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HAPPY stream that sparkled flowers among,
Kissed by enamoured sunbeams, blest by smiles
Of summer skies, amid its pleasant toils
Rejoicing, sang with a melodious tongue;
But anon, banks precipitous o'erhung,
And tangled trees obscured its course for miles;
Yet in its dark retreat the brook beguiles
The way with song, cheerful as erst it sung.

Thus, one I have known, born to love and light,
Sang on out of the fullness of her joy;
Yet when adversity's cold shades drew nigh,
Still sweetly harmonized, and infinite
In benediction, passed, a being bright,
Blessing and blest, thro' her dark destiny.

ETHAN HART MANNING.

THE ROMAN ACADEMY AND THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

AMONG the many great undertakings of the present Roman Pontiff, few are more important and more conspicuous than his efforts in the noble cause of Christian education. When, in 1877, Leo XIII succeeded to the Chair of Peter, the moral influence of the Vatican was by no means as strong and as widespread as it is to-day. The latter years of the reign of his predecessor Pius IX had been years of bitterness and struggle, and that kind-hearted pontiff had been betrayed and sold not only by enemies, but even by those who should have been friends. The attacks on the Papacy were directed by men of no moral principles, and these, while doing their utmost to deprive the Pope of external influence, tried also by their false maxims to corrupt the minds and hearts of the children of the Church especially of the young and inexperienced, and thereby to snatch them from her motherly care. Atheistic and Protestant professors were loudly declaiming against the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, and, propped up with their sophisms and false philosophy, were openly denying and repudiating everything that had a tendency to religion and morality.

In Rome the very centre of Christian civilisation, the university founded by Gregory XIII for Catholic students of all nations, was robbed from its owners, and its 2,000 students, for the most part foreigners, were politely informed to betake themselves to other quarters. A state-university was established in its stead by the usurpers of the Papal States, and everything savouring of Christianity was put aside to make room for the new morality, that of a godless school.

During this time Pius IX though a prisoner in the Vatican did not remain inactive. The Roman University was

re-organised under his protection and encouragement, notwithstanding the fact that the greater part of the foreign students had returned to their respective homes. But the shock had been too great to allow of its being repaired at once. It was necessary to wait a little until the wound should be disposed for the cure by the healing hand of time. In the interim, worn out by cares and old age Pius IX died, and Cardinal Pecci was elected to succeed him on the Pontifical throne. The newly elected pope took the name of Leo, and chose as his motto the significant words "a Light in the Heavens".

From the very beginning of his reign all eyes were upon the new pope, and those interested in the sacred cause of education looked forward to see what would come from one whose position and reputation, to say nothing of the many personal qualities he had manifested, should be to them a warrant of powerful assistance. And indeed to whom could they look for instruction and encouragement in so grave a matter, if not to the successor of Peter. Is it not he who has received from on high the divine commission of confirming his brethren in the faith, of feeding the lambs and sheep of the one true fold, and of providing the bread of truth for the Master's little ones? Yes, the position of Leo told them that to him they should look and to none other. Moreover the reputation of the new pope seemed to qualify him for so exalted and responsible an office. Could he who had so highly distinguished himself as apostolic nuncio, who had shown such indomitable energy as papal governor, and had manifested such wise administration as Archbishop of Perugia, and afterwards as Cardinal of the Church, could he be indifferent in such an important matter as education? Surely not! And so the events proved.

Leo was not long on the throne before he understood the state of affairs. It was unnecessary for anyone to inform him of what was to be done, and with the prudence and foresight for which he has always been distinguished, the new pope took in the situation at a single glance. He began by stimulating and encouraging the efforts of those entrusted with the education of Catholic youth in his own Italy. But this was not enough ; being charged by Divine Providence to look after the interests of the whole Catholic world he soon made his voice resound in all quarters of the globe.

In 1879, two years after he ascended the Papal throne, he addressed to all Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops in communion with the Holy See, the immortal encyclical letter which begins with the words "Eterni Patris." Therein he insists on the necessity of maintaining high the standard of education in Catholic institutions, with regard to all the liberal arts and sciences, that all branches must be carefully attended to, and that no one science either sacred or profane is to be neglected. Nevertheless, he selects one from amongst the others and recommends it in a most exceptional way. It is the science of philosophy. Speaking to his venerable brethren in the episcopate of men who labour for the destruction and extirpation of the Christian name, he tells them of the great influence of depraved doctrines in human actions, of the manner in which false opinions having their seat in the intellect, exercise their pernicious effects in the will, and he goes on to say : We must meet these men on their own ground. They attack us with false principles, we must repel them with true ones. They try to show that the study of philosophy is averse to belief in God, we must prove that philosophy is a positive help and a way which leads to God. Then let the teaching of that science be seriously cared for in your seminaries and colleges ; let it occupy your special consideration.

Moreover he chose a guide and a

sure master of philosophical teaching, whose doctrines, he says, needs no recommendation, "a doctor of all others the prince and master, who imbued with the teachings of his predecessors, collected all their different works, arranged them in magnificent order, considerably augmented them with the productions of his own wonderful intellect, and reduced them down to one compact body. This man endowed with a swift and penetrating genius, with an easy and tenacious memory, leading a most upright and holy life, and possessed with a singular love of truth, is none other than Thomas Aquinas."

The Holy Father goes on to say. "There is no part of philosophy of which the great Dominican has not profoundly and most solidly treated ; the laws of reasoning, corporeal and incorporeal substances, human acts and their principles, etc., etc., and in the works of this great doctor, there is wanting neither variety of subjects, nor skilful arrangement of parts, nor perfect method, nor firmness of principle and force of argument, nor clearness and propriety of language." Besides, St. Thomas has left no philosophical errors unrefuted and he has handed down to posterity strong weapons against false systems ; he has made the necessary distinction and drawn the line between reason and faith, and while friendly joining both hand in hand, and reserving to the one and the other her dignity and rights, he has shown the former to be the handmaid of the latter. Reason serves faith. He has drawn the very pagan philosophers, notably Aristotle, into the christian camp and has made them fight his battles. He has taken their principles, examined and explained them, and has shown that far from being averse to Catholic teaching, they on the contrary serve as its foundation and basis."

No one can say that the choice made by the Holy Father was not an excellent one. In the words of Luther himself, St. Thomas is shown to be the

greatest luminary and at the same time the ablest defender of the Church, for who has not heard of the impious boast of that great heresiarch, "Tolle Thomam et destruaam ecclesiam Dei", Take away Thomas and I will destroy the church of God." The great Aquinas then is the prince of all philosophers and theologians ; he is the man raised up by Divine Providence to put to flight the enemies of the immortal truth.

The Pope concludes his letter by exhorting and strongly recommending to catholic prelates to see that the doctrines of St. Thomas be faithfully adhered to and sedulously followed, at the same time showing the great utility to be derived therefrom. But the mere writing of an encyclical letter, however influential, was not enough to satisfy the ardent and energetic character of Leo. The same year which saw the publication of the letter "Eterni Patris", saw also the foundation of a society for the carrying out of its purposes. This society is composed of learned and influential men chosen not only amongst the clergy but also amongst the laity, for it would be a great mistake and in the words of Cardinal Vaughan of Westminster, positively humbling for lay gentlemen, to imagine that the study of philosophy should be limited to ecclesiastical students. The object in view is to explain, protect and propagate the doctrines, especially philosophical, of the angelic doctor and minutely to observe the recommendations contained in the encyclical letter.

Founded by the Holy Father and working under his immediate supervision, the society consists of a Cardinal-Prefect assisted by an executive council, and of thirty active members. Ten of these latter reside at Rome, ten in the other parts of Italy, and the remaining ten are chosen amongst learned men of other countries. The society has been named the Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas. Its object which, as has already been said, is the defense and propagation of

Thomistic doctrine, comprises the publication of books and pamphlets, the explanation of philosophical principles, the refutation of errors, etc., and the means chosen are perfectly adapted to the end. The members keep watch on journals and other works which treat of subjects pertaining to the science and write against mistakes that may have crept in. Several times during the year a treatise on some part of philosophy is composed and read by one of the members in the presence of the society and alumni, which treatise is sometimes published in book form. Thus we have the work of Cardinal Pecci entitled "De ente et essentia," that of Card. Mazzella on the different degrees of intellectual knowledge, and a recent one of Revd. Joseph Lemius, O.M.I., on the Metaphysics of Saint Thomas. The alumni of the Academy are students chosen from the different colleges and seminaries of Rome, who having finished their ordinary course of philosophy attend the lectures of a professor chosen from among the ten Roman members. These students after two years attendance are admitted to the examination for the degree of doctor. The first prefect of the society was the brother of the present pope, Cardinal Joseph Pecci, who died in 1890; the second was Cardinal Zigliara deceased in 1893. At present the position of prefect is held by His Eminence, Card. Camillus Mazzella. The executive committee is composed of the prefect of studies at the Gregorian University, of the professor of theology at the Minerva and of Mgr. Talamo, who is the secretary. His Eminence Card. Satolli, previous to his nomination as apostolic delegate to the United States, was an active member of the Roman Academy ; also Mgr. Benedict Lorenzelli at present papal nuncio in Bavaria, had, before his appointment to that charge, his place in the same society. Among the present members are Rev. R. Beaudoin, O.P., professor of philosophy at the Minerva ; Rev. P. De Mandato, S.J., professor of theology at the Gregorian, and Rev. Joseph

Lemius, O.M.I., procurator of the Oblates at the Holy See and consulter to the Sacred Congregation of Studies; also Rev. A. M. Lepicier, professor of theology at the university of the Propaganda. Besides three others who are teaching in seminaries, and one rector, the academy counts two lay gentlemen, a lawyer and a doctor of medicine.

With the encouragement of the Pope a similar society has been founded in many of the catholic institutes of different countries and has been aggregated to the one at Rome. Among the members of the Roman Academy who remain in Italy are two bishops, while the rest are mostly professors. Of those residing in other parts most are teaching in colleges, seminaries and lyceums, one is professor in the Royal University of Madrid, another in the University of Amsterdam, and a third in the Catholic University of Louvain.

A few weeks ago another name was proposed by the first member of the executive council of the Roman Academy, that of Rev. Henry Lacoste, O. M. I., professor in the Catholic University of Ottawa. The proposal was unanimously accepted by the members, and the Cardinal Prefect, former professor of Fr. Lacoste, gave his consent with joy and satisfaction. The nomination was afterwards graciously confirmed by His Holiness the Pope who always speaks of Ottawa as "my university."

That institution had more than one title to a representation in the Roman Academy. Ever since its foundation St. Joseph's College has always strictly adhered to the principles of St. Thomas Aquinas. Leo XIII in the apostolic brief by which he raised the Ottawa institution to the rank of a Catholic University, among the many other reasons which he states as rendering her worthy of such an honour, gives the following testimony: "We also know with what zeal our beloved sons, the members of the congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, have devoted themselves, since the year

1848, to the proper education of the young, having willingly bestowed on this noble work and its advancement their possessions as well as their zealous care, and how much the superiors of that same Congregation have always taken it to heart, to preserve and nurture in a becoming manner among their subjects a devotedness towards the Holy See and the Rulers of the Church, and at the same time to watch that *philosophy and theology should be taught in accordance with the doctrines of St. Thomas Aquinas*. These being so, we can understand how many illustrious scholars, formed by the learned professors of the College of Ottawa, have gained for their teachers wide esteem and honour."

In many ways has the Sovereign Pontiff testified his satisfaction and approbation of the philosophy taught in the college since its elevation to the rank of a catholic university, notably by sending every year a gold medal to be awarded, as prize to the best philosophical student. St. Joseph's college was the first educational institute to adopt as class book of philosophy, the work of the learned Dominican, the late Cardinal Zigliara. This author, a strenuous defender of Thomistic principles, as Dominicans generally are, was a warm friend of Ottawa University. He also, every year up to his death sent a medal to be given as a prize for philosophy. Moreover in the same institution a society of St. Thomas has been established, and is maintained as much as possible after the manner of the one at Rome. The end kept in view and the means employed to attain it are common to both. Ottawa University was one of the first institutes which formed a like society, and so put early into practice the recommendation of the encyclical letter "Eterni Patris." Founded solely with the view of assuring the spread of sane philosophy and of responding to the pressing invitations of the august Head of the Church, the St. Thomas Society of Ottawa must be productive of good results. May it live and prosper.

With regard to the nomination of Father Lacoste, those of his friends who are at present in Rome all join in sending best wishes, and his successors on the benches of the Roman University extend hearty congratulations. Through this nomination by the Holy Father the noble institution of Ottawa, though

comparatively young in years, has taken her stand by the side of her elder sisters, the time-honoured universities of Europe.

May she prosper too !

J. FOLEY, O.M.I.

Rome, Jan. 15th, 1897.



THE GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk doth make a man better be;
 Or standing like an oak three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night;
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be.



SHAKESPEARE'S LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

IN the study of the lives of great men, it is a fact worthy of note that those who have made their names immortal by their physical and intellectual achievements have been the happy possessors of large and noble hearts. Search the records of the past, as assiduously as you may, and in no single case, will you find the astute villain or the brutal tyrant handing down his name to posterity because of his literary qualifications. If he live and occupy a place in history, it is on account of his unnaturalness, because of the many atrocious and heart-rending deeds perpetrated by him during his sojourn here below. None succeed in becoming great or in winning for themselves undying fame, unless they can share the sorrows and pleasures of those with whom they have intercourse. He whose heart is so moulded as to be able to derive pleasure from all that is pure just and honorable, gives every promise of success. The man of genius will feel a sympathetic throb for the pure and innocent; children shall be his favorites and as Shakespeare, somewhere says "the varying childness of youth shall cure in him thoughts that would thicken his blood."

History illustrates this by innumerable examples. Whatever path of life our heroes have followed, be they generals, statesmen, orators or authors, all without exception, have cherished a love and affection for those little ones, the joy and delight of every happy fireside. Let us revert our minds to the early days of France. There our attention is called to the grand warrior Charlemagne, a sovereign whose mighty sword and thorough generalship had quelled the insurrections of countless hordes of

enemies and carried victory far and wide throughout the land. Perusing the history of this country, we read that so ardent was the love of this man for his children that whenever possible he was wont to have them at his side. Their childish prattle soothed his aching brow and enkindled in him that genuine love which warfare itself could not eradicate.

Canada's "uncrowned king" John A. Macdonald is another example of this affectionate nature; the love Sir John A. bore his children was unbounded. When the toils of the day were over and he had once more returned to his home his first inquiry was ever about his gleeful children. For hours he could amuse himself by narrating to them stories of his own ingenious creation. Their attentiveness and innocent questions gladdened his fatherly heart and stimulated him to greater acts of valor for both theirs and his country's sake. Nor was his love confined to his own family; he was the friend of all little ones and he took much pleasure in caressing them whenever he chanced to meet them. On his last birthday, as Shamus O'Toole has related in the October number of *THE OWL*, Sir John received a congratulatory letter from a small girl unknown to him informing him that her birthday was on the same date as his; at the conclusion of her simple remarks, she requested that he would give her letter consideration. This he did. The reply made by the venerable old man greatly rejoiced the young correspondent, and is one that merits commendation and is worthy as being taken as a lesson by those whose haughty self-love lead them to neglect as degrading to their dignity the spending of a few spare moments in the company of innocent youth.

The renowned Gladstone has not deemed himself too learned for such humble associations. Throughout his whole life the chords of his generous heart have vibrated in unison with those of charming purity. The dull monotony of his political and student life has been broken by the endearing wiles of the playful child. Is it not an imposing spectacle to see the most illustrious man of our age bouncing his baby grandson on his aged knee and listening with inexpressible joy to the merry laughter of his chubby playmate?

Again, let us consider one of Gladstone's fellow countrymen, Sir Walter Scott, whose name will be handed down from father to son through long generations. Note with what force this distinguished novelist portrays the fondness of mother for child. In "The Heart of Mid Lothian;" he represents Effie Deans, an unfortunate outcast woman, when being tried for the supposed murder of her illegitimate offspring sobbing thus to her sister. "Ye are muckle to be blame lass, if you think a mother could or would murder her ain bairn—murder? I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o'tisee:" He is one of the few that practiced what he preached, for he loved to a fault his children and spent much of his leisure time in romping with those who lived near his home.

At length, let us turn our attention to England, to consider for a moment the greatest of modern poets, "nature's oracle and interpreter"—we need not name him, William Shakespeare. There is a special feature in the life of this man which is evidenced in nearly all his writings. Few of those who have wrought a wreath of glory around the brow of their country, have had a greater fondness for the varying simplicity of the child.

Although the materials regarding the life of this man be scanty, we should bear in mind that, had we the faculty to discover it, the story of his life is pictured behind every painted page of his writings, not merely in the

peculiarities of his mind, his ways of thinking, but in his quieter existence, his contact with the world. With the original writer, such as Shakespeare was, the source of every mental product is in nature. Experience furnishes the material for every sigh, aspiration, or consolation expressed. Therefore, when we desire to study the private life of such a man, all we need do is take up his works peer behind each line, where we will behold him as a man in his every day relations.

In reviewing his many plays, it is easily perceived that Shakespeare was very much attached to the young and innocent. Almost everyone of his plays is enhanced by the introduction of some little chap of a higher or lower station in life, struggling against the obstacles thrown in his path. The delineation of those personages is indeed remarkable. The poet represents the vicissitudes in their lives, with such truth, that no matter what be our nature, in some degree, our hearts beat responsive to those of his sorrowing or joyful creations. Many are the instances that might be given to corroborate the statement, but a few of the most prominent will sufficiently verify the assertion and show Shakespeare to be a man of the greatest tenderness.

