THE OWL.

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THE BETTER AGE.

By the Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, LL.D.

(For the Owl.)

Majora canamus.

ALL hail to thee, most blest auspicious morn!
Right glorious day! on long vexed earth is born
Thy Holy One, from highest Heaven come down
The troubled race of man with peace to crown.
The age unfold, O time! that shall assuage
All mortal griefs, more than that golden age
Long praised of men, the bright Saturnian day
That spread o'er earth its gladdening genial ray;
And yet but shadow was of the new power
That bids the world rejoice all climes out o'er,
Wheree'r is mind or intellect to prize
The boon supreme o'er the lost earth shall rise,
And like a Sun new born outspread its rays
From pole to pole disclosing happiest ways,
From mortal ken first sealed ere yet 'twas given
The treasures to unroll of the new Heaven.
Earth too must new become, of mould divine
Its people all, their altered lot to shine
In glories past compare in bliss untold
The better age is destined to unfold.
Though powerful, much opposed the peaceful reign,
The Serpent Dragon seeking to regain
His Empire lost, of discord spreads the seeds
And artless man excites to cruel deeds.
His efforts vain; fell war in every land
That owes obedience to the new command
Is doomed its gory banner to throw down
In homage to the victor Peace King's crown.
The fight so long maintained must end at last,
The strife king final conquered and bound fast
In chains of adamant that gall his pride
And mock his power that broken must abide
The better age throughout,—the age of light,
Of righteousness and truth, of all that's bright,
That cheers, that gladdens, bids all men rejoice
And all inclines to seek the nobler choice.
Black discord flies abashed, its day outspent;
The warrior fierce erewhile on war was bent,
This vengeful sword to gracious ploughshare turned,
His haughty mind, for war-like deeds that burned,
To peaceful works now freely, wisely given
On higher thoughts is bent, inspired of Heaven.
O wondrous change! O, newness ever new!
Monarchs no more earth's tyrants are, their view
So changed men's happiness their only pride;
Past tyranny no more they can abide,

Such Ruler favoured Allemania claims,
Peace and its noble arts his lofty aims.
Though backed by countless hosts for warlike deeds
Renowned, yet weak and to the age's needs
Submissive, thus forth showing in their might
A more than conquering power, man's right
Their glory to uphold; nor theirs this pride
Alone; around them, near them, side by side,
Great Nations strive; 'tis who shall surest win
The palm of peace, and thus hap'ly begin
The high career appointed of this age
When soldiers brave no more shall eager wage
Destructive war, but deem it richest gain
Sweet peace to cherish and advance its reign.
Blind persecution, cruel in thy past,
Britannia! hath certain breathed its last.
Obedient to the age, thy fleets no more
Speed forth, new conquests on each happy shore
Insatiate to seek, their better pride
Commerce to guard out o'er the briny tide
New arts promote, stupendous works display,
Securely resting from the vengeful fray.
Favoured of nations most, best gifts are thine
Of liberty, thy glory to combine
With people's blest as thou, on Afric's shore
The boon to spread, that Afric's sons no more
In torturing bonds may pine, all hope away,
But to the Age their joyous homage pay,
No foot of slave ever foully profanes
Thy gifted soil,—Freedom's blest fruits thy gains.
Is heard thy healing word o'er the dark land
Obedience yielding to thy great command.
Arise Britannia, in thy might arise!
Complete thy best, thy noblest enterprise,
Cause Freedom like,—the Age's high behest,
Each tyrant crush, relieve the sore opprest.
This conquest done, though far and wide thy power,
Yet greater still thy glorious name shall tower.

* The · Birth · of · Christ. *

THE NATIVITY.

PEACE on earth to men of good-will;" the long dismal night of weary waiting and expectation was at last giving place to the first glimmerings of morn; the period of heart sick longing was fast drawing to a close, sin and death which, for so long a time, had held the world in their agonizing clasp, were soon to be conquered; the spirits of peace and joy had once more returned to the abode of man, though, as yet, he knew it not. Many long ages previous, by the command of the incensed Most High, had they gone hence, speaking their last sad farewell in the ears of that guilty, fugitive pair, as they stood gazing in piteous woe upon the gates of Eden just closed forever against them. And with them went all that was bright and gladdening on the earth, leaving naught in the heart of man but that aching void which was destined never to be filled until their return. Then, indeed, tear-stained sorrow would have become his constant companion and soon have sunk him into the slough of despond, had not Joy, departing, left behind Hope, her first born, to buoy him up and to be an earnest of her ultimate return. But, how long to him had been the time of waiting and how heavy the burden with which sorrow had loaded him! Yea, in his inmost soul was burned in fiery characters. "Man was born to work and woman to weep," In mad frenzy had he rushed to alluring Pleasure for relief, but the sweets she gave soon turned to bitterest gall to corrode his very vitals. Then had he besought Knowledge, but in response to his appeal for bread she had given him a stone. In vain had he attempted to satisfy his hungered heart with the "flesh-pots of Egypt"; it would not cease its aching, and now, maddened with longing, from the burning sands of Africa to the ice-chained regions of the north, he sent up one prolonged, agonized groan for deliverance. And lo! it was at hand. That craving which neither the magnificence of Imperial Rome, the literature of classic Greece, nor the voluptuousness of the luxurious East could satisfy, found wherewith it was appeased amongst the bleak hills of Judea. There, in the lowly stable of Bethlehem, on that first Christmas eve, lay the Babe, "the new-born being," who was to be the Deliverer of Nations. With him peace and joy had returned to the world, though his surroundings were far more indicative of trouble and sorrow, for that which man had forfeited by his fault had to be bought back at great price. Overhead, in the heavens, hung that mystic star heralding to the nations his advent to their midst. Yet, how few understood that joyful message! Verily "He had come unto His own and His own had received Him not." A few shepherds only, join their voices to the celestial choir and sing "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." But as ages roll by, other voices take up the celestial chorus; it rolls over the hills of Judea, across the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and enters Rome. A fierce struggle, and, then, it sounds forth from the very palace of the Cæsars bearing the "tidings of great joy" to the uttermost corners of the world, everywhere filling the hearts of men with a bliss which is not of earth. Yea, the spirit of Christmas gladness is abroad; let us not coldly close the doors of our hearts upon it, but let us take it in and listen to its small still voice; let us, at its victory, hush for a time the world's fierce strife; let us draw closer the bonds of our common humanity; for, are we not all brothers, heirs of the self-same heritage, children of the self-same God, and let us join our hearts, as well as our voices, to that heavenly chorus and sing in all earnestness "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

BESSIE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

(Written for The Owl.)

HARITY has its reward—yes; even in this world. The selfish may inspire fear, the rich purchase respect, but only the charitable command love. Do you doubt me? Well, here is a story that will convince you.

John Fawcett, a rich banker, lived in the outskirts of a large western city with his wife and two daughters, Bessie and Julia. Bessie was a plain, almost a homely, girl; but she had large, dreamy eyes that bespoke a sympathetic nature, and a heart filled to the brim with kindness and affection. Many a little, shivering waif smiled on her as she passed, and many a suffering wretch prayed for her and fairly loved the ground on which she walked. Yes; among the poor of that great, big noisy city, Bessie had many lovers, and more than one heart beat faster at her coming, and more than one care-worn face brightened up when she approached. And well they might, for who was a better friend to them than Bessie? It was her joy to do good deeds, and it was the only joy she asked. She cared nothing for the usual resorts of pleasure, where people go to dance or see a play, and pay false compliments to each other. Bessie was not that kind of a girl.

How different was bright, dashing heartless Julia! She was pretty—yes; even beautiful. Bright, flashing eyes, dark, wavy hair, an exquisite form, and graceful, sprightly movements made of Julia Fawcett what the world is pleased to call a beauty. And now I am at a loss to go on, for how can I tell you that this beautiful casket enclosed a small round stone instead of a heart, and that this beautiful girl was cold, selfish and uncharitable? But if you have a little patience the story will tell you all.

It was Christmas eve. The air was clear and crisp, and a jolly troop of bright little snow flakes were playing tag among the leafless branches of the tall trees that grew in front of banker Fawcett's mansion on Princeton Avenue. Now and then, a little wanderer would steal away from its companions, float over the gate, and tap at the window beside which Bessie Fawcett sat, as though anxious for her to come forth from the cosey parlor and join in their sport. But Bessie paid no heed to them. She was busy with pencil and paper, figuring away as industriously as her father's accountant had ever done. On the table, in front of her, was a roll of crisp, new bank bills, her Christmas present from her father. For months, Bessie had been counting on the joy this accustomed present would bring to the many poor famlies she could help along with it. For upwards of an hour, she worked on without ever raising her head. She was making a list of the things she would buy and the addresses of the poor persons to whom she would have them sent. Suddenly, however, her work was interrupted by Julia, who tripped lightly into the room, singing the quaint old ditty:

"Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all the neighbors together;
And when they appear
Let us make such a cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather."

"Well, well," she broke off suddenly, what are you at now, old maid Moll. But I need'nt ask; I ought to know it is some work for your precious paupers. What an idea you must have of life, Bess? Why don't you spruce up, go into society and break some fellow's heart. I know lots of uglier girls than you who do it."

"Nonsense" Bessie replied, "I don't think of such frivolous things. Besides, I hardly think it becoming to a young lady."

"Oh, ho! what an idea you have of the young lady of 'the period.' I assure you, it is quite 'the thing.' But I see you are not pleased. Well, to be pleasant, let us talk about the poor-house. By the way, how is Jack Denham's mother? I believe you have been taking care of her since Jack went away, and old man Denham died and left her in poverty. Wonder how Jack will like it when he comes back and finds out that his estimable papa died a pauper, and that he must live one?"

"Julia," said Bessie, gravely, "I wish you would not speak so disrespectfully of the poor."

"Am I disrespectful? Well, I did'nt mean to be. You know Jack and I were engaged when he went away and I am more or less interested in him; not, you understand, that I mean to keep the promises I made,—promises don't count for much anyhow—but merely as a matter of curiosity. I suppose," she went on in the same half-mocking tone, so common to "girls of the period," as she called them. "I suppose Jack will expect me to resume our old relationship, and sympathize with him in his misfortunes. Well, if he has any such expectations, he is doomed to a sad disappointment, for, I assure you, there is no more Jack Denham for me. But, I say, Bess, what are you going to do with your Christmas present? I'am going to buy a lovely sealskin sacque with mine. They have some real beauties down at Schuyler's, and I am bound to have one of them. You ought to come and get one, too."

"I have other use for my money," Bessie replied.

"Oh, yes; some more paupers to feed, no doubt," said Julia, sneeringly.

"They are not paupers, Julia, but poor unfortunate——"

"Protegés of Banker Fawcett's daughter," put in Julia. "That's what people are beginning to say, and I, for one, am ashamed of it. Just think! only last night, at Mrs. Perkin's reception, young Mr. Hartly asked me how my sister was keeping her poor people alive this cold weather. I felt so ashamed I thought I'd drop on the spot I tell you, Bess, you must stop it or I well speak to pa."

Then, Julia, who had grown somewhat excited, got up and marched out of the room with the air of an injured queen. Bessie, not the least bit disturbed by her sister's threat, went to her room, put on her wraps, and left the house on her mission of kindness. When she returned to it again, all her money was gone—but where? Could you have heard the many prayers for the welfare of kind Bessie Fawcett that ascended the clouds that night, you would have known that she had laid up a store where "neither moths destroy nor thieves break through and steal."

It was evening, and a pleasant family group were gathered round Banker Fawcett's table. Mr. Fawcett, who sat at the head, was a man of five and forty, with a pleasant black eye, a well shaved head, rather inclined to be bald, and a manner, at once dignified and affectionate. Mrs. Fawcett, who sat at the other end of the table, was a lady of—well, of that uncertain age ladies always are. Her matronly countenance still bore traces of her youthful beauty, which were particularly noticeable in her eyes, that seemed to brighten up her features, as the setting sun does the western sky just ere day fades into night. Julia, bright and talkative as she always was, sat at the side of the table to the right of her father, while Bessie occupied the seat opposite. Julia was her mother's favorite, perhaps because she was her prototype herself in her younger days; but Bessie claimed the larger portion of her father's heart. As the meal progressed, the conversation turned to what the girls had bought for Christmas. Julia went into raptures over the sacque she had secured at Schuyler's, while Bessie remained silent. Finally, her father inquired:

"What have you bought for Christmas, Bess?"

"For myself? I hav'nt bought anything."

"Oh, no," put in Julia, "Bess prefers spending her money on paupers, and setting the whole city talking about her."

"Why, Bess, how is this?" asked Mr. Fawcett, who did not appear to be the least bit disturbed by Julia's awful revelations.

"It is as Julia has said," Bessie replied, "I have spent all my money in purchase of presents for the poor, and am quite willing to go without any myself."

"Yes; it is all very well to say go without any yourself, but you must remember that your carelessness in the matter of dress and your associating with the paupers of the town, reflect discreditably on the whole family, and is a source of continual annoyance to me," said selfish Julia.

"It shows an affectionate, charitable disposition, at any rate," said Mr. Fawcett.

"Oh, I admit that," Julia replied, "but there is a limit to charity, and, surely, affection was never meant to be scattered broadcast through the slums of a city.

For my part, I am always willing to donate any old clothes I may have to charity, provided some one calls at the house for them, but I do not propose to travel around with a bundle under my arm seeking some wretch to bestow it upon. But, see, it is almost seven o'clock, and I have not dressed for the ball, yet. You must really excuse me," and, with that, Julia jumped up from her seat and tripped out of the room.

"Are you not going over to Mrs. Hudson's with Julia to-night?" Mr. Fawcett asked his wife, as the door closed behind the retreating form of his daughter.

"No," replied Mrs. Fawcett, "I do not feel very well, this evening, and, as Julia was very anxious to attend, I have consented to let her go over with Mrs. Disbrow and her daughter."

"I am very sorry that you are not going," Mr. Fawcett said, "for I have to go down town again this evening, and may not return until late."

"Oh! that won't matter much, for I intend returning at once."

"Then Bess had better go to the ball with Julia. It will be lonesome remaining here alone."

"Oh! I don't care to go," said Bessie, "but, if you don't mind my walking down as far as Mrs. Denham's with you, and calling for me on your way back, I should like to spend the evening with her. Poor creature! she has been dreading this night for months past, for it is the first Christmas eve since her husband's death, and the only one that her son has been away from home. Up to yesterday she had some hopes of his return, but when I saw her to-day she was dejected and completely broken in spirits. It is a great change for her, from wealth and friends to poverty and desolation."

"Well, Bess," said her father rising from the table, "if you want to come with me you had better get ready at once, for I have an engagement to keep at half past seven."

"I won't keep you a minute," she said, hurrying off to get her wraps.

"Now, John," Mrs. Fawcett began, as soon as Bessie was out of the room, "I must say, I am rather inclined to side with Julia in condemning Bessie's conduct. It is not what one would expect from a young lady of her station."

"That makes it all the more commendable," her husband replied. If there were more girls like Bess in the world, there would be less suffering."

It was nine o'clock. The west bound express, panting like a frightened steed, dashed round a curve and drew up at the station. A solitary passenger, wrapped in a long ulster and carrying a small valise in his hand, came out of the palace car and sprang lightly to the station platform. He was young and handsome. Anyone could see that at a glance, though his face was almost entirely hidden in the high collar of his coat. But one does not require to see a man's face to decide upon his appearance. Brain, muscle and manliness make the man. That beatuy which novelists seek to describe by such attributes as "a clear complexion, a bewitching eye, ivory teeth, and golden hair," is a something belonging entirely to woman.

The new comer was evidently no stranger to the city, for, after alighting, he crossed the platform, and walked briskly up a side street, with a careless haste that showed him to be familiar with his surroundings. A few minutes' walk brought him to Brinckerhoff Avenue, along which he proceeded a short distance, when he halted in front of an imposing residence. The house was all lighted up from basement to attic, and the sweet strains of a waltz could be heard issuing from it, while, ever and anon, a shadow whirled across the window curtain. The stranger paused a moment, then, abruptly entered the house. The hall was brilliantly lighted up, but there was no one in sight. With the air of one perfectly familiar with the establishment, he proceeded down the long corridor and entered the room to the left. This room proved to be the library, dimly lighted by a half-turned gas jet. The young man cast a hasty glance about him, and, then, went over to the bell-cord to ring for a servant; but, just as he reached out to grasp it, he started back and stood as if rooted to the spot. He heard a voice in the next room, and the words that smote on his ears went to his heart like the thrust of a dagger. He was no eavesdropper, but, by a strange combination of circumstances, he was placed in that undignified position. He heard his own name spoken in scorn, and by

the woman whose image he had cherished in his wanderings, and for whose sake he had encountered a thousand dangers and accumulated a fortune at the risk of his life. And these were the words of greeting she had for him :

"Jack Denham ! What does he amount to?" he heard fall from the lips of Julia Fawcett. " His father died a pauper, and his mother is now subsisting on charity. When he returns, if he ever does, he will have to go clerking to earn the bite he eats. It is nothing short of a slight to mention him in connection with me, Mr. Hartley."

Jack felt his brain boil, the room swam round him, and he dropped heavily into a chair. His father dead, his mother living on charity and—and—. Then, Jack recollected himself. He was intruding on the premises of another. This, the home of his childhood, was his home no longer. He must get out of it without being observed—but how ? He knew the place well. One of the library windows was hung on hinges. He drew the bolts, opened it, and stepped out into the darkness.

Where was he to turn next ? A happy thought struck him. Hurrying around to the front, he rang the bell vigorously. Almost immediately, a servant answered it.

" I wish to see Mr. Denham," Jack said.

" He don't live here," was the reply.

" Then, who does ? "

" Mr. Hudson."

" Well, I will see Mr. Hudson," and Jack stepped inside.

This time there were several persons in the hall, most of whom were old friends of his. " This," thought he, "will be a good time to test their friendship, for they have all, no doubt, heard of my father's downfall." Walking over to where an old college chum of his stood, he held out his hand and said :

" Well, Will, old man, how are you ? "

The young man thus addressed, stared him in the face an instant, and then said with withering scorn :

" I don't know you, sir ! "

" Don't know me ? " and Jack laughed, "you surely discredit your intelligence, Will. But it don't matter, here comes Mr. Hudson."

" You wished to see me ? " Mr. Hudson said.

" Yes ; I have just returned after almost a year's absence and find that I am without a home ; that is to say, I don't know where my home is. I thought you might, perhaps, be able to tell me where I can find my father.

" He is in Heaven, I trust," the other replied.

" Then you mean he is——"

" Dead."

" And my mother ? "

" Is destitute ! "

" My mother destitute, and I a milionaire ! "

What a change these few words produced in the group that had gathered round him ! Every one remembered him now, and a whole chorus of voices were offering words of sympathy Yes, even his old chum who had snubbed him a few minutes before, now came up with outstretched hand, declaring :

"Why, Denham, old fellow, I did not know you when you came in first, but now I can see it is yourself. How have you enjoyed your trip ? "

But need I dwell on this scene. It is but a common every day occurrence in so called high life. Then, suffice it to say, he was soon supplied with the location of his mother's home, and, glad to be rid of so much hypocrisy, he hurried out of the house. In a very few minutes he found himself at the cottage where his mother lived. It was a modest dwelling in an unpretentious locality, but, within its walls, there was more real worth than in the palace he had just left. The curtain on the front window was slightly raised, and, on glancing in, Jack beheld a sight that caused him to start in amazement. He rubbed his eyes, he shook himself. No ; he was not asleep and dreaming—there, sat Bessie Fawcett, keeping his poor, lone mother company, while her sister was whirling around mid a throng of gay companions. Who said Bessie was ugly ? Jack thought he had never before seen anyone so beautiful. What a fool he was to have ever preferred heartless Julia to this beautiful girl. "How wonderfully she has changed in appearance," he thought. But, though Jack may not have been aware of it, he was not looking at Bessie's person, now. It was her heart,

her disposition, her very soul that was laid bare before him, and he was spell-bound, enchanted. That is all.

I have not described for you the joyous meeting between the mother and son, nor have I told you of Jack's gratitude to Bessie. You who have mothers, can understand the one, and you, who love virtue and charity, can appreciate the other. But I feel it would not be doing justice to you to end my story without adding, that Bessie's Christmas present, the love and devotion of a kind, noble husband, has outwon and outlasted Julia's miserable sealskin sacque, and that, to this day, Julia is at a loss to know why Jack left her and married her ugly sister.

Utica, N Y.

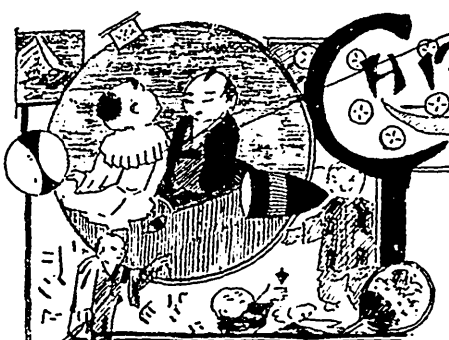
D. McADAM COUGHLIN. '86,

ON CHARLES DICKENS' "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

HONOR to genius! when its lofty speech
Thrills through the soul, and stirs its echoing strings
With sacred strains that hints of holy things,
And its pure texts a noble lesson teach.
But, honor tenfold when its day-notes reach
The selfish heart, and there lets loose the springs
Of pity, gushing from their coverings
Through cold, marmorean clefts athwart the breach.

To Dickens honor and acclaim of men,
With earth-resounding, world-wide praise and love!
Whose "Carol" still, without the loathsome den
Of callous Greed, is heard—sweet as a dove—
The miser winning from his sovereign sin,
Like voice of angels calling from above.

December 5th, 1890. M.



Christmas Gifts in Japan

JAPANESE children--until the time of the arrival of the Europeans, which disturbed everything in the arts, politics, the family, etc.—received a liberal, sound, practical education. All travellers have remarked their politeness, vivaciousness, and gentle manners. Their national artists, in expressive sketches, represent them as mirthful, finding in everything a source of amusement, kind to animals, seldom overbearing and never wounding each other's feelings.

The mother was not satisfied with imparting to her child the animal and individual life; she desired it to be prepared by its training to become a useful member of the community. On the the very day following its birth, them other can resume her wonted avocations, and devote her energies to her little one. Weaning being unknown among the Japanese, the child continues to feed from the mother's breast even to its fourth year.

As soon as he begins to walk, to grow a little more robust, the mother entrusts him with a share of the household responsibility. He is taught to carry on his back his younger brothers and sisters. With that burden on his shoulders, he proceeds to his boyish games, scampers wheresoever his friends call him, returns home, and receives from his mother his daily instruction in reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic.

That which he most willingly listens to, even learns by heart—for schoolmasters come only afterwards—are stories of times gone by, mythological legends, tales that tell him of foxes, disguised as women, deceiving travellers; of the fierce demon Shiuter-Dogi, who ate young girls in the mountain, and whose head was cut off by a gallant knight; and again, of the twenty-four famous examples of Chinese filial piety, which relate how dutiful sons will go in the midst of winter through the snow, to fetch succulent shoots of the bamboo tree; finally, of the names of the animals that inhabit earth, air, or water, as well as the names of deities no less numerous, and of Buddhist Temples.

From his father he learns quaint episodes of valor, cunning, fealty to the lord, deeds immortalizing the heroes that took a part in the fierce family conflicts of Taira or Minamoto: bloody conflicts those, extending from the 13th to the 17th century

which never fail to arouse the Japanese imagination.

Japanese, as well as Chinese children, have dolls, tops, shoe-shaped, and whipped with an eel skin lash, snorting devils made of wood, bouncing balls which their mothers have made for them with many colored woollen threads, dogs in pasteboard, keg-shaped drums, octopods with long ludicrous noses, paper masks used in their childish masquerades. They are allowed to set off fireworks, being cautioned of the danger of burning their hair arranged in curls around their temples. The little girls are taught to cut out and adorn paper hens. They think little of freezing their fingers in rolling enormous snowballs, and, as is the custom with boys in northern countries, pelt one another, and blackened eyes are often the result. Again, with snow they fashion rough casts of the statues of Dharma, and paint them with Indian ink, so as to represent a yawning mouth, and with vermillion to encircle the hollow eyes. Dharma is a great Buddhist saint, who, in the 7th century, introduced into the country the sacred teachings of Sakai-Muni; he had remained sitting in the wilderness during fourteen years, and, when he desired to rise, his legs were rotten. One night he fell asleep; on waking he was enraged at himself and cut off his eyebrows!

The kite is a classical toy in that country furrowed with valleys, intersected by hills that buttress the mountain chains, watered by rapid rivers and wild torrents. The kite constitutes the game *par excellence* even among the nobles, although the young nobleman contracts a serious turn of mind from his very childhood under the tutelage of his preceptors. The young fellows feverishly challenge one another; oftentimes the strings cross and become entangled, or again the kite falls upon a tree. Stormy times those! In former days artists were wont to cut the kites out of pasteboard, in the form of clawed monsters, of birds with flapping wings, of grotesque jumping-jacks, of flowers and fruits. Kites with them are not, as with us, ever heart-shaped, monotonous, meaningless, but, most part of the time, are quadrangular, and upon, them as on panels, painters, in vivid colors, sketch dragons in a storm, snow-clad landscapes, volcanic eruptions, Chinese characters expressive of good wishes for long life and happiness. So that in Yeddo, on all sides, and all the year round, one may behold a fantastic museum high up in the air.

The youthful mountebanks imitate the bounds of the Corean lion, having on a fanciful lion's head and covered with a canvas resembling the skin of that animal, for which game two players only are required.

All, boys and girls, are fond of sweetmeats deftly shaped and colored.

On New Year's eve, faithful to traditional customs, the child piously places a picture under the varnished block of wood which serves him for a pillow. While he sleeps a vessel sails by having on board the seven Genii, protectors of all classes, prince and peasant, trader and soldier, rich and poor.

On awaking, every one recalled his dream, from it to consider whether ill or good fortune would be his lot during the ensuing year. At all events, cakes, sweetmeats, a lobster or pieces of dried fish were offered to one another as a reminder of the diet of their ancestors.

On the boys' festal day they were presented with wooden swords.

On that of the girls (6th of May) the latter were given dolls representing the legendary old couple carrying a rake and a broom, and corresponding to the Western Baucis and Philemon. They also chose for themselves from the gifts displayed before their eyes screens, fans, tender shrubs requiring their fostering care, as well as bouquets of green boughs and culled flowers. As a return for these they offered to their parents their needlework, dolls' dresses made of rich and rare silken stuffs.

When they grow to be young ladies they learn the game of "The Hundred Poets," which consists in placing in a box one hundred cards, representing the hundred most illustrious poets or poetesses. On one hundred other cards are written poetic extracts from those writers. The box is then emptied upon a mat and the assembled guests are requested to select one of the poems, and, then, the card bearing its author's name.

As a proof of our above assertion that the Japanese—whether old or young—are a gay, merry, genial, easily-satisfied people

take for instance the bed chamber of a child suffering from the measles, and behold the walls covered with bright poems in honor of Sakia-Numi. Or, again, that no less characteristic feature the furious onslaught of Shoki, a guardian spirit ever busy chasing from the country all mischievous elfs, which onslaught, half serious, half comic, is always pictured in red. It is believed that color is opposed to the baneful influence of any malady. A Japanese laughs at everyone and at everything, god, friend, neighbor or stranger.

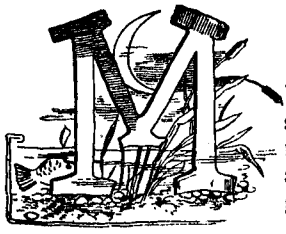
The children have a literature of their own, entirely devoted to themselves, small books beautifully illustrated, the work of first-class artists, such as Hoku-Sai. These have intended their illustrations exclusively for the gratification of the young, have had them engraved under their personal supervision adorning them with the most delicate designs and the brightest colors.

Mothers then bid their children make copies of these with all that precision required in the transcription of Chinese characters, so complicated and so exactly harmonizing with man's interior emotions.

For centuries the Japanese people have held and revered their traditions, based on reflection, on the knightly sentiment of love, or the prevailing respect for a kindly aristocracy. And who is the soul of this wonderful method of education? The mother. Her breast, her heart, her brain, all belong to her little children.

(*Translated for The Owl.*)

A GLIPMPSE OF CHRISTMAS IN THE COLLEGE.



ERRY as is the season of Christmas when spent at home, no less gladsome is it when celebrated within the walls of our Alma Mater.

There exists a prejudice, however, in favor of passing this hour of mirth and cheerfulness beside the genial family hearth—a prejudice which is gotten rid of only after its victim has tasted the sweet enjoyments of a college Christmas, and has been initated into a full participation of the peculiar festivities and merry-makings which brighten the duller side of student life. For not in hanging up stockings, eating turkey and plum-puddings, or in indulging in frequent potations of twenty-year old Falernian, does pleasure pure and unadulterated consist; but rather in witnessing the radiant smiles that play about the lips and light up the countenances of others, and in feeling that there beats a responsive cord in the hearts of our companions, which vibrates in perfect unison with our own.

'Tis Christmas Eve! and where is there a soul so dead to the stirring influences of the dazzling visionary world that will not awaken from her drowsy lethargy at the very thought of approaching pleasures, which this day, above all others, is fitted to inspire? For, great and all-absorbing as may be the enjoyments actually experienced on Christmas day itself, far more enchanting do they appear when viewed through imagination's magnifying lens, on the eve of this beautiful festival.

