

# Excelsior



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## BRANSFIELD'S POEMS. (Continued.)

The following poem is supposed to have been written in Boston by Rory to his cousin Neil. It was published in the *Casket* of May 1st, 1899. We take much pleasure in inserting it in this issue of EXCELSIOR.

### A LETTER FROM RORY TO HIS COUSIN NEIL.

Dear Neil; excuse so late a letter,  
(Perhaps the next time I'll do better)  
But since I came here little leisure  
Had I to feel the present pleasure,  
Besides this, I was burning mad  
For och! a fearful time we had  
Between St. John and Portland, Maine,  
(Forgive me if I write profane)  
I underwent so fierce a shaking  
That every limb I have is aching.  
What complicated matters further  
When we had nearly reached the border  
A keen old chap who's paid by State  
To stand, as did at Eden's gate  
The angel with the fiery brand,  
To keep all beggars from the land,  
Accosted me with calm intrusion,  
Administering questions in profusion.  
I guessed at once he was a spy.

“I’ll trick you now, old chap,” thought I,  
 So I made up a fabrication  
 About a wealthy near relation  
 In Boston, where, said I, I go  
 To spend with him a month or so.

Now Neil, I’m just a poor frail creature  
 Fair sample of weak human nature—  
 But no; defence I will not try;  
 There’s no excuse supports a lie,  
 So foul are lies their sooty hue,  
 Though whitewashed over still show through,  
 Besides, who labors to efface  
 A fault commits one far more base.

No doubt you ridicule this law,  
 But cousin, ’tis without a flaw!  
 Myself at first did rant and vapour,  
 But since I got to read the paper  
 And mark what strides in legislation  
 They’ve made in this enlightened nation,  
 I see my error and allow  
 The justice of the precept now,  
 You see the crime and superstition  
 That surges round us for admission,  
 If suffered to adulterate  
 This limped, crystal flowing State,  
 In time folks here as bad would be  
 As their rude cousins ’cross the sea.  
 Why Paris, man, and London too,  
 Is each a place of rendezvous  
 For thieves and rogues, and by the way,  
 There’s Rome, where, e’en in light of day,  
 If one but ventures in the street,  
 He is like to find beneath his feet  
 A bomb, or some machine infernal  
 To launch him into life eternal.

But here, with their progressive system  
 Of laws, there’s fewer to resist ’em,  
 Of course, a country where the masses  
 Embrace all nations, creeds, and classes,  
 There’ll naturally occur at times,  
 Some trifling, unimportant crimes.  
 I’ve heard a wicked act so vexes  
 The good and pious folks of Texas,  
 That oft, for foul offences given,  
 To hang some negro: they’ve been driven,  
 But Neil, the people well aware  
 That man’s ancestors monkeys were,

And seeing that the negro's skin  
 Is black, as if it lute had been  
 Fur-coated, they conclude in sooth  
 He's just emerging from the brute,  
 No doubt while this old world remains,  
 There'll be some dull, misguided swains,  
 So sunk in superstitious night, man  
 As to think black's as good's a white man.

But faith, too long I've drawn my prattle,  
 So now I'll close this rhyming rattle.  
 Give my best love to your old mother;  
 To sister Mag and Tom your brother,  
 There's many things I'd like to pen  
 But I will write you soon again  
 And give the full, bewildering story,  
 Till then, good-bye, your cousin

RORY.

### STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

MR. EDITOR: You ask me to write something about classical studies. Though I comply, I have small hope of good results. The educational heresy of the day lies deeper than the old controversy about the culture-giving value of the classics as compared with other studies. I am under the impression that there is no public demand these days for genuine culture of the mind. The demand is simply for knowledge. This, of course, is a crude way of stating it. There is demand enough for good, strong minds. Governments and big corporations, for instance, cannot live without them, but the public either sees no connection or mistakes the real connection, between particular methods of study in college and subsequent success in the world. Nearly every father who sends a son to college, if asked what he wishes his son to study would answer to this effect: "Let the boy take up those branches which will be most useful to him in after life." He sees a connection between certain kinds of knowledge and certain walks in life. Beyond that he sees nothing. If asked what kind of food should be given to the boy to eat, he would see the connection of things much more truly, and would say at once that it does not so much matter what the boy eats, providing he grows up strong and energetic. But in the matter of studies it does not occur to him to use the same common sense and say "I do not care much what the boy studies providing he comes out of

college well trained to think, to judge, to express his thoughts and to observe." That father is the public opinion of today. In obedience to it, school systems, college courses, and examinations are organized on the basis of knowledge as the chief result to be obtained, training of the mind being a mere by-product. Whole nations are suffering from the effects of this heresy. An article in EXCELSIOR on the value of the classics is a very small voice in the wilderness at a time when education is controlled by a general public which does not really value any study from the point of view of the brain-power it develops.

Every study, whether scientific or literary, can confer two distinct benefits on the student. It can give him knowledge and it can increase his mental strength. His success in life depends far more on the latter result than upon the former. The total loss of the knowledge of a given branch is to him a comparatively small loss, providing he retains the increased power of thinking and judging which the study of it gave him. But it is quite possible, I might say quite common, to get the knowledge part of the study without getting the increase of power. Some growth of the latter there no doubt is in most cases, but it is often small compared with the knowledge. This results partly from the motive and method of the study. On this point I find an entirely pertinent testimony in a lecture recently delivered in England by a Professor of Applied Mathematics in University College, London. He says :—

" I have been engaged for sixteen years in helping to train engineers, and those of my pupils who are now coming to the front in life are not those who stuck to facts and formulae, and sought only for what they thought would be useful to them in their profession. On the contrary, the lads who paid attention to method, who thought more of proof than of formulae, who accepted even the specialized branches of their training as a means of developing habits of observation rather than collecting useful facts; these lads have developed into men who are succeeding in life. And the reason for this seems to me, when considering the individual cases, to be that they could adapt themselves to an environment more or less different from that of the existing profession; they could go beyond its processes, its formulae, and its facts, and develop new ones. Their knowledge of method and their powers of observation enabled them to supply new needs, to answer to the call when there was a demand, not for old knowledge, but for trained brains."

In any branch of study, therefore, the student should consciously aim at enlargement of mind rather than at the tangible usefulness of knowledge. And this effort to sacrifice the tangible and the visibly useful to the more remote mental state, the present to the future, besides being the really useful course in the end, also helps to build up character. It is in line with the demands of religion, patriotism, and all the higher things of life.

Another essential element is time. One reason, perhaps the chief reason, why knowledge and mental growth do not walk hand in hand is that the knowledge of a given branch may be attained in a comparatively short time, while mental growth, like all growth, is a slow process. By hard work, by cramming, and by the use of short cuts, such as keys and translations, a student can prepare for a stiff examination in a wonderfully short time; but his mind is not a bit bigger at the end of it all. To secure the growth of mind he must think it all out for himself, under the stimulating guidance of a professor; he must do a deal of pondering, comparing, analyzing; he must try to see all round his subject and follow it in all its windings, and he must see that every new bit of knowledge acquired fits in nicely with what he previously knew. All this requires time—some hours of study for that particular branch every day. At this point public opinion interferes, to the detriment of the student. It obliges him to attempt so many different kinds of study that he has very little time to spare for each. The real work of the world demands and clamors for trained minds; but this voice scarcely reaches the educational machinery of the country because public opinion says, with all the loudness of law and decree, that the boys must be filled with all kinds of knowledge, and especially poetical knowledge. Cramming thus becomes a necessity of daily life. The student is obliged to bolt knowledge under penalty of excommunication from bread and butter. But a compromise is possible. It is possible to really study three or four of the branches, and cram all the rest. And if the student who adopts this plan attain high rank eventually in his chosen career it will be in virtue of those few branches thoroughly studied, and not at all because he passed creditable examinations in the fifteen or twenty other branches. Of course, I speak here of success in life from the point of view of the intellect. Character requirements are much more important, but are not now under discussion.

Let us suppose, then, that a student adopts the compromise plan here suggested. A question of essential importance for him will then be: what branches should he select for the purpose of giving vigor, elasticity and precision to his own mind through a thorough study of them? I have no hesitation in saying that at the head of this list should always stand Latin, and I am tempted to add that I put it there for the reason that it is a useless study—useless, that is in the popular acceptance of the term. That is not really the reason. There is more than one solid and practical reason, as I hope to show in some future issue.

ALUMMIS ST. F. X.

## ST. THOMAS ON THE MEMORY.

(Written originally for the *Ecclesiastical Review*.)

AT page 198 of the Rev. Father Maher's *Psychology*,\* a work that has won for its author well-deserved recognition and commendation from the Faculty of London University, the following passage is to be found:

“There has been much subtle discussion among the schoolmen as to the forms and modes of memory which are to be deemed sensuous or intellectual. St. Thomas, in a well known passage,† says: ‘Cognoscere præteritum ut præteritum est sensus,’ but the ‘ut præteritum’ may have more than one signification. Suarez maintains that ‘intellectus rem cognoscit cum affectionibus seu conditionibus singularibus perfectius multo quam sensus’; also that ‘Sensus novit præteritum tantum materia iter, intellectus vero formaliter.’ Amongst recent text-books of note, Lahousse asserts: ‘Absurdum est (dicere) memoriae sensitivæ proprium esse apprehendere præteritum determinatum, *vli est præteritum*,’ and he urges, ‘Ens præsens non apprehenditur a sensu tanquam præsens; apprehendi enim deberet ratio præsentiae ut sic, quæ ratio abstracta non attingitur a sensu.’ Sauseverino defends a somewhat different view. St. Thomas appears to say at times that past events are cognized as past *per se* by sense, and only *per accidens* by intellect; elsewhere, however, he implicitly distinguishes between the remembrance of a past object and of the percipient act by which it was apprehended. The memory of the former he considers as *per se* sensuous, though *per accidens* it may belong to intellect.”

