

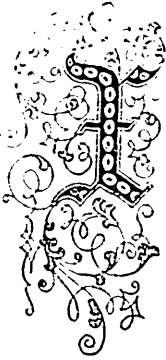
THE OWL.

Vol. XI.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 4.

THE TRUE PROMETHEUS.



N minds that but dreamed of truth
Men fashioned a grand ideal
Of a God-like and generous youth,
Sublime in his passionate ruth
For the wrongs of humanity;
Then they pictured the agony
Requiting his frenzy of zeal.
To earth in beauty and might
The true Prometheus came;
But He came in silence and night
From the inaccessible height,
From the glory ineffable
Where He did with the Father dwell,
From the white and burning flame.
With the fire of the infinite love
Of God for the race of men
He came, but His types were a dove
And a wounded lamb, while above
His cradle the shadow lay
Of the rock, and the chain, and the day
Of His consummation of pain.
'Tis done; the victim divine
On the mountain of sacrifice
Hath poured His blood like wine,
Consecrating that awful shrine,
And the gift, to eternal years,
By the agony and the tears
Of a heart supremely benign.
Forever we see Him weep,
Son of a God most high
Fast nailed on that fateful steep,
And the vultures that 'round Him sweep
Are the sins of a world ingrate,
For His Love returning Hate,
Mocking His dying cry.

E. C. M. T.

MORAL OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I believe there is in Shakespeare much merit that critics never saw. Passages that in the dramatist's wizard mind were for weighty reasons considered as "gems of purest ray serene," may now be valued as instances of Shakespeare's mediocrity, and may be subject to that utter disregard which is the fate of

"Many a flower that's born to
blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on
the desert air."

This statement is in justice to the Prince of Dramatists; but now a redeeming word for his critics. In their behalf I must put forth the opinion, that critics have discovered in Shakespeare many beauties, the creation of which their author never intended. It is by no means strange that in so voluminous a writer as the Bard of Avon, there should occasionally appear in his productions one of those happy accidents, which now and then rise like the Will of the Wisp in most unexpected places to cheer and assist us onward in our task even though we be ignorant of their presence. Shakespeare was a man; and as such, we must infer that he like other mortals has occasionally been subject to the covert workings of that blind little busy-body commonly called *chance*, and that consequently in the flights of his literary arrows, some have been submitted to that fortune so neatly expressed by an American poet when he said,

"Full many a shaft at random
sent,
Finds mark the archer little
meant;
And many a word at random
spoken
May soothe or wound a heart
that's broken.

Dryden remarked that Shakespeare drew his images from nature not laboriously, but luckily. Others go equally as far in saying that even the morals of his plays have not been studiously designed, but that as every story may to a greater or lesser degree have some commonplace maxim to unfold, so also the moral lessons of Shakespeare have been evolved casually and unintentionally, by the natural progress of his plots. My desire is to briefly treat this question, through the medium of one play, the Merchant of Venice, in order to see if through its perusal we may be able to obtain any enlightenment concerning so interesting a subject.

To begin with, there is no doubt that each play of Shakespeare, but especially his masterpieces, tends to inculcate some important moral principle. Thus the fate that accompanies the insidious villainies of Edmund and the shocking ingratitude of Goneril and Regan, contrasted with the tender sympathy and love all readers entertain for Edgar and Cordelia, plainly shows that the manifold curses attendant upon filial impiety, are the precautionary precept of King Lear. The precipitous evils which terminate in the sicken-

ing catastrophe of "Othello" forcibly picture what frightful developments the seeds of jealousy may produce in a suspicious mind. "Macbeth" discloses the direful effects which follow from the workings of an unchecked, inordinate ambition. Hamlet insinuates a similar lesson, by tottering a throne, the steps of which were mounted only by treading over the corpse of a rightful ruler, thus showing that regal security cannot be maintained when initiated by an act of "foul and most unnatural murder." By raising the ghost of an injured brother from the tomb, it further imports the oft-repeated and well-confirmed lesson,

"That murder though it have
no tongue
Will out with most miraculous
organ."

Timon of Athens bids us beware of sly, insidious persons, no matter how friendly be their appearance or how pretentious their protestations. In a word

"Set it down that one may
smile and smile
And be a villain,"

But enough suffices. To give further examples would be but to impart to the reader knowledge which a moment's consideration can easily supply. There is therefore no disputing the fact that every play of Shakespeare has its definite moral aim. The question however has arisen, whether in reading those plays, attention should be given exclusively to their dramatic excellence, or whether besides considering their compliance with the requirements of the three unities, or their remarkable force and beauty of language, we should go still deeper in order to delve out the moral gem that lies hidden underneath. To

this question the majority of German Shakespearean critics reply in the affirmative; that of the English in the negative. With all due respect for the latter I find it necessary to side with the former, and with considerable reason. For a story considered but as a story, skilfully though it be told, is little calculated to inspire moral, or to stimulate mental, development. Otherwise a cursory glance over our best classics would satisfy the pupil's most ambitious aims, while little more would be incumbent upon our warmest preachers than a bare reading of the Sunday Gospel. To use a homely comparison, there is a potent medicine composed of several liquids, each of which is distinguished by different densities. In consequence of this, the ingredients are disposed in layers, the lighter being on top, the heavier at the bottom, while each separately contains little or no medicinal properties. This indolent treatment of our gravest authors reminds one forcibly of the invalid who in his eager pursuit of health, forgot to shake up the above bottle before using, so that instead of swallowing the real essence of the decoction, he simply skimmed off the almost worthless matter from on top.

In search of mental vigor, such a treatment of our authors might be productive of certain favorable results, but it would deny us more material advantages; for it is evident that what has occupied the attention, and is stamped by the genius, of such a master mind as Shakespeare's, should be worthy of assimilation, and of complete assimilation on the part of the student, whether it be for the benefit of his literary, mental or moral improvement. Besides, if the acquisition of a choice

vocabulary, or the spending of a few pleasant hours be not the sole motive of reading, but if on the other hand the truth be that this profitable exercise is intended, that we may be able to rise from our books feeling ourselves better, both in head and heart than when we sat down to them, there certainly is no better way of satisfying such requirements than by sinking to the very bottom of the literary stream, and gathering there the moral treasures that have been deposited in the wake of Time and of Genius.

Such considerations may be termed a digression, but I feel that they have spontaneously arisen from the very nature of our subject. Feeling then that the moral side of Shakespeare is by no means the least valuable in his productions, I now turn more confidently to the direct topic of discussion, namely the moral of the Merchant of Venice. And here arises the question; what then really is the lesson taught by a study of this exquisite comedy? The query is not so easily answered, as when put in connection with any other play of Shakespeare. However, it has its answer, and this answer, according to a noted German critic, is concisely contained in that old Latin proverb which runs *summum jus, summa injuria*. In short, from the Merchant of Venice may be inferred the truth (paradoxical though it may appear,) that as the refreshing breeze which gently wafts the trader's ship from land to land, may in the course of time develop into a destructive and merchant-marring hurricane, so also the greatest right when rashly pushed to an extreme, may be transformed into the greatest wrong.

In the comedy we are now considering this principle has a triple

demonstration, each of which will be explained in turn. For this purpose, it will be necessary to briefly recall some of the incidents of the play, since it is from the inferences to be drawn from the story itself, rather than from any set sentences, that there is to be derived the evidence contained in this article. Let us begin with the main plot which in substance is as follows:

Bassanio was a young Venetian, who, however commendable his other qualities, was subject to that common but pernicious practice of living in a manner, which from a pecuniary standpoint, was decidedly above his means. At the time we speak of, this young gentleman was deeply in love; and with a knowledge of this fact in mind there is but little fear that the reader will be disposed to hold him strictly responsible for any eccentric or trivial indiscretion we may be obliged to recount. The object of our lover's affection was a noble lady, Portia of Belmont, whose far-famed beauty was equalled only by the dazzling brilliancy of her social position and intellectual accomplishments. In the midst of a score of other wooers, Bassanio nestled in the good graces of his peerless mistress, but unfortunately had not the wherewithal to press his suit to a successful termination. Under these circumstances he applied for pecuniary aid to his devoted friend Antonio, a wealthy merchant whose liberality was even in excess of his riches. The latter was eagerly desirous of supplying the "ripe want of a friend," but as his entire capital was invested in cargoes consigned to distant ports, he had not the means of directly exercising his generosity. However, he decided to overcome this difficulty by borrowing the money,

and his friendly interest in Bassanio directed him to an old Jewish money lender named Shylock who henceforth plays a very important part in the story. In this last circumstance may be seen the very hinges of the plot.

It appear that previous to this, Antonio and old Shylock were not on the best of terms. The former spurned the latter simply on account of the very nature of his occupation, and the latter detested the former because the merchant took advantage of every opportunity to injure the Jew's trade by "lending out money gratis," and by otherwise submitting him to public humiliation. In a cruel and resentful nature, the fire of anger produced by such a friction is not likely to be speedily quenched. Patience and prudence may keep it smouldering for a while, but contact with favorable opportunity will promptly precipitate the inevitable blaze. Of such a vindictive disposition was Shylock, who mindful of past insults and indignities, but skilfully disguising his real hatred, received his enemy's request with an hypocritical air of friendly compliance. Shrewdly knowing that all Antonio's possessions were at sea, and sensible of the manifold dangers of the deep, he had his doubts as to whether they should ever reach their destination. Experience had taught him that:—

"Ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves, that is pirates, and there is the peril of water, winds and rocks."

With a faint expectation that Antonio's ship might not return, Shylock decided to loan the money on a certain condition the strength of which is contained in the following passage;

"If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me."

This was done ostensibly "in merry sport," and simply to gain the confidence and friendship of his inveterate foe. Ignorant of the real motive that prompted this bargain, and confident in the success of his commercial ventures, Antonio willingly signed the contract, and by this very act came near resigning himself to the cruel vengeance of the implacable Jew.

A short time after the signing of his contract, rumour announced the loss of the merchant's ships. The report was strongly confirmed by their failure to return within the three months allotted for the payment of the loan. Then it was that Shylock began to exhibit the real shrewdness and savage perversity of his nature. Thirsting for the merchant's blood, he applied to the Venetian court for an immediate settlement of the contract. The case was solemnly heard. Strength of evidence seemed to favour the prosecutor; sympathy was certainly with the defendant. During the proceedings, sums several times as large as the original loan were offered to appease the obdurate Jew, but they were peremptorily declined. Urgent remonstrances and melting appeals were unsparingly used, but all to no effect. The Jew's heart remained of adamant and his will of strongest steel. Sentence was pronounced, and to the sinister and sanguinary satisfaction of revengeful Shylock, Antonio was ordered to bare his bosom for the knife.

So far has been recounted, as much of the story as is required

for present purposes. In it, the moral of the whole play is strikingly exemplified. Up to that part which describes the making of the contract, as far as the Jew is concerned, there is nothing that might be considered as radically wrong. Antonio had borrowed money from Shylock. According to all ideas of justice the latter was undoubtedly entitled to full payment. As to the conditions specified, it is needless to question their validity, since they were accepted without constraint, and were mutually agreeable to the contracting parties.

It is to be conceded that as creditor of Antonio, Shylock was in possession of certain rights. As far as civil law was concerned, those rights were clearly specified in the parchment whereon the contract was written. But all rights have their natural limits, which in this case were culpably overstepped when Shylock directed his envenomed malice towards the person of his creditor. Human flesh is not a proper substitute for dirty ducats, and although "nature craves that all dues be rendered to their owner," no law either human or divine can justly sanction the taking of a human life, as a fitting or adequate representation of monetary value.

It was in this respect that Shylock seriously erred. Knowing that in virtue of his contract he possessed certain lawful claims, his aggressive eagerness and perverse obstinacy of nature urged him beyond legal limits, and the moment he raised his arm against the life of the defendant,—like the wonderful transformation of Nabuchodonosor of old—that very moment, an evident right was promptly converted into the foulest wrong.

Shakespeare shows the marked

injustice of Shylock's action by unexpectedly defeating his apparently successful claims, and plainly asserts the principle which is the very seed of this play, by otherwise punishing him for his malicious intentions and by seasonably discovering a loophole in the law for the effectual escape of Antonio.

In this instance evil received its appropriate punishment. But immediately following the above incidents, comes another violation of natural right, committed too with seeming impunity. It is to be found in the sentence pronounced upon Shylock, and was occasioned by the indiscretion of the Duke himself. Convicted of having contrived against the very life of the defendant, (for which the penalty was death, and confiscation of all property to the state,) the money lender was spared his life, and restored one half his fortune, on the conditions herein contained; that he should let Antonio have

"The other half in use to render it
Upon his death into the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
Two things provided more: That for
this favour
He presently become a Christian;
The other that he do record a gift
Here in the court, of all he dies poss-
ess'd
Unto hisson Lorenzo and his daughter."

Here again we see the "summum jus" and the "summa injuria." Leaving aside the manifest injustice of compelling old Shylock to direct his worldly possessions into the pockets of the man who stole from him his ducats and his daughter, there yet appears a more evident wrong, notwithstanding the fact that it is grounded on a worthy underlying principle. I refer to the forcing of the unwilling Jew to become a

Christian. Now, the conversion of the pagan to Christianity is beyond all doubt a very meritorious act, and an exercise that has occupied the talents and attention of the world's greatest benefactors. It is to be further admitted that every one in a certain manner is entitled to use whatever influence he can in this direction, and what is allowed to everyone cannot be denied the Duke of Venice. He, consequently, enjoyed the right of attempting to christianize to the full extent of his desires and ability. But while his action in the above case may have been prompted by praiseworthy motives, it is apparent that this lawful privilege was shamefully abused, when in its exercise, he outraged justice by stooping to the unsanctioned use of physical force and Mahometan compulsion.