This fact accounts for the lively spirit displayed by the students on Christmas Eve. Every corner is lit up with beaming faces; every hall and corridor re-echos with bursts of merry laughter. All petty animosities that may have rankled in the bosoms of some few youths at variance with each other for a time, are now consumed by the fire of charity, lighted up by the warm sentiments that prevale at this season. All past offences are forgiven and forgotten in this moment of reconciliation and mutual well-wishing.

Addresses expressive of respect, esteem and gratitude, are read by most of the

classes to the devoted teachers and professors: the latter, in testimony of the good wishes they entertain towards their pupils, dispense them from the customary recitations, and both instructors and instructed issue forth from the class-room, happy in the thought of having done something extra towards rendering each others' Christmas a truly merry one.

But whither are so many of the boys hurrying? Has there a conflagration broken out in the main corrodor, which attracts the attention of such a mob of inquisitive fellows, or has the Recreation Hall tumbled down and are its tenants endeavouring to make their escape through the front entrance?

At any other period of the year one of such accidents as the above could account for the present stampede. But this is the eve of Christmas—this is the day on which fond parents most forcibly impress upon the minds of their children the wholesome truth that boys away from home are seldom forgtten by those they have left behind. For behold, what a pile of boxes are heaped up, one above the other, in the Porter's room! There is one from Norwood, nicely labelled "Handle with Care"; another from Kingston, and another from Toronto, both securely fastened by ten-penny nails. Here is a huge box fastened with screws—ah! it hails from St. Johns, and surely contains a turkey—alive, perhaps, for the word *perishable* is marked in large characters upon the cover. Still others there are from Prescott, Fallowfield, Renfrew and Alexandria, which seem to be extremely heavy, from the extraordinay efforts made to carry them away. Ha! there is another line of boxes: these come from the United States. There is one from Lowell, from Lawrence, from Springfield, and from Marlboro'; here are two from New York city, and one from Philadelphia, and a countless number of others. But there are two fancy ones at the very top of the pile—these must have arrived last—yes! yes! for one comes from British Columbia; the other from the Lone Star state.

Oh! What a pleasure to have kind parents—at least when Christmas comes around!—so think the students on Christmas eve, and express the thought in their faces, as each one shoulders his Christmas box and bears it away rejoicingly to his wardrobe in the dormitory.

But let us see what is contained in that monster box, carried by a Freshman and his kindly assisting brother Soph. Off flies the cover; but alas! reveals nothing to the exultant pair, save an old boot, thread-bare pants and a hat, ancient enough to have been worn by the captain of the Mayflower. This is only a joke—one of the many perpetrated, at this season, upon an unsophisticated Freshman.

But now the scene changes. The last harmonious strains of the students' songs have scarcely died away in the cloudy atmosphere of the Smoking Room, when he is fast asleep, revelling in the sunny land of dreams. Quick as thought, he passes from scene to scene, spread out before him on the extensive canvass of his phantasy, till at last, he finds himself at home, ensconced in his favorite rocker, with his feet on the fender, listening to the happy voices of his best and dearest kindred, and recounting to his half-astonished sisters joyful incidents of college life, when lo! he hears the old time-piece on the mantel strike twelve, and the sweet reverberations of the Christmas chimes stealing softly through the mid-night air. He awakes with a sudden start, and recognizes in the dying vibrations of those dream-land chimes, the familiar peal of the class-bell, calling the students to chapel, there to assist at the solemn Mid-night Mass

The deep tones of the organ, the joyful notes of the "Adeste Fideles," the Crib of Bethlehem arrayed with heavenly splendour, the high altar gorgeously decorated with flowers and illuminated with brilliant lamps and glittering jets of various colors, all tend to inspire the student with deep sentiments of true devotion towards the new-born Babe, who in this glorious night, became the source of all our real and lasting happiness.

The Mass over, and spiritual cravings satisfied, the students repair to the refectory, where the amply fitted tables themselves seem to smile, over-joyed at being able to contribute to the general mirth and gayety.

Warm hand-shaking, merry Christmas greetings, sugar sprinkled doughnuts and crab-apple jam are the order of the hour. No one seems satisfied that he has done

enough to render his neighbour's joy perfect; compliments and gifts are interchanged without end; and the result is that everyone is made exceedingly happy.

Soon, however, the curtain of night is drawn upon the scene, too felicitous not to vanish rapidly, and the student returns again to less boisterous delights in the regions of slumber.

When he again opens his eyes, he finds the sun already shining in upon him, for there has been a *sleep over* and it is now half-past seven. Breakfast—letters—and oh! what a number of richly figured envelopes, of delicate tints, send forth their odoriferous fragrance, in token, no doubt, of their more mellifluous contents! Each little pink wrapper is securely locked by an artistically designed seal; the address is penned by a hand no less delicate than the colour of the envelope itself; but further than this, eye will not see what precious things lie hidden beneath that seal; but it may easily be conceived what gems of thought and sentiment are generally wrapped up in such brightly-tinted folds. After breakfast, the students retire to the recreation hall, as usual; but on this morning, the hall is richly decorated with green boughs, banners, streamers and mottoes. Here they are met by their professors, who have come down to wish the boys a Merry Christmas. Another general shaking of hands takes place, and the students scatter about freely, some indulging in one pastime, others in another, but all finding ample means of amusing themselves.

It was on a morning like this that the Preps., assisted by their kind Disciplinarian, had gotten up a beautiful Christmas Tree in their own department. It was loaded with all kinds of candies and sweetmeats, and adorned in a most artistic fashion. Oh, it was a magnificent sight—one calculated to make the mouth of the oldest senior water. And, in fact, it did have the desired effect, when the exultant Preps. invited their big brothers down to behold the issue of their night's labours, and the object of their morning's delight. A slight misunderstanding, it seems, arose between the visitors and the good master of discipline. The latter requested them to "gather around the Christmas Tree, and sing a song, and, that there should be no discord, he unfortunately counted *one, two, three.* But the admiring group misinterpreted the signal, and, at the word *three*, made a violent charge upon the unoffending Tree, upsetting and demolishing everything, not, however, until they had filled their pockets with the choicest of the fruits. What a wail of anger and despair was sent up by those sorely abused Preps! To pay the damages, a collection was, shortly afterwards, taken up; but, since that unfortunate occurrence, never has a university man been invited to feast his organs of vision on the preps.' Xmas Tree.

The forenoon of Christmas always passes rapidly. Solemn High Mass is sung, in a manner fully in keeping with the spirit of this glorious Feast; and, at last, the dinner hour arrives.

The appetizing fumes from the kitchen betoken something good, and fill the imagination of the ever hungry student with glowing pictures of roast turkey and cranberry sauce and all that goes to make up an enviable board. It is only now that the novice in English Literature fully understands why Charles Dickens never had any two of his characters meet, without having first placed on a side-board a stuffed turkey and a dusty bottle of pure old Madeira.

There is more freedom than usual in the college during Christmas week; and this accounts for the number of unassuming freshmen, aye, and even seniors that are seen "smoking their first cigar." Perhaps it is also owing to the fact that professional smokers are, at this time, more amply supplied with cigars than at any other, and are accordingly generous. Be this as it may, those who never had the moral courage to taste the "pleasure and pains" of tobacco are seen sitting in a comfortable attitude, with the longest cigar ever made tightly wedged between their upper and lower set of dentals.

One wonders, at first, why they have chosen a cigar of such large proportions, and becomes almost bewildered, when the amateur fumigator happens to be a short, chubby little fellow; but, after a moment's reflection, his wonder gives way to admiration, for admire he must the farsight displayed by him who purchases a long cigar, knowing that it will be subject to consumption from two causes: fire at one end and mastication at the other.

But exquisite delights—of course, only in this life—are usually followed by intense pains. Philip of Macedon understood this so well that, on hearing joyful tidings, he used to pray to the Gods to send him some light trouble, fearing lest a far greater misfortune should be in store for him. The truth of this is placed beyond a doubt on Christmas Day, for alas! how sad and sorrowful is the face of that unfortunate smoker?

> O Bittern, thy sad countenance
> Is mirrored in his every glance.
> Pale, dull and mute, he looks afar;
> Prays vengeance on his first cigar.

But now comes a lively little prep. rushing into the Recreation Hall with the glad announcement of the arrival of a dozen busses—the boys are in for their Christmas sleigh-ride. All is hustle and bustle for a quarter of an hour, and quiet again reigns in the corridors and halls of the College. The students, enveloped in their warm fur and toboggan suits, are flying over the snow-clad roads, gayly singing their college choruses. Before returning, however, they stop to wish their country friends a Merry Christmas, and, of course, are given a reception worthy of the occasion. Here merry-making and singing are indulged in, until evening calls the revellers home.

And so is Christmas spent in the College, amid the many other enjoyments, too sacred to be known by any, save the students themselves, and, perhaps, of little interest to those who here never participated therein. Fatigued and disgusted as the boys may be, when all is over, still few would not, without reluctance, change places with their brothers and sisters at home.

Night casts her sombre mantle over the gayeties of the day, sleep finally closes the eyelids of the wakeful, and all dream either of turkey skeletons, sleep-overs, exemption from class-work and plenty of grand congés.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE history of science tells us that in all ages the brightest minds have been engaged in the study of Man. Every age and school had its thinkers on the origin, nature and destiny of the human race. "Know thyself," was the Pagan precept, engraved in the Temple of Delphos.

To our first father, God revealed the origin and destiny of Man. This knowledge was transmitted from father to son, but as mankind fell into sin, they turned off from the illuminated paths of faith, and forgetting God, lost the truth He had revealed. Through the violation of the law, they lost the gift of faith, they deprived themselves of all remembrance not only of their Creator, but of what they were themselves, and what they were intended for. A powerful illustration is this, that faith, a bright gift of the Almighty, will not live long in a heart given up to sin and vice, and thereby rendered inimical to Him. The Prince of darkness did not succeed in utterly extinguishing this light, for all nations have preserved some vague notions, clothed with the fancies of idolatry, but yet revealing traces of a universal belief, and evidence of the unity of the human race. One nation alone, the Jews, preserved the light of faith.

Following the inclination of the intellect after knowledge, and recognizing that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

the wise men of pagan nations, exercised themselves greatly with the question, What is Man? They saw that he was the highest and most perfect being in nature, truly wonderful, and a fit subject of philosophical speculation. Of the Greeks, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle had studied deeply and proclaimed different theories in explanation, but all more or less inseparably connected with their paganism; some truths they had indeed discovered, especially had Aristotle, but altogether incomplete. Among the Romans, Cicero stands first and nearest the whole truth of man's composition and destiny. The origin of man had, however, baffled the brightest of pagan intellects. With his belief, Cicero proclaimed the highest principles of pagan morality. He lived in that period of intense darkness, just before the dawn of Christianity, when pagan nations were at the lowest deep of idolatry and error; their condition could not be more degraded. A keen observer and voluminous writer, his works reflect the current beliefs of his time. From the dismal view of life, universally entertained, may be inferred the errors of the prevalent doctrine. Poets, philosophers and historians declared Man to be the most miserable and abject of creatures. What wonder, then, that suicide was frequent, since, not knowing God and the immortality of the soul, they believed that death terminated for ever a miserable existence! Not so thought Cicero, as shown particularly in his *De Senectute*. To this essay of "the greatest of Romans," we wish to refer, on account of its teachings, and the manifestation therein of a spirit of independence in maintaining what his countrymen denied, and of a desire for the supremacy of the truth.

A study of *De Senectute* discovers the height of pagan Rome's morality, and its science of Man. Cicero did not believe in the absolute misery of mankind, and aims at showing how happiness may be procured to old age, a period of life generally deemed insufferable. Now, the desire for happiness is the stimulus of Man's every act, of the pagan, and of the Christian. Man was made for happiness, not the worldly but the heavenly one, this is his ultimate end, the possession of his Creator, his supreme happiness. But though so ordained, he is not debarred from enjoying it rationally here below. The man of the world, possessed of a powerless will, or guided by a false reason, seeks the pleasures of earth, and when he has found them thinks himself happy. The man of God seeks not happiness here, but in Heaven, where only there is true happiness. The pagans sought it in this world and shaped their actions accordingly. Cicero's essay may be termed a

treatise on the happiness to be obtained in old age, happiness taken in the highest worldly sense. The work is highly moral, for unless a man prepare for the "evening of life" by the practice of the virtues, he will be utterly miserable. The writer insists that he wishes to be understood as meaning only that "respectable old age that stands supported on the firm foundation of a well spent youth." The whole work is one of unsurpassed beauty in philosophical writing. The last years of life are represented as a period so delightful and charming that one might almost long for its approach. Many and varied are the innocent pleasures and amusements passed in review, making old age not a time of infelicity, but the only one of genuine pleasure. The picture is slightly overdrawn perhaps; the state somewhat ideal.

Cicero wishes to combat the prejudices of the time, that old age incapacitates a man from acting in the affairs of the world; that it produces great infirmities of body; that it disqualifies him for the enjoyment of sensual gratifications; and that it causes anxiety and distress of mind on account of the near approach of death. His replies to the last two charges are of peculiar interest. Speaking of sensual pleasures, he declares old age to be indeed a happy one, if it remove the snares by which youth is allured into the worst of vices. The pleasures of sensual indulgence are highly pernicious to man, as they excite and run away with reason, the faculty distinguishing man from brutes, and making him lord of creation. Reason is the noblest gift bestowed on man, and he quotes from a speech of Archytas: "Nothing is so great an enemy to that divine endowment as the pleasures of sense; for neither temperance, nor any of the more exalted virtues, can find a place in that breast which is under the dominion of the voluptuous passions." Thrice happy is old age if it deliver us from the tyranny of voluptuous passions, the destroyers of reason and man's nobility. The writer endeavors to show that while length of years lessens the inordinate and irrational desires, it teaches Man to retire within himself and seek happiness within his own bosom. To a man of a well balanced mind, advance in years affords an increase of knowledge, gathered from the fields of varied experience, a possession that makes old age the most agreeable portion of life. Cicero continues his argument with a long and beautiful discussion of the pleasures of country life, illustrated with many examples of men well known to himself. He deplores the indulgence of the passions, and shows that instead of promoting happiness such indulgence, on the contrary, bestows the cup of misery in all its bitterness. What stronger appeal could a pagan make against vice, and what more pressing invitation could he offer for the practice of virtue! Unfortunately his strong appeals were made for purely natural ends, fell upon cold and irresponsive hearts, and produced no effect.

Did Cicero himself practise virtue? Yes, as much at least as a pagan could. He certainly refrained from the indulgence of the grosser passions. His character and merits have been variously described by modern writers. Some have shown a desire to make him an almost spotless man, a man of as high moral perfection as the most virtuous Christian under the action of grace. They display the modern spirit of restlessness and discontent with the restrictions of Christian morality, and would like to believe, and have others believe, that paganism is as productive of good as Christianity, and that the teachings of the Gospel are wholly useless. Others have gone to the opposite extreme, and grasping at the charges made against Cicero by bitter enemies at the time of his death, they picture him as almost unworthy of respectable notice. The mean is the truth, and Cicero was a good man, but, through lack of grace, he did not realize in his life the sublimity of his teaching. Insincerity was one of his failings, and much that he taught became thereby ineffective. Not all that he said was believed by his listeners or readers; perhaps it was a fault of his legal profession, but not for that reason more pardonable. His greatest defect was a love of honor and fame. He loved glory with his whole soul. This he owned, and confessed that it even reached a degree of vanity. He explains, that, true glory is a wide and illustrious fame of many and great benefits conferred upon our friends, our country, or on the whole race of men. To win this he framed every act, and

strained every nerve; but pressed his efforts beyond all reasonable bounds in the endeavor to obtain a glory, that he declared in Pro Milone, to be the amplest reward of a virtuous life. According to him, then, virtues are to be practised that praise be elicited from one's countrymen. And is this motive, praise, to be esteemed in comparison with the good to be rendered to fellow-man? This purest of pagans, did not labor for the good of humanity, but that he might be considered a great man. How selfish and interested appear all the teachings of this paganism, when its noblest disciple, Cicero, could reach no higher! If we trace this love of praise, moulding a man's career, we find it to be pride, selfishness pure and simple, for selfishness is the legitimate offspring of pride. Selfishness was, then, the mainspring of every act. Was it not this same motive that urged the perpetration of all horrid crimes that history relates of pagan life? And is it not the source of every evil, from the first to the present day? And yet, an intelligent writer, Dr. Conyers Middleton, has affirmed that this love of praise in Cicero "is one of the noblest principles that can inspire a human heart," and that, "his failings were as few as were ever found in any eminent genius." Yes, in any pagan genius, not in any Christian one. As a natural consequence, Cicero oftentimes became offensive in the laudation of his own deeds. It was not present approval that incited him most, but the desire for fame after death, for he believed in the future life of the soul, and its enjoyment of the glory merited during its life in the body. Cicero was a good man, but his goodness was not induced by any precept of paganism. For, while its fundamental principle urged his countrymen to the commission of frightful crimes against the state and nature, he was actuated through his higher aspirations, and the strength of his will to seek objects far different.

Paganism in its very best form, we find to have inculcated an evil that is the direct denial of the first and necessary virtue of humility. What was virtuous among pagans is sinful amongst Christians, and humility, that forms the basis of Christianity, was unknown to pagans. Evidently, the reason that inspires modern writers to the excessive praise of Cicero, can be none other than a protest against Christian restraint, and a vague desire for the return of paganism.

Cicero's reply to the fourth complaint against old age contains his opinions on the nature and destiny of man. They show us the acme of pagan science of this subject. Speaking on death, he says that its approach should not cause any anxiety or disquietude, for, either it is an event to be utterly disregarded if it extinguish the soul's existence, or devoutly to be wished, if it convey her to some region where she will continue to exist forever. Death is to be followed by utter extinction or by certain happiness. In no case is there cause for fear. And he says that, "every event agreeable to the course of nature ought to be looked on as a real good; and surely none can be more natural than for an old man to die." It is natural to die, for the material body has not in itself immortality, it is composed of elements that disintegrate and dissolve. The separation of the soul from the body in old age, is aptly illustrated by analogy with the easy separation of ripened fruit from the stalk, each case in accordance with nature. And what did Cicero believe would follow death? It is not easy to say what was his firm persuasion. In some of his books it is an opinion clothed with doubt, in others a a strong conviction, that he expresses. On the evidence of *De Senectute*, we would say that he was fully convinced of a future life. Before clearly expressing himself on the subject, he seems to avow some doubts, but it appears he did so merely to prepare his hearers Laelius and Scipio for the later declaration of his positive belief, for they undoubtedly did not believe in a future state. Taking this view, it may well be asserted that Cicero believed firmly what he said of the soul, that it is a simple immaterial substance imprisoned within the body, having its proper home in heaven, but placed upon earth to rule over inferior beings, to contemplate and imitate the heavenly host. He favors the theory of emanation, and proves the immortality of the soul from its very qualities and powers. "When I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endowed, its amazing celerity, its wonderful power in recollecting past events, and sagacity in discerning future, together

with its numberless discoveries in the several arts and sciences, I feel a concious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature. And as this increasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows (as it is absurd to suppose the soul would desert itself) that its activity must continue forever. But farther, as the soul is evidently a simple, uncompounded substance, without any dissimilar parts or heterogeneous mixture, it cannot therefore be divided, consequently it cannot perish."

He gives expression to the Platonic theory of innate ideas, drawn from the facility with which youths acquire the various difficult arts. The knowledge they manifest is not any imparted truth, but merely a reminiscence of former ideas. The soul, he contends, can be truly said to commence to live only when freed from the body, for being sensitive and intellectual, when it is delivered from the senseless mass of matter by which it is hampered, it will become still more sensitive and intellectual, and have a wider sphere of action. The soul will then watch over and guard the fame due to illustrious deeds performed when in the flesh. An argument in support of immortality is drawn from the implicit admission of all men. Cicero asks, is it reasonable to suppose that many noble persons (himself included) would have labored so assiduously to acquire renown among posterity had they been persuaded that the glory of their actions would terminate with present existence? "My mind, by I know not what secret impulse, was ever raising its views into future ages, strongly persuaded that I should then only begin to live when I ceased to exist in the present world. Indeed if the soul were not naturally immortal, never, surely, would the desire of immortal glory be a passion which always exerted itself with the greatest force in the noblest and most exalted bosoms."

With all his belief, for we hold he could not but believe, in a Supreme Being, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, the future life of the soul independent of the sluggish body, and its pleasures and joys hereafter, Cicero was but a pagan. He applauded the false religion of Rome, and he himself offered sacrifice of impetration and thanksgiving to gods of brass and stone, though he knew they were senseless things. He avowed religion to be useful to the individual and absolutely necessary to the state. Thus he gives a lesson to modern infidels and enemies of religion. Though knowing the absurdity of the religion practised, he had not the courage to abstain from a participation in what he knew to be wrong, because he feared to displease the people. Cicero knew what was good and true, and surely desired it, but through vain glory, could not wholly realize it in his own life. Thus, was his pagan creed wholly inefficient to urge the performance of a single good deed, or the avoidance of an evil one. And so with all pagans, and their brethren in sin. "Without me" says Christ, "you can do nothing." What a striking example!

Cicero had not long been dead when there burst upon the clouded world a flood of light, issuing from Bethlehem on the first Christmas night. The Redeemer, the Regenerator of the human race was born. He was God and Man, uniting in Himself two natures, the divine and the human. The birth of Jesus Christ was the greatest event that has ever occurred, or can occur, not affecting the destiny of one nation only, but of all nations and every individual, even those gone by, and those to come, and that during all time Christ is the central figure in the world, though not of the world; in Him were fulfilled all the prophecies and ardent longings of the ancients, in Him is centered all the consolation of humanity, and to Him is due all the good that man now has. His birth divides the history of the world into two parts, the *old* and the *new*. At this season of Christmas, the civilized world rejoices on the anniversary of His birth as man, and well it may, since Christ has remodelled the world, resuscitated man's nobility, raised him from abasement and placed him on the threshold of a glorious and eternal kingdom where he may enter in if he choose; in a word, since He has achieved a new creation. This He has done by the establishment of a new religion, in which is realized what the Old Law prefigured—Christianity. It is not possible here to institute a comparison between paganism and Christianity, but merely to touch upon the teachings

of the latter on the points already considered in the former.

Christianity reveals what the pagan mind could not discover, and thus the lowliest Christian, if at all instructed, possesses far more complete and sublime knowledge than the brightest pagan genius. Reason alone cannot fathom the depths of God's revelations, though some truths it may ascertain. The Christian faith contains all the truth necessary for man, supplying what is impenetrable to reason. It tells him there is a God, infinite, immutable, omnipotent and allwise, a pure spirit; that God created Man composed of a body and an immortal soul made to His own image; that he is destined to live in blissful enjoyment in heaven, though free to refuse it; that through sin, Man lost the gift of sanctifying grace, and the immortality of the body, which otherwise God would have preserved to him; that the body must therefore die, but will again be united with the soul and live with it forever. This much was also taught by the Old Law, and confirmed by the New. Christ enjoined on Man a code of laws, whose observance will promote his eternal happiness in the possession of the Supreme Good, his ultimate end, but, whose violation will lead to a destiny not intended for him, and not of bliss, but of incomprehensible misery. To all men is given sufficient grace to save their souls, and for Christians, seven Sacraments have been instituted, seven channels through which God conveys abundance of grace to the soul. Christianity is the perfect teaching of God, perfect, because it was propounded not by a mere man, but by a God-man. It requires for the attainment of eternal life, faith, the practice of humility, denial of self, acceptance of crosses and trials, forgiveness of injuries, the very opposite to which was the substance of paganism. To the reader are surely well known the sad consequence of pagan belief, the deplorable state to which it reduced mankind, and on the otherhand, how ennobling and elevating is Christianity, what blessed results it accomplishes. The Christian has powerful incentives to the practice of virtue, not the expected praise of friends or the applause of the world, for they are without value, but the ardent love of his Creator, and the certain enjoyment of a blissful eternity for soul and body. For him death has not the fears it had for the pagan. True, it produces a certain dread on account of his unworthiness of God, in no way urging him to despair, but on the contrary maintaining him in virtue till his latest breath. In his mind there is no room for doubt, he does not rely on any creation of fancy or discovery of reason, but on the word of an all truthful and omnipotent God, who has disclosed what the future is to be, and pledged Himself to give the aid of His efficient grace for the mere asking of it.

How sad a picture does the past present, when we turn from the old to the new era, the period of grace, the age in which we live, under the reign of the Church! How unavailing was all the pagan phillosophy, productive of not a single good act, and what strength and power are derived from the fountain of truth! Who can estimate the virtue of the faith that inspired weak men, women and children to brave the persecutions of the Emperors, and all the tortures that ingenuity could devise? The long line of martyrs and saints proclaim more loudly than words, what the Christian can accomplish. Brilliant talents, wealth and rank are nothing, the lowly as well as the lordly have admittance to the throne of grace, and there obtain the only means of doing good. Grace is a gift always given when sought with proper dispositions.

This Christian faith Christ entrusted to His Church founded in its Apostles, a church destined to continue forever, and embrace in its fold all men. The Christian knows this church to be divine, founded by the God Incarnate, and proving herself divine in resisting from the first to the present day, all the attacks that hell and earth could make against her. He knows that every word she utters is truth, he therefore believes it. He cannot understand all that she teaches, and how could he, a natural being, fathom the depths of God's revelations, comprehend the supernatura, towering far above his powers? God Himself speaks through His church, in which mankind is brought into brotherhood with Christ and the heritage of heaven. The Christian believes and obeys. He does not follow his reason in a search where the reason is blind and incapable of leading, but submits his will

to God, follows the divine instructions and leaves all else with Him. He knows that the Holy Spirit acting in the church interprets divine revelation, and at the same time sanctifies his soul and gives it life and strength to follow God's ordinations, and, that between these two acts of the Spirit of Truth there can be no contradiction. He is not subjected to the fears and doubts that harassed the poor pagan and rendered existence miserable. That the pagan mind was the victim of distressing fears is evident from Cicero's endeavor to prove that there is no cause for alarm, since, in the future there will be, in his view, either no existence or a happy one. His effort proves the certainty of his countrymen's fears. Christianity, as already said, teaches Man what he is, where he came from, and whither he goes. He is no longer a sightless traveller, but the master of his route, and sure of his end. God is all for him, without Him there is nothing. "The Creator made him a man, the word Incarnate made him a sharer in the divine nature."

Christianity manifests God's inestimable love for man. He is made to feel that God is deeply interested in his welfare, is anxious for his salvation. A Trinity of persons in God is revealed; the Father who created him and will reward his good actions and punish his evil ones; the Son who assumed his nature, and thereby ennobled and raised it to its pristine dignity, and far above; and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies his soul and enables him to do the will of the Father. The Christian feels that God, to procure his salvation, has left nothing undone, compatible with his freedom. The Church was instituted to teach him the truth, to be a living body speaking to a living man. She has been charged to unfold the mission, in the soul, of the Holy Ghost, through whom alone he can possess his God, after redemption by the Son. Christanity essentially consists in preparing the soul for the action of the Holy Spirit, by removing all obstacles to His coming, by implanting the seeds of virtue, and adapting the heart to His inspirations and solicitations. "From this source within the soul" remarks Father Hecker, "there will gradually come to birth the consciousness of the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit, out of which will spring force surpassing all human strength, a courage higher than all heroism, a sense of dignity exceeding all human greatness."

If Man strays from the path of virtue, falls into sin, he does not now despair, for he knows God is waiting his return. He has the means of obtaining forgiveness and recovering favor He trusts in God's goodness, and hopes and yearns for heaven rest The virtue of hope is necessary for the Christian, it was unknown to the pagan, he had no motive for it. Paganism lacked the virtue that makes life worth living. A few pagans may, or may not, have believed in a future state, but as they did not practice the virtues necessary to merit a supernatural reward, they could not expect it, they could not hope for it. The unlearned certainly knew nothing of a future state, knew not what to hope for, were dissatisfied with their condition, as men separated from God must be, and remained wholly miserable. No bright hope of the future gleamed on their paths to brighten the burdens they bore. As in all sinners, a guilty conscience was their reproach; remorse, which engenders despair in the ignorant followed; and despair excludes all hope, is in fact the negation of the virtue. The Christian is far different. He has hope. He knows God, and his own end; he knows a glorious future awaits him, which he can obtain. He has no hope in himself, it is based only on God. Salvation is not due to man as a right, it is a free gift of God; he must, therefore, obey God, and obeying Him, can then, only, hope for reward. The virtue of hope is grounded on the essential perfections of God Himself, through the perfections of Christ—the infinite power, the unbounded goodness and fidelity of God which can never deceive. Knowing not God and His perfections, a pagan could have no hope and his life was utterly barren.

The Christian finds that he is not alone in the world, he is in no way an isolated being, but, as in material affairs he is one of the grand fraternity of men, who mutually aid each other, so also he belongs to the august society of the Church whose members are the striving faithful on earth, and the glorified Saints in heaven. God has declared him capable of participation in the superabundant merits of the latter, and these applied to soul the procure him

additional favor. While worldlings, as all the pagans necessarily were, set their hearts on creatures, the Christian is taught from infancy to aspire to heavenly joys, to despise the things of earth, and, when old age comes on, all his affections are fixed on God, his only consolation and the object of his hope. Faith lays open a beautiful and expansive vista, mansions of bliss, unknown to Man but by its light, an eternity of enjoyment prepared by the Divine Omnipotence, which, if exposed to the pagan mind, would make it shudder with its sense of unworthiness of such an abode. This Christianity, it was, this *true* Christianity proclaiming Man's nobility, his powers and destiny, that urged the great St. Augustine to exclaim : "Too late have I known thee, O ancient truth ! Too late have I loved thee, O beauty, ancient and ever new ! "

D. R. MACDONALD, '89.

CANADA.

