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University of Ottawa

REVIEW

No. 7

MARCH, 1902.

Vol. IV

The Banner of Erin.

Written for the UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

By Rev. JAMES B. DOLLARD, (*Slav-na-mon.*)

FLING out the Banner of Erin,
The Banner of green and gold ;
The green of her fairy valleys,
The Bardic Harp of old.
No stain is on our Emblem,
No crime of the myriad years :
Tho' the harp be strung to Anguish.
And the green be dimmed with tears.

Fling forth the Banner of Erin,
This glad St. Patrick's Day,
With thrilling message freighted
From kindred far away
By misty glen and mountain
Round tower and broken fane
Fair Banbha* of the Rivers
Shall greet her own again.

* "Ban ba-of-the Streams" an ancient poetic name for Ireland.

Fling out the Banner of Erin,
 A glorious sight to see ;
 It blazed above Tyr-Owen
 At Beal-an-atha-buidhe**
 At Ross and crimsoned Oulart
 The stormy Pikemen's cheer
 Its Em'rald folds made tremble
 And filled the foe with fear.

Fling forth the Banner of Erin,
 And while it flaunts on high
 For Faith and Holy Ireland
 We vow to live and die.
 The waiting Nations watch us,
 Our proud resolve to know—
 Fling out old Erin's Banner
 To greet the Sunburst's glow !

** Pron.—Beel-an-aha-bwee : -i.e., The mouth of the yellow ford where
 The O'Neill of Ulster gained a great victory.



BEEHIVE INTRUDERS.

Not long ago Miss Reffier very justly ridiculed these books (Mrs. Finley's) in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "To turn her learning and satire to the task of crushing them was to break a butterfly on a wheel, said an observer, but an Elsie book has no sign of a butterfly about it ; it is a little, sly, dull, gray moth stealing into the mind to leave a brood of little suggestions of heresy hardly visible, but eating away the texture of a child's faith until some day a horrified parent or keen-witted priest shall discover that it is in totters."

—"Our Tender," in the *Pilot*.



St. Thomas Aquinas.



SERMON DELIVERED MARCH 9TH, 1902, OTTAWA UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, BY REV. W. O'BOYLE, O.M.I., D.D.

Text :—“Sicut sol resplendens.”—Ecclesiasticus, 50, 7.

Holy Church celebrates to-day with fitting ceremony the 628th anniversary of the death and translation to heaven of Friar Thomas, the great and sainted son of St. Dominic's Order. Our Mother's joy is ours, and true to a Catholic instinct, we have foregathered round this altar. 'Tis well, for we glorify religion in her great champion, we honor one of God's heroes, the holiest of learned men, the most learned of the saints, and we show our appreciation of an ideal of intellectual and moral worth, presented to us in the life and teaching of the Angelic Doctor.

The few words of the text likening St. Thomas to a sun coruscating in the Church of God, hint sufficiently at the magnitude of the theme, Who may gaze upon the orb of day at its meridian splendor? Who but the eagle that soars itself with power in the blue reaches of heaven? Who shall peer into the genius and sanctity of Aquinas but a master-mind and sanctified?

The ordinary mortal can but strive to turn his face heavenward for a momentary glance through the murk and cloud of multiple short-comings, up to the luminary that warms and enlightens. I have taken that hurried glance at St. Thomas and his life-work and to convey to you for our mutual edification the impressions yet vivid, is my labor of love this morning.

The train of thought consequent on even a cursory glance, centres round two chief characteristics, already alluded to, the science and sanctity of the man. To examine his claims for superiority in both is too vast an undertaking for the time at our disposal. The unerring judge in matter of sanctity is the Church, and she has canonized our saint with special honors. In the acts

of that canonization, stand forth the reasons, testimonies of piety, modesty and in bold relief, the major virtue—purity, which merited for him the name “Angelic.” That lily bloomed with a vigor that filled his young life with an aroma of peculiar holiness, which God rendered permanent by blessing him with a double vocation, a call to wear the white robe of the Dominican company and to bend beneath the yoke of Christ’s priesthood. He responded and his sanctity grew till humility, devotion and innocence alone, would have sufficed to place him on God’s altar. But there was more in the sanctity of Thomas. Providence had vaster designs. That extraordinary virtue was to be ordained to the verifying in him of the beatitude which reads: “Blessed are the poor in spirit for they shall see God and the things of God.” Thomas was to be a seer and a prophet. He was to be a thinker, and since ’tis the same soul that thinks and wills, his genius found a mighty auxiliary in that virtue which kept his soul from corruption, that the sublimity of his conceptions might be unimpaired. Thus the very excellence of his visual power, the grandeur of his intellectual achievements, prove the necessity of his moral greatness, and so peremptorily that Pope John XXII. has placed himself on record in these words: “We doubt in no way that Brother Thomas is in glory since his doctrine could not have been without miracle.”

Let us then confine ourselves to the consideration of doctrine and we shall evidently make for sanctity as well. Let us look at St. Thomas, the arch-scientist, the inspired educator, and we shall have a topic of absorbing interest for students and professors.

Christ in His Church is the divinely appointed teacher of nations, and with Christ we include His successors in the chair of Peter. To tell men of God and His law, to explain both, to show how faith and reason mutually support each other, and to guarantee the hope that is in us, such is the Divine right of the Church, nay more, her duty to “enlighten every man that cometh into this world.”

Marvellously she has fulfilled her mission and seen heresy and sophism smash on the granite of her reasonable creed. She has become learned for the salvation of the learned, and fought error on its own ground, taking advantage of the very resources of her

enemies, to ensure her ultimate triumph. She has used human methods, and her intellectual apostolate has been done largely by the co operation of chosen spirits raised up from time to time by Almighty God, men with a mission for the epoch in which they lived. Thomas is one of these.

When the eleventh century of the Church's long fight with Protean error had waned, she was fairly mistress of the situation, and could look back with pride on the gifted sons who had helped her brave so many dangers in the dark hour, her Justins and her Augustines. There was a lull in that storm ever raging against her, yet symptoms were not wanting of breakers ahead. Several circumstances had conspired to produce a state of unrest in the minds of men, struggles between King and Pope, the Crusades, the commencement of scientific investigation and the invasion of Greek and Eastern literature, all had successively shocked the Western nations, the inquisitive Latin or Frank or Celt, to electrify them as it were, to a new intellectual activity, artificial unfortunately, a fictitious life, called the Renaissance. The paladin gave way to the student in youthful ideals of greatness, and in the glamor of inexperience and the ardor for novelty, there was a danger, that many a bold enthusiast would strand on the barren reefs of Greek pagan philosophy or Eastern naturalism. For the teaching of the Greek refugees tended to neglect the thought for the material perfection or finish. The Almighty knew the danger, and saw fit to call forth a pilot, to guide the erring crafts to the deep sea, on the homeward way. That pilot was Thomas Aquinas.

He came in the name of the new learning, in the name of philosophy, that name which had been used so often to hide attacks on truth. He assimilated the teachings of the old teachers, and meditated on revelation, to become in thirty years the oracle of the century. He pored over the book of nature, man, God and the world, placed the boundaries between matter and spirit, sounded the mysteries of life and death, he delved into psychology and logic, probing the mysterious limits of human knowledge and human liberty; all this he did by taking Aristotle, one of the greatest minds the world has produced, explaining him,

correcting him and completing him and making him the pedagogue of faith; then he interwove his doctrine in a resumé of the whole of Christian doctrine as contained in the Scriptures, the Councils and the Fathers, harmonising it and showing its complete conformity to right reason. No wonder that Bucer, the heresiarch said in his disgust. "Take away Thomas and I shall destroy the Church." A sacrilegious pretention, no doubt, for the Church depends on no one man, but indicative of the fact that the works of Thomas constitute an arsenal for the defenders of dogma.

The value of the saint's work has been solemnly recognized. The Ecumenical Council of Trent placed his *Summa* open on the altar beside the scripture and the decrees of the Supreme Pontiffs. In our own day, Leo XIII, that gifted Pope, that light from heaven yet brilliant, who seems to have been gifted with some of the intuitions of St. Thomas, has named him patron of Catholic education. He gives for reason that he is the most perfect model Catholics can set up before themselves in the different branches of science. In him are all those lights of heart and mind that demand imitation, a doctrine rich, pure, and orderly, so vast that it contains like a sea all the wisdom of the ancients. All that has been said of truth, all that has been wisely discussed by the pagan philosophers, by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, by those superior men who flourished before him, not only has he fully seized, but he has augmented, completed, classified with such clearness of method and choice of terms that successors cannot hope to imitate. Such is the pronouncement of Leo, the providential genius of our time, on the life-work of the genius of another era, and it cannot be gainsaid.

We know how that life-work was elaborated. The story of how his friends ignored the angel they entertained, so humbly did he start. The mute ox thought and prayed. He absorbed the subtle learning of the Stagyrice, and not till his own fount was full did he overflow for others. Then after twenty years of earnest toil he delved on the rock-bed of reason for a foundation. Higher and higher he built, examining each block of truth, and connecting them with care, and as the structure rose its magnificence grew evident. In it took form the mighty nave of Scripture, the long

drawn aisles of Tradition and the Fathers, all centering in the Triune sanctuary of the Trinity, with its altar, the Incarnation of the atoning victim, then the transepts, dedicated to the Blessed Sacrament and Mary, in the niches and columns the sacraments and the virtues contrasted in turn by the grinning gargoyles of vices and passions,—no flimsy show, but a solid harmony, not a Moorish mosque or a Grecian temple, but a Christian monument, luminous and prayerful, redolent of incense, throbbing with melody, a temple of Gothic spires pointing to God.

The architect, the master-builder, found his inspiration in intimate communion with Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, just as Bonaventure found his wealth of mystic lore in contemplation of the crucifix. Those inspirations Thomas recorded, and the result was a monument more enduring than brass, the "Summa Theologica."

The Summa is a poem, the epic of God, the angels and men, replete with scholastic learning. 'Tis the quintessence of his teaching, a marvellous exposition of natural and revealed truth with regard to the existence and the attributes of deity, the analyses of man's triple being.

With regard to human problems, the Summa is ever actual and on two points in particular a wonderfully shrewd anticipation of the future. I allude to its attitude on science as such, and on the social questions.

