these shoddy upstarts, at the expense of more deserving and more unassuming students.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

It is impossible to overrate the influence of the press. After the church, no other agent has played so important a part in the development of modern civilization. The newspaper is the people's literature, and whatever the people read, whether light or profound, learned or unlearned, must, sooner or later, have its effect. If the press in general has contributed so largely to the world's advancement, what must be the influence of that portion of it conducted by Catholic editors along the lines marked out by Catholic principles.

One of the main functions of the newspaper is, of course, to give the news, to tell what is happening throughout the world. Modern scientific discovery has so changed the relations of time and space that the morning paper has been called the world's daily history.

The Catholic journalist, however, has a higher duty than to merely relate facts. His vocation bears with it a grave responsibility. It is his duty to present these facts in the light of Catholic truth which will show their relation to the eternal destiny of man. He must seek to elevate the taste of the people by supplying them with sound, wholesome reading. He must vindicate Catholic doctrines and defend the Church from the insidious attacks of her enemies. One of the most encouraging signs of the times is that Catholics can get a hearing. Presented to people willing to examine it, Catholic truth must prevail. Nine-tenths of the prejudice against the Church is the offspring of ignorance; and were Catholic aims and Catholic doctrines put clearly before the people, this prejudice would quickly disappear.

From the days of the venerable William

Caxton, the father of the English press, down to the present time, Catholics have ever made use of this powerful lever for the advancement of the people. For the last forty years, since which time journalism has become a real profession, Catholic news papers have kept pace with their non-Catholic contemporaries. In Europe and in America Catholic editors and contributors to magazines occupy the foremost places in the ranks of the profession.

But not on the editors alone devolves the duty of maintaining the high standard of the Catholic press. Since the usefulness and excellence of the press is so evident, it is manifestly the duty of every Catholic to accord to it his generous support. Every man is, to a certain extent, his brother's keeper and he must look to it that so powerful a means of spreading truth is assisted in every possible way. His duty does not consist merely in paying his subscription, and, as frequently happens, in permitting his paper to remain for days unopened. It is incumbent on him to avail himself of the good therein afforded, and by fitting himself to appreciate good Catholic literature, to lend his influence towards the maintenance of a sound and elevated Catholic press.

THE REVIVAL OF THE CELTIC TONGUE.

The great political contest in Ireland has recently lost much of its fierceness and the intelligence of the nation is turning its attention to new and more congenial fields of labor. As the political issues are becoming more and more definitely settled, literary and scientific pursuits are being enabled to push themselves to the front and to command the attention of great numbers of brilliant young minds. By no means the least noticeable feature of this intellectual movement is

the grand effort that is being made to revive the Celtic language. This attempted revival is not the mere fanciful dream of a few over-ardent patriots, but on the contrary is a movement that has fair promise of success.

We are informed that the number of schoolmasters who obtained certificates to teach Irish doubled during the past year, and for the same period the sale of books in the Irish language was far greater than anything hitherto heard of. In the United States an attempt is being made to establish a chair for the Irish language in the Catholic University of Washington. But it may be asked: What is to come of all this? Do the Irish people and their descendants intend to drop the language they have been speaking for centuries and return to one they have well nigh forgotten? By no means. The Irish people have already left the impress of their national character on the English language and literature, and they have no intention of now abandoning that language with which they have long since become identified. Their country has produced a Burke, a Sheridan, a Grattan and an O'Connell, men unsurpassed in the use of the English tongue; and indeed in no part of the world where English is spoken have Irishmen taken a secondary rank in the use of our common language. If then for no other reason than simple respect for these their greatest statesmen and patriots Irishmen will ever cherish, and ever be proud to speak the English language. But they have many other reasons for remaining faithful to the English tongue. In their long political struggle it was a special providence to them that they spoke a language universally known. Otherwise what poor headway would their cause have made. Now Ireland's children are to be found in all quarters of the globe carrying the light of

the true faith with them. In this grand work of evangelizing the world we again see the utility of the English tongue to them. Evidently God had his own all-wise end in view when He permitted the children of St. Patrick to lose their own language and learn that of the stranger. It is not then the intention of the Irish people to abandon this new form of speech which they have learned and helped to make perfect.