(From the French of OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE.)

[OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE, the Canadian Gray, was born at Quebec, on the 16th April, 1827, and was educated at the Seminary of his native city. After a stormy and unfortunate career, he died in Havre, France, at the age of fifty-two years. His principal poetical works are : Le Drapeau De Carillon, Un Soldat De L'Empire, Le Chant Des Voyageurs, and the Promenade de Trois Morts, a weird and awful fantasy.]

A MATCHLESS land, she smiles beneath the sun,
Where Heaven its richest boons a present makes,
Where, prodigal of gifts, kind Nature spun
A texture of great forests and vast lakes.

Upon those charming shores, our mother France
In deathless gravings furrowed deep her fame;
The very waves that seaward bound and dance,
St. Lawrence banks between, repeat her name.

Happy who views, but happier still is he
Who makes this clime his home, nor foreign sky
Longs to discern, however fair it be,
But constant lives where his forefathers lie.

December 12th, 1890. W.


A Happy New Year
Her ancient kindreds tomb
Engulfs the vanished year.
Lo! in the parted gloom
A New Year doth appear.
O! messenger of Fate,
What are thy gifts for men?
Hast joys to compensate
When sorrows enter in?
Life's every moment makes
A footfall o'er the dead,
But for each tear it wakes
A soothing laugh is bred.
Dear friends, who distant are,
And ye who linger here.
May no misfortunes mar
The joy of your new year!

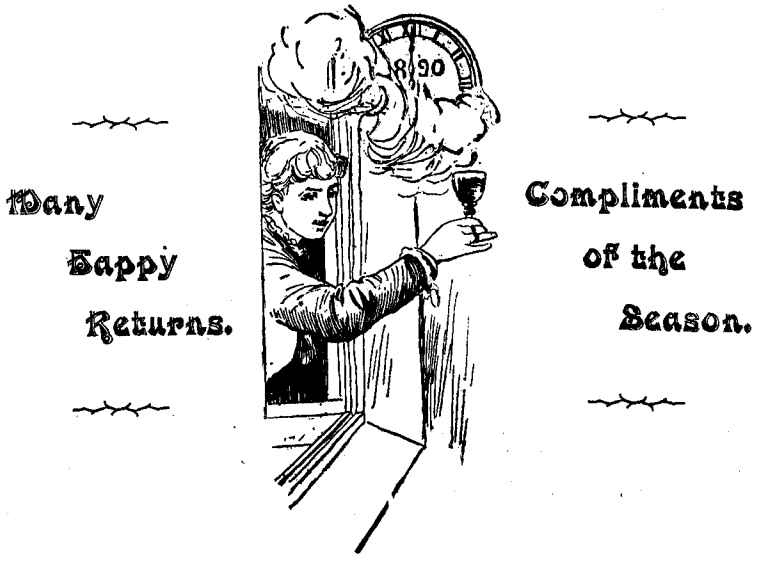
NINETY — NINETY ONE.

EIGHTEEN hundred and ninety is about to join the shades of its myriads of brethren in the mysterious Past. What place it may have in the spirit-world of the years it would be hard to conjecture. Possibly, it may find itself rudely jostled about, and hear the stern mandate "*descende inferius.*" Its place may be far below some old fogey of a brother on which the electric light never shone. As it sinks deeper into the Past it will, doubtless, have to endure the scornful looks of its younger brothers of the Future. Ah! well, whether humble or wise in their own conceits, the years and centuries will have justice meted out to them, when they will have passed into the realms of "long ago."

The good old year was our friend and, at its death-bed, memories sweet and sad, bitter and delightful, crowd confusedly upon us. The joyful scenes at its birth, the good resolutions formed, the duties neglected or fulfilled, the lessons of life it taught us, rise up before us, now. We glance at the bright threads of joy and happiness, the dark ones of sorrow and sin that it has interwoven with our lives. With mingled feelings we say "Farewell," for it is we who are responsible for its place in the temple of Time.

A new year, bright with the light that Hope and Confidence, in anticipation, beam over it, comes from the unknown Future, and we turn to bid it welcome. It is all our own. Having just withdrawn our gaze from the indelible past, we feel a thrill of life and power in the possession of a new year with all its indefinite possibilities. Experience whispers that this year, too, will have its own shadows and disappointments. So be it, wise monitor. All the greater need is there for joyous hope at the outset. May its bright beams remain with us throughout the year, and, flashing across the darkness, show us the sunshine beyond!

THE OWL, peering through the shadowy future, impenetrable to ordinary mortals, marks out for itself, during the coming year, a longer and bolder flight. In advance, it greets its friends *in esse* and *in posse*, and heartily wishes that old and new may pen a brighter page in the book of life during eighteen ninety-one.



KONDIARONK.

AN intensely interesting story is the story of *La Nouvelle France*. Filled it is with stirring incident, and over all its pages stalk striking characters, who, in our reading, become to us friends of a strange, weird order, take us by the hand and lead us through that erst romantic land in which we ourselves now live in such prosaic fashion. Prominent among them walks Kondiaronk, the great Chief of the Hurons. He has been called, so many sided and so gifted was he, the Machiavel of the wilderness, the Demosthenes of the woods, and the Clovis of Huronia. Yet of him little has been written. The historians have given us but a few heroic lines, leaving fancy to fill in the picture of what must have been the man. As to the date and place of his birth the records of the past are silent. He knew naught of schools. His books were the running brooks, his preceptors the eternal hills, and his *alma mater* the great university of nature.

When he reached manhood and assumed the chieftanship he found the once powerful Huron nation broken and humbled to the dust by the great Iroquois Confederacy. He saw the white men advancing on every side; and he saw, too, that with the good which they brought came innumerable evils. The self-forgetting missionary who, armed with cross and breviary, went forth without staff or scrip, among his people to tell them of a higher life and a better land—the daring adventurer, who braved danger for the love of discovery and lived with the red-man as a brother, he admired; but the trafficking governors and greedy traders, who, by the most diabolical arts, defrauded the natives, whose kindness was the only passport of the Europeans, he detested with a righteous detestation. Sad to say, too many of those who went out in the early days as the vanguard of civilization to America belonged to the latter class: and Kondiaronk declared that either the white or red man must retire. United the natives could easily drive the invaders into the sea; but they were hopelessly divided, one tribe against another and the Iroquois against all but their own confederacy. The one hope of the natives lay in union. Of this Kondiaronk was fully seized; and he determined, nearly two hundred years before the birth of the Dominion of Canada, on the great work of forming an offensive and defensive alliance of all the Indian tribes, which, he hoped, would in time grow into a well knit nation. Difficulties which proved insurmountable were in the way. The Ottawas were sluggish; the Iroquois the avowed enemies of his race. The former and the other not unfriendly tribes he spurred on by his wonderful eloquence, picturing in almost prophetic language the incoming of the great multitude whose footsteps he could hear in the distance, who would raze all the lodges and rule in the land the Great Spirit had given to the red-man. He held up the weak and treacherous Denonville as a sample of the race they were wont to look up to as beings of superior mold. "They are," said he, "rather the protected than protectors." But with the Iroquois his eloquence could have no avail, and he resorted to a stratagem which has left on his character an unfortunate blot. We must not, however, judge him too harshly. Many who receive our hero-worship have done much worse; and Kondiaronk was but a savage. He attacked an Iroquois deputation on their way to Montreal to ratify a treaty of peace with the French. Some were killed in the encounter; the others he took prisoners. On being informed of their mission he simulated surprise, affected complete ignorance of the peace, and averred that the great chief of the French had sent him as an ally on the war path against them. He released the prisoners, after dilating no doubt, on the perfidy of the odd people from across the broad water, and pointing out that the time had come when, laying aside all tribal jealousies, the red men should unite as one people so that they might possess the land in peace. He retained, as was the custom of the Indians, one prisoner to take the place of a Huron brave killed in the affray; and bidding the envoys a most cordial farewell, he hastened to Fort Machilimackinac,

and handed the Iroquois over to the officer in charge. The officer, who had, it is urged in extenuation, not heard of the truce with the Five Nations, consigned the prisoner to death. The Iroquois protested that he was an ambassador of peace and appealed to Kondiaronk for confirmation. But the Huron, bent on killing the peace in the interest of his confederation scheme, replied that the prisoner must have taken leave of his senses. Then the wily chief despatched an aged Iroquois, who had long lived as a captive among the Hurons, to tell his people that, while the French were making a show of friendship and pretending to desire peace, they were killing the very ambassadors of the Five Nations.

The action of Kondiaronk in this matter has been called diabolical, and the French on account of it dubbed him *Le Rat*; but Denonville had set a striking precedent for such conduct when he seized and sent in chains to France the Iroquois ambassadors commissioned to meet him at his own instigation. When the love of lucre so petrified all human feeling in those who had come from the two proudest nations of civilized Europe, that they egged on in the interest of one another hordes of what they called barbarians to the commission of the most atrocious cruelties, we must not be too exacting with an Indian chief, who, filled with a laudable indignation at the treatment of his people, thought, in his ignorance of christian ethics, that the attainment of a good and much desired end would justify the employment of means that were evil.

Failure met the efforts of Kondiaronk. The wise men of the Iroquois saw through his tactics; and the arrival of Frontenac lifted up the arms of France and taught the bold Huron that the Europeans had, for better or worse, come to stay. Now did Kondiaronk show his true statesmanship. He gave himself not over to fruitless repining, but resolved that, as far as in him lay, the coming of the strangers should be for better not worse. and he set himself to work to reconcile his people to the change, and to draw blessings from what seemed a curse. In bringing christianity pure and undefiled, he felt that the French had more than compensated for the losses sustained by his people in the meeting of the races. He became a christian himself and induced many to follow his example, for his influence was paramount among the tribes. Much of his time he passed in Quebec looking after his peoples' interests. He studied the language and manners of the French; and, so polished was he, Frontenac had him as a frequent guest at his table. An unrivalled wit he was, and so quick at repartee that he out-witted the cleverest men who gathered round the hospitable board of Canada's greatest ruler. His opinion of the men whom he met we find in his statement that he knew but two Frenchmen surpassingly gifted in mind—Count de Frontenac and Père Carheil.

In his death Kondiaronk was greatest, and, to my thinking, made ample reparation for the crime committed in the ardor of his resolve to create a great Indian nation.

The treaty, which, in spite of the British colonists, was made between the Indians and the French on the 18th September, 1701, was solemnly ratified, with much pomp and ceremony, at a grand assemblage held under the shadow of Mount Royal on the seventh day of the following August. From the Abenaquis, Iroquois and Hurons, the Ottawas, Miâmis and Algonquins, the Pouteouatamis, Ontaganis, Sauteurs and Illinois—from every canton which lay between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the lower courses of the Mississippi, came thirteen hundred delegates in all the gorgeous pageantry of Indian holiday attire. Within the walls of what was then Montreal, a spacious enclosure had been fitted up with old-time splendor. On a raised dais sat Callières, the successor of Frontenac, surrounded by the elite of the colony, and to places of honor were led the most welcome ambassadors. The soldiers of France formed a guard of honor, and all the people gathered about the place of meeting, for this indeed was an event of most momentous import. The *Te Deum* was sung by priests and people; and then thirty-eight Indian plenipotentiaries advanced and signed with their heraldic signs the treaty of peace and amity. Salvos of artillery announced the glad event that brought back peace, after years of banishment, to the regions which extend from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico.

Among the chiefs, in a place of especial honor, sat Kondiaronk, bowed down with years; and while a Huron councillor was speaking, the old man fainted away. He felt the hand of death, and desired to deliver a last message to those he loved so well. In the midst of the vast gathering they placed him in his arm chair. The powerful frame was tottering and the wonderfully entrancing voice growing weak, but the will was still strong, and the brave and eloquent old man nerved himself for one last great effort. In the reverent silence his voice seemed to have taken on even a more than wonted music. There was more of pathos and less of the accustomed fire in his words and tone and gestures.

"Time was," said he, "when I sat by the rivers and wept. Seeing the evils which came upon us like a mighty flood, I fancied that before the advancing multitude from the unknown land our people would be driven, as ice in the springtime, to the ocean beyond the great hills. Long did I ponder, and with the stars debate, a means of retrieving the fortunes of my countrymen of every tribe and tongue, whom, you well know, I love with a love deep and broad as the ocean. I planned the making of a staunch confederacy, whose dominion would stretch from the home of the north wind to the land of perpetual summer; for in union I felt we could drive back the white man and build up of ourselves a great and powerful nation. But the Great Spirit, with an all wise purpose, withheld his aid; and in vain did your servant labor. Yet I gave not myself up to vain grief, but put in motion the influences which led to this happy meeting, where the white and red men, made different only by our kind friend the sun, sit down in peace and vow eternal friendship. The labor was great; for the path to peace was made crooked by much wrong doing, was beset with many snares, and filled with the jagged rocks of jealousy. Like unto the labor is the reward which now comes to me. How beautiful it is for men to dwell together in sweet peace! As the music the south wind maketh in the growing corn, so is the sound of our fraternal greetings. May gentle peace with folded wings abide in this land forever!"

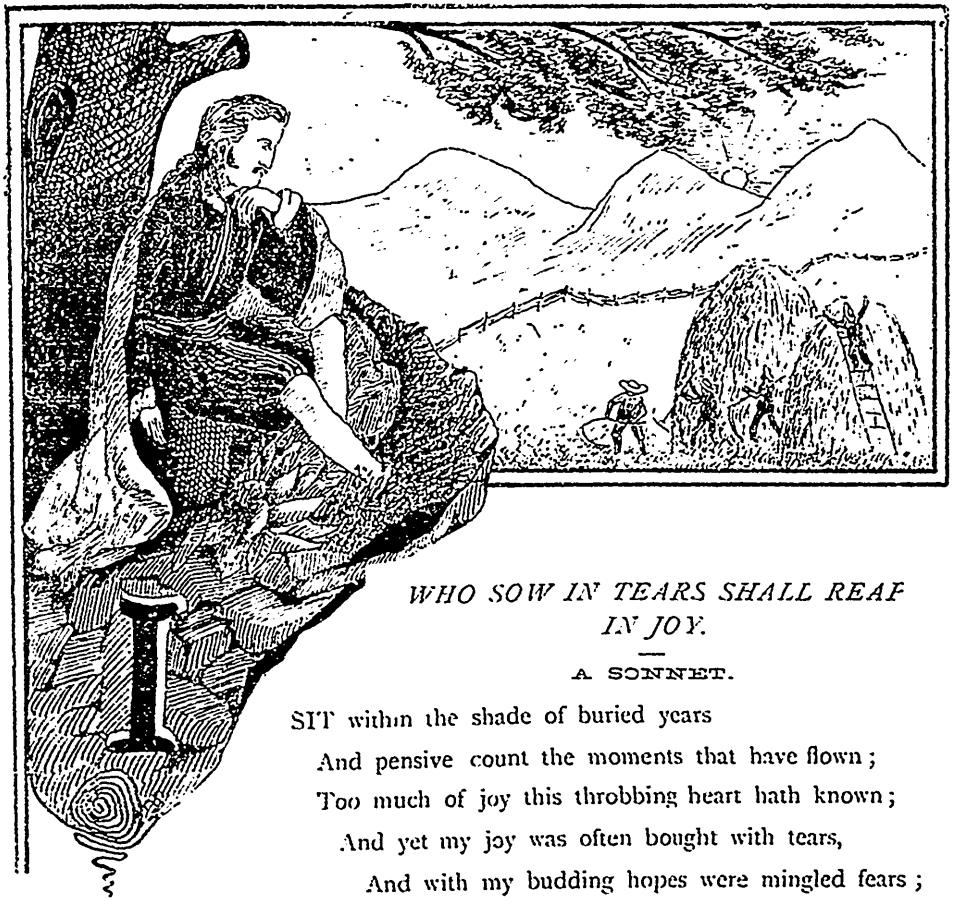
He went on to particularize the efforts he had made to bring about a stable understanding between the natives and the French; he dwelt on the benefits which would accrue to each and all the cantons, evidencing a most extensive and minute knowledge of local as well as general interests; he pointed out, in words which must have sunk deeply into the hearts of his hearers, the necessity and desirability of maintaining peace and abiding by the treaty; and then turning to the Governor General, he most solemnly adjured him to show forth by the righteousness of his policy and conduct of affairs that the chiefs had been justified in reposing confidence in him and in setting their seals to the treaty. With a last appeal for peace and good will, that came from the dying patriot like a prayer and a benediction, the noble old chieftain sank down exhausted. He was borne tenderly and lovingly to the *Hotel Dieu*, where, in a few hours, strengthened by the Sacraments of Holy Church, he breathed forth his spirit.

All that was mortal of Kondiaronk, after lying in state for some days, was entombed, with military honors and the solemn service of the Roman Ritual, in the then parish church of Montreal. His obsequies were attended by the Viceroy, the clergy in a body, the civil and military officials, and all the Indian envoys.

Great—perhaps greatest of all the sons of America—in head and in heart, in valor and prudence and that knowledge of men which makes leaders, Kondiaronk, to my mind compares favorably with many a character occupying a prominent place in history's roll of honor. One of the world's nobility was he, needing no charter to prove his rank.

J. A. J. McKENNA.

OTTAWA DEC. 3d '90.



WHO SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.

A SONNET.

SIT within the shade of buried years
And pensive count the moments that have flown;
Too much of joy this throbbing heart hath known;
And yet my joy was often bought with tears,
And with my budding hopes were mingled fears;
But when in silent grief the seed was sown,
The harvest rich in happiness was mown,
As lovely Morn from Night's dark tomb appears

And thus I sit, whilst slowly move the hands
Between the dial points of Birth and Death;
Chill winds of coming age my dark locks kiss
And sob as from life's glass flow out the sands;
Yet oft they whisper with their icy breath,—
"Through trials here is earnt a crown of bliss."

+ C. O'BRIEN,
Abp. of Halifax.

THE GREGORIAN CHANT, THE MUSIC OF THE CHURCH.

IN this enlightened age of improvement and reform, it is very difficult to understand why changes of a most important character are being constantly made, why novelties of every description are being introduced into society every day. It is not surprising to witness the old spinning wheel give place to the modern mule or jack, the flail superceded by the improved thresher, the superannuated stage coach seek oblivion before the fleet-footed iron horse, and even the pen of the pallid scribe redden with rust in presence of the wonderful caligraph; for this is a century of mental emancipation, in less elegant terms, a period of *push* and *go ahead*. Still, there are a few remnants of by-gone days, which, ancient as they may be, are yet new, and can never be supplanted by any novel introduction. They have served their purpose well in the past, they are still serviceable in the present, and bid fair to accomplish their end as long as the world and humanity will last. Among these few may be numbered the Gregorian music. The Catholic Church, who has so faithfully preserved the doctrines and teachings of Christ and the Apostles, has always manifested a strong inclination toward adopting and treasuring up everything that would ennoble man and assist him in reaching his ultimate end. Nowhere, perhaps, does she exhibit this admirable tendency than in the preservation of her truly beautiful style of music, with its dignified and majestic measures and its susceptibility of the purest and sweetest melody. Many ceremonies has she borrowed from Paganism and sanctified by making them subservient to the accomplishment of her divine mission; but her music, the outcome of her pure and elevating maxims and composition of her own illustrious children, she can justly claim as her own property. The depth of her wisdom she has admirably shown in fostering it, for, of all styles of music, hers is the best adapted to her wants, both by reason of its simplicity, of its inspiring devotion and piety, and because it expresses accurately, completely and perfectly the sentiments contained in her various hymns, and ably co-operates in rendering her different ceremonies deeply impressive.

While christianity was yet in its intancy, the church saw the necessity of having vocal music to accompany her worship; hence, it appears that she was almost the first to take a step towards systematizing vocal sounds and to promote in any way the art of singing. Through the efforts of St. Ambrose and Pope Gregory I, from the latter of whom church music received its name, a system of notes was established, whereby musical intonations were rendered definite and susceptible of being written. The notes of this system were most simple, and like those in use at the present time, consisted of four characters only, each of which marked a certain definite length of time. To one, four beats were allotted, to another, two, to the third, one, and to the fourth, a half beat. These notes were arranged on lines, called the staff, in an ascending or descending series, so as to mark the elevation or depression of the voice, thus forming a scale, which consisted of five full tones and two semi tones. To each of these seven notes a name was given, and, at the end of the staff, a sign, termed the key, was placed, which regulated the pitch of the piece. There were only two keys; that of *sol*, which could be placed on any line of the staff, where it indicated that on that line also was to be found the fifth note from the initial note, which was called *ut*, and that of *fa*, which served a similar purpose.

Such was the simplicity of the Gregorian music, and as such, was, with all due propriety, denominated *plain* chant.

And, with good reason was it thus rendered plain and easy of acquisition. For while the Latin tongue was yet spoken and widely understood by the Christians, the hymns and sacred songs of the church were more fully participated in than at the

present time. In the ancient church it was customary—and in some European countries the custom still obtains—for the male portion of the congregation to occupy one half of the church nave, while the other half was reserved for the women. Thus divided, they could easily form two choirs, alternating with each other in chanting the sacred melodies employed in the divine service.

Every musician, and especially those that have been entrusted with the leadership of choirs, cannot be unacquainted with the many difficulties to be encountered in organizing a band of singers, and in giving them sufficient training for ordinary church singing. How simple then must needs be that style of music which will allow of all the faithful's taking part therein! To acquire any practical knowledge of modern music, with all its major and minor scales, with all its varified chords and measures and intricate rules of harmony, necessitates on the part of the ambitious aspirant, not only many a long hour of diligent study and close application, but also numerous physical qualifitions, with which the generality of men have not been endowed. Plain chant, on the contrary, owing to its great simplicity, can be taught with little or no difficulty, and can be as readily understood and acquired even by those who have been sparingly favored with musical talent. Even children, who at an early age display a wonderful aptitude for imbibing the principles of religion from the catechism, experience little trouble in becoming thoroughly acquainted with this plain style of music. The Church, ever remindful of the words of Our Blessed Redeemer, who once said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such as these is the kingdom of heaven," has been, at all times, exceedingly solicitous that the divine wish should be accomplished and, through the simplicity of her chant, has rendered it possible for the "little ones" to raise their feeble voices heavenward, and in strains of softest melody, give utterance to the pure and ardent sentiments that animate their tender and yet untarnished souls. Hence, the Gregorian chant, by reason of its simplicity, was, and is, undoubtedly well adapted to the requirements of the church, where every member of the congregation is expected to unite with the celebrant in the offering of the Holy Sacrifice and to participate therein, not only by his prayers and meditations, but likewise by employing his vocal powers in chanting the praises of God.

It is true that the faithful in general have ceased to sing the psalms and sacred canticles in our church, but it must be remembered that this cessation cannot be attributed to the difficulty of the music. Far from it. The chant is as plain and easy of acquisition as it was in the first ages of christianity, and perhaps more so. But since Latin has become a dead language and has yet been retained by the Church, only a small number were capable, before education became extended to the lower classes, of joining in the hymns and certain parts of the Mass, all of which are still chanted in the language of the Cæsars; so that the language, not the music, occasioned the discontinuance of congregation singing. It is to be hoped, however, that this practice will soon be reintroduced into our temples of worships. Already, in many of the churches in the United States, due to the efforts of Father Young and others, congregation singing is being restored, and no movement better deserves approval. That all those assisting at the the divine service should take an active part in it by lending their voices to proclaim the goodness and greatness of the Most High, can be unmistakably inferred from many passages of Holy Writ. The Psalmist cries out: "*Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes, laudate eum omnes populi. Juvenes, et virgines, senes cum junioribus, laudent nomen Domini.*" And in what manner are all nations to praise the Lord is pointed out when the poet king exclaimed: "*Cantate Domino canticum novum; laus ejus in Ecclesia sanctorum. Laudate nomen ejus in choro; in tympano et psalterio psallant ei,*" plainly intimating that hymns and sacred canticles, when sung by the whole multidue of worshippers, are exceedingly pleasing and acceptable to the Almighty.

The more widely then this custom of congregation singing is extended, the more shall the intentions of the Church in composing and preserving this simple form of music be realized, and the more shall devotion and piety increase in the hearts of her children.

For not only on account of its simplicity is plain chant subservient to the wants of the church, but, likewise, by reason of the devotion and holy sentiments which it inspires in the souls of those that hear it sung

It is a well-known fact that interior emotions are excited, in a great measure, by external and sensible objects. The sight of the scaffold gives rise to feelings of horror, the sight of a mother bewailing the loss of her only child, awakens sentiments of sympathy and compassion, the sight of a funeral train or newly sodded grave calls up solemn and serious reflections, the sight of a storm-tossed vessel safely anchored in port occasions a thrill of joy to pass through the heart of the beholder; for such is the intimate relations existing between the body and the soul that the one can scarcely ever be deeply affected without causing a like impression upon the other. Hence it is that ceremonies have been established; hence it is that statues and images are made use of in our churches.

Not only, however, does the sense of sight concur in awakening internal emotions, but also sound greatly contributes to stir up in the soul feelings akin to the sounds themselves. This fact is made quite apparent on the battle field, in the ball room, and at the opera house. So perfectly, indeed, was the effect of music understood, even by barbarous nations, that song always accompanied their preparations for war, and attended them in their bloody combats. It was amid the din of reverberating cymbal and shrill high blast that the Israelites entered the Land of Promise; it is accompanied by the rattle of tambourine and wild discordant war ditty that the South Sea Islander meets his foe on the field of conflict; and even our own civilized heroes march on to noble warfare, inspirited by martial measure of the fife and drum. Who has ever stood in the ball room, where, in addition to spectacular enchantments, the liveliest strains of melody greet the ear, and has not felt an almost irrepressible impulse to dance?. Who has ever attended a grand opera—few as there may be at the present time—and has not been enraptured by the inestimable beauties of true harmony?

There is no reason to doubt, then, that music produces wonderful interior effects, and, according to its style. occasions divers and diverse emotions in the human soul. In plain chant, the gay notes of the opera house are not heard; the lively strains that float about through the ball room's atmosphere are not to be looked for; nor are such martial airs, as infuse into the soldier courage and intrepidity, to be discovered. No; plain chant is a far more solemn style of music; generally grave, and always dignified and stately in its measures. There are no sudden transitions from *allegro* to *andante*, which are of common occurrence in operatic pieces. Such would scarcely be in accordance with the true spirit and character of religion, where all should tend to produce gravity and devotion, where everything should invite man from the gayeties and frivolities of the world and lead him to higher and more serious reflections and considerations. Devotion can never prosper in bustle and confusion. The quiet of seclusion is necessary for its perfect existence. The soul needs some soothing power, some gentle stimulating influence in order that she may raise her arms towards heaven and rest content in the blissfull embrace of her Creator. Plain chant, with its graceful, dignified and solemn movements, is better fitted for this purpose than any kind of harmony.

"The Gregorian chant," says Pope Benedict XIV, "is that song which excites the minds of the faithful to piety and devotion; it is that music therefore which, if sung in our churches with care and decorum, is most willingly heard by devout persons, and is justly preferred to that which is called figured, or harmonized music. The titilation of figured music is held very cheap by men of religious mind, in comparison with the sweetness of the church chant, and, hence it is that the people flock to the churches of the monks, who, taking piety for their guide, in singing the praises of God, after the counsel of the prince of psalmists, skillfully sing to their Lord as Lord, and serve God as God, with the utmost reverence."

Another great writer and musician, speaking of plain chant, not only claims that it inspires devotion and piety, but goes so far as to compare it to an eloquent preacher, ever inciting the people to holi-

ness. "These fixed, measured, emphatic, sublime, true, chaste, free-thinking, beautiful and truly holy melodies, have been composed by holy men. No one has ever sought to drive them out of the Church of God, unless he did not belong to the Church of God. This music has ever commanded honor and esteem, because, like a queen, she sets up her throne in the temples of the Most High, and, with a clear voice, makes herself heard when the preacher is silent in the sanctuary."

Without doubt, then, can it be maintained that the Gregorian music moves the listener to piety and devotion; and, accomplishing such an end, is well fitted for the purpose of religion and the Church.

Its perfect adaptation to the Church is, moreover, confirmed by the fact of its expressing, with due accuracy, with fulness and perfection, the sentiments which the various hymns and ceremonies are intended to convey to the minds and hearts of the faithful.

In regard to the singing of hymns and canticles during the celebration of the sacred mysteries, and especially in regard to the chanting of certain parts of the Holy Mass, the church has wisely laid down a number of rules which she requires to be observed, as far as it is possible. Among others, the following are to be found, "First, the words of the text must come in the same order as that given in the missal and gradual. Secondly, in a musical phrase, the words must not be shortened, transposed, or lengthened by a too frequent repitition. Thirdly, no word should be added, nor should there be any one omitted," These rules, however, are not always abided by. Too often it occurs that in the *Gloria* or in the *Credo*, some of the words, and even whole sentences, at times, are left out, in order to avoid certain difficulties that occasionally arise in the musical composition of a Mass; the result of which is that, instead of producing a happy effect, as they necessarily do when properly sung, this heaven-born canticle of praise, and this time-honored symbol of our faith, are rendered ridiculous and unbearable.

In plain chant, there are no such transpositions, abridgements or omissions necessary. Not only do the notes follow precisely the order given in the missal; but their time likewise corresponds perfectly with the length of every letter of the word thus preserving one of the choicest beau, ties of the Latin language, the proper quantity and accentuation of its syllables.