The third illustration of our principle is suggested by the celebrated casket scene. It will be remembered that Bassanio borrowed money from Antonio in order to press his claims to the hand of Portia. His suit was successful and both would have been immediately united in marital bliss, but for a circumstance which caused a slight delay and considerable anxiety. It appears that in marriage affairs Portia was not complete master of her own actions, but was restrained by the rulings of a dead father, who either in the dotage of age, or as a result of one of those good inspirations which dying men are supposed to enjoy, commanded that the selection of his daughter's husband should be left entirely to chance, and that it should be in no way influenced by the just and common arbitrament of love. It was further required that if luck should prove unpropitious, the unsuccessful suitor should swear, among other things,

never again to consult a lady in reference to marriage. True to modern evolutions of the comedy, the upshot of all was, that after several undesirable wooers had tried their fortunes and miserably failed, Bassanio in his turn met with a better fate, receiving the only answer that was worthy of his love.

Does not this by-plot also illustrate our principle? It undoubtedly does. Owing to the happy termination of the incidents we are inclined to overlook the wrong, but it is none the less a wrong on that account. No one will deny—not even the fiercest modern advocate of juvenile emancipation—that Portia's father was justified in showing an interest in his daughter's marriage, and in proposing any provisions or limitations her interests might suggest. This is the basis of the *right*, which however was mercilessly distorted when paternal caprice prompted him to formulate any such absurd conditions as are mentioned in the play. To the presumptive husband the result might possibly have been invaluable, in the estimation of those who are in sympathy with the adage "many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage," but having no choice in the matter, what was to restrain the unfortunate girl from being obliged to give up her whole life, perhaps to some unworthy wretch for whom she could entertain but little respect, and less affection. The unpardonable injustice to which she might have been submitted can be partly understood by conceiving her tearful separation from Bassanio, or by imagining a compulsory marriage with any of those worthless wooers whom she so skilfully describes in the first act to her companion Nerissa. Consequently, in this case the same disastrous agencies were at work,

which have already been described as existing in other parts of the comedy. In each place, the dikes which confined the waters of privilege within their proper bounds, were heedlessly destroyed, and were it not for the timely intervention of what may be called the accident of an accident, no one knows what might have been the extent of the issuing evils.

And now, the intention of this article is about fulfilled. Its object was to consider whether the moral lessons of Shakespeare were accidentally incorporated in his plays, or if in

reality they have been intentionally designed. To know that each of his productions has one particular underlying principle, is of itself almost sufficient to compel an acceptance of the latter conclusion. But, when we find besides that a single play has in itself a triple demonstration of one important maxim we are forced to admit that the fact has more in it than can be easily explained by any such common-place terms as "casual occurrence" or "remarkable coincidence."

E. P. GLEESON, '98.



MUSIC.

There's music in the sighing of a reed ;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill ;
 There's music in all things, if man had ears :
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

—*Byron.*



McGLASHAN'S WIFE.

ONE New Year's eve, fifty years ago, twelve Glasgow students formed a social club. An old fashioned tavern on the outskirts of the city, was the place chosen for meeting. The club was limited to twelve members, who were pledged never to fill up vacancies, and to meet each New Year's eve. Should any member be prevented from doing so, he was to send the president a letter to be read on the occasion and then laid upon the absentee's empty chair.

For three years the full complement of members took their places on each appointed day. On the fourth year, however, we sat down with one chair vacant, and a letter was read. And so on for five years, when the number was reduced to eight, and we were to meet once more. I was the first at the tavern and was welcomed by the host as if he had been my father. Before another quarter of an hour, two of our fellowship came in together, Another and another dropped in until all but one of the eight were there, and we set to parodying, "We are Seven" in a most ludicrous, mock-pathetic way, while we looked rather anxiously for some sign of the eighth, McGlashan, who, we felt, would be the last to fail us. But we looked in vain. The hour of meeting was past and the president reluctantly rang the bell. We all sat down in silence and looked ruefully at the empty chair that should have held McGlashan. And, indeed, it was not till the wine had gone round more than once that we regained our jovial spirits. Songs and toasts

were given and stories told, and the influence of the empty chair seemed to have vanished, when an unusual clatter was heard outside and a stamping of feet in the hall. Presently the door opened noisily and McGlashan rushed in.

"You did not expect to have a bridegroom at table to-night, did you?"

The question was met with a roar of laughter.

"Having announced my new character, I shall leave details for later on," continued the new comer. "You remember how we parted here last year and how I told you I was going south at the request of my godmother, Miss Mickleston, she having taken it into her head that I was just the man to successfully manage her estate. The place was to go to her niece and I knew that she had always cherished the wish to marry me to the heiress. Of course grateful as I was for her intentions, I disliked the idea of even meeting the girl she destined for my wife, and not until I got to the house did my godmother tell me that her niece was staying with her.

Immediately on my arrival at Mickleston Hall, I was introduced to the dreaded heiress and another young girl, a poor relation of my godmother, who was living at the Hall as Miss Mickleston's companion. I set to work at once and I can tell you it was no sinecure, for the books had been kept for years in a most slovenly manner. The pleasantest part of my task was the outdoor work—surveying farms,

overseeing repairs and improvements. The girls sometimes accompanied me, and we rode or walked according to the distance. The heiress was very pleasant and cordial, and seemed not unwilling to fall into her aunt's plan of a marriage; though I must say she was never forward, and perhaps if I had not known she was the heiress, and had not had the other girl so constantly before my eyes, I should have come to consent to the arrangement myself. But the other girl was my ideal. I need not describe how or why she charmed me; I fell in love at first sight, and that was reason enough. Time only made me more determined to have nothing to do with the heiress, and to win, if possible, her penniless cousin.

Yet my decision worried me, for Miss Mickleston sometimes eyed me sharply, and I knew I was going directly against her wishes. So I sought solitude in strict attention to business. The affairs of the place were so entangled that they took up most of my time, but I made them a pretext for more retirement than they actually required, and I began to reflect on the consequences of my love-making. If I married according to my heart, I must wait a long time for my bride, for I was miserably poor. And what indulgence could I expect from Miss Mickleston? Would she ever take me into her good graces again, after I should have confessed my love for the wrong girl, and thereby frustrated long-laid plans?

I went away abruptly one morning in May on the plea of business concerning the estate which might require me to stay in London some time. I remained away much longer than was really necessary,

and I shrank from coming back. A few days after my return, the thought suddenly struck me to give up my managership of the estate, and thus put an end to my false position. I had put everything in good shape, the books were clear, correct, and up to date, and there was really no reason to detain me longer. A favorable opportunity presented itself one evening soon after, as we were all gathered together in the old-fashioned drawing-room, and, in a kind of half-despair, I declared my intention of returning to my home at the end of the month. A storm of opposition met my remark. My godmother insisted that I had saved the estate and that I was still necessary for its proper management. The two girls chimed in with her and declared that, indeed, the place could never get along without me. Altogether it was a touching domestic scene, and I melted under its influence and proceeded, as I believed, to make a fool of myself. I asked my godmother for a few moments of private conversation, and there avowed my love for her poor niece. She appeared to be very angry and indignant, and I admitted she had some right to be so, considering that I had gone against her wishes under her very eyes. Nevertheless I could not consent to sacrifice the happiness of my life. Then she burst out laughing, and told me, to my confusion, that I had fallen into a snare, and that she had outwitted me after all; for Ellen, whom I had taken for her poor companion, was the very girl she had destined for me, while Mary was in reality the poor girl. She had wanted to try me, and had with difficulty persuaded her nieces to change places. I was bewildered, and rather angry

in my turn. I did not like Ellen lending herself to such tricks, and yet the upshot was so lucky for me that I felt it would be ungrateful to resent my godmother's fancies. Though happy, I felt very awkward. The good taste of both girls, however, made things pass into their natural order, and by degrees the mystification came to be looked upon as a harmless joke.

We were to have been married in November, but something put it off, and we were not married till four days ago. As things turned out, I determined to keep my appointment to-night. My wife was delighted at the idea of the club,

and was as eager as myself to be on time. She expects to meet you all to-morrow evening at the hotel where she is stopping with the member whom you must, by our rules, have looked upon as dead."

Here followed an indescribable scene. Hand-shakings and congratulations were mingled with the heartiest blessings on Edward's bride.

The next night, when we re-assembled, all the club fell in love with her, and vowed never to marry until each could find as hearty, sensible and pleasant a wife as McGlashan's

C. W.



O what a glory doth this world put on
 For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
 Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
 On duties well performed and days well spent!
 For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
 Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.

—*Longfellow.*



*CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN IRELAND.**

IRELAND'S claim to a Catholic University, State-assisted, has been repeatedly pressed upon the British Government; but not until recent years has any attention been paid to the demand. Protestants are beginning to realize the injustice of the system of Irish education, or, to speak more correctly, are beginning to advocate a change in the system whose injustice to Catholics they must ere now have recognized. Hitherto, it would have been injudicious and dangerous for a Minister of the Cabinet to attempt to take the matter in hand, as, owing to the intolerance of the times, it would most probably have led to the wreck of his party; but public opinion has of late undergone a change, so much so that the present government is confident of support in any action it may think fit to take for the bettering of Catholic education.

Undoubtedly Catholics are at a very great disadvantage with regard to university education. Protestant institutions are richly endowed, whereas Catholics receive no aid whatever. But in the face of this inequality Catholic colleges have outstripped their wealthy rivals, and now "bear the palm alone."

There are at present in Ireland two universities, Trinity College, or Dublin University, founded in 1593, and the Royal University, founded

in 1880. The former of these can lay claim to being one of the greatest educational establishments of the world. It is the Alma Mater of many eminent men of the present day, as well as of many others who have long since received their summons "to join the innumerable caravan that moves to that mysterious realm, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death."

Catholics are practically excluded from this university. It is true that its examinations, and even its lectures are open to all; but, owing to the Protestant teaching, and the English and anti-national spirit of its student-body, Irish Catholics do not and cannot avail themselves of its educational advantages.

The Royal University is, as it were, one step towards the complete emancipation of Catholics with regard to education. Some fifty years ago the Government, feeling in duty bound to provide in some measure for the education of Catholics and Dissenters, founded the Queen's University. This institution was to consist of the three teaching colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway, which were to be open to all creeds, and were to be absolutely non-sectarian. The colleges were made a yearly allowance of \$105,000. Against this system of education, in which all religious teaching was excluded, Catholics protested. However, their protest was unheeded.

Nothing was now left for Catholics to do but to establish a university of their own. A college was

*This article takes its facts from a similarly entitled study in the "American Ecclesiastical Review" for December, 1897.

accordingly founded in Dublin in 1852. Application was made to the Government for a charter to grant degrees. But that was refused. For nearly thirty years the education question remained in that unsatisfactory condition. The Catholic colleges continued their work, sending occasionally students to the Examining University of London. The Queen's University, aided as it was by from \$125,000 to \$140,000 annually of government money, gradually rose in the public estimation, and sent forth many graduates who have since won distinction in the different walks of life. However, after these years of patient submission to the existing state of affairs, another change was effected, which resulted in the establishment of the present Royal University.

Parliament dissolved the old Queen's University, and issued a charter in 1880, founding the Royal University, and appointing a body of Senators. Parliament also voted an annual grant of \$100,000 for the new university, but did not cancel the endowment previously granted to Queen's University. This it left for the use of the colleges of which it was composed.

The new institution is merely an examining university, having no connection whatever with any teaching establishment. The Fellows of the University form an Examining Board, and are chosen from the professors of the five chief colleges that prepare students for the examinations. These colleges are the three Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway, the Presbyterian "Magee College," and the Catholic University College of Dublin. The University so far has worked admirably. Still Catholics have not yet received their full share of justice. As far as the working of

the University is concerned, they have received equitable treatment, more equitable in fact than the strict letter of the law made provision for. The injustice of the arrangement lies in the fact that Catholic institutions are unendowed, whilst non-Catholic institutions receive annually a large amount of money.

It is under this disadvantage that Catholics have to compete with their Protestant neighbours, and it stands greatly to their credit that during the last few years they have carried off most of the distinctions and honors of the university. The arts course, the real university education course, comprises three years of study. An examination takes place at the end of each year. For all these examinations there is both a pass and an honor course, Exhibitions, varying from \$60 to \$210, are awarded to the first thirty, or, in the case of the B. A. degree, to the first twenty-one, in the aggregate total of marks, on the honor course. Candidates for the M. A. degree may present themselves for examination one year after obtaining the B. A. degree. In connection with the M. A. examination there are offered annually from three to five studentships of \$1,500 each.

The following table gives in condensed form the successes achieved by the three richly endowed Queen's Colleges, and the unendowed Catholic University College in the three annual arts examinations, for the last eight years. All other colleges have been excluded from this comparison to avoid confusion. However, had their successes been inserted, it would be seen that two of the three Queen's Colleges seldom occupy the third or even the fourth places in the race.

	1889.		1890.		1891.		1892.		1893.		1894.		1895.		1896.	
	Honors.	Total.	Honors.	Total.	Honors.	Total.	Honors.	Total.	Honors.	Total.	Honors.	Total.	Honors.	Total.	Honors.	Total.
Queen's College Belfast.....	22	82	26	93	17	82	22	79	17	71	15	65	21	71	19	64
" " Cork.....	3	10	5	13	5	14	1	6	5	17	3	9	4	11	1	3
" " Galway....	3	15	6	19	6	19	4	14	8	19	9	27	7	24	3	12
University College Dublin..	8	43	16	52	13	38	16	47	13	58	22	60	17	74	24	82

Of the thirty studentships that have been granted for the M. A. degree, within the last eight years, the Catholic University of Dublin has obtained eleven, Belfast Queen's College, twelve, Galway College, two, and Cork, one.

Thus we see that in spite even of a great disparity of students the Catholic University is able to outdistance her rivals. There are only 170 students attending Dublin College, whereas at Belfast there are 432, at Cork, 238, and at Galway, 110. Were we to examine the results of these years in details, we would see that the record of the Catholic College is still more creditable. "Of the places won in the B. A. degree examination since 1890, University College carried off, in 1890, first in mathematics, first and third in biology; in 1891, second and third in history and political science; in 1892, first, second and fourth, in mental science, and second in mathematics; in 1893, first in classics; in 1894, first, second and third in classics, with the rare distinction of a gold for excellence in answering; second and third in mental science and second in mathematics; in 1895, second in classics, political science and mathematics; and in 1896, first and second in classics; first, second and third in mental science; second in political science, and first in physics." For the M. A. examination she has a correspondingly high record.