What a marvellous presentation is that of Prince Arthur, in King John, how pitifully does the poet sing the story of his unhappy life! This helpless prince is the lawful heir to the English Crown, but is prevented from assuming the reins of government, because of his tender years. Covetous of such a legacy, his uncle desires to make it his own, and with this object before him, plans Arthur's removal. Arthur is placed in prison, where both his eyes are to be burned out by his old friend Hubert. The scene that takes place between Arthur and Hubert is most touching. Here the sympathy of the author is displayed with grandest effect. From the moment the prince appears, all feel his

noble presence. His profound plea awakens admiration even in those who seek to injure him, while his bearing is such, that no one can resist the charm of his company.

In learning that his eyes are to be destroyed by red hot irons, he is much depressed. However he does not allow his grief to overcome him. At once becoming master of his situation, he sets about winning the murderer from his cruel purpose. First he attempts to reach Hubert's heart by the sense of gratitude.

Have you the heart, when your head did but
ache

I knit my hankerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess gave it to me)
And I did never ask it you again.

And with my hand at midnight held your
head

And like the watchful minutes to the hour
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time
Saying what lack you? And where lies your
grief!

Seeing that his words have been falling on deaf ears he is not discountenanced as the ordinary youth would be; on the contrary, he becomes more determined in his cause and purposes to wield every instrument in his favor to check Hubert from carrying into effect his heartless undertaking. With a prudence worthy of a riper age the plea is quickly changed. By contrast he seeks to compassionate his enemy.

"O heaven, that there were but a mote in
yours, (eyes),

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair

Any joyance in that precious sense;

Then feeling what small things are boisterous
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible."

But despite Arthur's endeavors Hubert is still resolute. So far the cruel torturer has been listening to the entreaties of the the prince with seeming indifference. Arthur's persistency in having a hearing defers the execution of the heartless sentence for such an interval that the iron ceases to glow and the coals to blaze. Detecting this the young prince seizes upon the fact as a means of shaming his old

friend into desisting from his dastardly purpose. He tells Hubert that the fire is dead with grief, but alas to his surprise he quickly received the reply that it might be revived again. This last remark called forth the following passage which completely subdued Arthur's enemy and saved the helpless child's eyesight.

"If you do, you will but make it blush

And glow with shame of your proceedings
Hubert,

Nay it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me
wrong

Deny their office; only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and hot iron
extends

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses."

This character in conjunction with that of young Mamllus in the *Winter's Tale*, shows us the both sides of noble life. In *King John* we meet a princely boy in the person of Arthur, who has to battle against the intrigues of ambitious relatives. Forced from his mother and the comforts of home, he is cast into prison, where every hour brings new fears. But such is not the fortune of the royal boy met in *The Winter's Tale*. Here, the hero is presented in more favorable circumstances. When he appears before us he is filled with glee, and romps and talks with so little restraint that he fatigues his mother. His cares are so few that he has no thought, except that of amusing himself, yet, he is not giddy. His answers to the ladies to whom he is entrusted, show him to be cool, witty and observant. Besides this, he is quite a story-teller, and frequently amuses his mother *Hermoine* by his goblin tales. In fine, he gives every indication of great promise, as *Camillo* asserts in his conversation with *Archidamus*. "I very well agree with you in the hope of him. It is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they who went on crutches e'er he was born, desire yet, their life to see him a man."

Closely allied to Arthur and Mamillus is the son of Macduff found in Macbeth. He, like them, could boast of noble parentage and could lay claim to many praiseworthy qualities. In one respect, however, the son of Macduff differs greatly from the other two characters. In him we do not detect any of that affection so evident in Arthur and Mamillus. His feelings are obscured by his fortitude. The manly way in which he bears up under the threatened calamity, arouses our affection for him. When his mother tells him that his father is dead, and asks him what he shall do without a father, he feels the sad stroke, no doubt, yet he pluckily resolves on a commendable course and answers boldly, "I will do as the little birds." With whatever the hand of Providence deals out to him, he is content. Like the small bird, if needs be, he is ready to labor for his own maintenance. This is a remarkable trait in one of so high birth and tender years. It is difficult for those who have always had all they desired in earthly goods, to bear up courageously when adversity comes. For his years, he had remarkable powers of perception. Throughout the whole interview with his mother he seems to be fully conscious of her intention to play upon his feelings. But in this case the artist is not equal to the task. Lady Macduff is cornered at every turn by her son, and finally has to admit his wit. "Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet in faith with wit enough for thee.

How much differently are we impressed when we are introduced to Mrs. and Mr. Page's son in the play entitled *Merry Wives of Windsor*? William Page is the small boy hero of humble origin. We first behold

him undergoing an examination before his parents and teachers. An examination has no attraction for poor little Willie. When summoned before the tribunal, he complies with hesitancy. Upon his coming forward, Sir Hugh Evans, his master, commences the painful ordeal by commanding him to hold up his head. To this, through shyness, he is reluctant, until his mother with encouraging words requests him to do Mr. Evan's bidding. His examination was by no means a brilliant one, yet it was such as quite delighted Mrs. Page. From the fact that he knew "lapis" meant stone, and that a stone was a pebble, and that he could decline a few words, she thought him a wonder in the intellectual order. However, Mrs. Page is the only one that sees her son in that light. In him we find few of those qualities that win our esteem. If we lean towards him it is through pity. William is too shy, awkward and dull to call forth our admiration, but for all this, no one can help sympathizing with him as he stands up for the scrutiny of his cruel school-master.

In the few child characters which I have collected from Shakespeare's works, there is not one but is worthy of our attention. Each has a redeeming quality which the poet portrays. Whether he is portraying the heroic valor of Arthur, the manly disposition of Mamillus, the fortitude of young Macduff, or the dull, yet willing obedience of William, there is always a marked conformity to real life and a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. We are drawn to those Shakesperian children because of their freshness and originality. They lighten up our hearts when oppressed by many cares and troubles.

JOHN M. FOLEY, '97.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

From the German of Von Bulow.

It is now many years since, during a summer ramble, I found myself at A-k, now nothing more than a hamlet in population, but retaining traces of having once been a place of very considerable importance, and boasting of very remote antiquity.

The little town stands on a plateau enclosed between a bend of the Rhine and the steep bluff on which the ruins of an old castle stands perched, equally watching the little burgh below and the counterpart castle on the opposite side of the Rhine at its next bend.

The horses that those old Knights rode must have been of a sure-footed breed, for it is hard to conceive how any quadruped, save a goat, could have mounted the path I scrambled up among the vines; but it is with the village and the village church that we have to do.

The church at A-k, might be called a Cathedral from its great size; but there was no bishop there and it was only a parish church. With its three great towers, vast nave, long aisles, and noble choir, it seemed as if it might well hold all the population for many miles around, and the extremely small congregation that were present at the celebration of the High Mass that morning appeared ridiculously out of proportion.

After the Mass was over, and the last peal of the organ had died away, and the patter of the last footstep been lost in the distance, as it still wanted a considerable time to my breakfast hour, I strolled round the great empty church. There seemed to be nothing of value in it. If it had ever possessed any of the treasures of art, they had probably perished or been carried away during the long wars that devastated the country after the period of the Reformation, for I found nothing worthy of notice. I had just concluded

to leave the church when my eye was arrested by what I took to be an accident which had happened to the crucifix on one of the side altars. At first I supposed it had received a blow which had nearly broken off the right arm of the figure. On looking more closely I perceived that it was evidently of great age, and the arm I supposed to be broken stood out from the cross at a considerable angle, and hung about half way down the side, the nail by which it had been attached still remaining in the hand.

Whilst I was still wondering as to the nature of the accident which had befallen the quaintly carved crucifix a quiet and pleasant voice roused me from my reverie.

"I see, sir, that you are examining our curious old crucifix!"

Turning round I recognised the old priest who had sung Mass, and encouraged by his amiable manner and address, I stated the matter I had been pondering over, and asked for an explanation.

"There has been no accident," said he; "the distortion which you notice in the right arm has existed far beyond the memory of man.

"The figure is carved out of a single block — there being no joining in any part of it." Still more astonished, I asked what could have been the motive of representing the Saviour in so strange an attitude: the more, as the hole for the nail still remaining in the hand was still to be seen plainly in the wood whilst the hand was in the position in which it would have been had it just struck a blow.

"That is a curious story and is, in fact, the only legend I know of connected with this church.

"The crucifix is held in great reverence, and people come from great distances to pray before it. As I see

you are a stranger, perhaps you will partake of an old man's breakfast, whilst you listen to him as he relates the traditional story, which being connected with this church, where he has grown old, he regards as almost peculiarly his own."

Thanking the good priest for his kind offer, I followed him into the little presbytery almost adjoining the church, where we were soon seated on each side of a little table, taking off the edge of our appetites with eggs, coffee and rolls. When we had somewhat appeased our craving, the good man commenced saying:

"The tradition of which I have to speak dates back a long way, and has at least, so much of authenticity about it as attaches to the undoubted antiquity of the crucifix itself, and to the fact that, for many generations at least, no other account has been current.

"My grandfather used to tell it to me when an infant on his knee, and said that he had heard it from his grandfather in the same way.

"In which of the many wars which have scourged this unfortunate land since the rebel monk Luther brought the curse of religious dissension upon it, the circumstances which I am about to relate occurred, I am unable to determine; for the traditions which agree in all other points, differ on this.

"On the whole, I incline to the one which places these events during the period of Gustavus Adolphus' invasion, and attribute them to the particular band which was led by his lieutenant, Oxenstiern, who certainly did sack the place. This would place it at more than two hundred years ago, and it certainly is not more recent.

"At that period there lived in A—k, a widow and her daughter. They were very poor, belonging to the peasant class, and supported themselves in winter by spinning; and when spring came round, they would go off to the steep mountain-sides, where they helped to dress the vines

or gather the vintage, according to the season.

"They never went to distant vineyards, because the mother, having in her youth met with a severe accident, was unable from its effects, to walk far. There was also another reason: for Gretchen, who was the prettiest girl for many miles around, was also the best, and never failed, winter or summer, to hear Mass and spend some time in prayer before that very crucifix which has attracted your attention.

"There was, no doubt, some older tradition about its origin, for it had a great reputation for sancity even then; this tradition, whatever it may have been, seems, however, to have been swallowed up by the overwhelming interest of the subsequent event which I am about to relate.

"All accounts agree that when Gretchen first worshipped there, the crucifix had nothing unusual about it to distinguish it from any other, except its artistic merit.

"The hand was then nailed to the cross. There, however, kneeling in front of it, wrapped in prayer, this young girl spent all the time she could spare from the humble duties of her life.

"She milked the cow, washed the clothes, cooked and did the work about her mother's house, and acted as her crutch as she climbed the steep paths of the vineyard—for, in spite of her lameness, she was a skillful vine-dresser—in short, she was all in all to her only parent.

"With all this labor and care, Gretchen grew in grace and beauty; and though so devout, she was as bright and cheerful and winning in her ways as the most worldly of her young companions.

"Never, however, could she be tempted to go to any of the merry-makings or harvest-homes or vintage feasts that were held at a distance; her invariable answer was, 'My mother cannot walk so far.'

"She had many suitors; and admirers came from a great distance.

"To all, Gretchen was equally kind and considerate, but to none did she show any sort of preference, so that all the youths for many miles around, on both sides of the Rhine were pulling caps for her.

"Thus, things went on till she was nineteen, when, to the great surprise of all, she was seen to take up with and give a decided preference to the attentions of a young stranger who had been in the place only a few weeks.

"The favored youth was a journeyman clockmaker from Nuremberg, who was going through his year of wandering, and was at the moment, settled in the town, working for the only tradesman in his line of business in the place.

"This youth, whose name was Gotliebe Hunning, was handsome and showy, wearing his hair in long locks down his back, and spending much of his earnings in dress. He sang, played the guitar, and was reputed wild, though no harm could be alleged against him.

"The old folks shook their heads, and deplored that so sweet and modest a girl as Gretchen should be seen so much with a roisterer like Gotliebe.

"So things were, however, and all the time that Gretchen gave to pleasure—which was little enough, poor child, for they were very poor and her mother was very helpless—she spent with this handsome, clever youth; not that she abandoned her devotion, or was less frequently prostrated before the crucifix; for indeed, if possible, she was found there more than ever. Still, the gossips shook their heads and remarked upon it.

"One would say, 'Ah! I never trusted that meek manner of hers. I always knew she would surprise us some day, and here it is! It is always so with the very good ones!' 'Ay, ay, her neighbor would say, 'cat will after cream! And Eve has left her mark upon the best of them! The girl is a girl like other young things; but I did hope better things of Gretchen, so well

brought up as she has been!'—thus they ran on.

"Soon, however, it began to be said that Gotliebe was sobering down; he frequented the tavern less, never danced except with Gretchen, sang less and worked more.

"He was admitted to be a master of his craft, and when it became known that he was engaged in all his leisure hours in making a great clock—the very one the chimes of which you were admiring—for the church, there was less head-shaking, and more talk about Gretchen's luck in making so great a catch. Still he made no change in his showy dress, and indeed I think that genius, at least in art, often shows itself in that way, and tradition testifies that he was no mean proficient in the art he practised, of which indeed we still have proof every hour.

"Then it began to be observed that Gotliebe was frequently in the church with Gretchen, and had become a regular attendant at Mass. Still, things went on in the same way and no betrothal was spoken of, until, after the war had again broken out and seemed to be drifting this way, it suddenly became known that Gretchen had consented to be married to Gotliebe without loss of time, and that he was to take a house and her mother was to move into it.

"In this remote place, far from any of the great avenues of trade, news came doubtfully and seldom, and war was at the very door at a moment when only distant rumours had reached A—k.

"However, to return to Gretchen and Gotliebe: you may be sure that what goes on now went on then, and that all the busy bodies were agog as to what they were to live upon; how she was to be dressed, and who were to be the bridesmaids; but as the world spins round in spite of the flies that buzz about it, so they went their way regardless of all that was said about them.

"In the meantime, the rumors grew more frequent and more parti-

cular concerning the cloud of war which waseveryday drifting nearer and nearer, until the dark mass seemed ready at any moment to burst upon the unfortunate village itself.

"Indeed, news came from neighboring towns and villages that they had been taken and burned by the heretic Swedes, and tales, no doubt often exaggerated, of the violent and dissolute conduct of Oxenstiern's troopers, kept every one in terror.

"Affairs were in this threatening condition when the wedding morning came; and, as the story was, though Gretchen had little to spend on dress, no art and expense could have produced a lovelier bride than stood before the altar of the Crucifix that morning. She wore nothing but a simple dress of white, and a wreath of apple-blossoms, for the trees were just then in flower.

"The wedding-bells were ringing, and the humble bridal party had just reached the house which Gotliebe had taken, when cannon were heard, and a band of fierce Swedish soldiers rushed into the village.

"The firing proceeded from an attack upon the castle, which still stands at about a mile from this place, and the invaders of the village were army followers and a few of the more dissolute of Oxenstiern's soldiery, who, encountering the bridal party, at once interrupted its progress, treating the bridesmaids rudely; and one of them who threw his arms around Gretchen, was immediately struck down by Gotliebe, who, as before said, was a spirited youth.

"One of the invaders, without a moment's hesitation, struck him lifeless, and attempted to seize the bride, who, with a shriek fled and took refuge in the church.

"Thither Gretchen was pressed by the band, and after many hours, the troops were withdrawn, and the priest with a few of the boldest of his flock ventured into the sacred edifice; they found the high altar desecrated, the the sacred vessels gone, and other sacrileges committed, which filled them with horror; but on turning to the altar of the crucifix, they found the bride prostrated before it, either in a trance or ecstasy, with the soldier who had pursued her lying with his skull broken and his iron head-piece smashed in as though a sledge-hammer had struck it, and the arm of the crucifix distorted as you see it now.

"On being questioned, the young widow could only say "God has protected me."

"The poor mother lingered but a day or two longer and was borne to the grave at the same time as the unfortunate Gotliebe.

"Gretchen never knew, or would not say more than I have repeated of what had occurred at the altar of the crucifix. It was un plundered.

"The people, however, all said that God, who had borne the insults and profanation directed against himself at the high altar, had interposed when the virtue of a pure virgin was threatened, and had himself, by the hand of his image, smitten the would-be violater, dead, leaving the distorted arm as an admonition forever."



COUNTRY LIFE.

THERE is a word in the English language, for which in no other tongue has an equivalent been found; a word embodying in itself morality, charity -- all the tenderest and highest emotions that man is capable of experiencing. What is it? Can you not surmise? It is home.

Painters have put forth most strenuous efforts, orators have drawn floods of tears, poets have sung their sweetest lays in attempting to picture home. But all in vain, for as man is in his domestic life, there is his nature, and

"Who can paint like Nature?
Can imagination boast of hues like her's?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And loose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task
Ah! what shall language do?"

Yes, what shall art or language do? In the above lines, Thomson has showed himself a master of human failings, and the discrepancy lamented here, is reality. In the picture we can almost see the child's lips move, as nestling on its mother's breast, the prayers of its childhood are sweetly lisped; though, in the oration under the magic spell that the orator has thrown around us by the eloquence of his words, we see through the mist of our reveries, the members of the house-hold gathered around the fire-place, in loving companionship; in the poem, under the sweet influence of the cadence and rhythm of the lines, each word stands out transformed as it were, into a living being.

All this has been accomplished by the great masters in art and literature, but even in their works there is a void which can not be filled by high coloring, eloquence, or masterly diction. What is the void that refuses supply? It is the lack of reality.