Gregorian music, as written in our gradual, goes further still. In many of the masses the very sense of the words is admirably expressed by the music itself. Not a few striking instances of this species of imitative melody occur in the Mass of the second tone, where, in the *Credo*, the notes, upon which such words as *descendit de coelis, ascendit in coelum*, and others are sung, gradually fall or rise, thereby indicating in a manner the meaning of these phrases. In the *Sanctus* of the Mass of the angels, similar imitations of the sense of words, by the gradual elevation of the tone, can be noticed; and, at the beginning of that celestial refrain, the *Preface*, when the *sursum corda* is introduced, no devout person can help feeling his heart naturally rise up to the Lord, even as the notes of the anthem themselves. These, indeed, are only minor beauties of plain chant, and a few only have been alluded to; insignificant as these few may at first appear, they are no less beauties that evoke admiration, and, if properly understood—for out of the perfections of details, springs the perfection of the whole—must be regarded as being of no little importance in rendering the Gregorian chant what it is—a truly simple, chaste, sublime and elevating music.

But, to give rise to such feelings as the Church wishes to inspire by her various ceremonies, no music, perhaps, is better adapted than is plain chant. On all occasions, where a Christian sorrow or joy should be manifested, and where ceremonies are performed appropriate for the production of either disposition, the Gregorian music contributes, in a great measure, to enhance the effects of such rites. The mournful notes of *Requiem*, the *Dies irae*, the *Libera*, and the *Preface* in the Mass for the dead, by their perfect harmony with the sentiments contained in these compositions, never fail to infuse the proper dispositions into the souls of those assisting at the solemn rites of the Church. But they are not productive of that sorrow which begets melancholy and despair; on the contrary, they tend to soften and smoothe the asperity of natural grief, and cast into the gloomy "heart's chamber"

the mellow rays of an unextinguishable hope. The music sung during Lent, as well as that of the *Rorate*, which is chanted in the Offertory in Advent, likewise inspires grave and serious reflections. Nowhere, perhaps, are there to be found more touching strains than those in the lamentations of Jeremiah, which are sung during Holy Week, when the Church is robed in her deepest mourning, and when she wishes to excite in her children a due compassion for the sufferings and death of her Divine Founder; while the sprightly notes of the *Gloria* and of the *Exultet* on Holy Saturday, and those of the *Regina Coeli* and of the *Alleluia* on Easter morning awaken the liveliest emotions of joy and exultation.

In fact, all these various sentiments, which the Gregorian music is capable of inspiring, can be, and, indeed, are, more readily experienced than depicted or described. To simply point out the close relation which exists between the sounds of the music and the sentiments expressed in the pieces to which the sounds have been applied is sufficient to satisfy the desire entertained by the writer. No one of those who have ever listened to plain chant, when properly sung, has not been made sensible of the wonderful influence it exercises on the human heart; and all those who may be regarded as competent judges of musical excellence, have spoken of the Gregorian chant in terms of the highest praise. "These melodies," writes Dom Pothier, a celebrated authority on plain chant, "are so far beyond comparison, that the ancient Christians did not hesitate to look upon them as the work of divine inspiration, and there can, indeed, be no doubt that they interpret the sacred words better than the best compositions of modern musical art. For they express most accurately the thoughts and sentiments of the church, and elicit more profound, more solemn, and holier emotions in the soul of man."

Such, also, is the opinion entertained by many other musicians; such must be the opinion of every one who has tasted the genuine sweetness of church melody; and such has ever been the conviction of the Church herself, who, through the long ages of change and instability, has preserved, with the greatest care and solicitude, her simple, chaste, and piety-inspiring music, which is so well adapted to the nature of her mission and to the diversified character and condition of her children.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

To Our Christmas Queen

HAIL! Thou who dawnedst yonder,
O'er wide blue oceans rising,
Through rosy heavens laid bare
When the tempest and the thunder
Had been shaken from the air,
And wings of angel-wonder
Alone left floating there
O'er angel hearts, baptizing
In their cloud-white births of prayer.

O as with us thy pleading,
Thou Christmas Queen of angels,
Expounding such sweet lore,
As (for this is God's clear reading)
Was ne'er outbreath'd before,
Since Adam lost his Eden,
On earth, forevermore,
Plead now for love's Evangels
With all God's heart leans o'er.

—FRANK WATERS.

Cornwall, Ont.

PHYSICS—19th CENTURY vs. 13th CENTURY.

IN this progressive age, the student, who would fit himself to win consideration and achieve success in life, must crowd his book-cases with ponderous volumes on the various branches of natural science. Taking up one of these, at random, and turning to the first page, the preface, he is addressed by a professor of fifteen, twenty, or thirty years' standing, or a specialist who has devoted his life-long energies to some particular branch. This author, briefly or otherwise, sets forth his claims for considerations, he concludes by modestly disclaiming any great personal merit in the work, but showers praises on Prof. X. and Prof. Z., who have read some of his proof-sheets. After such generous protestations we would hardly expect to find one author saying anything disparaging of the just claims of others. In spite of this, is no injustice usually done in unfolding the history and explanation of the laws of nature?

In physics, for example, three great theories are commonly admitted: The theory of sound, the theory of heat, and the theory of light; for electricity, a really satisfactory theory has yet to be devised. From the authors he reads, the student usually thinks these grand theories the product of modern research and talent; never, for a moment, is he tempted to imagine that they were, to a great extent, known and taught five or six centuries ago. Volumes have been written in defence and in praise of the metaphysical and moral tenets of the mediæval masters, but in direct defence of their teachings in the physical order, not a line seems to have ever been penned by any modern writer of note. This is most regrettable, as in a mere *exposé* of their physical theories, taken almost *verbatim* from ancient and modern writers, the earnest student will find much in the way of identity to surprise him. A complete course of physics cannot be easily compassed in a paper like the present, with a view of making such a comparison; we can take up but one of the admitted theories; no one presents itself more favourably, for our object, than another, but since we must choose, let it be the theory of sound.

Sound, the modern physicist defines, a vibrating movement imparted to an elastic body, communicated afterwards by this body to the fluid which envelopes it, and by this fluid transmitted to the ear. Albert the Great, almost six hundred years ago, defined it: "The consequence of a certain movement of a body, caused by the body being struck, and communicated by the air to the organ of hearing." The present universally accepted definition of sound, then, is not new, and as the definition of a theory is a summary of that theory, from identity of definition we might logically expect to find unity of theory. Will this conclusion be borne out by further comparison?

How do our physicists explain the transmission of vibratory movement by the air? What is technically known as rarefactions and condensations of the medium is imperceptible to our organs, hence it can only be thought of and explained by phenomena of the perceptible order. Says M. Daguin, one of our highest authorities on sound: "The undulation produced on the surface of water by a stone being dropped into it, show the manner in which undulatory movement is transmitted through the air. The pressure exerted on the water by the stone raises the surrounding water in a circle; this speedily falls into the depression made by the stone, raising the liquid behind it in a circle, and so on; the result being the succession of concentric circles with which we are all familiar. In the case of sound, however, the waves of air do not form rings, but concentric globes; hence, as a consequence of the geometrical proof that the surface of spheres varies as the square of their radii, we have the principle: "*The intensity of a sound wave varies inversely as the square of the distance from its source.*" Daguin pays a flattering tribute to Gassendi as being the first to make this happy comparison; he seems anxious that

credit be given where credit is due. His intention may be—probably is—most generous, but does he bestow his praises on the right author? Centuries before Gassendi, St. Thomas Aquinas gave the world the following: "The generation of sound is due to a motion of the air. The same changes take place in the air in the generation of sound as in water when something is dropped into it. Gyrations are caused, which, at the point of percussion, are small and strong in motion; as distance increases, however, the circles enlarges, and this motion becomes weaker, until at length the motion is reduced to nothing, and the gyrations cease." Here, evidently, St. Thomas, not only introduces to us the happy comparison for which Gassendi receives such glowing praises from Daguin and modern scientists generally, but even calls attention to and perfectly illustrates the law of the intensity of sound relative to distance.

Thus, the definition, main principles, and popular explanation of sound are common to ancient and modern scientists. Can the same be said of the knowledge and explanation of its phenomena and qualities? The principal of these are: Reflection, interference, refraction, loudness and hearing.

Reflection of sound, according to modern physics, is caused by the sonorous waves meeting an obstacle in their path; they are deflected, after the manner of elastic bodies, making the angle of reflection equal to the angle of incidence. The direction which the waves receive by reflection generates echo. St. Thomas explains this phenomenon, and even compasses the modern physicists in graphic description of it. He compares the air waves to those of any liquid, and says that after a stone has been dropped into water, the gyrations caused before ceasing, meet some obstacle, their motions take a contrary direction. In like manner, he continues, if air waves, before ceasing, meet some other body, they are turned from their original course, sound is heard as if from a contrary direction, and this is called echo. It would surprise no one to learn that St. Thomas was acquainted with the phenomenon of echo, but would the average modern physicist lead us to believe that the true cause, and a most striking illustration of the echo were given five centuries ago?

Interference in sound is a much less common phenomenon than that of reflection. The moderns required delicate instruments to determine it, and its discovery is announced as belonging to a comparatively recent date. It did not escape the Angelic Doctor. In his treatise on the soul, he puts the question: "What impression would our senses experience, were two equal sounds to pass through the air at the same time, but in different directions?" By his mighty reason alone, without any experiment, he concludes that no sound would be heard. Is this not the theory held by the moderns?

Loudness of sound, our scientists tell us, depends on three things: Distance, the density of medium, and amplitude of vibrations. We have seen above that St. Thomas knew and taught the law respecting the distance sound travels. Hear what he says on density of medium: "Sound may also be affected by the density of the air, because when the air is dense and put into motion with more difficulty, its reaction is greater, consequently sound becomes louder." Thus, Rouillet or Ganot's experiment with a watch under the receiver of the air-pump, its ticking growing feeble as the air becomes rarer; or the experience of aeronauts, obliged to exert themselves to make their conversation heard at great heights, only confirm a theory taught by the doctor of the schools. He had the correct notion, too, regarding amplitude of vibrations, for he does not fall into the common error of confounding loudness and intensity of sound, for after having explained the nature of sound, he says: "As sound is caused by motion, so a sharp shrill sound is caused by rapid motion and a dull sound by slow motion."

The most remarkable of all the phenomena sound gives rise to is hearing. It is so frequently treated of, that we presume all are familiar with the modern explanation of it. Were he not, the reader might be made acquainted with that explanation, by the following from Albert the Great: "The organ of hearing is the tympanum, a membrane stretched across the external ear-passage, to which is connected the auditory nerve, in the interior of the ear. Wtihin the ear, about the auditory nerve air is contained. The exterior air strikes against the tympanum which moves the air within, and, by it, the audi-

y nerve, whence hearing is generated. he air within the ear is ever in vibration, and striking against the sides, owing to the heat within the ear; this motion, however, is not so great as to prevent exterior motion striking the tympanum being taken up."

As to refraction of sound, which consists in this, that sound waves, passing into a medium of greater or less density, intermingle and expand with greater rapidity, thus producing a change of sound, there seems to be no evidence at hand to prove that St. Thomas or Albert the Great were acquainted with it. Modern scientists prove that air, liquids, solids generally, all elastic bodies may serve as media for the transmission of sound waves. The scholastic doctors did not admit solids, in general, as transmitters: in this they were mistaken, but their error was not of the fundamental principle. They admitted with the moderns the necessity of elasticity in transmitters; that is the capital point; they only erred in asserting the non-existence of elasticity in certain bodies.

The scientists of the 19th century may pride themselves on the results they have reached in the application of the forces of nature to securing the material comforts of life, but the taunting allusions of certain authors to principles accepted in preceding ages are regrettable. In regard to sound, we have seen that any disdain for the opinions advanced by the great doctors is unwarranted; the principles and properties of sound were widely known to them. True, there were points on which their notions were inaccurate, and others of which they seem to have had no knowledge, but these, it may be truthfully said, are relatively unimportant. We venture to assert of their opinions on many other branches, that which is true of them in regard to sound. But, on the principles of the great doctors, have been founded the opinions of the majority of the greatest teachers in succeding ages. It would be illogical and unjust to conclude the falsity of the opinions on scientific points, of the really learned men of any age, from the fact that on these points the ideas of the unin-structed of that age are found to be numerous and ridiculous. In spite of the immense diffusion of knowledge in our age, it still remains a stubborn fact that the ideas of the majority of mankind on scientific points are erroneous and ridiculous. Knowledge is rapidly extending its limits both objectively and subjectively. In some age, it is confidently hoped not far off, the true explanation of nature's phenomena will be known to the majority of men. How would present scientists relish being made responsible for present popular false notions, being ignored or decried by their successors in that age because their principles are not commonly known? Let them then be considerate on this score, in their appreciation of their predecessors. The philosophy of a few centuries ago did not correctly account for all nature's phenomena, but is it to be condemned on that account? Do not the greatest scientists of our age look forward to a time when their theories on electricity, the maintenance of the sun's energy, and numerous other important phenomena, may be spoken of only as ancient history?

W. MURPHY, O.M.I., '88.

THE CHURCH BELLS.

(FOR THE "OWL.")

ING Bells of the *morning*, oh, sweet is your ringing,
Peal forth while the dew-drops are yet on the sod,
The faithful are saying their matins and praying,
Their souls are they lifting and off'ring to God.

Sound Bells of the *noon-tide*—how solemn your sounding,
The world is alive in its tumult and care;
Your voice, slowly stealing, is sadly appealing
To man, for a moment of quiet and prayer.

Chime Bells of the *evening*, oh, soft is your chiming,
Like echoes that fall from the choir of the blest,
And thus in your falling, to man you are calling
To whisper a prayer as he takes him to rest.

And Bells of the *christ'ning*, how sweet is your ringing;
It tells us one other has started in life,—
That sin's shadows dismal, in waters baptismal,
Are lost—and a child is commencing the strife!

The Bells for the *wedding* are swelling and sounding,
They ring on the ear with a joyous delight;
And loud in that swelling to man they are telling,—
Two souls are united and blessed in God's sight.

Toll Bells for *departed!* sad, solemn your tolling,
The glare of the world, and its pomps, and its pride
Sound vain in your knelling that's mournfully welling,
As hour after hour some poor mortal has died

Ring Bells of the temple—your voices are truthful,
Continu'lly preaching of life, and of death;
To prayer all inviting—to prayer all inciting—
To heaven directing in every breath!

Thrice blessèd the custom, so holy, so olden,
The *Catholic* custom of every land;
The Church Bells are teaching, the Church Bells are preaching—
Their lessons of life in their melody grand!

JOSEPH K. FORAN

Ottawa, 24th November, 1890.

PARIS AND HELEN.

HE genius of a poet is probably measured by his power of invention and his delineation of character. Be his descriptions ever so beautiful and his style ever so facinating, if he fail in this he must be content with a subordinate position in the temple of fame.

The pæan of praise first raised by enchanted Greece, listening spell-bound to the hoary blind bard reciting his immortal verses, has been continually swelling more enthusiastically as the ages rolled on, until now it is heard to the utmost ends of the earth. Consequently we who, in these days, take up the Iliad and Odyssey expect to find therein displayed a power of invention and portrayal of character unequalled in the whole range of human literature. Nor are we disappointed. In his chief heroes, Homer has presented us with a picture of the heroic life of the Greeks so wondrously grand and noble as to seem rather the thoughts of some superior being than the conceptions of a fellow-mortal.

Yet, though in these the intellectual grasp of his genius shines forth to the best advantage, many of us will better realize his transcendent powers by a study of the characters of Paris and Helen. This fact is easily explained, inasmuch as they represent the types of human nature with which we are all more familiar than with those mirrored forth in the valiant Hector or the indomitable Achilles. Modern imaginative literature with which we are all more conversant, differs entirely from that of the ancients. Whilst love and sentimentalism, frequently associated with a nauseating realism, form the basis of the modern novel, the ancient romance depicts in glowing colors the consummate sagacity of heroes in the council-chamber and their wondrous deeds on the battle field. If love enters into it at all, the part it plays is, in every case, secondary to some heroic action which constitutes the theme proper. And it may well be questioned whether the bold manly tone of ancient literature, suggestive as it is of moral integrity and sterling courage, is not to be preferred to the sickly sentimentalism of our modern production, whose tendency is to make us believe that society, as a whole, is thoroughly depraved.

It is, perhaps, our acquaintance with this so-called realism that renders Homer's treatment of Helen and Paris so attractive by contrast. The problem which confronted him in the delineating of these characters was a difficult one. It consisted, on the one hand, in presenting them true to nature and to the ideal types which tradition had handed down of them and which existed in an enhanced and magnified condition in the popular fancy. As such, he must set them before his readers, or rather his hearers, invested with all the charms of body and mind which the spells of Venus could cast about about them, so as to make the importance of their personages proportionate to the effects which they produced upon their time. On the other hand, though calling forth our admiration, they must yet exhibit such a lack of those endearing and ennobling qualities that appeal to the heart, as not to engage too strongly our sympathies in their behalf. If the poet fail in the former task, the artistic equipoise of his work will be destroyed; if he err in the latter, the cause of morality will suffer a still greater wrong. But Homer's unerring artistic instinct and keen moral perception made him easily avoid either mistake. A writer of the modern school would undoubtedly have assigned to Paris the foremost rank amongst the Trojan princes and endowed him with all the trappings of the romantic hero. Helen, despite her shortcomings, would be painted as the very incarnation of womanly sweetness, and her husband, Menelaus, as such an ogre and a tyrant, that her escape from his clutches would appear as a mere act of self-preservation and her rescue by Paris, a heroic deed.

Let us follow the brush in the hand of the Grecian bard and watch the very different strokes he gives the picture. As a true artist he does not introduce this pair whom we are so anxious to meet, until he has whetted our curiosity to a

keen edge by laying before us all the dire effects of their moral turpitude. Only after war-loving Mars has—

——"Many a soul
Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades untimely sent."

does Paris, the author of all the dire catastrophe, come upon the stage. Homer strikes the key-note of his character in the rapid sketch he gives us of his first appearance: —

"A panther's skin around his shoulders flung,
Armed with his bow and sword in front of all,
Advanced the god-like Paris."

In one so fastidiously attired and so eager to attract general attention, beauty of person, self-conceit and vanity are naturally expected. And, in all his after actions, Paris proves himself possessed of all three. Courage to a high degree is incompatible with his general temperament, but a love of ostentation is one of his marked characteristics. So over-weening is it, that, for a time, it overcomes his cowardice and compels him, in order to become a conspicuous figure in the eyes of both armies, to challenge any individual Greek to meet him in mortal combat. No sooner, however, is he confronted by the man he has so cruelly wronged, than his courage oozes out at his fingers' ends, and he retires, palsy-stricken with fear, into the Trojan ranks. And does this cure him of his self-conceit and vanity? Not in the least. His nature is too mean to allow him to acknowledge his own baseness. For, when stung to the quick by Hector's jeers at his cowardice, although thereby coerced into renewing the fight, he retorts that fighting is all well enough for great brawny fellows like Hector, but "the gifts of the gods, *i.e.*, his own handsome face and well-formed figure, are not to be despised." He does not rise much in our estimation by his conduct during the second encounter in which he is again worsted and, but for the intervention of Venus, would have paid the penalty of his crime. And, indeed, we deem it a pity that the goddess of love should have thus added another to her already long list of misdoings in preserving him to bring down his father's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. But little is heard of him after the third book. In it we have been made thoroughly acquainted with his character and, as warlike deeds occupy the greater portion of the other books, we scarcely look to him to play any prominent part therein. Once, indeed, he again appears upon the field and does some execution, but it is only as an archer and from an ambush, experience with Minelaus having doubtless given him a wholesome dislike for hand to hand contests. Occasional glimpses of his vanity are also given us in these later books. We find him always solicitous about his attire, and possessed of all those petty acquirements whereby the mere poltroon frequently passes in society for a man of parts. Scarcely once, however, does he display the smallest portion of that moral stamina which alone entitles a human being to the glorious title of man. And it is a wonderful proof of the immutability of human nature that, after the lapse of so many ages, and after such great revolutions, men may yet be found who are the very counterparts of Paris; men who are ever endeavoring to pass off the dross of frivolous accomplishments for the pure gold of great intellectual and moral capacities. It is, indeed, strange also, that the world in general, after such a long experience, so easily becomes the dupe of such characters. Such, then, is Paris, as drawn by the master hand of Homer. Not the dashing man of the world whose shortcomings are so delicately glossed over as to seem more attractive in him than virtue in the injured party, such as he would have been pictured by the modern novelist, but simply what a man of his stamp always is, a contemptible, moral pigmy.

In portraying the character of Helen, Homer's task presented even greater difficulties and required a more delicate hand, but his genius was equal to the emergency. She was guilty of a heinous breach of faith, and yet, he had to prevent her from becoming entirely odious in the eyes of his readers, without, in any way, minimizing her fault. True it is, the Greeks did not view her action with the execration it calls for from a Christian standpoint. Indeed, from Homer's treatment of the subject, it is difficult to ascertain their real sentiments concerning it. Evidently, however, she was not condemned to that social ostracism to which her action would have doomed her, had she lived in our own days. Menelaus is quite willing

to receive her back if she will consent to return and, when she reproaches herself before Priam, as being the source of all his misfortunes, he tells her the fault is not hers, but that of the gods. This answer, probably, embodies the opinion prevailing amongst the Greeks and Trojans. Helen was but the blind instrument of that fate whose influence was all powerful in the affairs of the ancients, and who could no more be resisted than can the rising of the tide. True, she herself occasionally declares that no one in Troy will associate with her, but, as the conduct of the chief Trojans towards her on several occasions, notably, upon her appearance at the Scæan gate, wholly disproves these statements, they may be set down as mere self-reproaches arising from remorse. And this remorse, so frequently evinced, is a unique and attractive feature of her character, since it is rarely found in the pages of ancient literature. It is almost Christian in its intensity, particularly as shown forth in her reply to Venus who, after the duel with Menelaus, comes to summon her back to Paris. Her pathetic conclusion,

——"E'en now
My soul with endless sorrow is possessed,"

excites our pity and shows us that then, as now, those who erred found all too soon, that "the way of the transgressor is hard." The sentiments to which she gives utterance on this occasion, tend to strengthen the hypothesis that she is, to a certain extent, at least, an unwilling tool in the hands of superior powers. Still, her actions do not entirely exonerate her. In her interview with Paris, she shows herself fully conscious of the superiority of her husband, over her paramour, for she honors Menelaus for his courage, and upbraids Paris with his cowardice. Yet, whilst she despises him for it, her woman's weakness makes her warn him not to seek another encounter with her wronged husband lest he be hurt. All in all, she awakens our compassion that one so fair should be so frail. For she is "divinely fair," and most adroit is Homer's manner of letting us know that such is the case. He attempts no direct description, as would any second-rate artist, but leaves us to infer her beauty from its effect upon others. His skill is further evinced in his selection of witnesses to bear testimony to it. They are not young men whose impressionable natures might easily influence their judgment in such an instance, but the grave elders of Troy. Seated at the Scæan gate, as they looked on Helen approaching:

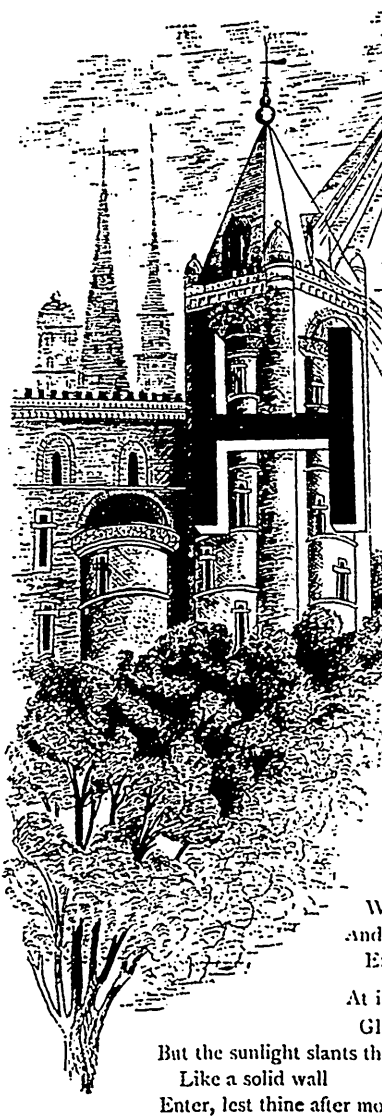
"'Tis no wonder, one to other said,
The valiant Trojans and the well-greaved Greeks
For beauty such as this, should long endure
The toils of war; for goddess-like she seems."

When the setting was so beautiful, what a pity that the gem of the soul, instead of being a pearl of great price, should be but a piece of common clay. But that such a reflection may not force itself upon us too strongly, Homer sets before us a companion picture, in which all that is noblest and best in womanhood is admirably portrayed. This is Andromache, the wife of Hector, who shows herself possessed of all, and more than all of Helen's tenderness, with none of Helen's worse than weakness. Some critics have declared that the Iliad was a tale written merely to point a moral, in a word, an extended fable. Such a conception has been shown to be incompatible with the sublimity and general execution of Homer's immortal masterpiece, yet many a moral may be found therein expressed, and none more pointedly than that furnished by this contrast of the virtuous matron and the faithless wife. Every detail is done to the life; Helen's beauty, volatile spirits, and pitiable weakness; Andromache's attention to her household cares, her motherly love for her child and her wifely devotion to her husband. What a lesson is here taught to those so-called Christian writers of the realistic school by the old pagan bard! If such has been the effect of Christianity, it were indeed better to once more set up the statues of Jupiter and Appollo. But we know that this springs from a total rejection of all Christian principles and from a return, not to the vigorous paganism of Homeric Greece, but to the licentious idolatry of moribund Rome. What is wanted and must be had, if the light of the world is not to go out in utter darkness, is a thorough reform, and, in that reform, Homer's delineation of Paris and Helen, by its delicate handling, by its artistic finish, above all, by its fidelity to nature, might well serve as a model to all future artists when depicting similar types of life.

D. MURPHY, '92.

ERRATUM.

In the fifth line of the third verse of the poem "Emancipation," page 119, the word *given* should read *riven*.



Emancipation

HOUSED in earthen palaces are we
Over smouldering fires,
Where through the fumes creep witheringly,
Doubts and hot desires,
And our souls in that dense place
Lose their grace.

Some forever grope and climb
Toward the outer air;
Some into the nether slime
Slip and stifle there;
Others with alternating mind
Wander blind.

Yet each place—this we know—
Hath one central tower;
Round about it breathe and blow
Winds for every hour;
And its spire through ether given
Enters heaven.

At its base a narrow slit
Gleams and that is all;
But the sunlight slants through it,
Like a solid wall
Enter, lest thine after moan
Find it flown.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

'THE CATHOLICS IN SCOTLAND."

By Rev. Æneas McD. Dawson, LL.D.

THE fact that Father Dawson is so widely known as a writer of superior merit and a gentleman of deep scientific and literary culture, makes the task of referring to his latest production, a comparatively easy one. The venerable author of "The Catholics in Scotland" has more than sustained, in this his last effort, the brilliant reputation which the production of "Pius IX and His Time," "The Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope," "Zenobia," and other works, had previously won for him, and already, a year after its appearance, "The Catholics in Scotland" has taken its place in the first rank among recent religious historical publications. These few lines are not intended as a literary criticism of the book—for the reason that Father Dawson has already found favour before the public—and he needs no further commendation. Nevertheless, a cursory review of the work cannot fail to be of interest and will doubtless be of service, where the work itself has not, as yet, found its way.

It is the history of the Catholic Church in Scotland during the last two centuries, recounting the trials and triumphs of her faithful children and zealous ministers, from the year 1593, when the hierarchy was dealt its severest blow, at the hands of protestantism, till the death of Bishop Carruthers in 1852, when the church is again allowed the free exercise of her functions. At the time when the narrative commences, the Catholics, although the most obscure portion of the population were, by no means, an insignificant part of the Scottish people. At no time in the history of the country was such the case, and least of all, in 1593, when almost all the Highlanders and a large percentage of the Lowlanders were tried and true adherents of the Catholic belief. Father Dawson quotes Mr. Fraser Tytler to show the comparating strength of the contending parties at the time, and it is, perhaps, safe to say that, were it not for the unstable and vacillating policy of James VI, the influence of Presbyterianism might have been lessened, and Catholics might have enjoyed their just and sacred rights. As it happened, however, that the practice of the Catholic faith, at least outwardly, was rendered well nigh impossible. The priests, frequently disguised as husbandmen, were compelled to minister to the spiritual wants of their people in secret, and the punishment for the celebration of the sacred mysteries, if detected, was generally banishment and often much worse.

Not a few of the oppressive measures which emanated from the Kirk, were inspired by the arch enemy of catholicity, Queen Elizabeth, and her minions, whose persecuting spirit weighed heavily on the northern Catholics; yet, an important result of this was to incline royal favor in Scotland to the persecuted ones. And this fact Father Dawson brings prominently into notice, for, while the adherents of the Catholic religion were wont to be regarded suspiciously, simply on account of their belief, the high sense of justice, which the Scotchman never lacks, gradually won for them important consideration at the hands of their separated brethren.

The thirteenth chapter of "The Catholics in Scotland" is exceptionally interesting. It is a glowing account of the memorable rising of 1745. True, the wisest in the land at that time were agreed, and undoubtedly right-thinking Scotchmen of to-day will say with them, that the expedition of Prince Charles was ill-advised and premature; yet, it is due to the young Prince to say that he was sincere and not the simple adventurer that he is some times pictured. Father Dawson enters into particulars to show how closely the interests of Catholics were identified with those of the exiled chevalier and contrasts the gentleness of the Scottish officers in their dealings with their prisoners with the relentless cruelty practiced by the English officers. The description of the last engagement between the young Prince and the Duke of Cumberland is graphic, but

touching; however, it cannot be thought that the author has done more than justice to his theme, because for cruel and merciless butchery, history has few parallels to Culloden Moor.