"Such is a brief survey of the educational work of University College. It is, indeed, a record in which all Catholic Irishmen should feel pride, and which its past students regard with the warmest gratification. Its success is the best evidence of what Irish talent and Irish power of application can

do if it only got opportunity of development, and a field for its exercise; but it is also a testimony to the ability and devotion of the teaching staff, which all outsiders recognize, but none can appreciate so well as the old students. The professors are partly Ecclesiastics and partly Irish laymen. The former are members of the Jesuit Order, whose reputation for learning is not confined to Ireland, and whose character and kindly influence are felt at other than class times, and supply in some way the want of a residential university. The lay professors are mostly young men, past students of the college (of whom four have already been elected Fellows of the University); and are rapidly gaining a high place in the list of gifted Irish scholars.

"It is a strange anomaly that a college, capable of obtaining such results each year and performing such a splendid part in the work of Irish education should be left without recognition or assistance from the state, whilst so much of public money should be wasted each year on Cork and Galway Queen's Colleges, without their ever being able to show any return for it, either in education imparted or honors gained.

"The endowments of Trinity College constitute, of course, a much graver inequality. The enormous rental of the confiscated estates which James I settled on it three hundred years ago, and the innumerable bequests and donations it has since received make its corporation one of the wealthiest educational bodies in the world, and enable it to afford its students both the choicest culture and the deepest research that Ireland can

produce. Its yearly revenue beside which the \$225,000 of the Queen's Colleges and Royal University seem a beggarly allowance, maintains scores of Fellows and tutors in luxurious incomes, provides prizes and free scholarships without end for its students, in addition to the benefits of university life, and keeps up the perfect equipment of the magnificent libraries and museums which so many public sources have enriched.

"All this is the preserve of the small Protestant minority, and the Catholics, the great majority of the nation, stand empty-handed without.

"It is true the endowments of Trinity College are now private property with which Parliament could not interfere, and it may seem but a sentimental grievance to air our inferiority to it; but having regard to the duty which government everywhere recognizes of encouraging and providing education, it would be no improper use of the public funds to divert a large sum toward lessening the enormous disparity between the position of Catholic and Protestant education in Ireland.

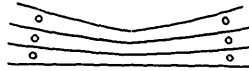
"It would, however, be very simple matter to settle the injustice of the present Queen's College system and give Catholics the same assistance as non-Catholics in their preparation for the Royal University; and no stronger claim for their rights could be made than the exhibition which University College, yearly gives of their hard-earned success in the face of such heavy odds.

"This is but a faint picture of one side of the story of Catholic Ireland, even in our day, when the nations think that with Catholic emancipation and the death of penal

laws, we are breathing the freedom of the boasted English constitution. It is well to emphasize it. Catholic Ireland robbed for Protestant endowments! Catholic Ireland taxed to pay by the pennies of her poor for Godless education! This, too, in the face of the awful revelation of national robbery by over taxation, which has lately startled the conscience of the Christian world! Catholic Ireland thus treated by a people to whose ancestors, aye, and to the princes of whose blood, she opened her schools, her home and

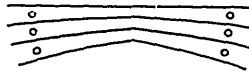
her heart, in the golden years when she was the light and the generous benefactor of Western Christendom. But she is not faint-hearted not less brave and hopeful now than in her dark centuries past. She will continue to cry and to struggle for justice, and she must be heard, she must succeed. She must have her parliament and her school and her altar despite the power of tyrant, and the selfish bigotry of a foreign church."

P. J. GALVIN, '00.



I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.

—Cooper.



URIAH HEEP.

THE most noteworthy feature of all Dickens' novels is their remarkable delineation of character. In reading them we are reminded of the immortal Shakespeare. Both these great writers, seem to have been possessed of a profound knowledge of men and human manners. The great point in all Dickens' characters is that they are always true to life, they are with certain limitations, the men and women we see moving about in the world; and this is perhaps why they appeal so forcibly to us. And certainly in none of the productions of his prolific pen is this more evident, than in his greatest work, "David Copperfield," of which he himself said:—"Of all my books I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child, and his name is David Copperfield." It is difficult to decide, which of the many characters in this novel Dickens has most successfully depicted. We might search in vain, through the whole of English fiction, to find a more beautiful female character than Agnes Wickfield, and equally vain would be our search, to discover a more despicable villain than Uriah Heep. Dickens has so cleverly drawn Heep's character, that when we lay down "David Copperfield" after we have read the book, we feel that there has been instilled into our hearts, a deep

hatred of the cringing, hypocritical wretch. Perhaps the character is a little far-fetched. It is scarcely possible that a being so base could be found in real life. Heep is a hypocrite to the very marrow; he is the very personification of hypocrisy. In him we fail to find the slightest redeeming feature. Milton in his "Paradise Lost" has painted Satan in the blackest dye. But even he has a grain of good left in him. He is faithful at least to the army of devils whom he commands, and in his designs upon our first parents, he is actuated by ambition and the spirit of revenge rather than pure hatred or mere selfishness. True it may be said that Heep loved his mother. But it is doubtful whether even this love was not hypocrisy. He saw in her a menial, one whom he might use as an instrument to further his selfish ends. Again he professed deep admiration for Agnes Wickfield. But was not this rather a mask, to keep from view his deep laid schemes to ruin her father? Scarcely could his love be true, when he knew that the least mention of it to her would be enough to render her unhappy for for the rest of her life.

Let us follow the career of this creature, who was "so umble," from the time where Copperfield first saw his cadaverous face through the window of Mr. Wickfield's office, to the time when he beheld him as "Number Twenty Seven," the model prisoner of his Worship, Magistrate Creakle's establishment in Middlesex.

Our first view of Heep, certainly does not tend to interest us in his behalf. We gaze on that repugnant head, and are so taken up in contemplating it, that for time we fail to notice the twisted, writhing body underneath. The face was pale, yet streaked with red marks such as are frequently seen in the skins of red haired people. To look at him one would judge him to be about twenty-five, though in reality but fifteen years of his "very umble" life had slipped away. His hair clipped close to the scalp, his reddish, brown eyes, shaded by no eyelashes, and with hardly any eyebrows, gave to his countenance an even more repulsive look than it might otherwise have had. As to his body, it seemed to have been designed to match the head it supported. His high shoulders raised almost to the ears, hid an unnaturally long neck. The skinny arms and lank, skeleton hands reaching to his knees, and the twisted, distorted legs reminded one so forcibly of an ape that he would almost be willing to believe with Darwin, that if all men were not descended from monkeys, this individual, at least, might count among his ancestors, some of the hairy tribe inhabiting the jungles of the Dark Continent. Heep's method of dress was certainly not likely to make him appear shorter. He wore black trousers and a black coat, buttoned close up to the throat, and having just room enough to display a scrupulously clean, but antiquated neckerchief.

Such was Uriah Heep. Nature had not gifted him with even an ordinarily comely body and we shall see that in that body was contained a soul to match. Copperfield was strangely fascinated by the person

who was to be his enemy. Having to live in the house where Heep worked, he considered it his duty to become friendly towards him. For this reason it was that on parting with him, on his first night at the Wickfield's, he shook that clammy hand whose very touch made him shiver. Such an effect had it up on him, that in every corner he saw that uncanny face staring him, and felt his own hand cold and wet long after he had retired.

Of Uriah Heep's family we may learn something from the conversation which passed between Copperfield and him a few evenings after the former had taken up his abode with the Wickfields. Having noticed Uriah reading some law books, David wishing no doubt to flatter him, hinted that he must be a great lawyer. Heep's answer was characteristic of him. We quote his own words:—"Me Master Copperfield? Oh, no! I'm a very umble person. I am well aware that I am the umblest person going, let the other be where he may. My mother is likewise a very umble person. We live in an umble abode, Master Copperfield, but have much to be thankful for. My father's former calling was umble. He was a sexton, He is a partaker of glory at present. Master Copperfield, but we have much to be thankful for. How much have I to be thankful for in living with Mr. Wickfield!" Heep in his humbleness was always so thankful. The conversation ended in Copperfield's being invited for tea at Mrs. Heep's, a circumstance which introduces to us the arch-hypocrite's worthy mother.

Mrs. Heep was the dead image of her son, only shorter in stature. She too was always "so umble" and full of apologies for loving her son

and kissing him in the presence of a stranger, and oh! so grateful for receiving a visit from such a personage as David Copperfield. Their home was clean and neat enough, but lacked that air of comfort which we are wont to connect with the word home. Everything about reminded one of Uriah; a chest of drawers and a writing desk for him to read or write at of an evening, his blue bag lying open on the floor, and on the wall a large set of law books. The whole place had a bare, cold look, which it must have taken from the people inhabiting it, as nothing in particular could be singled out, but would have looked the same in any other house.

The character and disposition of Heep can best be seen from his dealings with Mr. Wickfield and his daughter. The fawning wretch enters the lawyer's office as a simple clerk. He takes advantage of poor Wickfield's weakness, and slowly but surely makes himself appear indispensable to him, finally becoming master over him. By his subtlety and watchfulness he has obtained a position of power, all the while professing most extreme humbleness and gratitude. Wickfield fears him, and Heep, knowing this, succeeds in forcing the old man to take him in as a partner. Then indeed it seems that he ought to have reached the height of his ambition. But not so; he has succeeded in gaining ascendancy over the father, but he must unite himself more closely to the family. His sole object now is to win the affections of the guileless Agnes. This he makes known to Copperfield, during an unwelcome visit to the latter's rooms. He artfully turns the conversation on the subject of his recent promotion, making it appear that he

has not forced himself into the position, but insinuating that Mr. Wickfield had acted dishonestly in some transactions, and through gratitude to Uriah, for saving him from disgrace, has rewarded him by receiving him as a partner. From this he slyly leads up to the disclosure of his love for Agnes. Copperfield had been well sounded before Heep discovered his secret to him, but for once he was mistaken. David immediately fathomed the depth of the rascal's whole scheme, and his reasons for laying it bare. Indeed, had it not been for the admonitions of Agnes, poor Uriah would have fared rather badly at his hands. As it was, he could scarcely restrain himself from snatching a red-hot poker from the fire and running it through the presumptuous villain, right there and then.

The next time we have occasion to see more of Heep, is on a visit of Agnes and the members of the firm to Miss Trotwood, at the time of her losses. What a contrast there is between Mr. Wickfield and his rascally partner, as they stand together at the entrance of David Copperfield's apartments. The former, despite his changed appearance, still bore the marks of a gentleman. The native evidences of his superiority were still perceptible; but it could be seen from his very bearing, that he was fully conscious of his dependent position. The latter, on the contrary, stood by, "a cringing impersonation of meanness," with an air of power maddening to see. His disgusting writhing and twisting when speaking was more than Copperfield's worthy but irritable old aunt could stand. She snapped at him in such a manner that he was rather abashed, if it

where possible for a person of such nature to be so effected. But the ever-ready rogue was equal to the occasion. He answered her in a conciliating manner, and in the name of "Wickfield and Heep" offers to do her any possible service. It is heartrending to see the forced praise which Agnes' poor father bestows on the loathsome creature. We see plainly how he is forced to it by Heep, to make him appear under obligations to him for which he is deeply grateful.

But poor Wickfield's cup of misery was not yet full. So far he has not the least suspicion of this daring villain's intentions toward his daughter. It was only when Heep had succeeded in getting his powerless partner under the influence of wine, that he dared discover his dastardly scheme to him; and what an effect this discovery had on Wickfield! In this scene more than any other does Heep show his relentless, selfish villainy. He does not hesitate to probe the wounds he has already inflicted. He does not hesitate to remind his helpless villain, that he has a better right to make Agnes his wife than any other, that he has saved his name, reputation and home. He offers for his boldness an insincere apology, more aggravating than a blow would have been; and then ends up with such insolent remarks as would make one's blood boil. He feels fully confident that he will conquer yet. "I have plucked the fruit before it was ripe," he says, but it 'll ripen yet. It only wants attending to, I can wait."

The happiness of poor Dr. Strong destroyed, and Heep will have reached the end of his rope. Wickfield suffered from his villainous ambition, Strong is to go

down before his revengeful jealousy. Mrs. Heep's "dear Ury" saw that he was by no means looked up to by the Doctor's young wife, and she being the intimate companion of Agnes, he thought that she would turn her against him. Therefore, he strove to do all in his power to separate the two. As he himself said:—"I have a motive as my fellow partner used to say; and I go at it tooth and nail. I must n't be put upon as an umble person too much. I can't allow people in my way. Really, they must come out of the cart." See the wretch, for once betraying himself. No one nor any thing may stand in his way. By fair means or foul he must attain his ends.

The suspicious villain, always on the alert, was not slow to notice Mr. Maldon's frequent visits to the Doctor's. He knew that Maldon could have no interest in coming to see t he husband; his object then must have been to see the old man's young wife. By simply communicating this information to him, he has a good opportunity to make the poor old man wretched for the rest of his life, and sully the honor of his gentle wife. This he soon did; but it did not cause the desired effect. True it brought infinite misery to Dr. Strong; but neither was his love for his wife diminished, nor the bonds of friendship existing between Annie and Agnes broken asunder. "The thing hasn't took quite the turn that might have been expected," said Heep, "for the old scholar—what an excellent man,—is as blind as a brickbat; but this family is out of the cart I think." Yes, this family is out of the cart. The remorseless villain has succeeded so far in getting rid of nearly all who stood in

his way ; but there is yet one man who proves himself too much for Heep. It is the frank and good natured but unfortunate Wilkins Micawber. Being forced to seek a livelihood in the service of Heep, he was not long in discovering the brazen wretch's character. By dint of perseverance he gathered sufficient evidence to prove him a forger and a cheat. Of course Mr. Micawber would not have been Mr. Micawber had he not all his charges very methodically written down on paper. He played his cards well. All Heep's various misdeeds, are read out to him, supported by such clear evidence that, though defiant to the last, he is forced to acknowledge his guilt.

As we might expect, and have long since begun to wish, Heep finally finds himself under the care of Magistrate Creakle, in a Middlesex prison. Here it is that David

Copperfield has his last interview with him. On a visit to their old schoolmaster's establishment they hear very much of a certain Number Twenty Seven, who was the favorite and really appeared to be a model prisoner. Great was their astonishment to recognize in this Number Twenty Seven, their old acquaintance, Uriah Heep, the same writhing, twisting hypocrite as ever ; always so humble and terribly uneasy lest any harm should come to his mother. To his keepers he appeared always deeply grateful and resigned to his lot ; but to Copperfield and Traddles, who knew only too well the value of his professions, he was just the opposite. They could read in the look which he gave them before returning to his cell, a burning desire for revenge and an inveterate hatred of all near him.

