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LOGIC AND LITERATURE.*



THE vast vocabulary of scorn scarcely contains a sufficiency of epithets to enable writers of modern times to express their opinion of the philosophy of the period which they style the Dark Ages. At that time according to a distinguished English poet :

"Faith, Gospel, all, seemed made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted."

"Theology and philosophy were whipped into rags by the schoolmen," says another critic. "Instead of raising fresh crops of corn,"—cries a third, "these monkish philosophers kept vainly threshing the same straw, and winnowing the same chaff," and so on *ad infinitum*. To say that these accusations were utterly groundless would be to take rather a bold stand, yet it is safe to affirm that the cause of the abuses, such as they were, cannot be attributed to the scholastic system of philosophy, but rather to the too great subtlety of thought and fondness for discussion found in such men as Duns Scot. Nor do we find that the schoolmen of the Middle Ages were the first philosophers to be misrepresented and assailed opprobriously, for four centuries before the Christian era the bitter satire of Aristophanes set all Athens laughing at Socrates and his "Thinking Shop" where youths were taught "to make the worse appear the better reason." Certainly there were

mediæval philosophers whose love of disputation betrayed them into lengthy and valueless dissertations and discourses upon trivial subjects, but to decry a whole system because of the errors or excesses of some of its real or pretended followers is a course of conduct much less worthy of philosophers than all the logomachies which the Scholastics are said to have waged. It is doubtful however whether scholastic philosophy will ever completely recover from the wounds inflicted upon it by the shafts of ridicule, the most deadly weapon, perhaps, when employed by skilful hands, with which a theory or set of theories can be attacked. The many references to our monkey ancestors, tails and missing links did more than any arguments to prevent the Darwinian hypothesis of evolution from being popularly accepted.

To the great contempt in which the philosophy of mediæval times is held at present is due the fact that the study of Logic has been almost abandoned in many non-Catholic colleges and universities. Because, indeed, the philosophers of the schools shaped their arguments by the rules of Logic, because they set them forth in syllogistic form, therefore these rules are but trammels from which the truly philosophic mind must seek to escape, therefore the syllogism is a cast iron invention, a procustean bed to which none but a barbarian will try to accommodate every reasoning. Man, they say, was accustomed to reason before any principles of logic were ever

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proclaimed, and he still continues to reason without paying any heed to these principles. But so there were men who wrote and spoke correctly before the first treatise on Grammar was given to the world, yet who would now deny the utility, nay the necessity of such a treatise? Practice has always existed before theory; it is upon the observations of practice that theory is built up; yet when erected how many there are that dwell within the edifice who could never of themselves have brought together the materials for its construction. We often hear it said that it is common sense which is necessary to enable men to think correctly, not Logic; but what is common sense? It is nothing more than that natural logic which exists more or less perfectly in the mind of every man. And as the naturally bright intelligence grows still more and more luminous under the polishing influence of education, so does the naturally acute judgment find its views enlarged and its powers strengthened by the explanations and assistance of those who have placed at its disposal the results of their own long studies and investigations. All men have the same nature; they have the same intellect; the process of reasoning in all is the same. It invariably consists in the progress from the known to the unknown, or from that which is better to that which is less known. The process of reasoning being invariable, the rules which govern this process must be invariable. Logic is not *an* art of reasoning, it is *the* art of reasoning. We have already compared it to Grammar, and we may very well say that it is the Grammar of Reasoning. The famous English philosopher, Locke, said that the syllogism was an invention of Aristotle, but that men had been able to reason before Aristotle, that Aristotle himself reasoned in quite a sensible manner, as did many after him, and that on this account the only merit possessed by the syllogism was that of being a philosophical curiosity, one of those toys with which great men occasionally amuse themselves. It is almost incredible that a man having any claims to the title of philosopher should make such absurd statements. Because on every page of philosophy we do not find such forms as: "Peter is either well or sick; but he is well, therefore he is not sick," from this it is concluded that the syllogism is not

made use of except when the intention is to amuse or deceive, that at best it is a peculiar method of reasoning which will scarcely admit of application. Now we know very well that the syllogism is *not* a method of reasoning, but that it is a method of analyzing that mental process, which as has already been said *must* take place in all correct reasoning. We know that there is no correct reasoning that may not be reduced to the syllogism, but to say that every argument must be stated in syllogistic form would be similar to saying that a chemist must use no compound that he has not previously analyzed, or that the grammatical speaker must parse every word as he goes. The chemist, of course, keeps his tests always by him to be employed on any substance suspected of being adulterated. A fallacious reasoning has been very well compared to an adulterated compound, "it consists of an ingenious mixture of truth and falsehood, so entangled, so intimately blended, that the falsehood is (in the chemical phrase) *held in solution*; one drop of sound logic is that test which immediately disunites them, makes the foreign substance visible and precipitates it to the bottom."

The principle which lies at the base of all Logic is, as you know, *dictum de omni, dictum de nullo*. Unable to challenge the truth of this principle, the enemies of Logic sneer at it, as being ridiculously obvious and childishly simple. Yet there is not a philosophical error which, if reduced to the form of the syllogism, will not be seen to violate this obvious and simple principle. Take, for instance, one of the arguments which the atheist Hume advances in his "Essay on Miracles." He says: "We have more reason to expect that a witness should lie than that a miracle should occur; now, as the only reason for belief in the miracles of Christianity is the testimony of witnesses, it is quite probable that these miracles are not true." Arranged in a more regular form, the argument may be stated thus: "Testimony is a kind of evidence more likely to be false than a miracle to be true; but the evidence on which the Christian miracles are believed is testimony; therefore the evidence on which the Christian miracles are believed is more likely to be false than a miracle to be true."

Now, let us try this solution by means of our drop of pure Logic. The *dictum de*

omni says :—

1. Anything whatever predicated of a whole class,
2. Under which class something else is contained,
3. May be predicated of that which is so contained.

What is the predicate of the conclusion? *More likely to be false than a miracle to be true.* Of what is it predicated? Of *the evidence on which the Christian miracles are believed.* But in order that the predicate may be justly affirmed of the subject in the conclusion, it must already have been predicated in the premises of another subject which represents a whole class. What is the subject in the premises? *Testimony.* All testimony *whatsoever?* Does the major proposition mean that "all testimony whatsoever is a kind of evidence more likely to be false than a miracle to be true?" Hume himself would not surely say so, therefore the premises are two particular propositions from which no conclusion can be drawn, and this carefully prepared argument is in open violation of the principle which was considered too obvious and simple ever to be stated. Thus it is with every fallacious reasoning. The cleverest writers, the most original thinkers make the most glaring mistakes, from which a knowledge of a few simple rules of Logic would have preserved them. It is easy to see how difficult it is to become a good argumentative writer without studying Logic. For in any serious writing whose object is not merely to please, but to persuade or to teach, we must lay down propositions. Otherwise the whole train of reasoning will be perplexed, obscure and loose. In order to lay down these propositions we must already have formed in our own minds the judgments of which the propositions are but the expression. In each of these judgments there is a subject and a predicate, and the latter is said to agree or disagree with the former. But before this can be said, subject and predicate must each be separately known, clearly and distinctly. We must have a clear and distinct mental picture of each one of them, in other words we must have clear and distinct ideas of them. Here is precisely where many writers fail. It is acknowledged that clear style does not necessarily follow from clear ideas. A sailor has clear ideas of the various parts of a ship's rigging; he may even have a

clear idea of the science of navigation; but it is almost certain that he will not convey his ideas on these matters clearly to a landsman, that is, that his style of expression will not be clear. But clearness of expression, though it does not necessarily accompany clearness of thought, cannot exist without it. We are told of the American philosopher Emerson that "his style is of a crystal transparency; and if at times his meaning is as vague as a riddle, the fault must be laid to his cloudy ideas, not to obscurity in their expression." This seems rather paradoxical, and it is so. How can we credit an author with "transparency of style," when his "meaning is as vague as a riddle"? Did we not, when we first began to study composition, learn the definition, "style is the dress in which thought exhibits itself, and by which it makes its power felt"? And, sad to say, instead of being considered merely obscure, such writers as Emerson are generally thought to be very profound. It would be well to remember Dean Swift's caustic remark: "Whatever is dark is deep. Stir a puddle, and it is deeper than a well." If no man ever put pen to paper until he had clear and distinct ideas of what he wished to write, there would be many authors lost to the world, but the world would be the better for it.

But given that the author has clear ideas, it by no means follows, as has already been said, that he will express these ideas with clearness and force. To assist him to do this is the object of Rhetoric, and Rhetoric is nothing but the development of special principles of Logic. To obtain clearness or perspicuity of style, not only must the ideas be clear, but the arrangement of the expressions must be attended to. If the author is writing a discourse, or indeed any other serious work, nothing is more essential to clearness than a good division. The laws of division, as laid down by Logic, might, like the *dictum de omni*, be considered by many as too obvious and simple. They might find occasion to take offence, if reminded that the parts into which a whole is divided must, when taken together, be equal to that whole, or that one member of a division must not include another. Yet in how many scientific works, I don't think we need go outside our own text books for at least one example, do we find that half the value of the work has been sacri-

ficed to an illogical division? How often in studying our Ganot have we not been obliged to look fifty or sixty pages in advance for the explanation of the phenomena or apparatus under consideration? How many sermons have been utterly unproductive of good because of the excessive division and subdivision into firstly, secondly, thirdly, &c., sometimes as far as sixteenthly? In all these cases the root of the evil is ignorance or neglect of logical rules so simple that it is almost offensive to mention them.

After perspicuity of style the quality next sought for is energy or strength. To obtain strength two rules are given by rhetoricians, (1) use every word in its proper sense, (2) use as few words as are consistent with clearness. The chapter of Logic which treats of the nature and properties of terms is now of the utmost value. It teaches us to weigh fully the meaning of a word before making use of it, while the article on fallacies points out the serious errors that may arise from misuse of words, and a consideration of the identity or diversity of ideas is the best preventive of pleonasm or the use of superfluous words. The advantages thus gained for style we can all very well realize, for the lectures of Blair are still fresh enough in our memories to make us recall the numerous examples he gives of a style otherwise excellent enfeebled by cumbrous and unmeaning phraseology. After a clear and nervous style has been attained some degree of grace and harmony is desirable. Now the harmony of a composition depends upon the arrangement of the phrases and sentences, while elegance is acquired by a moderate use of figurative language. Here again comes in Logic. The best study of arrangement is made by giving attention to the various species of compound and complex propositions, while at the same time we are taught always to have regard for the preservation of the idea which we wish to express. Frequently in correcting a manuscript we alter the position of phrases and clauses in order that they may constitute a more harmonious whole. While doing so it is well to remember the laws of conversion of propositions in order to be sure that beauty has not been won at the expense of truth. And it is the properties of terms that give rise to many of the figures of speech which are commonly employed.