Most valuable as well as interesting information is afforded with regard to the Scottish hierarchy, subsequent to the time of Bishop Nicholson, who died in 1818. These prelates, alike remarkable for their sanctity and their rare tact in the discharge of episcopal duties, pushed to success undertakings almost incredible, and, while their energies were mainly spent in and for their native country, it appears that France, Spain, Italy, and our own country, became the new home of not a few of them, and the fortunate gainers thereby.

The author pays an eloquent tribute to several of the zealous missionaries, not a few of whom were his own co-workers. He thus refers to one in particular, than whom no other was more deserving; a fact to which the readers of THE OWL will bear willing testimony.

"The Rev. William Bennett was one of "the gifted men of Bishop Carruthers' "time. He laboured many years in the "mission and was distinguished for piety "and learning. He joined the Society of "the Oblates and was Professor of Greek "and English literature in the University, "which that society founded and conducts "at Ottawa, Canada. He died at the ad-"vanced age of 73, in 1887."

The work, which is in one volume, indicates a deep knowledge and much painstaking research on the part of the author, and it is throughout characterized by that literary gracefulness and excellence, upon which rests Father Dawson's distinctive merit. He has a host of friends, both in Canada and in the land of his birth, and to those among them, who, for the want of time or the opportunity, cannot go deeper into the subject, his "Catholics in Scotland" will be of inestimable value.

D. A. CAMPBELL, '90.

"REFLECTION."

WHAT curiosity is to the boy, inquiry is to the man. The one is satisfied with a knowledge of facts taken separately, the other seeks the logical connection and relation which exist between them.

The child, possessed of the organs of intelligence, properly developed organs of sensation, and provided with proper physical material, begins the work of self-education, actuated exclusively by the impulse of curiosity.

At first, the names of the various objects, that come within its notice are quite sufficient to appease the cravings of the youthful mind. By curiosity, the perceptive faculties are awakened, and habits of attention and observation are formed to external phenomena. The "round unvarnished tales" which children so often relate, about the strange places or objects they have seen, show to what extent their perceptive faculties are developed. How often do we see young boys so completely absorbed in observing attractive objects, as to entirely neglect the calls of nature. If then, curiosity creates in the boy an active, attentive and observing mind, inquiry creates in the man a contemplative, thoughtful, reflective, reasoning mind, which delights in investigation and research.

Reasoning prompted by inquiry, is not satisfied with mere facts, but strives to ascertain their causes, relations, principles and the laws by which they are governed. Hence we see that it is through the medium of inquiry that the perceptive faculties are roused to action.

"It scrutinizes the present, ransacks the records of the past, and penetrates the probabilities of the future." Led by it man becomes lost to all surroundings and relations, in the investigation and contemplation of truth.

The philologist, by constant mining and

dissection, reveals to us the unceasing change going on within our language; the historian examines ruined monuments, half obliterated carvings, and worn-out documents of past ages; the astronomer buries himself in the almost interminable difficulties of calculations by which the lofty truths of his science are disclosed to man; the naturalist enriches science with rare and previously unknown specimens of minerals, animal and vegetable products, and so of the chemist, physicist and botanist, all adding to acquired knowledge the fruits of many years' hard labor, through the medium of reflection prompted by inquiry. If further proof were wanted of the great importance of reflection, in every path of life, we need but refer to those invaluable works on art, science and religion, which have left their impress on the civilized world, elevated the mind of man to think more sublimely and magnificently concerning the great problem of human life, and all of which have been the direct result of years of deep mental toil.

But to the youthful student, whose life of labor has scarcely begunflecn, retion is doubly useful. The amount of work he is expected to perform, the limited time allotted to him in which to master the required task is indeed sufficient to dampen the ardor of the most energetic. Day after day he glides along the smooth surface, never stopping to look to right or left. It is the age of steam and electricity, and the young student lingers not to penetrate beneath. A few years pass by, school-days are drawn to a close, examinations are passed, and at last he consoles himself with the belief, that he has attained his end, that the desired goal is reached. True, his mind is well laden, but is not the greater part of what is there stored but the mere semblance and show of knowledge, much in the form of Hamlet's book, words—words—words? Has he not been all along but a passive recepticle, in the hands of his teachers, as if his mind were a "capacity to be filled, instead of a capability to be developed?"

The matter acquired is, to a very large extent, unorganized and unconnected, from which no conclusions can be drawn, no truths derived.

There is wanting that concentration of thought, that perseverance in difficulties, that profound reflection, which stamp all facts indelibly on the memory, and renders them available when occasion demands. In a word he has not reflected.

Bacon says, we should not read to contradict and refute, neither to believe and take for granted, nor yet to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Such I take it to be the duty of every student, for what has not been sufficiently digested, is not assimilated, and consequently easily forgotten. We then labor under the great disadvantage of imagining we know, what in reality we aue almost utterly ignorant of.

But there is a still greater danger, and one to which many students are often exposed. It is the mistaken idea so frequently formed, that with expiration of college life, all further study is quite unnecessary.

Here, again, is displayed a want of proper reflection, for the more diligent and persevering has been the work of the student, the more clearly does he recognize the importance. nay the absolute necessity of continuing his studies in after years. He has learned this very important lesson, that the advantage of a college course consists, not so much in the information actually acquired during his few years study, as in the develpment of his faculties and in the mastering of broad principles, upon which, in all after life, he may safely build. In this latter part of the nineteenth century, when so much is written directly opposed to the doctrines of Christianity, those principles by which we are enabled to discern truth from error cannot be too carefully inculcated. Nature is the idol of some, humanity of others. God is the great unknowable and man's intellect is the supreme criterion of truth. Rationalism, scepticism, and socialism are the mighty trees whose roots sink deep into the earth, and through whose wide-spread branches the light of faith rarely penetrates. They are the trees from which are plucked the poisonous fruits that overturn the minds, destroy the peace, and blast the hopes of thousands. Against such evils as these, threatening as they do the very safety and integrity of society, it becomes the bounden duty of every student, fortified by true christian principles to wage incessant war,

This. then, is the lesson, which the student should derive from frequent and serious reflection: that, only that knowledge, which bears on it the stamp of serious thought, can be of the greatest use in after life, for learning without thought is labor lost; that the education received during college life, however thorough it may be, does little more than show how small in extent is the ground we have travelled over, in comparison with the almost boundless fields remaining to be surveyed, and, finally, he cannot fail to recognize the truth of Pope's golden maxim :—

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring;
For shallow drafts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

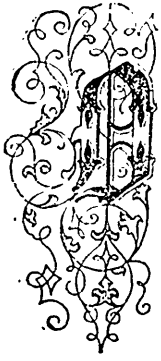
Thus far, we treated of the importance of reflection to the student in relation to himself and to society, but that the education, however perfect it may be in some respects, is necessarily incomplete, which fails to excite the mind of the student, to the contemplation of Divine truths. If the instructors of ancient Greece and Rome are justly censured for the undue attention bestowed on the development of strength and muscle, in those entrusted to their care, how much more should the modern oracles of education be censured, who in their efforts to create intellectual prodigies, lose sight of the grandest and noblest aim of education, the directing of the mind and will towards God. On Him, as our creator, are we dependent for our very existence, from Him as the bountiful dispenser of all good, do we obtain the means necessary for the preservation of our lives, and to Him as our last end, must we render a strict account of the use we have made of his priceless gifts.

The opinion set forth by Herbert Spencer in his treatise on education, that the object of all knowledge, is to teach us how to "live completely," would be undoubtedly true, if by complete living, he meant not only the fulfilment of our duties towards our ourselves and towards our neighbor, but also the fulfilment of those duties, which we, as creatures, owe to our creator; but if Spencer means, as we think he does, that temporal progress is the sole end for which we should exert our energies, and towards the acquisition of which all our education should be directed that life may be lived perfectly, then one cannot do better than answer him in the words of Cowper:—

What is life thus spent? and what are they
But frantic who thus spend it? all for smoke—
Eternity for bubbles proves at last
A senseless bargain.

M. S. FITZPATRICK, 91.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.



WORLD so very small! O life so short!
O pigmy man, that strut'st with giant's port,
Thinking the earth the Universe, its King
Thyself, and time eternal! Puny thing,
Reflect. Turn back thine eyes and see
Where are the mighty ones that used to be.
Where now the hands that built Assyrian fanes,
That raised the Pyramids on Egypt's plains,
Constructed temples vast with Grecian skill,
And palaces at Roman tyrants' will?
Where are the monarchs, whose unquestion'd word
Slew millions by the axe or by the sword;
Whose will was law, whose vices but proclaim
How easy 'tis by vice to climb to fame?
They all have gone, as thou thyself must go,
And left but ruins their past power to show.
The crumbling stones remain to mark their fate
And tell the world how perish all its great,
How power is but a shadow, fame a breath.
And glory but a spark soon quenched in death.
Seek, then, the future from the past to learn;
In hist'ry's pages this great truth discern:
That things material crumble and decay,
That human life is but a winter's day,
That to Eternity our thoughts should tend,
For that alone it is which has no end.

T. J. R.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EIGHTIES.

WHAT a bright period of our existence is our college days! How we now, far removed from the dear old walls, love to dwell on those happier days which grow dearer as time intervenes! How we chuckle as we recall many escapades and other amusing incidents with which those days abound! How indifferent to our advantages were we then, how reckless of responsibility! But now the kindly face which reflected the sympathetic soul of Father Tabaret; the mild and affectionate countenance of the saintly Father Bennett, are sharply contrasted with the cold stare of the heartless and unsympathetic world.

How we love to meet an old college friend, or even a student of other years, and relate those amusing stories of the old days, perfectly well known to each, but still most pleasing when again related—and never spoiled by telling! In this respect THE OWL is a most welcome visitor. To those who left previous to its establishment, it appears in a triple capacity, a letter-carrier, a friend of my friends, and a tolerant spiritualistic medium. And what a perfect medium it is! Scarcely has it entered when you are again conversing with old friends. You hear again that yelling fiend the hour bell, the monotone of the class-room, the low murmured prayers in the chapel, the snore in the dormitory, the growl in the refectory, the merry laugh on the campus, and the glad, joyous shout of victory, that spirit-stirring Rah! Rah! Rah! thundering along the playing-field. Then again you are reminded of the less known, but just as dear, amusing adventures of the boys—ginger-snaps, as it were, of college life.

The college football team had just drawn upon it the surprised gaze of America by its contest with the famous Harvards, when I meekly and quietly slipped into the institution and was assigned a bed in the dormitory. The usual freshman's fears I was not free from, and as a consequence the less observed I found myself the more comfortable I felt. But that unrestrained companionship and absence of caste, which is so rarely found but which so largely exists in Ottawa University among all the students soon puts one at his ease.

One of the first events which I witnessed was a veritable "tempest in a teapot," a regular international declaration of wordy war, the outcome of an old feud which had not its beginning in this century; in fact, some historians attribute its origin to the time of Pope Adrian IV. Now it seemed about to be terminated in a heroic fashion by a hand-to-hand single combat by doughty champions of each race. A young dashing freshman from the Limestone City, of Milesian extraction and Kerry descent, possessed with the spirit of his ancestors; and a rather attenuated son of the great dragon-slaying saint, of Bangor (Maine) blood, and Plymouth Rock grit, from New York, had undertaken to solve, by reasoning as calm as a volcanic eruption, the vexed question of "Home Rule." At first it did not attract much attention, but when each began to look behind for some one to hold him the bystanders considered it time to interfere. The question, as is well known, is not yet decided; and like the participants in a French duel, both combatants at the last report are enjoying excellent health.

The wonder is that in an institution where so many different nationalities are gathered, such quarrels are not more frequent; but they seldom occur, and when they do they are more amusing than serious. On another occasion, in a debate as to the future of Canada, one of Uncle Sam's children, our very dear cousins, was strongly advising us to give up our own house-keeping and go board with them. In the course of his remarks he said he was aware that there was a large number who did not "know the alphabet in Canada." Whether they knew it in English, French, or any other language he neglected to say. This was vigorously resented by the Canadians, but

the whole matter passed off with the heat of debate. A few days afterwards, when the snow-shoe club, of which the young statesman had become a member, were preparing for their first tramp, this generous cousin was observed vainly endeavoring to force the snowshoes on his ankles. When asked what the trouble was he replied, "the durned hulls are too small." However he soon became an enthusiastic snow-shoer, and, at the festive board of mine host of Gatineau Point, showed that he was not impervious to the charms of Miss Canada.

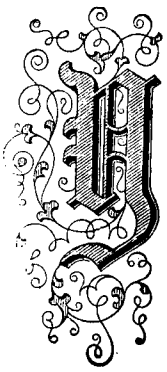
How strangely people are constituted! While many of our Yankee friends availed themselves of the above-named exhilarating exercise, many able-bodied Canadians preferred to spend "conges" in the stifling air of the corridors and halls. For these the worthy Capt. a Gascon had the supremest contempt. But he was unjustly severe, for they sought their pleasures not in woods and dells, but in libraries and academies; courted not the vigor and health of physical manhood, but the admiration of those Ottawa audiences which filled the pit, and the smiling approval of the old masters who adorned the panels on the gallery front of the College Convocation Hall. Here the spirits of Shakespeare, Schiller, and Boucicault, walked forth and stared at the grace and beauty of the gubernatorial city. Yet they often haunted other halls. I have seen Schiller's "Wallenstein" the night before his assassination, accompanied by his uncle, whom Schiller neglected to give place to in the tragedy, but who "got there just the same," rob the college larder and convey away sufficient to ensure the citizens of Prague against a year's siege—despite the protest of "Mike the watchman," who declared that if they ate the contents of a certain pot of jam, he would be "blamed for two suicides in the morning."

Hundreds of such incidents could I relate, and in fact every student could do the same. But as the majority of them are constantly recurring, it would not be fair to the coming students to sharpen in any way the vigilance of the prefects. Still there is one which I fancy did not occur more than once, and as its success was complete, all hereafter should have the benefit of it.

One January night, long after the rest of the house had retired, when the thermometer was slipping silently out of its teens, two students who occupied rooms in the "prof.'s corridor," sat up exchanging experiences. Then the prospect of encasing their shivering bodies in the cold sheets caused them to set about devising means of procuring restoratives. It was decided that one should play sick and the other rouse the infirmarian. Accordingly, one being "sicklied o'er with a pale cast" of countenance, by tying a handkerchief around his head, throwing a coat over his shoulders, and utilizing the shakes Jack Frost had bestowed, he made a perfect invalid. The other marched off and roused the infirmarian, as per agreement, spoils to be divided equally. The worthy functionary hastily dressed and repaired to view the wreck. The shivering became violent, and immediate action was necessary. The poor brother advised many remedies, but none found favor except a good hot punch (which was the object of the scheme). It was speedily forthcoming, the plotters congratulating themselves upon the success of the effort. When the steaming and aromatic bowl was brought in, mouths watered and a glad light filled the eyes of the shivering students. The thermometer had in the meantime attained its majority. The good Samaritan ordered the invalid to drink the contents of the bowl immediately and get to bed, and said he would also bring him an extra blanket. The sick man slightly (very slightly) demurred. But the punch-maker insisted upon its immediate consumption. No coaxing was needed. With a farewell look at his companion he lifted the steaming bowl, and its contents, like "sweet Afton," "flowed gently" down. The accomplice was now making desperate efforts to keep his structure from falling to pieces, the glad light left his eyes, he started for his own cold, dreary room, and as he went he heard the punch-consumer who had slid into bed singing "Way down upon the Swanee River" and other airs suggestive of a warmer clime. J. D.

Halifax, Dec. 1st, 1890.

A SIMILE.



OW gay, how wild, how sweet the strain
That welcomes morning back again!
'Tis green-robed nature's own refrain,
Sung by the birds in the wild wood.

Upon the elm and maple throng
These feather'd warblers, rich in song,
And build their nests compact and strong,
Such as we robb'd in our childhood.

And when they've hatch'd their tender brood,
Behold! with what solicitude
They search the wood for dainty food,
Sweet to the little mouths gaping!

Now comes the mother, then her mate,
Each loaded with the luscious bait,
A tardy snail, struck down by Fate,
Sprightlier insects escaping.

And when the fledgelings stronger grow,
Their parents, flitting to and fro,
Invite them, by their chirpings low,
Forth from the cradle that bore them.

Nor cease they to protect and feed
The offspring of their fruitful seed,
Till these their care no longer need,
Providence then watching o'er them.

Thus, too, the youthful students find
Protection, nurture both combin'd,
Rare nourishment for heart and mind
Under the roof of the College.

Imbibing here nutritious lore,
Their pinions length'ning more and more,
They on the wings of Science soar
High in the regions of knowledge.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

WINTER SPORTS.

"'Tis the joyous winter season when the merry snowflakes fly,
Flieth eke the playful snowball, hitteth rustic in the eye."

IN these lines from *Locksley Hall* the venerable Laureate shows how fully he has imbibed the spirit of delightful simplicity which pervades pastoral amusement. For snowballing in its purity and integrity is practised only in the country. "The madding crowd's ignoble strife," is conducted with other weapons; "the resources of civilization are too numerous in the city; and "the blue right arm of the law" is ever ready to pounce upon the reckless smallboy who dares to indulge in this pastime in the highways or byways. Schools and colleges, it is true, afford opportunities for throwing snowballs, yet even these are limited. But given a well-used country road, high banks of snow on either side mined with labyrinthine chambers, and a dozen of boys aging from 10 to 15; and things will become interesting for any farmer who may happen to pass that way. He will probably be accosted at first by an innocent looking youth with a "Give us a ride, Mister," to which reasonable request he will reply with a vicious crack of his long whip. This is all required to make a *causa justa et gravis*, and in an instant a furious volley of snowballs rains on man and horse from both sides of the road. Being somewhat courageous, the farmer jumps from his sleigh and whip in hand proceeds in quest of vengeance. He scales the ramparts but finds no enemy, not having an Ariadne to aid him in following them through the under-snow passages along which they have escaped. Very likely he is recalled to the surface by the sound of cheering, to find that his tormentors have taken possession of his team and are making off with it at racing speed. After a while, however, they drive back to within a safe distance, give the poor farmer a few parting shots and return to their fortress to await the next comer. This is the game of snowballing "as she is played."

Closely allied with snowballing is the building and attacking of snow forts. The building is a somewhat wearisome and uninteresting business, very rapidly merging from amusement into hard work. Smallboys, however, are capital builders, for they will labor most assiduously so long as they imagine they are playing. But should anyone tell them that they are working splendidly, they stop at once and cannot be induced to continue. When the fort is built, a fine night is selected for storming it, rockets and other pyrotechnics enliven the scene, and the fun is fast and furious. The stormers are always winners, but they are good-natured victors and after making the vanquished defenders pass under the yoke generally entertain them with a fancy-dress ball or something of that kind.

Snow-shoeing is also a very popular winter amusement. Veterans in the art derive perhaps even more fun from watching the manoeuvres of the "greenhorns" than they do from "the tramp" itself. The proverbial fish out of water is not a more helpless creature than is an unfortunate fellow standing on his head in a snowbank and fanning the air wildly with snow-shoed feet. A critical test for the Ottawa snow-shoer is the crossing of the Canada Atlantic track near the brickyard. There is a barbed wire fence on either side, and the bank is very steep, so steep in fact that the snow does not take fast hold on it, but is liable to slide down in an avelanche just as one has climbed within a foot of the top. The full value of snow-shoes is never appreciated except by him who breaks one or both, and in attempting to walk home without them finds that the path which he thought had been pretty solidly beaten by forty or fifty men is now ready to receive him up to the armpits. Nor does it unfrequently happen that he who prized himself on his soundness of wind has to eat a large slice of humble-pie when the captain at the end of the ten mile tramp orders the club to come through the town on the "double." Notwithstanding these unpleasant features snow-shoeing is always well patronized.

But the most elegant and difficult of

winter sports is certainly skating, with its complement, hockey. At no other time does man display such bird-like grace and freedom of movement as when shod with the bright steel runners—provided, of course, that he can skate. For there is no more helpless, pitiable object than the skater who cannot skate. The paralytic who has "only been down to the club" is a perfect model of "self-help," steadiness, and all the moral virtues, when placed beside the poor fellow who moves along the glassy rink, now on all-fours, now on both knees, from time to time reaching an upright position only to fall therefrom with a concussion of the brain that threatens to destroy at one fell blow the result of many weeks hard work with hose and snow-plow. These remarks are not made however with the intention of discouraging any aspirants for skatorial honors. As Charles Reade has very happily put it,

> "It is never too late
> To learn to
> Soleisferratisperglaciemtranscurrere."

Far be it from our thoughts to wish that any twentieth-century elegiast should feel called on to surmise the non-evolution of "some mute, inglorious Rubenstein," from among the students of Ottawa. On the contrary we trust that the roll of skaters will continue to swell, that the number of indoor loafers will keep on growing beautifully less, and that the hockey-team of '90-'91 will win the championship of the city.

"It may not be generally known," to borrow the equivocal phrase of a distinguished Canadian journalist, that the word *hockey* is only another form of *hookey*, and is so called because it is played with a *hooked stick*. To most of us it was a very different game that used to be known as *playing hookey*, a game in whose closing act the *stick* was not unfrequently employed, though it mattered little whether it was hooked or not. The present *hookey* is a much better game, from a physical as well as from a moral point of view. It is a little rough, of course; what manly sport is not? but if we consider how much harder is ice than turf, and how much more precarious is the footing of the skater than that of the footballer, we cannot fail to be astonished that hockey does not occasion any more accidents than football. Moreover the game moves so rapidly that there is very little opportunity for prolonged discussion of an unpeaceful nature. This same rapid movement makes the game an interesting one to spectators, while the simplicity of the rules is such that they are understood at first sight. Our present season's team will miss one of the greatest promoters of rapid movement, the energetic captain "Con." But they know that he is with them still in spirit, and ready as ever to rise from a sick bed to lead them on to victory. Merry Christmas, old fellow! May your good right arm do whatever it finds to do as successfully as it wielded the hockey!

The Owl.

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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.

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VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1890. No. 4

AN YULE-TIDE GREETING FROM YE ULE.

"Se monath is nemned on Leden Decembris, and on ure getheode se ærra geola, forthan tha monthas twegen syndon nemde anum naman, other se ærra geola, other se æftera, forthan the hyra other gongeth beforan thæra sunnan ærthon the heo cyrre hig to thæs dæges lenge, other æfter." So runs an old Anglo-Saxon manuscript explaining that the month named *December* in Latin, is in our tongue called the *former Yule*, January being known as *the after Yule*. And apropos of this, there seems to be a close relation, most certainly affinity, perhaps even consanguinity, between this journal and the present joyous season. Not merely is there a striking resemblance between *Yule* and *Ule*, but according to Prof. Skeat of Oxford, an acknowledged authority on Anglo-Saxon, the words are derived from very similar roots. Both draw their meaning from the fact that they occasion, directly or indirectly, a great outcry. If any unkind naturalist will remark that *Yule's* is a sound of revelry and *Ule's* a sound of mourning, he shall be challenged to show that there is anything mournful in the hootings giving forth by this particular ULE. Prof. Skeat moreover says that *jolly* is a derivative from the same root as *Yule*, which goes to strengthen the opinion expressed regarding kinship between *Yule* and *Ule*. For who will for a moment deny that Y^E ULE is jolly? You have only to examine him closely to see the merriment in his blinking orbs, to note the waggish cock of his mortar-boarded head, and reach forth a friendly hand to meet the vigorous claw which he extends. Yes, kind friends, for all and every one of you Y^E ULE has a firm clasp of greeting, and a gift, or rather a series of gifts to offer for your acceptance. Some of these are really rare and precious, for they have been drawn from rich treasures, from mines of untold wealth lying beyond this bird's dominions. Others are simpler and of less intrinsic value, the products of brain-toilers within Y^E ULE's own realm. But greater and lesser, they are all presented with the heartiest of good will, and this should make even the least of them appear of considerable worth in the eyes of the recipients. These will be a goodly number, scattered far and wide over the vast surface of America, dwelling beyond the wintry ocean, even on the shores of the Dark Continent. And all these regions, near and distant, will hear a Yule-tide greeting ululated "in divers tones," now soft and thrilling as a lover's lute, now strong and swelling as a chime of bells. But the burden will yet ever be the same

though sung by many voices—the old refrain which never falls on wearied ears, although so oft repeated since the night when nineteen centuries ago the shepherds first did hear it chanted by the angels high o'er Bethlehem's plain.

"Let dead Yules lend
Their bright reflections,
Let fond friends blend
Their recollections——"

and, hearts and voices united, sing with one of the sweetest of our land's sweet singers,

"Look on us from the heavens, divinest One!
And let us hear through the slow moving years,
Long centuries of wrong, and crimes, and tears,
The echo of the angels' song again,
Peace and good will, good will and peace to men."

THE OWL'S PLUMAGE.

An excellent appearance and superiority in artistic and typographical workmanship by no means counterbalance lack of literary merit in any magazine. Here, at least, fine feathers do not make fine birds. But it is highly appropriate that, at a special season of the year, and with an unusually large and choice table of contents, a journal should appear in a dress befitting the occasion and the literary matter. The paste gem is self-condemned in a fine setting; but the diamond enhances in beauty and billiancy with the richness of its surroundings. This last consideration induced the managing editors of the OWL to make special efforts that the excellence of the prose and poetry of this Christmas issue should not be hidden under the bushel of inferior mechanical or artistic work. They leave to the readers of the OWL to judge in what measure their efforts have been successful.

Three of our illustrations, "The Birth of Christ," "The Birds" and "Assyrian Grandeur" are stock cuts. All the rest have been specially engraved by F. A. Ringler & Co., New York, and by the National Electrotype Co., of Toronto, from sketches by students of the University. In this matter the gratitude of the OWL has been merited by, and is hereby tendered to Rev. Bro. Dubois, O.M.I., and C. D. Gaudet, '92, to whose skill and kindness the greater number of the illustrations is due. Our cover, which is Catholic in design, and characteristic of the season, is almost entirely the work of the latter artist, who was lavish of his time and talents that he might give us something worthy of the occasion. The typographical work is that of J. D. Taylor, of Ottawa. The lithographing was done by Mortimer & Co., also of Ottawa.

We cordially invite those of our subscribers who think we have done well to emphasize their approval in the orthodox way, by responding to the request accompanying the present number of the OWL. We shall consider the payment of a subscription as a most welcome Christmas gift. Good wishes, at this festive season, could be substantiated in no more eloquent manner. The OWL is not backed by a stock company with unlimited capital.

ISOLATION.

To those interested in Catholic education, nothing can be more gratifying than the proposed Catholic educational exhibit at the coming World's Fair. What strikes us as likely to be its most far-reaching practical result, is the meeting of prominent teachers and the consequent comparison of methods and interchange of ideas.

As in Canada, the educational institutions of Catholics in the United States are almost exclusively under the control of religious orders. Justice, as well as gratitude, compels us to admit that no more devoted and conscientious teachers than these religious, can be found. Christian charity inspires them to undertake thei

arduous task, and their every surrounding tends to impress them with the sacredness and responsibility of their duties. Unlike the majority of secular teachers, at least in the elementary schools, who regard teaching merely as a stepping-stone to something more remunerative or less irksome, religious teachers make their occupation their life-work. If Catholic schools, then, are not superior to public schools, it is due to causes which can be removed, which will be removed, if Catholics are true to themselves. So, also, should Catholic colleges be superior to Protestant or secular colleges, for they have two great advantages over these. All truths are correlated; and in Catholic institntions, revealed truth is definitely known and sacredly guarded. This does not hamper the student; it fosters and promotes the search for truths discoverable by reason and observation. Instead of becoming the sport of the theorists of the hour, the lines of the Catholic student are clearly traced. His duty is to demonstrate the harmony existing between scientific discoveries and the words which shall outlive the heavens and the earth. Experience, moreover, confirms what common sense and Christian prudence suggested, namely, that it is unwise to leave young men with little or no restraint on their manner of living, at the very period when their character is forming. Catholic college life is conducive to the formation of studious as well as Christian habits. Is it too much, then, to say that our colleges should be superior to all others? Still we feel that we should be making an unwarrantable boast if we were to affirm that such is always the case. And why? We venture the assertion that the chief disadvantage under which we labor, arises from our very advantages. From the nature of things Catholic educators, of different religious orders find it difficult to come together, and to profit by the intelligent discussion of matters, great and small, relating to the profession. It goes without saying that teachers would derive inspiration rnd encouragement from this contact with each other, and that its vivifying and energizing influence would be felt throughout the whole system. Nor can it be urged that this end is attained by the intimate intercourse that obtains among members of the same order; even the institutions controlled by the same order are very much isolated from each other. Besides, it is well known that all teaching orders are not equally successful; why should those in the van hide their light under a bushel?

Let us consider some of the results, perhaps the least important, which, without being too sanguine, we might expect from concerted action.

In the secular high schools, extracts from standard authors are studied critically. The most competent teachers, after special study, annotate these extracts and have them published in very cheap form. Why is there nothing of a like nature done with some of the best Catholic authors? We know that Catholic literature is systematically ignored by Protestants. How many Catholic students are given the benefit of a critical study even of Newman? The answers are not far to seek. The "why" and "wherefore" are evident.

Is it credible that a convention of professors of literature would dissolve without taking some steps toward the provision of text-books in literature more suitable than the best now in use?