The citation from St. Thomas, embodying the statement about sensuous memory which Lahousse so emphatically contradicts, is also given in the earlier edition of Father Maher's work. On

\* London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1900

† *Qu. Disp. de Verit.* q. x, a. 3, c. In art. 3 of this same question the Saint says: “Cognoscere præteritum ut præteritum est ejus cujus est cognoscere præsens ut præsens, id est, sensus,” but “sensas” here is taken in its widest meaning, and as distinguished from intellect which has for its proper object being or entity without any determination of time.

looking up recently the passage to which Father Maher gives reference, I found that St. Thomas, so far from saying that "it is the part of sense to perceive the past *as past*," teaches almost the exact opposite. Here is a literal rendering of the whole passage:

The faculties of the soul are not specifically distinguished by a distinction in the objects, unless it be such as belongs *per se* to the objects precisely inasmuch as they are the objects of these faculties. Hence heat and cold, which belong to colored surface *per accidens*, do not as such differentiate the faculty of sight. For it is the same sense of sight that sees a hot colored surface and a cold colored surface, a sweet colored thing and a bitter colored thing. And while the intellect can in some sort be aware of the past, yet because it perceives indifferently present, past, and future, the relation of past and present does not belong *per se* to the object of the intellect as such. For this reason—though there is, after a fashion, a memory in the intellectual part of the soul—it is not a faculty *per se* distinct from the others (intellect and will), in the sense philosophers speak of the faculties as distinct. This memory (*i. e.* memory as a distinct faculty) is to be found only in the sensitive part of the soul, which has for its object the present as such. Hence, if it has to have a perception of the past, there is needed a faculty of higher order than sense itself.

The teaching of St. Thomas, therefore, is that the present as such is the proper object of sense, and that if there is to be a perception of the past in the sensitive part of the soul, a faculty higher than sense itself is required. When he says "sense itself," he means those sensuous faculties that have for their object the present as such, to wit, the external senses, together with the complementary internal sense known as the *sensus communis* or *sensorium commune*; for these and these only are the faculties of the sensitive part of the soul that have the present as such for their object. *The aliqua altior virtus quam ipse sensus* is itself *in parte sensitiva*, and is the sensuous memory, which has for its object the past as such. Thus intellect apprehends present, past, and future indifferently; sensuous memory, the past as such; sense, the present as such. Thus, too, past events are cognized as past only *per accidens* by intellect, not because of any deficiency in the intellect, but rather because of its greater perfection, since it takes in present, past, and future indifferently and is not limited to any of these determinately. And past events are cognized as past, not by sense, which is limited to the present, but by sensuous memory, which has the past as such for its object.

When the Saint says that sense has for its object the present as such, he is contrasting sense sharply with intellect, which apprehends the being or nature of a thing without reference to time, present, past, or future. It should be observed that the intellect, besides this direct act by which it grasps the essence of a thing

or attribute out of all relation to time, in which we distinguish present, past, and future, has also a reflex act by which it can think on its own act, its own thought, and compare one act with another, and one period of time with another period of time. In this way it comes to know formally the present as such, and the past as such, and the future as such. Sense, on the other hand, being organic, has no power either of reflection or of abstraction, and requires to be stimulated into activity by some object here and now present to it. Sense proper is therefore tied down absolutely to the present. Hence the Saint concludes that, while the same intellectual faculty is capable of perceiving the past as well as the present, the same sensuous faculty is not, and that sensuous memory must accordingly be a distinct faculty from sense proper, which has for its object the present as such—not that it perceives the *ratio praesentiae ut sic*, or, in other words, is conscious of the present as present by a reflex act, which is proper to intellect only, but that it cannot reach out to the past or the future, as does the intellect, being by its very nature rigidly limited in its range to that which is here and now present to it.

In the *Summa*,\* the Saint gives another reason why sensuous memory must be a distinct faculty. He points out that not only is its *per se* object distinct from that of sense proper, which is the reason assigned above, but it must have its seat or organ in a different part of the brain from that which is the seat of any other faculty. The *sensus communis* receives into itself the impressions produced upon the external senses, distinguishes between them, and coordinates them. Being, however, but the common centre of the external senses, it has no perception of aught save that which is first perceived by some one of these. Now, as a matter of fact, the animal has a perception of something above and beyond that which it perceives by the external senses—of something which no external sense ever can perceive; it perceives something, not merely as agreeable or otherwise to a given sense, but as remotely useful or noxious to itself or its kind. Thus the bee gathers wax not because it is pleasant to any of its senses, but because it is useful for building a hive; and the swallow hants the muddy pools, which its external senses should make it fight shy of, seeking under the guidance of an inner sense fit material to build a nest in which to hatch its brood of young ones. This inner sense which the schoolmen in their own lan-

\* 1a, q. 78, a. 6, c.



guage called *aestimativa*, we in English call *instinct*. It enables the animal to perceive in the objects perceived by the external sense something which neither the external sense itself nor the complementary internal *sensus communis* perceives—certain concrete relations of utility, disadvantage, danger, and the like, and among these the relation of past time as distinguished from present, or rather—because that is an abstract relation—the relation of identity between the thing here and now perceived and the same thing before perceived in some past period of time. So far forth, therefore, as sensuous memory consists in the *recognition* of some past sensuous experience, it is identical with the faculty known as *instinct*.

Of course it must be the same faculty that knows or perceives a thing for the first time, and then knows again or recognizes it. Memory as a faculty distinct from the *aestimativa* is, according to St. Thomas, but a *thesaurus specierum*—a storehouse, in which the impressions made on the *aestimativa* are conserved, and whence they are re-produced. This intimate relation between the two faculties is shown, as the Saint points out, first, by the fact that memory in the animal starts from an impression of hurt previously received, or danger previously apprehended, or utility previously noted—all of which belong to the *aestimativa*; and secondly; by the fact that the relation of the past as such can be perceived only by the instinct as distinguished from sense proper. It should also be observed that, while the phantasy or imagination ministers to memory, the distinctive function of memory (including under that term for the nonce, both instinct and its *thesaurus specierum*), which is the perception of the past as such, transcends imagination, as do also many internal experiences sound up with the appetites and affections that are nevertheless remembered by the animal.

But it is in so far as it conserves or retains past sensuous experiences that sensuous memory is to St. Thomas a distinct faculty. "It is a function of memory," he says, "to conserve impressions of things that are not actually perceived."\* Now, he argues, in the case of faculties that are attached to corporeal organs, the faculty that is well fitted to receive impressions is ill fitted to retain them, and conversely. An organ that is moist and soft is good to receive impressions, but not to retain; on the other hand, one that is dry and hard is good to retain but not to

\* 1<sup>a</sup> 2, 79, a 6, e

receive. He concludes, therefore, that as the *sensus communis*, which receives impressions from the external senses, has as its complementary faculty the phantasy or imagination to conceive and reproduce these impressions, so the *aestimativa* or instinct, which receives into itself impressions of concrete relations not perceived by the external sense or the *sensus communis* (hence spoken of by the schoolmen *intentiones insensatae*), has for its complementary faculty sensuous memory to conserve its impressions in like manner and reproduce them. I may here remark that the Saint's theory has received happy illustration and confirmation in our own day. The inventive genius of Edison has given us the phonograph, an instrument which is admirably adapted to receive impressions of sound, but not very well adapted to retain and reproduce them. The reason is that the wax cylinder used in the phonograph is soft and plastic—susceptible of impressions, but not retentive. Within the last few years, however, Berliner, by the use of vulcanized india-rubber discs that are perfectly dry and hard, has overcome the deficiency noted in the phonograph, and his instrument, the gramophone, while quite incapable of receiving impressions, retains them for all time. The gramophone disc is practically an indestructible record of sounds. And so man, in perfecting these instruments, has but copied the devices first employed by the Author of nature when He "made the beasts of the earth according to their kinds," and formed Adam's body "of the slime of the earth."

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## SOMETHING MORE ABOUT NICK CARTER

*A Few Chapters Adapted from the great Detective's Autobiography*

### CHAPTER I.

Time, say 10.22 a. m.

Scene, Nick Carter's up-town Mansion.

THE GREAT DETECTIVE stood with his back to the door of his sumptuously furnished drawing-room. He had just doffed the over-alls, whiskers and other habiliments in which he had been visiting, in the guise of a farmer, certain suspicious quarters of the city that very morning, and now stood before his

assistant, who had arrived by appointment a few minutes previously, elegantly dressed in his usual morning suit of sky-blue. A diamond ring, of priceless value, (the grateful gift of the illustrious chief of the Towtomes) sparkled and blazed on the third finger of his right hand, as ever and anon he pressed his knit brow. There was something evidently brewing besides the morning tea, the rich odour of which invaded the room in inviting and intermittant whiffs from the kitchen. Indeed it needed no subtle mind-reader to see that the detective was wrestling with some problem of more than common perplexity. At length, however, the silence was broken.

"I'm thinking, Chick," he said, as he stroked his chin meditatively, "that we're up against it this time. So much the better," he went on. "Between ourselves, I'm getting sick of this child's play we've been having now since the last few years. But, pardon, I forget. Help yourself to a glass of wine, Chick, pray help yourself."

The able and astute assistant whom the readers of his marvelous exploits remember chiefly for the promptness and alertness with which he invariably executed his master's least desire, showed himself on the present occasion not unworthy of his well-earned reputation, and approaching the table took a generous "pull" from the bottle of real old "'23" which stood thereon.

"Hanged good stuff that," he ejaculated, as, with the sleeve of his coat he wiped his mouth dry. "Got a supply laid in?"

Receiving no answer to this interesting question, Chick looked up at once and saw that the old cloud of thought which he had come to know so well, hung thick over the classic and intellectual features of the detective. He had changed his position and now stood with one foot deposited on a chair. On the knee thus elevated he rested an elbow, while he held his chin in a firm grip and stared hard at the ceiling. Chick stood by, lost in silent admiration at the *capacity of thought* thus unmistakably evidenced by the great man, and, wagging his head for some time in token of his inability to comprehend what the evidence of his sight so strongly affirmed, at length gave way to his feelings in the simple yet expressive exclamation, "He's all right."