Ampliation, restriction, alienation, are nothing but the figurative use of terms. Every simile and metaphor results from the association of ideas, while antithesis comes from a perception of an insociability of ideas. The surest way, then, of making ourselves masters of the art of using figures is to understand clearly their full logical significance. Lastly a composition or discourse of whatever sort should possess unity. Every work must contain one main idea which in each of the chapters branches out into a subordinate idea, which is the main idea of that chapter. Then the leading idea of the chapter is followed out into a subordinate idea in each of the chapter's divisions. To ordain thus regularly the parts of a book requires not one but every principle of Logic, and a good treatise on this science, such as the one we have studied, not only draws up the rules, but gives itself a most perfect example of their fulfilment which cannot fail to impress itself on all the students of the treatise. And after having thus formed the style of a writer, Logic gives him a knowledge of the methods best suited for imparting instruction. It shows him that an analytical outline of the subject which he desires to teach had better first be given, in order that his pupil may see enough of its bearing to awaken his interest; that this analysis should not attempt to explain too much, lest confusion may arise in the brain of the learner; but that afterwards synthesis should be employed, which beginning with self-evident indemonstrable principles as a foundation will build thereupon the stable and beautiful edifice of science, referring everything singular that has come under the cognition of the senses to its ultimate causes, which is the mission of philosophy.

Thus far I have spoken almost entirely of the application of Logic to writings of a didactic or argumentative character; now let me add a few words upon its utility to the novelist and the poet—or generally to the writer of fiction whether in prose or verse. All writers of this class if they wish to win the sympathies of their readers must aim at probability. This does not mean to say that the romancist is not at liberty to create not merely improbable but even impossible circumstances, but granted this privilege he must contrive his incidents and events so that they may not be incongruous with the circumstances

which he has created. The novelist or poet is at liberty to manufacture his own causes but when he has done this he must permit these causes to produce their own natural effects. Homer's deities—what more impossible or improbable beings—having all the vices of men with few of their virtues? But having created them such, the actions which are performed by the blustering Mars, the shrewish Juno, the amorous Jupiter and all the other immortals, are perfectly natural. Whereas the celestial machinery employed by Camoens by which Venus is transformed into the Blessed Virgin, and some other divinity represents our Lord is more calculated to excite laughter than admiration. Such incongruities can only exist in an illogical mind which does not clearly perceive the relations between cause and effect. Coming to a more modern and familiar work of fiction we find in Dickens' "Oliver Twist," a boy who is brought up in a parish work-house, afterwards while yet at a tender age falls into a den of thieves in London, lives with them for some time, and although destitute of all knowledge of good sense that which comes from a conscience never cultivated, still preserves his innocence and emerges absolutely unspotted from the company of his vile companions. Now though Dickens is regarded as an apostle of realism in fiction, here is a glaring contradiction of one the first natural principles, an effect which is utterly disproportionate to its cause. Such

descriptions as those must fail to accomplish the good intended, for they can please only those readers whose logic is as fallacious as the writer's. Now to recapitulate all that has been said in this paper, we have seen the reason or rather the unreason which is the cause of the study of Logic being neglected. We have seen that logical rules are thoroughly scientific and of the utmost importance to writers; that it is on those rules that Rhetoric is founded; and that is by the study of them that we are enabled to acquire these qualities necessary to a good style, clearness, energy, grace and unity. Finally we have seen that a knowledge of logic is necessary to the prosecution even of the lightest and least serious literary pursuits. But it is in argumentative writing and speaking that Logic is pre-eminently important, and at no time has it been more important than at the present day. We are no longer living in the "Ages of Faith" but in the ages of unfaith. We no longer have to meet with sceptics who merely scoff and sneer at our cherished beliefs, but with those who would destroy them by force of reason. Equanimity was sufficient to overthrow the former, only counter reason can successfully oppose the latter. We have need of keen weapons in this contest with scientific disbelief, and the keenest weapon in our armory must be Logic.

D. V. PHALEN, '89.

MYSELFISM.

THERE is only one charge, but it is a most serious one, which we are constrained by pure pity for ourselves, to bring against the seemingly inoffensive science of grammar, and it is, that it harbors so obstinately the wearisome and the distressingly obtrusive pronoun *I*. What an exasperating little demon it is, with its trials of and trespasses against the most patent patience, and the most forbearing forbearance; the plagues of Egypt are trifling visitations beside the moral torture which this arch-persecutor inflicts the world over upon its innocent and helpless victims. If there is a man

under heaven who has escaped this pronoun's volubility, he has had too good a time in this world to merit eternal blessedness in the next. Fortunately the exact whereabouts of Purgatory, and the precise character of its torments, have not been settled with incontrovertible certainty by the fathers and doctors of the Church which leaves us the melancholy comfort and consolation of indulging the speculative belief, that this corroding trial to which the bulk of those bipeds without feathers are so mercilessly submitted, is what some souls must suffer for a time, before they can go to Heaven.

Ruskin says that the first test of a truly great man is his humility, and the Scrip-

ture tells us that acceptable men are tried in the furnace of humiliation (Ec. ch. 2) ; then, in the name of respectable authority, profane or sacred, who or where are our great men? Who are even acceptable? We have genius and talent, and many graded distinctions, in our day, but they cannot stand Ruskin's test, and if they were dropped into the furnace of humiliation, they should from that moment cease to exist. There is nothing so universal now-a-days as an all-absorbing, all-subverting *amour-propre*, if the wholesome counsel which bids men love their neighbors as they love themselves (funny counsel that!) prevailed at present to any practical extent, we should all set about admiring and cherishing one, and that to a truly alarming extent, and should do little else from morning until night but indulge the most affectionate solicitude for our neighbor, and thereby run the risk of being reproved, for having done a Christian duty overwell.

There is one lesson which the wise men of our generation have yet to learn ; it may not be a pleasant one, but the importance of such things is not measured by their pleasantness, usually. It is, that people in general are utterly, even brutally indifferent to the accidents and vicissitudes of 'other people's' lives, the recital of which is at all times unspeakably and provokingly wearisome. Never volunteer any purely personal details, no matter how vital an interest they may possess in your own eyes, and you shall get along comfortably with your fellow creatures. It is the grumblers and the boasters, the self-constituted autocrats and reformers, and kindred classes of men who are held to be excrescences upon the fair surface of society, and who are not very tenderly treated in the long run by that exacting body. And, indeed, when we come to think of the many and varied topics which might be pleasantly and profitably discussed in ordinary conversation, and contrast them with this puerile egoism which has a faculty for thrusting itself into our social intercourses, whether it be appropriate or endurable, or not, it is no wonder that men protest against it, and threaten it with a visitation of their wrath.

Good breeding is supposed to regulate the use of the pronoun *I*, by educating men to extend some consideration to their fellow-creatures, but it is certain that persons who have every title to the name of

being well-bred, are guilty of the horrid crime of talking of themselves. No one doubts the truth or wisdom of the proverb, "All our knowledge is ourselves to know," but no one can deny, either, that the best possible application of such knowledge is to keep it religiously to ourselves. Beyond the conventional solicitude which enquires about the health of one's acquaintances, people have very little interest in the fates and fortunes of others. At least, we should wait until a particular desire is shown to enter into our private affairs, before we attack anyone with a volley of confidence, in which our own feelings and experiences play the most important part. It is doubtful if many have given the smallest attention to this imperative social duty, which should constitute one of the points of our daily meditation. Those who bore their fellow-mortals with the dismal recitation of their personal worries, the painful vagaries of their moods and tempers, who are overconfidential about such matters as have no lawful claim upon the charity or sympathy of others, are guilty of a double crime, and pending the atonement which, as a moral transgression it is sure to involve, they should be apprehended by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and made to pay a penalty proportionate to their offence. Since daily intercourse with one another is inevitable, where men live together in civilized communities, we should see that we are properly armed for self-defence against such wearing innovations as *Myselfism*. Let us, then, tax the use of the pronoun *I*—let us brand the offenders—let them lose caste—let us do something effective,—for it is too much to expect from anyone endowed with only ordinary powers of moral endurance that he should tolerate such a torrent of egotism as has been let loose in our day. In some other age, when people have less to do and think about, when men shall have grown more generous and more sympathetic than they have time to be in this busy century, self-lovers may thrive. Just, now, however, they are in the way. If they wish to become useful and ornamental members of the human family, let them ignore such parts of their grammar as have reference to the deservedly-despised first person singular, and thus avoid that dreadful social blunder and error and sin and sacrilege—whose mildest term is, *Myselfism*!

*THE STUDY OF CLASSICS AND MODERN
LIBERAL EDUCATION.*



It may seem strange that even at this advanced period of the nineteenth century, and that after hundreds of years during which classics have held such an important place in every curriculum of education, it should be necessary to vindicate the study of ancient literature, and to show that in spite of the immense progress which has been made in scientific discovery, these same classics should still be the object of the labor of students in schools, colleges and universities. But it is so; and a crisis seems to be approaching. On the one side we have the classicists, and on the other the modernists; the former proclaim the rights of Greek and Latin to still occupy the position, which, for so long a period, they have filled amid the applause of all, while the latter say that the time spent in the study of the classics is not in accordance with the spirit of the age, and should be devoted to modern languages, natural sciences, and in general to subjects more useful to a man of our days. That this is an error, I shall endeavor to show, and shall begin by stating clearly in what a liberal education consists, for, from an ignorance of its true nature, all this trouble and discussion between classicists and modernists seems to take its rise.

A liberal education has some bearing on the future and is intended to adapt the student to some office in the world. This education may be general or special. Now the point at issue is to find out whether the student is better fitted by the general training or by the special training or by whatever will be most called into use in his future career. By general education a general result is obtained; by it is produced a strengthening of fundamental qualities and a basis for future superstructure is established. All the powers of a boy's mind are called into play, while in the special training all the faculties of the mind are concentrated upon one or two objects and the result is a dwarfing of the mental potencies which should otherwise have been unfolded before they were brought to exert themselves upon a parti-

cular object. The modernists seem to forget that science is one grand whole, and that the more a man's knowledge is comprehensive the more he is really learned. They accuse the classicists of exclusiveness, while the latter could retort with more truth that this charge should be made against the modernists who aim at driving the Greek and Latin classics from every educational institution, while the classicists affirm that the natural sciences are fellow-labourers with the classics in the field of culture. The latter claim for classics the first place, and in this essay I shall endeavour to prove that they have reason on their side.