If the present isolation were replaced by active cooperation, could not a journal, exclusively devoted to Catholic educational interests, be established, which would be the medium for a continual interchange of ideas on matters of concern to all who desire to see our institutions abreast of the times?

It is almost needless to say that we do not wish to be understood as desiring to give some gratuitous advice to our co-religionists across the line, as to how they should manage their affairs. No; our motive is more modest and less disinterested. We know that tariff restrictions do not extend to ideas on educational matters, and our American friends have, in connection with the proposed educational exhibit, a splendid opportunity of inaugurating a change in the present state of affairs, a change of which we, in Canada, should share the benefit.

The conviction that we are capable of better things, not any spirit of fault-finding, inspires us with the belief that some such action would be of permanent value to the cause of education all over the continent. It is not that we love the present good work less, but that we love progress more; and progress, if not infinite, is indefinite.

THE UNLEARNED PROFESSIONS.

It was the States-General that brought upon France the horrors of the Revolution. In his "Reflections on the Revolution in France," Edmund Burke has this to say of that body: "A very great portion of the Assembly was composed of practitioners in the law. It was composed, not of distinguished magistrates, who had given pledges to their country of their science, prudence and integrity; not of leading advocates, the glory of the bar; not of renowned professors in universities; but for the far greater part of the inferior, unlearned, mechanical, merely instrumental members of the profession." "From the moment I read the list," he adds, a little further on, "I saw distinctly, and very nearly as it has happened, all that was to follow."

What a wealth of suggestion those words contain for this age and this country, whose bane is a plethora of pettifoggers. A learned, liberal-minded, cultured legal profession cannot fail to be a great boon to any state; its influence will be felt not only on the laws, but on every phase of the national life—intellectual, moral, social—and felt beneficially to the prestige of the nation abroad and to the life of the people at home. But lawyers of insufficient training, such as Burke found and condemned in France, must ever be a menace to liberty, and order, and progress. And present appearances indicate that just such a revolutionary body must we inevitably have. Every change in the entrance examination for the study of law is in the direction of making admission easier and increasing the number of students. The plucking system in the examinations after admission is relied upon to cut off the unworthy, keep up the standard, and uphold the honor of the profession. Certain privileges, it is true, are offered graduates in Arts, but these in no way compensate for the time and money spent at the university. At the close of his university course the unfortunate graduate perceives that another, who began law immediately after matriculation, is at the head of an army of clients and on the high road to success, while he must plod through three years of legal studies, and at the end of that time find every desirable spot pre-empted by some one with only a squatter's title.

There can be but one end to this state of affairs. These inferior lawyers, raised suddenly by force of circumstances to positions too lofty and too responsible for their imperfectly developed minds, will become "intoxicated with their unprepared greatness," and in the *delirium tremens* that follows, will bring ruin on everything to which they put their hands.

Things are no more promising regarding the medical profession of the future. Not many days ago we had the spectacle of the Principal of a flourishing Canadian University advising and requesting all in-

tending to study medicine not to begin until they had passed the University matriculation. Just think of it! It has been, and is yet, allowed a boy, unprepared, save by the smattering of an education received in about half a High School course, to begin the study of medicine. The only evidence of that general scholarship so necessary to him who wishes to be, and who alone can be, the true physician, is the passing of an examination called medical matriculation, of a slightly higher standard than that required for entrance to High Schools. It is not difficult to forecast the effect of such a class of physicians on the future, nor is it any exaggeration to say that there will be many patients like the woman in the Gospel, "who, had suffered many things from many physicians; and had spent all that she had, and was nothing the better, but rather worse."

To prevent these impending disasters, immediate action is necessary. It must come from those who have in their keeping the honor and fair fame of what we are accustomed to call the Learned Professions. Let us hope that we are not far from the day when every intending student in Law or Medicine will be required to show that he has completed a thorough and satisfactory course of liberal studies in some recognized and reliable University

STUDENT CHARITY.

"Oh for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun" exclaims Hood; and no doubt can exist that there were causes sufficiently strong to evoke the cry. Since his time the world has not greatly changed. The passions of men are the same. Heart-beats are now as they were when he lived. We can, with almost as much reason as he, sigh over the "rarity of Christian charity under the sun." A community of students is a minature world that reflects, to too great an extent and with too much truthfulness, the feelings and sentiments that prevail in the great big world outside it. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true." Where there is strife for position or pre-eminence, there will there be that penchant amongst men, to impugn motives which are honorable, to form judgments which are uncharitable, to revile, to ridicule, and thus to rashly defame the character of one who may perhaps be a good and virtuous man. It is easy for us to understand this of that other world beyond, where business cares weigh heavily upon the mind, or where the excitement of political crises render men abnormally sensitive; but that such a state of things could exist in a college is past our power to explain. College is a home where home-feelings should be nurtured. We must know this truth. We must know that, united to attain a common end, we must be bound together by common ties. We must know that mutual aid begets mutual love; that the word, in kindness spoken, may relieve another of a weight of sorrow, and give to him who speaks it, a satisfaction that will fully recompense him for any pain the effort may cost; in fine, that our Alma Mater demands from us some return for the solicitude with which she guards us. If we learn what charity is, we shall learn what happiness is. We should all be cautious in passing adverse judgment upon another's conduct. Believe every one to be sincere, until he is found out to be false, should play its part in guiding our utterances. Why should we criticise harshly if we do not know the motive of an act? Beneath the outward gruff exterior there may throb, unseen to us, a noble heart that cherishes true affection for him, perhaps, who first rebuked. The miner holds, with eager grasp, the tarnished nugget, because he knows that its worth is beyond what its rough appearance would

lead him to believe. So also, we should cling to a comrade, until we find the vein of golden thought that lies under the rugged surface. How much of misery would be spared us if the lesson of charity were more generally known! Unreasonable fault-finding is an unfailing evidence of a cynical mind. In a college, no place should be found for the cynic. If he desires to thrive, let him ply his nefarious trade elsewhere. Let him betake himself to the busy centers of the outside world, where his influence will be but feebly felt. In a college, he will do harm, however great his unimportance be. The drop of oil, thrown on the bosom of the ocean, will be lost in its stupendous magnitude; the same drop, placed in a cup of pure water, will make a noxious draught. We are held by the laws of justice and right to think kindly of our fellow-men; to cherish, regarding them, none but thoughts of the most generous nature. Let us not delude ourselves by thinking that it is heroic to refrain from uttering the cutting words that rise to our lips concerning another's character. We shall find the reason of this inclination in the malicious thought, that is buried in the mind. If the mind be pure, our speech will be charitable. We must carefully prepare our mental food; diet our mind, as it were; and allow to live, therein, only manly, unselfish, generous thoughts. The attending toil may be severe, but final success will reward the effort, and thus we may truthfully say, what every pure-minded man should be able to say, that we are true to ourselves and just to others. In youth we are impetuous; we move by fits and starts, and judgments are hastily formed Therein is to be found the principal cause why student charity is so often wanting. If we only took time to consider, to question ourselves seriously, it might perchance happen that we would discover seeds of good in what, at first sight, would appear as wanton evil. When we have become acquainted with the secret motives that prompted an act, with the likes and dislikes of that other, whom at first we were tempted to severely criticise, when we have dissected and analyzed his soul, then, and not till then, is the time to rebuke. Struggle for superiority or preferment, in class or out of class, creates sometimes bitter feelings between students; but better, we say, is a secluded spot, with sentiments of charity toward all beating in our bosom, than the highest rank, in the power of our comrades to give, with the demon of hatred or jealously gnawing at our very soul.

LOOK TO THE FACTS.

It is related of the Parliament of Charles I. that not one of its members could answer the following question: If a dead fish thrown into a pail of water, causes the water to overflow, why should not a like result follow when a live one is thrown in? The king being called in to the rescue of his council, suggested the wisdom of establishing the fact, before proceeding to assign a reason therefor, whereupon, we read that the aforesaid learned body was astonished to find that it had been arguing to no purpose, for in truth, the same effect followed in both cases. The English King's logic was good, and the pity is that we have so little of it. For in as far as we cast aside that cupable generosity which consists in "taking for granted," "passing over unnoticed," and such like, in so far will we approach a more perfect understanding and put on, as a body, a more united and compact front.

Only a few months ago, a section of the Catholic citizens in a leading city of the Eastern States, withdrew its support from the Separate Schools. The education afforded by these schools had too deep a "religious coloring" for these strangely

Catholic people, and of course in this utilitarian age, they could not be expected to send their sons and daughters to schools in which spiritual matters are accorded such an overwhelming prominence. But if a little of King Charles I, logic had been applied, it would have appeared that this "religious coloring" was scarcely as deep as was feared. Separate Schools, like other schools, have a mission and what is more, it is a peculiarly definite one. Progress is the watchword of catholic educators as it is in some one of its multitudinous phases, the watchword of every educator. Now it is impossible that the instruction imparted in Separate Schools should tend entirely in the direction above stated seeing that progress as we understand it, consists essentially in intellectual, moral and material development. Concurrent advancement in this three-fold direction is what Catholic education insists on, and nothing more. A glance at the curriculum of any of our schools, reveals the fact that they attach paramount importance to the first and by devoting special attention to the second make growth in the material order more real and active. If to obey the natural order which makes an inferior end as well as the means thereto, subordinate to a superior one, can be interpreted as an excessive "religious coloring," then Separate Schools stand open to the charge; but the fact is—and we would do well to remember it—that the seasoning of natural truth of a purely worldly nature, with the requisite measure of supernatural truth does not constitute a deep "religious coloring"; it is rather the varnish which gives gloss and stability to the underlying shades.

A legitimate offspring of a mistake like the foregoing, is our too ready belief in our inferiority, whether mentally or materially understood. Yes even Catholics (?) are heard to admit it, and hence we feel bound to risk the odium of a comparison, for in this case also the facts are against the original supposition. In the field of history, there is but one opinion regarding the primary excellence of Catholic historians. We would almost expect the opposite as regards England, but there even, beyond Lingard how few are worthy of the name? The History and Literature of France and Italy are largely drawn from a similar source. In Painting, Sculpture, Architecture and Music, Catholics have been pre-eminently superior to all others. If we wanted to go on at greater length, we might point out how much the world owes to Catholic inventors, discoverers and scientists, but enough has been said to establish our principle. A little logic removes imaginary difficulties and minimizes real ones.

ROMAN NEWS.

We have received reports of the examinations held recently in the Gregorian University at Rome. In attendance at the courses of this institution there are seven hundred and eighty-one ecclesiastical students, the larger number of whom were competitors for honors at the examinations. The number of students in the Oblate College is only thirty-seven, but they succeeded in carrying off more prizes and honorable mentions than any of the other colleges, although the most of them are much larger. The Oblate students received seventy-five mentions, made up of elven first prizes (out of thirty offered for competition), eight seconds, twenty-eight first accessits, and an equal number of second accessits. First prizes were obtained in the two courses of Dogmatic Theology, and in the classes of Astronomy, Mathematics, Higher Mathematics, Greek, Archæalogy and History. As none but those possessing remarkable brilliancy of talent and a special love for study are sent

to the colleges in Rome, the rewards of the Oblate students are all the more valuable. It is a pleasure to the students of the Oblates in Ottawa University to know that their scholastics in the Eternal City are attaining such distinguished success.

AN EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY.

An opportunity will occur within a few months to make a trip around the world under novel conditions and in a manner not likely to be repeated. Advantage will be taken of the early sailing of the new and magnificent twin-screw steamships now being built for the Trans-Pacific Service of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, to afford to the public a "Round the World" excursion of a most extraordinary character.

The Steamship "Empress of India" will sail from Liverpool for Hong Kong, about the 15th January, 1891. At Hong Kong she will take her place in the trans-Pacific line for which she has been built, sailing via Yokohama to Vancouver, the Pacific termination of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

On her voyage to Vancouver, she will call at Gibraltar, Naples, Port Said, Suezl Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe and Yokohama, stopping a day at each of the ports named and at Port Said sufficient time will be allowed to enable passengers to visit Cairo and the Pyramids.

In connection with this voyage, tickets will be issued "Around the World," including choice of Steamship Lines across the Atlantic and a rail trip over the Canadian Pacific Railway from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

The rate for this wonderful journey will be $600, including meals and berths. Programme with maps showing the route, and giving full information as to stopovers, etc., can be had at any of the Canadian Pacific Railway offices.

The second and third steamships of the line will leave Liverpool about the 15th February and 15th March, 1891, respectively, taking the same route.

BISHOP MACDONNELL'S VISIT TO THE UNIVERSITY.

On the 26th November, His Lordship Bishop Macdonnell, first occupant of the newly-created See of Alexandria, arrived in Ottawa to pay a visit to his Alma Mater. The next morning, he celebrated the community Mass in the University chapel. Towards ten o'clock he was escorted to the Academic Hall, by the Faculty to be the recipient of an address from the students. His appearance was the signal for an enthusiastic burst of applause from the young men there assembled, which showed they fully appreciated the honor conferred upon their Alma Mater in the person of the distinguished prelate. Mr. D. MacMillan then came forward and read the address, in which a hearty welcome was extended to His Lordship, and reference made to the great joy experienced by the University in receiving once more within its portals one whose career had added so much lustre to its fame. The address concluded with warm congratulations to His Lordship upon his recent elevation to the episcopal See of Alexandria. The honored prelate, on rising to reply, was greeted with another burst of applause. In feeling terms he expressed his thanks to the Faculty and students of the University for the hearty welcome extended to him. He referred with pride to the wonderful strides in material progress made by his Alma Mater since he had gone forth from beneath her protecting care and paid a touching tribute to the memory of her founder, the late Dr. Tabaret. In conclusion, he reiterated his thanks to the Faculty and students.

In the evening His Lordship presided at the public concert given by the Cecilian Society.

American Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by the students from the United States with a due display of patriotic sentiment. From the number of plump turkeys that diffused their redolent flavor throughout the refectory on the occasion, it would seem that the boys know fully how to enter into the true spirit of the festival.

MUSICAL-DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The Cecilian Society made its initial bow before the public on the evening of Nov. 27th, when its first public concert was presented to a large and appreciative audience in the Academic Hall. The following was the programme :—

1ST PART.

1. Overture..La Légion d'Honneur..Cecilian Soc
2. Chorus.....L'Enclume .Orpheus Glee Club
3. Cornet solo.....Mr. C. O. Senecal
4. Song.....The Lone Grave..Mr. R. W. Ivers
5. La Rieuse.....Cecilian Society and chorus
6. Song.....Arrêtons-nous ici..Mr. E. Belleau
7. Operetta.....

L'ONCLE RATONDU—Ou le Voleur volé.

Personnages :—

L'Oncle Ratondu.....C. Charbonneau
Jérôme, son neveu.....T. Tétreau
Karmaedic, matelot.....F. X. Genest
Gendarme.....J. Landry

2ND PART.

1. Les Gloires de la France.....Cecilian Society
2. Song.....Novembre..Mr. C. Charboneau
3. Clarionet solo.....Mr. P. Cameron
4. La Charité.....Cecilian Society and Chorus
5. English farce.....

SMASHINGTON GOIT—Or Peace and Quiet.

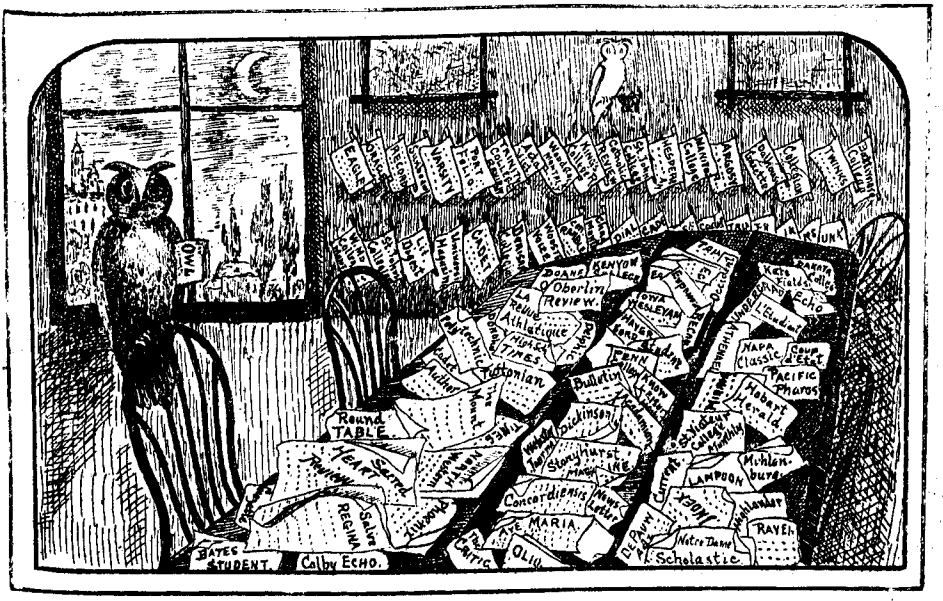
Characters :—

Mr. Smashington Goit.....T. Tetreau
[A law student with sttong musical tendencies.]
Twitterly Fluttersome, Jr.....R. W. Ivers
[A Gentleman with a sensitive organization.]
Twitterly Fluttersome, Sr.....J. R. O'Connor
[Father of above.]
Closefist, [a house owner].....F. Quinn
Clarence, [Fluttersome's son].....G. O'Keefe
Nelson, [servant].....Ed. Gibbons
Carpenter.....D. Desbiens

The Society, being an essentially musical organization, and, the entertainment being given under its auspices, music was accorded a prominent place on the programme, and was expected to be of a superior order ot excellence. It redounds much to the credit of the Society that these expectations were fully realized. Constant daily practice had been kept up for several weeks previous, and the fact was evidenced by the splendid rendition of the various difficult selections chosen. The Rev. Father Gervais, O.M.I., the able director of the Society, to whose energy and talent is mainly due the success achieved, is to be congratulated upon the favorable impression produced by that portion of the programme directly under his control. The vocal music was also of a high order of merit and showed clearly that the Rev. Father Emard, O. M. I., who had the matter in hand, is a master in the art of training up a choir to the rendition of harmony in the fullest sense of the word.

The dramatic portion of the entertainment contributed much to make the evening more enjoyable. Most of those who took part acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. In the French operetta, Mr. Charbonneau, by his faithful impersonation of the rapacious uncle, and Mr. Tetreau, in the role of the defrauded nephew, left nothing to be desired. Both gentlemen are the fortunate possessors of well-trained voices, as they clearly proved on this occasion. Mr. Genest also acquitted himself in a most creditable manner.

Amongst those who took part in the English farce, Messrs. Ivers, Tetreau and O'Connor, all displayed marked histronic talent. Mr. Ed. Gibbons also, as Nelson, the servant, by his clever imitation of the German dialect proved a source of much amusement to the audience. Rev. Father Constantineau, O.M.I., and Professor H. Glassmacher, who were untiring in their efforts to make this portion of the programme a success, have every reason to be gratified at the results obtained. On the whole, the entertainment proved most enjoyable and is, we hope, but the prelude to many such in the future.



THE OWL'S "AT HOME."

Should you ask whence these papers,
Whence these writings rich and varied
With the lore of ancient sages,
With the romance of past ages,
With the legends of days gone by,
With the fancies light and airy
Of the rhymster, the Magician,
With the burning thoughts of genius,
With the records of athletics,
With the thunder of long leaders,
With the doings in the great world
Of the boys that were but are not,
With the wily pranks of students,
With the frequent repetition
Of the ills and joys of College?
This, in answer would I tell you:
"'Tis a long list and a weary
Interesting but to writers
Who have spent long nights in watching,
Seeking for the thought that came not
By the glimmering flickering lamp-light,
Whilst their muttered exclamations
Sped with faint reverberations
Through the dim and murky sanctum.
Ye who thus have long with labor
Sought to scale the heights of favor
In the rough and rugged pathway
Of the College journal's columns,
Hear of those who share your hardship,
Of their homes and of their doings
From the fierce and wild Atlantic
To the far-off broad Pacific.
First to *Notre Dome Scholastic*
From the land of the great prairies
From the land of waving corn-fields,
Greets us with its rich abundance;
Nothing here is niggard, scanty
Breathes it of the gladsome plenty
Of the fertile Indiana,
Comes it not alone to meet us
From the prairie on whose bosom
Grows the green corn in the spring time,
Covered oe'r with sparkling dew drops
Glittering in the morning sunlight,
Like unto the purest crystals
Scattered oe'r a floor of emerald;
Comes in likewise the *Maria*,
Not for greater reputation,
Not to win fond acclamation,
But in honour of the Virgin,
She, the noblest of all mortals,
She, the Queen of all the angels,
Chaste and pure as in the moonlight,
Bright and fair as is the sunlight,
Next arrives the *Colby Echo*
From the land of darksome forests
Of interminable forests,
Where the waving pines and hemlocks
Shriek and moan in wailing accents,
As they bend and bow in terror
Of the fierce Kakibonokka
Of the wild and cruel North-wind.

But the *Echo*, nothing daunted,
Fearing not the cruel North wind,
Scorning fierce Kakibonokka,
Feeling not his icy breathing,
Greets us with its well filled pages,
Brings us store of pleasant reading
To beguile the lonesome hours
Of the frosty nights of winter,
Of our long Canadian winter.
Firm his perch within the Sanctum,
It, his consecrated dwelling,
It, the home of all his wisdom,
It, the scene of all his hootings,
Does THE OWL with deepest pleasure
Greet his western friend, the *Pharos*
From the regions of the evening,
From the land of golden sunset
Where the blazing sun descending
Sinks into the dead sea-water,
Colors all the sky with radiance,
Paints the clouds with deepest crimson,
Shrouds the landscape all in shadow,
Floods with gold the tops of mountains,
Of the far-off Rocky Mountains,
Bright and newsy is the *Pharos*,
Apt and pointed are its leaders,
Yet its fame would be far greater
Did it but curtail its locals,
Did it but increase its Essays.
As its friend and as its brother
Comes the *Eagle* from its eyrie
On the banks of the wild Fraser,
Of that swiftly flowing river
In whose waters swims the salmon,
Swims the bright-eyed, pink-head salmon,
In whose canyons dwells the darkness,
Dwells impenetrable darkness
In uninterrupted silence;
Far above, a strip of skylight,
Far below the pent up waters.
Young and weakly is the *Eagle*,
T'is as yet but a mere fledgeling
Still we hope to watch its progress,
See it grow in strength and wisdom,
See it take a place conspicuous
'Till, in wonder, College journals
Gaze with awe and admiration
At its mighty exaltation.
As THE OWL looks 'round the sanctum
The *Collegian* meets his sage glance
From the land of the Dakotas,
From the land of chilling blizzards,
Of fierce marrow-freezing blizzards,
Where in triumph howls the North wind,
Shrieks with glee Kakibonokka,
Spreads the ice oe'r lake and river,
Falls the snow in fearful silence
Ever falling, falling, falling,
Covering over all the landscape
With its ghastly gleaming mantle,
Heart-depressing soul-appalling.
Yet is the *Collegian* cheerful,
Interesting are its essays,
Still would it be more welcome
Did it have more editorials,
Did it but appoint an Ex-man.
From the land of rich luxuriance,
From the land of rice and sugar,
Where there is perpetual summer,
Where the air is filled with fragrance
Where the earth is ever covered
With the fairest, chastest flowers,
Comes the next and bright *Regina*
Vieing in its sprightly spirit
With the everlasting brightness
Of the favored Louisana.
Though THE OWL is grave and sapient,
Yet he pays a willing tribute
To vivacity and beauty;
Beams his eyes with light reflected
As he gazes on the *Sunbeam*
Shining with its glowing radiance,
Chasing from his heart the shadows
Gathered there by lengthy reading
Of interminable essays,
Filling all his much-loved sanctum
With its brightness soft and gleaming.
Some have said he likes not sunshine,
That he sees but in the darkness,
This he brands a fabrication,
A most shameful defamation,
For he loves to see the *Sunbeam*
Brightening all upon his table
With its cheering, joyous brightness,
With its blithesome, sprightly spirit.
Next to claim his glad attention
Is the *Index* in its new coat.
From the world-famed Niagara
Where the waters leap in madness,
Rush and leap in fearful frenzy
Ever downward, downward, downward,
In one vast unbroken column,
Down into that awful chasm,
Down into that utter darkness,
Roaring with a voice of thunder
Awe-inspiring, soul-o'erwhelming.
Prides the *Index* in its new coat,
And THE OWL says sagely blinking:
"Yea oh *Index* 'tis a fine coat."
Loves he thus to meet the *Index*,
Gladly scans its well-filled pages,
And his eyes grow wide with wonder

As he hearkens to its Ex-man
Thundering forth his awful judgments
On the heads of wretched writers
Whose great lack of information
Has incurred his condemnation.
But his wonder is far greater
When he hears the language spoken
By *L'Etudiant*, the next comer,
From the banks of the St. Lawrence,
From the land of sugar maples,
From the land of peace and plenty
In whose forests stalks the red deer,
In whose waters swims the beaver,
Chosen emblem of the people,
Who still keep their ancient customs,
Love their ancient faith and language,
Treasure up as precious heirlooms
All the legends and traditions,
All the tales of deeds heroic,
All the doings of their fathers
In those days so dark and gloomy,
When the Red-man skulked in ambush
'Round about the wooden fortress
Seeking but the scalps of white men,
Ever planning with all cunning
The destruction of the Pale-face.
Seems THE OWL at first bewildered
When he hears those words unwonted,
But his all-including wisdom
Soon informs him, speaks in this wise:
"'Tis the language of the Black-robe
Which of all tongues European
First resounded in our forests,
On our mighty lakes and rivers,
On our vast and trackless prairies,
On the "Father of the waters"
Bearing to the savage Red-men
Tidings of perpetual gladness."
And THE OWL, a sincere lover
Of the legends of his country,
Hoots a loud and hearty welcome
To *L'Etudiant*, the new-comer.
From the perch within the sanctum,
It, his consecrated dwelling,
It the home of all his wisdom,
It, the scene of all his hootings,
Does he now blink recognition
Unto these and many others
Gathered here to meet and greet him,
From the fierce and wild Atlantic,
From the far-off broad Pacific,
From the frozen arctic circle,
From the boundless midland prairies,
From the torrid southern regions.
None of all these welcome comers
Would he pass by as unworthy.
Each one brings some novel feature,
Some choice morsel to his table;
Gladly would he speak the praises
Of each and all that lie before him,
Feared he not the awful scissors
Of that sternest man his chieftain,
Of the editor his father.
Fills his heart with joy and gladness
Thus to meet his college brethren
In this season of rejoicing,
In this time of peace and good-will,
In this gladsome Christmas season.
And this greeting hoots he softly,
Whispers gently, speaks in this wise:
"It is well, oh college brethren,
That you've dropped in here to greet us,
May your visits long continue,
May you ever grow in wisdom,
Ever seek to scatter knowledge,
Teach to all men the great lesson
Spoken by the Babe of Christmas:
"Love ye ever one another
That ye may rejoice forever
In the kingdom of Jehovah,
In the land of the Hereafter."

SOCIETIES.

With the advent of winter and the cessation of the autumn sports, the numerous societies of the university at once reorganize, and furnish a most instructive and, at the same time, an entertaining means of lessening the monotony of this dreary season.

The Reading-Room Association has been one of the first of our societies to reorganize. At its annual meeting the following gentlemen were chosen as officers:—

President—Duncan McDonald.
Secretary—Albert Newman.
Treasurer—Jos. Landry.
Librarians—D. Masson, J. Breheny.
Curators—D. D. McMillan, T. Tetreault, A. Charron, R. Ivers.

The president has already shown his administrative ability in the same position, and, if his assistants follow his counsel, even better order than last year may be maintained. The association is in a flourishing condition.

The Reading Room is again fully furnished. Leading journals of the United States and of Canada, together with a number of important sheets from other

quarters of the globe, are now to be found on file. Literary and scientific pamphlets and magazines, both in English and in French, stock the shelves and tables, affording ample means of instruction and information to those who are inclined to devote their leisure moments to the perusal of heavier grades of reading matter.

It is to be regretted, however, that the committee have not yet procured that all-absorbing and interesting little organ, known as the *Swantown Courier*; still, the unlooked for appearance of the *Ingersoll Chronicle* is an immense source of consolation.

The orderly arrangement of the papers, thanks to the efficient management—has so far, been well attended to, and no reason of complaint can yet be found.

Meetings of the senior debating societies, English and French, were held on Sunday evening, Nov. 30, at which committees were chosen for the ensuing year. The English society, of course, returned its old and popular director, Rev. Fr Nolin, O.M.I., who, together with M. F. Fitzpatrick '90, D. Murphy '91, H. J. Canning '92, and D. A. J. McDougal '93, form the executive committee.

The following Sunday evening, after a few instructive remarks by the Director, Mr. M. F. Fitzpatrick was appointed chairman, and announced that the subject for debate was: Resolved, That Canadian Cofederation is destined to last. Affirmative D. Murphy and Walter Cavanaugh. Negative F. French and D. C. J. McDougal. The debate proved most interesting.

The French society have for officers, Rev Fr. Antoine, O M.I, Director, J. Landry, president, D. Masson, vice-president, J. Philion, secretary, and A. Carriere, R. Belanger, F. Genest and T. Tetreau, committee.

A long needed want has been at last supplied by the formation of the Orpheus Glee Club. We have long known thatt here is good vocal talent among the students, and now expect to see it developed. As director of this club, Rev. Fr. Emard, O.M.I., is the right man in the right place, his long experience enabling him to make the best use of his material. The other officers are, Pres T. Tetreau, Vice-Pres. R. Ivers, Secretary J. Landry, Treasurer, C. C. Delany, Manager, C. Charbonneau. It has a membership of nearly twenty-five, and, in addition to its being the Glee Club, comprises also the nucleus of the Chapel Choir. Already, they are preparing the music for Christmas, the "Messe de Ste. Thérese," by de la Hache, and the Christmas Oratorio of Lambillotte. A junior glee club will soon be organized.