The sound caught the great thinker's ear. His tense features relaxed. The brow corrugated in lines of mental abstraction, almost painful to behold, regained its wonted smoothness. The eye which seemed to pierce the very walls and to be fixed on out-

side vacancy, gleamed again with the friendly light of consciousness. The spell was broken. He was again the Nick Carter of other days, handsome, young, stalwart, accomplished and a world-famous detective, type indeed of the impossible—himself excepted, no doubt.

The spell was broken, as we have said. The detective looked up, or rather, down.

“ Pardon, Chick, old boy, but of late I lapse into moods, which, during my early career I never found the least difficulty in combating. You may find it hard to believe, but I give you my word for it,” here he paused impressively, “ I give you my word for it Chick, that I actually question my first judgments in some of these knotty government cases and, strange as it may seem, suggest new explanations to myself.”

“ Now I hold that a detective, properly so-called, should pick out his clue from what evidence is first given him and follow it through the mazes of seemingly contradictory evidence much as the questing hound takes up and follows through brake and bush the scent of the escaped felon. Instinct guides the animal and holds him unerring to the true path amid a thousand and one confusing scents. Similarly, a close concentration of thought reinforced, so to speak, by intuition (the never-failing gift of all true detectives) is amply sufficient for the solution of any of the most difficult problems. My varied experience, during the past twenty years or more, has proved to me the correctness of this theory, which, as you know, I have adopted since what I may be permitted to call the opening of my most brilliant and eventful career. We must not waste time in idle speculation. For what said our own great bard? Of course you remember :

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and ———

“ H'm! ‘Get on a gait.’ That’s the secret of it, Chick. How are these sentiments borne out in my case !”

And what said Shakespeare, one of the greatest of early American poets?

‘ There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at its flood ———

“ You know the rest,” he broke off, with a prudent assumption of his hearer’s knowledge ; for if the truth must be told Mr. Carter,

not unlike many common mortals, was better acquainted with the fame of Shakespeare than with his works.

Chick, however, never suspected the pardonable little deceit of the speaker. Perhaps he was overcome by the neat tribute to his own learning, and lost sight for a time of more important, though less personal issues while laying the flattering unction of the detective's words to his soul.

It mattered not that he was quite conscious of his utter ignorance of the commonest literature. The fact is he *was* flattered. And why not?—for who we ask, so poor and mean-spirited that would not fain believe himself—ay, and have others too, believe him to be more learned, wiser and infinitely better than he can ever hope to be?

It was with feelings such as these that Chick's thoughts now turned back to Nicholas Carter himself. None knew better than he the many accomplishments of the latter, as the first detective of this, or indeed, of any age. He was familiar, if countless illustrations *could* familiarize him, with the detective's broad mental grasp of intricate problems, his keen perception of their essentia<sup>1</sup> points, his cunning, alertness and great physical strength, with that great good fortune, too, that had attended him in numberless desperate straits, from burning houses where he lay bound and gagged, from the fast-tightening and merciless cord of the thug, from the knife and gun in the hands of desperate villains, from fire and water, in short—man and beast, the rooted hatred of enemies, and the quite as dangerous indiscretion of friends—all this and much more doubtless Chick remembered, and his admiration and respect, as he thus reflected grew momentarily. With tear-bedimmed eyes he gazed upon his accomplished master and friend, till, unable longer to restrain his emotions, he rushed forward embracing his knees, and— At this interesting juncture a loud knock was heard at the door which was immediately flung open disclosing the servant Patsie, pale and showing considerable signs of excitement.

“ Well, Patsie, a quick trip, but what's the matter, boy?”

“ The Countess is dead—murdered,” gasped Patsie, thereupon falling into a paroxysm of coughing, which lasted some minutes. It was plain that even the poor lad's genius could not long save him to the service of humanity.

“ Murdered !” echoed Chick.

Nick Carter stood there calm and perfectly unmoved. His ordinarily mobile face was a study in self-control.

"I suspected as much all along," he said simply.

"Any clue to the murderer?" he asked, casually.

"Nothin' 'cept this, which her guardian instructed me to hand you as quick as—my legs would let me."

Here Patsie fumbled in one of his capacious pockets and drew forth a dirty scrap of paper. The writing was well-nigh illegible, clearly indicating the writer had never enjoyed the estimable advantages of a commercial course in penmanship or that he was an adept in disguising his hand, and ran as follows :

"The Countess has paid the price of her perfidy. The secret which she betrayed to the *Hindoo* left no other course open. She brought destruction on herself."

"P. S.—Compliments to Nick Carter. Hope, for his own sake, he will not attempt this case. Intend to see him daily for "the next three weeks. He considers his work of the last few "years as 'mere child's play.' Correct, exactly. Ha, ha. Bye-bye, Carter."

The detective read the scrawl slowly, and having examined it critically for some moments handed it to Chick, who perused it with that care and deliberation its contents so well merited. There was nothing remarkable about the bit of paper, except indeed, its dirtiness and the impudent tenor of its last lines. In both these respects it was perhaps unique.

Patsie might on very sufficient grounds be held accountable for the first-noted peculiarity in the paper, and yet might it not be due to a cleverly laid scheme to throw the detective off the scent, so to speak, and thus basely to defeat the ends of justice.

Again what construction was to be placed on the references to the detective? Did the writer really mean that he was to meet with Nick daily for the next three weeks, or was this too a cunning expedient to facilitate his escape? At all events the murderer was clearly as bold as he was cold-blooded. It irritated the detective to think that the rascal was in his (Carter's) own house so shortly before the commission of the awful deed,—as how else could he use the words "child's play," and thus flaunt them jeeringly in the face of the detective.

These were baffling questions, encountered, too, on the very threshold of the case.

Nick Carter appreciated the difficulties but he now faced them squarely. The hopeful light in his eye, the faint flush that spread on either cheek like the first dawn in the east, showed that already he had decided upon a course of action. But as yet he kept his own counsel.

(To be continued.)

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## MILTON.

**A**FTER Shakespeare Milton is looked upon as the chief creator of English Literature. Some even place the writer of the greatest Epic side by side with the writer of the greatest of dramas. Dare I question his right to such a high place among the Poet-Princes of the world?

“Flat heresy!” my readers will say: almost as bad as the attempt made a few years ago to prove that Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, is not also the Prince of Plays. “Milton!” they will say, “why, has the rash writer forgotten Dryden’s comparison of the Greek, Italian and English poets?”

“The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;  
The next in majesty, in both the last.  
The force of Nature could no further go;  
To make a third, she joined the other two.”

Or Wordsworth’s apostrophe to him——

“Thou had’st a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free”

Or Tennyson’s

“God-gifted Organ Voice of England.”

High authorities these! but yet we venture to doubt whether Milton does deserve so very high a throne as the English reading world has built for him.

In this issue I shall deal only with one charge which may be made against Milton, and it is this, that in treating a subject the most sublime of all, he has given us pictures, which are, to say the least, ridiculous. No true poet could have been unconscious of the absurdity of the situations in which he places his actors, or if conscious, could have brought himself to so place them.

That I may not weary the readers of *Excelsior*, let me come

at once to instances of the grotesque pantomime which Milton has introduced into the noblest of all themes.

Of course we all concede that Milton found it necessary to picture the angels in "Paradise Lost," both fallen and not fallen as men. Nor indeed in their appearing in human form as in the Scriptures is their anything ridiculous or revolting. In Scripture, however, they do not appear in a monstrous shape, so gigantic as to be mock-human, fit only for a masquerade. Milton's angels are too large to be anything but comic. Satan, when he gets alarmed at Gabriel's squadron in the Fourth Book

"Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd  
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest  
Sate Horror plum'd."

I can see no majesty in such a huge and uncouth thing. Still worse is the photograph we have of him in Book I as he lies upon the fiery sea of hell,

"With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large  
Lay floating many a rood——"

Now seeing that a rood is the fourth part of an acre in square measure, and that in Satan there were many of them, so that for an ordinary mortal to have walked over him, or even across him, would have been something like going up Blomidon, we reach an idea that is simply grotesque, and which, meant as it is to figure the power of an angelic nature, is no better than one of Puck's caricatures. It is true that it would be unfair to insist upon the literal measurement of a rood, but the word is used to convey the idea of Titanic size far beyond the most gigantic of earth's giants known to history; and it is reasonable to ask whether any first class artist—one of the few Princes of Literature—would have drawn a picture so utterly feeble in its monstrosity.

Milton, however, insists on this monstrous hugeness. When Satan rises from his fiery bed to begin war against heaven, he is clad in armour to fit him; his shield,

"Hung on his shoulders like the moon,  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hew'd on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great Ammiral, was but a wand.



There can be no doubt at all that Milton chooses to picture the natural strength of angels by monstrosity of matter--bigness and hugeness are his notions of spirits.

Having determined to find out where earth lay and make an attack on our first parents, Satan provides himself with a pair of wings, which to have carried him must have been two or three miles long. After standing on the brink of hell, and looking awhile, like a boy afraid to jump off the end of a wharf for the first time, at last his

“Sail broad vans.  
He spreads for flight and in the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides  
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing.”

It strikes us as strange and grotesque that the great powerful angel needed smoke to sit upon, but, however, that he does so is evident, for when the smoke clears he

“Meets  
A vast vacuity. All unawares  
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
As many miles aloft.”

A most ‘ill chance’ indeed! So after all it was not “Man’s first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree,” that brought us “all our woe,” but it was that unlucky bit of dynamite which just at the wrong moment blew Satan up. If Satan had not come across the explosive, or if he were bomb proof, he would have gone on tumbling with his roods of head over his roods of heels forever, and we should have remained in that happy state of halcyon peace which some socialistic prophets tell us even yet is to come. At least the ill-natured nitre might have singed his wings, or blown off a leg, or knocked out an eye; but no! he simply rises in a perfectly cool and collected manner as many miles as he had fallen, to go on his evil way again. To be sure he gets into trouble once more in a swamp, and finding roads which were a “boggy Syrtis, neither sea nor good dry land”—and we must remember that he had to carry considerable weight for bad roads—and had to get along in a fashion little worthy of a spirit,—

“ With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

“ You seem to be pretty severe on Milton,” I fancy hearing my readers say. I may be ; but it must be remembered that there seems no reason why Satan, or the rebel angels generally, should take human form at all. When he comes to earth, yes; for a spirit would—as often they have done—*clothe himself in the garb of human livery*, that he might be seen by human eyes and speak in human words, as Raphael was seen by and spoke to Tobias. But why now, when he is travelling alone, must Satan cumber himself with monstrous human limbs, and with a huge walking stick. Surely the poet is not consistent, for he tells us in another place that spirits are

“Soft  
And uncompounded in their essence pure,  
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
Not founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose  
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure  
Can execute their airy purposes.”