During five or six years in America and during as many as ten or eleven years in Europe especially in Germany, for several hours, every week students are busily engaged in passing over Greek and Latin, either prose or verse and yet this time is rightly considered well spent. If we just examine for a moment the work of a translator we shall see what are the powers of mind called into play, while trying to elucidate some difficult passage of the ancient writers. A paragraph, say from Tacitus, is presented to him. He first reads it through, tries to ascertain the general drift of the sense and then proceeds to take sentence by sentence, word by word, till the whole is as clear as the noon-day sun. Nouns, adjectives, pronouns, and verbs are all picked out; their relation to one another is discovered; clauses modifying the subject and the predicate are selected, cases and accidents are identified; combinations and divisions are made; the sentences that precede, and those that follow are examined and their relation with the one under consideration is noted; and then the translator begins to have a distinct knowledge of the writer's meaning. More yet has to be done. The sense is plain to the mind of the translator, but it has to be expressed in the vernacular. A judicious selection of words must be made; and hence a more correct and fuller knowledge of one's mother tongue is attained and a greater power of expression is acquired. If he translates Tacitus he must combine conciseness with

clearness; if it is Cicero that author's fullness and flow of periods must be rendered; if it is Demosthenes the same forcibleness and terseness; and so on for the others. But this is not all. To master the author a knowledge of history, geography, archaeology, ethnology, customs, laws, religions, arts and sciences ought all to come to his aid. This broadens the mind, widens the sympathies, and if the student becomes a specialist he will know that every science contains something worthy of his attention. It is only after those long and laborious operations that the inquisitive mind is satisfied. To obtain the result desired observation, reasoning, invention and judgement are drawn out. If this method were followed by all houses of education there would not be so much room for the charge of narrow-mindedness made by modernists against classicists. "If," says Prof. Huxley, "the classics were taught as they might be taught; if boys and girls were instructed in Latin and Greek not merely as languages but as illustrations of philological science; if a vivid picture of life on the shores of the Mediterranean two thousand years ago were imprinted on the mind of scholars; if ancient history were taught not as a weary series of feuds and fights; if lastly, the study of the classical books were followed in such a manner as to impress boys with their beauties, and with the grand simplicity of their statement of the everlasting problems of human life, instead of with their verbal and grammatical peculiarities"—C. F. Adams one of the strongest opponents of classics as educators claims that he does not wish to attack them but their exclusiveness. He protests against their narrowing influence and would have us believe that their effect has been decidedly injurious in his case. But if we trace his career, we will see that the evil he mentions is not to be found in him. After a brilliant college course he practiced law with great success, during the war he gained an honorable record as a soldier, and after the war he became a railroad scientist of considerable authority. He complains of classics in Harvard for they are taught too superficially. This is just the point on which classicists and modernists should agree. Let the study of classics be thorough. Students are daily told of the stateliness of the Latin tongue and

the music of the Greek; and how many know how to feel the truth of this? How many of those that yearly graduate from our college can read Latin or Greek in such a way that an intelligent listener can tell whether it is prose or poetry? Very few. This is but one of the many details which should receive the attention of preceptors; for it is only by a correct reading of these languages that many of their beauties can be appreciated.

In Europe nine and ten years are spent on classics, and the graduates from many of the colleges and universities can read, write, and even speak Greek and Latin with as much ease and fluency as their own tongue. Not one of all those will ever say that his time was lost. Cardinal Newman never tires expatiating on the advantages of classics in a liberal education. Mr. Gladstone—and he is double first-class honor man in sciences from Oxford—still finds time amidst all the bustle of state affairs to commune with Zeus, Athena, Poseidon, Hera, and the other characters, both human and divine, whom Homer has immortalized in his two epics. It is so with all who have entered into the proper spirit of the study of the classics; who have felt that it is books not words they must master; they will, at some future time, come back to their Homer, Virgil, or the other fathers of literature for consolation and inspiration. "Latin Grammar," says Professor Zeller, of Berlin, "by its strictness and logical correctness, is as excellent a means for the general training of the mind as Roman law is for its juridical training, and in this respect it can no more be replaced by any modern language than the pandects by the Code Napoleon. The Greek, language combines, with the transparency of its logico-grammatical structure, wealth of words, mobility of construction, the power to accommodate itself to every need of expression, a full and clear formation of its sentences and a euphony which is as unique as is the classic perfection of Greek art. All the mental faculties and powers which the formation of language demands and the study of language develops, are equally stimulated by the Greek tongue." It is all these that make classics, the delight of scholars in every age. Man, says the scientists, is the lord of creation—why not then study that which distinguishes man from the brutes, for as

language expresses ideas, so when we study language we study intellectual operations. The deadness of the language is a decided advantage, for it demands greater researches and thought from the student.

Apart from the virtue of training the mind, possessed in so eminent a degree by the classics, there is even a question of utility. Greek, according to Draper, opens up new and correct ideas in literature and art. The history of civilization is to be learned through Greek and Latin. To the Greeks we must go for the beginnings of philosophy, literature, the plastic arts, science, medicine and music. At the last council of Baltimore the bishops of the United States decreed that in future perfect familiarity with Greek and Latin should be exacted from candidates to the priesthood. The reason is evident. That a thorough knowledge of Scriptural exegesis and of the eastern Fathers may be attained, one must be fully conversant with the Greek language.

The benefits to be derived from the close study of the classics have been mentioned, but there is an evil unfortunately too common in colleges by which all the profit is lost. Students persist in using translations to prepare their class work, and spend their spare moments in reading light works, and thus all the good aims of their instructors are defeated. None but moral means can be employed to prevent this mode of action; students must be convinced of the immense injury done to their intellects and wills by such dishonest methods of acquiring a familiarity with the classics.

But the modernists stop us and ask, are not the sciences and modern languages as powerful means of culture as the classics? Let us examine this side. Sciences when pursued to the neglect of other branches give their devotees a partial training; for in studying sciences we learn to make a skilful use of our senses, while the intellect is confined in its operations. There is not the same field for the study of so many subjects, nor the same broadening of the mind. "Natural science," says E. du Bois Raymond, a German scientific professor, "like every other activity so pursued, narrows the field of view. . . . Where it is exclusively dominant the mind is left to grow poor in ideas, the imagination in pictures, the soul in sensitiveness, and the result is a narrow, dry and hard mode of

thought deserted by the muses and the graces."

Neither do the modern languages afford the same scope for mental development, for their study is generally undertaken with some project entirely utilitarian in view. Their easiness in comparison with the ancient tongue makes conjectures take in most cases, the place of scientific study. There is in them a parallelism of construction which does not necessitate the same labor in the search for the meaning as is required by the classics. Modern languages are not by any means as logical in their framework as either Greek or Latin.

In Germany both systems have been tried, and the result is in favor of the classics. Many years back, by the side of the gymnasia, whose curriculum consists mainly of classics and mathematics was established a new kind of high school called Realschulen, whose course occupied the same length of time as the gymnasium. The Realschulen discarded Greek wholly and lessened the amount of Latin instruction, replacing these branches by additional time given to mathematics, natural sciences and the modern languages. In 1870 the graduates of the Realschulen were admitted to the university, and the philosophy course became the trysting-ground, as well as the test for the students from both the gymnasia and the Realschulen. In 1880, after ten years trial, the philosophical faculty of Berlin University, reported to the Minister of Public Instruction, its opinion on the question whether the graduates of the Realschulen were fitted to pursue a university course with the gymnasium graduates. It was decidedly adverse to the efficiency of modern training in developing and drilling the mind and its powers. Even the representatives of science and the modern languages joined heartily in this judgment. The science professors reported that the Realschulen though starting with more extensive knowledge of their subjects than their classically-trained fellow students soon fell behind the latter. In specifying the deficiencies of the students trained by modern systems, the various instructors complain of their dullness of comprehension, their lack of independent judgment of a clear consciousness of their own scientific capacity, and of an insight into the growth of man's mental life, their want of

self-knowledge and their defective power of expression.

From the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for 1885, we learn what precedes and in fact the writing of this essay has been suggested by two articles in that magazine, wherein the authors summarize the arguments for and against classical

education adduced in publications of the above mentioned year. To conclude all this, I would say that a liberal education must make a happy combination of the ideas of the classicists and the modernists, but that it must ever give classics the first rank.

C. M. T. O'B. '89.

ON LAKE AND PRAIRIE.

(Continued from page 160.)



NE of the first and most trying difficulties Father Legoff had to overcome was the repugnance he always felt in partaking of food prepared by the squaws. These worthy ladies, it must be remembered, have none of them as yet made a course of domestic economy, and are not naturally models of cleanliness, as the ideal disorder and filth of the huts under their care clearly testify. We can easily understand that the missionary must feel rather uncomfortable in these Indian camps, where he is surrounded by the swarthy, rough red men and untidy children, and where he witnesses the preparation of a meal by the still less scrupulously clean squaws. How trying it must have been to the good father, fatigued and hungry after a wearisome journey, to be unable to taste a morsel of food on account of the revulsion of the stomach at the sight of its preparation. In conversation with Father Legoff, or with any of our Indian missionaries, a great many of the characteristics that make the "Noble Red Men" of romance, vanish from our minds, and we find the "brave" very often cowardly. This is but natural, for savages, as a rule, are cruel, and cruelty and cowardice are twin brothers. An incident in the life of Father Legoff will serve as an illustration. During the late rebellion, which increased the wretchedness of the already wretched aborigines, the missionary was living not far from Frog Lake where two of his brother Oblates were shot by some pagan savages. The uprising of the Indians was nearly general; they expected

to rid themselves of the whites whom they considered as usurpers, and thought that after this riddance the ancient days of plenty would return. Many are not yet converted to the true faith and these would have considered it an act of patriotism to kill a white man even should he be a missionary. Father Legoff knew that there was danger brewing; the fate of the two unfortunate Fathers at Frog Lake proved it to him; yet he did not leave his post. He staid to encourage his little flock and to bring to them when needed the comforts of religion. What was his astonishment when the men for whom he had staid told him that there was danger for him, but that they could not protect him, for, they remarked with a cowardly naiveté, they might be killed themselves if they attempted to help him. Thus did they reward him for his devotedness to them, they then fled, leaving the Father a prisoner in the hands of Big Bear's followers and he was brought to the camp of this famous chief. He was violently abused by these rebellious Indians and had to hear all the reproaches that the red men could make to the white invaders without any distinction between those who came thither to help them, to educate and enlighten them, and those, who it must be said, unfortunately wished to see them all wiped out and hence had no consideration for them. As they were growing more and more passionate in their insults they threatened to kill him, and time and again levelled their rifles at him. The poor Father was sure that his days were numbered, yet he was perfectly calm and collected; not a sign of fear did he betray, he looked steadfastly into the faces of his would be murderers. This firmness and boldness on his part surprised them

not a little; they were awe-struck at his bravery and they dared not harm one so far superior to them.

He remained a prisoner for several weeks at Big Bear's camp. During his there he noticed that the Indians manifested great fear whenever there was any rumour of the approach of the troops. They had the greatest dread of the sound of cannons; some were seen cowering down while others took to flight when the ominous firing was heard. Father Legoff was released when Big Bear surrendered. The war had already lasted too long, and had cost the Government several millions of dollars. But what was this in comparison to the losses religion and civilization had to sustain!

Flourishing missions devastated, chapels and mission houses ruined; the Indians more than ever embittered towards the whites, unwrought the life work of many a poor missionary. Nothing daunted, these devoted men redoubled their exertions, and though it is but a few years since the uprising, they are even now beginning to see their districts reassume their former appearance. It is to be hoped that the good Father will have success in his present undertaking, and that he will sufficiently recuperate his shattered strength so that he may yet devote himself for many years to the laborious but glorious work of the conversion and civilization of the Indians.

MEXICAN FUN.



THE above title seems about as good as any for this fragment of a letter written by an ex-Ottawa student, at present residing in the City of Mexico. The whole letter is addressed to some friends who kindly

share it with the OWL. The portion we print is devoted to the great national sport of the bull-fight, and was deemed of particular interest for those whose nervous system can better stand the shock of dangerous pastimes.—[EDS.]