In scientific discussion, Thomas is and will be an educator. The ignorance of the meaning of many individual phenomena was a slight defect of his age, but it served to concentrate his attention on the first principles, the eternal truths which are the most important concern of mankind. God and man were the ends of his medieval knowledge. He was not a theorizer from faulty data, not scientific in the sense of those modern oracles who strive to find God at the end of their telescope, or the human soul in the field of the microscope, and when they don't find either, deny both. His was not the modern style that dispenses with system and is but a desultory conglomeration of facts, that lob-sided science which, to quote one of our modern scientists, "does little more than unweave the rainbow and leave us dead chemical

elements." We are told to read the latest always for science. There is something in it, but 'tis but a half-truth. Truth is preferable to novelty, and we must not forget that the ease with which we may get at the last hypothesis, should not create the opinion the mere reading-up is education. Why is it that in this age of transition, when old ways of thinking are vanishing, an authority like Brunetiere has denounced our modern science as bankrupt. 'Tis not science as such that is at fault, but in as much as by its extravagant assumptions it has left the programme laid down in the Summa. That programme is of true scientific education that disciplines the mind by cultivating a philosophical habit that enables one to take connected views of things and their relations, and ordains these facts to prove a true thesis. 'Tis, in Newman's words, "a clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things as far as the human mind can embrace them, each in its place with its characteristics upon it." That Thomistic idea of science, the *Zeit-geist* of to-day affects to despise, and until they learn to lose their self-conceit, the invariable mark of shallow minds, and have come back to that idea, never can scientific instructors of the modern school uplift or inspire.

Treating questions of social order St. Thomas establishes first, the principle of an authority and adjusts the social fabric on far other bases than J. J. Rousseau, and after proposing objections that our pseudo-reformers search, as arguments, he proceeds to show the relation between ruler and ruled, determining the different circumstances that found an unequal condition of classes and individuals, their respective rights and duties, insisting on law which binds man's conscience by God's sanction—as though he had in his mind's eye the vagaries of the communistic and socialistic theorists of our day. And every one concedes that the truest answers to the questions of our day have come from the Vatican in those erudite Encyclicals, which might be called "Commentaries" of the Summa.

St. Thomas was, first, last and always a religious teacher, and his philosophy gravitated round the central truth that God is the author of all. He is an echo from the shores of infinity to tell us whence we have come and whither we are going. He tells us

of what rock we are cut, and that the true measure of our worth is not intellectual vigor or physical well-being, but moral fibre ; that the man in us is first. In this age of universal freedom and opportunity, he reminds us of our duties. Greece believed in culture, Rome in law, 'tis ours to believe in Christ's grace and to live for a supernatural end. He has showed that things have changed since Christ's coming and that the complete life is impossible without education for Christ. The education of Christ is that no man is a chattel, from the value of his soul, hence the importance of the individual. He teaches that each child is father of the man, that every man is for society and generations for succeeding ones in continued progress in appreciation of the true and the beautiful and the good ; hence the necessity of influences on the heart and will, necessary that the unit member of society may fill the measure of his vocation, and never lose sight of the fact that it matters little to gain the world if the soul be bartered, ever looking to that bourne where progress shall cease because complete in the abode where life shall live forever more.

Christ's mouthpiece, the Catholic Church, has been accused of a blind devotion to Theology, with a neglect of the other branches of knowledge, the human 'ologies. Catholicism in the Church is passable, but running a school? We have no time to refute what everyone cognizant of history knows to be a calumny against the mother of civilization. Those who argue thus are those who wish to train up a pagan world, by taking up our youth and cramming them with formulas in the Godless school. Against these the Church proposes her unchanging ideal of education, that which lifts body, mind and heart ; knowing that we are yet of earth she prompts us to make the most of temporal opportunities, but all for the greater glory of God. All our human aims she wishes to be subordinate to a great destiny, eternal life.

Christ's ideal of complete education, Thomas made his. He does not dogmatise alone; he reasons, and 'tis the evident truth that convinces. "'Tis the crowning intellectual glory of St. Thomas to have made the logicalness of Christianity cogently clear to the mind of the deepest philosopher as of the guileless child of God."

The truth of Thomas is mighty and prevails ; contradiction has but helped in its preservation.

“ Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;
Eternal years of life are hers ;
But error, vanquished, writhes in pain
And dies among her worshippers.”

What of error? What do we witness to-day? Science has scattered her brands so far that she cannot regather them. False systems have wrecked social order and the bourgeois of this century may learn a lesson of fear like the aristocrat of the 18th. Politics no longer recognises herself. Heresy has ceased to be a serious issue, has given way to agnosticism and the last message is the collapse of atheism. What of truth? Round its banners to-day gather the increasing nucleus of the faithful, the youth of the world who wish to be men of character, and Catholic always. 'Tis but reasonable to suppose that from among them will arise great souls for future emergencies, great saints perhaps. But whether a better day be dawning for Holy Church, and we feel it is, or whether new trials await her; we feel no apprehension. We have Thomas Aquinas! With him we shall always have a standing point of doctrine on which to plant the flag of truth high above the seething storm, and illumined by the celestial fires of revelation, that crag where the mighty engineer has heaped the granite of an impregnable position, stored with provisions and munitions of war, the citadel of reasonable faith.



Ave Maria ! blessed Maid !
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade !
Who can express the love
That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus, Holy Dove ?

—JOHN KEBLE.

A Manly Boy.

TS a saying one often hears now-a-days and as often mis-applied. The first time I heard it, was while travelling in Eastern Canada in the winter of 18—. At a little way station not far from Montreal, a group of boys boarded the train and found seats in the same coach which I happened to occupy. They were a healthy looking lot of lads, all bound for their respective homes to spend the Christmas holidays. About a dozen, and their ages ranged, I should judge, anywhere from fourteen to eighteen years. A dozen boys and no noise, would be an impossibility; as it so happened, such was the case this particular time, but only for a moment, for just then a loud cheer went up, and cries of "here he comes!" greeted the ears of a pleasant looking youth, who entered the car from the farther end. "Yes, here he is," came the reply to the greeting. "It would have been a disappointment to me had I failed to get away in time to be with you, boys." "We would have missed you," said a laughing faced chap, "we want to have that question we were discussing yesterday settled." "And how?" queried a nervous boy as he gazed at the empty seats on the opposite side of the aisle. "Just this way!" chimed in a shrill metallic voice that came from a tousled headed chap who had changed places half a dozen times, and with the same amount of noise as his voice conveyed. "What way can you settle it?" said an older boy, probably the eldest of the group; and all was quiet again. This time it was the last comer who spoke, he had not taken a seat as yet, and standing erect (with his head on his shoulders, so to speak) holding his cap in one hand, while the other rested on the back of the seat near him, and after a few moments' pause, as no reply came, he continued: "In my opinion the only way to settle such a question as this, would be to place before the people the facts of the case, what such an act means to the country, and let the people decide." By this time the train had pulled up at the next station, where a number of the boys were getting off, and as the orator of the group passed out, a man of mature years who had also been an interested onlooker, remarked, "What a manly boy? I wonder who he is? It is a

pleasure to see a boy possessing such gentle manners, and firmness of purpose, as are written in that lad's face. He is a boy that later on in life becomes a leader."

A companion who remained at the door of the compartment till the train moved on, and to whom the last speaker had been talking, replied, that they all liked L. . . . — "he is such a good fellow, never in cranky humour like some of us," "Whoop! whoop!" came from the laughing faced boy, "you should know Tom Smith, he can not enter or leave a room without taking the door from its hinges, and Jim Smith, Tom's cousin, he blushes and giggles like a girl when asked if the moon is made of green cheese, and says 'Oh! I don't know, had no time to study that,' and Frank Brown who shuffles his feet, and knocks his knees, and dares any one (not his own size), to knock the chip from his shoulder, and sleepy Joe Leblanch, who dreams away his brains, except while in the dining-hall, and then there is no mistaking, he is fully wide awake, especially when the first course is served, as Joe, poor chap, is very fond of soup. Ye gods, what a noise! Niagara sounds in the distance, but soups are so nourishing. Then there is little Henry Brenot, the smallest boy on the football team, a good worker in many ways and always I, I, I; inside and outside I, I, I; but sir, in college, there are always all sorts of boys." "Yes" said his companion, "and this group may never all come together again, as holidays usually bring changes, and college roll-calls are among them."

Some years later I was again in Eastern Canada, and, strange to say, laid off at the same little way-station. In the lapse of time, the little old waiting place had undergone few changes, but this day it was gaily decorated with flags and evergreens, and on enquiring I learned that the village was *en fête* in honor of their member who was leaving that day for the Capital. Looking around, my eyes caught sight of a merry party of young men and women coming towards the station, and on closer observation I saw a young man of some thirty odd summers, tall, slightly built, holding himself with the ease of a Chesterfield, talking to a very pretty girl who was walking with him, and as the group approached the couple were the centre of all attraction. After many hearty

hand-shakes, with deafening cheers the young man boarded the train, and bowing his acknowledgments with that same pleasing manner as the youth had done to his remaining companions when going home for the Christmas holidays, brought the words to my memory, "A leader of men."

The political aspect of the country had changed, the B. C. question had been before the people for months, the papers were full of it. Men discussed it at all times and in all places, from every point of view, even the women were becoming politicians over it, (Heaven help us when they do), the House in session, every member in his seat, the galleries overcrowded, all classes and creeds were represented in the eager listening throng, anxious to hear, not a part, but every word that the silver-tongued orator had to say that night. The last member had spoken late in the afternoon, and now, the leader of the Opposition was the only one to hear from, and the one that all wanted to hear.

Just 5 to 8, at eight o'clock he'll speak. The minute hand had not time to move from the numeral twelve, when the stillness was broken by words which rang out clear and silvery like melody on the evening air. "Why! he has talked over four hours, how quickly the time passed! And now the vote is being taken," anxious moments for many, and as I scanned the bevy of ladies in the Speaker's gallery, I noticed one in particular, whose face wore that same sweet expression, as I had seen on the young lady who said good-bye so gaily to the manly man at the little railway depot. "13 to 107"—and the very stones echoed the vote "13 to 107."

Not many months after, that this event in Canadian history had taken place, I was walking with an old lady in one of the public thoroughfares of the city, and as we were about to cross the street towards the Post Office, some boys came running along, shouting something which sounded like "here he comes," and looking to see who was meant by he, I saw a tall gentleman, (the same who had talked for four hours which were as so many minutes to the eager listeners), and as he passed, we stood for a moment, and near us, a young girl whispered to a youth at her side, "He is a gentleman to his finger tips, and you know he is not rich." Of course manners maketh the man.

Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas

March 7th, 1902.

ESSAY ON PHILOSOPHY.

ON this festival day of the master of Christian Philosophy, St. Thomas Aquinas, whom Leo XIII has chosen as patron to all Catholic Colleges and Universities, the students of the class of Philosophy of this institution wish to walk in the footsteps of their predecessors and commemorate the day by partaking of a highly intellectual treat. This essay is not intended to impress upon the minds of this audience the idea that we, the students of the seventh form, are fully equipped in the science of philosophy, but we wish to tell the younger students our early impressions on the subject, give them a general outline of scholastic philosophy, and prompt them not to bid good-bye to their Alma Mater before going through a complete philosophical training.