J. E. DOYLE, '99,



PEACE.



HE crescent moon hangs low in the East,
 Orion ascends resplendent,
 Sirius shines in the head of the beast,
 A watch fire on heights transcendent.
 The cold winds sigh in the doom and dusk
 Of thy night's chill noon, November,
 Telling of withered leaf and husk,
 And a dead fire's blacken'd ember.

A restless, aching human heart
 Grieved with the world's oppression,
 Blindly beats time, bearing its part
 In time's austere procession
 Of blossoms shrivelled and blown in dust
 Over life's desert lonely;
 Of vanished hope and joy and trust,
 Of chill night shadows only.

Phosphorus springs with a flash of cheer
 Over the dim horizon;
 And, like strains of a mighty harp, I hear,
 The winds chant, "Christe Eleison!"
 For the vain, unspiritual sons of men,
 Selfish and weak and faithless;
 Their glory fades like the flower of the plain;
 But the children of God are scathless.

Dawn appears with a gleam of gold,
 Fresh from the summer's portal,
 With a message: "The spirit grows never old,
 Ever young, still fair and immortal."
 And distant bell-tones solemn and sweet,
 At the God-man's consecration.
 "Qui tollis peccata mundi," repeat,
 And, "Dona nobis pacem."

ETHAN HART MANNING.

THE SPIRIT OF EDMUND BURKE

IF we should accept as tutors, the pedantic and materialistic writers of this nineteenth century, we should be forced to believe, that to it alone should be attributed, all that is lofty in thought, and noble in sentiment; all past ages would be pitied for their ignorance, and their servile acceptance of superstition, and we should be tempted to glory in the possession of this so-called national liberty.

Tradition would be valued only as the refuse of minds, whose dearth of knowledge led them into the maze of error, and whose talents had they been guided by our advanced principles, would have served to advance society in its march of progress, rather than envelope it in the slough of superstition. "All the pleasing illusions which make power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonize the different shades of life, and which by a bland assimilation incorporate into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, would be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the super-added ideas furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, would be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.* But let us weigh well these assertions. Let us not succumb to this gigantic

wave of self-importance, which seems to have enveloped the greater number of our nineteenth century writers, without making some effort to adjudge its force; let us consider whether this title of "perfectissimum" is legally possessed by our dying century, and by it alone, or is it a heritage, which we have received from previous generations, and upon which in some cases, we have made improvements, while in others our possession has resulted in damage irretrievable.

Whom shall we summon as witness worthy of credence on this most important question?

To all, I think, the name of Edmund Burke, is associated with everything that is high and noble, to him must be granted the title of the greatest political philosopher, that England or any other nation has ever produced. Him therefore do I summon, to the court of the "rights of men" and to his testimony, do I refer in support of the rights of tradition against the attacks of modern experimentalists.

Burke warns his fellow countrymen against these false assumptions; he admonishes them "to make haste slowly" in the overthrow of present customs for the adoption of things that are new.

He shows them that, while tradition is not the supreme criterion of truth, yet without it we would be wholly unable to possess the rudiments of that knowledge, which we, as Englishmen, pride ourselves on possessing. Here are his words,

"When ancient opinions and rules

* Vide Burke's reflections.

of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment, we have no compass to govern us, nor can we know distinctly to what port we steer.

Thanks to our sullen resistance to innovation, thanks to the cold sluggishness of our national character, we still bear the stamp of our forefathers.

We have not (as I conceive) lost the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century, nor as yet have we subtilized ourselves into savages. We are out the converts of Rousseau, we are not the disciples of Voltaire. Helvetius has made not progress amongst us. Atheists are not our preachers, madmen are not our law givers. We know that we have made no discoveries and we think that no discoveries are to be made, in morality, nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born, altogether as well as they will be, after the grave has heaped its mounds upon our presumption, and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity. We fear God, we look up with awe to Kings, with affection to parliaments; with duty to magistrates, with reference to priests, and with respect to nobility."

These are the words of a man, one among the many, whom that martyred mother of illustrious children, that "Niobe of nations" glorious old Ireland, has given to the world to man the breach, and save the English people when destruction stalked without her gates.

By the scorching blasts of his celebrated "reflections," he withered the seeds of the revolutionary Upas-tree, which had been carried across the channel, among the similiar

effects of a few illoyal subjects, and sown in the shallow soil of the "Old Jewry," where its only nourishment was the fanatical vaporings of political freebooters.

By his timely action, he saved England from that harvest of blood, which was reaped by the French Nation in 1793, and from the consequences of which this once glorious nation has not yet recovered.

These are the words of a statesman, the pride of the British parliament, to whom the gifts of tradition were a sacred trust, to be guarded as zealously as british honor, and to be honored with national recognition.

Tradition was to him a compendium of the edicts, spoken by the British oracles, whose priests were the fathers of the British constitution, and whose tripod was the sacred past.

Were he alive to-day, he would find much that is grand and admirable in the working of this nineteenth century.

He the champion of true freedom, would glory in the Catholic emancipation of Ireland, and the emancipation of the Southern States of United America. He would feel proud of that march, through the fields of scientific research, the most glorious that the world has ever witnessed in any age since its creation. But, when he would come to the great leading features of our intellectual, of our moral, of our social, and political life, he would be forced to stand out as fearlessly, in opposition to their principles, as of old he stood, in fearless antagonism to the robbery of a Hastings, the tyranny of a Townshend, and the virus of a French Revolution.

What would be his literary pabulum were he with us to-day as a

student of the current literature, of this expiring century.

He would find a literature, almost wholly permeated with materialistic tendencies.

He would find man proclaimed a mere organism, his faculties but cellular tissue, following the work of that organism, and transmitted to the brain, by special nerves.

His ancestors would be described as hanging suspended by the tail from forest branches, swaying to the breeze, jabbering brutal unintelligible sounds, and gnawing at a cocoanut in their glee.

The origin of society, duties, and rights, would be proclaimed as the effect of a contract, on the basis of which, we owe the distinction of morality and immorality, virtue and vice, good and evil. He would be called on to give up all reverence for the generations that are passed, because to the imperfect, the more perfect need pay no homage. In the name of progressive civilization, he would be called on to turn his back on father and mother. Aye to dispise them, as fossils of a lower stratum, whose philosophy was puerile and whose ideas antique.

Can we suppose his criticism? We have it before us in his "Reflections,"

"We know" he says, "and what is better, we feel inwardly that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort. If our religious tenets should ever want a further elucidation, we shall not call on Atheism to explain it. We shall not light up our temple from that unhallowed fire.

It will be illuminated with other incense than the infectious stuff which is imported by the smugglers of adulterated metaphysics.

If our ecclesiastical establishment should want a revision, it is not avarice or rapacity, public or private, that we shall employ for the audit of its consecrated revenue."

The only blot on this beautiful passage, is the fact that while penning those eloquent thoughts, he was, and continued to remain, a member of a sect whose very existence depended on the rapacity, and lustful temperaments of ambitious Englishmen. We know, he says, and it is our pride to know, that man is by his constitution a religious animal; that Atheism is against not only our reason, but our instincts, and that even with its hellish adjuncts in cannot remain long.

How does he consider Society?

Society "he says, is contract, but it is not a subordinate contract which may be dissolved at pleasure, or at the fancy of the parties interested.

It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection.

It becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born.

It is but a clause in the great primeval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible with the invisible world, according to a fixed compact, sanctioned by the inviolable oath, which holds all physical and all moral natures each in their appointed places."

People, he says, will not look forward to posterity, who never look, backward to their ancestors.

"The institution of policy the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down to us, in the same course and order, In this choice of inheritance, we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood, binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; keeping inseparable and cherishing, with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our State, our hearts, our sepulchres and our altars.*

These are Burke's views on the relation of society to the past. Do they not seem to you to comprise the true philosophy of the question?

Are these principles not the facsimile of the order of nature, wherein the whole is never old or middle-aged or young, "but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression?"

If Burke was not in touch with the intellectual life of our age, a fortiori, are his principles opposed to our nineteenth century morality.

Could he who held in such veneration the sanctity and inviolability of the home, and the dignity of woman, do aught but denounce in unmeasured terms, the impious legislation and the laws of divorce?

Could he, whose ideal morality was the chivalric spirit of the middle ages, when reigned "that generous loyalty to rank and sex," do aught but censure an age, in which "all homage paid to sex in general as such, and without distinct views is to be regarded as romance and folly," in which, woman, as with the

materialists, is no more than an animal, and an animal not of the highest species?

No, Burke's morality was christian morality. It was tainted with none of those pagan customs so much in fashion with our progressive philosophers. Although an ardent Anglican, his principles of morality were wholly in touch, with the doctrines of the Grand old Roman Catholic Church, whose duty has always been to safeguard the home, and the honor of the sex whose brightest representative is Mary Immaculate, the Mother of God.

His political views are, certainly of interest to the present generation, for those grand principles of true statesmanship, honesty, integrity and wisdom in the art of government, are alike applicable to every age, and never was their adoption more acutely needed than at this present period. In this age when dissimulation and deceit are the chief stock-in-trade of diplomatists, when so called statesmen ride into power, on the strength of thier ardent advocacy of the peoples rights, only to prove on attaining power their traitorous conspiracy to deceive, a return to the principles of Burke, would be a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Burke was above all a practical politician, and in no feature of his remarkable career, was this more plainly shown than in his advocacy of civil and religious liberty.

Of him, Prof. Craik says: "Burke was our first, and is still our greatest writer in the philosophy of practical politics. The mere metaphysics of that science, or what we may call by that name for want of a better, meaning thereby all abstract theorising and speculation, on the general subject of government without reference to the actual circumstances.

*Vide Burke on freedom as an inheritance.

of the particular country and people to be governed, he held from the beginning to the end of his life, in undisguised perhaps in undue contempt."

In inculcating sound principles of liberty on the minds of the English nation, he has done more to cement the empire, and bring it to its present perfection than any other, from among the great number of British statesmen.

Burke's idea of real practical liberty, according to John Morley, is the liberty which comes with settled courts of justice, administering settled laws, undisturbed by popular fury, independent of everything but law, and with a clear law for their direction.

He was of one mind with Cowper, his contemporary, who sung that

"'Tis liberty alone that gives the
flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All
constraint
Except what wisdom lays on evil
men,
Is evil."

Burke warned the English people to scorn the demagogues who taught that liberty is a state of exemption from the control of others, and from positive laws, and the institution of social life. In thundering tones of merciless logic, he proved the traitorous designs of these revolutionary leaders; he showed that their "liberty is not liberal," that true liberty does not consist in every man doing what he likes, but in every man, high or low, having his own rights, knowing them, and being protected in the exercise of them.

The subject of liberty, and the liberty of the subject, were with him two distinct ideas.

The subject of liberty was his

happiest theme, on it has he spoken more eloquently, and written more masterfully than any other political writer of any nation. He labored that the tree of liberty might flourish around the globe, and every human being partake of its fruits; that the people, the great source of legitimate power should possess, and exercise in its fulness the blessing of this noble gift.

By a masterful criticism of the French Revolution, he proved to the English people, that the spirit of liberty, if not tempered with a respect for tradition, will invariably lead to misrule and excess.

"The idea of a liberal descent," he says, inspire us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence, almost inevitably adhering to, and disgracing, those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors, it has its bearings and its ensigns armorial."

The opposite elements of liberty and restraint, tempered to form a free government, and combined with public force, with the discipline and obedience of armies, with the collection of an effective and well-distributed revenue, with the security of property, with peace and order, with civil and social manners, comprise Burke's views of true liberty.

It will be at once apparent that they are in direct opposition to the pseudo-philosophy of present day socialists, who would have all fetters removed, and man left to be governed solely by the laws of nature.

Men who claimed equal rights, in the modern acceptation of the term, and equal distribution of the worlds

goods, could have no champion in him who wrote, that "Men have a right to the fruit of their industry; and to the means of making their industry fruitful.

Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself, and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combination can do in his favor, but he has no right, to an equal dividend in the product of the joint stock, towards which he has not subscribed either through the medium of capital or brains."

The foregoing is an imperfect resume, of the spirit which prevails throughout the writings of Edmund Burke. Perhaps at no time was a study of his works more necessary than, at the close of his nineteenth century. We now pride ourselves, on our alleged competency for self-government, but how many of our young people of both sexes, are early and carefully instructed in the principles of our federal constitution, and the structure and working of our glorious confederation? It is only too evident, that a large majority have only a superficial knowledge in political matters, and as a consequence, when the rights of the franchise are placed in their hands, they only too often make use of them, to award the seats of trust to "shallow, flashy, demagogues," to the exclusion of solid,

judicious honest men. A study of the writings of Edmund Burke, would give the true grounds and forces of political well-being; it would give to the country a phalanx of electors, imbued with true principles of government, capable of forming judgments of their own on the great national issues, and heedless of the flatteries of artful politicians.

But apart from his merits as a political philosopher, Burke ranks among the greatest prose writers of the English language.

He is, says Hudson, "a consummate master in the intellectual charms and graces of authorship,"

By a study of his works, therefore, we not only imbibe true principles of moral, social, and political government, but we, all the while drink from a crystal fountain of strong unadulterated English.

In fine Burke is an author, whose works should have a place in the library of every Canadian home, an author whose principles should be inculcated, not alone in our higher universities, but at the paternal fireside, that we may have a nation of patriotic Canadian men and women, respecting the glorious traditions of their constitution, knowing the excellence of their form of government, and their duties as members of a young nationality, and possessing the ambition, to raise our glorious Canada, to a foremost place among the nations of the world.