But as there is an exception to every rule, so is there one to this. The most realistic portrayer of home-life is William Cowper, frequently styled the poet of ordinary life and domestic affections. He was the founder of the modern school of poets that discarded all artificiality of grace and subtlety of style and wrote in the pure, simple and undisguised language of nature, employing no ornaments except those with which they were supplied by munificent nature.

The story of Cowper's life, sad and melancholy as it is, is too well known to need repetition here, so, with a few comments upon his poetic productions, we will pass to the discussion of the theme. Owing to circumstances over which Cowper had no control, he was quite advanced in years before his poetic genius was made apparent. Indeed it was only after much persuasion, even prodding, that he was induced to put his pen to paper, but at last he did, and his works are ranked first among the second class of poets. He was not a great poet, and indeed his works are common-place in parts, but still there is an unmistakable charm and individuality in his works that cannot fail to attract and interest his readers. His forte is, undoubtedly, the portrayal of domestic and rustic scenes. He loved nature, and his very soul seems to be translated into the words he penned, lauding her munificence.

The best and most widely read of his works, is the *Task*, a poem beautiful in parts but very common-place in the great mass of baser material. The poet introduces his subject with a mock-heroic beginning, and from the origin of the sofa gradually passes up through the "world of invention." Among his other poems are *Expostulations on Truth, Hope and Charity*, a

work remarkable for its originality of idea and versification.

Cowper's serious works are without doubt his best, though the poem "John Gilpin" written in a lighter vein, displays an undeniable versatility. And indeed many critics affirm that if Cowper had contented himself with writing shorter poems, his rank would be much higher than it is.

His most remarkable quality is his genuineness; his emotions are real, never fictitious; his imagery deals with objects that he has actually seen, and his pictures of social life are true.

It is very seldom that a man is found, whose "ability to sport with syllables and play with song" is equal to Cowper's. Such a long digression from the subject as this has been, is indeed very tedious, but the occasion demanded it, and now since it is finished, let us consider that remarkable sentence found in Cowper's *Task*, "God made the country, and man made the town."

The sentence, simple as it is, has been discussed in debates by men of high and low degree, some in favor, and others against the proposition. Let this be as it may, such scenes as Cowper describes can only exist in the country.

..... "Far remote
From such displeasing sounds, as haunt the
ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs,
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clamorous, whether pleased or
pained."

Where do the birds sing so sweetly as among the leafy bowers of the forest? Where do the silvery streams sparkle and tinkle as gaily as in the country? These and a multitude of other beauties are found only amid sylvan and rural scenes.

The upright and sturdy sons of the soil have proven themselves again and again to be the wisest legislators and the best business men. Why were such men as Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Horatio Seymour, and a host of others chosen to fill such high

positions as they held? It was because their constituents found in them the noble and manly spirits of mind and heart. Where were they born? In the city? No. Were they reared in the lap of luxury? No. They were sterling sons of the soil, with rough, horny hands, but with minds and souls as pure and white as the newly fallen snow.

Why have poets disregarded the so-called beauties of cities, and have gone far into the country for materials which should be "literatesque," as likewise have the painters done for scenes that would be picturesque?

Where can adequate rest and relaxation be found but in the country, And it is not

"Rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit and restore
The tone of languid nature."

The monuments of architecture that man has reared to his fame, be they as imposing as is possible, are nothing compared to the humble cottage built among the leafy forests with the setting sun touching it with a magic wand, and changing it into gold.

Find elsewhere, if you can, such homes as those of the country. There freedom from social and moral evils enobles the mind and adorns the soul of children with the delicate beauties of the purest and most desirable virtues. And a more convincing argument than these words of Cowper can not be found.

"But though true worth, and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only
there,
Yet not in the cities oft; in proud and gay
And gain devoted cities. Thither flow
As to a common and most noisome sewer
The dregs and feculence of every land.
In cities foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pamper'd cities, sloth and lust,
And wantonness and gluttoness excess."

Note the fact that Cowper was bred and born in a city, and it was only after a sojourn in the country that he wrote so truly and so enthusiastically of rural life. Add to these proofs

others that are well known, compare them with the defence that cities can offer, and rest assured that the city's scale will be found light and weak. So, honor the fields, the woods, the streams, the tiller of the soil, honor

everything that pertains to the country, and then you are honoring God, for "God made the country, and man made the town,"

M. A. FOLEY, OO'.



PURITY.

See how the lillies deck the fruitful furrow,
 And blusheth on its thorny bush the rose,
 Which crowns the victor-wrestler, and becomes
 The garland for the winner in the course;
 So purity, subduing rebel nature,
 Wins the fair diadem which Christ awards



MARY, STAR OF THE SEA.

BEYOND yon stars that shine so bright,
 A brighter Star is shining,
 To guide us through this vale of night,
 And cheer us when repining.

When ills beset the path of life,
 And bitter tears are streaming,
 Our eyes, fair star, upturn to thee,
 And brighten in thy beaming.

Shine on, sweet Star, full many hearts
 Need solace in their sorrow,
 One beam of thine all joy imparts;
 From earth we need not borrow.

False earth, thy sweets no more are mine,
 Deceitful, stale and fleeting;
 For Mary's wealth of grace divine,
 My heart is ever beating.

As brighter world's rise into day,
 And this life nears the other,
 O! let me sing my soul away;
 I'll soon be with my mother.

W. M. B

OUR FOOTBALL HISTORY.

II

In a previous article there was described the organization of the College Football Team, as well as its early victories and defeats. From its very beginning, we have seen that victory loved to perch upon the college banner; so much so, that repeated successes, achieved moreover when superior speed, weight and ability were supposed to be on the opposing side, forced spectators to answer to the dramatist's question, that unless some invisible agency was at work in Varsity's favour, there certainly must be something formidable in a "name". We are now about to proceed to another period in our football history, a period which although opening with a defeat is subsequently remarkable for its long list of brilliant and uninterrupted victories.

In the spring of 1885 the Ottawa College Athletic Association was formed, its object being to gather the different clubs under a central management, in this way to secure harmony in their ranks, and by friendly co-operation to encourage and further the interests of athletics among the students. It may be worthy of note that this was the first association of its kind ever formed in a Canadian university. Its success gives ample evidence regarding the wisdom and shrewdness of its organizers, to whom their successors must acknowledge themselves to be greatly indebted.

The officers for the first year were the following: C. Murphy, President; D. Dunn, 1st Vice-President; G. Boucher, 2nd Vice-President; J. Farrell, Recording-Secretary; F. Brogan, Treasurer; with W. McCarthy and W. Kehoe, Committee men. The usefulness of the association surpassed the expectations of its first promoters. All sorts of games were fostered by it,

but especially football, the present proud position of which in the university is mainly attributable to the care and solicitude of the Athletic Association.

In the fall of 1885 the Football Team began work without the assistance of several of the veteran players who figured on the field in 1884. After new material had been developed to fill the places of the absentees, the boys arranged a game with the Montrealers, then Champions of Canada. It was a foregone conclusion that Montreal would win, as the game was to be played upon their own grounds, and besides Varsity had not had sufficient training for the struggle. Prognostications were correct, for after a hard fought battle Montreal won by a score of 8 to 0. This is the last defeat for College, that we shall have to record for some years to come.

One of the first fruits of the Athletic Association was the entrance of the Football Team into the Ontario Rugby Union. The boys had already won an enviable reputation by their successful contests with the different organizations of Ottawa and Montreal, but had not yet tried conclusions with any of the western clubs. After defeating the Ottawa's, easily on two occasions, they for the first time met their worthy rivals from Queen's College, Kingston. The game took place on the Ottawa College field. The play began in favour of the visitors, just as every important game since has mysteriously managed to do. But before long the tide of fortune changed. Queens had to henceforth play on the defensive and when the game was ended the score stood 22 to 7 in favour of Varsity.

The boys next travelled to Kingston to meet the Royal Military College, in

order to decide which team would line up against Toronto University. Although the college team were considerably fatigued from travelling on the previous night, they easily demonstrated their superiority over the military men, the score being 14 to 4. Stories of roughness and brutality had preceded them to Kingston, where the inhabitants were agreeably surprised to find the visitors neither sluggers nor toughs, but gentlemanly footballers. This victory decided that Ottawa College should on the following Saturday have the privilege of meeting Toronto University. As usual their opponents rushed things at the start, scoring 2 points in short order. After this formality, which was followed by enthusiastic cheering on the part of about three hundred Toronto supporters, College woke up and had everything their own way for the remainder of the game, during which Toronto never scored, while the boys ran up a score of 19 points. The following were the players who figured in this game; Blanchard, McCarthy, (capt.) Kehoe, O'Malley, Bannon, McLaughlin, Phelan, Hilman, Chatelain, Gascon, Brennan, McDonald, Dineen, Mahoney and Senecal.

According to the schedule, the winners of the Toronto-College game, were to play off with the Ottawas for the provincial championship. When it was learned that the two Ottawa teams were in for the final, the most intense interest regarding the result of their meeting was manifested by the friends of both teams in the city. The Ottawas had beaten their different opponents by magnificent scores, and had great hopes of being able to add the college scalp to their belt. Although the grounds were in poor shape as a result of two days rain, still the game was considered one of the best ever played in the Ontario Union. This fact seems very peculiar when we take into consideration the result of the match, College having scored 21 points, and Ottawa none. The chief features of this struggle were two runs, one made by Kehoe, and the other by Riley, each of

which secured a touch down. Riley's dash has been thus described by a local newspaper: "From a more than usually hard scrimmage the ball rolled out to Bannon who passed it to Riley. May, who played a very fast game, dashed forward, but Riley escaping him and the other forwards, held his glorious course; McLean and Taylor were now the only ones between him and the goal line; redoubling his speed he darted towards them and when their hands were upon him, he wasn't there, but across the goal line with the ball motionless on the ground." By winning this game College won their first championship of Ontario.

This ended the play for the fall of '85. In the following spring, after defeating the Royal Military College of Kingston, our players met and gained a brilliant victory over the Montrealers, then champions of the Dominion. This match however gained nothing for the victorious team more than the honour and satisfaction of winning, as it was played on the college grounds, and it was necessary at this time to defeat the champions in their own city in order to claim the title from them. This ended the conquests of the team of '85. It may be here remarked that in the 20 matches played by the first and second fifteens during the season, 20 victories were scored.

Varsity began the season of '86 by administering a second defeat to Queen's, by the large score of 17 to 0, and the following Saturday they left home to do battle with the Toronto Varsity Team. The largest crowd ever seen up to that time at a football match in Toronto was present, expecting to see their favorites down the eastern champions. The University lawn was the scene of the struggle, which was so stubbornly contested on both sides, that at the last blast of the referee's whistle, neither team could claim a victory, each having two points to its credit. This was after an extra half hour had been played. At the end of real "tine-up" College were 2 to 0, but according to the rules at that time their

majority was not sufficient to constitute a victory. In this game O'Malley and "Jimmy" Murphy distinguished themselves, but especially the latter whose kicking and tackling was mainly instrumental in warding off defeat. The result of this meeting not having settled the question of supremacy, the Ontario Union ordered the game to be played over on the following Thursday. College found some difficulty in obtaining leave of absence from the authorities but after some hesitation were allowed to go to Toronto. The match was played in the same town and in the same weather as on the previous Saturday, but not with the same result. Ottawa College achieved a signal triumph, the score standing 12 to 1.

Only four days elapsed between those trying struggles. College returned home on Friday morning, and on the following day had to play the final, with Toronto City. Three such games in a week would probably overtax the staying powers of our present kickers, but our ancestors seemed to grow more fond and more capable of work, the more they got of it; for playing in three inches of snow, they not only managed to whitewash the Torontos, but also scored 10 points themselves, thus winning for the second time the Championship of the province. The following were the heroes of '86. J. Murphy, W. McCarthy, Riley, O'Malley, (capt.) Bannon, Hilman, Sullivan, McCauley, McLaughlin, Guillet, Gascon, Mahoney, McDonald, Kavanagh and Masson.

In 1887 the team were without the services of several players, hitherto towers of strength to their club. Among those were the sturdy Bannon and the lightning-limbed Riley. Their places were however filled by capable men, whose calibre was first tested in two games against the Ottawas, each of which ended in a whitewash for the latter kickers. Three days afterwards the boys met Toronto Varsity, with similar results; 9 points to 0 tells the story. The task was now left of playing off the final with Hamilton. Varsity

went west on October 29. Mr. Ed. Bayly, the present Vice-president of the C. R. U. was referee. After a lively match the chief feature of which was the splendid combination play exhibited by the wearers of the garnet and grey, the College were declared victors, and consequently champions of the province by a score of 15 to 0. The superiority of our team this year over all others of the Ontario Union was plainly manifested by the aggregate score which stood 45 to 0.

In the same fall Montreal won the championship of the Quebec series, and, ambitious for higher honours, arranged a game with the college team to settle the question as to the supremacy of the Dominion. College had to carry the war into Africa. They accordingly invaded Montreal on November 5. After a fierce struggle, during which both sides exerted all their strength, and displayed all their powers of strategy, the defenders of the garnet and grey forced the enemy to retreat, not however without having rescued all the booty at stake in the struggle—the coveted banner emblematic of the Dominion Championship. In this encounter O'Malley and Devine of the backs, and Hughes and Masson of the forwards were the most conspicuous figures. Those along with the foregoing who were instrumental in bringing the envied title to Ottawa, were: T. Murphy, Delaney, McCauley, French, Hilman, Kavanagh, MacDonald, Mahoney, Guillet, Kehoe and J. Murphy. 10 to 5 was the score and the college team were congratulated by the Montreal press, not only for their skilful play, but also on account of the gentlemanly conduct they exhibited on and off the field.

Next year several new men were found in the college ranks, and among them Campbell, Labreque, Curran, Fitzpatrick, Leonard, R. McDonald and Cormier. With so many of the old timers absent the outlook was certainly far from bright. But there was a genuine surprise in store for both Varsity's foes and well-wishers.

Three successive games with the Ottawa resulted in three decisive victories, the total score being 56 to 2. This was followed by a meeting with the Hamilton club which came to Ottawa with the reputation of having easily beaten Toronto, London and Strathroy. A heavy rain fell all afternoon making things unsatisfactory for both players and spectators. Up to half time the game was a great one, the visitors playing in a dashing style and keeping well upon the ball. However towards the end of the last half they went to pieces, allowing the Collegians to score repeatedly. This was the fourth year in succession that College had won the provincial Championship. Shortly after the game, Montreal tried to retrieve the honours lost in the preceding year. But they failed, the match ending in a draw. At this time "heeling out", was not allowed in the scrimmage. Strength was accordingly the chief requisite. In this struggle time was consumed by a series of stubborn "scrimms" in which neither side had much the advantage. Neither team scored, and College consequently retained the Dominion championship.

In 1889 the football season opened as usual by a game with the Ottawas, and as usual, College won easily, the score being 39 to 0. Paradis, Troy, O'Brien, Masson, B. Murphy and F. McDougall were the new men who engaged in this match. The score on this occasion gives evidence of how well they filled the places of their predecessors. Toronto City next appeared upon the scene. With an aggregation of kickers selected from the best clubs up West, they swooped down upon the city expecting to return Toronto-wards, bearing the spoils of victory. But they mis-calculated the strength of their opponents' forces and returned home with nothing but frustrated hopes. The skill displayed by College in this game drew from a local newspaper the following remarks: "The students stand unequalled on the football campus of Canada to-day, and it would be well for the Union to act upon

the suggestion of the Toronto *Globe*, and allow the College to retain the Cup permanently, for we have no doubt that as long as they feel disposed to keep it, no team in Ontario, and in fact in Canada, can wrest it from them."

The Queen's team of Kingston were the next aspirants to the Ontario championship. They brought along a strong list of players, and among them our old acquaintance "Jim" Smellie. The average weight of the visitors was 172 lbs, that of Varsity, 151. But what the students lacked in weight they made up in other qualities. A fiercely contested struggle resulted in College favour by 11 points to 9. Toronto University were to visit us on the following Saturday, but generously cancelled their engagement, in order to give another chance to the Kingston kickers, who were still convinced of their ability to vanquish the hitherto invincible Collegians. The Union ordered the game to be played in Brockville. College was dissatisfied with this decision and with some reluctance obeyed it. The circumstances of this contest are still fresh in the memory of all football enthusiasts. Until fifteen minutes before the end of the game Queen's kept the lead by a score of 9 to 0. However in the words of the old song "this was planned the night before," and in the few remaining minutes college, with characteristic pluck and determination, actually swept the enemy before them, and e'er the match was ended dashed their full-blown hopes to pieces, by scoring 11 points in quick succession. It is a noticeable fact that the two games with Queens resulted in exactly the same scores.

Here is a list of Queen's vanquishers: Paradis, J. Murphy, Cormier, Guillet, Gaudet, B. Murphy, McCauley, Labreque, McDougall, McDonald, Châtelin, O'Brien, Fitzpatrick, Masson and Curran.

After returning from Brockville, the Union ordered College to play Toronto City in Kingston. The students, thinking that they were being treated un-

fairly by this decision, refused to obey it, and consequently retired from the Ontario Football Union, unbeaten champions. In consideration of the services and honors conferred by the team upon the city it so nobly represented, the citizens of Ottawa liberally subscribed for the purchase of a beau-

tiful trophy, which they presented to the College at the close of the season. As this ends a natural epoch in our football history, it may be well to stop here for the present, and proceed in a future article to describe the later achievements.

E. P. GLEESON, '98.



RESURRECTION.

Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youths, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.



OUR LOST LITERATURE.