Yet the poet makes Satan not only clothed with roods of flesh when cast out of Heaven, but in that monstrous form, “ *figuring strength,*” subject to the matter he has assumed and ludicrously weak, at one time tumbling head over heels, at another blown on high by nitre, at a third wriggling in comical fashion along tracts of matter able to oppose him, and impede his progress.

To notice another inconsistency as we pass. The whole rebel host is pictured to us as lying on the sea in human forms; not only that, but imitating human wars, and human modes of battle, and even human instruments of music.

“Thus they  
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil, And now  
Advanced in view they stand—a horrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield.”

They not only know human forms, but also human fashions, and human modes which were to come after the fall, yet in Book II, we are told that they had no knowledge of them, that they knew no more than the general fact that another race of beings, not angels, was intended by the creator.

“There is a place  
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
 Err not)—another world, the happy seat  
 Of some new race called Man, about this time  
 To be created like to us, though less  
 In power and excellence, but favoured more  
 Of him who rules above. . .  
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to *learn*  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould  
 Or substance, how endued, and what their power  
 And where their weakness.”

So off starts Satan weighted down with human limbs, and material shield and spear, to find out what manner of creature man is, while the rest of the huge rebel host remain at home to play in their back yards at human tournaments, “prick faith as noisy knights,” and amuse themselves with human horse races or chariot races, and perhaps in a hundred yard dash, or an exciting game of football, or in ——— I was going to say a hockey match, but the temperature of that clime dispels the idea. “Others more mild, retreated in a silent valley,” and sang

“With notes angelical to many a harp.”

They sang well, too, and in parts—

“Their song was partial; but the harmony  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience.”

A human concert in hell by the fallen angels who did not know what human beings were! Meanwhile, the philosophic and better educated devils, *despising music and athletic sports*:—

“In discourse more sweet  
 ——— sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevated, and reasoned high  
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate.”

To be serious, what beauty, what hidden depth of meaning can there be in describing spiritual beings as human monsters? When from the low things of earth pictures in parable and allegory are put before us suggestive of things spiritual, we recognize their truth and beauty, and our minds are in consequence raised. But what beauty is there in first lowering higher things to the limits of a lower nature, and then putting them in positions absurd even for that lower nature, and excused by no hidden likeness to the reality of their nature or ours, and no secret teaching?

Let us put, side by side with the Miltonic conception of spirits as huge Titans, the way in which angels really showed themselves to human eyes, even when they came to terrify and punish. In the second Book of Machabees we read, "There appeared a horse with a terrible rider upon him, adorned with a very rich covering; and he ran fiercely and struck Heliodonis with his fore-feet; and he that sat upon him, seemed to have armour of gold. Moreover there appeared two other young men beautiful and strong, bright and glorious, and in comely apparel; who stood by him, on either side, and scourged him without ceasing with many stripes." Here all is human; the horse looks like an earthly horse; the angels appear as real men, their power indeed, irresistible, and enough of glory and beauty to show that they are somewhat more than men, but having no cumbrous Titanic hugeness, inhuman in its largeness. Milton, who knew, or would have boasted that he knew, the Scriptures, is without excuse in falling so far beneath the Scripture model, and in consequence so far below the fitness and the beauty of true poetry.

(To be continued).

## THE SOCIAL ASPECT OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The social aspect of college life! A wide field you will say to be covered in the brief space of a magazine article! But it is not my purpose just now to view the question in all its bearings or to treat of colleges in general; I merely wish to jot down a few thoughts suggested by an editorial in the last number of Excelsior.

In paying a well-merited meed of thanks to generous donors and friendly counsellors, it lays down the platform, so to speak, of St. Francis Xavier's College with respect to the mutual relation or interdependence of recreation and study. To quote a passage: "The development of the intellect is first and foremost the aim of every true educator. Concomitant with this intellectual development should be a good moral training, and both we have in St. F. X. College. But every true educator recognizes also that there is a third element in the education of a young man, and that is the development of his physical powers. We are told that education, in its widest sense, is the development of all that pertains to man as a human being. This means, of course, the develop-

ment of his intellectual, moral and physical faculties, and each must be developed in such a manner as will not retard or prevent the development of the others."

We are at one with Excelsior as to the necessity of a triple alliance between physical, mental, and moral development, but what of manners? Are we to understand that this last term is included in the concept, *morals*? If we premise an affirmative answer, and claim that a student's morals can in any way be gauged by his manners, at what a low-ebb must be the tide of morality in some of our colleges! Here, let it be well understood that I am making no invidious remarks. I honestly believe and it is the conviction of others who are qualified to judge, that St. F. X. has nothing to fear from a comparison with the best colleges of this Canada of ours, in the matter of its student's gentlemanly deportment as in that of their morals.

This fact being conceded, are we to infer that the high-water mark of social intercourse has been reached within the walls of my Alma Mater? It is not for me to form an opinion, since I no longer toss the ball upon its campus; but the experience gained during a few years sojourn in the great university we call "the world," leads me to the conclusion that if there is any one point neglected in the training of our young men, it is that around which centre—good manners.

There are those who affect to sneer at the social usages prescribed by the best society. But any such will find that in the practical issues of life, they will be greatly handicapped as compared with fellow-workers, who, other things being equal, bear the hall-mark of a gentleman. Novelists are simply working on psychological lines, when, in introducing the creations of their fancy, they depict personal appearance, demeanor, and dress, as a preliminary step in the development of character. Tallyrand displayed his knowledge of the world by remarking that the degree of warmth with which we greet a stranger, varies according to his appearance; the depth of regret with which we bid him adieu, is proportioned to his naked merit.

Such personal topics as care of the hair, teeth, hands and nails, a judicious use of shoe-polish, the gymnastics of the clothes-brush, and a due regard for clean linen, not forgetting a plentiful supply of handkerchiefs, may shock the delicate sensibility of some of my readers, but even Bishop Spalding in one of his aesthetic and ethical essays does not hesitate to speak of the bath as an "index of civilization."

From attention to dress and person, we naturally come to one's own belongings or appointments. I saw somewhere recently an avowal on the part of Father Sheehan that the sight of a disorderly desk or study was sufficient "to set his nerves on edge." This *peculiarity* of the Scer of Doneraile brings me back in fancy to the Assembly Hall of St. Francis Xavier's, where, an evening of '95, both faculty and students had come together to bid adieu to one of her distinguished sons on the eve of his departure to assume the duties of ecclesiastical preferment. In his farewell address, I was prepared to hear some words of wisdom that would be worth recording on the tablets of memory. To my untutored mind what fell from his lips was a revelation. No soaring speculations, no ringing changes on life's higher aims and aspirations, but a quiet yet firm insistence on the assiduous cultivation of the habits of neatness, order, and method, in view of their paramount importance in the economy of a well-regulated life, and the innumerable drawbacks, a lack of these habits entailed on those who had not acquired them in early youth.

Assuming then, that a young man knows the application of such old saws as: "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and "Order is Heaven's first law;" that he is able to sit, stand, and walk,—and eat,—according to the laws of good breeding and modern hygiene, what next? Well, as we are all more or less gregarious by nature, we must consider him not only as an individual unit, but in relation with others of his kind. And what this flocking altogether may mean to the student who has eyes to see and ears to hear, Cardinal Newman has expressed in his own inimitable way: "When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic and observant as young men are, come together and freely mix with one another, they are sure to learn from one another, even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles of judging and acting day by day . . . It is seeing the world on a small field with little trouble; for the pupils or students come from very different places, and with widely different notions, and there is much to generalize, much to adjust, much to eliminate, there are inter-relations to be defined, and conventional rules to be established, in the process of which the whole assemblage is moulded together and gains one tone and character."

No one will deny the formative influence of College residence, but unfortunately, so far as culture goes, every College is not haunted by the Oxford *genius loci* which imbued and formed so many illustrious individuals brought under its shadow. Think of the American mother who recently inveighed against the lack of physical comforts and modern conveniences within those time-honored walls! Better a thousand times that they should crumble into dust than that Rhodes Scholarships or any such instrumentality be permitted to introduce the spirit of so-called American progress into that ethical atmosphere! No doubt, eminent United States educationists would have it that any enlargement of mind secured by companionship with Oxford dons would be fully compensated for by a corresponding enlargement of vocabulary which they in turn might receive in the shape of American slang!

Let us turn once more to Newman's "Idea of a University" and deduce from it certain principles which in their general application and with a due regard to the sense of proportion may obtain in any diocesan College. "He (the University graduate) is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness, and to be serious with effect. . . . The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast,—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, suspense, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those

who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he does not say out. . . . From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were to be one day our friend. He is too busy to remember injuries and too wise to bear malice. . . . If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better though less educated minds, who like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean. He may be right or wrong in his opinions, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust. . . . He knows the weakness of human nature as well as its strength, its province, and its limits. . . . Hence it is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain." Right here, it occurs to me that were we to accept the word *definition* in its strict etymological sense, how many of us, alas! would be shut out of the confines of good society!

True courtesy, without doubt, either springs from innate kindness of heart, or it is the practical application of the law of charity. Forgetfulness of self, consideration for others, chivalry towards women, deference to age, and reverence for sacred things are some of its manifestations; but if kindness and charity are as the grain of the wood, politeness is the polish. And it is a mistake to imagine that the rules of our social code can be acquired instinctively or learned without effort. Here the genius of "taking pains" is as necessary as in other pursuits. Again, there is a difference between knowing and doing. For example, a man may know that under ordinary conditions he should remove his hat when speaking to a woman. And yet, despite his knowledge, we have seen such a one, wearing, like Perseus the "hat of darkness," with this great difference however, that unfortunately, judging from the looks he received, it did not render him *invisible*. And that other gift—wisdom, with which Minerva had undoubtedly crowned him, did not, I am sure, efface remembrance of the former.