We remember when in the early days of our college life, we could not refrain from feeling some sort of religious respect for the young men who were, at the time, in the position we occupy at the present day in the University. Not unfrequently we beheld in the near future the wrinkles of wisdom crowning our brow, and we expected that a sudden, wholesome and mysterious change would be brought upon us as soon as we should register as students in philosophy.

A change, indeed, does take place in the youth who studies philosophy, as we shall soon try to prove, but this change comes on gradually, unceasingly and unconsciously, brought on by the almost irresistible influence of serious thoughts and frequent reflexion. More than once a passing smile could be noticed on our lips while our teacher tried to convince his young hearers of the beneficial influence of the study of philosophy on their manhood training. And, as a matter of fact, who could doubt that the severe mechanism of reasoning, along with the high principles of Metaphysics, and the rules which must control all human actions, could be gone over without some profit? A course of philosophy,

if it meets with the proper material, after a careful study of two or three years, will naturally enable the young man to say with St. Paul : " Factus sum vir, evacuavi quae erant parvuli." And that you may be in a better position to judge of these psychological as well as moral results, let us take a cursory view of philosophy.

Philosophy does not confine itself to one object in particular, like all other natural sciences : its field is unlimited, and its dominion co-extensive with nature. It deals with matter both organic and inorganic, and therefore, is superior to Physics and all its subdivisions : Physiology, Anatomy, Zoology, Botany, Medicine, Geology, Mineralogy, Chemistry. It deals with quantity, and therefore, lays down the principles on which are based Mathematics, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Differential Calculus, etc. Philosophy goes beyond the reach of the senses, soars in the high regions of the supersensible world and penetrates, with the light of reason, into the very soul of man ; nay, equipped with the notions derived from finite beings, it proves by peremptory arguments the existence of the infinite, that is, of God. Hence we may conclude that no branch of human knowledge can be independent of philosophy without forfeiting its dignity as a science. Of course the philosopher is bound not to step on the ground of any particular natural science ; he must leave, for instance, to the physicist, to the chemist, the arduous task of explaining the manifold activities or chemical constitution of material substances. Let him be contented with the synthesis of every science ; that will be a solid foundation, and more than a rudimentary beginning for any particular branch of human knowledge he may afterwards desire to investigate. This explanation has now prepared the minds of our audience, so we venture to lay before them the definition, which has caused many students of philosophy to spend many dreary moments, and to occasionally greet their text-books with anything but pleasure. " Scientia rerum per earum ultimas rationes, naturali rationis lumine comparata." " The science of all things in their most universal principles, in as much as the natural light of reason can penetrate them" The task of the philosopher is different from that of the theologian : the former depends in his conclusions on the authority of objective evidence, the latter

searches for the evidence of God's authority ; both walk partly over the same ground, one bearing the light of human reason, and teaching us whatever reason can find out concerning the origin, nature and end both of the world and of man, and finally pointing up to the Maker of all things ; while the theologian chooses the Bible as his guide and reason as a mere companion on the way.

Shall we venture any remarks on the usefulness of philosophy ? Very few people, indeed, except those who make it the study of their lives, will readily admit that it is to be catalogued among the useful things in this world. Sometimes it is objected that philosophy has never made a man rich, and consequently, one may succeed in any profession without the encumbering paraphernalia of philosophy. What I want, will say a heedless student, is a diploma of matriculation, and why should I wait for three or four years more, since, after all, philosophy is more a handicap than a means to realize a fortune ? We do not think it behooves our purpose to deal with this objection, yet we feel confident that a young man who goes through a course of philosophy, completes and perfects himself ; he develops the very faculties that make him a man ; he sets to work better equipped, more fully trained for the battles and struggles of life, and all things being equal, he has greater chances of success than he who goes forth with a smaller intellectual stock.

It is one of the prerogatives of human reason not to be contented with the knowledge of a succession of facts, or a series of effects : a child, in his tender years, while in company with his father or mother, and coming across facts unusual and strange to him, will inquire into the *why* and *wherewith* of the object that arouses his curiosity or admiration : that child yields to a craving of his reason for truth, and, though young in years, he plays the part of a philosopher. And why should not every young man, who takes up a classical course, go through the whole training and study of philosophy, which is, after all, the crowning of all the natural sciences ? No sensible man can refuse to admit that the human intelligence, like the eye and ear, has its satisfactions and pleasures. Now, if it affords comfort to a weary man to rest his eyes on a beautiful landscape, or listen to a musical concert, we

should readily admit that it is of equal, or rather of greater comfort, and far more in accordance with his rational nature for man to devote some of his time to the study of philosophy, which is truth in its highest natural conception.

A few moments ago, we said that a student who completes his classical course, should crown it with a good course in philosophy. Five or six years of classical studies are, indeed, very valuable, and furnish the mind of the young man with many useful notions. But all these ideas, collected from various sources, stored up in the mind, will soon become dry bones, unless muscle and soul take hold on them. Philosophy will send life through these dry bones, "*ossa arida, ecce ego intromittam in vos spiritum et vivetis.*" (Ezechiel, xxxvii. 4, 5.) "*Philosophari est ordinem ponere rebus, ut scilicet una alteram nobis explicet, lucem eidem a ferendo,*" that is, philosophy will teach you how to classify your ideas, how, by reflexion you may bring together, and even throw new light upon the rich treasures you already possess. Philosophy will also teach you the order, dependance and hierarchy, which exist among the millions of beings that form the world: finally, philosophy will tell you how to regulate your thoughts, desires and actions, that you may attain the end for which God created each and every man.

To the new students the vocabulary of philosophy is an enigma, and this accounts for so many disheartened young men who give up the task before the end of the first round. But let me tell my junior friends that philosophy like all other branches of human knowledge, has its expressions, rules and axioms and before you may expect to become familiar with these intellectual implements, you must submit to repeated personal efforts. Your condition is not any worse than that of the young druggist, lawyer, or apprentice in a workshop. "*Fabricando fit faber,*" holds good in all trades and professions. "*Labor improbus omnia vincit.*"

But how to explain the universal apathy of young men towards the study of philosophy?

First of all this study offers very little attraction to young people. Doubtless philosophy requires such an extraordinary effort to begin with, that only a small percentage of the classical

students are manly enough to run the gauntlet. A young man is naturally inclined to adopt any study wherein his eye, ear or any other sensitive faculty will do the main work ; but when the mind has to make abstraction of all sensible qualities, that is when you clip the wings of the imagination, and force the mind to soar into the realms of Metaphysics, you nearly scare the life out of the young student. We live in the 20th century, and succeed to the 19th, wholly given to positive science and to positivism. Physics, Electricity, Chemistry, and their applications to industry are the main object all scientists of the present age have in view. Every day we hear of new discoveries ; I need only mention a few of recent date. Skyography or the X rays of Roëntgen ; the wireless telegraphy of Marconi; the Spectography of Dr. Sylvestre, taking the photograph of the person standing at the phone. Medical men, too, are experimenting on tuberculosis and typhoid fever, now that their antitoxine of diphtheria has proved successful.

Most undoubtedly all these noble hearted men, who spend many tedious hours in the silent atmosphere of their laboratories, are well deserving of mankind. Their patient labors have brought about great results for the comforts of humanity. But he who carefully watches the strong impulse given, in our age, to experimental sciences, cannot help feeling that, unless renewed attention is paid to the study of philosophy, and the present generation well equipped with sound principles, we may expect to see all liberal professions become the stronghold of Positivism.

Owing to these threatening evils of our times, and to the state of public and private affairs, the Great Pontiff, who, for the last quarter of a century, from the tower of the Vatican, has steered the boat of Christ's Church, issued, in the second year of his pontificate, on the 4th day of August, 1879, an Encyclical letter urging the Archbishops and Bishops, the world over, to promote the study of philosophy according to the principles of St. Thomas Aquinas. "Because," says the Pontiff, "in this age, our Christian belief is wont to be assailed by the devices and cunning of a kind of sophistical wisdom. All our youth, but especially those who are the hope of the Church, should, on that account, be nourished with the strengthening and solid meat of doctrine, so that, strong

and supplied with a complete panoply of arms, they must be accustomed betimes to support bravely and wisely the cause of religion." "Always prepared, according to Apostolic admonitions, to give a satisfactory reason for the hope that is within us." (1 Pet. iii. 15). and "to exhort in sound doctrine, and convince those who hold the opposite" (Tit. i. 9).

The learned Pontiff goes on proving that the Church is not, and never has been adverse to the promoting of the study of natural sciences. We cannot, through lack of time, follow him throughout his victorious demonstration, yet we dare say this much; as truth, both in the natural and supernatural order, consists in the conformity of any object with the intelligence of God, one truth cannot be opposed to another, and, therefore, one science cannot logically stand against another science: what is true, certain and evident in philosophy must be so in its further application to particular sciences. Philosophy does not check, nor does it limit the activity of the human mind, it simply protects its path, commands careful investigation, and wards off hasty conclusions. What more is necessary for the promotion of natural sciences?

We see no objection whatever in admitting that philosophy "shackles the human will," inasmuch as it teaches man that neither his intelligence nor his will is independent of God. The much praised and eagerly coveted freedom of our positivistic age means nothing less than license which is similar to independence in religion and morals. Naturally it may be expected that the young men who give themselves to the study of philosophy, will soon be convinced that there really exists a God: that He has a right to determine the manner in which his rational creatures should worship Him; that this manner of worshipping must be the same for all, because all children of Adam share the same specific nature. Hence comes in the first principle of natural law, "bonum est faciendum et malum est vitandum," "shun evil and do good." To do good and shun evil is, therefore, a question of duty to man, not a mere matter of expediency, as politicians might think. Duty refers to conscience and conscience implies obligation towards God. Now as each human individual is, at all times, a rational animal, he must, everywhere and in all circumstances

of his public and private life, do good and shun evil, not according to public opinion, which is not, and cannot be the highest standard of morality, but according to the teachings which God, the Author of nature has given him. We may conclude, therefore, that a man who in his private and public life, is guided by the teachings of philosophy, will be an upright, honest and conscientious citizen. He will readily submit to civil and religious authority, not because it is pleasing or expedient to him, but because it is his duty, and obligation. "Qui potestate resistit, Dei ordinationi resistit, qui autem resistunt, ipsi sibi damnationem acquirunt." (Rom. xiii, 11.) "Subditi estote non solum propter iram, sed propter conscientiam." (Rom. xiii, 5.)

J. J. MACDONELL, '02

WHERE THE WEESHY SHAMROCK GREW.