The number of works of English literature, enormous though it be, of which we of the present day can boast, would assume even greater proportions were it not that the barbarity and ignorance of some, and the fanaticism and covetousness of others, have caused some of our earliest, and, no doubt, most interesting writings to disappear and be lost forever. To these two causes, then, viz: the Danes and the Reformers, is wholly due our present ignorance, or rather, meagre knowledge, of the manners and customs of the early English people. Treating the matter in chronological order we shall present to the reader a view of the state of English literature before the Northmen first set foot on British soil.

Following the arrival of St. Augustine in the island and a short exercise by the church of a mild and benignant sway over the minds of the inhabitants, the latter were imbued with a desire to excel in literary attainments, as they learned from their pastors that the people of other countries were doing and had done. Applying themselves then, with zeal to the cultivation of letters, some in the scriptoria of monasteries, others amid the influences of home life, they soon laid the basis of a national literature. At first their productions must have been necessarily crude, owing to the nature of their surroundings and the difficulty of finding materials, but in the course of time they perfected themselves to such a degree that the work of their representative scholars gained favor and applause at the courts of foreign princes. As a proof of this we have but to recall the names of Uldhelm, St. Gildas Alcuin and Bede, and we have before us men in the highest sense literary.

In the various monasteries scattered throughout the country the monks occupied themselves principally in collecting materials for literary work, in transcribing the Greek and Latin authors into the native tongue, in writing annals and compiling histories, and in composing both poetry and prose for the instruction of the people. Thus, in a short space of time the principal religious institutions possessed within their walls literary treasures that might make known to posterity the doings and sayings of an earlier age. But alas for the well-meant expectations of the monks! A foe was fast approaching to destroy the efforts of many a writer in laborious retirement and the result of many a year of cloistered seclusion. Sweeping down from the North in countless hordes, the Danes entered England, and planted firmly in the soil the standard of their forefathers. Not content with mercilessly killing the surprised and defenceless Angles, with razing to the ground the habitations of both prince and peasant alike, with devastating over a wide range the lands of the conquered, these adventurers, wild, heartless and unlettered, went further and destroyed numerous monasteries containing the literary productions of previous centuries. They did not once pause to think to what use all the manuscripts they came upon might be put, did not once consider what a loss their actions would cause to their successors.

At the time of their invasion Northumbria was the recognized centre of arts, learning and civilization; so commencing their depredations in this province they soon deprived it of many of its glories.

After the Cathedral of Winchester, whose occupants were all put to the sword, one of the first places to suffer

was the rich monastery of Bardeny. In this were doubtless stored many valuable writings, for the reputed affluence of this particular institution must have placed its inhabitants in a position to make original researches into literature and in this way to secure works which would otherwise have been left unheard of and unknown. Next turning their attention to the majestic abbey of Croyland, the Northmen soon drove forth its residents, looted it of the many valuable treasures it contained, and consigned to the flames what was worthless in their eyes. Thus the stores of literature which the monks had been assiduously collecting and preserving from the foundation of the Abbey about two hundred years before, were in a few short hours reduced to a heap of ashes. Nor was Northumbria the only province that the Vikings overran. During the reign of Alfred the Great the monastery of Repton--the pride of Mercia wherein was stored the literature of the province, and whose monks were known the country round as examples of the most exalted piety and deep students of literature--was attacked and burned.

While one division of the invaders was playing havoc in this portion of the island, the remainder still carried on the work of destruction in the other countries and provinces. The Abbeys of Lindisfarne and Wareham, of St. Edmund's and Canterbury, were destroyed by these hostile bands, as were doubtless many other monasteries of lesser proportions and smaller incomes. What destruction! What ruin? To think that within a period of about two hundred years, so many valuable documents and manuscripts, heirlooms of the early monks, were destroyed and lost forever to posterity!

Fortunately, however, and with joy he it said, some of them were saved from destruction. Many of the classics extant to-day, principally those of the Fathers, and of the Greek and Latin profane authors, owe their existence solely to the noble efforts exerted by the religious in behalf of their works.

Cicero, Demosthenes, Virgil, Ovid, Chrysostom, Basil, Augustine—all of them have been preserved for us by the most fearless self-sacrifices. When threatened with extermination and obliged to fly for their lives from their beloved monasteries, the recluses carried concealed on their persons manuscripts the value of which they alone knew. Some of these they hid in secret places unknown to the vigilant eyes of the marauders; others they deposited in the libraries of foreign countries and in the hands of those with whom they would be safe. Hence in later years, when the storm had subsided, these were taken from their retreats and placed once again in the rebuilt institutions, whence they had come.

Although made objects of ridicule and scorn by writers hostile to our faith; although regarded by people in general as a set of lazy, ignorant individuals, living on the fat of the land, and spending their time in idleness or in worse; although supposed to have been devoid of even the most elementary principles of generosity and liberality, and endowed with minds incapable of either retention or instruction, yet impartial history tells us that these poor monks had the courage often times to risk their lives in saving their beloved manuscripts from hostile hands—to risk their lives in order to give to future generations the literature of past ages. If lazy and ignorant why did they spend their time in literary pursuits? If ungenerous and illiberal why did they have surcharged for posterity as to save works that have ever been sources of delight, comfort and instruction? If a set of men opposed to progress, dark and secret in their lives, and malicious in their intents, why did they busy themselves in collecting the ancient classics? Why nor have consigned all such works to the flames, or left them in oblivion? Such actions, indeed, would have better fitted them in their pictured characters as wanton profligates and lazy scoundrels.

Owing to the meagre details that

have come down to us of the ravages of the Danes, it is impossible to compute the amount of literary material then destroyed. But from the little knowledge that we do possess of the matter, we can conjecture that it must have been enormous. Many works that we know to have been written by the classic authors are to-day nowhere to be found, and likewise the possible, or rather probable, productions of the pupils and disciples of Bede and other eminent literati of the earlier period, have perished in the destruction of many a noble house, devoted to the worship of God and the cultivation of letters.

When one has considered this direful spectacle, it is a pleasure to perceive that once the Danes and Angles became fused into a common family—as was bound to happen in the course of years by the intermingling of the two races—the religious were allowed their former prerogatives and immunities, regained their confiscated lands and set eagerly about repairing the work of destruction, and laying the foundations of new libraries. It is needless to tell at length how they succeeded. In a short time they built up institutions on a grander scale than ever, and laid the corner stone of England's future literary greatness. Abbeys and monasteries now sprang up in greater number than before the invasion, and their inhabitants, imbued with the same literary spirit of their pre-Danish brethren, took upon themselves to complete and revise the works that survived, continued their researches into literature, and drew new materials for work from their surroundings. An element, hitherto foreign to the country was presented to them in the Danes, and this interesting people afforded them ample opportunities for describing in their works, novel modes of life, strange manners and customs, and characters that were destined to play an important part in the history of England. Likewise by the introduction of the Normans into the country, the monks were given other

new materials upon which to work. Secluded, as they were, from the world, yet at the same time taking a hearty interest in the doings of the people about them, they were most favorably placed to exercise their talent and genius. Schlegel, in his *History of Literature*, says of them: "In truth the position of these authors was the very beau-ideal of literary condition best calculated to combine the elements of success. For, whilst they had ample opportunities of knowing the realities of life by mingling in its scenes, they had also the requisite independence and leisure for the privacy and dispassionate judgment of the closet."

From the landing of the Normans on the island, all the records of the acts of the Councils of State were deposited in the libraries of the various monasteries, and this circumstance made these institutions more important. Whatever of these documents had escaped the fury of the Danes, were now most valuable as monuments of antiquity, and were looked upon by their keepers as a sacred trust. Add to these the writings of the monks and you have, indeed, a very large amount of manuscript.

Nor were monastics the only parties to enter the spheres of authorship and research at this time, for laymen were now gradually beginning to take up the pen and lay down the sword. It may be asked here, how it was that this had not happened before. Why had not private citizens hitherto entered the field of literature as well as religious? The answer comes, that the former on account of the numerous wars in which they were engaged, had neither time, means, nor leisure to devote to pursuits distinctly belonging to an era of peace, but were engaged in protecting their own interests against their rivals. Now, however, that tranquility was a certainty for some time at least, many of the laity engaged in literary pursuits, but, undesirous of retaining their works in their own possession, under the apprehension that

they would not there be safe, they placed them either in the libraries of monasteries or in those of the universities that had now been for some time founded.

Although these times bear the ambiguous appellation "Dark," and Protestant writers maintain that nothing good could have resulted from them, we Catholics can prove to the contrary that some of the most exquisite poetry and charming prose was then produced, and that the writers have ever been held in high estimation. To substantiate our claims we have but to say that these "Dark ages" were the times of St. Anslem, Lanfanc, John of Salisbury, William of Malmesbury, Roger Bacon, Geoffrey Chaucer, William Caxton, Thomas More and Lawrence Minot. True it is, that work was then most laborious and not widely disseminated, from the fact that everything had to be copied by hand, and was therefore, necessarily restricted in amount; but a short time anterior to the Reformation, the printing press was invented, and by its facility in making books, placed in the hands of the many, writings which had hitherto been restricted to the few. Learning was in this way given a surprising impetus, and in a few short years, England attained a most reputable literary excellence. But the medium through which it had reached this position, the works of its Catholic authorities, was soon to be destroyed by a horrible monster.

The outcome of revenge on the part of a profligate preacher, the Reformation brought into England a train of evils whose end is not yet come. Not the least of these was the destruction of all the literary works that then existed in the monasteries and libraries throughout the country, Henry VIII, then Head of the Church of England,

did all in his power to crush the many Catholic subjects in his kingdom and to root out all traces of the old faith. To do this the more effectually he appointed Thomas Cromwell "Royal Viceregent and Vicar General." This man, whom all the world knows in his true character, set about visiting the various monasteries to trump up charges against the inhabitants, and to rob them of the treasures they contained. Whilst bent on this mission of evil, he and his myrmidons destroyed "whole libraries, the getting of which together had taken ages upon ages, and had cost immense sums of money * * * when they had robbed the covers of their rich ornaments," as Cobbett tells us in his History of the Reformation. We are also informed in White's History of Great Britain that "whole shiploads of manuscripts were sent as waste paper to foreign countries." To give an example of the number of manuscripts that were destroyed by these ruffians, let us quote from the writings of John Bale, a Protestant Bishop: "I know a merchaunt man that boughte the contentes of two noble libraries for XL (40) shyllynges pryce, a shame it is to be spoken. This stuffe hath he occupyed in the stede of graye paper by the space of more than these X (10) yeares, and he hath store ynough for as many yeares to come."

There, then, is a standing reproach to the English Protestants of all times. Of what treasures have they deprived us! With what delight might we now peruse the writings of an earlier age, if they had not been destroyed by ruffians and fanatics! Writers, who, perhaps, were held in high esteem in their day, are now unknown to us, and their works, the toil of a life time, have been lost forever.

W. SULLIVAN, '99.

THE WORKS OF CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Those who have read "The Faith of Our Fathers" and "Our Christian Heritage" feel convinced that the richest contributions to recent American Catholic literature are from the gifted pen of Cardinal Gibbons.

The first edition of the "Faith of Our Fathers" was issued about twenty years ago, and has met with such extraordinary success, that since that time up to the present, over a quarter of a million copies have been sold in America, Great Britain, Ireland, and the English speaking colonies of Australasia.

In this neat little volume of nearly five hundred pages, a vindication and exposition of the principal dogmas of the Catholic Church are set forth in a lucid and practical form.

Although the work was compiled by the author at hap-hazard during the odd moments of relaxation from the cares and imperative duties of the ministry, it is, nevertheless, fully equal to the aim for which it was written. No statement is made in defence of Catholic doctrine which is not corroborated by irrefragable proofs from Sacred Scripture, Tradition, and the holy Fathers. The search-light of truth is brought to bear so irresistibly upon the misrepresentations of the Church that they vanish into thin air like the last lingering shades of night before the dazzling effulgence of the orb of day.

"Our Christian Heritage" was written for the enlightenment of those who are wandering in the darkness of spiritual ignorance outside of the true fold of Christianity. In this admirable work the fundamental truths underlying Revealed Religion, are presented in a manner which is indicative of the varied and extensive erudition of the distinguished Prelate.

By logical deductions from undeniable premises he proves the existence of a Supreme Being by whose omnipotent power the world with its manifold beauties rose out of chaos. Those who ascribe the formation of the universe to the fortuitous accretion of eternally-existing atoms, are brought face to face with the beauty, harmony, and constancy of nature around us, as well as the gradation, variety and methodical arrangement of the celestial spheres, an order which an over-ruling Intelligence alone could design.

Having established by irrefutable arguments a foundation for supernatural Religion, proving the existence of God, His omniscience, and providence, the immortality of the human soul, and man's prerogative of moral freedom, Cardinal Gibbons next proceeds to build the superstructure, by showing the sublime destiny of man, his intimate relation with his Heavenly Father, the benefits of Redemption and the dignity and efficacy of prayer.

He has a special chapter on the rights and duties of the laboring classes, in which he expatiates on the sacredness and dignity of labor and the honor and esteem in which the thrifty sons of toil have always been, and always should be held.

In language clear, concise, and eminently simple and comprehensive, the Cardinal shows the connection between religion and education to be indissoluble. Religion awakens the dormant faculties of the soul; but it cannot break the unholy fetters of egotism, nor liberate the will from the whirlpool of earthly passions, the necessary consequence of Man's fall. Society therefore without religion is like a structure without a foundation, a castle built in the air, which exist only as a creation of the fancy. "Every philosopher and

statesman who has discussed the subject of human government, has acknowledged that there can be no stable society without justice, no justice without morality, no morality without religion, and no religion without God."

The religious element in 'Our American civilization' and the dangers that threaten it, are next presented to the reader, and this closes a truly interesting as well as instructive volume, in reading which one feels convinced that charm is the most significant element of style.

The latest work of the distinguished writer is now before the public. Its name "The Ambassador of Christ" is suggestive of the object for which it was written. Having furnished in his former works food for the minds of laymen seeking for truth, the Cardinal would now inspire the clergy to greater zeal in the execution of their sublime calling in the Lord's vineyard. In this he is fulfilling to the letter the words of the Supreme Pastor whose injunction to the Prince of the Apostles was not only "feed my lambs," but also "feed my sheep."

As head of the American hierarchy the worthy Prelate must supply his spiritual children, both clergy and laity with weapons to combat against the encroachment of error. The following words of the learned Cardinal taken from the introduction to his book clearly manifest his ardent zeal for the conversion of those who are still wandering outside of the true fold waiting for some kindly hand to guide them into the haven of rest. "A pious, learned, and zealous priesthood is the glory of the Church of God. By our personal holiness, we work out our salvation, and edify our neighbours; by erudition, we enlighten them; and by our zeal, we make them partakers of the precious heritage of Christ. I do not think that any age or country ever presented a more inviting field for missionary labor than that which the United States exhibits to-day o o o If the book will contribute in some small measure to inspire the noble band

of learned and self-denying professors with fresh zeal in the execution of their sublime and arduous calling, so essential to the welfare of the Christian commonwealth; if it will quicken students with more reverence and gratitude for their teachers, and with more diligence in the pursuit of knowledge; if it will animate our clergy with renewed ardor in the cultivation of piety and science, and with increased earnestness in the work of the ministry, it will not have been written in vain."

"The Ambassador of Christ" is a neatly bound volume of over four hundred pages and covers the entire course of the clergyman's life, from the period of probation in the seminary to the close of the clerical career. It is written in that easy, natural way which is characteristic of the Cardinal, and which makes one feel so much at home while perusing its pages. The full range of Sacred Scriptures seems to be entirely at his command; and his copious quotations from the Fathers of the Church, the literati of ancient Greece and Rome, as well as the most illustrious writers of modern times, manifest his high scholarly attainments. He is most happy in introducing personal anecdotes into his work, which has the effect of giving to it variety and lightness as well as novelty and charm.

Religion and patriotism, the distinguishing traits of a Prince of the Church, shine alike in resplendent characters on every page of the admirable volume. The one being the fundamental, the other the conservative element of society, it is natural to find them blended in harmonious union in the devoted children of the church, which is the ideal and perfection of all society.

In reading this excellent book, one finds it difficult to say which most to admire, the wealth of knowledge displayed by the author in treating his subject; the methodical arrangement of the work; or the easy and flowing style, free from all tedious prolixity and triviality, and bearing upon it that stamp of graceful simplicity which lends

to it its charm. The exalted dignity of the Christian priesthood, and its superiority over that of the Old Dispensation, the different channels leading to its acquisition, its necessary qualities -- sanctity and science -- with the means acquiring them, as well as the imperative duties of the priest as a herald of the Gospel, as a catechist, and as teacher, are all treated of in the style of one whose master mind and eminent qualities as a church dignitary befits him to impart the words of truth to the flock over which the Giver of all knowledge has placed him.

In speaking of the excellence of the priesthood of the New Law, he says: "We know in what honor and esteem God, in the Old Dispensation, held His Prophets, who were the teachers and expounders of the Law, the vindicators of Jehovah's rights and dominion among the people, and watchmen on the towers of Israel. . . . The Almighty gave them prerogatives such as were not bestowed on earthly rulers and conquerors of nations; He lifted up the veil, and disclosed to them a clear vision of futurity. In response to their prayers, He suspended the laws of nature, and enabled them to work miracles. He proclaimed their persons sacred and inviolable so that he who touched them, touched the apple of His eye. . . . The Apostles who announced the new law of grace, are the legitimate successors of the ancient priests and prophets in offering sacrifice, in proclaiming God's name, and in extending His Kingdom among the nations of the earth. Christ manifests His prediction for them in the three most signal ways that a chief can honor and recompense his followers: He cherishes them by His personal friendship; He exalts them by associating them with Himself in the final judgment of men; He rewards them with eternal beatitude in His heavenly Kingdom.