A New Year's wish that the students of St. Francis Xavier's College may show one another how in the matter of correct behaviour, practice makes perfect, and thereby wear without abuse "the grand old name of gentleman," is the *raison d'être* and apology for this first of a series of

M. S. S.



## THE IRRELIGION OF THE AGE

In the course of his interesting lecture delivered in Antigonish last month the eloquent and scholarly Dr. DeCosta referred to the tendency of the times to foster the intellectual powers to the grievous neglect of the moral. The culture of the heart and of the conscience is neglected, and the child develops into a shrewd, intelligent and influential man, perhaps, yet a slave to the lower propensities. Talent and knowledge are rarely blessings either to their possessor or to the world, unless they are placed under the control of the higher sentiments and principles of our nature.

“How empty learning, and how vain is art,  
But as it mends the life and guides the heart!”

Better—far better—that men should remain in ignorance than that they should eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, only to be made more subtle and strenuous adversaries of God and of humanity.

That the tendency of the age is towards infidelity is a proposition, unfortunately, incontrovertable. This being admitted, we naturally look around for the cause. If, then, we would discover the cause we must enter the public schools with their Godless education—we must enter the higher secular seats of learning—and once here what do we find? We find these schools and colleges presided over by just such men as President Eliot of Harvard, men who would fain persuade the world that true liberty and christianity are irreconcilable, men who have the brazen audacity to stand before such a respectable body of men as compose the Methodist conference and advocate the total elimination of religious teaching to the youth of the country until they have reached the age of twenty years. One can imagine these God-fearing men listening to Pres. Eliot's speech in open-mouthed wonder, shaking their heads dolefully at its conclusion and muttering to each other Bill Nye's classic phrase: “Alas, where are we at?”

Men like President Eliot pride themselves on their atheistical sentiments and sneer, if not publicly at least privately, at christian education. In fact it is considered the correct thing, now-a-days among these intellectual giants so to do. They set up the claim that infidelity has fostered the sciences, that it has promoted progress and civilization. But if its claims be subjected to a rigid examination, the inquiry we think should not result in discovering

any achievements deserving of the gratitude of mankind. On the contrary its boasted light will be seen to be but darkness, for it sends men to burrow like moles in the earth instead of directing their eyes up to Heaven, in order to seek the secret, the meaning, and the end of existence. Infidelity leads not onward and upward but rather to ancient barbarism. Where would its boasted civilization lead us to if it had a free rein? As Dr. DeCosta well said, we can judge the future but by the past. The civilization of infidelity then, judged in the light of what it has accomplished in the past would make of this earth a pandemonium of crime and disorder, since it banishes God, destroys the soul, and takes away duty, all merit for virtue all reward for self-sacrifice, degrades our entire conception of life, and makes man differ from the brute only in degree, and in loss of the tail.

"But Christianity is opposed to true liberty," shouts the infidel. Fr. Louis Lambert in his famous reply to Col. Ingersol shows clearly that in the words of Milton: "License they mean when they cry liberty"

"Liberty," says Fr. Lambert "is the pet word of fanatics, fools and philosophers so-called. It is like a piece of gum elastic, short or long at the will of him who fingers it." "Oh, liberty!" said Madame Roland, as she was carted to the guillotine, 'what crimes are committed in thy name.' The Christian loves liberty as dearly as does the Agnostic. He would soar from planet to planet and from star to star and drink in the immensity of the universe. He would dive into the centre of our world and know its secrets. He would penetrate to the ultimate molecule of matter and know its essence. He would introvert himself and know the mystery of his own being, but the liberty to do these things evades his grasp as the ever-receding rainbow eludes the grasp of the innocent child who hopes to bathe his dimpled fingers in its rays by crossing over a field or two. The Impossible stands watch on the limits of his liberty and cries 'halt!' when he even thinks to go beyond his sphere.

Yes, liberty, heroism, self-sacrifice, are words ever on the lips of disciples of Voltaire, Tom Payne, and last and least Bob Ingersol—"that fraudulent peddler of old infidel junk." What then has the unbeliever done for humanity that he should lay claim to be the only possessor of the natural virtues? What works has he founded for the alleviation of human misery? What has he done for the poor, the ignorant and the afflicted of the human family?

What order has he founded for instructing the ignorant, for caring for the helpless sick? Has he ever been known to risk his life in relieving the distress of others? What nation has he brought back from barbarism to civilization? Is he ever found as an apostle among savages? Not he. Indeed, heroism and self-sacrifice are practically unknown in his selfish creed. And why? Because he takes away the motive for such deeds by banishing the future life to the regions of the "unknowable."

In her better days, ere the principles of nationalism appeared and disturbed her peace, the church gave the poor and the afflicted food, shelter, and a gracious benediction. Our advanced thinkers would meet them with a surly frown, and permit them to starve on sound principles of political economy. They would rob them of faith, hope and charity, the life of the soul; the promise of the eternal life, and all that is really worth living for, and give them in compensation a resonant jargon of scientific terms. If they succeed in making men believe there is no God to serve, no soul to save, no merit in virtue, no reward for suffering, they take from life all its meaning, its sweetness and its hope, and make this earth dark and dismal indeed.

What is free thought doing for the masses? The practical Atheism of nearly all European governments, has already produced dreadful results. A horde of savages may be seen in European lands more impious and ferocious than ever disgraced humanity since the days of the Goth and the Hun. Look at the condition of France—poor old France—whose greatest boast it was to be called the eldest daughter of the church. The words of the saintly Newman on the irreligion of the age are as true today as when he uttered them, some sixty years ago. "Is there not," he asks "at this very time, a special effort made almost all over the world, that is every here and there, more or less in sight or out of sight, in this or that place, but most visibly or formidably in its most civilized and powerful parts, an effort to do without religion? Is there not an opinion avowed and growing, that a nation has nothing to do with religion; that it is merely a matter for each man's own conscience."

Society as yet is everywhere based upon the Christian idea. But suppose that our advanced thinkers succeed in making all men believe that they are but descendants of apes, what would be the result? What would a nation of Atheists be like? A hell worse than that pictured by theologians would reign upon

the earth. The bestiality of the Roman empire would return. The ferocity of the "Commune" would replace the winning grace of Catholic nations. Instead of the grace, the delicacy, the heroism of Christian ladies, we should have the reign of the frowsy, mannish "new woman." Brute force would be everywhere the highest law; justice and mercy would soon disappear, and chaos would reign supreme.

IAN McEWAN.

### THE CLASS OF 1902. (Continued.)

Before proceeding with the subject of this sketch, it may be noted that for the last few years, EXCELSIOR has dealt very generously with the graduating classes. In fact, one unaccustomed to college life would imagine from reading these sketches in EXCELSIOR'S columns, the men depicted were students of renowned ability, remarkable cleverness, and almost perfect in every way. Such laudation is as unsuitable as it is untrue. I believe that students would wish to be pictured truly, and in such a manner will be related what is to be said of W. A. P. R.

R. entered college in September '97. From many others who arrived at the same time he was not distinguished in any particular manner. During the first year of his course he pursued a very uneventful career. True he occasionally took part in a hockey match or a football game, and won applause by his skill in these games. It should be said that he was a very expert hockey player, and to his cleverness may be in a measure attributed the victories which the team won. During the last year or two of his course he suddenly sprang into prominence as a comic actor. In this *role* he was never surpassed and seldom equaled by any who played before an audience in the College Hall. His success was undoubtedly due to the fact that he studied his part well, drawing from his experience with curious individuals, to assist him in rendering faithfully the comic phase of life.

Not only on the stage did he give vent to his powers as an actor. Frequently was he seen in the Hall, surrounded by a group of students listening to his rendition of some funny story. His famous anecdotes were "Brown's Bullet," and the "Great Nasal Torpedo". R. was a bit of a philanthropist also. He took great pains to dispel any illusions that might disturb the ways of his fellow students. In this respect one in particular must ever owe R. everlasting gratitude. Reference here is made to none other

than the redoubtable Dr. Scarcely whose equal as a jolly good fellow has yet to enter the portals of St. F. X. *Scarcely* it is said was a firm believer in hypnotism, mesmerism, ghostism and many other *isms*. R. undertook to dispel the error of his beliefs, and needless to say he succeeded admirably. It would be interesting to relate how R. did all this, but it would take a whole EXCELSIOR to contain anything like a full description of how R. accomplished his ends.

R. was a laborious student, though fond of innocent amusement, never wantonly wasting his time. He never sought the companionship of those whose company is not essentially necessary to the good name of a student or the institution he attends. The best that can be said of any student, can be said of R. He was a good, religious boy, and he well showed that it is not necessary to neglect one's religious duties in order to be a good athlete. He was ever admired by his professors. He never knowingly injured anyone's feelings during his whole college career. One having such a disposition is sure to succeed in life. As R. himself would say, "there's nothing like it." The words of his famous song might be applied to himself; "Any old place I can hang my hat is home, sweet home, to me."

At present R. is in Halifax, his native city. A few years hence he will be remembered among the many professional men who studied in St. F. X., and to none does EXCELSIOR extend more hearty wishes for success.

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### GET TO BED, SIR.

(*Written especially for the Wing.*)

YOU may laugh at me, but I tell you *bed* is the beginning of all goodness. Grave spiritual writers may put other things at the bottom of virtue, as humility and the like. I am no grave spiritual writer so I say *bed*. *Bed* is like a fever, or a rent in your Sunday pants; it must be taken in time. A stitch in time, says the old proverb.--there is nothing like proverbs, little gospels of wisdom deep as a well, with truth at the bottom,--a stitch in time saves nine, and I say to you, a *bed* in time saves at least nine good hours in the week. There again is that other old saying--all the greater and more sensible for having flowed from the pen of a poet:

“Early to bed and early to rise  
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy and wise.”