It is an undisputed fact of history that the Irish nation was the home and refuge of civilization and literature when the rest of Europe was plunged in a chaos of savagery, war and rapine. Her scholars went forth into all nations bringing with them the glad tidings of religion and the benign influences of Christian learning. Numerous copies of the works of these Celtic missionaries are still preserved in the libraries of Europe, Who then will deny the benefit to be derived from the study of their language? Will not the student be repaid a hundred fold for his trouble by the important literary discoveries that are certain to be the result of a renewal of interest in the grand old Celtic speech?

It seems to us a mistake that the other peoples of Celtic origin are not invited to share in this effort to revive their common tongue. What about the Scottish Highlanders and the Welsh? They still speak the old Celtic language, and, in many cases, know no other. The differences between the dialects of the three countries are very inconsiderable and combined effort on the part of Scotland, Wales and Ireland in this movement, would undoubtedly ensure its success. By all means we wish it success. May the songs of Ossian and the sweet music of Tara's harp once more blend together as in the days of yore and rouse old Erin's sons to a true appreciation of the glorious place they are destined to occupy among the peoples of the earth.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. Kribbs, an Orangeman, has issued a pamphlet in which the Manitoba school question is considered, historically, legally and controversially. The author claims that national law calls for the recognition, in some form or other, of the claims of Manitoba's minority. The work itself is a thorough resumé of the issue in question from its earliest date. Mr. Kribbs maintains that the remedial proposition was forced upon the Government by the law, and that it follows exactly on the lines of the Privy Council's judgment. Mr. Kribbs thinks parliament is bound to act. The bearing of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island school case, upon the present issue, are related and discussed fully and clearly by the writer.

The University of Notre Dame, Indiana, celebrates its Golden Jubilee on the 11th, 12th and 13th of June. Founded fifty years ago by the late Very Rev. Father Sorin, Notre Dame had in the beginning its ups and downs. But the indomitable spirit of its founder and his associates bore up against all adversity, and to-day Notre Dame stands easily first among the Catholic colleges of the United States and able to compete with the best of any denomination. The Owl rejoices in the joy of that great centre of learning, and hopes that its past achievements are but a feeble earnest of the great work it is yet to accomplish in the sacred cause of Catholic education.

Cardinal Gibbons contributes a very readable article to the *North American Review* for May. Its title is "The Preacher's Province." Speaking of the "greater readiness of speech and felicity of expression" of young lawyers in comparison to young priests, His Eminence says:—"The soldier of Christ on emerging from the seminary, is sometimes unwieldy, and is oppressed by the weight of his theological armor till he has acquired practice in the arena of Christian warfare. This disadvantage would be overcome, at least partially, by the more general establishment and cultivation of debating societies for the *senior* classes in our colleges." The italics are ours. The Cardi-

nal evidently regards junior debating societies as superfluous.

Here are some statistics showing the advantage of living under a Republic. A Frenchman has been figuring up the cost of the Government under its many varying terms in France during the present century. Under the first Empire the State cost the nation 115,000 francs per day; under the Restoration, 119,000 francs; under Louis Philippe, 150,000 francs; under the Republic of 1848, 173,000 francs; under the Second Empire, 240,000 francs; and lastly, under the third Republic, no less than 463,000 francs per day during the past year. What with scandals and extravagance France has to pay dear for her Republic.

How the faith is spreading in heathen lands may be inferred from the announcement that is just made that the Bishops of South Africa are preparing for a Plenary Council. Among those who will form part of this council are Right Rev. Bishops Gaughren, O.M.I., and Jolivet, O.M.I., and Very Rev. Fathers Monginoux, O.M.I., and Schoch, O.M.I.; who are charged respectively with the Vicariates of the Orange State, Natal, Basutoland, and the Transvaal.