Now the anointed preacher of the New Law inherits the office of the Prophets and Apostles; and as he continues their mission, he shares in the

dignity and prerogatives conferred on them so long as the integrity of his private life corresponds with his sacred calling."

The Cardinal is never tired of quoting from Holy Writ, thus showing his deep and thorough knowledge of the sacred volume as well as the estimation in which he holds it. Of this Holy Book he himself speaking of it as the clergyman's "first and last book," says: "The word of God is an inexhaustible treasury of heavenly science. It is the only oracle that discloses to us the origin and sublime destiny of man, and the means of attaining it. It is the key that interprets his relations to his Creator. It is the foundation of our Christian faith and of our glorious heritages. Its moral code is the standard of our lives. If our Christian civilization is so manifestly superior to all actual and pre-existing social systems, it is indebted for its supremacy to the ethical teachings of Holy Writ."

Speaking of the priest as an educator of youth, he quotes a letter written by Plutarch to the Empêror Trajan, in which the former exhorts the Emperor who was his pupil to rule over his subjects with that virtue, and according to the spirit of the laws and constitutions, which Plutarch himself had explained to him; for otherwise he should bring upon himself disgrace, and upon his tutor obliquely. From this the Cardinal reasons that the moral precepts of the teacher should be forced by his own example, if they are to have any influence on the scholar. The teacher should therefore always have in mind the Horatian axiom that persons are more deeply affected by what they see than by what they hear. The author closes his work with a chapter on the "Consolation and rewards of the Priest," in which he shows that the tribulations and vicissitudes of the faithful priest in the execution of his sacred calling are but the means by which an eternity of joys is to be gained. He would encourage the pastors of souls to devote themselves more earnestly to the work which has been

appointed to them in the Lord's vineyard.

In this short sketch it is impossible for us to give a complete outline of the various headings of this book. But we would recommend the clergy and also the laity to read it with care; the former that they may be better able to fulfill the mission to which they have been called in ministering to the wants

of those who are groping in the bleak wilderness of unbelief to guide them on to the harbor of refuge where alone, they can find peace and true happiness; and the latter that they may learn to respect and obey the ambassadors of the Most High who bring to them the words of eternal life.

J. A. M. GILLIS, '95.

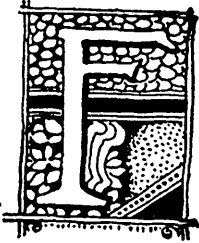


THE RAINBOW'S TREASURE.

You may grind their souls in the self-same mill,
 You may bind them heart and brow;
 But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
 And his brother will follow the plow.



TO BLESSED GERARD MAJELLA.



AIR flower of sunny Naples thou wert styled :
 Not such the title I would give thee, saint ;
 For flowers are weak, and warm airs make them faint,
 And cold winds blast them ; thou, tho' sweet and mild,
 Wert panoplied with strength, and undefiled
 By blight of sensual weakness, or sin's taint.
 Servant of servants, meek, obedient,
 Friend of the care-worn mother and her child !
 Tho' a chastiser inexorable
 Of thine own flesh, in abnegation first,
 Thou wert a ministering angel kind
 To all the sorrowful, the poor, the ill :
 Blessing the bruised hearts that earth had cursed,
 Wounds spiritual and physical didst bind.

 Star of the Church, whose glory is on high,
 The while thy influence expands below !
 God smiled upon the fair town of Muro
 When thou wert born, its crown of fame and joy.
 In its imperial purple robed, the sky
 Shone with a benediction, and a glow
 With radiance flushed the Appenine's chaste snow,
 And an archangel passed in splendor by :
 The same, perchance, who brought the Sacred Host
 To thee, seraphic child, in later years ;
 Pledge of thy Apostleship of charity
 In which by love of God and man engrossed,
 A gem of mysticism thy life appears
 Set in pure gold of human sympathy.

E. C. M. T.



THREE PORTRAITS.

It is not our intention to rush into the role of critic, and judge of writers infinitely our superiors, nor to consider one poet in particular and dwell upon his peculiarities of style, or happiness of diction; we wish merely to jot down a few notes on the similarity existing in the writings of a few eminent poets when describing certain traits in the characters of their heroes. "Great minds run in the same channel," is a popular saying, and one in which is found a vast deal of truth. It may be that great men are similarly affected by like causes, or that the qualities of individuals strike them in a manner particularly their own, and not to be found in the common run of mankind; but certain it is that, whether from coincidence or imitation, similar expressions, or like thought with varied expression, is very often met with in great authors.

This resemblance may be assigned to various causes; a likeness in temper, or even in the trials which writers may have had to undergo may be found to be the chief incentives which have prompted certain productions. Byron's works overflow with satire, attacking those from whom he had suffered ill-treatment; and Dean Swift strikes as telling a blow at the entire English nation as Byron ever did at any of his numerous enemies when he went even so far as to build a mad-house, saying that he did so

"To show, by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much."

The religious beliefs of our great authors, the educational influences, and the circumstances surrounding them have necessarily influenced their writings to a marked extent. In our comparison of Chaucer, Goldsmith, and Butler, we see that each has portrayed his heroes true to nature, and, since these authors lived in different periods

in the history of English Literature, we have from the pen of each, personages that are true portraits of those whom they represent as these appeared at the time in which the poets wrote. But what we wish to direct particular attention to, is the similarity existing in the portrayals of Chaucer's Sergeant at Law, Goldsmith's Village School-master, and Butler's Sir Hudibras.

Chaucer gives the following description of the appearance of the Sergeant:

"Discreet he was and of great reverence;
and of the School-master, Goldsmith says:

"A man severe he was and stern to view,"

The care each took to keep up the traditional importance of their respective offices is well set forth. Chaucer says:

"Of fees and robes he many had I ween;
"So great a purchaser was nowhere seen."

The School-master wishing to impress his miniature world with his appearance has been delineated thus by Goldsmith:

"I knew him well, and every truant knew.
"Well had the boding tremblers learned to
[trace
"The day's disasters in his morning's face."

Their attainments are detailed in a manner which shows the true appreciation which the great masters of their times had for the pedants which these two characters represent. A fine satire runs through each of these descriptions. Goldsmith's is the more cutting, but a remarkable similarity of wording is seen on comparison. The Clerk is brought before us in the following exquisite touch of irony:

"So busy a man as he no circuit has;
And yet he seemed busier than he was.
He had at tip of tongue all cases plain,
With all the judgments since King William's
[reign.
He likewise could indite such perfect law,
None in his parchments could pinch out a
[flaw:"

.....

Compare how Goldsmith in a few verses sets out the *great* learning of the self-important School-master. We cannot read this without picturing to ourselves a tall guant man with a small head and a sour countenance, positive in all his assertions, setting at naught the arguments of his opponent, and, with loud voice and sparkling eye, trying to intimidate him with "words of learned length and thundering sound." But let us hear Goldsmith. His words possess such a power of description that this pedantic School-master will appear to us true as life under the magic touch of the master :

"The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could read and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides
[presage ;
And even the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,⁴
For even though vanquished, he could argue
[still ;
While words of learned length and thundering
[sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed and still the wonder
[grew."
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Both these pedants are dismissed in a manner which conveys in perhaps a still more lively sense, the real feelings of the poets towards them. Chaucer drops his subject as not worthy of any further time spent on him :

"He rode but homely in a medley coat.
With bands of twilled silk around the loins
[made fast ;
On his array no more time shall I waste."

And the ruler of the "noisy mansion" "in whose face the boding tremblers had learnt to trace the day's disaster," and who had "amazed the gazing rustics" is withdrawn and consigned to oblivion.

"But past is all his fame ; the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot."

In these last two quotations we see the different manner in which the same feeling is expressed by these authors. Chaucer does not wish to waste his time on the Clerk, and Goldsmith makes the bitter remark that the School-master is forgotten even where he so often had carried off the palm of victory.

"Sir Hudibras," in Samuel Butler's satire, has received a still more piquant description than either of the above. Butler had lived for some time with Sir Samuel Luke, and it was there that he gathered the material for his celebrated poem. Sir Hudibras is supposed to represent this Puritan Captain who had served under Cromwell. The author has struck off the attainments of his hero in so humorous a vein that we give the quotation in full. It will be noticed that Butler goes into greater detail obviously to hit the harder ; and as we wish to show how these great minds have pursued the same line of thought, to show how Butler resembled in sentiment though he varied in expression from his great predecessor and his no less illustrious successor, we call particular attention to the wording of certain parts where will be seen the remarkable correspondence in the plan of his work with those of Chaucer and Goldsmith :

"Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs squeak.
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle ;
Being rich in both he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word....

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic.
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side ;
On either which he would dispute
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument—a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard—is no fowl,
And that a lord may be—an owl ;
A calf—an alderman ; a goose—a justice ;
And rooks—committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.

All this by syllogism, true
In word and figure, he could do.
For rhetoric—he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happened to break off
In the middle of his speech or cough,
He had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rule he did it by ;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk ;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;

A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect.
It was a parti-colored dress
Of patched and piebald language :
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
As fustian heretofore on satin :
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talked three parts in one :
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
They had heard three laborers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once."

We have thus far noted the similarity which exists in these three great authors when discussing the education possessed by their characters ; and will now make a comparative study of them in another sphere, namely, that of religion, Chaucer's "Parson," Goldsmith's "Village Preacher," and Butler's "Hudibras" forming our subject.

It must be remembered that Chaucer's "Parson" corresponded to our present Parish Priest, there being no other regular religion in England at the time in which this was written. It is true that the Lollards headed by Wycliffe had been in existence for a few years, but the movement was not organized, and had no parishes or any divisions corresponding to the district of the Protestants of to-day. All doubt however is set at rest by the line "While he ran up to London, to St. Paul's." No one will for a moment maintain that the itinerant preacher Wycliffe, or his followers were in possession of this ancient Catholic monument. It was left for those more profoundly versed in the subtleties of moral philosophy, the founders of the present Church of England, to confiscate this and other Catholic places of worship, and be able to soothe their conscience while worshipping in a Church taken by force from its rightful owners. We will however, say nothing of this, but return to Chaucer who is said to have belonged to the Wycliffites. But his poem proves that whatever were his objections to the then established religion, he had nothing against the Parish Priest. On the contrary, he honors him who devotes his whole life to the service of those entrusted

to his care. "The opening lines run thus :

" A good man of religion did I see,
And a poor Parson of a town was he ;
But rich he was of holy thought and work.
He also was a learned man, a clerk,
And truly would Christ's holy Gospel preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach."

Is it possible that this man, this anti-reformation priest, was a learned man? When we who have acquired our early education in the Public Schools read such a statement as this, it almost takes away our breath. We have always had the idea that the then priests and monks (they who have preserved to us all the great classics, and to whose labors we are indebted for the knowledge we possess of ancient history) were merely great, rich, fat, bloated winebibbers, who spent their time in idleness, and who mumbled off Latin prayers which they did not understand. But when Chaucer says that he was a good man, a poor man, a learned man, we fear we must have made a mistake in reading the line ; but no, those are the words. And, moreover, we had an idea that the priests did not preach Christ's Gospel. In fact we were told that it was not known ; that Luther was the being sent by God to spread the knowledge that there even existed a Bible, and yet strange to say, Wycliffe is said to have translated it, though he died ninety-nine years before Luther was even born.

But this is a digression which we did not intend to make and from which we return to our subject. Goldsmith's introduction of the Village Preacher reads as follows :

" A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change,
[his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize :
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise."

A comparison of these lines with those of Chaucer will disclose a remarkable similarity of sentiment, couched in somewhat different form it is true,

but bearing withal a striking coincidence in thought.

Mark the way in which the charity of the Parson is set forth :

"But rather would he give, there is no doubt,
Unto his poor parishioners about
Of his own substance, and his offerings too.
His wants were humble and his needs were
[few."

In one line Goldsmith portrays that cardinal virtue in the Village Preacher :

"More bent to raise the wretched than to rise."

And again :

"His house was known to all the vagrant
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their
[train
[pain."

"Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave ere charity began."

One of the duties devolving upon the Parson being to visit the people of his parish, Chaucer depicts him as accomplishing it against all opposing obstacles :

"Wide was his parish—houses, far asunder—
But he neglected nought for rain or thunder,
In sickness and in grief to visit all,
The farthest in his parish, great and small."

Does the Village Preacher neglect his ? No, for,

"Beside the bed where parting life was laid
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dis-
[mayed,
The reverend champion stood."

And again :

"But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for
[all."

These noble souls like true soldiers were ever ready to remain at their post, to sacrifice their time for the welfare of those in their charge. Of Chaucer's Parson we read :

"He let not out his benefice for hire,
Leaving his flock incumbered in the mire,
While he ran up to London, to St. Paul's
To seek a well-paid chantery for souls,
Or with a loving friend his pastime hold ;
But dwelt at home and tended well his fold,
So that to foil the wolf he has right wary ;
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary."

Goldsmith expresses the same thought in different language, but which leaves on the mind the same impression :

"Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change,
[his place ;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,

The examples set by these devoted souls bear also a striking resemblance. Chaucer, of the Parson says :

"This noble example to his flock he gave
That first he wrought, and afterwards he
[taught."

Goldsmith writes :

"He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

Both take the initiative in doing good ; both believed what is so well expressed in Chaucer :

"That if gold rust, then what should iron do ?
And if a priest be foul, on whom we trust,
No wonder if an ignorant man should rust :
And shame it is, if that a priest take keep,
To see an obscene shepherd and clean sheep.
Well ought a priest to all example give,
By his pure conduct, how his sheep should
[live."

And again, their pity for the erring ones is mutual : of the Parson, we read :

"And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full piteous."

And of the Village Preacher :

"He chid their wanderings, but relieved their
[pain."

And :

"Their welfare pleased him, and their cares
[distressed."

But Chaucer's Parson has an element in his character which Goldsmith does not attribute to the Village Preacher. Chaucer shows the conduct of the Priest when any one proved obstinate and refused to conform to what is right. This priest's conduct may be taken as an example and applied to many a period in history, and peculiarly to our own time when men have trampled the rights of others under foot and obstinately refused to restore them ; when men have violated their pledges and persistently refused to redeem them. Chaucer unlike men of the present day, however, upholdst his good man when he attacks evils in high and low alike. He says :

"But if that anyone were obstinate ;
Whether he were of high on low estate,

Him would he sharply check with altered
[mien.]

" *A better parson there was nowhere seen.*"

" He paid no court to pomps and reverence,
Nor spiced his conscience at his soul's expense;
But Jesus' love, which owns no pride or pelf,
He taught--but first he followed it himself."

The religion of the knight Sir Hudibras, however, is of a very different type; and we cannot contrast the expressions used by Butler with those used by Chaucer and Goldsmith for the simple reason that the type under consideration differs so widely from the others that like epithets could not be used in his description. But as we have quoted from Butler in his description of the mental acquirements of his hero, we feel it incumbent on us to cite him in this particular also.

In Sir Hudibras we do not find exhibited the saintly virtue of charity, nor the good example and fervent piety which with pleasure we behold in the Parson and the Village Preacher. It gives us an idea however, one which we would never have acquired in the Public Schools, of the true character concealed under the sanctimonious mask of Puritanism. For strong expression of the consummate hypocrisy of those pseudo-reformers, there is perhaps not the equal of this poem in the English language. Had Butler been a Catholic we should have been wary in quoting this extract, but as he belonged to the Reform party, it does not appear why we should hesitate to contrast his hero with Chaucer's Parson. It runs thus :

" For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit ;

"T was Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of erring saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks ;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done ;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended ;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distraught, or monkey sick ,
That with more care make holiday
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite."

What a contrast with the good, gentle, soul-winning Parson; with the charitable and kind Village Preacher!

The three poems which we have been considering teach us two great facts; first, that the ignorance attributed to the clergy who lived previous to the Reformation is merely imaginary, a libel perpetrated daily in the Public Schools of to-day; and second, which we had undertaken to demonstrate, that a remarkable similarity in thought and expression exists in many of the great authors whose writings remain as everlasting monuments to the ages in which they lived.

L. PAYMENT, '99.



NINETTE, THE FLOWER GIRL.

In the year 1740 there dwelt in the parish of St. Leu, at Paris, an honest hard-working couple name Andre Lollier and Marie Jeanne Ladure, his wife. Between them they earned enough to keep the pot boiling comfortably. Nevertheless they found it advisable to accept the offer of their youngest child's godmother, to take her off their hands and bring her up. By that good lady, the little Nanette—so the child was called,—was carefully instructed in such branches of learning as a young person of her station was at that time expected to know, and which, in truth, were not very many.

But Nanette was soon found to possess a good voice and pains were taken to cultivate it. The effort met with great success and Nanette soon achieved much local fame. But praise turned her head. Good Mère Lollier wished to make a fish-mongress of her; Nanette spurned the suggestion. No! She would be a flower-girl and sing her nosegays into every button-hole in Paris. Mère Lollier's only answer to this proposal was a slap and a kick. She was not aware that genius is not to be kicked with impunity.

Shortly after this affront Nanette disappeared and all trace of her was lost. Word came to her parents from time to time that she was well, but no news of her whereabouts. Her absence lasted three years—how or where passed, no one ever could find out. At last one fine morning comes a message to Mère Lollier that her daughter is at the convent of the Carmelites, and will be handed over to her parents in person or to any priest who comes with an order from them.