The Cecilian Society, encouraged by its success at the recent public seance, is daily practicing that it may win new laurels in the near future.

Although the Scientific Society has not, as yet, been reorganized, it seems to be an understood thing that the higher classes, under the direction of their professors, intend to make public the extent of their researches into the secrets of science. This should be commended, not only because it imparts instruction and affords amusement, but also because it is a most important auxiliary to class work. On Thursday, December 4th, the Senior Philosophers held an excellent séance on Astronomy, which was attended by most of the Faculty. The first paper, an essay on Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis, by C. C. Delany, was undoubtedly one of the finest works ever presented to the Scientific Society. Mr. Delany, with great clearness, demonstrated the probability of the theory that the earth and other planets originated from an immense globular gaseous body, the sun. Mr G. Landry read a paper on Galileo vs. The Church, by a series of proofs taken from Protestant historians, he showed that the charges made against the Church concerning Galileo are altogether unfounded, and are now made use of only by the bigoted and prejudiced. The entertainment closed with a series of magic-lantern views on the most interesting phenomena of astronomy, which were explained by Mr. F. French. The many curious and interesting facts and intricate calculations referred to by this gentleman, indicate that he has a decided talent for mathematics. All present are convinced that the astronomy class is fortunate in possessing in Rev. W. Murphy, O.M.I., a professor who can well develop the minds of the young men entrusted to his care. The Junior Philosophers, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Gouvreau, Professor of Physics, will soon present a similar entertainment.

THE GREEKS AND THE TROJANS.

AN HEROIC EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF FOOTBALL.

"*Quorum pars minima fui.*"

On reading the heading of this little production it is to be hoped that no one will break forth into a hasty condemnation of that sage bird, the *Owl*. A dry essay would of course be out of place in a Christmas number; but, as the second

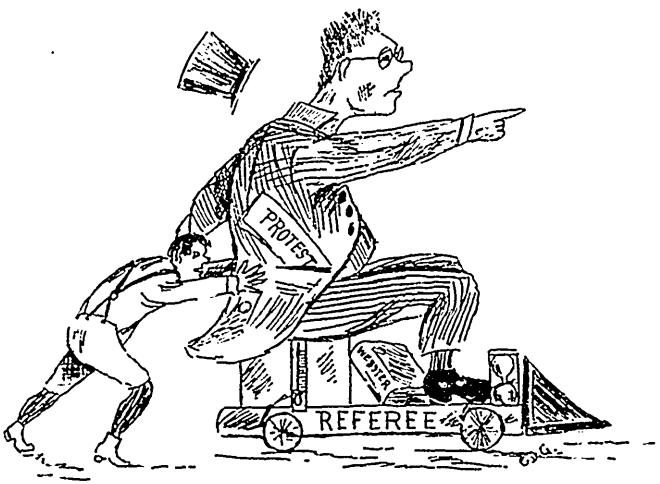
PREPARING FOR THE CONTEST

part of the title has no doubt made the reader suspect, the present is not a learned disquisition upon the heroes of the Trojan wars, neither is it a treatise about Homeric metre, an essay upon archaic forms, or a new theory about the digamma. You, dear reader, may, perhaps, at present, be employed in the pleasant task of digging Greek roots, and, in consequence, the mention of the Greeks and Trojans acts upon you *Homerically*, bringing you back centuries ago, *ante urbem conditam*, into the company of gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines; the same words, however, transport the writer only six years backward upon the road of time to the happy moments of his student life in the University of Ottawa; they recall to his mind, not the walls of Troy, but the wooden fence of the College campus; not the hours he spent with Homer or Virgil in study or class, but the time and the place when and where he made his first and only appearance as a foot-baller. Open your eyes, champions of many a hard-fought field, proud possessors of a silver trophy: as there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, so also there are a few things in the history of foot-ball of which, perhaps, you have never heard.

Even in the College of Ottawa, where the very atmosphere is impregnated with foot-ball, there were, in the writer's time, and no doubt, there are still, a good many students that, either through physical inability or lack of inclination, took little or no part in any of the games, but especially in football. However much they admired their famous brethren of the Invincible Fifteen, they never could be brought to imitate them.

It was late in May, 1884. The class of that year, to which the writer belonged, were getting ready for their final examinations. A *congé* was at hand on which no particular match was to be played. What was to be done to get up a little pleasant excitement? A bright idea struck somebody! Why not get up a match of football among the greenhorns, *i.e.*, those *that never play?* The project was taken up enthusiastically, and by none more than the "*greenies*" themselves. John Gately was chosen captain of one fifteen, and George Boucher of the other. Both were well qualified; the former had not been very well all winter and spring; the latter, I am pretty sure, never put his toe to a football before. Captain Gately's men got the choice of names, and being classically inclined, and wishing to secure for themselves whatever

good omen was in a name, called themselves Greeks ; naturally, George Boucher's followers became the Trojans. The writer was a Greek ; he does not remember very well who else were on the Grecian side, but John O'Reilly, of Gribbin, Ont., was a Trojan, and big Pete



McDonald, from Caughnawaga, was another.

We got a big flag; the two captains went through the stage properties, and got each a tall pointed mediœval hat, and an antique costume ; the rest of us borrowed the uniforms of the first fifteen, and all set out in procession headed by the flag and the captains to a common near the College, that is now all built up.

The boys soon "lined up," full of enthusiasm, the writer being a quarter-back, at least that was what he was told. A well-known priest, now in the diocese of Ogdensburg, was the referee. Need I say that the game was intensely amusing, but while the exhibition of fun was a maximum, that of *podospheric* science was a minimum. In the first place, there was nothing like symmetry in the size of the players; extremes of short and tall, fat and lean, met and mingled in graceful (?) confusion on the field. "On side" and "off side" were terms that had no meaning for the doughty athletes, or served only as exclamations of pretended science, which made the crowd laugh more heartily. Sometimes an exciting scrimmage went on, with the ball yards away from it. It was very hard to keep some of the Greeks from tackling their own men, and carrying the war into the Grecian camp ; and the game was pretty

[LINE UP]

well on before the Trojans became fully aware that their duty as patriots was to defend Troy and attack the Grecian goal, and not *vice-versa*.

First blood was for the Trojans: Pete McDonald managed to touch down the ball behind the Grecian posts. Perhaps, I had better explain: Pete was a young brave that would badly frighten the 200 lb. weight when he stepped on the scales; and when he and the ball fortuitously found themselves together behind the goal of the Hellenes, he accidentally or intentionally fell upon the coveted sphere. That was a touch-down; no doubt of it. Great was the jubilation of the Trojans. The ball was examined, and, as it was found to have survived the shock, was brought out and placed for John O'Reilly to kick for goal. John took up his position at such a distance from the ball as his knowledge of mechanics told him would give him sufficient momentum, and enable him to communicate the same to the ball, in the proper direction. He shook his ambrosial locks, spread his arms like a pair of wings, and started for the ball. The spectators held their breath—and their sides—John resembled Achilles, inasmuch as he had

[THE SCRIMMAGE]

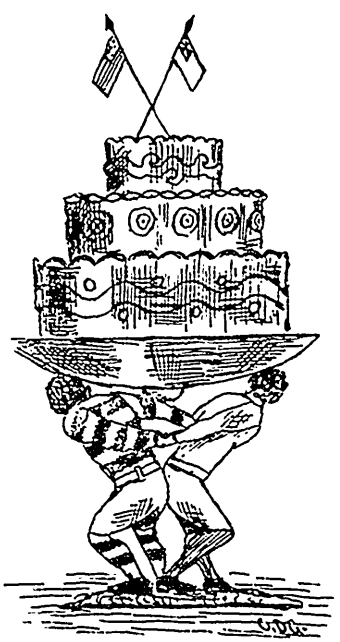
[TOUCH DOWN]

a vulnerable point. Achilles vulnerable part was his heel; John's weak spot was his toe. He soon arrested his onward course, and propelled his right foot forward with the laudable intention of sending the ball over the enemy's goal. "*Quassit ungula campum*;" the aforesaid toe struck exactly where the ball wasn't. "All Olympus to its centre shook." John collapsed. and so did the spectators.

No goal was kicked during the game; but the Trojans obtained several touchdowns, and when the game was over, they had thrashed the Greeks by a great majority of points. The procession re-formed and marched back to the college; the Trojans being in great glee at being declared the victors of the day.

However, as a truthful chronicler, and to do justice to the Greeks, of whom he

[KICKING A GOAL]



[TROPHY]

was one, the writer must not neglect to mention that they protested the game on the following grounds: (1) That the game should have been decided like a donkey race in favor of the losing side; (2) in case objection first were overruled the following protests were made: (*a*) that the referee knew too much about the game, (*b*) that several of the Trojans who pretended to be green in order to qualify for the match, had been noticed in the study-hall looking at a picture of a foot-ball, thus getting an unlawful knowledge of the peculiarities of that projectile; (*c*) that many of them were strongly suspected of having actually practised before the game. But there was, in those heroic times, no O. C. A. Association to take cognizance of these objections, and, of course, the project fell through. Perhaps the present Athletic Association would think it worth their while to take up the objections herein brought for the first time to their notice, and appoint a committee of investigation that might do justice to the memory of departed heroes. Should it so please that honourable body, and should the committee take the donkey-race view of the matter, then the writer humbly suggests that they recognize, by some tangible token, his own deserts; for he can assure them, without fear of deceit, and prove by eye-witness, that he, occupying the important position of quarter-back, never touched the ball during the whole game.

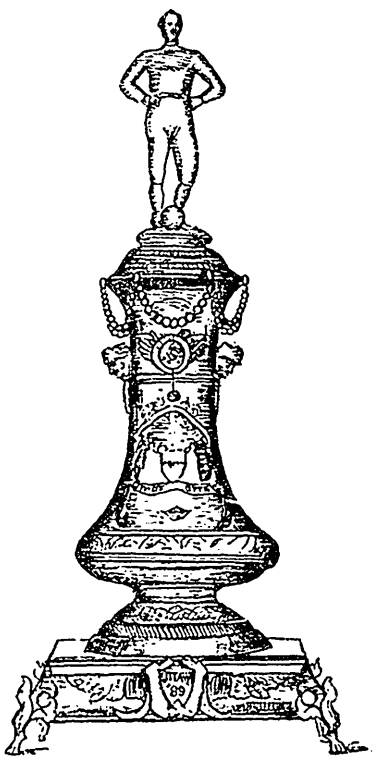
To conclude seriously, a game every spring like that which the writer has just described, would be an excellent custom to introduce into the College; and though hoping that the number of student eligible for such a match will always be very small, still the writer trusts that no spring will ever pass by in Ottawa University without at least one game of football between the worthy successors of the Greeks and the Trojans.

P. R., 1884.

THE CITIZENS' TROPHY.

When last year the 'Varsity Football Club forfeited the Ontario Challenge Cup by refusing to travel to Kingston to meet the Torontos, a team they had already defeated, the citizens of Ottawa resolved to replace the Union trophy by a more magnificent piece of workmanship. A meeting of the admirers of the 'Varsity team was held, a committee appointed, and subscription lists were opened, and quickly did the shekels flow in.

On the night of March 12th, the 'Varsity Athletic Association held its annual entertainment, and it was made the occasion of the presentation of the trophy. "On behalf of the citizens of Ottawa, without distinction of class, the trophy, accompanied by a beautifully illuminated address, was presented to the 'Varsity Football Club, "in recognition of the indomitable spirit they had displayed" on the football field. As this is our first illustrated number since that date, a cut of the cup is herein given, so that our readers who have not yet seen it may have some idea of our beautiful trophy. The team has already expressed its thanks to the citizens and its appreciation of their gift, and it would be both superfluous and late for us to repeat them now. The trophy is of silver, finished with gold. It stands over three feet high. On one side is engraved the University coat-of-arms, and on the other the coat-of-arms of our Athletic Association, and directly beneath the latter is that of the City of Ottawa. On the body are inscribed the names of all those that figured in the championship matches of '89, and on the four corners of its table-like bottom are the names of the participants in championship matches during the seasons of '85, '86, '87 and 88. So that on the trophy may be seen the name of every player, manager or field captain of the 'Varsity Football Club during the years it was in the Ontario Rugby Football Union. Old 'Varsity footballers, when visiting their Alma Mater, will by the sight of the trophy, be reminded of the football contests of days gone by, and will be pleased to see that their efforts, and those of their successors, have won for the 'Varsity team the appreciation of the citizens of Ottawa, of which cut the "Citizens' Trophy" is indeed a tangible proof.



THE CITIZENS' TROPHY.

ATHLETICS.

The past season has seen some innovations in football, such as the appointment of touch-line judges and goal judges, and indications point towards still greater changes. There is talk of even forming a new Union. Our readers will not, then, take it ill if we, too, offer a suggestion concerning the formation of a new Union. Our proposition is to form a new Union to be composed of Montreal, Britannia, McGill, Victoria, Queens, R. M. C. Cadets, Ottawa City and Ottawa University. The reasons for suggesting those particular teams are that they would not have very great distances to travel. It would certainly be much more convenient for Queen's or the Cadets to travel to Ottawa than to Toronto, and for Ottawa teams to go to Kingston rather than to Toronto. And the travelling accommodations between Ottawa and Montreal are sufficient inducement in themselves for teams of those two cities to join the same union. In case of a final match between a Kingston and a Montreal team, Ottawa might be chosen as an intermediate point where the game could be played on neutral grounds. This Union, if formed, will bring together Ontario and Quebec clubs, and this, we think, would be most desirable, as we can see no reason whatever why the line should be drawn between the provinces. In lacrosse and in Association football, teams of both provinces belong to the same Union. Why not so in Rugby? Some may take objection to this Union on the grounds that, by including Queens and Ottawa City, it might prove detrimental to the Ontario Union, but as Queens, according to the newspapers, already intend retiring from the Ontario Union, their remaining out of this new Union would not benefit the Ontario Union, nor would their joining it injure the Ontario Union. And, as for Ottawa City, still more forcible arguments can be advanced. To all practical purposes, at least, they were out of the Ontario Union this year. They were scheduled for one match, but forfeited it to Queens, and, consequently, their season consisted of three matches, one with Britannia and two with Ottawa University. Not a season passes by, but that Ottawa City plays, at least, two matches with Ottawa University, and one with either Montreal or Britannia. In former years, one of the matches with the College boys was for the championship, but the matches with Montreal and Britannia have never been any more than exhibition games, and, in the season just past, all Ottawa City's matches were but mere exhibition games. Why, then, does Ottawa City play exhibition games with these clubs in preference to clubs of the Ontario Union, to which Ottawa belongs? The question is easily answered: because they are nearer home and it is more convenient. Would it be any less convenient, then, for Ottawa to play championship matches with those same teams with which they play exhibition games? And, surely, matches for the championship of a Union are preferable to mere exhibition games, upon the results of which nothing depends and in which very little interest is taken except by members of the competing clubs. Championship matches would induce the players to practice harder and more regularly. Now, with regard to the name of the Union, we think either the Eastern Canada Rugby Football Union or the Central Canada Rugby Football Union, might be suitably adopted. But, whatever it be named, by all means let such a Union be formed, as contests between the above mentioned clubs would be keen and exciting, and such a Union would improve football and create more interest in the game in Eastern Canada.

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The Ontario Rugby Football Union did a very wise thing, when it delegated a committee to Brooklyn, to witness the Yale-Princeton match and to observe the differences between football, as played in the States, and that in vogue in Canada, and to take notes on the good points of the American game. Since the adoption of the "heeling out" rule, there has been a perceptible increase in the attendance at football matches in Canada, and the interest taken in them has been considerably greater. Still, we are of opinion that further improvements could be made in the game. "Heeling out" is *permitted* only, and nothing more, and the consequence is that a team may lie on the ball as much now as when the "heeling out" was not permitted. This might be prevented by penalizing such offence. The reduction of the number of players will, no doubt, be considered by the Ontario Union. The American team consists of eleven players, four less than the Canadian. A difference of eight men in a match would surely make a difference in the play. There would be more territory to cover, there would be less opportunity of keeping the ball in the scrimmage, and the game would thus be more open. But it is not for us to suggest, as, no doubt, Secretary Baly and those who accompanied him have books full of notes after witnessing the great Yale-Princeton match. Anxiously, however, do we await developments as, perhaps, the delegation may have returned with the idea that the American style of playing is no better

than our own. We trust, however, that their trip has not been a fruitless one, and that the delegates have gained such information about the American game as will serve to improve ours, and that the Union will adopt any improvements that are suggested.

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On reading the account of the tests in the American Inter-Collegiate Football Association, we were wondering if the good people of Canada will ever become so greatly interested in that most healthy and manly game of foothall as to turn out to a match in such goodly numbers as the attendance at the recent Yale-Princetown game in Brooklyn, on Thanksgiving Day and the Harvard-Vale game in Springfield, on the previous Saturday. At the former, the attendance was 30,000, at the latter 17,000. Of course, we cannot expect as large an attendance at a match in any of our Canadian cities as can be had in either New York or Brooklyn, but Ottawa should furnish as large an attendance as Sprinfield, and Toronto or Montreal should furnish a larger one. And. yet, if 2,000 persons witness a match here, it is an exceptionally large attendance. There is surely something amiss with either our game or our public.

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Ottawa College and Hamilton did not meet this year, but it was, by no means, the fault of the wearers of the garnet and grey. When the news reached Ottawa, that Hamilton had defeated Queens in the second match between those teams, a meeting of the Varsity club was immediately called, and it was decided that they should challenge Hamilton to play in Toronto on the following Saturday. This may be news to Hamilton, but the reason why they did not receive such challenge is this: the University team could not obtain permission to go to Toronto, and, hence, there was no need of challenging Hamilton to a game in the Queen City. The only hope that there then was of a game, was to ask Hamilton to come to Otfawa. A despatch was sent asking on what conditions the champions of the Ontario Union would come to Ottawa, and the pretentious answer thereto was, that the Hamiltons "being champions of Canada would, on no condition, play away from home." Thus vanished the last hope of a match between Hamilton and Ottawa teams. No doubt, the footballers of Ontario were somewhat disappointed, but none more so than the fifteen players that wear garnet jerseys and grey pants, and the name of whose club can be seen engraved on five of the miniature foo balls that adorn the Ontario Rugby Football Union Silver Challenge Cup.

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"Out of the Union, but not out of the game." This seems to have been the motto of the Ottawa University Football Club, at the beginning of the football season of the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety. It was no crime to play football, though not in the Union. Thus Ottawa University thought and thus Ottawa University acted. The first match of the season was with Ottawa City on Oct. 11th. This resulted in a victory for Ottawa University by a score of 25 to 1. Toronto University, Toronto City, Queens and McGill were invited for Oct. 18th or 25th, but the last named team alone, accepted and came to Ottawa on Oct. 18th. They were defeated by a score of 17 to 13. On Oct. 30th, the second match with Ottawa City took place, the score at the end of the second half hour being Ottawa City 3, 'Varsity 15. Thanksgiving Day brought the Montrealers, who outscored us by one point; the match, however, was a draw. Score—Montreal 13, Ottawa College 12. Then, on November 15th, Old Queen's sallied down upon us to square up last year's unbalanced accounts. They, also, out scored us by one point, hence draw number two, the score being, Queen's 7, Ottawa University 6. The first fifthen played five matches—three victories and two draws, scoring in all 75 points to their opponents 37. During all this time the second fisteen were by no means idle. Besides practising the first fifteen, they played two matches, in both of which they were victorious. They won by such scores as left no room for doubt as to their superiority. They defeated Ottawa Collegiate Institute fifteen, by a score of 14-0, and on Thanksgiving Day, they worsted the second Montrealers by a score of 28-1.

And thus ended the season 1890. Both teams are, we think, up to the standard of past years, contrary opinions notwithstanding.

True, they have their weak points. But pray, what teams have not? And it must be remembered they have their strong points also. Some one may ask the reason why such close matches have been played in the last two years, whilst, in former years, the college team had little or no difficulty in establishing their superiority over the same teams. The answer is, that this is due not to a retrograde on the part of the University, but to a decided improvement in the other teams. Counting on the members of this year's fifteen that will be available next year, we think that '91 will see Ottawa Uni-

versity with as good a team as ever, and we hope they will have an opportunity of playing the best teams in Canada.

* * *

Hockey is evidently going to boom this year. We agree with the *Empire*, when it expresses its surprise "that the Canadian youth had not taken hold of hockey before, especially when so well acquainted with it in its primitive form of 'shinny'". But, now that the Canadian youth has taken hold of it, he seems bound to make it a popular game. Hockey was first played in Ottawa last winter, and it took a decided hold on the people. This year, the lovers of the game have formed a city league, composed of the Capitals, Ottawas, Ottawa University, Dey's Rink and Rideau Rink. This is just what was needed, and the league deserves the patronage of the citizens. It will furnish us, no doubt, with good hockey, and will help in making the game the foremost among our many popular winter pastimes. We trust that the members of the 'Varsity Hockey Team will be as faithful and persevering in practice as were the footballers. If they be so, THE OWL predicts for the team no small amount of success, and will ever be ready to screech forth its victroies to the hockey world.

FOOTBALL.

QUEENS VS. VARSITY.

After the Montreal-Varsity match, on Thanksgiving day, it was thought that the football season was over, as far as Ottawa was concerned, but, a few days after, a telegram came from Queens asking for November 15th, which date they were given.

The two close matches that Queens played last year, were, in themselves, sufficient assurance that the contest would not be a one-sided one, and the result was not disappointing to those who entertained such opinions. The Queens arrived on Friday evening and put up at the Russell.

"Old Probs" had favored Ottawaites with good weather all week, and Saturday morning, it really seemed as if he were to continue. The sky was clear, the air sharp and bracing, and there was a breeze such as one would expect at that time of the year.

At noon, however, it began to snow and the downfall of the beautiful lasted about two hours. This was a great drawback to the match. Fast play was almost impossible, as the ground was soon too slippery to permit of running, unless a player were well "shod." Catching or passing the ball was rendered very difficult. Yet despite all these obstacles to scientific play, the thirty players that lined up to do battle for the honor of their Alma Mater proved themselves to be no mean exponents of Rugby.

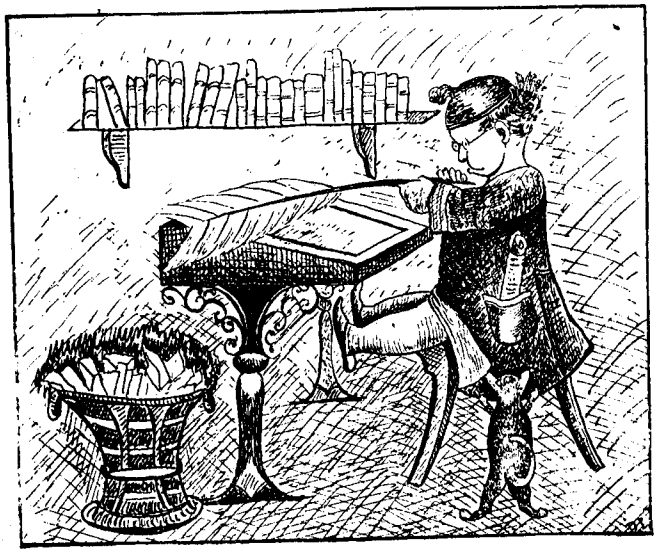
Mr. F. C. Anderson, of the Ottawa Football Club, officiated as referee and discharged the duties of that position, impartially and competently. Messrs. P. B. Taylor and C. W. Badgely, also of the Ottawa Football Club, acted as touch-line judges. At 2.25 Referee Anderson blew his whistle and, in response to the call, the teams lined up in the following positions :—

Queens.		*Varsity.*
Curtis,	Back	Belanger,
Parkyn, Webster,	½ Backs	Troy, Murphy,
Echlin, Smellie,	¼ Backs	Gaudet, Guillet,
McCammon, Farrell, Hunter, Ross,	Wings	Cormier, F. McDougal, Sparrow, J. McDougal,
White, Horsey, Scott, Grant, Marquis, Cameron,	Forwards	J. A. Trudeau, C. A. McCarthy D. McDonald, A. Charron, A. A. Newman, D. Masson.

Ottawa University won the toss for the first time this year and chose to defend the eastern goal, thus having the benefit of the wind. Smellie began the game by sending the ball to Guillet, who returned it to mid-field. Here a scrimmage took place, and Ottawa University gained territory. From the heap of humanity the sphere rolled out to Smellie, who was pounced upon by F. McDougal, and Ottawa sent the ball into touch near Queens' 25-yard line. White threw the ball out and Smellie securing it attempted to run, but McDougal tackled him again and another scrimmage was formed. Close scrimmaging then ensued until Ottawa got the ball. Then McDonald heeled out to Gaudet who punted over Queens' goal line. Curtis was prompt in bringing it back, but gained little ground. Soon the Ottawa men again forced the ball over the line and it went into touch-in-goal territory, and the score began with one point for Ottawa University. Smellie then kicked

off strongly from the 25-yard line, and drove the sphere to Cormier, who immediately sent it back to Queens' territory. Smellie received the ball and passed to Echlin who sent it well down the field. Queens then made some desperate efforts to carry the ball across the goal line but Murphy, by his splendid tackling, prevented any such occnrrence. For fully ten minutes the play was in the centre of the field. After a scrimmage, the ball was passed to Echlin, who punted it over the line and forced Belanger to rouge, thus giving Queens their first point, score Ottawa 2, Queens 1. Guillet kicked off from the 25-yard line and Ottawa University went to work with determination. The University forwards seemed irresistible as they worked the ball up the field. They continued gaining ground until within a short distance of the visitors' goal line. Then, the ball was "heeled out," and Gaudet receiving it, passed to Troy who drove it over the goal line and Queens again rouged. From the visitors' 25-yard line the ball was sent to mid-field where Murphy received it and sent it into touch. Queens threw out, but gained no ground, Scrimmages were in order for a while and finally the ball was passed to Murphy who punted it over the line and Curtis rouged once more. From the kick off by Queens, the ball was returned by Gaudet. By the fast play of the forwards, Ottawa worked the leather well into Queens' territory and, finally, it was passed to Guillet who punted over the line and another rouge was scored for Ottawa. Score, Queens 1, Ottawa University 3. Play was resumed at Queens' 25-yard line, and the visitors worked the ball down the field. Good scrimmaging, passing and tackling was done on both sides, until, finally, a Queens sent the sphere within the Ottawa 25-yard line. Another scrimmage took place and when it broke up Queens dribbled the ball over the line and secured another point. Score, Queens 2, Ottawa University 3. For the rest of the half the ball was most frequently in Queens' territory, and the champions had the best of the play. They added two more points to the score, by forcing Queens to rouge twice. When the Queens kick off, after the last rouge, there was some scrimmaging in the their territory, but the ball was soon worked nearer the centre of the field. It was then passed to Echlin, who ran as far as the 50-yard line, but was tackled by McDougal, and the referee's whisle then announced the end of the first half, the score standing, Queens 2, Ottawa University 5.

After the usual rest, the teams changed sides, and play was resumed by Guillet kicking off from the 50-yard line. Webster returned Guillet's kick and then followed some close scrimmaging in which the champions' forwards more than held their own, greatly to the surprise of those who had heard so much of Queens' mighty rushers. The Queens' backs got the ball out and by their punting sent it to within close proximity of the Ottawas' goal line. Finally, they worked across the line and augmented their score by one point—Queens 3, Ottawa University 5. After the kick off, Ottawa University gained considerable ground by their fine open play. From a scrimmage in Queens' territory, the ball was dribbled a short distance and then Cormier's run brought it still nearer the visitors' goal. Shortly after, Queens were forced to rouge, thus making the score, Queens 3, Ottawa University 6. From Smellie's kick off, the ball went to mid-field. A scrimmage followed and the Queens' backs did some good passing and kicking. Several times the ball was sent near the champions' goal line, but Belanger was ever prompt in performing his duty. Finally, from a scrimmage in Ottawa territory, the ball was passed out to Smellie, who passed to Parkyn. The latter had such a clear field ahead of him as he may never have in his life again, and running in, he secured a touch-down. The try for goal was missed and the score was Queens 7, Ottawa University 6. The ball being kicked off at the 25-yard line, the champions worked hard the rest of the game. They made one great rush carrying the ball fully seventy yards, but failed to carry it across the goal line. At last, time was called, the score being—Ottawa University 6, Queens 7, and Referee Anderson declared the game a draw. The visitors wished to play longer, but Ottawa University refused on the ground that, in the "Ontario Rules of the Game," according to which they played, there was no law compelling them to do so.



JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

After serious reflection on the rights of the small boys, it was thought advisable that an extra column or two be allowed them in which to express their opinions on some of the vital questions of the day. With this object in view, your humble servant, whose photo heads these columns, has been appointed to fill the Editor's chair, but, as the works of a writer are always read with a deeper interest when something is known about his life, I have consented at the urgent solicitation of my numerous friends, to give a brief sketch of my past career, outlining, at the same time, the course we intend to pursue.