A London journal publishes the following instructive statistics as to the progress of Catholicity in England since 1829. Priests in that year numbered 477; they are now 3,000. There were 449 churches against 1,763 at present. At that time there was not one monastery in all England; now there are 244. Convents have increased from 16 to 491; and colleges from 2 to 38. Catholics now play a very influential part in the government of the country. There are 6 Catholic members of the Privy Council, 34 Catholic members of the House of Lords, and 74 Catholic members of Parliament. More significant still is the portentous fact of a Catholic Lord Chief Justice of England addressing a great public meeting at Liverpool, called together to honor the memory of the late Bishop of that city. Let the faithful of England be true to their profession, and the conversion of their country is but a question of time.

Hoffmans' advance sheets of their forthcoming directory, give the following statistics, showing the growth of the Catholic Church in the United States:

There are 17 archbishops and 73 bishops with 10,053 secular and regular priests. The total number of churches, chapels and stations is 14,503. There are 114 universities and seminaries with 3,603 lay and clerical students. The high and parochial schools number 4,522, while the children attending aggregate 775,070. There are 1,160 orphan asylums and other charitable institutions caring for 918,207 persons. The total Catholic population is 9,077,865.

The Catholic Church is making rapid progress in the East. In India, Ceylon and Goa, there are, according to the Madras Catholic Directory, 1,865,245 Roman Catholics. Eminent Protestant travellers in these regions have written letters telling of the wonderful work of the Catholic missionaries in the cause of Christ. This is not surprising, as we are well aware of the heroic work performed in all countries by Catholic priests, yet it may be an interesting item to those who glean their ideas of missionary life from the Bible Society reports.

Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, in his "Plea for Toleration in the Church of England," says: "In the Church of Rome, which numbers far more souls within her communion than ours, while unity of doctrine is strictly maintained, uniformity of worship is a thing not insisted upon. . . . The pomp of St. Peter's does not discard or drive out the poor Cistercian, neither does the simple-minded Cistercian anathematize the glories of St. Peter's; they remain brethren."

ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN'S VISIT.

The readers of the February OWL had an opportunity of perusing a sketch of the Most Rev. A. Langevin, O. M. I., Archbishop-elect, St. Boniface. And now the students of the University have had the privilege of welcoming to their midst that worthy prelate and old-time professor.

Archbishop Langevin was consecrated in St. Boniface on the 19th of last March. No sooner had he arranged the most urgent business of his vast arch-diocese than he decided to visit Eastern Canada, partly in response to the earnest requests of numerous friends, but at the same time, and perhaps principally, to give Catholics in the East an opportunity of hearing their own side of the great Manitoba school question. His Grace arrived in Ottawa on the afternoon of May 5th, and was met at the railway station by the Very Rev. Rector and Rev. Father Mangin, director of the Seminary. The Rev. Father Antoine, of Paris, Rev. Father Lefebvre, of Montreal, and Rev. Father Dandurand, of Winnipeg, accompanied the Archbishop. The students of the University had assembled at the corner of Cumberland and Rideau streets, and on the arrival of the Archbishop, formed into line, and, headed by the band, marched to the University Academic hall. Here two addresses were presented to the distinguished visitor, that in English being read by Mr. W. W. Walsh, and the other in French by Mr. J. T. Leveque, both students from Winnipeg, the chief city in His Grace's arch-diocese. The following is a copy of the English address:

To His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Boniface:

Your Grace: The students of the University of Ottawa deem it a privilege to receive this visit from you. It recalls to us the long years you spent in Ottawa, years of generous and effective efforts on Your Grace's part, for the advancement of our Alma Mater.

We knew Your Grace too well to be surprised when the tidings of the dignity lately conferred upon you, reached us. Your successful experience as a missionary and as an educator had made it clear that you possess the qualities which befit the First Pastor of an important diocese. Your elevation we regard as an honor to the University of Ottawa. Any distinction reached by a member of the religious family to which our professors belong, is gratifying to us, and we are made doubly happy when preferment comes to a son of De Mazenod, who, like your Grace, has

been connected with this institution to which we owe so much.