Beside herself with joy, Mère Lollier rushes off to M. le Curé with the great news. The priest lends a sympathetic ear, and soon both of them, accompanied by Mère Lollier's eldest son, a

strapping sergeant in the French guards, are off for the convent at post haste. The lady-superior greets them in the parlor, and presently ushers in a lovely young girl—a princess, to whom Mère Lollier with difficulty represses a courtesy, while M. le Curé wipes his spectacles, and the gaping sergeant at once comes to a salute. But the princess speedily puts an end to their doubts by embracing them all in turn with the liveliest emotion. It is, indeed, Nanette, but Nanette developed into such beauty and grace as many a princess might envy. Nor is her moral nature less improved. She is now as modest and docile as she was before vain and headstrong—only she will still be a flower-girl. Her vocation was to be a flower-girl, and a flower-girl she would be.

"'Tis the devil's trade," cries M. le Curé, quite out of patience.

"All roads lead to heaven, my father," answers Nanette mildly.

So a flower-girl she becomes; and it must be confessed that beauty seems more at home with the flowers than with the fishes.

* * *

One bright morning in the summer of 1756 the loungers under the chestnuts which then adorned the Palais Royal were conscious of a new sensation. It is a new flower-girl. But what a flower-girl! Figure to yourself a flower-girl in silks and laces and jewels that a marchioness would give her head for, with a golden shell for her flower-basket—a flower-girl with the face of a seraph and the figure of a sylph, with eyes of liquid light and hair of woven sunshine.

News so important must be sent at once to Versailles. A score of noblemen sprang to the saddle and rushed to lay their hearts and their diamonds at the feet of this strange paragon.

But Nanette, young as she was could tell base metal from good. The jewels she took from her adorers with smiling impartiality; the other sort of trinkets, she rejected with equally smiling disdain. Her reputation grew even faster than her fortune. And the latter grew apace. She became the rage. Her appearance on the Palais Royal, followed at a little distance by footmen in livery and her maid, gathered about her all the gallants and wits in Paris. Her basket was emptied in a trice and emptied again as soon as refilled by her servants. It was deemed an honor to receive a nosegay from her pretty fingers. Within two years Nanette had accumulated in houses, lands and rents, an annual income of forty thousand francs, besides loading her kindred with presents.

Naturally this did not cool the ardor of her suitors. One of these was particularly noticeable for his assiduity. He was a young man, of distinguished air and handsome features, tinged with the shadow of melancholy. Every afternoon found him at the garden awaiting the flower-girl's coming. On her arrival he would advance, pay a dozen sous, exchange a word, perhaps, and disappear till the following day. Once he was absent and the fair florist's brow was clouded; but presently the laggard made his appearance and Nanette's lovely face was again wreathed in smiles. We may as well admit at once that Nanette, without knowing it, was already in love with the melancholy stranger. She would have given half she was worth to know even his name, but she dared not ask it.

Chance at last befriended her. One evening the brilliant Marquis de Louvois, after talking awhile with the unknown, came up to the Count de la Châtre, who was seated beside her, and said to him:

"That de Courtenaye puts me out of all patience. The King has asked why he does not come to Versailles. I repeat to him his majesty's flattering question. Well! it goes in one ear and out the other. Can one so bury oneself in Paris?"

"What else is he to do?" replies the Count. "It takes money to live as we do, and his father left him nothing but a name, which, although one of the first in France, is rather a drawback than otherwise, since it will not permit him to marry anything less than a princess, and rich princesses like to get as well as to give."

"True, true," murmurs the Marquis. And De Courtenaye passed from their minds.

But not so easily did Nanette dismiss him. She had not lost a word of the conversation. She thought of him all through a wakeful night; she was still thinking of him when day broke and the sunlight came streaming in at her window.

* * *

The next day, at his frugal breakfast in a rather lofty apartment of the Hôtel Carnavalet, the Prince de Courtenaye read with much amazement the following letter:

MY DEAR COUSIN: I am an old woman and your near relation. I have long observed with pain the poverty which keeps you from assuming your proper station. I have wealth and not many years to keep it. What is a burden to me will be a help to you. Suffer me, then, to relieve your wants, and accept as frankly as I tender it the 25,000 francs which I enclose to enable you to support your rank. On the first of every month an additional 4,000 francs will be forwarded to you."

The Prince read the letter with conflicting emotions. His honor seemed to forbid him to accept a fortune so acquired. But older and wiser heads silenced his scruples. Henceforth no more elegant equipage was to be seen than that of the Prince de Courtenaye. But he failed not to go every afternoon to the Palais Royal for his nosegay.

A year sped away; spent by the Prince in buying nosegays, and in sharing the gayeties, though not the dissipations, of the Court; by Nanette in perfecting herself in all feminine accomplishments. Was it for her own sake? She never opened her mind on the matter. But she still sold nosegays and still reaped a golden harvest.

One evening the Count de la Châtre was again seated beside her when the

Marquis de Louvois once more accosted him.

"My dear fellow," said he, "what the mischief ails de Courtenaye? He must be going mad. Have you heard his latest freak? Mlle. de Craon, one of our wealthiest heiresses, is proposed to him, and what do you think? He refuses her—positively refuses. What bee is in his bonnet?"

"Love."

"Love! Is it one of the Royal Princesses then?"

"I imagine not."

The next day the Prince received this note, the second from his unknown relative :—

"MY NEPHEW: Why do you decline to marry Mlle. de Craon, who unites all that is illustrious in birth and splendid in fortune? I will provide you with the capital of the income I now allow you. Accept also as a wedding-gift the jewels I send herewith. If you consent, wear for eight days in your button-hole, a carnation; if you refuse, a rose."

That afternoon it was noticed in the garden that Nanette was unusually pale and silent. The Prince de Courtenaye entered at his usual hour; neither rose nor carnation was in his button-hole. He drew near the flower-girl, who offered him a posy with a hand she tried in vain to steady. The prince examined Nanette's offering, smiled sadly, stood for an instant twirling the bouquet in his fingers, and then suddenly, as one whose mind is made up:

"My child" he said "will you make me the present of a rose?"

Nanette fainted.

...

When the flower-girl recovered, she found herself in her own room, her family around her. But her eyes sought in vain the one face she most wished to

see. Yet she closed her eyes and her face lit up with a happy smile. Nanette awaited her prince; she knew he would come; her heart told her so; and she was not deceived.

Early next day he was announced. Nanette tried to rise as he entered, but she sank back in agitated exhaustion and murmured incoherent excuses for her awkwardness. In an instant the prince was at her feet.

"Ah!" he cried, "I have found you out at last, my good cousin. But I am not come to return you your benefactions; only to ask you to add to them a still more precious boon."

"And that is—?"

"This fair, kind hand. You cannot refuse it, when you have already given me your heart."

The flower-girl, after a moment's reflection, begged her lover to give her till to-morrow to answer. He consented reluctantly, but not doubting the result.

Next morning his servant brought him in a letter. Tearing the missive open with trembling fingers, this is what he read:

"Love blinds you. A marriage with me would dishonor you. You love me too well for me to refuse you the most convincing proof of my love. I give you up and I give up life for you. When you read this, the flower-girl Nanette shall have quitted this world for ever. Adieu! Think kindly of me sometimes when I am gone."

So ends the history of Nanette Lollier. When the prince reached her home, he found her still and cold, with a crucifix in her hands and roses and lilies of the valley all about her bier. Over the grave they raised a single marble slab, and on it traced in deep, golden letters the simple words:

"Nanette, the Flower-girl."



SLAVERY.

It is said that events and customs of past ages increase in interest in proportion as time moves us further from them. Accordingly, though it is not very long since the last vestige of slavery disappeared from civilized society, still the fact that the whole Christian era intervenes between us and the time wherein that institution flourished as a constituent element of civil society, might invest the subject of slavery with sufficient interest to warrant our giving it a brief consideration.

Etymology derives the word "slave" from "slavonic," the term applied to those tribes from the North, who in the early centuries overran Europe, and brought with them that system of serfdom which prevailed in the West in the middle and later ages. But slavery, in its modern sense, bears another signification: it means neither serfdom nor vassalage. We apply the word to that institution of bondage which was in vogue in antiquity among pagan nations, and to the same as it appeared in the Christian era as a result of the African slave trade. In both cases the slave was one who was the property or possession of another, and was liable to be treated as that other desired; he was at the disposal of the master just as were the latter's flocks, horses, or cattle.

Slavery seems to have originated among the people of the earth at a very early date. It existed at all events in the time of Abraham, for we read in sacred history that a son was born to this great patriarch from his female slave, Agar. It is very probable, however, that in those early times the state of slavery was not so degraded as we know it to have been in the later days of Rome. It resembled more the vassalage of the middle ages, when the serf, in return for his ser-

vices, received the protection and fair treatment of the land-owner.

The remote cause of the rise of such an institution among men, can, we believe, be traced back to that first sin committed by Adam in the beautiful garden of Eden. We know that in consequence of this evil act our common father was expelled from that happy home, and he and his posterity condemned to labour for a living. This assuredly was a hard sentence for human nature to bear, and naturally it would feel inclined to avoid the execution. Men bethought themselves, and discovered a scheme to lighten their burden by shifting their own allotted share of work upon others of their kind. Hence sprang up slavery in its true form. Of course we do not say that such considerations were its actual cause, but they certainly would be powerful inducements to form such an institution. At any rate, whatever may have led to its first establishment, it is certain that the great abuse made of slavery by some peoples arose from their misconception of the true relations of man with man. Even the great Aristotle, so renowned for his true conception of things, says that men are by nature divided into the free and the slaves. Plato too, with the usual Grecian pride of country, divides men into two classes, the Greeks and the Slaves.

But of all the causes which combined to give rise to slavery, war was the most powerful. In ancient times wars were common, and in the issue of every battle, many of the vanquished fell into the hands of the victors. It seems to have been the custom with some tribes, to put these prisoners to death, but with the great majority they were turned to more profitable account, being set to work for the benefit of the conquerors. Hence the Latin word

'servus' from 'servare,' to save, because the slave was originally one whose life was preserved with a view to turn him to the profit of his apparent benefactors. Not only with the Romans were prisoners of war so disposed of, but the same system prevailed among the Egyptians, the Greeks and even the Jews.

In Greece there were two classes of slaves. The Helots were merely a conquered race that had once possessed the country. Their condition was not deplorable, for they had the right to possess property, and it was not allowed to separate members of the same family. It was different however with the other class or the domestics so called. These were principally barbarians or bought slaves, for akin to the negro-trade in our era, was the traffic in slaves carried on by Greece with the Asiatic countries. Though these domestics had no acknowledged rights in the state, still it would appear that their condition was not a too wretched one, for Demosthenes tells us that a slave at Athens was better off than a freeman in most other countries.

In Rome were well exemplified the abuses which arise from carrying out to their logical consequences, the pagan principles regarding slavery. This was especially the case in the last days of that nation, when the condition of the slaves was pitiable in the extreme. Considered as were animals without any rights at all, those poor creatures were treated correspondingly. The worst feature of all was that whereby the slaves were compelled to fight as gladiators for the amusement of the immense throngs, who used to fill the amphitheatres on such occasions. Moreover, the common belief that the slaves were mere brutes without any hope of a future life, made those poor wretches eager to grasp at any pleasure which their miserable state could afford. Hence a cause for the prevalence of sensual immoralities among this class.

Slavery became in time a great danger to the state. It is said that in Rome

alone the number of slaves had increased to such an extent, that there were ten for every freeman; and it was not an uncommon thing for one man to have as many as two hundred attendants. Such being the case, we may be sure that the existing order of things was constantly on the verge of upheaval; for it is not likely that affairs were secure which so disposed of the majority. At the same time the evil was working secretly but effectually towards the same end in another manner.

The slave owners were very often cruel or immoral men, and to satisfy their brutal or sensual natures they had at hand the defenceless labouring poor. Thus many abuses crept into the already imperfect pagan family: monogamy became the rarity, for every female slave was the wife of her master. The state of woman therefore became a wretched one. Always at the complete disposal of a capricious owner, her life was one of drudgery; for her, the master's will was the law. Of course such a state of affairs could not long continue without bringing its evil results. No one can question the fact, that the family is the basis of civil society; weaken its ties, and you weaken the state; destroy it, and you destroy the state. And this is precisely what happened in Rome. How came it that the nation which was long noted for the sturdiness of her invincible warriors, which had brought the ancient world to recognize her superiority and to bow to her rule, which had "dotted over the surface" of the then known world "with her possessions and military posts," how was it that such a nation lost its prowess, became dismembered, and finally abandoned the proud position of mistress of the world? The story is easily told. Conquest had brought wealth, wealth begot luxury, luxury effected internal weakness, the family was disrupted, the barbarians came, and Rome, on easy prey, fell, like Caesar himself, the victim of her own people. And what had undermined her constitution, what had

nipped the root of her society, what had destroyed her family, but the evils resulting from the condition of her slavery.

We now come to that period when slavery met its deadly enemy. For the suppression of this evil the Church of Christ, gradually gaining dominion over the world, laboured zealously and incessantly. Her Divine Founder had shown by his life and example, that the poor man and the slave were the equals of the rich and the high. He had lived and died a poor man, "the son of a carpenter": his disciples were poor fishermen, and "Blessed are the poor" was ever on His lips. The Church followed in the footsteps of her master. She proclaimed all men alike in origin, in nature, and in destination to the same eternal end. The battle was a hard one, often witnessing heroic deeds and occasionally, the spilling of the martyr's blood. We have all read the story of that monk who entered the Roman amphitheatre in the height of a gladiatorial contest, and endeavored to separate the antagonists, but was killed in the attempt. Gradually the noble work wrought its influence. The inhuman contests were suppressed, the state of the slave was ameliorated, and was finally succeeded by the more humane serfdom of mediaeval times.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century slavery, as it was known in the ancient world, again took rise. The discovery of the New World opened up an extensive market to enterprising slave dealers. Portugal, Spain and England carried slaves to America, while the other European countries were busy conveying them to their possessions. Africa furnished with her negro population the increasing demand. The large prices paid for slaves increased the traffic, for it afford-

ed an easy manner of acquiring wealth in a short time. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the trade continued till the number of slaves employed in some places became enormous. Thus by the year seventeen hundred and eighty six England had transported to Jamaica alone six hundred and ten thousand. But the spirit of humanity soon began to revolt against the cruelties which the slaves suffered, both in their trans-oceanic passage, and in their new abodes. The Catholic Church was ever opposed to the traffic, and in this connection it is interesting to read the account of the labours of Las Casas in America. Virginia at one time petitioned the English king to prohibit the trade but to no avail. However in the long run England was the first to put down the slave traffic, as she was also the first to emancipate the slaves within her dominions. In 1808 a bill brought into the British Parliament by Mr. Fox was passed in the Lords and became law to the effect that all slave-trade was thenceforth illegal. The United States, France, Holland and most of the civilized nations soon followed England's example by the enacting of similar laws. In 1833 England emancipated all her slaves with indemnification to the owners. France again in 1848 followed her example, and the United States engaged in a civil war on the question, from which as we know, the cause of emancipation emerged victorious.

Thus have we reviewed briefly the origin of slavery and the different phases of its history. Our work from want of space, is necessarily concise and imperfect. However it affords us a little insight into that old system, which is now succeeded by the much nobler element of remunerated labour.

J. J. QUILTY, '97.



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AN EXPLANATION.

In the last issue of the OWL appeared an editorial on the unfairness of the Century Dictionary to Catholics. On its face our article had an air of entire originality. But as a matter of fact we were indebted for it to the Antigonish *Casket*. How it came that no acknowledgment was made now passes our powers of explanation. We wish, however, even at this late date to give honor where honor is due. Not in the matter of the Century Dictionary alone, but in every question affecting Catholic rights and interests, the Antigonish *Casket* is our stoutest and staunchest champion.

THE CUBAN QUESTION.

The press of the United States has gone mildly mad—to put it gently—over the rebellion in Cuba. And the mental derangement—temporary, it is to be hoped—has reached even Congress and the Senate. Long leading articles in the most influential newspapers laud the heroism and patriotic ardor of the Cuban rebels and bitterly condemn the awful atrocities of their Spanish oppressors. Fiery speeches by excited senators point out to the President of the United States that the clear duty of executive power in the premises is to boldly recognize Cuban independence. Now, the OWL does not refer to the matter for purpose of controversy, but simply to note that it is a long time since the United States first began to take this lively interest in Cuba's welfare, and a long time also since the motives prompting that interest were first looked upon with suspicion. Orestes A. Brownson, philosopher and publicist, sincere lover of his country and one of the brightest names in American literature, disapproved in the strongest terms of the treatment of Spain by the United States in matters relating to Cuba. We quote the following remarks from his article "Piratical Expeditions against Cuba," published in Brownson's Review for January, 1852. The passage is applicable, without the change of a word, to the existing condition of affairs, and might almost be an editorial from yesterday's edition of that newspaper we are all looking for—"The Honest-dealer:"—

"It is well known that our government and people have long been desirous of taking possession of the island of Cuba, the Queen of the Antilles, and annexing it to the Union. Spain having very naturally refused to sell it

and no plausible pretext having offered itself for taking possession of it by the avowed authority of the government, efforts have been made to induce the inhabitants to rebel against their sovereign, and under assurances of assistance from this country, if not from the government, at least from its citizens, to declare themselves independent, and to form themselves into a democratic state, with a view to future annexation. The most false and calumnious reports of the tyranny and oppression of the Spanish authorities have been circulated, to excite our democratic and monarch-hating citizens, and to prepare them to fly to the assistance of the Cubans, as to the rescue of an ill-used and oppressed people, and false and exaggerated accounts have been forged of the disaffection of the Cubans, and of their readiness and determination to resist and declare themselves independent of the mother country.