I was born in Corsica, March 1st, 1876, old style, within a stone's throw of the humble cottage, in which the greatest general* of modern times first saw the light of day. And though I am the most unassuming young man to-day in Ottawa University, still I cannot help thinking at times, that as one little Corsican, through his own personal merits, succeeded in changing the political aspect of a whole continent, so another little Corsican might, with the aid of the whole junior department, succeed in elevating the minds and hearts of the whole Canadian people. Such, at least, will be our constant aim, and, if we fail—well, then, blame the Canadian people. But to return to my autobiography: I am an only child, and it is pretty generally conceded, that, when nature grants but one child, she compensates by making it a prodigy. But my sense of modesty prevents me from attributing to myself aught above the common. As you can see for yourselves, I am far from being handsome, and little calculated to satisfy the affections of a romantic girl, but rosy cheeks and symmetry of mould are no indications of lofty genius. You cannot judge a book by its cover, is an old and true saying, neither can you judge of my ability to wield the quill from my external appearances. But let us go on.

The first six years of my life was an unbroken period of unmitigated happiness. Being a sweet, gentle child, and so utterly different from most little boys, I was naturally loved by all who knew me. I became a particular favorite of my teacher, a hoary-headed old soldier of some three score and ten years, for the unusual attention with which I listened to him as he recounted o'er and o'er his deeds of valor on many a well fought field, and for the rapidity and thoroughness with which I mastered all my lessons. But sorrow and distress soon came upon our happy home. My father, a French admiral, was drowned

*See Maloney's History of the Life of Napoleon.

off the coast of Haydenreiga, a small island in the Southern Pacific, March 4th, 1882, and, two months later, my poor mother died of a broken heart. Thus, at the age of 6 years, 2 months and 3 days, when ordinary boys are scarcely allowed to pass beyond the threshold of their own homes, was I left parentless and friendless to fight my way through life as best I could. Having heard from my dear old teacher, a great deal about Canada, with its broad lakes, and noble rivers, its extensive plains and snow-capped mountains, but, above all, its progressive people, I decided, after mature deliberation, to sell the old homestead, so highly prized by my parents, and seek my fortune beyond the western main.

After a stormy passage of fifteen days, during the greater part of which time I suffered from sea-sickness, we arrived at Quebec, March 17th, 1883. Being confined to my berth for a considerable part of the voyage, I had ample time to reflect on the best way of employing the five thousand francs which remained, passage and other expenses being paid, out of the proceeds derived from the sale of our once snug home. My first idea was to become a doctor, a real genuine M.D., but, after mature consideration, I allowed the idea to drop, having heard from the captain of the ship that rugby foot-ball was a favorite game in Canada, and, of course, only specialists in anotomy could expect to succeed. I next thought of studying law, when the idea suddenly occurred to me, that such extraordinary talents as I possessed, should be used for the advantage rather than the detriment of a people. I felt confident then, as I do now, that nature had intended me for some thing higher than a mere lawyer. Suddenly the idea flashed upon me that as editor of a first class journal or magazine, I could more speedily and effectively accomplish the end I had in view.

Wishing to be more than the ordinary editor of every day life, I decided to attend college for a few years.

One day, about a week after landing, as I sat in the spacious parlor of the Florence Hotel pondering on where I had better go, the genial host placed in my hands the September number of the Owl. I immediately saw its merits, and, there and then, resolved that, one day, I would write its leading editorials. Accordingly I came to Ottawa and was registered as an ordinary student. Since then, I have succeeded beyond my highest expectattons, and, to-day, I would not exchange my position for that of any other young man of my years in this vast Dominion. It has been truly said that in the intellectual as well as in the physical world, elevation means exposure, and that utter insignificance is a better coat of mail against the darts of slander, than the noblest virtues of which human nature can boast. But I am armed so strong in honesty, if I may so Shakespearingly express myself, that all attacks, no matter from what source they may come, will pass by me as the idle wind which I regard not. Having thus, as briefly as possible, introduced myself to the readers of the Owl, I will proceed at once to discharge the duties of my position. As I said at the outset, the whole Canadian people—for it is to be hoped that all read this journal,—were to benefit by our sage remarks

At the request of the junior boys, whose servant I shall now henceforth be, I have gladly consented to begin at home, and briefly sum up a few of the leading points that distinguish us from our senior fellow-students:—

We never spend our loose change foolishly in buying wax, nor our time in applying it to imaginary moustaches.

We never disturb the seniors while "saying their pieces" on the stage by any unnecessary noise.

We never absent ourselves from class to enjoy a smoke in some quiet nook.

We never try to kill time, while in class, by asking nonsensical questions of our teachers.

We never sit lazily around the recreation hall, when we should be out taking exercise.

We never chew gum in class, but prefer to reserve that pleasure for the football field.

We never remain in the infirmary over a week after we have recovered.

We never clip the papers before they are rightly on file.

But *we* march to our seats like soldiers,
With musical tread on the floor;
You would come in through the open window
If nearer your seats than the door.

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Owing to want of space, we are forced to omit our editorials, but in our next number the following subjects will be treated fully :—

The true and only solution of the labor question ; Recent disturbances in the European money-markets : Reflections on Stanley's Explorations in Africa, and an expedition in a balloon to the North Pole under Captain Caron.

NOTES.

Commodore J. B., of the first grade, is succeeding so well in the manly art of self-defence, under the management of Carey, that his friends hope to see him on Yale, or Princeton foot-ball team, next fall.

Strayed!—Into the junior campus, on November 20th, an Ontario Rugby Foot-ball Championship, marked Q.C. The owners are requested to prove property, and pay expenses by playing the juniors two three-quarters on some neutral ground.

After considerable labor on the part of the small boys, a rink has been constructed, superior in every respect to that of former years. Several hockey teams have been chosen from among the best skaters, and already several challenges have been received from city teams. Judging from the interest displayed by the teams, and the unusual attention given to practice, we have every reason to believe that the present season will be most successful.

On November 21st, a challenge was sent to the Young Shamrocks for a return match, but, as the foot-ball season was over, they refused play.

We are instructed by Master Lucier to announce that despite his consumptive condition he will give entertainments each evening during Christmas week. The following gentlemen compose his company : J. B. Barry, F. Rainboth, L. Casault, H. Koehler, E. McCumber and C. Phaneuf.

Mozart, of last year's 2nd grade, is at present completing his course of studies in music at Florence, Italy. He is expected back about the end of February, when he will resume the leadership of the junior glee club.

The editor of the junior department has received for review Bernard's recent history of Ireland. It is an excellent work and one which cannot fail to meet with general approbation. We would strongly recommend its perusal to those who deny that in the darkest days of paganism, Irish monks were the faithful guardians of Christianity. It would be well if more of our commercial graduates had some of Bernard's energy and perseverance.

We were honored by a visit from our friends, the Skelly Bros., a few days ago. Having completed their novel machine, which is calculated to prevent snow falling on open air rinks, they are now endeavoring to place them before the public. As almost all schools and colleges are provided with rinks, and, as much time and labor is generally spent in keeping them in proper condition, we can see no reason why all should not avail themselves of this opportunity of guaranteeing a good season's skating at so trifling a cost.

All, however, are not skaters. Those who are not on the most friendly terms with Jack Frost prefer to remain in the gymnasium and devote their attention to calisthenic exercises. The recent improvements, together with a fresh supply of clubs, bar-bells, etc., are inducements to the small boys to engage in these exercises. W. Murphy, A. Verrault and H. Christin are still looked upon as leaders, and the ease and skill with which they perform with the clubs and bells is truly marvellous.

This is the first year the juniors have succeeded in forming a good debating society. The regularity and order of their meetings, the care and attention bestowed on preparation, and the good feelings which always prevail, even through the most heated discussions, are sure indications of present success and great encouragement for the future. The subjects chosen are most suitable, as they require some additional labor for preparation, outside of class-work. The good effects of such a society of small boys cannot be over-estimated. It banishes all that timidity, which prevents young boys from doing themselves justice on oral examinations ; it helps them to state their answers more carefully and accurately, and when wisely directed, it sets the young mind at work on questions which would otherwise have escaped his notice.

Vallerand's new text-book on mensuration is a great improvement on Brook's, especially in the order in which it is taken up. The Commercial class is so elated over it, that circles, cones and prisms, etc., adorn every available inch of the hand-ball alley. Weir dreams of nothing but ellipses and octogons.

Beauchemin has been discharged. Cause as yet unknown. Most likely he tried to introduce base-ball among the clerks. At present he is teaching writing in the Boston Business College.

The following is a list of those who held first places in their classes for the month of November:—

1st Grade.—1, P. Baskerville; 2, J. Esmond; 3, A. Belanger.

2nd Grade.—1. C. Brophy: 2, L. Garneau and J. L'Etoile; 3, A. Quesnel.

3rd Grade, B.—1, Jno. McDougall; 2, J. S. Cushing; 3, T. Coulombe.

3rd Grade, A. 1.—Robert, Jos.: 2, Geo. Gray; 3, Christin, H.

4th Grade.—1, Walter Brophy; 2, Wm. Fagan; 3, H. Driscoll.

CHRISTMAS IN LILIPUT.

"The snow lay on the ground,
The stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born
On Christmas night."

To those unacquainted with student life, it is almost impossible to convey anything like an adequate idea of the amount of real fun and amusement a body of students, free from the restraints of task and rule, are able to create. Especially is this true of the younger boys, whose active and innocent minds are constantly engaged in devising new and improved forms of games, or in reconstructing old ones on a more recent and systematic basis.

But Christmas is the season, above all others, when the hearts of the small boys are filled with the fondest affections, their imaginations with plum puddings and roast turkey and their pockets with candy of every description, and hence at that season it is that those games are indulged in with the greatest zest.

"Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall,
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas."

Such was the chorus poured forth by a hundred lusty throats, as the small boys descended to the recreation-hall to make preparations for the coming festival. Everything being in readiness, it was not long before the spacious hall assumed a most majestic appearance.

In the centre of the hall stands a large Christmas tree laden from top to bottom with oranges, apples, candy and flowers, while the walls around are decked out in all the colors of the rainbow.

Mottoes appropriate to the occasion meet the eye at every turn, while at opposite ends of the room are two magnificent arches, the work of the smallest boys. Never before did the juniors' recreation-hall present a more attractive appearance. When everything had been arranged to perfect satisfaction, considerable time still remained before the bell would announce the time for dormitory. After a few choice songs were delivered in good style by the glee club, all gathered round the large centre table and each in turn told in his own simple style all he had heard or read of the manner in which Christmas is observed in other parts of the world, of the kindness and generosity generally shown by the rich to the poor at this gladsome season, of those poor children in pagan countries who never heard of the infant Saviour, and who never experienced the joy and happiness of Christian boys. Story followed story in rapid succession amidst the most solemn silence, broken only by the occasional cracking of a nut, as some roguish little fellow became impatient to lessen the weight of his well-filled pockets.

How rapidly the time was passing away! Still, there remained in the minds of the merry-making lads some grave doubts as to whether St. Nicholas would be able to climb the high fence which surrounds the College campus, for it was noticed that the gates were all locked, or, succeeding in that, whether he would not be exposed to the danger of falling on the rink, if he came by the yard, in which case, he would never reach the fourth story. The dormitory door must be left open, and also the door of the elevator, lest some mishap may befall him, and he would go away angry and never visit the college again.

But how could he find the juniors'

dormitory? Some proposed to place signs along the corridors directing the good saint where the best boys might be found. Others proposed that two or three boys should remain up to meet him and gently hint to him the presents each boy liked best. But, before a decision could be arrived at, as to what was best to be done, the quarter-past nine bell sounded and, of course, all further discussion was out of the question. The dormitory being reached, the rattling of keys and the turning of locks immediately began, as each boy sought to haul from his trunk immense stockings kept expressly as recipients for the gifts of Santa Claus. But where to hang them no

two boys could agree, and wardrobes, doors, beds, windows, every imaginable place, was garnished with a stocking large enough to contain three such persons as its owner. Those who regarded themselves as model boys, had their names printed in wide capitals on cardboard and placed over their stockings, so that Santa Claus could not be mistaken. In some cases the names were too long or the cards too short to admit of the whole name being printed, so on one side might be seen *rain* and on the other *both*.

Those who imagined themselves pretty, and they were not the few, placed their photos in a similar position, as if poor old Santa Claus cared a fig for nice faces.

Some preferred to show how smart they were, and so they wrote their rank in class, while others merely gave the position they fill on the base-ball or foot-ball team. Those destitute of rank or position had to trust to luck or the kindness of their mid night visitor.

What thoughts filled their anxious minds as their eyelids closed in sleep, what dreams they dreamt, what strange, romantic sounds ever and anon, broke the stillness of that quiet night, it would be difficult to say, but, long before the dawn of the morning had again illumined the eastern horizon all were wide awake, and groping their way on hands and feet in all directions in search of their stockings. "A light! a light! my new shoes for a light," shouts the little actor, as he endeavors to read in the dark the title of a large book he had drawn from his stocking. No one responding to his pathetic appeal, he determined to climb the high pillar at the end of the

room and light the gas. After repeated efforts he at last succeeded in reaching the top. In an instant the light shone on the most comical scene ever witnessed in the dormitory. Not a single bed contained its occupant. The floor on all sides was covered with boys in their night dresses, half emptied stockings, a large number of Christmas story and other books, jumping-jacks, oranges, apples, and candy animals of all shapes and sizes.

Freddie's book proved to be a history of Canada and the United States, with a beautiful picture of Lowell on the front page. The cards which contained the multiplication tables, and the jumping-jacks, were bestowed liberally on the boys of the first grade. But St. Nick's greatest

favorite seems to be a member of the third grade, for he received an umbrella, a valuable work on the art of writing compositions, a base-ball, foot-ball, lacrosse, and a passport to every room and corridor in the College. The greater part of the Christmas story-books were distributed among the boys of the commercial class, rather unequally, however, for the managers of football and lacrosse received more than their due share. But, when we consider their love for beautiful pictures, or with what attention Willie listens while Walter

reads aloud these simple stories, we are inclined to think that, after all, the division was not so unfair.

Thus, before the first peep of dawn on Christmas morning, the anxiety and expectation of the previous evening had passed away, and given place to more serious thought. "It is already half-past six," cried Harold, as he looked at the old clock over the front door, "and you know we must be down for Mass at seven. Besides, our skating match against the seniors comes off at half-past eight, and I heard Gus and Tom say yesterday, as they came out from dinner, that the small boys were no use, and couldn't skate a little bit." "That's all right," replied Henry; Tommy may know how to kick a football pretty well, but he knows no more about fancy skating than I do about what he calls philosophy; at any rate, we must beat them so badly that they will never appear on skates again, and then, you see, we can have both rinks all to ourselves."

Ding-dong-ding, rang out the well known bell, and in an instant every voice was hushed, as all marched in regular order to their accustomed places in the chapel. What joy and happiness filled their innocent hearts as they knelt in prayer before the crib of the Infant Saviour!

How deep must have been the impression made on their young minds as they beheld, perhaps, for the first time, this most realistic picture of the Holy Family, the shepherds at a distance gazing in wonder and astonishment on the scene before them, while the voices of angels crying out, "Glory to God on high and on earth peace to men of good will," seemed to fall sweetly upon their ears.

Mass being ended, the refectory is quickly sought for; all are hungry after the excitement and exertion occasioned by unloading those ponderous stockings, and in stowing away their contents in trunks and wardrobes. To appease their hunger required, however, but a few minutes, and, before the appointed time, the grand rink extending the whole length of the yard is covered with skaters of all shapes and sizes. J. B. Barry, F. Rainboth and H. Koehler, are chosen as the committee to decide the match. One by one, the contestants are called forth, and each after displaying his skill or clumsiness, as the case might be, quietly retires to give place to the next. Ten representatives from each side having tried their fortune, time is called, and the committee withdraws to the billiard room to compare notes. In the meantime, the boys outside are waiting impatiently to know what the decision will be. A few moments later the trio emerge from their retreat, and J. B. from the grand stand in front of the recreation hall thus addresses the crowd:

Fellow Students,—It becomes my pain-

ful duty on this occasion to announce to you, that my two friends here and I find it utterly impossible to come to a final decision. By no mathematical or astronomical calculations are we able to make our notes agree. Mine tell me that Gus fell at least fifteen times during ten minutes of trial, while those of the learned gentleman on my right say twenty. This, on our part, is as humiliating to relate, as humiliating to contemplate, as it must be trying on you to endure. However, as the match must be decided, we have concluded that the only way out of the difficulty is to place both teams at the distance of fifteen paces apart, and being so placed the winners in a scientific snowball contest shall be declared champions.

This being unanimously agreed upon, the field amidst the triumphant shouts of their junior fellow-students.

But time will not allow any discussion on the action of the committee, nor yet comments on the statement of the previous day, that small boys are no use, for the roast turkey and goose on the tables in banquet-hall demand immediate attention, and small boys are by no means averse to a good dinner. After ample justice was done to the good things, of which there was no lack, the chairman of the day, Mr. C. Phaneuf, said that "although it was customary at banquets like this to wind up with impromptu speeches prepared three weeks before, still he thought the great majority of those present would prefer their games to

the final struggle soon begins, *Stow*, on the Seniors' right, approaches the left of his opponents. Brave is the charge, but braver still is the irresistible force by which it is repulsed. Tuck is borne down by a well-aimed ball by Henry, and as his eyes become dim he is carried off a prisoner. With those in the centre there has been hot work. Jimmy comes on with redoubled energy and ready to sweep all before him.

> But as firm rock or castle roof,
> Against the winter's shower is proof;
> The Juniors, invulnerable still,
> Foiled his wild rage by steady skill.

"One charge more and the victory is ours," cried the gallant Irishman, as he stooped to manufacture another ball. But alas, he is too late. He pleads, but pleads in vain. His companions, who but half an hour before were full of hope and courage, now lay bruised and helpless on the snow. Thus ended the famous skating contest. The conquerors are carried from

peechifying," and so, after thanking Rev. Bros. David, Guertin and Martin for the kindness and attention which they had always shown them, not only in their studies, but also in their different sports, and especially for the excellent Christmas dinner they prepared for them, all dispersed to amuse themselves as best they liked, till about half-past two o'clock, when five large busses drive up to the college door, and, soon, over a hundred and twenty jolly, light-hearted, mischief-loving boys, amidst song and laughter, are gliding rapidly along the Aylmer road, and after an hour's ride, the convent of the Grey Nun's is reached, where another dinner of roast goose and turkey awaits them. Having expressed their sincere thanks to the good sisters for the kind manner in which they treated them, the busses are again mounted, and, at six o'clock, the college is reached just in time for supper. Exhausted by the day's excitement, all are glad when the time for dormitory arrives.

LOCALS.

Among the most distinguished visitors at the University, last month, were the Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonnell, Bishop of Alexandria, Ont.; Rev. Fr. Martin, O.M.I., of British Columbia, who is still with us, and Rev. Patrick Ryan, the brilliant graduate of '84, who, at present, fills the position of secretary to the Bishop of Pembroke.

Rev. Fr. Laporte, O.M.I., who, two years ago was one of our professors, also paid a flying visit to the University. He is now stationed at the Oblate Fathers' new residence, Lac St. Jean, Que., where he still finds time to devote himself to scientific researches. To obtain a patent on one of his recent inventions, which, we are told, is an automatic gate, seems to have been the object of his visit to the Capital.

The seniors, who intend taking honors in '91, have reason to congratulate themselves upon the present bright outlook of affairs. The efforts made by the Rev. Father Fillatre, O.M.I., who, ever since the opening of the scholastic year, has taken an active part in promoting the honor-class, have been attended so far with unparalleled success.

Professor H. Glasmacher, M.A., who fills the chair of English Literature, has, likewise, consented to deliver several brief lectures on the most important of the subjects required in the English course: so that the preparation of these matters will be rendered comparatively easy.

A salutary movement towards the formation of temperance societies, has been lately set on foot in the City of Ottawa. Rev. Father McGuckin, our Rector, who is one of its most ardent promoters, delivered a very interesting lecture on the subject last month, in St. Bridget's Church.

Rev. Fathers Pallier, O.M.I, and Gendreau, O.M.I., the zealous and devoted pastors of St. Joseph's and the Sacred Heart's, are busily engaged in the project of erecting new churches.

An increased interest in physical sciences is being created in the higher classes. This commendable revival is due to the exertions of the Rev. Prefect of Studies, whose suggestions are successfully realized by the Professors of Physics and Astronomy.

FLORES.

W. F. Tye, C.E., '74, is now in Sultan City, Wash., in the employ of the Northern Railway.

D. McAdam Coughlin, '86, the author of Bessie's Christmas Gift, published in the present edition THE OWL, is now on the editorial staff of the *Utica Globe.*

E. E. Woizard, ex '90, is engaged in mercantile pursuit in Pittston, Pa.

J. A. Sharkey, formerly '91, is a mail clerk on the Boston and Albany RR.

Chas. Quinn, ex '90, is pursuing studies in St. Mary's Seminary, Emmesburg, Md.

At the recent examinations at the Baltimore Seminary, Baltimore, Md., P. J. Griffin, formerly of '88, held second place in the first theological; course and in the second course. Jos. Roch, ex '90, and C. J. Kennedy, '90, stood first and third, respectively. THE OWL extends to them its hearty congratulations on their success.

E. J Gaudet, com. graduate, '86, paid a visit to *alma mater* last month.

E. J. Paradis, com. graduate, '89, is in the accountant's office of a Montreal wholesale house.

N. Rocque, of last year's business class, is assistant book-keeper in W. Borthwick's, Ottawa.

A. R Dufresne, of the Engineers of '90 is a member of the surveying party in connection with the improvements on the Lachine Canal.

A. Tunstall, who was with '90 before matriculation, is making good progress in in his studies at McGill Medical College.

We were pleased to read, in the *Irish Canadian*, the beautiful address delivered by Mr. F. A. Anglin, ex '75, before the St. Paul's Catholic Literary Association, Toronto.

ULULATUS.

A Mew-ry Christmas.

Midnight Bells!

Starry Sky!

Frosty Morn!

Hearty Greetings!

Radiant Smiles!

Suppressed Chucklings!

Christmas Boxes!

Christmas Pie.

(For the Juniors.)

Titlel Kacj herorn
Tas ni a rocern
Teaing a 'Xmas pie,
Eh tup ni shi bumth
Dan lupdel tou a lump
Nad dasi "Thaw a dogo yob ma I."

—

The voice of one crying in the darkness in *figurative* language was a noticeable feature in the Astronomical *Séance*.

—

Nero put Agrippina to death "*quod dissuassisset donativum et congiarium*"—because she would not allow him to offer Christmas gifts and a *grand congé* to the Roman people.

COLLEGE HUMOR.

When a newspaper advertisement runs for a long time it is called a standing advertisement. Strange; isn't it?

—Yonker's Statesman.

And it Did Return--"Farewell," said the poet to his manuscripts, as he sealed it for the mails. "No," returned the manuscript, feeling its own weakness, "not farewell, *au revoir*."

—New York Sun.

A Genuine Surprise--Amy: I suppose, Mr. Funniman, that you get your ideas from different sources?

Mr. Funniman (the well-known humorist)—Oh yes! You'd be surprised to hear where some of them come from.

Amy--Out of your own head, for instance.

—Munsey's Weekly.

"What becomes of the wicked humorists when they die?"

"They go into the roasted chestnut business."

—New York Herald.

"I am a writer of note," as the Kansas farmer said when he signed another interest coupon on his mortgage.

—St. Joseph News.

He sat and looked at the busy editor for about 12 minutes steadily. Finally he yawned sleepily and remarked:

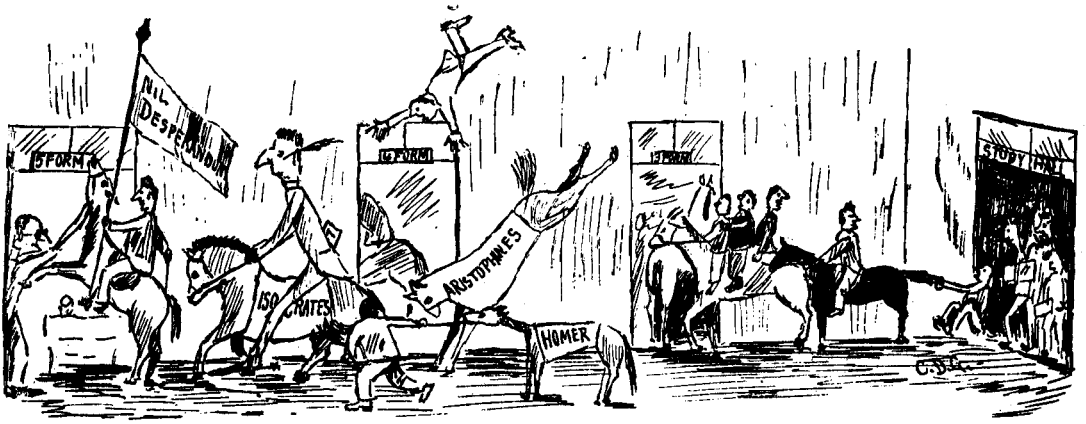
"There are some things in the world that go without saying."

"I know it," snapped the editor, "but there are too darned many things that say a good deal without going." —Ex.

It was a Kansas reporter who wished a newly-wedded pair "a happy life, and that their pathway may be strewn with roses as they journey, hand in hand, down the rugged stream of life." Terre Haute Express.

The decline of Literature——The printed blank that accompanies rejected manuscript.

—St. Joseph News.



1.—Put the bridle on your Pony, Sophs, the saddle on his back,
There's a race, a competition on the Greek and Latin track;
Since we cannot tell the winner, let us bring them every one,
And so go marching on.

2.—There's Xenophon, and Homer—oh! they make a lively span,
When we as preps, upon their backs our early races ran;
So Aeschylus, Isocrates unnumbered races won.
As we go marching

3.—Fleet-footed Aristophanes is still the winning steed;
The Sophs from muddy passages in by-gone days he freed;
He'll bear the rider safely, where always oft he's gone,
While we go marching on.

4.—Ah! but see the Greek professor, standing at the class-room door,
Has checked our gallant leader, so I fear our march is o'er;
No; for though our steeds are captured, still the class may ride on one,
And still go marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, alleluia,
Always trusting in our pony,
When the road is hard and stony,
We'll still go marching on.

COLLEGE HUMOR.

Citizen.—Your paper has a healthy tone.

Editor.—Yes. We make a specialty of patent medicine advertisements.—*Town Topics.*

An Ambition Easily Gratified.—"Papa," remarked Johnny, "I should like to be a pirate when I grow up."

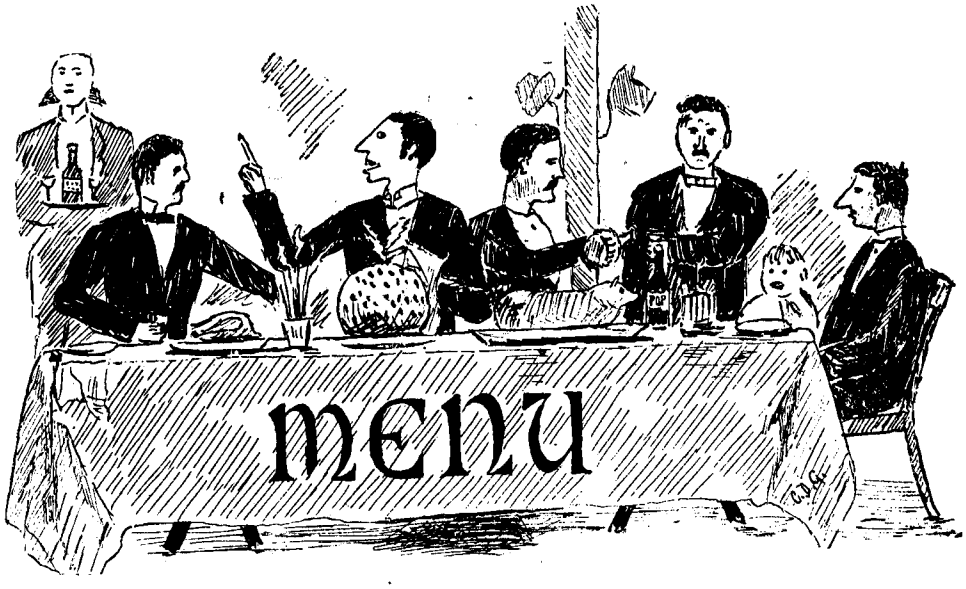
"All right, my boy," returned the old gentleman, "we will put you in charge of the humorous column on some newspaper."—*New York Sun*

"Politics is a lottery," wrote the editor, and his edition was promptly thrown out of the mails by the postmaster, under the law against advertising lotteries. There is risk in printing anything about Lot's wife, even.—*Ex.*

A former Carbondale newspaper publisher is now a carpenter. He makes more money with his adze than he ever did with his "ads."—*Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.*

There is this unfortunate difference between a church singer and a newspaper poet—one sings in a choir, but the other seldom sings in less than a ream.—*Burlington Free Press.*

OUR PHILOSOPHERS' CHRISTMAS SYMPOSIUM.



POTAGE.

Syllogisms *primae figurae* à la Baralipton.

FISH.

Sorites (Acanthopterygious) à la *cauda longa.*

ROAST.

Enthymema Meleagridae, Dilemma *Cornutum,* Sucking Pig *Simpliciter,*
Veal *Secundum Quid,*

BOILED.

Chicken *Per Accidens,* Pig's Feet *Per Se,* Aries *Major,*
Agniculus *Minor.*

ENTREE.

Lingua Dynamica, Ham *Conditionlis,*
Head Cheese *Sine qua non.*

DESSERT.

Pudding *Syncategorematicum, cum comdimentis praedicabilibus.*

WINES.

Champagne *Suprasensibilis,* Pop *intellectivus,*
Madeira *sophisticum,* Sherry *transcendentalis,*
Aqua universalis.

OUR FIGHTING EDITOR

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