Your Grace, we know by those whose good fortune it was to be your students, ever taught that any word of encouragement and sympathy to one who has arduous labors to perform, might be productive of some little good. You will not then, we trust, judge us as presumptuous when we assure you of our heartfelt wishes and prayers that you may have light and success in the discharge of the duties of the exalted station you occupy.

We would especially assure you and your people of our sympathy in your present trying situation. The benefits we have all received from thoroughly Catholic training make us hope that the justice-loving people of our free land will not fail to insist upon our co-religionists in Manitoba having the enjoyment of their educational rights.

In conclusion, we beg the Great Giver and Ruler of all, to long accord you strength and abundant means to improve the portion of His vineyard intrusted to you care, and we love to believe that this is only the first of many occasions when the students of the University of Ottawa will enjoy the privilege of kneeling to receive Your Grace's blessing."

A loud cheer greeted Archbishop Langevin as he rose to reply. Although fatigued by his long journey, he spoke with characteristic fire and energy. Replying first in English, he said that it afforded him unbounded pleasure to revisit the scenes of his former labors. He reminded the students, in very eloquent language, that they were now receiving that training, both moral and intellectual, which would prove of incalculable service to them in after life. Referring to the excellence of Catholic education, he emphasized the importance of a sound course of Philosophy, such as is obtained in a Catholic College and nowhere else. Of the great question of the day concerning the Catholic schools in Manitoba, His Grace said: "We Catholics are not asking a favor, our claims have been declared lawful by the highest judicial power of the Empire; we are demanding our rights as British subjects; these rights we shall obtain because they

are founded on truth and justice." The Archbishop then spoke at some length in French, reiterating what he had already so feelingly said in English. He then imparted his blessing to all those present and left the hall amid the hearty cheers of the assembled students.

In the evening solemn benediction of the most blessed sacrament was given by His Grace in full pontifical robes. The chapel was beautifully decorated and reflected great credit on the painstaking efforts of the sacristans and of the altar society. The music and singing were of a high order and added much to the solemn character of the ceremonies.

On Sunday, May 5th, the services in St. Joseph's Church were of a most impressive nature. It was the patronal feast of the parish and the presence of two archbishops made the occasion one of unusual solemnity. The Archbishop of St. Boniface was the celebrant of the pontifical mass. His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel preached the sermon of the day, taking for his text, "The just man liveth by faith." The discourse was an able one, and incidentally the Archbishop showed the necessity of faith even in the solution of questions that were largely political. At the close of the sermon, Archbishop Langevin at the request of Archbishop Duhamel imparted the blessing to the congregation of St. Joseph's Church.

Tuesday, May 7th, was the patronal feast of the Rector of the University, and the celebration of the day took on a special character of solemnity owing to the presence of Archbishop Langevin. In the morning seven of our junior students had the happiness of making their first communion, and also of receiving the sacrament of confirmation at the hands of the new Archbishop. His Grace preached in French and English and altogether the occasion was one of the most solemn that the University chapel has ever witnessed.

In the evening a complimentary banquet was tendered His Grace by the faculty of the University. No such distinguished company has assembled within our halls since the inauguration ceremonies of 1889. His Grace, the Archbishop of Ottawa presided, having on his right the guest of the evening. Amongst

those who honored the occasion with their presence were the following:—

Right Rev. Bishops Lafleche and Gabriels, Very Rev. Fathers Antoine, O.M.I., Assistant General; Lefebvre, O.M.I., Provincial; McGuckin, O.M.I., Rector of the University; Sir Hector Langevin, M.P., Solicitor General Curran, M.P., Mgr. Tanguay, Canons Bruchesi and Racicot, of Montreal, and Canons Campeau, Foley, Michel and Belanger, of Ottawa; Senators Scott and Bernier, Mr. Lariviere, M.P., Dr. Glasmacher, Dr. Chabot, and a numerous representation of the Rev. clergy, both secular and regular, from Canada and the United States.