You now see what I am after ; it is early rising I am coming to, you will say. Now I do not mean early rising, I mean bed ; early rising comes second, early bed first, and I say getting into bed in time is twice as hard to a good half of this queer world, as getting out of bed in time. I say, moreover, that staying up late at night, without sufficient reason, while the world that works, and the world that thinks are getting rest in order to work and think again, is a miserable laziness, a limpid weakness of will, worse even than snoozing in bed until 10 a. m.

In the morning it does want an effort, I grant you, to tumble out and gird yourself for the day's work, but to be lazy to go to bed, to linger and loiter and wait—killing God's blessed hours with sheer downright nonsense and idleness, killing others who are in the need of rest, and helping to kill what is not so important perhaps, your miserable self—is an unpardonable evil in the eyes of sane people for the last 6000 years. Bah ! get to bed in time, at 10 p. m. and get up at 6 a. m. with those who are keeping this world afloat, refreshed, and ready for a good day's work.

And you, Sir hard-working student, you of the pale and wan face, get you to bed too. But you say I must “cram” (most admirable word) for the Provincial examinations. Come now, you can only stuff into your sleepless self a fifth part of the diverse knowledge required for that examination. Get to bed in time, otherwise you will get up on the morrow with your head, which was clear enough at midnight, cloudy and thick, because you have to pay back to-day by drowsiness the hours you stole from night by watchfulness. Ten years hence you will be an old man peevish and cranky, with an ill-tempered stomach that quarrels with all its food. Bed is your place, sir, after 10 p. m.

Now, none of your rubbish accusing me of being a citizen of *Bedland*. I tell you what I have said is true, or at any rate there is some wisdom underlying my nonsense, though I say so myself. He who is late to bed, is late to rise. He who rises late loses his prayers, loses his mass, loses that power of work which comes of peace. So he who is late to bed, loses all these, hence bed is the foundation of the virtues of life. Stick to the bed while in college, give it due attention, and you will be successful in the “bivouac of life.” Mark my words.

UNCLE JOHN.

# Excelsior.

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JANUARY, 1903.

No. 3.

## CATHOLICISM DURING 1902—RETROSPECT.

The year 1902 has come to an end, and during its course the Catholic Church has had, as in her history, her thorns and her roses, her sufferings and her victories. The words of her Divine Founder are again verified in her case. A resume of the events of the past year shows this.

### IN CANADA

Beginning at home, in our beloved Canada, the year has been, to the Catholic Church, one of comparative contentment. True, her children in the province of Manitoba, still suffer on account of unjust legislation in matters educational, but their present position is certainly no worse than their position a year

go, and hopes are always entertained of a brighter future. The school settlement (?) some years ago proved an unsatisfactory one, and as no question is settled till it is settled right, it is not likely that the wronged party in that province will lay down their arms till an equitable adjustment has been secured.

According to the census of 1901, Catholics are 41.5 per cent of the population of Canada—a slight increase in percentage over the census taken ten years before. Catholics and non-Catholics live in perfect harmony, religious bigotry finds scant sympathy beyond the pale of a handful of narrow-minded politicians. Catholic organizations throughout the country are gaining in strength and in influence, all combining to make the outlook, in this country, a cheerful one.

#### THE UNITED STATES

In the United States with its eighty-eight dioceses and two vicariates, the church has had a healthy development. In one diocese alone—that of New York—within the last eighteen years the Catholic population has increased over half a million. In other parts of the country there has not been such great advancement in numbers, but North and South, East and West, the true religion is everywhere making lengthy and rapid forward strides. Our southern neighbours may have their faults, but when they are more familiar with Catholic dogma—and the average citizen of the United States removed from Catholic centres has very erroneous views of things Catholic,—more kindly feelings may be expected. The war with Spain and affairs in the Philippines have contributed their quota towards this desirable end, bringing as they did the government into official relations with Catholic leaders in ways that would have been incredible ten years ago. It would be difficult a few years ago to conceive of members of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States occupying the high positions they do to-day in the public life of the country. Imagine a few years ago a *clerical papist* sitting on a commission of such importance as that on which Bishop Spalding now sits. To the honesty and bravery of President Roosevelt can be attributed much of this happy change of feeling. The present occupant of the White House has proved himself to be a great man, the worthy president of a great nation. His influence upon the nation must be for much that is good. The appointment of Archbishop Ryan as a member of the Board of the Indian Commission was most acceptable to the people, even the whitened A. P. A.'s not raising a



dissenting voice. This was the the first appointment of a Catholic to the Board despite the large share the Church has had in religious work among the Indians.

The Philippines and the Filipino have held a prominent place in the minds of our American cousins during the past year. Strange and ignorant views of people recently pronounced "the best bred people in the world" according to a Fourth of July orator were held of the people of these Islands at the beginning of the year. They were then "an ignorant class suffering from the results of Spanish misrule and the tyranny of the Friars." Now from many quarters come praises of Spanish influence and defence of the Friars. A report of the United States Philippines Commission early in the year exonerated the Friars from several of the false charges brought against them during the preceding two years. They were then charged with being "the possessors of nearly half the Archipelago;" their estates were valued at many times their worth; but upon examination Judge Taft reported that the combined holdings of the religious orders in the Philippines were worth only about five million dollars, less than half that of the corporation of one non-Catholic Church in the city of New York; and their estates, which have since become government property, are considered by officials as "scarcely worth the price." A new appointment has been lately made on the commission in the person of Catholic Judge Smith, and Mr. Atkinson, an antagonist to Catholic principles, has given way to Mr. Bryan. The falsehoods charged against the church in the Philippines are gradually disappearing, and praise is now sometimes given to those who a few months ago were baseiy calumniated; but as yet, very little has been done in reparation for the many injuries inflicted upon the Catholics of these islands.

#### IN SOUTH AMERICA

In South America the Church has generally progressed during the past year. Secret societies and revolutions have impeded her work, but her organized societies and zeal in mission work have counterbalanced these evil influences. In the important State of Brazil, successful work was done, partly due, no doubt, to its Provincial Council and Catholic Congress held the preceding year. Columbia, for several years a sufferer from the wiles of Freemasonry, remains a thoroughly Catholic State. Ecuador has been less fortunate on account of her divorce laws.

## IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

Perhaps the event of greatest interest to Catholics in England during 1902, was the passage of the Education Bill introduced by the government of Mr. Balfour whereby the state assumes the obligation of paying for the education of all school children. In England there are primary and secondary schools corresponding to our common and high schools. Till now primary schools alone received state aid, the other schools being supported by voluntary contributions. Now secondary as well as primary schools are supported by the state; but as there are many schools in the country established by religious orders, doing work similar to both these classes of schools, Mr. Balfour's Government favored the support of these religious schools also by the state, and had this form part of the Education Bill. The Bill thus provided for a *per capita* distribution of taxes among those denominational schools in which secular branches are taught as satisfactorily as in the public schools, the denominational schools at the same time retaining the right to add religious instruction to the secular curriculum. The introduction of this Bill raised a storm throughout England, all the religious bodies in the country save Catholics and adherents of the Church of England, threatening to rise up against the government. But the gallant premier was nothing daunted: he held his position fearlessly and well, so that before many weeks had passed calmness and moderation marked the discussion of the Bill, even the loud-mouthed secular press opposed to the government exercising moderation. The Bill is now law, and Catholic parents on equal footing with those of other religious denominations, receive out of the school taxes their own share for the education of their children. The system is similar to that which obtains in the province of Ontario, and did obtain in Manitoba before the nefarious Martin legislation. Through his "fine regard for the feelings of English Catholics," the church, it would appear, need fear no unjust legislation during the *regime* of the valiant Balfour. He attained his present position after a successful career in the government of his uncle, Lord Salisbury; and when a member of that government he fought almost single-handed against his colleagues for a Catholic University in Ireland. He was, of course, not successful; but his stout advocacy of the cause showed what manner of man he was, when he was willing that his own political death-knell should be

sounded rather than neglect the advocacy of what he considered an urgent want and was in strict keeping with justice.

During the year Great Britain and Ireland mourned the loss of some of their greatest ecclesiastics, but great ones still remain, and if the future can be judged by the past century, the Church in the British Isles will not be wanting in men to champion her cause. A century ago the Catholics of England, Scotland and Wales were ruled by five vicars-apostolic; today there are twenty-two prosperous sees. It is worthy of note that there are now throughout the world about one hundred and fifty Catholic bishops under the British flag.

#### IN FRANCE

Passing over to France we find that country at the mercy of religious persecutors. For more than a year the French Republic has employed time and power in waging an incessant war on the religious Orders of the country. After several years of dark labour and secret preparation the Freemasons in France felt strong enough in the Government and in the country to take up the work which they so long and so ardently cherished, of driving the religious Orders out of France. As might be expected they at first concealed much of their virulence and proceeded cautiously. The Associations Bill of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry aimed, or, at least, pretended to aim, only at the closing of *secondary* schools taught by religious orders, alleging as a pretext for the closing of these schools that the religious instilled into the pupils sentiments of hostility to the Republic. Upon appealing to the country at the polls, through want of proper organization and carelessness in voting on the part of the Catholics, the Government was retained in power though it received the support of only a small percentage of the electorate. Mr. Waldeck-Rousseau shortly afterwards resigned, and was succeeded by the venomous Combes, who went further than did his predecessor by expelling the religious even from the primary schools—to say the least it would be shallow to charge the religious engaged in primary schools with teaching *sedition*. The Associations Bill demanded government authorization for all religious associations as a condition of existence in France, but no such authorization was intended to be granted, and the framer of the Bill knew well that but few of the Orders could receive it; and even if authorization were granted, a ministerial decree could at any time revoke it. Seeing the character and

purpose of the Bill, many of the Orders in justice to themselves and in justice to the Holy See declined to apply for authorization. Of the sixty-one Orders for men that applied, five will probably receive authorization. The Capuchins are to be expelled because they "preach," the Brothers of St. Gabriel, because they "teach," the Benedictines of the Sacred Heart, "because they neither teach nor preach," the Carthusians, "because they are engaged in industry," and others forsooth "because they encroach on the rights of the secular clergy." The five congregations to be authorized, with *restrictions*, of course, have only forty-five houses, approximately one house for every million souls in France. For signing a petition in defence of the religious orders, or for other favourable expressions of opinion about them, seven Bishops have been deprived of their stipends, and seventy-four have been condemned by the Council of State as being guilty of abuse of authority, to say nothing of the many priests who are punished. But notwithstanding all this, France is, at heart, Catholic, though to her shame under infidel rule. Here she differs from England in her unchristian masses and Christian rulers. Infidelity is making sad inroads on the faith of France, but a Catholic revival is springing up, the people are awakening to a sense of duty, there is a "rift in the gloom." The noble women of France lead the way, and interest is being aroused. The brave people of Brittany, always Catholic in public as well as private life, have with much success resisted the tyranny under which the other provinces of France have cowered, large meetings have been addressed in different parts by opponents of the government, exciting in lovers of truth and of justice the hope that better days for France are not far distant.