This amusement is carried on in the Plaza de Toros a large affair resembling the ancient circus in Rome, where the gladiators used to make "sport for a Roman holiday." The bull-fight opens with the entrance of the *aguacil* who is mounted on horseback. He is dressed in black velvet, wears a long white feather in his cap, and rides up to the judge who hands him a large key. With this the graceful *aguacil* opens the gates. Then follows the grand entry. To the sound of lively music come the *Amadrilla* i. e. all who take part in the fight. The procession is headed by the first *Espada* or swordsman, then the second and third followed by the *Banderilleros* two by two. Then the *Picadores* on horseback followed by the *Monos Sabios* or wise monkeys as

they call the servants; lastly the mules that drag the dead bulls away.

At the sound of the Judge's horn, the bull rushes in and the *toreros* commence *capeando*, that is playing and attracting and dodging the beast with their *capas*, or cloaks. When they have got the bull fairly excited, the *Banderilleros* throw *banderillos* into him—these are long sticks prettily trimmed with colored tissue paper, having at the end a large piece of iron, barbed like a fish hook. These cause the bull great pain and drive him into a fury. When the judge considers that they have thrown enough of these sticks, he blows the horn, as the signal for the *Picadores* to commence their part of the sport. The bull rushes at their horses, and the riders defend them with lances, which they drive into the bull, but he eventually gets near enough to the horse to harm him, and fearful is the encounter. The horse is generally badly torn, and of course falls. The *Picador* escapes by jumping the fence, and the bull goes on wreaking his vengeance on the poor horse who is severely injured and then only is he led away to be sewed up and gotten into condition for another encounter. It is very interesting to observe the tricks by which the bull's attention is withdrawn from the horse, the tricks of course always succeeding. The bull has the privilege of harming two or three horses, before the

climax of the *fun* (?) is reached. A third blowing of the horn and the *espada* comes forward, wearing a bright red *capa*. With his sword he plays gracefully with the *capa*, waving it before the bull, and when he has the animal directly in front of him, he stabs him and if he does it well, the spectators get noisily excited, and throw their hats, cigars, money, (!) and sometimes even their coats into the ring. The dead bull is drawn away and another comes out (do you think one would satisfy them?) and so on until the *six* bulls have been killed.

There is a very difficult thing they sometimes do—in a bull fight—they call it the *salto de la garrocha*, which consists in putting a long pole on the onside of the bull and jumping over him, as in pole-vaulting. Last year a young *torero*, only twenty-three years of age, who was celebrated for this *salto*, while performing this feat one Sunday fell on the horns of the bull and was torn to pieces, before the sight of the multitude powerless to help him. Poor fellow, what a death, and still—no less than soldiers who deem it glorious to die fighting—these *toreros* are proud to lose their lives on these unjustifiable fields.

The *toreros* dress very handsomely. They wear close fitting knickerbockers of silk or satin, pale blue, pink or lilac, sometimes bright red. The jacket is very short, and of the same color, and fully open in front, showing the shirt. The waist is encircled with a broad band of silk. The whole outfit, especially the jacket, is literally covered with gold lace. The hat is small and roundish, with two large tassels at the side. To complete this toilet, they wear light stockings and low shoes, and the large beautiful *capa*, which is of a different color from the rest

of the costume, and is elegantly trimmed, indeed, it can hardly be called a garment, it seems more like a banner, at least it is flourished a good deal, and if the bull could "say his say" he would vote it a nuisance.

The great Mexican bull fighter "first in the hearts of his countrymen" at the present time is one Ponciano Diaz. He is quite a young man and a good fellow—an exception to the general rule, for these heroes usually belong to the desperados, you would call them a "hard set." The Mexicans rave over this Ponciano. He does a wonderful thing that no other *torero* can do; that is he drives *banderellos* into the bull with his mouth as well as with his hands. This is wonderful and the public who are so fond of him always cry out: "No! No! Ponciano!" when he goes to perform this dangerous feat. Luis Mazzantani, one of the best bull-fighters in Spain, when in Mexico not long ago tried hard to persuade Ponciano to return with him to Madrid to teach the fighting fraternity there this accomplishment. Taking him all in all and looking through Mexican eyes, this Mazzantani is also a splendid *torero* and a very handsome man. He looks grand when he stands up so bravely in front of the bull, he seems really to magnetize the animal, I have seen him pat the bull between the horns. This Mazzantani like Ponciano is a decided exception to the average bull fighter—they both go into good society. The former is really accomplished—he plays and sings well, speaks several languages—writes poetry and is a very good actor—so from a mundane point of view—why he is just right.

R. T.

City of Mexico,
15 Feb. 1889.

Golden and snowy and red the flowers,
Golden and snowy and red in vain;
Robins call robins through sad showers:
The white dove's feet are wet with rain.
For April sobs while these are so glad
April weeps while these are so gay,—
Weeps like a tired child who had,
Playing with flowers, lost its way.

H. H.

The Owl.

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A DILEMMA.

Just at the time when so much is being written and spoken pro and con on the question of the Jesuit Estates Compensation Act, the editor of *United Canada* puts the whole argument in the shape of a dilemma which is almost as worthy of the attention of students of philosophy as the famous dilemma of Tertullian. Seeing that Protestant journalists and preachers are laying much stress upon the Jesuits' having been suppressed by the Pope, Father Coffey answers them thus. Either you recognize the authority of the Pope over the Society of Jesus or you do not. If you do, then you must admit his right

to confiscate their property to the Church. If you do not, the Society of Jesus never should have ceased to exist as a body corporate. In either case the Crown did an act of injustice by appropriating the lands which were guaranteed to the Society by the Treaty of Paris, of which injustice the present act of compensation is but a tardy acknowledgement.

FRATERNITYISM.

Not very long since we read in one of our exchanges that many colleges seemed to be metamorphosing from educational institutions devoted to teaching and study into chapter-houses given up to "meetings" and "initiations." The remark was a good-humoredly satirical one, and it did not seem to come from a genuine feeling that the students in American colleges were overdoing the fraternity business. Still we are inclined to think that such is the case. The prodigious increase of Greek letter societies would be amusing to contemplate if it were not that some evil effects may arise therefrom. Surely we can pardon the naturalist who seeing the grotesque spirit of imitation which seems to be inherent in man tried to prove him akin to that race of lower animals in which the art of mimicry is most highly developed. On a certain day some time within the last three hundred years, a society was established by some college men with three Greek letters for a title. This was but a little acorn, but behold there is now a mighty oak whose roots stretch far and wide, and whose arms give shelter to all the colleges of the land. No college worthy of the name will attempt to exist without one or two of these fraternities, the chief outward feature of whose constitution seems to be that they shall be labelled with the cabalistic Hellenic symbols. Could the old Greeks have known to what noble uses their linguistic signs would be elevated, they would

assuredly instead of wasting their time in writing poetry, history, philosophy and such trash, have devoted it all to the invention of new alphabets. Thereby we students of the present day would have been spared the humiliation of having to use for the names of our newest fraternities letters which have already been employed by those societies enjoying priority of time. It is not sufficient however to have two or three of these fraternities in a college, there must be affiliation between our Delta-Upsilon-Sigma and similar societies existing in other colleges. Our Most Extraordinarily Noble Grand Mufti (this is not his name, but it is not permitted to reveal the secrets), must exercise a paternal supervision over the members of all the other Delta-Upsilon-Sigma's; he must have delegates constantly moving about to hold a chapter here, to attend a banquet there. These poor fellows receive no salary for the performance of these duties, their studies suffer seriously from the irregular life they are obliged to lead, but then what happiness to be doing the will of the M. E. N. G. M; to have their names appear in various college journals as having been the instruments of executing the mysterious process of installation, induction, initiation or whatever other name it may receive! As we have already said, all this would be very laughable if it did not possess a dangerous tendency. This spirit of fraternityism is calculated to embitter many of the closest relations of college life. Rivalry and emulation of the worst sort must invariably exist between the members of the different societies, and the Kappa-Phi's of one university will be on more friendly terms with the Kappa-Phi's of another university than with the Sigma-Tau's of their own. Nay, they will be almost at open enmity with their fellow students who have the bad taste to become Sigma-Tau's rather than Kappa-Phi's. Now this is all very wrong. College societies are good, class

organization is commendable. But the sons of the same mother should be brothers by sympathy as well as by nature. Every college should be a commonwealth, not at war with other commonwealths, but seeking to promote first the mutual interests of its own members. Fraternityism, as it exists at present, is arrayed in opposition to this principle. But this is not all. Our whole educational fabric rests upon the fraternities as upon a basis. College presidents think the name of their fraternity worthy to be placed after their literary titles; new chapter houses are being erected; State associations of members of certain fraternities are discovered wining and dining not unfrequently. What means this? Either that these societies are already branches of one powerful and wide spreading secret organization, or that they may readily become such at a given moment. The suspicion that this is or will be the case may be unfounded, *mais nous verrons*.

FREEDOM NOT TO WORSHIP.

The sturdy spirit which animated that noble body of men the English Puritans, and nerved them to leave their country and cross the angry ocean in order that they might worship God in their own way and make everybody else do the same, still lives in their descendants. That stern defiance of properly constituted authority in matters of religion was the strongest trait in the character of the Pilgrim Fathers. They were determined to have freedom of worship, even should it be necessary to take away that privilege from all other Christians; and well did they carry out their principles. Times change but principles do not, and the battle which the 17th century Puritans fought for freedom of worship, their 19th century posterity are now carrying on for the sacred right of freedom not to worship. The leaders of this valiant struggle are princip

ally students of Amherst, Harvard and Yale, though a few of the western brethren at Ohio State University are vainly raising their voices for the truth. Now Amherst is a denominational college, if we mistake not, but the Amherst gentlemen, at least those who have any manliness in them, don't want to go to chapel in the morning. It may be objected that in entering an institution administered by a sect of professing Christians they obliged themselves to submit to the regulations which the ministers of that sect may think fitting for the government of the college. But such an objection as this could be formulated only by bigoted and intolerant minds. No one prays in this century except those who are paid for the purpose. Yes, it must be admitted that "Papists" pray, but they don't belong to this century properly; they haven't got out of the darkness of the Middle Ages yet. Of course the parents of those who are sent to college expect them to receive some religious principles, but they didn't know that all these principles have now been thrown aside, and surely our fathers and mothers would not have us behind the times. Harvard's clamor against chapel attendance was so very loud that the repugnant practice was left optional for a year, but now it has again been rendered compulsory. Harvard has taken a backward step and it seems that Yale has followed. At Ohio University the authorities are quite barbarian. They recently suspended four students "for refusing to attend the religious services at morning chapel." Think of it! The idea of requesting students to get up at an unearthly hour, perhaps as early as eight o'clock, in order to attend morning chapel! It is simply outrageous, and will yet bring about a Revolution whose motto instead of "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," will be "freedom not to worship."

A LIGHT GONE OUT.