At 8:30, p.m., the guests repaired to the Dramatic Hall to assist at the presentation of Molière's comedy—"The Upstart." The hall was filled to overflowing and it was the unanimous opinion of those present that the entertainment in all its features was one of the most successful ever given by the students of this institution. The music, acting, costumes, and scenery were far above what is generally found in amateur theatricals, and when "God Save the Queen" brought the evening's programme to a close the expression of congratulations were general and sincere.

His Grace remained amongst us a few days longer and then left to transact important business both in the East and the West.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS CURLEY.

Students of the years 1886 and 1887 will remember Thomas Curley, who, after completing his commercial studies, received his diploma from the 4th grade. On leaving college he obtained a responsible position in his native city, Syracuse, N. Y., and continued to fill it to the entire satisfaction of his employers. But that fatal disease consumption, of which he had shown incipient symptoms even while at college, marked him for its victim. He struggled on manfully against its ravages, but was at length obliged to give in. He yielded up his life peacefully and happily in the early part of last April, that month so trying to consumptive patients.

Mr Curley's many friends, while regretting his early demise, had the consolation of knowing that death did not come upon him unawares, but that he was surrounded by everything which tends to make the great passage easy, and hope secure.

REV. BROTHER JAGER, O.M.I.

The treacherous Rideau has claimed another victim from among the students of the University; this time an Oblate brother, of the House of Studies, at Ottawa East. The sad accident occurred on Saturday, the 11th inst. Bro. Jager and several other scholastic brothers had taken advantage of an hour's recreation to go bathing in the river which runs behind the Scholasticate. The brother had been but a short time in the water, when he was overcome by fatigue. He started for the shore, but sank before he reached it. Two of his companions dove after him, but their efforts to save him were unavailing. His body was not recovered until the following morning, and the funeral services were held on Monday, the 13th inst. A large number of Oblate fathers from the various houses in Ottawa and its vicinity assisted at the ceremony, and the Art students sent a representative delegation. Bro. Jager was a German and had not yet been three years in this country, but he had made himself a general favorite by his modest bearing and amiable disposition. He received the degree of Bachelor in Philosophy last year, and was to present himself for his licentiate in a few weeks. He had also just been called to Minor Orders. Much sympathy is felt for his friends and relatives in his far-distant home, and united to the prayer for the eternal rest of the departed brother, is the sincere wish, that God in his goodness may soften the grief of the afflicted and bereaved.

SOCIETIES.

THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

This Association wound up a very successful year on May 11th by the holding of its annual meeting. Some routine business was transacted, and then the

election of officers for 1895-96 was proceeded with and resulted as follows:—

Director—Rev. H. Gervais, O.M.I.
 President—Mr. M. McKenna.
 Vice-President—Mr. W. W. Walsh.
 Secretary—Mr. A. Tobin.
 Committee—Messrs. T. Clancy, T. Morin and F. Smith.
 Stage Manager—Mr. H. Bisailon.

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

On the 11th of April an interesting meeting of the above Society was held in the Science Hall. The evening's programme was opened by Mr. E. Baskerville in a paper on Hydrostatics. Mr. C. Mea followed with an illustrated lecture on the physical characteristics of the sun and moon. Mr. W. W. Walsh occupied the chair.

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Jas. W. Wheeler, M.D., alumnus of the class of '92, was recently married in Cornwall to an estimable young lady of that town. Rev. D. A. Campbell, '92, assisted at the wedding ceremony.

Messrs. Jos. Landry, '90, and C. D. Gaudet, '92, were among those who received the degree of B.C.L. at the recent convocation of the McGill Law School.

Mr. T. J. Rigney, '95, passed successfully the examination for B.A. at Queen's University, Kingston.

Eight graduates of Ottawa University wrote at the May examinations in Osgoode Hall, Toronto. Messrs. J. O'Connor, L. J. Kehoe, Jos. McDougall, A. Phillon and Jos. Vincent presented themselves for the Primary examination; J. P. Smith and F. McDougall for the Intermediate; and G. A. Griffin for the Final. The Owl hopes to be able to report the success of all these gentlemen.