#### IN GERMANY.

In marked contrast with the political weakness of Catholics in France is their strength in Germany. Ever since the formation of the Centre party in opposition to dangerous Bismarck, Catholics are fast advancing in power and influence. Through systematic organization, bravery and resoluteness of purpose, they are securing, one by one, redress for their wrongs, and to-day they stand the dominant political factor in the Fatherland. Bavaria and Baden have been notable for Catholic successes. Notwithstanding unjust discrimination used against them Catholics are advancing in "university life." The University of

Strasburg is largely under their control, and recent appointments to other universities in the Empire are satisfactory. Like King Edward and Premier Balfour in Great Britain, and President Roosevelt in the United States, the Emperor William is a God-fearing man. To religion among the people he looks "that the German name may preserve its health and strength." To uphold and strengthen the fear of God and reverence for religion," is his policy, and this policy he has consistently advocated since he became Emperor. Such a man Catholics love to honor, and under the rule of such a man they prosper. The Catholics of Alsace-Lorraine who have hitherto kept aloof from German politics, are earnestly considering the advisability of union with the centre party. France has been gradually and deservedly losing her claims upon them, and Germany is fast gaining favour in the minds of the present generation. The most sanguine outside of Alsace-Lorraine, thought it would take a long time to educate the people into feeling that the Franco-Prussian war was to them a triumph, but recent events in both countries assisted; now it appears as if the next elections will send from Alsace-Lorraine to the Reichstag supporters of the centre-party. The hounding of religious orders from France, thousands of whom were Alsations, has had its effect. The spectacle of religious persecutions in a country largely Catholic, and of religious toleration in a country with a non-Catholic majority, has brought about a warm, friendly feeling towards the latter country, and a feeling of admiration for its gallant minority. From Polish Germany comes the sad news of persecution. Large sums of money are expended by the Government in buying lands, which lands are afterwards given to persons hostile to the Church. This has aroused much bitter feeling in the country so that the end is not yet.

#### IN AUSTRIA.

In Austria Catholic education has improved, and Catholic societies strengthened. The attempt of proselytizers from Germany to stir up religious hatred has failed, their gold and their filthy publications have had the effect of awakening the indifferent to the necessity of Catholic organization.

#### IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

To treat of events in all the most prominent countries in the world would take up too much space, so mention will be made of

only Holland and Belgium. In Holland less than a century ago there were no Catholic schools, no Catholic press, no Catholic party; Catholic sentiment seemed dead. A convert to the Church started a Catholic paper, and aroused interest in Catholic subjects. The result was that in a few years much bitter oppression was removed, and Catholics received "equal rights before the law." Then followed the establishment of the hierarchy, from which time there has been a happy change in the religious, social and political life of the country. In the present ministry of the country there are three Catholics; and out of fifty-eight deputies of the people there are twenty-five Catholics. Beautiful churches are everywhere built, and the fine Episcopal sees are prosperous.

In Belgium the recent elections gave the Catholic party in a house of a hundred and sixty-six members, a majority of twenty-six over the combined forces of the opposition, consisting of Socialists, Liberals and Democrats. The most Catholic government in Europe now holds power where not many years ago the church suffered, much as she does in France at the present time. May we not hope that at no far distant day France will be as happy as she, and thus be "one of the happiest, best governed, and most prosperous nations in Europe?"

### READING NEW BOOKS.

AMONG the "Literary Notes" in the December number of *Mosher's Magazine*, we find a good, plain, common-sense criticism on the reading of new books. There is a great tendency in our day among readers, especially the semi-educated, to rush to the bookstore for the "latest novel out." It is significant that the merit of a book is nowadays gauged by the number of people who read it. Of course the book that sells the best is the most popular, but this is by no means a mark of merit. In fact, generally speaking, the more popular the book is, the less real literary value it possesses.

The article in the Magazine above mentioned is so timely, and so pointed, that we take the liberty to quote it in full:

"A London newspaper recently propounded a question to a number of distinguished men to this effect: Which were the two books of the past year they esteemed the most? Amongst the answers was one from Herbert Spencer, saying that he had not read

two new books in the past year. We imagine that this is Mr. Spencer's rule, and on the whole it is an admirable one. The deluge of a year's new books would intellectually drown any man. To attempt to keep up with the current output would be as if one were to attempt to sit on a multitude of chairs at the same time. Even if we do not follow Mr. Spencer's method to the letter, a wise plan is not to read a new book until we are forced to do so, until one would become an intellectual derelict not to be acquainted with it. We mean this of course in relation to the general field of literature. The difficulty with most of us is that we dissipate ourselves upon too many books, and so we have become intellectually desultory. Of making books there is no end and never will be. With the cheapest processes of publication we are doomed for all future time to a constant deluge of print. But we may protect ourselves in part from the disastrous consequences, if we observe Mr. Spencer's plan. It may be safely laid down that ninety-nine and nine-tenths of the books annually issued from the press are but re-echoes of what had been previously published. It is the experience of the collectors of libraries that after a certain time they begin to find out that additions are but duplications, under other titles, of what they have already gathered. We are not now speaking of that species of book-gatherer whose only idea is to have a large library. He of course takes in everything that happens to come along. But the discreet and wise collector soon becomes a cautious and a sparing gleaner. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose library did not exceed eight hundred volumes, replied to the wondering comment of a friend, that there were only eight hundred books in the world worth reading. We do not know but that Mr. Holmes estimate was a very generous one. At any rate even if we read two or more new books in a year, a conservative plan would be at least not to add them to our library within that period. If a book strikingly survive the year of publication, one ought to read it, for there is a likelihood it has some merit. At the same time we should be careful not to fall into the extreme of imagining that all the good books have been published, and that all the good books are bad just because they are new. Many a great book, one that has become classical, was unnoticed during the year of publication and for many a year after that; indeed, it is rarely that the critic discerns contemporary genius. The critic has a well-earned reputation for failing to see the great thing

that presents itself to him for the first time. So beware his verdict. Nevertheless, be wary of the new book, for it deceiveth many by outward appearances. Be cautious in the premises, slow in judgment, discreet in selecting, yet ever ready to recognize and welcome merit, whenever the sound grain comes out with the chaff."

### "THE CROSS" AND COLLEGE YELLS.

IN the January number of "The Cross," a monthly of some merit published in Halifax, appeared a somewhat severe and uncalled for criticism of the students of Dalhousie and St. Francis Xavier's Colleges. We do not intend to take up the cudgel for our friends, the Dalhousie boys; they are well able to do that themselves. But we must say that "The Cross" man called us some ugly names. From a cursory glance at his paper one can easily perceive that he is inclined to be puerile in his remarks, and extreme in his criticisms. We, however, have passed the schoolboy stage, so it is not our purpose to "sling any lip." But we have a remark or two to make. That a college yell is by no means euphonious or musical, we are at one with "The Cross." That it savours of barbarism, paganism, buffoonery, we flatly deny. Had "The Cross" man toned down his remarks, and only said that college yells are silly, we really would strain a point to agree with him. Every college that boasts of the name has a yell, a rhyming combination of ringing *rah rahs*, which may not sound exactly like music in the artistic ear of the editor of "The Cross." When our boys visited Halifax, they did yell, and we presume that under similar circumstances, other college boys besides those of Dalhousie and F. X. would do the same. Unfortunately, however, our "unchristian" refrain disturbed the equilibrium of "The Cross" man, as he sat in his sanctum, probably using his pen as a blunt carving knife on the King's English.

To be serious, if the editor of "The Cross" and his long-faced coterie of "right thinking men," would do away with college yells simply by calling the students ugly names, we are inclined to feel somewhat dubious of their success.



## EXCHANGES.

THEY are mostly Christmas exchanges that we have the pleasure of reviewing in this issue. They are, on the whole a smart lot, vying with one another in dress and general attractiveness. A goodly number of them have taken particular pains with their Christmas t-shirt, red, purple and gold being very much in evidence. There is a decided improvement also in the taste and labor of the writers. This may have been occasioned by the fastidiousness that is so much imputed to the taste on the approach of the Christmas dinner. However this may be, we are pleased to note something potent has been at work—a something which, if we look a little beyond, is not far to seek. It is the something that has inspired men in all ages to put forth efforts to appear at their best, writing or otherwise, during the season of peace, festivity and good cheer that is now over.

The XAVIER is to hand and serves as a model of what the Christmas issue of a college paper should be. The matter is all most interesting and instructive, the illustrations such as we see not often in any magazine. The article "An Untypical Conversation" is a discourse on the spirituality of the soul deserving of Socrates himself.

The "Fashionable Novel" in a former issue is a satire on the prevailing "pale pink novel" of the day. It introduces us to ultra-fashionable surroundings where we gaze agape at the evidences of luxury and particularly at the "renowned author Lenora de Bousae" who, ethereally beautiful and utterly bored with herself and the company and life itself, lolls listlessly in artistic attitude (we leave the chair out of the question—that's commonplace) and appears to listen to a "dreaming improvise by the great pianist Richard Grandowski." This is a "literary evening at Mrs. Shauuns" and airy nothings float and pulsate through an atmosphere where cramped genius has scarcely room to breathe.