Disaffected or speculating Cubans, chiefly residing in this country, good patriots only in leaving their country, in concert with certain American speculators and European refugees, have been induced to form what they call a provisional government, to contract loans, to enlist troops, and commission officers in the name of the imaginary people or Republic of Cuba. This appears to have been done with a double object; first, to secure to these excellent patriots and their American advisers the plunder of the island, and in case of success, the power to oppress its inhabitants, and second, to remove any scruples our citizens might feel as to engaging in an avowed piratical enterprise. Our people hold that they have a right to assist any band of rebels, who profess to be rebelling against monarchy, in favor of democracy. They hold that all authority emanates from the people, and they never take the trouble to enquire whether what they call the people are a perfect people, complete and independent, or only a mob. They outlaw monarchy and monarchists, and hold any number of the inhabitants of a given country, to be the sovereign people, if they are only opposed to monarchy and in favor of a democracy; although in point of fact they are not more than one in a thousand of the whole population. God has given the dominion of the world to democrats, and they have the right, whenever they please and are able, to oust the old

proprietors and to take possession of it. A self-constituted provisional government, having no authority even from the people, no authority, indeed, but what its individual members assume, is for them the sovereign authority of any country subjected to the monarchical form of government, and in it are vested all the rights of a sovereign state, the power to form alliances to declare war, and to make peace. Recognizing this the self-styled provisional government of Cuba, they could feel that in enrolling themselves under its banner and making piratical expeditions against a colony of Spain, they would engage in a legitimate war, and in killing and plundering Spanish subjects be only obeying a legal authority and performing meritorious acts."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A JESUIT FATHER writing from Jamaica, West Indies, to the *New World*, give some interesting information regarding the condition of the Catholic Church in that district. He says that there are but twelve priests, including Bishop Gordon, on the island. The city of Kingston, contains from 10,000 to 12,000 Catholics; other Catholics are scattered through the island. Conversions are frequent, and the bulk of the present Catholic population consists for the most part of converts or children of converts. These missions now belong to the Jesuits of the Maryland—New York province.

The "Catholic Directory" for Great Britain shows that there are at present 25 Archbishops and Bishops, 3,090 priests, and 1,812 churches, chapels and stations in Great Britain, as compared with 24 Archbishops and Bishops, 3,014 priests, and 1,789 churches, chapels and stations last year. Of the priests 2,143 are seculars and 947 are regulars.

MATTHEW ARNOLD speaking of Catholicity exclaimed: This is why the man of imagination, nay, the philosopher, too, will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church: because of the rich treasures of human life which have

been stored within her pale. Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic churches? Catholicism, besides, enveloped human life ; and Catholics in general feel themselves to have drawn not only their religion from the church ; they feel themselves to have drawn from her, too, their art and poetry and culture. If there is a thing specially alien to religion, it is divisions. If there is a thing specially native to religion, it is peace and union. Hence original attraction towards unity in Rome, and hence the great charm and power for man's mind of that unity when once attained. I persist in thinking that Catholicism has, from this superiority, a great future before it ; that it will endure, while all the Protestant sects will dissolve and perish."

HERE is a little paragraph for the benefit of those who so often blame the sons of the Emerald Isle, as being the heaviest consumers of alcoholic liquors among Her Majesty's subjects. "A London cable gives statistics showing that the annual consumption of intoxicants now averages \$3.50 a head in Ireland, \$4 in England and \$5 in Scotland. This will surprise a number of people who have been reading the religious annals of Drumtocht." Comment is unnecessary.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *New York Tribune*, writing of the Cuban negro question, has discovered the wonderful fact that the said negro "is admitted on an equal footing with his white countrymen to schools and churches." For the benefit of this journalist we might say that the Catholic Church all over the world makes no distinction among her members, be they rich or poor, black, white or red ; they each receive the same consideration at her hands. If the writer in the *Tribune* were at all acquainted with the progress of Catholicity in his own country, the fact of a black Catholic being on an equal footing with his white brother, might not have been such a matter of surprise to him.

THE *Syracuse Catholic Sun* speaking

of the "Good old Catholic times" prints the following very pertinent remarks.—"It may be well here to bring to mind some among the great army of Catholics who laid the foundations of modern life and methods. The Catholic monks were about the first to put floating bells over sunken rocks as a warning to mariners in fog and darkness. Cardinal Stephen Langton was the first to found a society for the purpose of systematically putting fixed lights on dangerous headlands to guide ships safely on their way. He called it the guild of St. Clement and the Most Blessed Trinity ; and Trinity House at the present day, which rules all the lighthouses in England, is its direct successor. Cardinal Simon Langham was the first to establish technical schools in England for painting, architecture and the cultivation of orchards, gardens and fish ponds. William of Wykeham, the great Bishop of Winchester was the first to introduce a technical system of good roads. The daily date so familiar to us on the top of every newspaper is due to the labors of the Jesuit Father Clavius, performed at the order of Pope Gregory XIII. The life of Leonardo da Vinci is a wonderful lesson in architecture, engineering, art and science. Modern physiology is based on the work performed by Eustachius, Halopious, Versalius and Malpligi ; and Bishop Steno was the first to write a systematic treatise on geology. These and a host of instances beside should be enough to convince honest minds that the Catholic religion is in no way opposed to true science working in the service of man."

THE *Monitor* writing under the heading "Catholicity not a stranger" says :

"The first Christian service was held in these United States before Protestantism was born. Not to go back to the Norsemen of the eleventh century, we have evidence in abundance that all during the sixteenth century the territory of the United States was explored and evangelized by Catholic priests. The church of San Miguel, in Santa

Fe, N. M., was built in 1560, and the church of Guadalupe in 1590. The Friars had been preaching through that country as far back as 1539, and Bleeding Kansas was sanctified by the blood of Father John de Padilla and Brother John of the Cross in 1542, the very year Henry VIII. murdered his wife and John Knox apostatized from the Catholic faith.

In 1512 Ponce de Leon had erected a stone cross on the shores of Florida and Mass was celebrated there in 1528. The French had held divine service in Maine in 1603.

The sign of the cross is all over this land. The genius, the devotedness, the enterprise of Catholics have marked it on sea and shore, on river and on mountain. No end-of-the-century preacher can efface it to gratify the pride of any modern sect. Rather every attempt to tear it down but roots it faster in the soil."

SPEAKING of the general outlook for the colored people of America, Mr. Rudd is credited with saying: "A sign of development is that in the South one-roomed cabins are rapidly giving place to three and five-roomed modern cottages. If the Catholic Church can supplement this with her great moral force and her levelling process, the nation will have reason to be proud of her colored citizens." Speaking of the Catholic Church in Africa he said "In Africa the Church has always had a good foothold, even from the earliest ages of Christianity. I remember meeting in 1889 the venerable Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage and Algiers. Two years later he rededicated the Cathedral at Carthage that been destroyed twelve hundred years before. The Cardinal has been appointed by Pope Leo. XIII. to break up the African slave trade. He went out into the desert and sunk artesian wells. Water bubbled forth, vegetation was planted and the very desert blossomed as the rose. He planted colonies in these places that lay in the tracks of the above caravans and the work was practically done. It is said that the

Arabs crossed this desert with a million of slaves each year. The good Cardinal was successful in breaking up that traffic."

THE Catholics of Australia show a different spirit in the matter of education from that of our Canadian *liberal* Catholics. Instead of permitting God to enter the school for a meagre half-hour daily, they have their own system of parochial or separate schools which are just as efficient and as heavily endowed as the public schools. From the report of the Inspector of Catholic schools of the Archdiocese of Melbourne we find that there are 120 schools now in operation with 18,473 pupils, of whom 900 are non-Catholics. The number of teachers is 419. There are 19 Catholic Colleges and High Schools with an attendance of 1,559. During the last five years Catholics of Melbourne have contributed nearly \$543,880 towards educational purposes. The same energetic zeal is reported of the districts.

THE following petition from the Sioux Indians to Congress needs no comment; it speaks volumes for itself. The aboriginies are merely seeking the welfare of their children:

"We Catholics of the Sioux nation, most respectfully and humbly ask and beg of the United States Congress, now assembled in Washington, to revise the late law concerning the religious schools, (commonly called contract schools), according to which these schools should not receive any support from the United States' treasury after July 1, 1897.

"We ask this because the money deposited for us in the United States treasury is our money. For the reason that the money is ours we are of the opinion that you ought to let us have the choice of schools as we like and want to have them, either in our own country or in cities, Government or public schools, religious or contract schools.

"We do not oppose the Government schools or schools of a different

creed, but we want you to let us have a school in which our children are taught our religion. Also, our friends of the other denominations approve of and join in our motion. We want our children to be taught and brought up in religion; for that reason, we want you to grant our petition. Please consider our statement and petition; assist us and have pity on us."

Professor St. George Mivart, contributes an article to the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* entitled "The Burial Service." We clip the following quotation from the article: "The Catholic Church, by official acts, linked the living and the dead in the closest bonds of pious charity. The Edwardian Church, by official acts, cut them utterly asunder and opposed and discountenanced all such charity. 'To assert that the two thus profoundly divergent bodies can be "one," or to teach that they are or can be reasonably deemed 'continuous,' is surely nothing less than an insult to the reason of those to whom such assertion or teaching is addressed. The charge thus made with respect to the ritual and teaching as regards the dead--this evident breach of continuity--was not only a breach with the past, but was and is a breach with the Christian word external to the Roman communion as well as within it. It was a rupture with what members of the English establishment so often appeal to as 'the undivided Church,' and with the teaching and practice of the East no less than of the West. It is true that of late the Ritualists have, since the resurrection of the Catholic Church in this country, revived many of the old Catholic practices. It has also become the custom to hold what appears to us to be singularly empty and unmeaning 'commemorative services' after the deaths of distinguished persons. In these services, however, no prayers for the dead ever can be said without violating the law as to the ritual." "Sporadic acts of private adventure" is the way the professor describes the use of prayers for the dead by pious Anglicans.

A GOOD STORY is going the rounds of the press of how a little woman floored a bigot with Government Census Statistics, after he had berated the Catholics for being a priest-ridden set. Here is the story as it appears in one of our exchanges:

In one of the newspaper offices here, says the *Washington Church News*, just as all the "copy" was in and things were slack, one of the men commenting on an item began berating the Catholics as priest-ridden. A woman writer was preparing for home when she turned and asked: "What do you mean by priest-ridden?"

"I mean that the Catholics support a body of lazy priests far in excess of the demand; that they have them not only for use, but for ornament, such as monks; I mean that they are priest-ridden in every sense; that they are the very antithesis of plain Protestantism. You cannot walk out without meeting a priest."

"Do you seriously think what your words imply? I wonder if you would care to know the truth?"

"Most assuredly; I would be glad if you could show otherwise," said the man, with that air of tolerance which characterizes a cock-sure bigot. "The whole world knows the truth of what I say."

"The world may know, but statistics do not," said the lady. Then turning the leaves of the last census reports, she said: "I find here that the Catholics are the largest religious denomination in the country. It is shown that for over six millions of people they have 6,012 priests, or one priest, including bishops and monks, for each 1,027 Catholic people in the United States. I find that the Baptists have two million members and 15,401 ordained ministers, or one minister for every 139 members. The Methodist Episcopal Church numbers a little over a million and a half. They support 9,261 ordained ministers or one to each 181 members. The Presbyterians have a minister, to care for each 117 members. Every 107 Congregationalists

have a minister to keep them in the straight and narrow path."

"Will you let me see those statistics?"

"Certainly. 'Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.' When it comes to be priest-ridden it would seem that plain Protestants have to carry about ten times more weight than the Catholics."

One of the boys, who evidently enjoyed the chagrin of the A. P. A. disputant, suggested to him that possibly it was "weight for age."

OBITUARY.

REV. D. O'RIORDAN, O. M. I.

Rev. Father O'Riordan, O. M. I. who died in Lowell, Mass., February 20th, inst., was born in 1846. Even in early boyhood, his extraordinary simplicity and piety pointed him out as a future priest of God. He decided to enter the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate and pronounced his final vows in 1865. He was ordained priest in 1870 and at once entered upon a singularly successful missionary career. Those who had the pleasure of listening to the golden words of wisdom and sound advice that fell from his lips when he preached the annual retreat for the students of the University in 1889, cannot soon forget the simplicity of heart and paternal solicitude that were the distinguishing characteristics of this ambassador of Christ. We have visited several parishes in which this model priest gave missions and everywhere willing testimony was borne to the wonderful fruit produced by his labors. Many a prayer will ascend to the throne of mercy for the repose of his soul. Our appreciation of his character can be summed up in a few words; those who knew him best loved him most.

REV. M. J. DINEEN, EX. '89.

The angel of death continues to reap a rich harvest of truly pious,

christian souls from our former students and graduates, to gather them into their Father's home. The latest death we have to chronicle is that of Rev. M. J. Dineen, ex. '89. Rev. M. J. Dineen was born at Little Falls in 1863. Those who knew him unite in declaring that he was only following the divine will in his regard when he decided to study for the priesthood. He entered Ottawa University in 1882 and was a member of the class of '89. His studious habits, deep piety and tender regard for the feelings of his fellow-students won for him the love and esteem of all. He was ordained a priest at the Troy Theological Seminary in 1892. His work in the ministry was crowned with success; his gentle unaffectedness won the hardest hearts. It may be truly said of his presentation of the word of God that, "Those who came to scoff remained to pray." That fell destroyer—consumption—forced him to withdraw from his priestly duties in 1894, and only too soon according to human ken has been called to his eternal reward.

REV. BROTHER NOAH, M. A.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Curran has the sympathy of his numerous friends in the sad bereavement with which God has been pleased to afflict him by death of his well-known brother. Brother Noah was born in Montreal in 1846. The heroic devotedness of the retired Christian Brother's private life is recorded only in the Book of Life; we can, however form a fairly correct estimate of the sterling qualities, tireless energy and intellectual ability of the gifted Brother Noah from his busy career as a professor, administrator and author. He has filled many positions and achieved unbounded success in all of them. He sacrificed a brilliant career in the world to enter the Christian Brothers. He was assistant teacher in Quebec and then removed to Rochester where he remained for four years. He was then made principal of Calvert Hall Academy, Baltimore, and despite the mani-

fold duties of his position found time to establish and thoroughly organize several new branches of his order. The Catholics of New York rewarded his zeal and ability by appointing him inspector of the schools in the city in 1870. In 1872, he was summoned by his superiors to the presidency of Dr. La Salle College, Philadelphia. Desiring to be more adequately fitted for his important duties, he visited the leading educational establishments of England, Ireland, France and Belgium. The late, lamented Cardinal Manning was so deeply impressed with Brother Noak's work that he requested him to be named official delegate of the Order to the London Health Exposition. He returned from Europe only to be sent to New Orleans to direct the Christian Brothers' exhibit at the International Exposition. In 1886, he became Professor of English Literature at Manhattan College. The same year saw him appointed one of the vice-presidents of the Educational Department of the United States. He devoted the remainder of his life to teaching and writing book. His literary works are: "Life and Works of Blessed J. B. de La Salle;" "Notes on Teaching—School Management," which captured a gold medal at the World's Columbian Exhibition, in Chicago; "Hygiene in Education;" "Facts in Teaching" and the "History of English Literature." He also composed a series of readers adapted to aid the student in English composition. Competent critics consider him one of the best English writers of the American continent. Comparatively speaking, his years in this world were short, but they were full of good works; a man's worth is measured not by the length of his days but by the number of his noble deeds. Brother Noah was a Master of Arts (in course) of Ottawa University. May he rest in peace.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

During the present month the mem-

bers of the English Debating Society have met several times and engaged in some very entertaining discussions. On the 31st ult., the subject of debate was: "Resolved that Mathematics is of more importance in education than classics." Affirmative, Messrs. T. Clancy and M. Conway; negative, Messrs. E. P. Gleeson and L. Hackett. The negative obtained a favourable decision.

On the 7th. inst., it was: "Resolved that modern inventions have improved the condition of the labouring classes" Affirmative, Messrs. J. E. Doyle and J. N. Gookin; negative, Messrs. R. J. Trainor and J. Nevins. The negative won.

The most interesting debate of the month was that held on Sunday the 14th. inst., when the much vexed question: "Resolved that Spanish Rule in Cuba should cease," occupied the attention of the house. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. G. Fitzgerald and R. Shanahan, while the cause of Spain found able advocates in Messrs. J. Ryan and Jno. Ergler. This debate showed careful study and faithful preparation and reflected great credit on those who took part. The vote stood 16 to 11 in favor of the negative.

On the 21st inst, it was: "Resolved that the government should control the railway and telegraph companies." Affirmative, Messrs. J. McGlade and A. Ross; negative, Messrs. J. Green and J. Conlon. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative.

The first meeting of the French Debating Society took place on the 31st. ult., and the subject of debate was, "Resolved that Agriculture offers the greatest advantages for a successful career in Canada." Affirmative Messrs L. E. Payment and A. Descelles; negative Messrs, A. Mackie and R. Angers. The vote stood in favor of the affirmative.

On the 7th inst., it was, "Resolved that the discovery of America has been

of greater value to mankind than the invention of the printing press." Affirmative, Messrs. R. Lafond and H. Denis; negative, Messrs. A. Belanger and L. E. Payment. After a lively discussion the vote was taken and victory was awarded to the negative.

The third meeting took place on the 14th. inst., when it was "Resolved that Steam has done more good to humanity than Electricity." Affirmative, Messrs. R. Angers and G. Coté; negative, Messrs. E. A. Descelles and J. Belanger. The debate resulted in an easy victory for the affirmative.