Among the civil engineers of '95 from McGill, Mr. A. Dufresne held a very creditable rank. He was graduated with honors in mathematics. Mr. Dufresne

began his studies in engineering at Ottawa University.

Mr. F. R. Latchford, '82, has been elected to the Law Faculty to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sir John Thompson and the selection of Justice Taschereau as Dean of the Faculty.

Just previous to the dramatic entertainment on the evening of the 7th inst., His Grace Archbishop Langevin held an informal reception in the College parlors for those priests who had studied theology in Ottawa during the period of his directorship. A pleasant half-hour was spent in renewing old acquaintances. Among those present were Rev. Messrs. Constantineau, Cousineau, Boulet, Danne, Pilon, Pelletier, Gauvreau, O.M.I., Macdonald, Myrand, Forget, Groulx, Fallon, O.M.I., Lortie Chamberland, Ducharme, Philion, Brunette, Campbell, Guillaume and Gascon. Several others who were unable to be present on that evening called on Mgr. Langevin during his stay in our midst.

We have had the pleasure of welcoming back to our college halls another old friend in the person of Rev. John J. Dacey, O. M. I., of Lowell, Mass. Father Dacey studied his theology in Ottawa, and was for several years a professor of English in our collegiate course. The many friends and acquaintances of the Rev. Gentleman were heartily glad to meet him again in Ottawa.

ATHLETICS.

Our baseball players began the spring practice with commendable energy and the prospects were bright for a busy and successful season. Manager Bonner and his committee certainly did all that could be expected of them. So far, through no fault of theirs, the results have scarcely come up to legitimate expectations. Never was more difficulty experienced in arranging satisfactory matches, and it was somewhat exasperating when, after a series of games had been arranged with the Hull club, unforeseen circumstances forced their cancellation. We hope, however, before the end of the year to see our team measure strength with the Nationals, the Ottawas and the team from Hull.

So far the first team has had but one match, and that with the Hull players and on poor grounds. The result was a defeat by a score of 10 to 3. The following was the College team: Morin, c.; Gleeson, p. and c.f.; Garland, c.f. and p.; Cleary, 1 b.; O'Brien, 2 b.; Bonner, s.s.; Copping, 3 b.; Lafleur, l.f.; Mortelle, r.f.

The second team met and defeated the second Nationals in two games; the first on April 27th, by a score of 9 to 5; the second on May 10th, by a score of 8 to 3. The college was represented by Beaulieu and Delaney, c.; Mortelle, p.; Cleary 1b.; Harvey, 2b.; McKenna, ss.; Copping 3b.; Riley, lf.; Joyce, cf.; McDonald, rf.

Mr. J. Bonner is captain and manager of the first team, and Mr. F. Joyce, of the second.

The usual enthusiasm was displayed this year in the spring football practices. Four teams were chosen, captained by Messrs. Gleeson, Holland, Fallon and Dulin, and a series of six games arranged. So keenly fought were the contests, that after five games had been played, two of which resulted in ties, three of the four opposing teams still laid claim to the championship. Owing to the hot weather however, it was deemed advisable to discontinue playing, and the championship was thus left undecided. Some excellent material was brought out, and many worthy candidates have presented themselves to fill the vacancies on the Varsity team caused by the loss of several of last year's players; in fact some of the new men will prove dangerous rivals of those who last season occupied positions on the first fifteen. The following table shows the standing of the teams in the games played:

Holland vs. Dulin, 6 points to 5.
 Gleeson vs. Dulin, 23 points to 3.
 Holland vs. Fallon, 13 points to 5.
 Gleeson vs. Fallon 0 points to 0.
 Holland vs. Gleeson, 6 points to 6.

A meeting of the Executive of the Quebec Rugby Union was held in Montreal on Saturday, the 11th inst., for the purpose of arranging the schedule for the coming season. Ottawa College was represented by Messrs. C. D. Gaudet and P. Brunelle. The following schedule was agreed upon. In all cases the matches

will be played on the grounds of the first-mentioned club.