It is not unfitting that we who are amateurs in Catholic journalism should here pay a slight tribute of respect to the memory of one whose recent decease has left vacant a giant's place in the ranks of Catholic pressmen. The name of Patrick Valentine Hickey has long been a household word to thousands of readers in America and England who appreciate the immensity of the work he performed as editor and publisher. To have been the founder of that sterling high-class journal *The Catholic Review*, was alone sufficient to stamp Mr. Hickey with the seal of greatness, but he did more than this. For sixteen years he edited the *Review*, which soon came to be regarded as the best exponent of Catholic opinion in this country, and to be held in no less esteem than was the *London Tablet* in its better days. The *Review* breathed forth its editor's own personality; its readers had no difficulty in forming a correct estimate of Mr. Hickey's character. Strong, firm and dignified, courteous through nature and not through fear, naturally gentle in dealing with opponents, but capable of being sternly severe, Mr. Hickey's every word commanded respect; and even those who differed from him in opinion could not attack with bitterness a man who was himself so utterly free from all trace of bitterness. Besides founding and editing the *Review*, Mr. Hickey established the *Vatican Library*, a series of good books at popular prices. This undertaking does not seem to have met with all the success it deserved; some of the best of the works he published are now out of print which must be owing to the lack of buyers. At the time when the *Catholic Review* was founded no Catholic paper could be had for less than \$3.00 a year. But recently several journals began to be offered at the more popular price of \$1.00. Not to be behind the times Mr. Hickey started the *Catholic American* at the popu-

lar price. His enterprise was quickly rewarded and this journal now finds its way to a vast number of families. In recognition of his services to literature Leo XIII raised Mr. Hickey to membership in the Pontifical orders of St. Sylvester and St. Gregory. The University of Notre Dame last year presented him with the Lætare medal annually conferred upon distinguished Catholic publicists. As honorable in private as in public life Mr. Hickey gave constant testimony of "the faith that was in him."

"Our loss is his gain." May his soul rest in peace!

THE STUDENTS' MITE.

It has been decided in a general meeting of the senior students of the College that the usual banquet will not be held on St. Patrick's Day this year. It is felt that such a banquet would be entirely inappropriate at a time when the state of Irish politics is yet so agitated, and when the sufferings of tenants under oppressive landlords are so intense. Moreover the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, though he has come scathless forth from the crucible in which the malignity of the London *Times* would have destroyed him, is in pressing need of money to pay the enormous legal expenses incurred during the sitting of the commission. Mindful of the old proverb that "every little makes a mickle," the students of Ottawa College have determined to devote the sum, small as it may be, which under other circumstances would have contributed to their own gratification, to swell the columns of the Parnell Defence Fund. The sum would be comparatively a small one even if it represented all that was to have been spent on the banquet—and it does not. Several students who would gladly have subscribed to a banquet fund refuse to give a cent to the Parnell Fund. But at any rate, whatever the amount may

be, it is given with the purest of intentions, and this we feel sure will gain for it a willing acceptance. If our example should be followed in any other colleges, a large sum might easily be raised, and the students of Ottawa would then feel that they had done a not altogether trifling service to the cause of that country for which they cherish so deep an affection.

ATHLETICS.

The exceptionally fine weather, which it has been our good fortune to enjoy during the past few weeks, has, we are glad to see awakened the spirit of liveliness and activity which has lain dormant during the winter months.

Handball now engages the attention of a large number of the students, during their leisure moments. A keenly contested struggle for the coveted title of "the first team," took place on the afternoon of the 7th inst.; six teams entered into the competition, two of which, composed respectively of Messrs. Labrecque, D. Macdonald and T. Donovan; and G. Constantineau, Brunette and Gaudet proving themselves superior to their opponents were pitted against each other in the final contest. After a most exciting struggle the victory was awarded to the last mentioned team. The alley is in excellent condition at present, and this highly amusing and health-giving exercise well deserves the enthusiasm which is being manifested in it.

While we are entirely in favor of the proposed "solid and permanent establishment of lacrosse in Toronto University," we are of the opinion that under existing circumstances the idea is an extremely impracticable one—and for two reasons: In the first place, proficiency in lacrosse is only attained after long and constant practice, in which the university student is not in a position to indulge. A second and a more serious objection is the fact that lacrosse is properly in season only during the absence of the student from the university, thereby rendering it impossible for college teams to compete for championship honors. But, even in view of these facts are we to conclude that lacrosse has

no place in the curriculum of College pastimes? By no means. One thing, however, we think is requisite to enable the College student to become as clever an exponent of lacrosse as he has already proved himself to be as regards foot-ball, and this is to adapt the rules governing the game as much as possible to the regulations of the University. The formation of an inter-collegiate association, confining the season within the limits of the scholastic year, and the arrangement of a series of games to be played by College teams, would, at the same time, add to the interest in our national game, and be effectual in accomplishing the aim which the Varsity team proposes to itself in its intended trip through Western Ontario. Who will take the initiative?

* * *

The snowshoe club has disbanded for the season. We saw, with much pleasure, that the snowshoe club received at the hands of the students, during the past year, the support it so well deserves. The tramps were numerous and always well attended, which, combined with the pleasant weather made the season a most successful one. The thanks of the club are due to Mr. A. Desrosiers through whose kindness an afternoon's enjoyment on the Taché Hill Toboggan Slide, was secured for them.

* * *

The picture of last year's foot-ball champions which has lately been placed in the reading room is an excellent one, and detracts nothing from the appearance of the fine collection which had already adorned the walls.

* * *

Once more the O. M. I. Cadets are beginning to materialize, and every conge afternoon the gymnasium resounds with the thud of rifles and the clink of bayonets. This is as it should be. There is no physical exercise which trains the body better than the military drill. It quickly changes a slouching, shuffling gait into a firm manly tread, straightens drooping shoulders better than any patent braces, and cultivates a graceful, easy carriage. We have good material this year, and there seems to be no reason why we should not have a crack cadet corps. J. E. Landry, '91, who has been "out" with the Quebec militia is captain of the company.

* * *

A second hand-ball tournament even more exciting than the one above mentioned was played on the afternoon of March 14th. Four teams engaged; (1) Lambert, Lajeunesse, D. McDonald, (2) Labrecque, Raymond, Charron; (3) Sullivan, Fitzpatrick, Groulx; (4) Kennedy, Paradis, Brunette. Number four were the victors and to them the laurel wreath was awarded in the shape of a box of cigars, of which they made a generous "divvy."

SOCIETY NOTES.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

On the evening of the 28th ult., Rev. Father Balland read before the society the third portion of his paper on "The origin of the world." As on the two former occasions when Father Balland addressed the society, his paper proved a rare treat, and was filled with much highly interesting information. The gradual advances in animal and vegetable life through the Tertiary period down to our own time, were beautifully illustrated by stereopticon views.

On the 6th inst, Dr. L. C. Prevost, visiting physician to the College, read a most instructive paper on "Microbes and their relation to Pathology." The gifted lecturer displayed a thorough knowledge of this all-important subject, and the easy and graceful style in which he advanced his theories, contributed, not a little, to the deep interest with which he was listened to throughout. At the conclusion of the lecture a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer for the pleasant manner in which he had entertained the society. It is the society's good fortune to have received from Dr. Prevost, a promise to again address its members before the close of the scholastic year.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

On the evening of the 10th inst., the question before the society was, "Resolved that the training of the imagination is of more consequence to the child than that of the judgment." Mr. John P. Donovan and Mr. Chas. McCarthy ably supported the affirmative, whilst Mr. M. F. Fallon and Mr. D. J. Cahalan, took the negative. The vote resulted in favor of the negative.

ST. THOMAS' ACADEMY.

In keeping with the custom of former years, the members of the Academy celebrated the 7th of March, the feast of St. Thomas, by holding their regular meeting in the Academic Hall, in the presence of the faculty and students. The evening's programme opened with a short introduction from the President, explanatory of the object of the society and the work performed by its members. Mr. John P. Donovan followed with an essay on "The bearing of Ontology upon Literature," in which he showed the dependence upon Ontology not only of literature but of all the arts and sciences. Mr. D. R. McDonald, in a few words, enlarged upon the principles advanced by the essayist. Mr. Eugene Groulx, in a most interesting paper, then showed the close relation which exists between Psychology and the natural sciences, which was followed by an essay by Mr. W. F. Kehoe on "The human passions." Mr. M. F. Fallon followed with a few references to the theories of the two previous speakers. At the conclusion of the programme Prof. Glasmacher addressed the assembly in a few congratulatory and encouraging words.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

On the evening of the 12th, ult. Mr. L. J. Kehoe, assisted by Mr. R. Dufresne upheld the action of our Federal Government with respect to the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Mr. Dennis Murphy and Mr. A. White contended that the action of the government was detrimental to the country's interests. The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

On the 3rd inst., the question for discussion was "Resolved that a Republican Government is preferable to a Monarchical one," Mr. A. C. Reddy and Mr. George Murphy spoke on behalf of the affirmative, and Mr. Frank McDougal and Mr. C. Higgins, advocated the cause of the Monarchical Government. The debate was interesting and animated throughout, the vote resulting in favor of the negative.

FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

On the 28th, ult. the Society departed from the usual custom and instead of a debate a somewhat lengthy programme, consisting of readings, declamations and recitations was rendered. On Thursday the 14th inst. a debate took place on the

question "Resolved that the Rebellion of 1837 was justifiable," Mr. Damien Masson and Mr. A. Archambault supported the affirmative, and Mr. C. Charlebois and Mr. A. Chabot conducted the negative side of the question. The vote resulted in favor of the latter.

EXCHANGES.

Several pages of a recent number of *'Varsity* are taken up with notices of the life, death and work of Dr. Young, a scholar of varied and profound attainments in many departments of knowledge. He was at once a metaphysician, mathematician, scientist and litterateur. It was characteristic of him, says our contemporary, that it was in his later years he turned to the study of German, as he thought the obscurities of the German metaphysicians could be mastered in their native utterances only. There is also a thoughtful article on the study of modern languages: to avoid the superficial habits of mind which may result from such studies, serious labor should be combined with the practice of speaking a language. We fear that some of the debating societies in the University give good ground for the objection made against such clubs years ago by Dr. Whateley; a thorough knowledge of the subjects of discussion should not be sacrificed to glibness of tongue.

We have received the first number of the *Tablet*, an eclectic journal of Catholic literature, published quarterly by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore. An article on "Why busy men write the best books" gives the solution of a problem in the truth of which we are firm believers. The pressure of various occupations is a spur to intellectual activity; while freedom from the turmoil of life narrows our vision and distorts our judgment. The experience of ages teaches that the busiest men have produced the best books: Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and in our own days, Goethe, Lamb, Newman, Manning, Mill, Matthew Arnold, all have found that other work has a bracing and broadening effect on mental labor.

We agree with *Queen's College Journal* that pulpit power is of as vast importance now as it was in any century. The influence wielded by Father Burke, during a short visit to America, is felt even after a

lapse of almost twenty years; while the great Augustinian, Father de Montefeltro, by force of eloquence, reaches thousands, and wins to the cause of religion many who would otherwise wander into the mazes of materialism, scepticism and atheism. Notre Dame of Paris has become famous in our days as the great centre for lovers of true eloquence and pure doctrine, expounded by Lacordaire, Hyacinthe (that was), and Monsabré. Many will be found yet to speak with rapture of Cardinal Newman, whose matter and language drew numbers years ago in St. Mary's at Oxford, who would perhaps have been at first repelled by the unattractive appearance and somewhat monotonous delivery of the preacher. The moral to be drawn from all this is that candidates for the ministry should cultivate the art of eloquence. There are great thinkers in the Church, but great speakers are as necessary; Lacordaire, Burke, de Montefeltro do not preach any new doctrine, but they have followed the maxim of St. Bernard, *non nova sed nove*.