The "coming poet" enters betimes and is of course attracted by the authoress who has come. Then there is jealousy between the "renowned pianist and the great coming poet." Here is a theme! Here are possibilities—aye, seductive temptations—for a series of incidents, trials, intrigues, complications that would easily make a novel of the regulation Marie Corelli dimensions. We can only congratulate the writer that he has not been led out of the compass originally intended by him and that he moved along so smoothly and briefly to the proposed denouement. Enough for us to say that the rival artists (the poet taking the initiative) having resorted to the mean artifice of personating an Indian fatalist and fortune-teller, who the young woman believed could resolve her destiny—which is to marry the pianist whom she likes and dislikes—and these artists before-mentioned, having the misfortune to hand in their cards as the Sahib in close succession, are both discovered to each other and to the young woman of genius! Overpowered by the emotions which the discovery of the poets perfidy produces on her sensitive mind, she falls back into the arms of his rival. Then, shrieking, false, false, there is hissing and glaring and the poet discomfited makes his exit and poetical justice is doubtless satisfied even if the poet is not. Moral: The P. P. novel is a marvel of nonsense.

The LAUREL well sustains its reputation for well written and pithy articles. "Phases of Faith in Cuba's Capital" is continued and more needed light is shed on the treated subject. "A Plea for the Laborer" is also well worthy of perusal.

In the S. V. C. STUDENT from California there are three stories deserving of mention: "Puggy's Christmas," "The Angelus," "A Joyful Christmas." The last shows much talent in the story-telling line.

To our sanctum from across the Atlantic comes a little paper called ST. PETER'S NET. Though small it shows that little things can be done well. The "Ransomor's Corner" is in charge of Philip Fletcher who not unworthily sustains the reputation of his name-sake in Literature.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL is one of our cleverest and best written Exchanges. Its matter is chiefly concerning the University and University affairs. This is just as it should be. There are many college papers that would greatly profit by the example set in this by Queen's.

The vacancy created by the lamented death of Queen's Principal, Dr Grant, some months ago has now been filled and that admirably by Dr. Gordon, another Nova Scotian. We congratulate Queen's on its selection.

Other Exchanges: SYDNEY RECORD, PORT HOOD GREETINGS, NORTHWEST REVIEW, ACADEMY RECORD, ACADIAN ATHENAEUM, THE CROSS, KINGS COLLEGE RECORD: THE ARGOSY, GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL,

A. A. M. N. '93.

## ATHLETICS

Since our last issue winter has set in, and with it hockey. I think we can safely say that we had the first skating of the season in the province. We took advantage of the first cold snap, flooded the rink, and had good skating in a day and night, December 10th. It has been open since quite frequently for public skating, but as yet no hockey has been played. We never start hockey until after the Christmas holidays, and then the examinations keep us busy for a week or so after our return, so really we do not get down to hard practice until the middle of January. In this other teams have a decided handicap over us, for by the time we are starting the majority of teams are well under way in hard practice. But when we do get down to practice we get, I suppose, more practice than the ordinary run of teams.

We only have three of last year's team back with us and no new men to pick from, so the team will be made up principally of men from last year's intermediate team. The team will be much lighter than last year's, but I think it will be swifter, have better combination, and shoot better. With these qualities St. F. X. team this year should show up well.

A series of games between College and Town—senior and intermediate—is talked of. One game a week will be played, and a trophy given the winning teams. We hardly have any idea what material our friends of the town have but we feel assured that they will put a fast plucky team on the ice. The games between College and town last year aroused a great deal of enthusiasm and rivalry, and we feel sure that this year it will be greater than ever.

Our schedule of games with outside teams will be larger than ever. Sydney is the hockey centre of eastern Nova Scotia, and as teams going to Sydney have to pass through Antigonish it will be a very easy matter for them to drop off for a game with us. Truro was the first team that endeavoured to arrange a game, but as we have not yet our team together, it is almost impossible to play with them at such an early date. In previous years our boys met our Truro

friends twice, each winning a game. As the Truro men are all gentlemanly players, it is needless to say we are very anxious to meet them.

We have also heard from the S. A. A. A. asking us to take a trip to Sydney. Their date is also a little early. Later on in the season we shall strait a point to cross sticks with the champions of the C. B. League. The S. A. A. A. have practically the same team that played here last year, and we certainly must admit that they were the best stick handlers ever seen in Antigonish. We can easily arrange a game with New Glasgow, a team that has generally administered defeat to our boys.

I think a league should be organized, made up of teams from Pictou and Antigonish counties. It would tend to bring hockey to a high standard. In our next issue we shall have a detailed account of games played.

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### XAVERIANA.

**W**ITH the "happy New Year" we have again assembled within the familiar walls of the College. Most of the students, including those who remained in the College, report a splendid vacation, and are well recruited for the next term's work.

The list of students is being rapidly augmented, the majority of the newcomers hailing from New Brunswick. They have evidently been hearing much about the "Wise men of the East" during their Christmas vacation, and have decided to speculate as to what offerings in the line of education they may receive down this way. We extend a hearty welcome and hope that you may have a happy and successful term.

The debating societies have not had any meetings since vacation owing to the exams, so that we have no remarks to make concerning them, excepting to mention a matter which came up before the last meeting of the advanced Debating Society. Our secretary has received a letter from the secretary of the Sodales Debating Society of Dalhousie College asking us to take part in an inter-collegiate debate to be held sometime in March at Orpheus Hall, Halifax. The plan is to have each of the six colleges of the Maritime Provinces send a representative to take part in one grand debate. The idea is a good one and we hope it will have the success it deserves. A motion was passed at the last meeting to the effect that the matter be considered, and that a definite reply be given on our return to the College. Up to the time of writing this, we have had no meeting, so that we cannot say definitely, what will be our action.

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

**S**INCE I wrote my last notes from the land of the Minims our holidays have come and gone. The Minims with few exceptions spent their vacation at their respective homes. Three studious months were, no doubt, well recompensed for; for all aver that they spent a most enjoyable time. This is not by any means strange as all are glad to enjoy a rest and meet dearest friends; after some months absence from home. If this is true of all how much more should it be true of our Minims who are all young and many of them have never up to this year been absent for more than a few days from home. The happy meeting of boys and parents can only be fully

realized by those who have experienced it. The loving mother ever-anxious for her offspring will gaze with wistful eyes as his coming is expected and will embrace him with tearful eyes. The fond father will approach with his sunny smile and hearty shake evidencing a cordial welcome home. Nor is his meeting with brothers or sisters less warm. Thus it will easily be seen that the arrival home will be the occasion of much joy to the Minims; and, followed by the beautiful season of Christmas which always brings "peace and good-will," these feelings become fixed rendering all happy and contented.

Of the Minims who remained here little need be said. They were certainly freed from all obligations to study and could thus have much time for any games or sports which they wished to take part in, Wimpy was commander-in-chief of the detachment and, needless to say, acquitted himself of his duties admirably. He could administer the regulations effectively with a few well-delivered cuffs and, no doubt, taught his subordinates the useful lesson of obedience. Ottawa's were very unfortunate both being stricken down with illness. Then we have the little Islanders from the North, three in number, who came to us about the end of the year. They have made themselves quite at home although as yet the "Mumps" have taken up most of their time.

The chief feature attracting the attention of all Minims just now is the "Exams." The Minims maintain the utmost stoicism while engaged at this work and judging from their own reports are doing well. However, no results have been given out officially as yet and some will in all probability be somewhat surprised when they are. Exams. are as a rule a good test as to the ability of the student and those who waste their time will be left somewhat in the "lurch." However time will show how Minims can use their time.

Then we have skating and hockey. These as a matter of course are much engaged in by Minims. There is Fry who can skate and freeze too. McEl, having been transferred from the boneyard to the rink holds a prominent place as well as Petrie who is the best hockey player with his voice. Then we have McDon. of island fame, who cuts many antics on the ice as well as on the platform at Highland Fling. These with the other Minims make good hockeyists as has been shown at a recent date, when a match game was played between Preparatory and High School. Much brilliant work was done on both sides and the stops by Lane in goal were quite creditable. The score stood 3 to 3 at end of game. From this we can expect much rivalry between the expert players among the Minims.

Wishing all Minims the Compliments of the Season I remain the friend of  
all Minims. MOONSHINE.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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## ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

How dreary pass the hours away  
When one endear'd for years  
We miss! altho' but for a day,  
That day an age appears.

A book, a flow'r, a torn glove  
However trifling such,  
If only hers we've learned to love,  
We ne'er can prize too much.

The simplest tokens still recall  
The absent one to mind,  
A look, a smile remembered, all  
Sweet souvenirs we find.

Such form the tie that binds fond hearts,  
Space and Time despite——  
Nor fail association's arts  
Those fond hearts to unite.

Such fancies ruder minds disdain——  
Their softening spell resist ;  
But long as Nature's laws obtain  
Such fancies will exist.

And that they do exist 'tis well——  
They civilize and bless——  
Our grosser selves, prone to rebel,  
They chasten and repress.

For love that's pure tends to refine,  
Like solvents sought of old  
For baser metals of the mine  
Transmuting into gold.

“ALEX.”

## HOP.

"Hello Central !

Side shots.

"Go home fat face !"

Want:d: Goal keepers.

"Oh that lump on my throat !"

"Mr. S-h-l-n. p lease read the English first !"

"Look out Jack you'll have the mumps ; since coming back we've noticed many swell affairs."

REM STRENUUS AUGGE: Augment yourself strenuously.

Judique's friend Tim is practicing the art of self defence.

We regret to learn that our friend Reddy has turned out to be a mid-night warbler.

Reddy: "Did you hear about the bottle of ink ?"

Nosey: "Lets have it."

"Reddy: "It's all write."

Dedicated to Dan Physique :

Axe in hand

A firm hold

Went through the ice

He caught a cold.

Mary had a little lamb

Its fleecce was red as brick

And every where that Mary went

The lamb was sure to stick.

N. B. Having broken BOTH legs in hockey practice, we cannot Hop much this issue.