October 5—Ottawa College vs. Britannia.

October 5—Montreal vs. Ottawa City.

October 12—Ottawa College vs. Montreal.

October 12—Brittania vs. McGill.

October 19—Brittania vs. Ottawa City.

October 26—Montreal vs. Britannia.

October 26—Ottawa City vs. McGill.

November 2—Ottawa City vs. Ottawa College.

November 2—McGill vs. Montreal.

November 9—McGill vs. Ottawa College.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

During the past few weeks the attention of the Juniors has been chiefly directed towards base-ball, and several very interesting games have been played. On Saturday May 4th the Junior First team defeated the Augustas of the city by a score of 32 to 3. The new material which promised so much at the beginning of the season has fully realized expectations, and, no doubt, many similar exhibitions of good base-ball will be given before the end of the season.

The teams were composed of the following players:

College—J. Smith, catcher; G. W. Fletcher, pitcher; C. Hayes, first-base; J. McMahon, second-base; J. Quinn, short-stop; E. McDonald, third-base; S. Roger, right-field; R. Barter, centre-field; M. Roger, left-field. Augustas—J. Doyle, catcher; W. O'Doherty, pitcher; J. Quinn, first-base; P. O'Connor, second-base; J. McStravick, short-stop; E. Butterworth, third-base; J. Tobin, right-field; W. Quinn, centre-field; W. Gleeson, left-field.

As the score indicates, the game was considerably one-sided. However, it was very interesting, and the managing ability of Captain Hayes was shown to good advantage. Good batting was one of the most notable features of the game. For the College Smith, Fletcher, Hayes and McMahon played the best ball. O'Con-

nor, Tobin, Butterworth and Gleeson did good work for the visitors.

The second team also has been contributing its share towards the spring amusement. It has played a series of five games with a city team under the management of Captain Kehoe. In four of these games the second team was the winner.

We have been advised by D'Alton McCarthy Gosselin that P. Faribault, President of the Third Grade Rubber Co., and ex-President of the P. P. A., has instructed him to take legal proceedings against us unless we retract the "libelous" statement, that one of the President's ancestors was a "dark horse" in the "gay and joyous sport" of the tournament of the 11th century. The solicitor forgot to state whether the alleged libel was contained in the assertion that the said ancestor was a Saxon or that he was a "dark horse." We desire to state, however, that we have every confidence in the veracity of our chief reporter, and we have placed our case in the hands of Geo. Washington Fletcher, who will resist to the bitter end this attempted outrage on the liberty of the press.

Messrs. H. Hewitt and Saul Morin represented the seniors at the convention of the Post Protective Association held recently in the "small yard."

The minister of Agriculture informs us that owing to the fall in temperature recently, the outbreak of spring fever which appeared imminent a week ago, has been delayed. He thinks the crisis is now passed.

The following is a list of those who held the first places in the different classes of the Commercial course, for the month of April:

First Grade	{	1. J. Patry.
		2. A. Martin.
		3. H. Bisonnette.
Second Grade	{	1. J. Neville.
		2. H. Denis.
		3. J. Twohey.

Third Grade B { 1. J. Coté.
2. M. O'Brien.
3. J. Murphy.

Third Grade A { 1. B. Girard.
2. J. Cassidy.
3. G. Giusta.

Fourth Grade { 1. H. Desrosiers.
2. P. Turcotte.
3. L. Pigeon.

ULULATUS.

The two Jimmies are now happy.

Keep your eye on the undertaker.

What do you think of the twins—J. O'B and the other B?

Some of our exchanges may be found in the Sanctum and *Moi* (e) in *Arden's* pocket.

Guist a few weeks more and he'll sing "Home, Sweet Home." The statistician from Baldwinville will play the accompaniment on a Jews-harp.

1st Denis.—Nous sommes quittes.

2nd Dennis—We are kittens. (Free Translation.)