In the *Manitoba College Journal*, a writer treats of the poetry of the Celtic Homer, Ossian, whose birthplace will be for a time a disputed question. Whether, with Dr. Johnston, we claim that Ossian's poems are but the production of the pretended translator, or consider them as reliable, and we are inclined to the latter contention, all must admit that MacPherson has given to the world poetry which, for fire and simplicity, rivals the Iliad, while in tenderness it is fully the equal of the Aeneid. An essay on Plato's mental philosophy, and selections from recent articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which the merits of competitive examinations have been favorably and unfavorably discussed by great educators, make up the literary contributions.

The *Sunbeam* says, "'Spoons' are very plentiful around the College at present." Evidently: Romeo and Juliet, a romance in one act, tells of a pouting girl, Mollie, whose every whim is indulged by a senior, Myra. Mollie throws back a ring, a pledge of friendship, into the lap of Myra, who tries to humor the sweet creature, but in vain for the present. "Darling!" "Precious!" They are friends again at night. The less of such morbid, senseless friendship there is in boarding schools and convents, the less weakness of mind and peevishness—qualities ill adapted for the fulfil-

ment of the duties which devolve upon the greatest number of the graduates of these institutions—will adorn their characters.

The *Western Maryland College Monthly* comes to our table for the first time and presents itself to its readers with a new staff of editors—the gentler sex prevailing in numbers. That the latter fact is true a fanciful article, "A Trip to Mars," and one on "Self Opinion," give clear evidence. Young ladies can moralize and very well, but at times they amuse more than they instruct. The *Monthly* is, however, a good sample of college journals.

The *Messenger*, of Richmond, Va., contains several good articles on educational topics. One on Mind Culture has some ideas old, but ever practical. Knowledge of oneself must underlie all attempts at mental training, and educators ought to take the most rational method—history, biography and lighter work must precede the study of more abstruse subjects. The writer seems, however, to have forgotten the principle *ignoti nulla cupido*; desire follows knowledge and not the contrary.

Students not absorbed in things material are apt to imagine that transformation of energy is merely physical. A writer in the *Cynic* discusses the subject and divides energy into physical, intellectual and spiritual; we would rather term the last one moral. "Paul and Luther were the great energetic men of the spiritual world." Yes; Paul (the writer means St. Paul) felt within him the struggle of the spiritual against the material man, and expended his energy in gaining a victory for the former; Luther felt the same but we fear that the material had the upper hand. Broken vows are surely not evidences of spiritual energy.

It is Bryant, we think, who says of truth, "the eternal years of God are hers." And it is well that all falsehood and shams are to end with time. In the *High School Times*, of Dayton, Ohio, which we are glad to welcome as one of the best of such journals, there is a short sketch in which the old calumnies against the house of Guise and Mary Stuart are repeated. The writer has evidently drawn his estimate of Mary's character from Froude or the poet Swinburne. It is time that such perversion of history should give over. Several well written essays on the "Mound Builders," "An Hour in the Chemical Laboratory," "Inducements to Legal Study," make up for many deficiencies.

BOOK NOTICES.

ST. PETER'S HYMN BOOK. Rev. L. Brennan, C. S. B., St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont. 1889.

The question of congregational singing is drawing the greater attention of bishops and priests every-day. Father Young has proved historically in the Catholic World, where he has completely sifted the subject in all its bearings, that choir-singing is altogether a latter day innovation and that singing in which all join and which is so popular amongst our separated brethren is one of the few good things they have preserved from the time they were one with us. In Italy and France the people are perfectly familiar with the general offices of the Church, witness the fact of twenty thousand voices uniting in a grand *Te Deum* at a Thanksgiving Mass offered by the Holy Father in St. Peter's at the close of the year. The volume before us serves to propagate this grand old custom—a relic of truly Christian days. "The St. Basil's Hymn Book" is one of the finest we have ever seen being at once a Prayer-book, Hymn-book, Vespers and Sodality Manual for Sodalists who recite the little office of the Immaculate Conception. The selection of hymns made from the Breviary for the principal feasts of the year, commends it to colleges and schools. The hymns which number about two hundred are culled from many sources: but they are the choicest, all express some truth of the closest connection with the life of a Christian. Some of those hymns such as "Nearer my God to Thee," "Lead Kindly Light," "Prune Thou thy Words," which have been found almost as a rule in Protestant collections only, are in this book—and it is their proper place. If they have been composed by Protestants or one-time Protestants, they should not for this reason be excluded from Catholic hymn-books for whatever good is therein comes rather from the Christianity than the Protestantism of their authors. The work is printed in clear type and the lowness of the price places it within the reach of all. The publishers promise a companion volume to this one to contain the music for Vespers and hymns together with four masses.

THE JESUITS, THEIR APOLOGISTS AND THEIR ENEMIES, a Lecture by Rev. M. J. Whelan.

This neat little brochure embodies a lecture delivered on Feb. 24th by Rev. Father Whelan, Rector of St. Patrick's Church of this city. It is a most timely discourse, and its reproduction in pamphlet form will be the means of placing the Jesuits in the proper light before the Catholics and Protestants not only of the city of Ottawa but of the whole Dominion. We say advisedly before the Catholics, for many of us living as we do in a miasmatic atmosphere may not have been strong enough to resist contagion. To such as these and to all Protestants who can see in themselves any of the symptoms of the anti-Jesuit rabies, Father Whelan's lecture may be recommended as a potent remedy. The lecture begins by an explanation of the nature and aims of religious orders in general and the Society of Jesus in particular. Tributes from many Protestant writers, Leibnitz, Maillard, Macintosh and others are quoted to attest the beneficial efforts of these societies. The Constitutions and Government of the Jesuit order are clearly exposed, and the calumny which states that a Jesuit must obey his superiors even in things sinful, once more nailed. A brief sketch of the splendid missionary work performed by the Society is then given, and Dr. Littledale's testimony to the Jesuits' being "worthy of hearty admiration and respect" is taken at length from the not too intensely Catholic pages of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Dr. Littledale admits that there is no proof that the Jesuits were ever engaged in "concocting conspiracies, kindling wars and procuring assassinations," but says, "it is not easy to explain the invariable presence of a Jesuit in the back-ground, on any hypothesis which will secure the complete acquittal of the Society from charges of this sort." Is not this a most damning admission? For three centuries the enemies of the Jesuits have been seeking to implicate them in schemes of conspiracy and assassination and yet there are "no sufficient proofs." As to English Jesuits bringing upon their co-religionists the severities of penal law, Father Whelan points out that no Jesuit existed in England for twenty years after those cruel penal laws were in

force. The true story of the Gunpowder Plot is told once more, and it is proved that the Jesuits instead of concocting the plot discovered and divulged it. The eminent theologian Gury is called to testify to the purity of the moral teachings of his Order, and an offer made by the lecturer to give \$500 to any one who shall produce a *bona-fide* passage convicting the Jesuits of teaching that the end justifies the means. The history of the temporary suppression of the Society of Jesus, that gloomy page in the history of the Church, is cleared up. The Sovereign Pontiff claims infallibility only in matters of faith not in matters of discipline. Clement XIV never condemned a single iota of Jesuit teaching, he merely withdrew a certain portion of his forces from the fight, not through disapproval of what they had done but lest their presence on the field might give a pretext to the enemy for violating the laws of civilized warfare. The glorious deeds of the sons of St. Ignatius in Canada receive a brief notice, and then Father Whelan comes to the question now agitating the country, viz.; the Compensation Act passed by the Quebec government. He shows that it is "a simple case of restitution." The act which confiscated the Jesuits' estates was "an act of spoliation." As to the Papal ratification the matter is a very simple one. The Jesuits are legally entitled to compensation for their estates. But being subject to the Pope they cannot receive it or dispose of it without his approval. The forty pages of Father Whelan's little pamphlet give a clear insight into the whole question of "Jesuitism," and we trust will bring truth and light to the minds of many readers. The price of the pamphlet is 15 cents. Those of our readers who wish to obtain a copy can do so by addressing

THE OWL.

THE AVE MARIA: VOLUME TWENTY-SEVENTH, JULY-DECEMBER, 1888.
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA:—

A large and beautiful volume, bound in blue and gold, lies upon our table this month, whose presence causes us to wonder whether the publishers show such generosity towards all the magazine editors. In any case we feel immensely flattered at being the recipients of such a charming book. It is the twenty-seventh

volume of the *Ave Maria*, that excellent magazine, and contains twenty-six weekly parts numbering 624 pages. Poetry, fiction, historical and biographical sketches, Marian articles, all of the highest order of literary merit are grouped together in such profusion that it becomes a task of the utmost difficulty for the reviewer to choose any for special mention without quoting the whole table of contents (which would cover at least ten pages of the OWL.) Of the serial articles perhaps the most notable is Charles Warren Stoddard's "Glimpses at Mission Life in California." Mr. Stoddard writes with equal grace and facility in prose and verse, and is taking a place in American literature beside the others of his name. "The Scenes of the Rosary" is a series of exquisite pen pictures by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who is doing so much to propagate true principles of aesthetics in America. George Prospero gives an interesting account of several famous shrines of Our Lady in France. Several papers on Canadian subjects are scattered through the volume; "The Dollards" by Anna T. Sadlier tells the story of the heroic death of the Canadian Leonidas and his brave little band. Miss Amy M. Pope contributes largely both in prose and verse, her themes being generally found in Canada. The two serial stories, "Desmond Coppinger's Inheritance" by E. L. Dorsey and "Cecil's Fortune" by Christian Reid are well constructed pieces of fiction, full of interest and incident. The first of these writers (we should like to know whether it is "Mr." or "Miss" Dorsey, though inclined to think it the former) has all the charming qualities of style which have rendered "The Duchess" so popular; but "Desmond Coppinger's Inheritance" is as superior to "Molly Bawn" and "Phyllis" as wheat is to chaff. Christian Reid's reputation is too firmly established to need any good words from us. There is a deep purpose underlying all her stories which enhances their value. We have at different times referred to the excellence of the "Youth's Department" of the *Ave Maria*. Such a department is almost indispensable to any good family and nowhere is it better catered to than in the *Ave Maria*. Mary C. Crowley, Helen Atteridge and Maurice F. Egan are past masters in that most difficult branch of story-writing, tales for the young. Of the

poetry contained in the volume it is difficult to speak too highly. It is all of the choicest, and therefore any particular reference would be manifestly unfair. These bound volumes of the *Ave Maria* are particularly suitable for gifts or premiums, and as such we recommend them to all Catholic schools and colleges.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA:—The third volume of Alden's *Manifold Cyclopedia*, a marvel of condensed information covers the alphabet between the titles *Artemisia* and *Baptisia*. As to the quality of the work, both literary and mechanical, any common-sense reader is capable of judging. The volumes received at this office (which any reader is welcome to call and examine) are certainly deserving of the unstinted praise which they seem to be receiving. The venerable Professor Day, of Yale College speaks of the work in the following emphatic terms: "The book in all respects more than answers my expectations. It is a very neat volume, of a form convenient for use, firmly bound, of large, clear type, with contents of just that general character which the popular reader requires—comprehensive, accurate, and compact. Its marvelously low cost makes it a prize eagerly to be sought in every intelligence-loving household." The publisher, John B. Alden, 393 Pearl St., New York, or 30, Adelaide St., East, Toronto, will send specimen pages free to any applicant, or a specimen volume (which may be returned if not wanted) in cloth for 50c., or half Morocco, 65c.; postage 10c. extra. The set of thirty volumes is offered at considerably reduced price to early subscribers.