T. E. CULLEN, '98.



THE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

CHRISTMAS time is a season of unusual joy and happiness. It has the glorious power, shared by no other event of the year, of spreading amongst men a feeling of brotherly love, which has operated, in all ages and under all conditions, to the uplifting of men's hearts and minds to higher ideals. But in the midst of its joyous exultations, it often awakens the most sympathetic memories; recollections that fill the soul with a solemnity indescribable, and impart to it a wistful, tender feeling, which, like all other things divine, is altogether beyond expression in language. The mind is overwhelmed with the thoughts of great deeds humbly performed, of painful sacrifices willingly made, and of immeasurable sufferings, arising from bitter persecutions or injustice, meekly endured. This is not strange or unaccountable, for the very day, Christmas, is impregnated with a dignity, sanctity and hopefulness, which are well calculated to arouse the dullest senses to new life. On this day suffering man received the first direct tokens of salvation. The grandest proclamation ever issued to the world was declared, surrounded by the most impressive circumstances, its beauty heightened to the utmost by celestial voices—"Glory to God on High; Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will."

Of "Glory to God on High" we cannot conceive a sufficiency. It taxes our most ardent efforts, exhausts our capacity, and finally baffles our understanding. We dare not even

hope to accomplish it, but in aiming to its fulfilment, we may do as much as will gain for us eternal reward. In this we must rest content.

Of "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will"—Oh! here comes the trooping thoughts. We are so much more familiar with man and his ways than with Divinity that we may be permitted to dilate with some freedom on his doings, whilst we contemplate, in reverential attitude, the acts of the Most High. What grand privileges to extend this beautiful doctrine are wrapped up in every heart, and how often are they ruthlessly neglected! How often is the hurtful word spoken, the discouraging look cast upon some humbler fellow being. How often are rude and virulent thrusts given to those struggling to a higher state, instead of the gentle forward push that would cost nothing more than the effort of the ruder act. How many little opportunities for kindness or even civility are overlooked, which, if treated properly, would enable us to contribute towards our neighbor's well-being, enhance his comfort or confirm his contentment. And how numerous are the more deliberate designs of hostility, which are garnered and encouraged in the base inner recesses of the mind, which struggle constantly for an outlet, and which tend only to disturb peace and arouse passions. These are truly depressing reflections. Any single one of them is saddening to dwell upon, but as if this were not enough, the slightest realization of

their frequency augments the horror of the thought of them.

However, this dark panorama is not without its relieving light. A light, too, which is so vastly greater in intensity, that the gloom is irresistibly overwhelmed and submerged. And with the fading obscurity comes a brighter horizon. The past is slightly opened to our gaze, and we see charming visions. The golden radiance from the halos around the heads of the heroes, who were modest exemplars of kindness, of goodness, of honesty, whilst in our mundane sphere, communicates to all our surroundings a sweet, consoling ecstasy. Under its inspiring influence we dream new dreams. And what pleasurable dreams! We pride ourselves on the magnificence of the conception of the requital which we would extend, were it in our power, to our benefactors, but how imperfect that seems to this—our vision of their final reward.

Great deeds need no eulogy. They shall make themselves known and felt, and shall gain their own triumph. Likewise they shall never be forgotten. The smallest act of kindness cannot perish from the memory; it will live to bring happiness or remorse to the soul.

The chimes of bells at Christmas time have always impressed me deeply. They contain more than music. Every tap is to me the echo of some one's benevolence or sacrifice, the modulation of the sound proclaiming its degree. As there are many taps, so there are many echoes. One of them I shall explain. It relates to the manner in which Christmas came, not many years ago, to one poor boy of my acquaintance, and the effect which the incidents of the day produced on his after life.

In the city of ———, in the year 187—, there lived on one of the modest thoroughfares of the outlying section, a family of scanty means. Their necessities were seldom met—the merest approach to luxury was unknown. They lived amidst doubtful environments, and in the matter of position in the world could not reasonably aspire, according to natural courses, to a higher level. They were in their element, amongst their own kind. But their position in society by no means reflected their standing as a portion of humanity. The family comprised a mother, two daughters and a son. The children were small. The mother was middle aged and was left a widow by the sudden death of her husband through an accident which befell him at his work. The poor woman had no means of support. She had few friends—none who were able to assist her financially. She felt keenly her misfortune. But she did not despair. She kept her little family intact, and nobly began the struggle for their maintenance.

She found domestic work in the homes of several well-to-do families in the city, and after several months she had almost steady occupation. During the day she left her children to the care of a kind-hearted neighbor. Every evening she returned to her own little home. As the grief of her husband's demise was gradually softened by time, she became reconciled to her lot and prayed for the blessing of its continuation. Her home-coming then became a joy. The children met her every evening with smiling countenances, which was thought by her full recompense for her day's exertion. She greeted them affectionately, and set herself to listening so enthusias-

tically to the narration of their various little perplexing adventures of the day, that the house was continually in an uproar of delight. Supper was usually partaken of amidst joyous excitement. The little children clustered around the table, looking up into the mother's face so trustingly, presented a scene with which the most gorgeous banquet boards of kingly palaces could not be compared. And as the Angelus bell sounded its soothing message, no sweeter chorus could be imagined than this modest group reciting the supplication to Mary.

Life became more contented as time sped on. The mother's earnings were small, and admitted of meagre saving, but while she worked they suffered no want. However, their happiness was eventually broken in upon by ill health. The poor woman's incessant toiling had its unfortunate consequences, and she fell sick. She was compelled to give up her engagements and thus cut off her income. This brought the first clouds over her home. The children piteously bewailed her indisposition as her illness increased, and the bloom faded from their cheeks. The stricken mother was unable to comfort them.

She bore her sufferings patiently, and endeavored to lighten the gloom, which depressed the children, as much as possible. She directed the girls in the care of the household, and kept the little boy running all sorts of missions from the top of the house to the bottom to keep him busy. He did not fail to perform them all, and would ask on each return if she were not better. At night she gathered them by her side, and instructed them in heavenly duties.

This was their condition as the

holiday season of the year mentioned approached. In former years she had diligently imparted to her little ones the happiest delusion of childhood—belief in Santa Claus. And she never failed to provide the gifts which this genial old sage brings to his chosen youth. His visits were far from bountiful, but withal satisfying, and he was unanimously thought to be the kindest old man of all creation. The thought of his coming again revived the joyful spirits of the children. They early began to prepare their messages to him. A dozen were written every day, and as many destroyed, because they could not express the proper requests. Then they appealed to the mother for assistance. She supervised their letters, directing them in asking for what she hoped they might get. The children were delighted. But the mother grew pensive.

How was she to fill the hungry little stockings on this Christmas eve? How could she keep up the fond faith in the generosity of Santa Claus? Her income was gone, her resources—there were none. The thralldom of sickness was still upon her. She felt that she must at once dispel the illusion, and declare to her loved ones what the world really is. However, love and mercy deterred her. She watched the despatching of the tender missives to the kingdom of snow and ice, and surveyed the happy glow on the little faces around her. As the last charred fragment was blown up the chimney, the exultant huzza that went with it almost broke her heart. Her helplessness was forcibly thrust before her mind, as if by the effort of some mighty demon to crush her. For a while she remained motionless. Then she rose with

a powerful determination. Not yet, she silently resolved, should they receive their first disappointment with the world.

Calling the children together she fervently offered their evening prayers, and bade them prepare for bed. "Santa Claus," she said "needs time to make all his calls, and you must be asleep, else he will not come." In a short time they were well on towards slumberland. The mother cautiously assured herself that they were asleep, and kissed each one of them. She then fell on her knees and prayed for their protection and the preservation of their faith.

Next she turned to the consideration of her resolve. It was fraught with perplexities, because of its involving an act which her sense of pride had heretofore always resented. Throwing about her the most comfortable wraps in her possession, she left the house. The weather was very cold. A thick mantle of snow covered the ground. Her coverings were pitifully insufficient to protect her from the biting winds, but she thought not of herself. Church chimes in every quarter wafted consoling thoughts of the wonderful blessing which was anxiously awaited on this day long ages ago. She pictured to herself the stable at Bethlehem; the lowly crib, with its uninviting environments; the silent watchers, who disregarded the benumbing elements, their hearts and minds being filled with meditations on the saving of mankind.

She walked rapidly and was soon in the busy section of the city. The dazzling lights shining on the displays in the windows filled the streets with a medley of colors. It was getting late and only a few belated shoppers were still abroad. The

holiday goods stuck out conspicuously, clamoring for inspection, but she refused herself the pleasure of their sight, choosing instead to pick her way carefully along the slippery sidewalks. As she passed by one of the largest stores on the street, she espied an object in the shadow of a telegraph post. She picked it up and found it to be a purse. Instantly a young man was at her side.

"That is mine," he said, "give it to me." He was a well dressed man, polished and attractive. But his boldness betrayed his character. He belonged to that class of "gentlemen sneaks" who play on the credulity of others. The poor woman recognized him as such, and drew back. Her dignity bewildered him and he started off in confusion, without repeating his command or waiting for a reply. Before the mother had a chance to examine her find, two women came along excitedly, looking intently downwards. These she suspected of having lost the purse and approached them with it. It was gladsomely snatched from her, hurriedly opened and a coin thrust into her hand. She was thanked for her honesty. The incident passed without further thought.

She resumed her journey, and soon stopped at a large store, one of those modern worlds, where the sign announced that everything could be had that might be bought with money. She entered and inquired for Miss—. The clerk gruffly told her that she was busy in the rear. This was not edifying, but it was informing.

It gave a clue to where the young lady might be found. The woman moved slowly towards the back of the store, observing the profusion of

gorgeous fineries on every hand. As she passed along she looked at the coin she had received; it was only a penny. What a reward! In the goodness of her heart she felt no ingratitude. Surely, she thought, it was meant for more.

Shortly she perceived the young lady whom she sought. The latter was a clerk in the establishment, for whom the woman had done laundry-drying previous to her sickness.

"Good evening, Miss ——," she said.

"Good evening, Mrs. ——," said the young lady, "are you well again?"

"Not very well," the woman replied, "but I feel strong enough to take in your laundrying again, if I may have it."

"Why, certainly," said the young lady. "I shall keep it for you hereafter, as usual."

This was given with more charming suavity than was expected. And when the woman thought of the purpose for which she had come, and the request she intended to make, she scarcely knew how to proceed. Then after a brief silence she began:

"I thank you, Miss ——, for your favor. And if it would not inconvenience you too much, I should be pleased if you would let me have the pay for it in advance."

These were hard words and required some effort. But unless her request were granted, the little socks hanging up at home would go unfilled, and the children should undergo their first unhappy Christmas. This thought made her heart beat with anxiety, and she added, by way of mitigating the boldness of her demand.

"This is Christmas eve, you know,

and I wish to get some things for the children."

The young lady hesitated. Her smile gave way to a serious look; she was thinking actively. The woman had never asked for anything like this before, and it was a question whether to grant it and perhaps encourage its repetition or to refuse it and avoid the possibility of its recurrence. However the woman's quiet demeanor and sympathetic expression exerted a powerful appeal in her behalf. The young lady seemed to regard her position as it really was, honest and sincere, and prompted by love and necessity, she granted the favor.

"I have not much money," she said; "only a few dollars with me. Of course you cannot make any purchases without the cash, so I will let you have all I can."

"I shall be very grateful to you for it," the woman replied. This, according to her fine sensitiveness, was altogether inadequate thanks, but somehow or other it was all that she could manage to say.

She eagerly accepted the proffered money and lost no time in expending it upon the most useful and unique goods that she could select. She soon had a collection of articles which would make the eyes of any youth, unused to luxuries, stare in amazement. She quickly retraced her way homeward. Entering the house noiselessly she deposited her packages on the table and assorted the several articles into three parts. It required only a short time to put them into the stockings. She finished her task by dropping, with an involuntary sigh, the penny of her reward into the stocking of the boy. As she stood back and contemplated the bulging receptacles she solilo-

quized "They will be happy," and felt content.

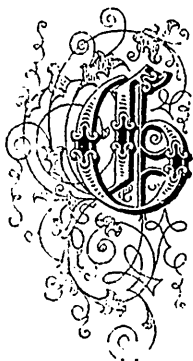
However, a surprise was in store for her. On going upstairs she found the little boy leaning against the doorway with his finger in his mouth and tears in his eyes. In her absence he had stealthily made his way out of bed and came downstairs to examine the chimney-place. He found the stockings empty and returned in sadness. The mother comforted him as best she could, telling him that Santa Claus would come later. He accepted her soothing hopes and was soon in the care of his guardian angel. The mother repaired to her well-earned rest.

Christmas came bright and cheerily. The little family enjoyed its festiv-

ity with their usual moderateness and pleasure. But the mother's haggard look made it seem different than former days. It was the last Christmas they spent under the happy spell of Santa Claus. Ere another year had passed the children learned all about him. Their mother's sacrifice ever afterwards commanded the most grateful returns, and is to-day their most consoling recollection. The poor woman has since passed to her reward. The girls have become noble adornments to their sex, whilst the boy is honored in the highest amongst his fellow-men.

D. MCTIGHE,
First Form.



THE SMILE OF GOD.

OD smiled:—A Glory shot beyond
 The opening gates of Heaven.
 Whereat, below, Day newly dawned
 On Eden, and the angels there
 Felt thrill a sense, through all its air,
 Of sin forgiven.

And from that Dawn the Darkness fled;
 Night withered from the Morn;
 All Eden's lilies blossomèd;
 Yea! Man's deaf heart was vaguely stirred
 By that sweet Prelude to The Word
 Of Love new-born.

Earth felt the Presence of her Lord,
 (Through dreams prophetic),
 More closely kiss her trembling sward
 Than when in flowers she chroniclèd
 Each footprint of His Spirit-Tread
 Before the Fall.

And Heaven full-throated sang, that hour:
 (O sing, glad heart of mine!)
 Within the Seed it saw the Flower;
 Within the Flower it knew the Fruit;
 And angel-notes did finely flute
 Their hymn divine:—

“ Hail, Eden newly God-decreed,
 Where Evil never trod!
 Hail, rosy Dawn of Day indeed!
 Hail, MARY, Prelude to The Word
 Whereby Man's heart is throughly stirred!
 Hail, Smile of God! ”

FRANK WATERS.

THE CÆSAR OF SHAKESPEARE.