LET'S creep behind the graveyard wall,
 Where we'll find them kind and true,
 Ah, never mind the Irish rain ;
 Shure it never pierces through.
 'Tis the tears that rain in Irish hearts
 That's kilin', Margret, dear.
 Come over by the big man's grave,
 An' cry our fill out there.

Shure by him are the shamrocks,
 The greenest of the green.
 With the coarse sea grass above them
 That keeps them all unseen.
 Look at them ! Orah ! 'twas as 'f
 He reached his gracheen hand
 To us—his lonely little girls—
 Last of the children's band.

Dry and withered in a wee small bag,
 One keeps those shamrocks holy,
 And there's never a Patrick's day comes round
 But one kisses them over and wholly.
 And one hears the sough of the wild March wind,
 And the wail of the wild curlew.
 Then there's a passionate love for one tender and kind,
 A passionate rage to lie by his side
 Where the Weeshy shamrock grew.

—KIT, in the *Mail and Empire*.

Mainly About Books.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY.

FIFTH PAPER.

THE POSITION OF IRELAND IN LITERATURE.

I.

My object is to present to the reader a bare outline of Ireland's achievements in literature, accompanied by few comments, because the latter would require more time, knowledge, and ability than I command. Consequently this paper will be more of an index than a treatise; a matter of names for the most part, like the opening of the First Book of the Chronicles, or the catalogue of ships in Homer. At the outset I must perforce venture upon the enunciation of a far-reaching principle. Tumult, by awakening the public mind, may lead up to a point beyond which a literature may be formed, but it can scarcely lead directly to the formation of a literature. Meditation requires uninterrupted quietude. Repose is, therefore, the cradle of literary achievement; and it follows, that periods of great excitement are unfavorable to the development of letters, or the progress of civilization. Now, I contend that it is in the light of this principle the intellectual progress of Ireland should be examined.

There was a literature in Ireland long before a word of English was spoken within the confines of the island. Those who have visited the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin, or the library of Trinity College, the British Museum, Maynooth College, or the Bodlien Library, or almost any of the great European universities, must have been surprised at the long rows of ancient Irish manuscripts on the shelves. An authority on early Gaelic literature has recently calculated that if those writings were printed they would fill at least 1,400 octavo volumes. They represent the harvest gleaned by the intellect of Ireland. It was the literature of the ancient bards that amassed the piles of manuscripts; the literature of Ossian, the literature of the early Christian Fathers, produced within a period of more than two centuries following the death of St. Patrick. During the last

named era Ireland was free and tranquil. What was the result? She held the preëminence in Europe for her schools and religious literature. She was the Isle of Scholars as well as the Isle of Saints. She held aloft the torch of knowledge when other countries were wrapt in darkness. When Europe was a corpse beneath the hoof of the Vandal, then was Ireland famous, then was she "the school of the West," the quiet habitation of sanctity and learning. The writers who called the monks lazy, were ignorant if not malevolent, and sometimes they were both. On the contrary, the monks filled their monasteries with manuscripts that must have taken great labor as well as profound learning to compile, which manuscripts are the wonder and admiration of modern scholarship. Read "The Monks of the West," read Bishop Nicholson and Bishop Bedell, read Matthew Arnold on Celtic literature, read the Irish antiquarians—Petrie, Edward O'Reilly, O'Curry, O'Donovan, O'Grady, Joyce—on the same subject, above all read the German scholars who are doing so much to expose to the light of day this abundant Celtic literature, hidden under the gathered shadows of the past—read those authorities, I say, and be convinced that the early literature of Ireland is exceedingly abundant, rich and diversified. This golden age was abruptly closed by one of the irruptions into the country of the brutal Danes, the curse of all the seas. The monks were scattered. The great universities of Europe contain many of their writings, many others may be seen, but scarcely handled, in their locked glass-cases in the Dublin University. It would afford me pleasure to dwell on this period, did time permit, but time does not permit—time only flies. Ireland was hardly done with the Danes, whom her manhood defeated and expelled from the island, than Protestantism appeared ushering in the Penal Laws against Catholics, which laid the foundation of that ignorance for which Ireland is so unjustly blamed even to this day. I do not propose to enlarge upon this devilish code; in fact, my pen shrinks from the revolting task as it would from describing an Iroquois torture scene. Suffice it to say that bound hand and foot, gagged and threatened with prison and death if he attempted to exercise the slightest right of a citizen the Irish Catholic, under the penal laws, was a slave, and in a

condition for the production of literature. The learned Dr. Johnson once remarked of a dog he saw dancing, that the wonder was not that the animal practiced the art badly, but rather that he could practice it at all. The same may be said of the production of literature in sorely oppressed Ireland. As the Protestants of this cycle belonged to the dominant class, and were exempt from the tyranny of the penal code, we might naturally expect to find writing and authorship confined exclusively to them. As a matter of fact, the Protestants of Ireland produced fifteen or eighteen writers of different merit, among whom were Dean Swift, Bishop Berkley, Laurence Sterne, and Sir Richard Steele, of whose bright genius Irishmen of all religious denominations have learned to be proud. Oliver Goldsmith, belonged to the same period, but he should be placed in a different category, and, in a less degree, the remark applies to Thomas Parnell, the author of the beautiful poem "The Hermit" and a forefather of a great modern Irish patriot. Born Irishmen, reared in Ireland, living most of their lives in England, both Goldsmith and Parnell were so characteristically Irish, that they are generally assigned to us even by the English, ever eager to hold what they have and to grab what they have not.

The names of the Protestant authors I have just given, extend from 1570 to 1650, or over an era of eighty years. Now let us glance at the chief native Catholic workers occupying the same period. First there is Geoffrey Keating, a patriotic and trustworthy historian and a sorely persecuted priest of the despised ancestral church. Keating is the Venerable Bede of Irish literature. Next comes the monk, Michael O'Clery, the principal author of the invaluable "Annals of the Four Masters," and his three confreres. He was followed by Richard Stanihurst, who may be said to be the first Irish writer of importance who wrote in English. He is the author of a work, "The Description of Hibernia," essential to every student of Irish history. Among antiquarians and historical writers, Roderick O'Flaherty stand deservedly high. I have omitted such little known native poets as Duaid MacFirbis, and several writers of lesser worth. But do not the works of the men I have named form a grand array? Let us not forget under

what manifold dangers and torments those Catholic authors thought and worked. Father Keating wrote his straggled history while daily changing his hiding-place in the mountains, to avoid the priest-hunters. "I live," said Frederick O'Flaherty, "a banished man within the bounds of my native soil ; a spectator of others enriched by my birthright ; an object of condoling to my relatives and friends, and a condoler of their miseries." Those pathetic words present a vivid picture of the innumerable obstacles the native Catholic author had to surmount during the epoch.

In the valuable work on "The Penal Laws against Roman Catholics," by the learned Dr. Madden, we find that the amelioration of the condition of the Catholics in Canada is assigned as the first step towards toleration made in the British Parliament. Thus the first blow for Irish Catholic "emancipation" was struck by French Canadians ! But much more remained to be done by the Westminster legislators, and it is painful to recall that not a particle of it was done willingly. However, after a long and toilsome agitation, that kept Ireland in a state of commotion from one end of the country to the other, the greatest of modern Irishmen, Daniel O'Connell, won a large measure of relief for his wronged and trampled countrymen. But persecution was not at an end ; and two years after the granting of so-called "emancipation" the act against the religious orders was passed, under which an attempt is even now being made to expel the Jesuits from Great Britain. The agitation for emancipation, was followed by the agitation for the repeal of the union with England, then came the agitation for the abolition of tithes, and after that the agitation of the Land League, a movement which is still under way. The point best worth remembering here is that almost the whole history of Ireland is a record of agitations, each of which shook the entire social fabric to its deepest foundation.

Considering in a summary manner the century between 1727 and 1827, an interval that may be called the middle period of Irish literature, we find it rich with the names of Irish Protestants of distinction, many of whom were actuated by most liberal principles, and some of whom were the avowed leaders of the Catholics. I can find space only for the names of Edmund Burke, Richard

Brinsley Sheridan, William Maginn, the Countess of Blessington, General Napier, John Wilson Croker, Dr. Petrie, William Hamilton Maxwell, James Sheridan Knowles, Thomas Osborne Davis, Mrs. Jameson, Sir Aubrey de Vere (the father of Mr. Aubrey de Vere), Samuel Lover, Lady Dufferin, Rev. Charles Wolfe, Sir Robert McClure, Lady Morgan, Theobald Wolfe Tone and John Mitchell. Truly a goodly company, every member of which won distinction in some division of literature, and many in more than one division. Besides, there were the Irish Protestant patriotic orators, whose names, like that of John Mitchell, are venerated by the descendants of the Catholics they so nobly served. Edmund Burke, supreme alike with tongue and pen, John Philpot Curran, the fearless advocate before packed juries; Flood, Grattan and Plunkett, the eloquent parliamentary orators. The orators would require a paper longer than this one, and I cannot do much more than record their names. When a patriotic Irishman remembers how much was done for the cause of the poor and lowly, and towards making Ireland united and prosperous, by such broad-minded Protestants as Molyneux, Swift, Burke, Grattan and the two Emmets, men who may be said to have commenced and continued the noble battle of the Irish parliament for independence, and of the Irish nation for liberty, no matter what his religious creed may be, his heart will throb with pride and hope for the future of the Irish race.

The same era was by no means destitute of Irish Catholic literary workers. There were, for example, Arthur Murphy, the Rev. John Lanigan, D.D., Dr. Edward Walsh, John O'Keefe, Thomas Furlong, James Joseph Callanan, Bishop James Warren Doyle, John Banim, Michael Banim, Gerald Griffin, James Clarence Mangan, Richard Lalor Sheil, John Keegan, Francis Sylvester Mahoney, Edward Walsh, Daniel Owen Madden, William Carleton, Father Matthew, William Hickey, Cardinal Wiseman and John Francis Maguire. What may be called the first fruits of Catholic Emancipation were truly of extraordinary size and goodness—Daniel O'Connell and Thomas Moore. Moore occupies a prominent place in the Temple of Letters. The Irish Melodies will always be sung, and in breadth of thought, elegance

of language and harmony of versification, Moore is by far the greatest poet Ireland has produced since the days of Ossian. While I purposely refrain from making comparisons, because "comparisons are odious," it is not claiming too much to say of this bright galaxy of Catholic talent they have demonstrated to the whole world in the face of bitter odds that the intellectual life of Catholic Ireland, so often doomed to death, is fated not to die.

II.