A POPULAR MASS—The composition of an old Ottawa student.

We are pleased to announce to our readers the success that one of our former students has achieved in the composition and publication of a new Mass. The student is Mr. W. A. Leonard, of Lawrence, Mass., for six years a member of Ottawa College, and during all that time organist for the students. It is the third of a series and on Christmas day was sung in more than three hundred churches throughout the United States, including eight Cathedrals. He has been offered a large sum from one of the principal music publishing houses of

the country for the purchase of the copyright and plates. The Mass by the way is dedicated to an old alumnus of Ottawa College, the Rev. M. E. Purcell, Rector of the Holy Trinity Church, Greenfield, Mass., and at the celebration of whose first Mass in the old Chapel Mr. Leonard, presiding at the organ and directed the students' choir.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The long looked for championship hand ball match took place on Monday afternoon, March 4th. The following are the names and positions of those who took part:—

CLUB A.—E. Capbert, inside; M. Shea, right outside; P. Brunelle, left outside.

CLUB B.—J. Macnamara, inside; A. Christin, right outside; D. St. Pierre, left outside.

CLUB C.—L. Dandurand, inside; O. Paradis, right outside; J. Murphy, left outside.

CLUB D.—A. Plunket, inside; E. Gleeson, right outside; E. Maguire, left outside.

It was thought that the clubs were very evenly matched and consequently a hard struggle for victory was expected.

The first match was between clubs A and B. Notwithstanding the plucky endeavors of the members of team B to hold their own it was soon quite evident that they were no match for their opponents, each of whom played a faultless game. The result of this match was soon decided in favor of team A, score being 5 to 15.

The next game which immediately followed was between teams B and C. Here the contest was very exciting, first one team leading the score and then the other, but finally the result was in favor of team B, the score being 13 to 15. The final match between the two teams A and B commenced amid the most intense excitement on the part of the numerous onlookers. Each team was cheered to the echo by its supporters as one or another of its members succeeded in making a surpassingly brilliant play. During the whole game the greatest excitement prevailed, and after a hotly contested match, the score being 13 to 15, club A, composed of E. Capbert, M. Shea and P. Brunelle, were proclaimed the champions amid the most enthusiastic cheering. The winners

were heartily congratulated and for five minutes had to humbly submit to the ordeal of having their hands almost shaken off.

The following is the rank in the Commercial classes for the month of February :

1st Grade.—M. Mellon, P. Mellon, R. Beaulieu. *2nd Grade.*—W. L. Murphy, A. Larocque, A. Christin. *3rd Grade.*—(2nd div.) A. Pelissier, J. O'Reilly, P. Brunelle. *3rd Grade.*—(1st div.) R. Letellier, M. Conway, A. Cameron.

THE INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL TRAINING OF YOUTH.

On Sunday evening March 10th, a lecture on the above subject was delivered before an appreciative audience in Academic Hall, by Rev. L. A. Nolin, O. M. I. M. A. The Rev. lecturer was listened to most attentively as he explained in concise language all the requirements of a good sound Christian education, and substantiated in terms by no means doubtful, the claims of the Church in the direction of education. On Sunday evening, November 24th, Rev. J. J. Fillatre, O. M. I., D. D. will address an audience in Academic Hall on University Training. This lecture will be in French.

OBITUARY.

From a recent San Jose newspaper we were saddened to learn of the death of the Rev. James O'Connor. For some years consumption had been making its enervating drain on his system and relentlessly followed him, to whatever clime he went for health. He met his old foe fearlessly and passed away with the sweetest resignation of every Christian preparation and hope.

Rev. James P. O'Connor was born in Minneapolis, in 1865, and early directed his studies toward the priesthood. He entered Ottawa College in September 1878 and remained with us three years. He began the study of theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore Md. but the climate not agreeing with him he went West and continued his studies at Santa Clara, California. One year ago, on March 19th 1888, he was ordained for the diocese of Los Angeles and Monterey. After ordination he was appointed to a parish, but failing health compelled him to resign.

He sought relief in Denver, but without avail, and two months ago returned home to San Jose and there calmly awaited his end. Father O'Connor had two brothers in Ottawa College during a portion of this time that he was there. These were Peter and Charles. We respectfully tender our sympathy to the doubly bereaved family, for a sister, Rosa, aged 16, preceded Father O'Conner two weeks previously, stricken down by the same insidious foe. *Requiescant in pace.*

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

Seldom has a larger and more enthusiastic gathering of the citizens of Ottawa been seen than that which filled our Academic Hall on Sunday evening, February 24th, to protest against treatment of our Holy Father the Pope by the present Italian Government. Prominent amongst those present were His Grace Archbishop Tache of St. Boniface, Vicar General Routhier, Hon. Messrs. Scott, Girouard and O'Donohoe, J. J. Curran, M. P., Mr. Gigault, M. P. the Superior and Reverend Fathers of the College, the Catholic clergymen of the city, and its most distinguished citizens. The Very Rev. Vicar-General took the chair and explained the object of the meeting. Very Rev. Provincial Augier, O. M. I. then proceeded to unfold in a masterly manner the arguments in favor of the temporal power, and a series of resolutions expressing the sense of the meeting were proposed and ratified by the assembly, Senators Scott, and O'Donohoe, Mr. Curran M. P., Mr. Tasse, Senator Girouard, Messrs. J. G. Moylan, B. Sulte, and F. R. E. Campeau, speaking upon the resolutions. After the reading of an address to be forwarded to His Holiness, Leo XIII, the meeting adjourned at a late hour.

PARNELL DEFENCE FUND.

The following are the Ottawa College subscribers to the Parnell Defence Fund.

Sup. of College.	\$20 00	W. F. Kehoe.	... 1 00
Rev. J. I. Griffin.	.5 00	S. & W. McNally.	1 00
Rev. D. N. Forget.	1 00	D. MacDonald.	1 00
Rev. S. Laporte.	.1 00	R. & J. Paradis.	1 00
James T. Foley.	... 2 00	Richard W. Ivers.	1 00
James C. Dunn.	... 1 00	M. F. Fitzpatrick.	1 00
Wm. Haggerty.	... 1 00	F. L. French.	... 1 00
Francis Cahill.	... 2 00	P. C. O'Brien.	... 1 00
D. R. Macdonald.	1 00	J. C. Moriarty.	... 1 00
John P. Donovan.	1 00	Thomas Curran.	... 1 00

Ernest Leonard...1 00	S. Hallissy..... 50
T. Donovan.....1 00	J. Duffy..... 50
D. V. Phalen.....1 00	J. J. O'Connell... 50
M. F. Fallon.....1 00	T. Coughlin..... 50
C. J. Kennedy.....1 00	Geo. Murphy..... 50
D. A. Campbell...1 00	Thos. Nihan..... 50
George McCrean...1 00	Joseph Landry... 50
Alex McDonell...1 00	G. Robillard..... 50
James Donovan...1 00	J. Brogan..... 50
W. McGreevy.....1 00	J. MacLean..... 50
Albert Newman...1 00	J. Rigney..... 50
F. Rigney..... 1 00	M. Kennedy..... 50
D. & J. Murphy...1 00	J. McGreevy..... 50
John P. Smith...1 00	H. Guilbert..... 50
F. Doyle.....1 00	J. Dunnigan..... 50
Charles Vadnais...1 00	F. Flaherty..... 50
C. McCarthy.....1 00	W. Martin..... 50
James Breheney...1 00	F. Owens..... 40
John Craig.....1 00	W. Kavanagh.... 30
Owen Clark.....1 00	P. Dervin..... 30
James McCabe...1 00	D. Masson..... 25
Thomas Troy.....1 00	E. Groulx..... 25
James Collins...1 00	F. X. Brunette... 25
D. Cahalan.....1 00	James Rooney... 25
A. C. Reddy.....1 00	G. Byrne..... 25
N. D. Pound.....1 00	V. Campbell..... 25
F. Macdougall...1 00	R. Macdonald.... 25
H. J. Canning...1 00	J. Nangle..... 25
G. O'Keefe.....1 00	Ios. O'Reilly... 25
H. Doyle.....1 00	R. Fraser..... 25
A. Burke.....1 00	J. Lacoste..... 25
C. Sparrow.....1 00	John O'Neil..... 25
W. Proderick.... 75	N. Cormier..... 25
P. McGarry..... 75	H. Fauteux..... 25
D. McDermott... 75	T. Leveque..... 25
A. White..... 50	J. McDermott... 25
C. Higgins..... 50	J. Murphy..... 25

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. Baskerville... 50	L. Murphy..... 25
B. Fitzpatrick... 50	A. Shirley..... 25
R. & J. James... 50	E. Keeler..... 25
E. Maguire..... 50	Jas. Lavery..... 25
A. Plunkett..... 50	L. Christin..... 25
G. Robillard... 50	Omer Allard... 25
D'Arcy McGee... 40	E. Gleeson..... 25
John McGee..... 25	M. Shea..... 25
J. McNamara... 25	C. Robillard... 25
A. T. Miller..... 25	A. Letellier.... 25
L. Nevins..... 25	H. Cameron..... 25
John Devlin... 25	A. McDonald... 25

Total.....\$101 15

JUNIOR GYMNASTICS.

You shall learn whom Robby Dewa,
 Drilled and exercised as comrades,
 Not for greater skill in numbers,
 Not for knowledge deep of letters,
 Not for triumphs in the classroom
 And renown on fields of science,
 But in movements acrobatic,
 For the strengthening of the muscles.
 Proudly on the mattress stood he,
 Proudly gazed he 'round about him,
 On the youths who daily practise,
 On the bars, and rings, and ladders.
 When he saw a form athletic,
 Full of life and ardent vigor,
 Forthwith to his side he called him,
 Forthwith in his band enrolled him,

There to train the youthful gymnast,
 Well in movements acrobatic,
 For the strengthening of the muscles.
 If perchance on form phlegmatic,
 Fell his gaze discriminating
 Darker grew his darkened visage,
 As he spurned the sluggard from him.
 Finally, five friends he counted,
 Friends to whom his plans he trusted,
 Friends to whom he gave his teachings
 And who honored him, their leader.
 Like a monarch of the forest,
 Towered among them Christinadolf,
 Mighty were his deeds of prowess,
 Fearless were his agile antics ;
 Plaudits rang out from his comrades
 As with shout of ' I go ! I go !'
 Round upon the bar he twisted.
 Turned and twisted till his members
 Seemed framed of unfeeling metal
 And his spine of gutta percha.