After consultation and consideration with his colleagues, Hardy and Murf, the member from Up-the-Creek has decided not to appear this season in his straw hat.

It is not Annie Rooney, but some other, Annie, eh?

What a deplorable example of filial ingratitude and family strife—Eagle on one side and Eagleson on the other!

The Montreal *Gasjette* reports the following from the produce market: Beans, père H-y-s. Potatoes, Jimmie. Pickles, frère C-w-n. We might *More tell* if we wished.

"Hello, Bunty, did you see Sap or Pesky?" said Muck as he followed Splints and Shorty in their chase of Caesar, Sport, Spud and Hardy—Evidently there is need of a by-law.

The great duo will make their first appearance shortly, on the piazza of the building formerly known as Fagan's Hotel. Saul is billed for the elocutionary part of the programme, and Charlie K— will play the cornet—aw!

The Alderman's soliloquy:—"She promised me an Easter cake and I did build upon her word. So when it came I bade my friends make merry. But alas! her inhumanity made countless eyes shed tears." She had peppered the cake.

Bis has addressed a memorial to the Athletic Committee setting forth the reasons why he should be trained to fill the vacancy at quarter-back on next year's fifteen. The document covers sixteen closely written pages. From an eloquent peroration we cull the following noble sentiments:

"But I perceive, my dear committee men, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer in summing up my own multifarious merits. I shall say nothing of the great weight I carry in the community. Far be it from me to hint, my respectable friends, at my reputation as a kicker, nor shall I remind you of the fact that I am considered a remarkably fast young man. But there is one point to which I must draw your most careful attention. A few enemies of mine, by their fiery pugnacity, threaten to ruin my character. They assert that I have no pluck. Gentlemen, it is a base calumny. Consult the college records and you will find that in pluck I am one of the foremost students on the rolls—and I expect to have much more after the June examinations. Weight and strength, speed and pluck! Such is the glorious combination that shall tear down all opposing forwards, uproot the wings, shatter the backs, and finally monopolize the whole business of scoring points in this wide Dominion. Blessed consummation! Bis at quarter-back!"

THE LITERARY DECALOGUE.

(For the benefit of Contributors.)

I

Thou shalt not commit tautology, The tautologist has need of a private stamp factory.

II

Thou shalt not allow thy pronouns to stray too far from their governing nouns. When a lot of strange "he's" and "hims" get mixed it would puzzle a Texas cowboy to get them properly herded.

III

Thou shalt not create a succession of harsh sounds. Euphonious paragraphs persuade the weary editor to write for thee a well developed check.

IV

Thou shalt use no connecting or qualifying word that adds nothing to the sense. Wit is the kernel of epigram, and the finer the shell the fuller the kernel.

V

Thou shalt not cast thy sentences in one unchangeable mould. An ounce of art is worth ten pounds of grammar, and conventional phrasing will keep thee empty on a feast day.

VI

Thou shalt use only adjectives which have restricted meanings. Anything under the dome of heaven may be called *nice*, excepting only the

temper of the editor whose fate it is to read nice stories. Blue pencils cost money, and profanity is a device of the devil.

VII

Thou shalt write five Saxon derivatives to one from other sources. The proportion of Anglo-Saxon words in the English language is five-sixths, and inasmuch as many of them must be frequently repeated, the average number used may rise above that.

VIII

Thou shalt write no Latin prefix before a Saxon word. "Per" day is an abomination in the eyes of wise men.

IX

Thou shalt not give the editor an epitome of thy history, or a retrospect of thy life in the letter which accompanies thy manuscript. A tale which does not tell itself has a hopeless case of paresis. Moreover, thy personal history may become valuable when fame overtakes thee.

X

Thou shalt not make thy narrative subordinate to dialect. Place the language of nature on the tongue of thy characters, but introduce no figure merely as a rack upon which thy excessive knowledge of dialect shall be displayed. Dialect is a color, and nature directs true artists in laying on colors. Art has no acquaintance with the painter who is superior to his model.