IN contemplating the manifold excellence of Shakespeare, the reader is particularly struck with his masterly delineation of character. By a vivid portrayal in a wealth of language, he sets before us the distinguishing traits of human nature, together with its foibles and weakness. His characters are not of the exceptional variety, but are men and women whom we have met, or may meet, at some time or other in the great drama of life. In his different plays we are introduced to an ambitious, remorseless Macbeth, a magnanimous Macduff, an envious Cassius, a gloomy morose Hamlet, a grasping Shylock, a dispassionate Brutus, a roguish, humorous Falstaff, a bold-spirited Lady Macbeth, a loving faithful Cordelia, and an ungrateful Goneril. Though Shakespeare had a deep knowledge of all his characters, there is a diversity of opinion expressed on the dissimilarity that seems to exist between his portrayal and the historical characteristics of some of his chief personages. From a cursory glance at the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, there is an apparent contradiction between the hero of that play and him whom an eminent historian calls the "greatest name in history."

Notwithstanding the poor showing made by Cæsar himself, it is certain that Shakespeare had a clear and correct conception of this great character in history, and we have only to turn to his own works to prove this assertion. We may con-

struct the greatness of Cæsar from the play that bears his name, or from the numerous references made to him in the other works of the poet.

Julius Cæsar, the famous Roman general, is the hero of the tragedy only in as far as it is named after him. Of him as a military commander, an orator, a statesman and an author, we may well say that he was the standard of greatness. The more we contemplate his position and qualities, the greater shall be our admiration for that colossal man, and the less opportunity we shall find for reproach or criticism. As a general he was distinguished for personal bravery, invincible courage, extreme powers of endurance together with a natural clemency and mildness. In fact it was these latter qualities that completed the subjugation of Gaul and by which the aversion of the conquered tribes was changed into affection. It is a magnificent tribute to his humanity than the conquered Gauls fought under his banner as bravely as they fought against it. As an author he stands among the highest of our Latin classics. There is not a student who, having once felt the charm of his Commentaries, would not willingly retrace his steps in order to enjoy the beauties and delights of his Latin prose. As an orator and statesman Cicero alone surpasses him. With all his great talents and genius his moral virtues shone conspicuously.

But is this the character we find

portrayed by Shakespeare? Assuredly not. Turn to the play and from the beginning to a few moments before his death, Cæsar appears as a boasting, haughty, superstitious braggart. In the very first act when he is told by Mark Anthony that he need not fear Cassius, Cæsar makes the weak brag:

.... "But I fear him not.

Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should
avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius."

Again in the same portrayal of the character of Cassius, Cæsar vaunts himself:

"I rather tell thee what is to be
fear'd

Then what I fear, for always I am
Cæsar."

It is the morning of the murder. His wife Calpurnia had strange dreams and she begs him to remain at home. But Cæsar never ceases to speak in a boasting vein and to "god it" in a most amazing manner,

"The things that threaten me
Ne'er look but on my back; when
they shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished."

In the same scene Cæsar makes another ungraceful assertion of his own glory.

Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than
he,

We are two lions litter'd in one day
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth."

The climax of hateful arrogance is reached in the last speech of Julius Cæsar when he refuses to recall Publius Cimber from banishment. Look at some of its most haughty assertions:—

"If I could pray to move, prayers
would move me;

But I am constant as the northern
star.

* * * * *

Men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but
one

That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion; and I am
he."

It is the swan that singeth her sweetest songs quite in the face of death.

Apparently Shakespeare remembers nothing of the greatness of Cæsar, for, notwithstanding the haughtiness with which the Roman ruler vaunts himself, we have his physical defects described in detail by the cynical Cassius. We are told of the fainting, the weakness and the epileptic fits of Cæsar, and are left to infer that in courage he was much inferior to Cassius. Although a believer in Epicurean philosophy, Cæsar has become superstitious, and as this is known to Cassius he does not fail to mention it to Brutus. He who had boastfully declared: "I am as constant as the northern star" turns out to be a weak, wavering creature who makes a promise to his wife and then retracts it, on the persuasion of the cunning Decius Brutus. No one seems impressed with the greatness of Cæsar but all appear to consider him a menace to the safety of Rome. The "greatest name in history" is associated with weakness, vanity and superstition, while all the glorious achievements that it suggests are absolutely hidden from view.

But opposed to all this, it has been asserted that Shakespeare had a true idea of the great hero, and

again we may turn to the play to draw forth the proofs. In the opening scene of the third act, Artemidorus wishes to inform Cæsar of the conspiracy and begs him among a crowd of suitors to read his petition first "for mine's a suit that touches Cæsar nearer."

There is a flash of grandeur in Cæsar's reply :

"What touches us ourself shall be last served."

The final issue of the conspiracy was the beginning of a greater power, and Brutus himself tells us of this posthumous influence of Cæsar :

"O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

Into our own proper entrails."

Brutus always speaks of Cæsar with respect, and often with admiration. In the famous quarrel scene between him and Cassius, Brutus refers to Cæsar as "the foremost man of all this world." It is natural that a true friend of the hero should use only the highest encomiums in eulogizing him after the murder. The praises of Antony have the honest ring of sincerity. He is not moved by flattery, but by motives of true affection. In his soliloquy he says :

"Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times."

Finally we have his magnificent panegyric over the dead body of Cæsar,

If we study the other plays of Shakespeare, we will find no other character so often referred to as Cæsar.

In the first part of Henry VI in

the first act, the Duke of Bedford thus addresses his dead brother :

"Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!

A far more glorious star thy soul will make

Than Julius Cæsar.

In the second scene of the same act, Joan of Arc, who offers Charles to raise the siege of Orleans, and to relieve her countrymen, compares herself to "that proud insulting ship, which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once."

In the same play Act 4, Scene vii, Lord Say who is among those captured in a fray between the king's forces and Jack Cade's mob of Kentish men, says in the opening of his appeal

"Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent in the commentaries Cæsar writ,

Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle."

In King Richard III, third act, scene I, there occurs a passage which has a remarkable bearing on the poet's knowledge of Cæsar. The young Prince of Wales has been told by Gloster to remain in the Tower a day or two. To this the young prince answers.

"I do not like the Tower of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place my lord?"

On being told that Cæsar at least began the building and the facts are recorded, the young prince replies.

"But say, my lord, it were not registered,

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

As'twere retail'd to all posterity
Even to the general all-ending day."

"What say you, uncle?" he continues and then gives utterance to the words which bear a very important relation to the point at issue:

"That Julius Cæsar was a famous
man
With what his valour did enrich his
wit,
His wit set down to make his
valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this
conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though
not in life."

We have moreover several passages in Hamlet which go to prove that the great Roman hero was not absent from the mind of Shakespeare when he was writing the story of the prince of Denmark.

The first passage is taken from the first act, scene I of that great tragedy, where the calm Horatio replies to Bernardo:

"A little ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graves stood tenantless, and
the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman
streets."

Although there are fully fifteen more passages which might be cited to prove the assertion, yet these are the most convincing evidences that our dramatist had a perfect knowledge of the transcendent qualities of Cæsar. The poet realized that the character in history was too great to be brought forward in full measure. If Cæsar was portrayed in perfect accord with the historical delineation, we should have a character so complete, so comprehensive and so excellent in all its parts that the tragedy would lose its necessary dramatic balance; and the other characters would sink into insignificance, only to be remembered as conspirators and assassins. Such then is the evidence, substantiated by convincing quotations, which proves that the genius of Shakespeare recognized Cæsar as "the foremost man of all this world."

MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.



The men, who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

—*Wentworth Dillon*



FRAGMENTS AND FANCIES.

IV.

THE London *Academy* has been the occasion of starting an agitation that may end in crime. Some weeks ago it fixed up a list of literary people whom England would probably choose as her "forty immortals" if she should decide to set up a rival institution to Cardinal Richelieu's work, the French Academy. Here are the names of the probable fortunates:

John Ruskin, W. E. Gladstone, Herbert Spencer, Duke of Argyll, A. C. Swinburne, George Meredith, John Morley, Thos. Hardy, James Bryce, Sir J. O. Trevelyan, Leslie Stephen, George Macdonald, R. D. Blackmore, Rudyard Kipling, Aubrey de Vere, R. C. Jebb, Dr Salmon, W. W. Skeat, Dr J. A. H. Murray, W. P. Ker, W. E. H. Lecky, S. R. Gardiner, Bishop Creighton, Bishop Stubbs, Rev. Aidan Gasquet, W. E. Henley, Andrew Lang, William Archer, H. D. Traill, Edmund Gosse, Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Francis Thompson, W. B. Yeats, Henry James, Austin Dobson, J. M. Barrie, A. W. Pinero, W. S. Gilbert, "Lewis Carroll."

The above list, like all things human, has its weak side. Why is Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, omitted? Apart altogether from the question of merit and worthiness, it would seem that national honor should not brook the exclusion of its official bard. Mr. Austin is also a Catholic, which may have had something to do with his failure to get into the *Academy's* "heaven". This view is considerably strengthened by

the fact that three leading English writers—all Catholics—are also omitted. They are, Lord Acton, the historian, St. George Mivart, who might well replace the Duke of Argyll, and Justin McCarthy, whose sad damnation is entirely inexplicable. Four Catholics appear in the list—Aubrey de Vere, Father Gasquet, Mrs. Meynell and Francis Thompson; eight would be a too high percentage.

The London *Weekly Register*, evidently in a spirit of resentment, does not want to have a single heretic hanging around the Portico of its Academy and so it proposes the names of "Forty Catholic Immortals",

Lord Acton, T. W. Allies, K. S. G.; Thomas Arnold, Lord Arundell, of Wardour; Father W. Barry, D.D.; Edward Bellasis, Vernon Blackburn, Father Hunter Blair, Bart.; Wilfrid S. Blunt, Father Sebastian Bowden, Lord Braye, Father Bridgett, C. SS. R.; Percy Fitzgerald, Louis Garvin (of the Newcastle Chronicle) Father Aidan Gasquet, Father Gerard, S. J.; Sir John Gilbert, the Hon. W. Gibson, Lionel Johnson, Charles Kent, W. S. Lilly, Mr. Longueville, ("The Prig"), Justin McCarthy, Frank Mathew, Dr. St. George Mivart, F.R.S.; C. Burnand, Marquis of Bute; Gen. Sir W. F. Butler, K. C. B.; Father R. F. Clarke, of Ormond Street; the Bishop of Clifton; J. G. Snead Cox, Marion Crawford, C. S. Devas, Aubrey de Vere, Conan Doyle, Father Fawkes, Father Philip Fletcher, Mgr. Moyes, Bishop of Newport, Father Luke Rivington, Lord Russell, of Killowen; Father Mathew

Russell, S. J. ; Father Ryder, Clement Scott, Orby Shipley, Francis Thompson, Algar Thorold, Father Tyrrell, S. J. ; Cardinal Vaughan and Wilfrid Ward.

The United States was not to be outdone. She also must have her Academy and her "Immortals." The following are the names suggested by the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, with two changes made on the recommendation of that best of authorities, the Boston *Pilot* :

William D. Howells, Charles Warren Stoddard, Charles Dudley Warner, Lyman Abbott, Cardinal Gibbons, John B. McMaster, Maurice F. Egan, William T. Harris, Alice Fortier, T. B. Aldrich. R. W. Gilder, Father Tabb, Charles K. Adams, D. C. Gilman, Louise Imogen Guiney, James Lane Allen, James Withcomb Riley, Agnes Repplier, Edward Everett Hale, Washington Gladden, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Marion Crawford, Bishop Spalding, R. H. Stoddard, George P. Lathrop, Professor Ely, Brander Matthews, President Eliot, G. W. Cable, T. W. Higginson, Moses Coit Tyler, John B. Angell, Andrew D. White, Mrs. Burnett, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, Hamilton Mabie, John La Farge, Richard Malcolm Johnston.

There are twelve Catholics in the above list—a goodly representation and one that proves that our brethren across the line are heeding the things of the mind.

But what of Canada? Will she not also be heard from? Have we no "Immortals"? Here are THE OWL'S nominations for a Canadian Academy :—

Sir Wm. Dawson, Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Sadlier, Dr. Drummond, Archbishop O'Brien, L. Frechette, Abbé Laflamme, Mgr. Tanguay, Principal Grant, J. K. Foran, Sir J. M. Le Moine, Edward Farrer, Judge Routhier, M. J. Griffin, Dean Harris, Abbé Casgrain, B. Sulte, "David Creedon," Mrs. E. C. Tucker, N. F. Davin, "The Khan," J. G. Bourinot, George Stewart, S. E. Dawson, Abbé Gosselin, P. Lemay, J. P. Tardivel, Miss. Pauline Johnson, Miss Machar, W. Kingsford, Mgr. Lafleche, Bliss Carman, Hon. F. G. Marchand, Edouard Richard, A. Monpetit, A. De Celles, W. W. Campbell, Madame Dandurand, A. Lampman, Charles G. D. Roberts.

Pardon, gentle reader. The above list was composed under difficulties, and may contain names at which you will stare and gasp. It was finally completed under the stress of a most awful menace. The printer's devil stood at the Owl's elbow shrieking for "copy." When we reached the thirty-eighth name, there was a dead stop of several seconds. "Hurry," hissed the satanic tyrant, "or I will fill up the vacancies with your name and my own." The horrible possibility of seeing among our Canadian "Immortals" such names as THE OWL and "the Devil" hurried us on, and we tremblingly filled in two more spaces.

And yet, on the whole, the list is one of much merit and much promise; it need not bring a blush to the cheek of any true Canadian.



The Owl.

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

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

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

BOARD OF EDITORS:

E. P. GLEESON, '98.

J. T. HANLEY, '98.

R. D. McDONALD, '98.

E. DOYLE, '99.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '99.

M. A. FOLEY, '00.

P. J. GALVIN, '00.

J. J. O'REILLY, '01.

Business Manager: J. A. MEEHAN, '00.

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

Vol XI. DECEMBER, 1897. No. 4

REMARKS.

To each of its friends, THE OWL wishes, at this joyous season, a large share of the blessings which our little planet furnishes to men of good will.

* * *

The Banquet of the Athletic Association was a splendid success and fittingly closed a glorious football season.