Next comes Oscar, Guehochristopher,
 He, most graceful in his movements,
 Movements rivalling the leader's,
 Sure and safe in all his motions.
 In a somersault aerial,
 None is there whom he calls master,
 None is there whom he calls equal.

Yet young Murfio-Mybill-Lee
 Smallest of the group of gymnasts,
 Slightest in his build and muscle,
 Bravest in his efforts daring
 Full of promise for the future,
 Hears most often the chiefs " tu pas."
 Creaks the bar in accents plaintive,
 Breaks asunder its heart oaken,
 When upon it Edmug-Wire mounts ;
 Heavily bears his mass upon it,
 And when from the bar he tumbles,
 Great the shock that shakes the building.
 Last comes Ky-Us, our "Aye-aye Done"
 Smiles he as he grasps the oak bar,
 Smiles he as he tries to follow,
 All the efforts of the leader,
 And when perchance his grip he misses,
 And from the floor he's raised and bandaged,
 Smiles he long and smiles he loudly,
 At his success in these gymnastics.
 These our heroes embryonic,
 Fostering muscle for the future,
 These are they whom Robby Dewa
 Drilled and exercised as comrades,
 Not for greater skill in numbers,
 Not for knowledge deep of letters,
 Not for triumphs in the classroom,
 And renown on fields of science,
 But in movements acrobatic
 For the strengthening of the muscles.

ERIN'S FESTAL DAY.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day at the College was the quietest and most unpretentious for years past, yet in all the qualities of true patriotism there was no falling off, but rather an evident and admirable increase. A few weeks ago while the Times' case was yet in progress and its result very uncertain, the students met and decided that under the present circumstances the annual banquet on St. Patrick's Day could not fittingly take place. At the same meeting it was decided that

the students would be asked to contribute to the Parnell Defence Fund and in this manner the money ordinarily spent on the banquet would be directed to a perhaps less attractive but by no means less patriotic or less commendable end. The result was that a handsome sum, a detailed account of which will be found on another page, was collected and forwarded to the treasurer of the Defence Fund. The students of Ottawa University, justly first in other fields, may be pardoned for claiming the honor of being the first student body in America to thus give substantial proof of their interest in Irish affairs.

As in former years, the banquet had been the main feature in the celebration; its absence left quite a void, which, however, did not at all lessen the enthusiasm proper to the day. On Sunday High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Enard, O. M. L., assisted by Rev. Bros. Portelance and Quinn as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Rev. Father Holland preached an excellent and most impressive sermon, taking as his text the words of the Psalmist "God is wonderful in his saints." He showed in a clear, brief and eloquent manner how St. Patrick brought the faith to the Irish nation and the eagerness with which that people accepted the Divine Word; how they ever clung to their faith, never allowing their country's claims to override their God's, so that it could never be said of Irish movements that religion was divorced from nationality; how in fine the hand of the aggressor had ever been aimed at Ireland's nationality through her religion, the ruin of the one meaning the destruction of the other. The preacher ended by exhorting his hearers to be true to their traditions, to be young men of honor and duty, as without these qualities neither God nor country could be fittingly served. Father Holland's sermon made a splendid impression and has given him a high place in the hearts of the students.

On Monday evening the regular St. Patrick's Day entertainment was given in the Dramatic Hall. The programme was varied and pleasing. The College Band gave a couple of selections of soul-stirring Irish music in its usual capital style. Mr. D. V. Phalen then made a neat address on "Ireland, and her Patriots," views of many of the latter being given. Mr. W. F. Kehoe came next in a spirited declamation entitled the "Brigade at Fontenoy."

In his song, "Come along, My Darling," Mr. R. Ivers was very well received, and sustained his previous reputation as a very charming singer.

The entertainment came to an end with the farce—Mesmerism—the characters of which were

O'Callaghan	J. P. Smith.
Mr. Rivers	F. L. French.
Chas. Rivers	Louis Kehoe.
Dr. Banks	N. D. Pound.
John	W. Prodriek.
Thomas	E. Perusse.

This farce, which is exceedingly funny, was very well put on, each character seeming to be well fitted to its personator. Great credit is due to those who took part, as they had only five days at their disposal for preparation and must necessarily have sacrificed many of their hours of recreation in their desire to contribute to the general pleasure. On the conclusion of the farce the College Band struck up "God Save Ireland," and the students fled out after having spent a most agreeable evening.

DRAMATIC.

We reprint the following account of the play presented by the Dramatic Association on Tuesday evening March 12th, from the Ottawa *Evening Journal*.

THE LAST LIFE.

SUCCESSFUL REPRESENTATION OF THIS DRAMA AT OTTAWA COLLEGE.

Palmer's three act melodrama bearing the above somewhat sensational title was produced last night at the Ottawa College with great success. The audience was large and fashionable, the play ran smoothly and everybody was well pleased.

The plot of the play arises from the efforts of an unscrupulous steward, Philip Lawler, to obtain possession of his master's property. One of the tenants, Corny Burnett, holds his lease on his own life and to get him out of the way the steward employs his brother Bryan, a reckless adventurer ready to perform any wicked deed for gold. Bryan Lawler pays a visit to Burnett's cottage and tells him a cock-and-bull story of a treasure hidden under a marble slab in the ruins of an old abbey. While old Burnett is in the act of digging for the gold the villain attempts to murder him but is foiled by the sudden appearance of Burnett's half-witted grandson Micky who has followed unperceived and dashes a torch into Bryan Lawler's face just as he raises the deadly crowbar over the old man's head. Bryan is not yet deterred from carrying out his devilish scheme. He inveigles the old man to a tavern and poisons the glass of ale he is about to drink. Again the idiot boy appears, snatches the glass and drains it, to die a few moments later in dreadful agony.

The character of Corny Burnett was assumed by Mr. R. W. Ivers who brought out most clearly the good and bad qualities of the old tenant farmer, his irritability, and good nature, his weakness for drink, and withal his great affection for his grandchildren. Philip Lawler the rascally steward, and his villainous brother Bryan received ample justice at the hands of Messrs. Kehoe and McCabe, who were for the moment as pretty a pair of scoundrels as could be imagined. Mat O'Halloran a hot-headed and warm-hearted young peasant was well represented by Mr. A. W. Reddy. But the most touching figure was Mickey Burnett, the old farmer's half-witted grandson, splendidly personated by Master Jack Clarke. There were few who did not feel their heart strings touched while poor Mickey was bidding a dying farewell to his relatives. Terence Burnett was well portrayed by Master G. O'Keefe, Squire Desmond, by D. R. MacDonald, and Dan Lynch, the landlord of the "Shamrock," by Mr. J. P. Smith.

The scenery used during the play had been painted specially for the occasion and was in exceedingly good taste. The sudden change from the exterior to the interior of the ruined abbey was a triumph of stage effect.

The drama was followed by a most amusing farce "A Hard Case" carried on by Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Smith. The college band surpassed itself on this occasion. The opening medley "The Rage in Ireland" set many pulses beating more quickly and the polkas "Les Forgerons" and "Polichinelle" were splendidly rendered.

COLLEGE HUMOR.

"Can you tell me what is the value of one over the sine?" "Cos'e-can't," muttered an unwearied punster.

Mr. L. : "I carry my oration in my right coat pocket to absorb it."

Mr. W. : "Why don't you carry it on the left side, and so get it by heart?"—*Messenger*

A New York paper is responsible for the statement that one of Amherst's professors owns no chair in the class room. He sits on the class.

Professor—"Mary! Please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?"

Mary—"Why, professor, you are sitting on it!"

A YOUNG man, rash and inexperienced, being left in charge of the army, was scattered and put to flight—"Painful translation by Victoria student.

"What must we do to attain our goal!" inquired the professor of moral philosophy to the quarter-back of the college eleven.

"Select the right man to kick it, sir," said the foot-ball enthusiast.

The H. S. Times has the following :

Prof. (dictating Greek prose composition)—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" *Startled Sophomore* (waking up)—It is under my chair, sir. I wasn't using it.

AGENT (entering the room and presenting a book.)—I have here an excellent work on Arabi Pacha. It—"

STUDENT.—"Does it treat of his two brothers?"

AGENT.—"His two brothers; why, I never heard of them. Who are they?"

STUDENT.—Arabi Dad and Arabi Aisy.

[Exit Agent.

—*Athenaeum.*

When a Freshman doesn't hear plainly the prof.'s question, he says in a subdued voice, "Pardon me, professor, but I did not understand you." The Sophomore says, "Will you please repeat your question?" Junior says, "What sir?" The senior says, "Huh?"—*Collegian.*

Student.—"Rex fugit—the king flees."

Prof.—"In what other tense can that form be made?" "Perfect." "Yes; how would you then translate?" Painful silence. Professor suggests "has"

Student.—"The king has fleas."

—*Acta Vittoriana.*

—"Major premise.—Students come to the University to improve their faculties."

"Minor premise.—The professors are the faculties."

"Conclusion.—Students came to the University to improve the professors."—*Quill.*

Pious Greek professor, remonstrating with Sophomore guilty of repeated vicious practices, lays his hand affectionately on student's shoulder and says : "My young friend, the devil has hold upon you."

We learn that a professor in a Berlin university has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of saw dust. We are friends of temperance in college and out of college, but what chance has it when an impetuous student can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence-rail.

ULULATUS.

Say, is this spring?

Tancred and Rinaldo held back like little men.

Soon the whiz of the base-ball, the crack of the bat, and the cry of the umpire will be heard throughout the land.

Another pair of long pants has appeared in the Junior Department; and this pair is the largest on record: The owner requires assistance in getting them on and off.

Farewell to thee my over-coat;
Close friend of five months past;
I'll miss thy useful offices,
I've to part with thee at last.
Thine ample pockets stabled off,
Steeds classical and fleet
But now 'twill be a bitter task
The June exams to meet.

PROF.—"Who ordered the sixth general persecution?"

STUDENT (prompted by a neighbor whispering in French "Marc Aurele")—"Max O'Rell."

During the representation of the Last Life one of the actors displayed his readiness to do away with the time honored custom of wearing a beard.

One of our fifth form students has discarded his moustache, and rumor has it that he is about to open a barber shop. He is getting the moustache suffed for a sign.

See the student with the shovel,
Zealous student!
Nice light shovel!
'Tis a task he seems to love well,
This new student
With the shovel.

'Tis his first year at the college,
And of shovelling his knowledge
Is not of the kind his eagerness would lead you
to expect;

He'll set to work quite smartly,
He'll dig and delve most heartily,
Till drops of perspiration will his heated brow
bedeck.

See the shovel and the student,
Heavy shovel!
Wearied student!

Tired and fatigued so you couldn't
Get this student
With the shovel

Undertake to free the campus from its snow and ice galore.

Though he still is full of vigor,
And he thinks he's quite a digger,
The entire day he walks and talks saying he's
"been there before."

A pupil in the Preparatory French Class having pronounced "veux" "veaux" (calves), the professor remarked that "this was not a butcher shop," whereupon our precocious student remarked "Yes sir, we're butchering French."

The junior students have to work hard with pick and shovel to clear their yard with snow, while all the seniors do is to bring Romeo out in the yard and make him sing. On last accounts the snow has "weakened."