Such was the literature produced by Catholics in Ireland yesterday, let us now briefly consider the literature of a later day. Half a century and more has passed since the death of Thomas Davis. He was the centre of a brilliant circle of gifted young men, who came to be known as Young Ireland; and of their sincere and devoted patriotism there can be no doubt, but with the exception of Davis himself, of James Clarence Mangan, of Charles Gavan Duffy, and of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, their work is weak from an artistic point of view, and their warmest admirers can point to very little that is really great in even the best of their verse. Thomas Francis Meagher was an orator rather than a poet, but he wrote some good poetry. Of all the poets of "The Nation" newspaper—they formed a school of their own—I venture to think that Lady Wilde deserves the foremost place. Her verse is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be. I would apply the same remark to the muse of Dr. Richard Dalton Williams, whose character, so versatile, so full of genuine humor, and withal so overladen with the love of God and the love of country, and his fate and fortunes so like that of many another gifted child of song, must always command our sympathy and admiration. The object those Irish poets had in view was not to polish a sonnet, it is probable they cared not the down of last year's thistles for "art for art's sake," but what they did care about was to influence public opinion, and this they succeeded in doing to such an extent that their work, with all its artistic shortcomings, was the reflex of Irish national life in a most stirring period. Since it has so powerfully influenced the thought of the country, it must be reckoned with by the student. The prose of "Young Ireland" has never, I venture to think, received the consideration to which

it is justly entitled. The "Essays" of Thomas Davis are characterized by profound thoughtfulness, and a philosophic mode of dealing with national topics. Says the *Westminster Review* of another Young Irelander: "As a writer, Mitchell exhibited powers which under happier auspices might have given him a rank in literature almost equal to that of Thomas Carlyle himself. His 'Jail Journal' contains passages that might well be compared with some of the finest things that have emanated from the pen of the Chelsea Philosopher. Indeed, there is a strong resemblance between their style and mode of thinking." The resemblance is there, but it came by nature, and not through imitation; for Mitchell imitated no man. All the prose writings of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy are graceful and polished. The work on the "Irish Volunteers," by MacNevin, is a vivid and delightful contribution to history. Poor McGee's "History of Ireland" has many beauties of style, and as a work of reference will prove more serviceable than Moore's history, although the chapter in the latter work on the bards and their times has permanent value. The "History of Ireland" by the Abbé MacGoeghegan, is a monumental work, but it makes dry reading. On the other hand, the continuation of this history by John Mitchell is as spicy a compilation as one could desire. The short histories by Alexander Sullivan and Justin Huntley McCarthy are handbooks of great value. Standish O'Grady's history deals extensively with the romance of Ireland. There are very many histories of periods and movements, such as Hay's History of the Rebellion of Ninety-Eight and T. P. O'Connor's Parnell Movement, and each has a utility of its own. Justin McCarthy's historical works are deservedly most popular; in the matter of style their venerable author has nothing to learn.

Irish history is replete with romance, little of which has been used by the Irish novelist. In fact the Irish novelists are comparatively few. Lever, Lover, and Carleton may be dismissed at once. Their pictures of Irish life are rough and false to nature. Lover is weak or farcical. Carleton is very unequal. Lever has prodigious vivacity, but reading his works is like turning over a portfolio of Hogarth's rudest sketches; all is caricature, grotesque,

inadequate, and giving only some imperfect aspect of the original. The Irish priest, the truest friend the people have, is painted over and over again as a sensualistic money-grabber, while the Irish landlord is depicted as a veritable cooing dove, the most amiable type of gentleman in existence. John Banim and Gerald Griffin have done much better work. Joseph Sheridan LeFannc also surpasses Lever in power and imagination, and his stories have high merit. The latest story of Justin McCarthy is his only contribution to Irish romance, and it is worthy of the grand old patriot. Richard Dowling, whose powers are great, is little known. The pictures of humble Irish life in Charles James Kickham's works are far truer than those of Lever, Lover and Carleton. In "Castle Daly" we have a strong story of social life by Annie Keary. Mr. William O'Brien's novel "When we Were Boys" is an unequal work, and no little of its almost interminable discussion might be excised with advantage. Miss Emily Lawless' "Hurrish" is an original and striking tale, but, to me at least, its tone is not agreeable. Richard Ashe King, the son of a dissenting minister, wrote "The Wearin' o' the Green," the best Home-Rule story in existence. The stories of the Irish Rebellion, by James Murphy, are very thrilling. Mr. P. G. Smyth's "King and Viking," and "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," ably depict the lives, manners, and customs of the Irish people. Rosa Mulholland, the sister-in-law of the lamented Lord Russell, has produced many pure-toned novels. Father Sheehan's stories of clerical life are finding many readers on both sides of the Atlantic. There is a class of semi-fictional books, such as, "The Adventures of Michael Dwyer, by Dr. Campion; "Fairy Tales" by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin; and "Old Celtic Romances" by Patrick Weston Joyce, that should not be overlooked by the student.

The poets of the era are nearly as numerous as the novelists. Mr. Aubrey de Vere has the highest merit. William Allingham wrote much that will live. John Boyle O'Reilly was an exiled Irish poet of extraordinary power, but death claimed him before it was fully developed. Miss Fanny Parnell, the sister of the great dead political leader, had a strong, sweet muse. Miss Hester Sigerson, it seems to me, combines in her writings an Irish fervor

with a delicacy of sentiment peculiarly French. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, T. C. Irwin, Alfred Percival Graves, Charles Graham Halpine and Eva Mary Kelly, produced many soul-stirring ballads and songs. Frances Browne, the "blind poetess of Donegal," was highly gifted, as her verse eloquently testifies. Arthur O'Shaughnessy was, I learn, born in London, but his very name places his Irish descent beyond doubt. In sweetness of melody he reminds me of John Francis Waller, whose musical verse retains its attractiveness. W. B. Yeates, T. W. Rolleston and Dr. Todhunter are Irish poets of the Celtic school, of which Sir Samuel Ferguson was the most brilliant luminary. If I were asked to point out the two poems that I considered the most pathetic in the whole course of Irish literature, I should unhesitatingly indicate "The Irish Emigrant," by Lady Dufferin, and the exquisite "When the Shadow's on the Heather," by the Rev. James B. Dollard, an Irish priest, at present of the City of Toronto. Fr. Dollard writes no line that does not contain a portion of the "undefinable something" that distinguishes mere polished diction and rhetoric from poetry, and without which no trick of style can produce poetry. I have no hesitation in affirming that Father Dollard's best is the high-water mark of latter-day Irish poetry.

A word about Melpomene in Ireland, or rather out of Ireland. The famous chapter on snakes in Iceland was comprised in the words, "There are no snakes in Iceland." The present subject might be disposed of as comprehensively by saying that there is no stage in Ireland. No; but Irish dramatists have done so much to build up the London stage that the latter institution has some claims to the title of Irish. From the earliest ages till the present the work of the Irish dramatist found favor in England, where, as we all know, wit and humor are not indigenous. The Irish dramatic succession on the English stage is unbroken, as I hope to demonstrate ere long. Those dramatists have been many-sided, of diverse genius, and successful in captivating the ages in which they respectively flourished. But one feature cannot fail to strike the reader—that they have almost all sadly neglected that rich field of poetry which the history of the land of their birth might have furnished them. The curse of foreign in-

fluence and foreign taste lay upon them all. The contribution of Ireland to the dramatic literature of the English tongue, is too important a matter to be dismissed with a word, so that I shall return to it on some other occasion.

There is a large class of publicists, historians, essayists, biographers, and general writers who deserve mention, if I only could make room. Perhaps the first and most remarkable is Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick. His "Life of Dr. Doyle" and "Irish Wits and Worthies" are two works of great value and interest. Mr. Pendergast's "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland" is an historical essay of vast power. Michael MacDonagh's "Irish Graves in England"; Canon O'Hanlon's "Lives of the Irish Saints"; James Roderick O'Flanagan's "Sketches of the Irish Bar," are all well-compiled books. The published lectures of the Rev. Thomas N. Burke are very interesting. If I mentioned here the writers of Irish blood who were born in America and Australia, I should have a list much longer than the one presented in the foregoing pages.

My task is finished. In the front rank of literature to-day the Irish are fewer than we might expect. Because Irish thought is quick, it is liable to be superficial. Because it is quick and inner, it is liable to be incorrect. When Ireland receives her supreme mastermind from heaven, he must rise on the wings of genius above those snares. The Irish Scott and the Irish Dickens have yet to be born. Ireland is restless and poor. The culture which is the crown of education is not yet sufficiently diffused throughout the country to develop fairly the dormant genius of the race. The conclusions of science, when translated into the language of practice, become the rules of art. Science can be obtained only by the spread of intellectual cultivation throughout the whole people, and if the deliberate opinion of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is to be accepted, as I believe it should, such a general diffusion of all that makes for art and taste is shut out from the Irish people by faulty schooling. At the present time the best minds of the country are occupied with politics. When Home-Rule is won—as won it will be—with the united mind of the nation shall come an impulse to

its genius which should carry it again to that highest excellence which it has already attained repeatedly. I, "who am the least in my father's house," never doubt the genius of my people. Irish genius, stifled and dwarfed at home, flourishes abroad, surpassing everything. The literary history of almost every land substantiates that statement. Bear with me while I take an example from the scant literary history of this Dominion. Moore's little "Canadian Boat Song" was the only universally popular song ever written in Canada, and as such is worth tons of the "descriptive" poetry of which we hear so much. Again, if my judgment is not entirely awry, the only two humorous masterpieces in verse of which our nascent literature can boast, were written by two brilliant Irishmen: the "Alkooned of Swat," by George Thomas Lanigan, of Three Rivers, and "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," by Dr. W. H. Drummond, who was born in Ireland. With the author of "Ogygia," a term which in Greek is equivalent to *Imula Perantiqua*, that is, "very ancient Ireland", I believe: "God, the author of the universe, at whose pleasure Ireland will stand or fall, will unravel the secrets of futurity." Those words are as solemn as they are beautiful, but they are not fatalistic, and instead of deterring the individual Irishman, their spirit should powerfully urge him to do his share towards hastening the day of Ireland's national resurrection, not by shouting, or taking part in parades, but by abstaining from whining throughout his whole career, and by doing faithfully, soberly, honestly and well the duty at hand, and rising by its means, or through the instrumentality of scores of such duties conscientiously performed, to the work for which he is fitted by the highest trend of his best abilities.

THE END.



St. Patrick's Day.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY in College has always been celebrated with unexampled enthusiasm. There was no exception this year. In our little world St. Patrick's Day comes next to the Commencement or the beginning of the summer vacation; it is prayed for, longed for and dreamt about by the students old and young. No effort was spared by the faculty and student bodies to make this season's celebration of the Feast worthy of the past records. For weeks previous, the committees selected to elaborate the details, had been at work constantly.