* * *

Speaking of the recent annual meeting of the Ontario Rugby

Football Union, the *Toronto Globe* says:

"The more the doings at Saturday's meeting of the O. R. F. U. become known, the more discreditable they appear. If the governing body of Rugby football in this province is to keep the respect of the community, there must first be some resignations from among its office-holders. As at present constituted, it is a scandal and a laughing-stock to people with some regard for decency."

Now we understand how the suspended Ottawa City team were received with open arms by the Ontario Union. They are where they belong. "Birds of a feather flock together," as Shakespeare says. "Discreditable", "a scandal and a laughing-stock", "some regard for decency", these are terms of most meritorious clearness.



THE RIGHT NOTE.

The *Ave Maria* publishes an extract from a recent letter which Cardinal Vaughan has addressed to those most interested in Catholic education in England. In it His Eminence announces the establishment of a Catholic training school to meet the "conviction" towards which "the country is fast travelling", "that secondary education, being a national interest, is properly a state function." He declares that the day is not far distant when Catholic teachers, whether religious or secular, will be obliged to show a diploma as evidence of their ability

to teach. The Cardinal insists that the teaching orders should add to the "moral and personal advantage" possessed by their members, "the best intellectual training, the best method and skill in the art of pedagogy—the best, that is, according to approved national standards. This will necessitate submission to the common test—a public examination—for a diploma of recognized value."

How any reasonable being can object to the Cardinal's proposition is beyond comprehension. People who set up to be teachers are either fitted for their work, or they are not. A diploma will attest—at least in the majority of cases—their fitness, both theoretical and practical. If they are unfit for teaching, the sooner they are got rid of, the better. Why should we tolerate bungling, incompetent school teachers any more than bungling, incompetent carpenters, shoemakers or blacksmiths? The *Ave Maria* is right when it says that if Cardinal Vaughan's plan proves successful, "it will be set down in history as the most important act of his episcopate."



THE PEN.

With the above title, and the motto, "The pen is mightier than the sword," J. K. Foran, Lit. D. has begun the publication of a new "literary, historical and critical review." The initial number carries out the promise of the prospectus,

and gives reason to believe that a new power has entered into the field of Canadian journalism. Since Dr. Foran resigned the editorship of the *True Witness*, his pen has apparently been relatively idle, and the result has been a distinct loss to our young literature, for Dr. Foran has a wide acquaintance with literature, is correct in his taste, and sure in his principles, and writes in a lively and graceful style.

Dr. Foran states clearly and frankly the reasons that called *The Pen* into existence. We give two of them in his own words :

"Firstly: he wished to make use of his pen—the only implement that he can pretend to wield—and journalism—the only sphere in which he feels at home—for the not unworthy purpose of earning an honest livelihood, meeting all his obligations, and securing his own future and that of his family. Not finding a suitable opening, or rather being cut off from the desired opportunities, possibly by the fact that more able, more learned, and more competent editors were to be found in numbers, he determined to carve his own way to success, and in doing so to be independent of all external influences.

Secondly: for almost twenty years the Editor has contributed, in one way or another, to the growing literature of Canada. Much of his work has appeared in magazines, newspapers, or in book-form; but the greater portion of his writing

has never seen light, principally on account of lacking the means of placing it before the public. In glancing back over two decades, it is with very legitimate pride that he fails to discover any line from his pen—be it in essays, editorials, verses, pamphlets, or volumes—that is calculated to shock the feelings, or grate upon the sentiments of even the most exacting: knowing that the same characteristics mark the unpublished products of his labor, he felt that he owed it to his fellow-countrymen to no longer keep from them that which might, even in a very humble degree, prove of benefit to them."

We wish *The Pen* the fullest measure of success. May its editor meet with general and substantial encouragement from those to whom his review addresses itself.

—o—

ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP.

We are, perhaps, inclined to imagine that our championship in Canadian football comprises almost everything that is worth working for. Not at all. There are other triumphs to which we should not be blind, and to which, indeed, our eyes are fully open, for we take one into camp occasionally. These are championships in the intellectual order. Such a victory was recently won by the young Oblate students in the Gregorian University, Rome. Of the almost eleven hundred

students who follow the courses of that institution, the Oblates do not number more than fifty. There is considerable friendly rivalry among the various Colleges that compose the University when the annual competitions occur. For several years the Oblates had stood at the head of the list; a year ago, however, they were forced to yield first place. But they have quickly regained their lost laurels. The annual prize-list for 1896-97 has just come to hand. From it we learn that 30 of the most valued prizes, comprising 11 firsts and 19 seconds, were won by the Oblates. Next follow the students of the Capranic College with 16 prizes, 10 firsts and 6 seconds. The Belgians are third with 15 prizes, 9 firsts and 6 seconds. The college of St. Ambrose and St. Charles stands fourth with 11 prizes, 6 firsts and 5 seconds. The remaining prizes are scattered among a multitude of competitors.

Had THE OWL assisted at the awarding of prizes, it should have so far forgotten its dignity as to startle the Tiber with a 'Varsity cheer. As it is, we reverentially doff our mortar-board and whisper, "Do it again."

—oo—

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Pope Leo XIII, who was then known as Father Pecci, celebrated his first mass on the first of January, 1838, and great preparations are now being made to celebrate the Diamond

Jubilee of this great event on the opening of the New Year. Representatives from all the countries of the world are expected at Rome for the occasion.

From the *Northwest Review* we learn that the proceeds of a bazaar held recently at St-Joseph, Manitoba, for the benefit of the local Catholic Schools, amounted to the respectable sum of six hundred dollars. Whatever may happen, these people seem to be determined to maintain their own schools. The late bye-elections in that Province may also be significant.

Rev. Father Hagen, a Jesuit of Georgetown College is soon to publish a series of "Charts of the Variable Stars." The Rev. Father has been engaged for a long time in preparing these charts and no doubt they will be welcomed by all astronomers. As yet the movements of these stars cannot be accounted for with any great degree of certainty, and this work will be of great help in solving this difficult problem.

In a sermon preached at Washington on Thanksgiving day by Rev. Dr. Johnston, the preacher took occasion to explain away the strange idea that Catholics can be honest citizens of the American Republic. His remarks would not be worthy of notice had they been spoken on a less important occasion, and before a different congregation. The presence, however, of President McKinley in the church, gives evidence of the poor taste and extreme bigotry of the preacher. As a result of his action Dr. Johnson has been attacked on all sides not alone by the Catholic press but also by most of the leading non-Catholic papers which desire to see all citizens, irrespective of creed, enjoying the blessings of liberty.

The Jesuits seem at last to have secured a champion. It may appear strange but that champion is no other than the mighty German Empire. It happened thus, Two Jesuit Fathers expelled from Germany, went as missionaries to China, and were murdered by the heathen Chinese. This foul deed was resented by Germany and a naval expedition promptly set out to demand reparation. This action is most commendable in itself, but is hardly consistent with the principles of a country which looks upon Jesuits as too dangerous a class to remain as citizens. If every country were to adopt the German manner of dealing with the Jesuits, all these unfortunates might as well at once proceed to China and be there murdered. Germany would then protect them.

The *Ave Maria* says: "The conviction seems to be gaining ground that Captain Dreyfus, the young French officer who was degraded and banished for alleged treachery to France, was punished for the offense of another. However this may be, one cannot withhold a tribute of admiration to the noble wife who has stood by her husband through good and evil fame; and who, with no thought of divorce, devotes herself to the forlorn hope of securing his liberation and vindicating his character. The sovereigns of Europe must surely find it hard to resist the appeal of this faithful and courageous woman. Her letter to the Holy Father after enumerating the reasons for a new trial, concludes in these words: 'Lucie Eugénie Dreyfus, at the feet of Your Holiness, humbly supplicates the compassion of the Father of the Catholic Church. She declares that her husband is innocent, and the victim of

a judicial error. He being isolated from his fellowmen, this appeal is signed by his grief-stricken wife, who, through her tears, gazes at the Vicar of Christ, as the daughters of Jerusalem looked upon Christ Himself on His way to Calvary."

Cardinal Vaughan has instructed the Superiors of convents in England to secure as teachers persons well qualified for this work. The Cardinal thinks that the education of women must be raised to a higher level, and has taken this method to accomplish his purpose. It is not to be inferred that the instruction received in the convents is inferior; on the contrary it is equal to that given in any school, but an improvement in general is necessary. An action of a different kind is taken against convents by the Protestant League. They are securing names for a petition to be forwarded to parliament, asking for an official inspection of all convents. In placing these petitions in bar-rooms, where they can be signed by the most depraved class, the promoters of the scheme seem to wish that virtue may be governed by vice.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

THE football season has gloriously ended; the championship is home again; and on the evening of December 14th, the Athletic Association prepared a dinner in honor of the players, who, during the past weeks, have fought so nobly in the cause of the "garnet and gray." Our spacious dining hall, artistically decorated for the occasion, was well filled with merry-hearted students and their welcome guests; and

all present did ample justice to the many good things placed at their disposal. But the more enjoyable part of the programme was only commencing, when, after the meal was over, Mr. Clancy, President of the Association, arose, and, after reviewing in a neat little speech, the glories of the football campaign just triumphantly ended, introduced the different items which went to make up the intellectual part of the evening's entertainment. Spirited speeches were delivered by Rev. Father Fallon, Messrs. W. McCarthy, H. Myers, J. McDougal, J. P. Clarke, E. Gleeson and R. McCredie; the recitations of M. Foley and T. Morin were heartily received, and the songs rendered by Messrs. O'Connell, O'Malley, R. Murphy, T. Murphy, Bolger, Payment, Clarke and Bertrand, were one and all enthusiastically applauded. Then came a chorus; students and guests, with heart and soul, as well as with voice, made the old walls resound with the pleasing strains of "We're Champions Again;" and ere its last echoes had died away, the crowd began to disperse, well satisfied that such a banquet was a fitting conclusion for such a season as had been that of 1897.

* * * * *

On Monday, Dec. 6, the professors and students of the University were agreeably surprised by an invitation to attend in their Academic hall an entertainment kindly prepared for them by one of America's most gifted Shakespearian actors, Mr. Jas. Young. The fame of this tragedian had preceded him to our midst; and when, after several well-rendered and enjoyable recitations delivered by members of his company, Mr. Young himself stepped

on the stage all present expected something above the common. Nor were they disappointed, for Mr. Young, in the rendition of a passage from "Julius Cæsar" proved himself an able interpreter of the ideas of Shakespeare, as well as a consummate master of gesture and of modulation of the voice. So well were all pleased with the performance, that many of the students sought and obtained permission to go that evening to see him play Hamlet; in which Mr. Young and his company showed themselves well deserving of the high encomiums that have been lavished upon them wherever they have appeared. We all join in wishing that this talented native of Baltimore who at so early an age,—for he is young in years as well as in name,—has made his name so conspicuous on the scroll of fame, many long continue in his success, and may, at no very distant date, merit a place among the very greatest that ever staged the dramas of Shakespeare.

* * * * *

At the beginning of the present term, as was stated in a previous issue of the OWL, the philosophy students of the University decided to reorganize the Academy of St. Thomas. Since then they have held regular weekly meetings for the discussion of various philosophical questions and the society has proved a successful and profitable enterprise. Rev. Father Antoine, however, was left unaided in the direction of it until December 16th, when the following officers were elected to assist their Rev. Director:—

Honorary President, Rev. H. Lacoste, O.M.I.

Honorary Vice-Presidents, Rev. C. Goheit, O.M.I., Rev. W. Patton, O.M.I.

Director, Rev. A. Antoine, O.M.I.
President, J. T. Hanley.

Vice-President, T. E. Cullen.

Secretary, R. D. McDonald.

Councillors, E. A. Bolger, E. P. Gleeson, J. E. Doyle, A. B. Laver-gne.

—o—

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

Under the editorship of Henry Austin Adams, M.A., *Donahoe's Magazine* bids fair to soon become the leading organ of Catholic literary men in America. The December issue surpasses any that has heretofore been published. Glancing over the table of contents, we note contributions from the pens of Maurice Francis Egan, Conde B. Pallen, Ph. D., and Eleanor C. Donnelly, who have not until now been connected with this magazine. "Some Popular Books of '97" contains some interesting criticisms of the recently published novels, about which we hear so much. Hall Caine's "Christian" is rather roughly dealt with by the writer, and deservedly so. The Christian of Mr. Caine's work is not one who should be set up as a model to be imitated; "he is an observer of social occurrences, with an ideal—no more." The spirit of De Maurier's "The Martian," is briefly told in the following sentence: "pathetic, in many places beautiful, it reminds one of nothing so much as the half paralyzed poet, Heine, gazing, in old age, at ruined Paris, clasping for help the base of the statue of the Venus de Milo." Mr. Walter L. Ramsdell's paper entitled, "Shall Man be Supplanted by Machinery?" shows deep thought

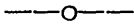
and thorough acquaintance with the great problem of labor, which so much excites the world at present. "A Plea for the Revival of Cooper," by Edwin L. Earle, aims, as the title indicates, to instill into our minds a greater love for the famous American novelist.

We regret to hear that, on account of ill health, the talented editor of the *Rosary Magazine* will be obliged to sever his connection with that publication for a time. We sincerely hope that Father O'Neil will return from his trip abroad able to resume his task with renewed vigor. In this month's issue of the *Rosary*, Rev. Charles McReady, LL.D., gives an interesting sketch of the life of Columbanus, the great Irish missionary and saint. With Saint Patrick and Brigid he forms the trinity of Irish saints, held in such loving reverence by their countrymen. Born in Leinster in A.D. 543, and educated in Ireland, he joined the Monks of Bangor. Filled with the holy desire to preach the gospel to the Pagan nations of Europe, he left his native land with twelve chosen companions and sailed for France. Here he met with encouraging success. In the Province of Burgundy, having gained the favor of the king, he established the celebrated monastery of Luxeuil. After several years sojourn there, he fell into disfavour with the successor of the former ruler, and was forced to abandon his beloved retreat. Austria was his next field of labour, and there also were felt the effects of his learning and piety. But there he met strong opposition in the Alamanni, a fierce and blood-thirsty race who worshipped the God Woden. Leaving that country St. Columbanus went to Italy. In

Lombardy he built another monastery and turned his attention to writing. As a controversialist he proved himself an able defender of the church against the Arian heresy, which had so affected the Christian world. Concerning the death of St. Columbanus, the writer quotes the following from the English Breviary: "At length he was worn out by the great labors, which during all his long exile he had borne for the glory of God, and went home to our Fatherland, which is in Heaven, upon the 21st day of November, in the year of Christ, 615, in his 72nd year."