On the 21st inst., it was "Resolved that ignorance is a greater evil to mankind than poverty." Affirmative, Messrs. A. Richard and A. Gobeil; negative, U. Valiquette and P. Pitre. Won by the affirmative,

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A very pleasant evening was spent on the 16th. inst., it being the eve of University Day. The recreation hall was quickly transformed into a suitable entertainment hall, and the following programme rendered:—

- 1 Overture.
- 2 Dialogue..... J. Foley & T. Clancy.
- 3 Solo & Chorus..... T. Ryan.
- 4 Piccolo solo..... Master St. Aubin.
- 5 Boxing contest.... A. Ross & A. Tobin.
- 6 Solo..... R. Murphy.
- 7 Recitation..... G. Fitzgerald.
- 8 Piano solo..... J. Gookin.
- 9 Solo & Chorus..... L. E. Payment.
- 10 Recitation..... J. Green.
- 11 Piccolo solo..... H. O'Connor.
- 12 Recitation..... L. E. Payment.
- 13 Magic lantern views Rev. W. Murphy, O. M. I.

The lime-light views were explained by Rev. Father Fallon, O. M. I.

The Dramatic Association presented to a select audience on the 25th inst., the popular English Comedy "The Ghost." There was an absence of the elaborate scenery characteristic of our recent plays, for the unity of place of "The Ghost" did not transfer the action beyond one room in "Honest Plump's" hotel. The acting was excellent. Messrs. Sullivan, Foley and Doyle interpreted

their parts with ability and success. The following was the caste of characters:—

GARRI K,	an Actor	-	MR. W. SULLIVAN
PLUMP,	a Landlord	-	" E. DOYDE
BLIND,	a Magistrate	-	" T. CLANCY
WILDE, a gentleman	robbed of his fortune	"	E. GLEESON
GOVERNET,	a French artist	-	" G. COTE
TOM,	a servant boy	-	" M. FOLEY
GEORGE,	Butler	-	" J. McLAUGHLIN
CRIBER OF THE STAR,	-	-	" O. LACHANCE

Between the acts the College Band played the following pieces of music:—

OVERTURE	"La Fille de Pedro"	-	Mulloy
WALTZ	"Canada"	Rev. L. H. Gervais, O. M. I.	
WALTZ	"Parfums Capiteux"	-	Klein

PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

The Rev. D. R. Macdonald, '89, passed through Ottawa early this month as a delegate to the convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters, held in Columbus, Ohio. He spent a few hours at the College.

The Rev. D. V. Phalen, '89, gave us all an agreeable surprise by his recent visit after an absence of five years. As one of the members of the first editorial staff of the OWL, Father Phalen of course takes great interest in the College Journal. After the reverend gentleman's departure we found the Bird in a dreadful state of nervousness. A big gold piece had been attached to its claw. The poor creature has had to wear spectacles since; the shock was two much for his eyes.

A recent communication from the Rev. M. F. Fitzpatrick, '91, of Peterborough added materially to the finances of both the Owl and the Athletic Association. It is very consoling to feel that we yet have a few unforgetful friends.

That splendid Catholic magazine, the *Ave Maria*, is no mean judge of literary merit. Here is what it says of David Creedon in a recent issue:—

David Creedon is a new name in Catholic journalism, but one full of promise. His judgments upon literary work and his comment on current hap-

penings show insight, sense of proportion, and above all sincerity. Moderate both in praise and blame, he delivers himself honestly and forcibly, but without a trace of that dogmatism which has been aptly described as "puppyism full grown."

Commenting upon this the Antigonish *Casket* also a capable judge--has the following:--

David Creedon is a young man, and we quite agree with our keen-sighted contemporary that his name is one full of promise. To a singularly clear mind, which grasps principles with great firmness, he adds that wide range of judicious reading which, as Lord Bacon says, maketh a full man. He is especially happy in the way he drives home a truth by means of an apt analogy.

And in its latest number the *Ar Maria* again returns to the question in these terms:--

"The accession of writers like Dr. Faust, R. C. Gleaner, David Creedon, G. Wilfred Pearce, etc., inspires hope for the future of the Catholic Press."

To all of which we say "Amen." David Creedon is a graduate of '89 in Ottawa University, was for years an editor of the Owl, is still an occasional contributor, and above all is a loyal alumnus and a jolly good fellow.

ATHLETICS.

On February 8th., the College club met the Aberdeens in a schedule game in the Ottawa Hockey League. College scored the first game after a few minutes play, but could not repeat the performance. For the remainder of the match, their opponents had much the best of the play, showing better form, combination and speed. This superiority was simply the result of steady practice, of which, by the way, the College men showed themselves to be sadly in need. The game ended, 4 goals to 1 in favor of the Aberdeens.

The second team was also defeated by the 2nd. Aberdeens, 2 to 1 being the score.

The cup representing the Quebec Rugby Football championship arrived last week. It is a magnificent trophy, and is to be the property of the team winning it for three successive seasons. We expect the boys will make a great effort to retain it.

Boxing is becoming a favorite pastime among the students. Nothing is better calculated to develop strength, as well as quickness of eye and limb, than a judicious exercise in the manly art. Some of the boys are well up in the art of self-defence, especially Ross and Tobin, who have already mastered many of the tricks of the game.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee, held on February 20th, it was decided to immediately enter into negotiations with Princeton, with a view to securing a meeting with them on the football field next fall. It is to be hoped that satisfactory arrangements will be made, so that a decision may be come to regarding the American championship.

On Feb. 15th., the College Hockey team met and defeated the Victorias at Rideau Rink, by a score of 5 to 4. The struggle was a hard one, and neither side was sure of victory until the whistle blew for time-up. Considerable interest was taken in the game, and a large crowd was present. At the end of the first half the score stood four to two in the Vics' favor. Play changed in the second half and College were most of the time the aggressors. Before time was up they added three goals to their score thus winning the match. For College F. McGee's work was particularly effective. Our team was:

Doyle, A. Tobin, Copping, Kearns, F. McGee, Valade and E. O'Connor.

The annual retreat of the students of Clongowes College, Ireland, was preached by the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, brother of Cardinal Vaughan. We clip the following extract from his closing sermon. The quotation expresses exactly the view that has

always been taken of athletics at Ottawa College:-

"Let them, then, beware of the microbe of idleness, which, like a canker might blight their fairest hopes. But recreation, let them remember, was not idleness, but another form of work; and in their games they would find the very best recreation. On the football ground and in the cricket field, not only would they learn quickness of eye, swiftness of foot and agility of limb, but, what was even more valuable for them, they would learn within these narrow limits, lessons full of moral worth for the wider sphere for which they were preparing. For example, there they would be taught the strength of union, the love of fair play, considerateness for others, and, what was indeed of immense value, they would there learn to turn defeat into fresh stimulus towards victory. If the Duke of Wellington could surely say that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, he (the preacher) would as truly prophesy that the battle of life was to be fought out for them on the spacious recreation grounds of Clongowes."

The result of the match between the College team and the Aberdeens on the 24th inst. is the best example hockey has so far afforded us of the power of the old Ottawa College spirit. In the last meeting between these two teams the Aberdeens won by a score of 4 goals to 1. Then the croakers had their hour; the I-told-you-so's looked triumphant; and even the most courageous gave up the city championship for lost. But the old spirit is not dead. With an energy commendable even had it met with defeat, but bringing its own reward in the hour of victory, the players pulled themselves together, practised faithfully, played unselfishly and won brilliantly by a score of 5 to 3. The game was one of the finest exhibitions of hockey seen in Ottawa this winter, and it is not too much to say that there were players on both sides who were equal to a position on

any senior team. The College team was slightly changed from former games and lined up as follows:—

Goal, D'Arcy McGee; Point, Tobin; Cover-point, Copping; Forwards, Valade, Kearns, O'Connor and Frank McGee.

The city championship looks to be now reasonably secure. One more victory will make it ours beyond contest. Let no effort be spared to end up brilliantly a season so glorious.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The glorious resplendent sun puckered up his fat, round, chubby face into an ear-to-ear smile and with an infantile chuckle, unworthy of an old gentleman, boasted:—"There is nothing new beneath the dimpled flaps of my chubby chin." The moon, contrary to the well-established mode of procedure followed by woman, allowed the sun to speak without a single interruption and then replied:—"See here, my sun, even though you have made my countenance assume a hollow, pinched expression in the last quarter of my existence for this month, I sent out my man-servant to gather a few more faggots, that he might not hear the rebuke I am about to administer to you. Woman, from the days of Father Adam, has taught proud man, many new tricks, both good and bad, and tonight when you are standing on your head upon the fertile plains of Australia, clean out of sight of Canada, peep through the key-hole and you will see a sight such as your cracked brain never conceived, nor your blood-shot eyes beheld, since the time you were evolved from a confused mass of mud and water." A warm glow suffused the sun's face, as the present fine weather proves; he winked his eye in an exasperating manner and remarked "That the old woman had fallen a victim to her lunatic-making wiles." The good, old moon lived up to her promises and showed the proud sun a trick that he couldn't play with all the cards that he held in both hands. Of course

dark night has always been the best time to work a star move in card-playing; so saith Robert Burns jr.—the father of whist in the Senior Department. The moon sent her man to us—the Junior Editor—with the official announcement, that his mistress would inscribe upon our columns the most secret thoughts of our young friends, by means of the new Edison rays. At the appointed moment she flashed the rays through a crystal upon the mighty brain of Geo. Campbell. This diminutive son of the clan “the Campbells are coming,” was dreaming of the adventure he had during the Xmas vacation. “I built a sled with sails attached to go for a spin. After waiting two weeks for a good wind, I mounted my sled and sped at the rate of a mile a second, but unfortunately landed in a tree on the peak of Mount George, Cantley. It was glorious! But the wind, with more than human perversity, fell flat. A 25 mile trip was very nice, but luckless I had no return ticket and was forced to take shanks’ mare back. More dead than alive, I arrived in Ottawa two days later; richer by sad experience, poorer by a pair of frozen ears.” The wonder-working light next made Mike “The Boy Orator’s” brain as transparent as the purest crystal of ice. When we saw the result, we dropped a silent tear of sorrow for Mike’s horrible state of mind. “I was a foolish cat,” he sobbed out in his sleep, “unsatisfied with the pure cream that the Junior Hockey team gave me to drink. I thought and said, that the cream was *n. g.* and would go up in curds. I left. The cream of victory flowed steadily in their direction. I tried to get back to quench my thirst for glory. Alas! A sadder but wiser man, I found that there was a great difference between the cat in the popular song and the *yours truly* cat. That cat “came back the very next day”; when I tried to enter my glory-painted quarters, I found that I could not even carry the water-pail.”

With a truly malicious smile of feminine spite, the Moon reflected the tell-

tale beams upon the dark, curly locks of Jean Baptiste Esq. Oh! What a secret was revealed! Jean Baptiste was in a night-mare, his hair stood on end, and his hands worked convulsively as though vainly trying to ward off a fearful danger. Between his groans, we caught the following: “I with my friend George Coal-water, endeavored to get square with the Junior Editor; we went to the door of the First Grade room. I climbed up the door and passed through the fan-light safely until my feet stuck and thus I hung, suspended by the heels. There was only one escape. George unlaced my shoes and down I went head first and skinned my nose as you all noticed a couple of weeks ago. The boots were on the other side. I wrote with a chuckle of delight, on the black-board “The Junior Editor is a joker, but he is a fool.” Oh! Cruel fate! When I crawled over the door my boots were gone. Thereupon I said unto myself “Jean Baptiste you are one fool, and you have lost your boots into the bargain.”

VARSITY III. VS. COLLEGE JR.

Our team, known in hockey circles as College Jrs., played their second league game, Jan. 27th, with the Varsity III. During the first-half there was a fine exhibition of good, clean hockey. Result, Varsity III, 1. College Jr. 2. At the intermission, the Grand Master of hockey in the Sen. Dep’t., held a conference with Capt. Bawlf; John L. must have been chief consultor for heavy play was the result. Game closed Varsity III, 3, College Jr. 2. At the commencement of the game, a large rooster and a young one were on parade on the field of battle. The older gentleman was in full dress—war paint and feathers—in the flush of his recent victories. The uncombed youth had but a single feather in his plume for he was as yet in swaddling feathers. At the close of the fray, the old sport was hopping around in high glee, keeping time to the screeching strains of the “Highland Fling” played

on the bagpipes by his goal keeper who hails from the thorny heather. The poor young bird had lost his one feather in a vicious encounter with *Barney* and was suffering from a sudden and acute attack of measles—a disease peculiar to children.

VARSITY III. VS. COLLEGE JR. (SECOND MATCH.)

Considerable amusement was created among the spectators as the two mascots of the first contest once more appeared upon the scene to crow their respective teams to victory. The old, portly rooster smiled from ear to ear in the irrepressible flush of a full-fledged crest of unbroken triumphs; the baby rooster had recovered from his recent illness and wore an innocent look, which plainly foretold that something was going to happen. The old gent., looking over his spectacles, with a self-important frown, remarked in an intelligible crow "that the youngster was an impertinent upstart." The young fellow replied in his hoarse whisper that the old fogy was in his second childhood. The battle was on. First-half was fine hockey that induced the spectators to run their chances against bottling a free dose of pneumonia. Half ended 0 to 0. Second half opened up with a rush that caused the young mascot to use his wings for the first time, as the score-board read 1, 2, 3. He gave a war-hoop that would have done credit to a full-blooded Cree when the game was over, won by the indisputable title-deed to victory 3 to 0. The poor, old, senior mascot had his ankle sprained in a tussle with Capt. Belanger and his right wing knocked out of joint in a scuffle with war-horse Costello. The ancient chap wended his weary way towards the dressing room, by the aid of a pair of crutches; he said he had not a single goal to bind up his shattered spur. A hacking cough ruffled the feathers on his throat for he caught *La Grippe* from the cold shower bath administered by the youth he had despised. We have a word to say ere we close our account of games

played between the seniors and juniors. Since the team has been purged of an obnoxious member, the seniors, all along the line, from Cap't Bawlf down to the canny little goal-keeper, are genuine sports—a crowd of jolly, good fellows. We wish them success in their remaining matches that we may have the pleasure of playing (and we hope of beating them) in a saw-off.

The Fourth Grade Physics and the First Grade Drawing classes are bright ones; some of the more brilliant stars have decided to reflect a few of their stray rays upon the public mind. We reserve all rights for publication.

PHYSICS (REVISED) BY ST. JEAN AND BAWLF. CHAP. I. E. ST. JEAN.

"Magnetism is to make a person do what we want, (*e. g.*) attractive magnetism in a horse-shoe." We fear the learned gentleman never came in close quarters with a shoe on a horse's foot or he would have found that it partook of the centrifugal or flying kind.

"A conductor is one who conducts." Very true! The Hull *savant* should explain whether it is to a three years' term in the Central or a three hours' stay at a banquet.

CHAP. II. WM. BAWLF.

"Electricity is that part of nature which runs cars, things etc." He might have added that it runs some people into a hole in June, for nature abhors a vacuum.

"Electricity shows itself to us by running cars." Why exclude phonographs from the list, Friend William?

The N. Pole is always on the *right* of you." It is passing strange that people always get *left* when they try to discover it.

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Extract taken from the Series of Drawing Books adapted for use in the schools of British Columbia.—Daly.

A line is a straight figure. There are four kinds: (1) fishing line, (2) a clothes line, (3) railroad line, (4) dandelion. A straight line runs in the direction in which you travel. A tri-

angle is a square with three sides.
Next!!!

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The following held first places in their classes for the month of January :

First Grade, (A) — 1. Paul Benoit,
2. O. Vallee, 3. R. Lapointe.

First Grade (B) — 1. H. St. Jacques,
2. E. Lessard, 3. J. Lamarche.

Second Grade.—1. J. Raymond, 2.
P. Ducharme, 3. G. Campbell.

Third Grade. 1. A. Lapointe, 2.
R. Desrochers, 3. Thos. Corcoran.

Fourth Grade. 1. E. Belliveau, 2.
J. Abbott, 3. J. Slattery.

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ULULATUS.

Since Lapointe got charge of the drum he has been making more *hiz*s than any other musician in the house.

O'C-n-l. — Good-bye, Frank, I'm going.

Frank. — Where's your satchel?

O'C-n-l. — Oh! I've got the Grip(pe).

Tom says Billy ain't the only shirt in the laundry, because he can be done up like *the others*.

P-w-r's ode to the Grippe.

I had a hen whose name was Enza
I opened the window and in fl(ew)enza.

AN ACTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

But now farewell to all my greatness. This is the state of an actor. To-day I put on my comic air, to-morrow the same, the third day comes the play, a thrilling play, and then I think, good easy Plump, my fame surely is increasing, and then there comes a shower (of eggs) and then I fall (asleep). Vain pomp and glory of the stage (Hawkesbury), I hate ye. I smell the eggs

fresh opened. Oh! had I studied my Greek, as I studied my part, Homer would not now have left me, old, battered with cabbages, the mark of every boy.

OUR HERO.

In study he's a worker,
"This is his busy day,"

In class whenever called for,
He nothing has to say.

At music he's a corker,

He's got it down quite pat,

Ask for a waltz or two-step

"Oh, he's too good for that."

He's lazy, fat, and careless,

For nobody cares he.

To Joe he's fond and tender,

What can the reason be?

Georgie's a good thing to bet on.
He always has tips.

Dennis.—If I was born in France
would I be a Frenchman?

C-r-o-l.—No.

Dennis. —Why?

C-r-o-l.—If some kittens were born
in an oven would you call them biscuits?

I know a hockey player who never
[dallies

He's Tub M-r-n of the Hogan's Alleys.

Chimmy.—Why is man at his best
in winter time?

Pete.—Don't know.

Chimmy. — Because there ain't no
flies on him then.

Did you see the spook?

At reading of notes the pair of
Jimmies furnished much sport. The
Vermonters rendition of "Marching
to the front," and his accompanist
received hearty applause.