The 17th dawned bright and cheery. The traditional shamrock spray and green badge gleamed profusely on every breast. Appropriate religious services were held in the University Chapel, after which the finishing touches were given to the principal part of the day's programme—in which was to be witnessed that wonderful manifestation of patriotic feeling, the harmonious exchange, and intermingling of national sympathies, the complete fusion of hearts—the banquet.

The banquet hall had been prepared with the utmost care and taste and presented a magnificent sight to the banquetters as they entered it. Conspicuous amid the decorations were the trophies of the champion football team: occupying a place of honor were the lockets and the artistic address and group-picture presented to the club by the citizens of Ottawa. McGillicuddy's orchestra furnished the instrumental, and the University Glee Club supplied the vocal music.

Besides the large number of students who hailed from every part of the Dominion and many sections of the neighboring republic, the Faculty of the University was represented by Very Rev. Dr. Emery O. M. I., Rector; Dr. Poli, head of the Diocesan

Seminary; Rev. W. J. Murphy M.A., Pastor of St. Joseph's Church; Rev. Fathers Lajeunesse, O'Boyle, and Kirwin, and Prof. Horrigan; by Rev. Bros. McGurty, Fortier, Ouimet, Turcotte, Hammersley, Kunz, Belzer, Stanton, M. Murphy, and S. Murphy, Among the distinguished persons present were: Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice; Hon. Mr. L. Powers, Speaker of the Senate; Hon. John Costigan, Cabinet Minister in the Macdonald Government.

Mr. W. A. Martin, presided as toastmaster. Mr. Rogers, the caterer and his assistants did their duty most satisfactory. After the last course, when the cigars had been passed around, the toastmaster unloosed the sluice-gates of oratory by the following neat little specimen of his own:—

“What a soul-inspiring spectacle meets the gaze of the world to-day when millions of sea-divided Gaels ‘from the pines of the Pole to the palms of the Tropics,’ feuds and strifes cast aside, envies and enmities forgotten, arise as one man to toast the land they pray for and love. True, indeed, it is Ireland's day, for how like herself is its celebration—joy commingled with sadness. Which of us does not smile through the tears in his eyes like her who as a desolate queen, ‘remembers in sorrow the crown of her gladness’? And while we gather about this board to proclaim her myriad glories and bewail her countless sorrows, we must not fail to sound that grand key note of her history, of her joys and sorrows, of her triumphs and sufferings—the sacred heritage of faith bequeathed to her by St. Patrick. With hearts suffused with the noble and holy sentiments that this occasion arouses, I ask you to rise in a toast to St. Patrick's Day, to which I couple the name of Mr. Gallagher.”

Mr. Gallagher responded as follows:—

“Very Rev. Rector, Mr. Toastmaster, Gentlemen:—

“St. Patrick's Day is here with us again. The heart of every true Irishman swells with pride, and each new sentiment as the day wears on, bears impress of the morn's awakening thoughts; thoughts inspired by tenderest memories of Erin's venerable Patriarch and Apostle. We are assembled here, then, to honor this great champion of our faith, to commemorate a life so generously

devoted to the cause of Christianity, to attest our love, undying as unbounded, for those who with martyr's blood have guarded and preserved Ireland's precious heritage. And what an outpouring of manly sentiment will there be to day as the sons of Erin in every part of the world proclaim their loyalty for motherland, and prove their love and devotion for her illustrious saints. Yes, gentlemen, go where you will, wherever may be found the smallest remnant of the Irish race, there, you may be sure, will be honored in fitting celebration the memory of Ireland's glorious Patron.

But why this universal joy and festivity? Why at this very moment do so many proud hearts beat as one? Why this show of tender sympathy as the praises of a people are sung and their virtues lauded over festive board and in meeting hall? Oh, need I remind you of Ireland's great spiritual victory? Of her glorious triumph in the very face of untold trials and humiliations, amidst the very wrecks of worldly strife and appalling disaster? And need we look for reason of her glory in her holy and untiring zeal for the Faith, in the loyalty and devotion of her faithful sons to the sacred traditions of their fathers, in the faith-inspired fortitude with which she has borne every misfortune and combated every evil? Then must we go back to the time when Ireland first received from Saint Patrick that heavenly light which, bright as it was then, kept shining with ever-increasing brilliancy until its splendor dazzled the world.

The history of Ireland is, indeed, a glorious one. Even while she was still pagan, we are told that her people were of a superior race: that she only needed the light of Faith to make her all that any nation could wish to be. And at last that light came. In the early part of the fifth century St. Patrick with his little band of missionaries landed on Erin's shores and forthwith began the noble task of converting her children. The seed of Christian virtue was sown broadcast, a spirit of religious fervor breathed itself on each humble hearth, and when paganism had been dispelled, Christianity in all its radiant splendor dawned upon the little isle and clothed it in serenest light of day. Oh, what a glorious dawn for Erin, and what a wealth of love does she owe her generous benefactor for the supreme felicity which he had prepared her.

Indeed, then, must Ireland's conversion mark the beginning of a remarkable epoch in her history. Henceforth will its every page bear testimony of the whole-souled integrity of her sons and of the virgin-purity of her daughters: how now will each of these tell of silence in suffering, of perseverance in virtue, of child-like devotion to the Faith; and all these, too, gentlemen, in the face of the most adverse and aggravating circumstances.

No sooner was Ireland a Christian nation than she became a great nation. St. Patrick had instilled into the hearts of her people a holy zeal for the propagation of the Faith. But the successful attainment of this end must presume the education of her youth. Then it was that schools, seminaries, and vast institutions of learning sprang up in every part of the land. Young men from all parts of the European continent flocked in to this new centre of learning, and returning to their native soils gave to their less fortunate countrymen the wisdom and the culture which had been imparted to them abroad. Nor did the Irish scholars and missionaries confine themselves to the narrow limits of their own country; many of them went abroad to preach the Gospel. Wherever they went they were kindly received, and such was the estimation in which they were held that they were employed to teach in many of the colleges and higher schools of learning of Great Britain and the Continent. This fact in itself speaks volumes for the superior excellence of Irish scholarship.

All at once a storm gathers in the west. The Danes poured into Ireland; their murderous hate for churches, monasteries, schools, and for all the institutions of peace and civilization threatened to annihilate the work and the memory of Patrick. But the Battle of Clontarf staved off this catastrophe.

However, early in the 16th century the danger again threatened Ireland. The so-called reform movement, already begun in Germany, found its way into England. Ireland was called upon to renounce her apostle and forget his work. No, never! she could face humiliations, bow to an alien yoke, surrender her nationality, but the faith she cherished, oh never! The struggle that ensued was long and terrific. On one side for the most part was Ireland a helpless victim; on the other, one of the greatest, best equipped,

and cruelest powers in history. What is the result? Patrick's faith and Patrick's work still stands almost unimpaired in Ireland itself, whilst millions of exiles and their descendants have borne the same to every portion of the globe.

This, then, is the heirloom we enjoy and celebrate to-day—the heirloom, bestowed by Ireland's apostle, given lustre by ages of glory, enriched by the unstinted devotion of successive generations of saints and heroes. But if the inheritance is great, great also is the responsibility it entails. If we are the sons of Irish parents and enjoy the grandest gift that man is privileged to enjoy; if it has been given us to understand the virtue there is in humble submission to the will of the all-wise Creator, we owe it, and ever will owe it, to the sainted land which so faithfully guarded and so fondly cherished her precious and priceless heritage. Then let us at all times show that we are not unmindful of these great benefits which are ours, and by giving our best support to such celebrations as we are sharers in here to-day, let us prove our generous love for the Emerald Isle, and our never faltering attachment to the Faith of St. Patrick."

Mr. Gallagher resumed his seat amid great applause. As Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick was urgently needed elsewhere, he made a short address before leaving. Irishmen, he said, are by nature orators, and judging from the eloquent speech just delivered, this national characteristic was by no means wanting among the students of the University. The talent only needed development. He then spoke of the advantages of a good education and of knowing two languages perfectly. In conclusion, he said that Irishmen have every reason to be proud of the deeds of their countrymen in every age, but the true Irishman should also be a good Catholic. As for himself, he was proud to be called a son of Erin.

A rousing Varsity cheer accompanied Mr. Fitzpatrick from the hall. "Long Live Leo" was then sung as a prelude to the succeeding toast, "The Holy Roman See." Mr. Gookin had the honor of responding. We summarize

"It is, indeed, quite appropriate that a toast should here be proposed to the Holy Roman See. Among the Catholic nations

of the world, Ireland stands foremost for her devotion to the successor of St. Peter. Adversity has been the portion of the Irish people, yet they have never abandoned the religion of their forefathers but have remained true to the dying wish of St. Patrick. Other nations have quarrelled over the decisions of the popes; Ireland, however, has ever recognised the authority vested in the pope as a prerogative of the Vicar of Christ.

“Movements inaugurated by the popes to advance the cause of religion have been necessarily of interest to the Irish people; and well has Ireland understood. She has shown conclusively that it is the mark of an essentially religious people to act in harmony with the Holy Roman See. When in the reign of Henry II, Pope Adrian commanded the Irish clergy to conform to the Roman discipline, they immediately recognized his right. The date of Easter was changed; the new regulations concerning tonsure and other minor matters, complied with. Again when Henry VIII tried to usurp the power of the Roman Pontiff, he soon realized that he was unable to force his opinion upon the Irish conscience. His successor, Elizabeth, renewed the attempt. But with all her persecutions in imprisoning and banishing the Catholic Clergy, she could not boast of having established her supremacy in Ireland. Statistics prove that down to the reign of James I, there were not more than sixty converts in Ireland—a convincing proof of Irish attachment to the Holy See. For reasons traditional as well as personal, we revere our present Holy Father. Pope Leo XIII is now in the jubilee year of his pontificate—a fact of no mean significance when we consider the many responsibilities he has borne and the many moral battles he has fought and won, notwithstanding the delicate state of his health. He is unquestionably the greatest of living potentates. He has outlived all his calumniators and rivals. By his diplomatic skill he has broken down the barriers of prejudice and religious bigotry and built up friendly relations with the non-Catholic powers. Though a statesman, poet, philosopher and theologian, Pope Leo has ever shown himself the advocate of the poor and friend of the workingman. During his pontificate the progress of Catholicity has been remarkable. To-day nearly two hundred and fifty million Catholics acknowledge the papal supremacy.”

“The Harp of Tara’s Hall” was here rendered. Mr. Burns replied to the toast of “Ireland Martyr.” He said in part ;

“Ireland as an English possession has been a country of martyrs. She has suffered as no nation ever suffered, and mostly for her faith.