The Christmas number of the Catholic World comes to us in shining attire of green and gold. Much if its space is given to Christmas stories. Of the articles it contains, probably the two best are:—"Since the Condemnation of Anglican Orders" by Rev. Luke Rivington, which treats of the state of the English Church since the pronouncement of the Holy See regarding the invalidity of Anglican Orders; and "The Church and Social Work"; from which we clip the following:—"There is a moral equality springing of necessity from our holy religion; but in its social aspect it must be regarded with judicious mind and not travestied in theories that violate, in the name of justice, the rights of society and of our fellowmen. But all men have rights against society and against each other. All classes are entitled as of right to some degree of comfort, of education, of moral and religious training. Wealth is not so necessary as organization that will wisely employ the resources at hand. In time a healthy public opinion will be found in which the dignity of labor will be recognized, in which virtue alone will be deemed aristo-

crazy, in which an honest man who supports his family, by his work in factory, or railway, or mine will be looked upon as better than the master who has grown rich by grinding the faces of his factory hands, better than the railway directors who have cleared out small shareholders by their fraud, better than the mine-owner who has amassed a fortune, not out of the coal only but out of the lives of his employees."



OUR BRETHREN.

It is enjoyable to read the comments of our exchanges on Grant Allen's now famous Cosmopolitan article. He is, and quite deservedly, censured by all.

The "educational problem" is given an unusual prominence in the November numbers of some of our brethren. *The Yale Literary Magazine* sets forth the grievances of the undergraduates in an article entitled, "The Undergraduate to the Faculty." *The Georgetown College Journal* ably discusses the "Requirements for the Efficient Administration of an Educational Institution." While *The Brown Magaziae* contains a masterly lecture that was delivered before the University of West Virginia by Professor Andrews. In speaking of the study of Latin and Greek, Professor Andrews says, that "grammatical microscopy" generally takes the place in colleges of purely classical culture. "Grammatical drill," he says, "can never of itself, constitute a very advantageous or liberal education. But drill in art, literature, and history is liberal, and it is useful in any amounts. If it be said that the old fashion in this matter gives much information on history and literature, the reply is that, being com-

municated piece-meal, as cannot be the case by this method, it must be of next to no value."

The editor of the "De Nobis Nobilibus" column of *Queen's University Journal* is "presumably" a wit and an appreciator of wit; but we do not think that he is qualified to decide on the nationality of the delinquents that fall within his jurisdiction, merely from the nature of the sayings that are ascribed to them.

The columns of *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, are generally filled with excellent reading matter. An article entitled "Recollections of Dickens", though not very lengthy, is is cleverly written.



ATHLETICS.

The record of the Ottawa College football team champions of Canada for 1897:

Oct. 9th, O. C. vs. McGill, 8 to 22, lost.

Oct. 16th, O. C. vs. Ottawa City, 4 to 5, lost.

Oct. 23rd, O. C. vs. Montreal, 35 to 6, won.

Oct. 30th, O. C. vs. McGill, 19 to 10, won.

Nov. 9th, O. C. vs. Ottawa City, 8 to 8.

The above game was called with eight minutes still to play and the ball within ten yards of Ottawa City goal line. The Ottawa captain claimed that it was too dark to play longer, and the referee declared the match "unfinished." At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Quebec Union on the 10th of November, the Ottawa City team were suspended and the following games were afterwards played to decide the Quebec championship.

Nov. 13th, O. C. vs. Montreal, 14 to 13, won.

Nov. 20th, O. C. vs. McGill, 11 to 0, won.

The Quebec champions met the Ontario champions on Thanksgiving Day for the Canadian championship with the following result :

Nov. 25th, O. C. vs. Hamilton "Tigers," 14 to 10, won.

* * *

As a matter of history we desire to insert in the columns of THE OWL, the following extract from the annual report of the Quebec Rugby Union :

"Before reviewing the general affairs of the Union it is the unpleasant duty of the executive to report that, before the senior series was completed, they found reason to suspend the Ottawa City Club from playing any more games during the season just closed. This suspension was the result of a special meeting of the executive called on Wednesday, 10th November. It is needless to go into details of this meeting, which attained full publicity through the press ; but it is necessary to place on record the principal reason for such severe action.

The special meeting was called on account of an unfinished and very rough game, between Ottawa College and Ottawa City teams, and which had been reported by the referee as a most brutal game and a disgrace to football. The referee also reported three players of each team for rough and ungentlemanly conduct on the field. The executive gave the matter serious consideration, and resolved that, in view of the fact that a number of the games played during the season had been unnecessarily rough, some severe action must be taken, as both the press and the public were criticizing the present rules of the game as being the cause of this rapidly-developing rough play, and, although both the Ottawa teams were reported for disgraceful play, yet the executive, in singling out the Ottawa City team, felt that they were getting at the root of the evil, as that team had played matches with each other team in the series which had been equally degrad-

ing to the game and severely commented on by the press, while any games played between the other clubs were of a higher standard of football. The executive considered that, in giving this decision, a precedent would be established which would result in great good for the game. It was a severe ruling, but in subsequent matches played, the absence of unnecessary rough play was so marked that the executive feel that their action had good results.

After the above suspension was decided on, it was resolved to cancel all games played in the senior series up to that date and, owing to the lateness of the season, two matches were ordered to be played between Ottawa College, Montreal and McGill Clubs.

The first of these matches was played on November 13, on the M. A. A. A. grounds, between Ottawa College and Montreal, and was won by the collegians by the narrow margin of one point, the score standing when time was called : Ottawa College, 14 ; Montreal, 13. On the 20th November, the McGill team travelled to Ottawa and played the College team the final match for the championship. College again came out victorious with a score of 11 to 0, thereby winning the Q. R. U. championship. Both these games were fine exhibitions of Rugby football and were entirely free from the rough play which had been so conspicuous in the early part of the season.

Following is a report of the matches played previous to the suspension of the Ottawa City club, the total scores of each team showing that it was anybody's game for the championship, and that all four teams were on a par as far as scoring ability goes :

October 2—	Montreal vs. Ottawa City,	
	Montreal.....	26 to 14
October 9—	Ottawa City vs. Montreal,	
	(unfinished, in favor of	
	Ottawa).....	31 to 20
October 9—	McGill vs. Ottawa College,	
	McGill.....	22 to 8
October 16—	Ottawa City vs. Ottawa	
	College, Ottawa City....	5 to 4
October 16—	Montreal vs. McGill, Mont-	
	real.....	14 to 13

October 23—	McGill vs. Ottawa City, (unfinished).....	19 to 19
October 23—	Ottawa College vs. Mont- real, Ottawa College....	35 to 6
October 30—	Ottawa College vs. McGill, Ottawa College.....	19 to 10
Nov. 6—	McGill vs. Montreal, Mont- real.....	11 to 8
Nov. 6—	Ottawa City vs. Ottawa College, (unfinished)....	8 to 8

Up to November 6, each team had played five games, and the total number of points scored was: Ottawa City, 77; McGill, 75; Ottawa College, 74; Montreal, 74.

The result by matches was as follows :

	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
Montreal.....	3	2	0
Ottawa City.....	2	1	2
Ottawa College.....	2	2	1
McGill.....	1	3	1

On Thanksgiving Day the champions of the O. R. U. met the Hamilton Tigers, champions of the Ontario Rugby Union, on the M. A. A. A. grounds. Unfortunately the weather was not favorable for good football, as there was a light covering of wet snow on the ground, which had been previously frozen hard; nevertheless a grand game of football was played, with the result that Ottawa College defeated the Ontario champions by a score of 14 to 10, and again hold the proud title of champions of Canada."



JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

If the amount of energy thus far displayed forms any criterion of the material from which our players will be selected, the present season gives promise of being one of the brightest in the history of our hockey club. With their accustomed promptness, the small boys taking advantage of the first frost, formed a rink and were rewarded by two excellent practices, which reminded us that although we miss the skill of a Bawlt and the generalship of a Costello, nevertheless we have enough stick-handlers left to impress

on the big yard the fact, that they are not the only stars upon the ice.

At the banquet at the O. U. A. A. the Juniors were represented by the Hon. J. Joseph Campbell and plain "Tom" Lauzier. We understand that Jimmy electrified his hearers, by replying to the toast of "The Press" in an indignant speech, on the use and abuse of the privileges of a Junior Reporter; while Tom submerged himself in glory and bouquets, by a reply to the toast of "The Queen," in which he made a happy reference to the alarming increase of tuberculosis, among the kine of Gatineau Point. On their return to the junior refectory, our illustrious delegates were given a public reception.

On Monday evening we learned that a secret meeting of the Antiquarian Society would be held in the First Grade classroom and, at the appointed hour, we presented our credentials for admission. The knight of of the Black Rod granted the desired favor on one condition, namely: that we pledge our editorial word never to publish in these columns any article reflecting on the name of Gookin. Sammons first addressed the house in a learned discourse on the subject of mummies, in which he confessed his interest had first been awakened by being present in the Academic Hall during a profound discussion regarding the probable cause of the death of a highly respectable mummy, now residing in Paris.

He was succeeded by Mara, who claims the distinction of having discovered the only authentic copy of the original jokes inflicted during the time of Noah. We refrain from quotations, as we wish to spare our readers all unnecessary pain; we may remark, however, that the

services of the X rays would not be required to show a strong resemblance between the alleged Hebrew characters, and the chirography of the illustrious Peter. When the speaker resumed his seat, Meagher made a motion that the meeting adjourn for one month, in order that the members might have ample time to consider the weighty matter brought before their notice. Vincent has kindly promised the result of his cogitation for next month's number.

Lynch informs us that in accordance with the right of participation in national progress, he is justified in disposing of his hirsute appendage after his own fancy, and by way of emphasizing the fact, has punctuated the physiognomies of several of the members of the senior refectory.

The Hon. Hans Van Pelt Daly has not yet announced his intentions for the coming vacation, but we have learned from his private secretary, Choquette, that he will probably visit Cantley, where he has been asked to preside at the winter carnival and international snow-shoe races.

III GRADE.—ASTRONOMY.

Professor.—How do you account for the sun's giving least heat when nearest the earth?

O'Leary.—I understand it, Sir. It is because of the deep mystery surrounding the sun.

The following held first places in the different classes of the Commercial Course, for the month of November.

- I Grade. 1. H. Legault.
2. J. Pelletier.
3. A. Simon.

- II Grade B. 1. P. Benoit.
2. A. Rocque.
3. E. Bordeleau.
II Grade A. 1. C. Bertrand.
2. H. St. Jacques.
3. W. Daly.
III Grade. 1. C. Lafontaine.
2. G. Campbell.
3. P. Taillon.
IV Grade. 1. A. Lapointe.
2. O. Lemay.
3. J. Dion.



ULULATUS.

Happy Christmas.

Bert saw his uncle who came to see the town in Cantley.

Cap. G.—thinks this a nice country but a little on the Klondikey order.

Rah, rah, rah, spit, bum, bah.

L. E. O. P.—Listen, is not this pretty good? (sings a few words of a Chinese song).

Rod.—Yes—unfortunate that you cannot grow a queue now.

Prof.—Say, Mr. Ch—v—r—v, compare the adjective, first.

Cher.—(Promptly)—Positive first, comparative second, superlative—oh no—its first, middle, last.

D—I—n.—(at 5.30 a.m.)—Well Ed, guess we had better turn out—he meant the lights.

C.—sh—ng say's he does not know how he'll feel if he can't hang up his stocking this Christmas.

Bill on his return from the infirmary presents the editor with the infirmary menu:

I.—Grip à la influenza.

II.—Grip à la little trunk.

III.—Grip à la *main*.

N. B.—First obligatory, second and third not always.

Ry-n.—Say Joe, this beef-steak is not very well cooked.

C-r-l.—Why that's venison. Didn't you ever hear that whatever is rare is deer.

M-h-n blandly remarked there were many striking incidents in the Ottawa game. He then ducked behind the door to avoid the shower of old rubbers.

Mac.—Say Pat, are matters rushing up the creek?

Pat.—Everyone is busy, and pork is steady but still on the hog.

C-l-n to Toby who is reading the *Globe*. You're not the whole earth, Toby, because you've got the *Globe* in your hand.

"Doc" as he fin's the corridor locked; "Just behind the times."

Everything goes on wheels now according to H-l-t-n, except pens, ink and paper, and they-are stationary.

We are expecting some poetry from "Dod". This gentle boy has given considerable time to a study of flower language.

Thrown down—the "Caps".

Thrown up—the city football team.

Dont forget to read Cl-ys latest. "It Cuts Both Ways on—The Caps thrown down and the City Team thrown up."

CHAMPIONS—1897.

To the air of "The O.M.I. Cadets."

We sing our glorious football team whose fame is now world-wide

They've always won the championship whenever they have tried,

And teams from East to West declare that our boys can display

The fine points of the Rugby game in a scientific way.

CHORUS.

Sis, boom, bah, rah, varsity, rah rah.

As we pass by, the crowd begins to cry; Hurrah for V-A-R-S-I-T-Y,

And what is wrong with Varsity, oh Varsity's all right.

It is not Tom your pretty face nor shape that we admire,

But 'tis your honest style of play, which all might well acquire,

With Mac. and Boucher by your side you form a barrier strong,

'Gainst all opposing scrimmage men no matter where they're from.

O Gleeson we admire your shape, 'tis fit for fashion plate.

But more delightful is your game when on a winding gait,

With Murphys and McGee to help, the backs without a flaw,

And ladies on the grand stand shout, "Oh he's a laddidaw."

Your little game much joys us Smith your tandem runs are grand,

While Ross with crispy, snaky locks can always lend a hand.

The forward line will brightly shine, when the sun has gone to rest,

And vanquished teams have moonlight dreams in the islands of the blest.

(The author of the above lines is still living as we go to press, but his condition is hopeless.)





Merry Christmas!



Happy New Year!