“In the sixteenth century, Henry VIII., being overruled by the pope in his matrimonial affairs, made himself head of the English Church and bade all his subjects consider him as such. He was the first monarch who dared usurp the power of Christ’s representative on earth. The Irish, gifted with the faith of St. Patrick, could never endure such a wrong. To a man, they refused to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry. Such a stand led the King to institute a series of persecutions. Savage and unchristian soldiers overran the whole island, butchering and hanging the inhabitants and, except in the more inaccessible parts, destroying the monasteries and churches. During the succeeding reign of Elizabeth, Irish Catholics were treated with no less cruelty. It was, however, under Cromwell, the Puritan usurper, that the Irish had to suffer most.

“Cromwell landed in Ireland in July, 1649, and immediately declared that ‘no mercy should be given to the Irish and that they should be dealt with as the Canaanites of Joshua’s time.’ His orders were carried out to the letter. At Drogheda three thousand Catholics, for no other crime but their faith, were put to death when they surrendered. At Wexford, Kilkenny, Limerick and Galway like atrocities were committed. At last Ireland lay at the feet of the tyrant. It is said that the population of Ireland decreased by eighty thousand during this terrible period.

“The revolution of 1688 made William of Orange King of England. This sovereign made war on the Irish for the part they had taken in aiding James II to regain his throne. The Irish knew their religious liberty was at stake and fought so well and bravely that by the treaty of Limerick, William gave them complete freedom of worship. True the Irish had gained their end, but their victory was like the gleam of sunlight that appears a moment through an opening in the clouds and then disappears. The treaty of Limerick was violated soon after by the enactment

of penal laws. Bishops and priests were exiled and forbidden, under pain of being tried for treason, to return to their country. Catholics were stripped of their possessions and prevented from practising their religion or educating their children. The hut or the cave became the house of God. In such secluded places the priests were often hunted down, dragged from the altar and cast into prison to await their sentence of exile or execution. This state of affairs lasted until the reign of George III, but all this time the Irish remained faithful to their religion. And we, gentlemen, at the beginning of the twentieth century can look back with pride to the glorious record of our Irish ancestors."

Mr. R. Halligan now rendered the patriotic song, "The land of the Maple," the Glee Club joining in the chorus. Mr. J. W. O'Brien, '02 responded to "Our Glorious Dominion."

"In no other country to which the Irish have emigrated, is this anniversary more joyfully welcomed than in Canada. Irish-Canadians behold the present prosperity of their countrymen in our Dominion, and their feeling is one of joy. And who will gainsay that they have good cause to feel gratified? Irish Catholics landed in this country with limited means and friends few in number, were forced to combat deep-rooted prejudices, both national and religious, yet in spite of all these disadvantages they have fought their way to success.

"Irishmen have been oftentimes assailed for deserting the old land in the hour of adversity, but to those acquainted with the conditions prevailing in Ireland the injustice of the attack is apparent. Attachment to the motherland has been for ages proverbial in the Celtic race. Necessity was the impelling force which so rudely severed the loving bonds of home and kindred. Famine and pestilence, coupled with a natural desire of improving their condition and of making a home for themselves and their children, directed the flow of Irish emigration to America. This movement has had a powerful influence on the development of this fair Dominion. Coming from a land where education was a penal offence, the early Irish immigrants could not be expected to have great literary acquirements. Their integrity and manly vigor constituted their sole capital. Their success is not to be ascribed to

favor or human patronage but to a firm reliance on God's goodness, to patient industry and cheerful endurance of adversity and privations. In every department of life, the Irish enjoy an enviable position and maintain a high character. In public life they have occupied the highest posts of the nation. McGee, Blake, Thompson have done so in the past. No cabinet since Confederation has been considered complete without at least one representative Irishman. At present we have three representatives in most important offices: Hon. Mr. Scott, Secretary of State; Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice; Hon. Mr. Carroll, Solicitor-General.

"It would take long to recount all Irishmen have done not alone for Canada, for the United States and Australia, but also for the European countries—not one of which but owe some part of their success to the children of the Celtic race. With all these evidences of Irish ability, is it compatible with right reason to argue that Irishmen are not competent to control their own affairs in their own island home?

"No country is better qualified than Canada to express an opinion on Irish Home Rule. In the early part of the last century, Canada was governed by a system of English rule, or rather misrule, similar to that which controls Ireland at the present day, and we all know how Canadians resented and ultimately did away with that form of government. To-day Canada enjoys unbounded prosperity dating back to the year 1841, when we were first accorded the privilege of responsible government. Since this fair Dominion, which is populated by persons of different nationalities, creeds and languages, has prospered under self-government, is it not reasonable to infer that Ireland would enjoy the same measure of prosperity and would be as loyal to the Empire as Canada, it granted the same freedom of action."

As a prelude to the following toast, Mr. McCormac sang in a clear melodious voice "Come back to Erin." Mr. Toastmaster arose and said:

"We have knelt with Erin in her Gethsemane, we have trod with her on the cruel road to Cavalry, we have witnessed the very consummation of her scandal, when, bowed with the woes of

centuries she seemed at last to die. But, gentlemen, we have not seen her die. Die she could not, for clad in spiritual armor impervious alike to sword and bullet she has thwarted the most diabolical of persecutors and has achieved the greatest triumph of all ages, the triumph of the one Christian faith. And gentlemen, though we are unable to dispel the mist that envelops the future, though it is impossible for us to discern what the hand of Providence has written on destiny's page, is not the word of the God of nations who says, 'Justice is mine,' sufficient pledge of the glorious triumph still in store for the land of our fathers? The prophetic words of St. Patrick uttered many centuries ago tell us that

'For earthly scath
In world-wide victories of her faith
Atonement shall be made.'

Therefore, gentlemen, I ask you as sharers in this triumph, as the threads that bind the generations to each other, being the heirs of the past, the custodians of the present and the pledge of the future, to join in a toast which I propose to 'Ireland Triumphant,' coupled with the name of Mr. Nolan."

Mr. Nolan replied in an eloquent speech, one of the best of the day. However, as the greater part of the subject matter has already been treated of in the preceding speeches we give but the following summary :

"You drink, gentlemen, to 'Ireland Triumphant' and most fittingly, for it is a joy to turn our eyes from the night of Ireland's past history to the sparkling firmament of her glorious triumph. But where do we find the glories of Ireland, wherein lies her victory? The triumph of other nations is measured by the growing population, the rapid strides in the commercial marts of the world, the ever-increasing navies and the immense standing armies. But these are common-place when compared with the higher, nobler and holier triumph of Ireland. Witness the historical monuments of Europe proclaiming the glories of Ireland in faith and literature. Listen and you will hear Erin's triumph voiced by thousands of her martyred dead.

“Even before St. Patrick landed in Ireland, the Irish were a fairly cultured people and, though pagan, not given to idol-worship. Hence the readiness and fervor with which they embraced Christianity. Monasteries, colleges, and churches everywhere sprang up and such a religious spirit was everywhere manifested that Ireland was justly called the ‘Holy Island and the Sanctuary of the earth.’ She soon became famed as a missionary nation. Great numbers of the missionaries who preached throughout the continent spreading everywhere religion and learning, had ‘lighted their torches from the sacred fires that burned on the ancient altars of Ireland.’”

Mr. Nolan then went on to prove the military prowess of the Irish by their expulsion of the Danes, who had obtained a permanent foothold in both England and France. He pictured the sufferings and constancy of the Irish through the long centuries of misrule to which they were subjected by the English possession. Though compelled by necessity to abandon their native shore they have had the glory of carrying the faith to many a distant land. Throughout the period of oppression Ireland did not fail to produce great men such as O’Neil, Sarsfield, Sheridan, Burke and O’Connell. In conclusion Mr. Nolan said :

“Were I gifted with the power of divination, I would gladly penetrate the veil which conceals the future destinies of Ireland, and picture for you the Ireland that is to be. But no such gift is mine. Let, however, the torch of her past history be our light and guide in judging of her future career. If, gentlemen, Ireland has not gained all that she has so bravely fought for in the past, it is no fault of those who so gallantly steered her invincible barque, for they ‘sailed in shallow waters, and were stranded by necessity.’ But to-day, as we look out upon that great broad sea of the political strife, we behold the tide to rise, the breeze to freshen and Erin’s noble old ship, with the banner of ‘National Equality’ floating high from her mast-head, to set her sails once more to the breeze. We hear the mighty voices of her fearless crew shouting loud the sweet name of freedom and another O’Connell at her helm, we behold her again to face the storm. May she ride safely over the turbulent waves to arrive at last in the harbor of victory !”

Hon. Mr. Powers spoke next. He said it was a duty as well as a pleasure for him to be present at the banquet. He had been highly honored the previous summer by being made an alumnus of the University, and he was glad to have an opportunity of thanking the Faculty for this esteemed favor. He then referred to the position of Irishmen in Canada. They have a fair field. They fill some of the highest offices. Let no one imagine that he is kept out of office because he is Irish. At present Irishmen occupy the foremost places in the British Empire—in the army, navy, courts of justice, and the embassies to foreign countries. In fact they are trusted everywhere by the British Government, except in Ireland.

The words of Mr. Powers were highly appreciated by his hearers. "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung and Mr. McCormack was called upon to respond to "Columbia." After a few introductory remarks, he said in part :

"To me and to all Irish Americans 'The Star Spangled Banner' is the symbol of justice, kindness and generosity. It typifies the growth of our country from weak infancy to one of the greatest powers of the world. It tells of a history in which there is some sorrow, but more often triumph and glory—the mournful yet victorious revolution—the terrific civil strife which almost wrecked our Union—the achievements of New Orleans and the victory over Spain. Through all these stages of triumph, Irishmen were prominent both on the field of battle and in naval engagements. A glance at the Roster of the regiments of the United States tells us what they have done, and what they are now doing for Columbia. And does she forget this? The day, we trust, is far distant when Columbia shall forget her dead, when she forgets those who fought and won her independence. The names of those are forever engraven in the memory of the nation and recalled by monument, by statue, or by tablet. With such heroes as Barry, Meagher, Sheridan and Sherman to lead them on, Irishmen have never hesitated but willingly shed their blood for their adopted country. And how has she repaid the debt of gratitude to the Irish race? By welcoming to her shores the Irish emigrant; granting him the free practice of faith and making him an equal sharer in her govern-

ment and institutions. Hence, the starry banner and its dearly bought liberty must never be lost sight of—

‘ That flag of freedom floats unfurled,
And as the mighty God exists
Who gives victory when and where he lists,
Thou yet shall wake and shake the nations of the world.’ ”

Mr. Nolan sang “The Dear Little Shamrock.” Mr. J. J. Macdonell, ’02, responded to the toast of “Alma Mater.”

“Please bear with me for a little time, while I humbly attempt to bestow a few words of praise upon an institution that needs none as its merits are well known. I refer to the University of Ottawa, our Alma Mater. What fond recollections and pleasant memories are evoked by these magic words, Alma Mater! What pleasant associations and sweet reminiscences awaken in the breasts of true and loyal students! Pictures of happy days spent beneath this roof of learning and of piety. To us Alma Mater will ever appear the watchful kind guardian, under whose maternal care is laid the foundation of our future by a thorough moral, intellectual and physical training.

“What an honor and distinction it is to every student, both of the past and of the present, to claim as his Alma Mater an institution foremost amongst the great Catholic Universities of America. Catholic in examples and in doctrine it imparts a purely Christian education. Without these qualities there is no education worthy of the name.

“The programme of studies embraces the essential branches of learning grouped together with such precision and judgment that the youth, in whatsoever direction his inclinations may tend, has no difficulty in selecting the course of studies best suited and adapted to his nature. In the University course, the student acquires a knowledge of the sciences which converge towards the queen of all studies, Philosophy; in the commercial department, the boy, to whom mercantile pursuits are attractive, receives a practical business training, which enables him to take an advanced place in society. Intellectual training, however, no matter how perfect it itself, without the teaching of morals, will never make man, what he, by his nature, should be. The moral education of the

youths is carefully attended to in all its details. From day to day the students take part in the various religious exercises, and this combined with the daily contact with men whose highest aim in life is the honor and glory of God, tends to infuse into their hearts the sublime principles of Christianity, thus making them gentlemen in the true sense of the word, an honor to society, to their parents and to their Alma Mater. But, perhaps, it is in the class-rooms that this moral influence is felt the most, as here the students are under the guidance of men who have sacrificed their all, have left behind what was near and dear to them, to become better qualified for the responsible position of masters. With these noble examples of self-sacrifice and true generosity before them, the young minds early receive the impressions of all that is good and true and noble, and 'as the twig is bent so will grow the tree,' it would be surprising if the graduates of Ottawa University were not men of sterling qualities who quickly climb to the highest rank, in whatever sphere of life they enter. Their chief aim and guiding star being something beyond this material world, they are not dismayed or discouraged by its relentless and merciless attacks and reverses, but they ever advance onward, until finally they have reached that haven of rest beyond the skies.

" Besides the class-rooms, many flourishing Societies are conducted for further enabling the students to cultivate their faculties, and to accustom them to appear before public assemblies. Needless to mention their names—The Scientific, Debating, and Gaelic Societies, whose frequent successes reflect credit upon those who are at their head.

"To students of a literary taste, a college journal, which to-day holds a prominent position in the world of letters, affords excellent opportunities : in this paper are recorded the doings of the student-body in and out of class, and serves as the connecting link between Alma Mater and her Alumni.

" With moral and intellectual development, however, this institution has not contented itself ; its students must be physically trained as well. With this in view, the O U.A.A. was organized, and to-day, gentlemen, it is one of the most flourishing organizations of its kind on the continent. Look back upon the pages of

its history, and you will find them replete with glorious triumphs and successes in every line of manly sport—baseball, lacrosse, and hockey. As to football, I need scarcely make mention. The unsurpassed record of the past season, is known throughout America. Even from far-off Vancouver, a few days ago, I received a paper containing an account of the ‘phenomenal’ record of a Vancouver team, as also a statement to the effect that this aggregation could defeat any team in Eastern Canada, ‘possibly outside of Ottawa College.’ To the men who so nobly upheld the honor of the ‘Garnet and Grey’ during the long season of 1901, praise is due in a special manner. They captured the proud and much-coveted title of ‘Champions of Canada.’ The record of the past season was, indeed, a glorious one, and in years to come, when the Garnet and Grey supporters are cheering their teams on to greater efforts, and when defeat seems almost inevitable, they will look back with pride to the work of the team of 1901, and giving another lusty ‘V-A-R’ turn the tide of defeat into victory.

“Among the numerous advantages already mentioned, there is yet another which is of great importance, and that is the happy association and intermingling of students from every clime. Some there are who claim Erin’s Isle as their home, others, the sunny fields of France, and still others, the various provinces of this fair Dominion, the different states of the neighboring Republic, or even the bonnie braes of Scotland; yet beneath this roof all are united in the sacred bonds of brotherly love and affection as become children of the same Alma Mater. To verify this assertion, you have but to cast a glance around this banqueting hall, and witness the perfect harmony that exists. Is it great wonder, then, that our efforts, whether in the class-rooms or on the football field, are ever crowned with the laurels of success, when the motto of the Athletic Association, is so diligently observed in all our actions, *Ubi concordia, ibi victoria?*”

“But, gentlemen, to whom, if not to our Alma Mater, are we indebted for all these advantages and enjoyments? She is, indeed, the giver and we are the recipients. The question naturally arises, how can we repay our Alma Mater? I would answer, gentlemen, partly, as fully we can never do so, by ever remaining true and

loyal to her instructions and admonitions, and faithful to our duties, both religious and social. Who amongst us, then, cannot but wish her the fullest measure of success in all her undertakings? To those who guide the destinies of this University, may signal prosperity be theirs in the future as it has been in the past.

"May the 'Garnet and Grey' ever float, where it now floats, upon the pinnacle of fame, ever proclaiming the prowess of an hitherto invincible football team.

"May the day never dawn that shall see the old college spirit die out, nay rather may it increase, ever ready to frown down any semblance of discord or disunion. May the Editors of THE REVIEW ever strive to make their journal the leader amongst College journals.

"And now, gentlemen, one word more and I have done. I wish to say in behalf of the class of 1902, may love and gratitude for our Alma Mater ever retain a warm spot in our hearts, and when the ravages of time have left their impressions upon our brows, may we look back with pride and pleasure to the days when we were students here, and say with the poet Burns :

'Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stonger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.'

"The Bay of Dublin," a solo by Mr. J. Hurley, followed Mr. Macdonell's speech. Rev. Fr. O'Boyle, O.M.I., replied to the toast of "Soggarth Aroon." He began by alluding to the two tender words of the Gaelic that crystallize the long-loving faith of the Irish. They called up a panoramic vision of fourteen centuries during which the sun of earthly prosperity never shone on the most enduring type of the primitive Christian Church. In the place of that sun of prosperity he saw a new light kindled to light the gloom, the Beltan fire of Christian faith, and those who kindled it were the Vestals of Ireland, the anointed of God.

He proceeded to describe the impressions made when, under the mysterious guidings of his own priestly vocation, 'twas his privilege to approach the shores of Ireland. 'Twas off Tor-head, on the rugged, wind-beaten shores of Antrim: 'twas night, and for the liner forging eastward in the gloom, the first sign of land

was the beam from a lighthouse, regularly flashing across the heaving expanse of water. He did not know what musings arose in the hearts of those who were on deck with him, for some of whom perhaps Ireland meant nothing, but he saw in it more than a mere triumph of human ingenuity in man's struggle against the elements; he saw in spirit in that torch of the night a fitting symbol of Ireland's faith, firm on its rocky basis, held high in the gloom and the storm, and sending forth its radiance on the island across the Irish Sea, and the German Ocean, and athwart the Atlantic. When morning dawned and the sun burst over Erin, then lying about a half-mile in the offing, a group of exiles on the prow grew vocal under the touch of the light, even as the fabled Memnon and recited some tear-fetching verses of Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen." 'Twas hard not to feel the vibrations of the other chord of Erin's memory, patriotism. The two, religion and patriotism, harmonized in unison in his Irish Canadian heart, but the religious note was dominant. So it should be. So it should be in everything Irish. So it was to-day, Ireland's faith first. Those present, he continued, had just listened to the magnificent confession of faith of one their most prominent public men, Mr. Fitzpatrick, that which certainly nothing could have been more orthodox and ultramontane if heard from the pulpit. And among her gifted sons, the representative of that faith came first, for Soggarth meant all that is godly and the supernatural that appeals so strongly to the inner nature of the Celt. But the Soggarth, is Soggarth Aroon. He understood what that meant when he reached Liverpool to find the monument to the Irish priests of '47. Twenty-four were set apart for the fever, and in six weeks, ten were dead. They were martyrs of devotion, Soggarths Aroon. They were brothers of those who in the days of Columba practised austerity in the cells of Iona, brothers of those who have guarded generations of Irish virtue, after God the founders of that Celtic Christianity which as much as the Latin moulded the West, which gave more mitred heads to Mother Church than any other, which remained ever true to that Rome of which Christ too, is a Roman. They were brothers of him who, in the persecution, showed the people that if everything else was gone heaven

remained, who kissed the cross with them and died by the roadside, an apostolic priestly house, that lost their language that they might convert an Empire, and train empires of the future for God.

Another nation near to their hearts to-day, for she gave us Patrick, glories in the title "Soldier of God." By her side stands Ireland the "Priest-nation." Let us hope that, as the Melchisedec she had no infancy in her spontaneous Christianity, she may have no end of days. He thanked God that the race of Soggarths was not extinct—that there were yet, God-sent Matthews, eloquent Burkes, militant Hugheses and patriotic, scholarly MacHales; men in whom gifts of grace have not destroyed noble nature but elevated it. Their weight was not small in the scales of religion and morality.

In conclusion, the speaker opined that the real Soggarth was of Irish birth and spoke Gaelic. He recalled what a noble, awful thing it is to be priest, what a happy accident to be Irish, and that the combination of both made something that everyone is eager to honor. 'Tis an ideal that every Levite of Irish extraction (and there were many present and he felt confident there would be more) should strive to realize in his own person—*noblesse oblige*.

Mr. Toastmaster now announced that our guests should speak. Hon. Mr. Costigan was first called upon. After a few preliminary remarks on the benefits and necessity of education, he mooted the question of Home Rule for Ireland. Home Rule, he said, would not only benefit Ireland but would be a source of strength to the British Empire as a whole. England had found Ireland necessary, and it was a strange anomaly that Irishmen's worth should be everywhere recognized except in Ireland. He then spoke at some length on the bond of union that should exist between the Irish element in Canada and in the States. Both had different attitudes towards Great Britain and Home Rule. Both, he believed, were consistent and both were right. When the Irishman was forced by British misrule to leave his native land, by becoming an American citizen, he severed all connection with Great Britain and lay under no obligation to her. In Canada, on the contrary, the Irish exile had found the freedom demanded by

countrymen at home ; hence it became his duty to be loyal to the British flag. At a convention held in Dublin some time ago it was decided that measures for obtaining Home Rule should be on strictly constitutional lines, and since this policy had been adopted by the people of Ireland themselves, the Irishmen of America should be a unit in helping them to carry it out. In referring to Canada, Mr. Costigan said that the Dominion parliament had already forced the attention of the British government upon Home Rule, and if coercion in Ireland should again be decided on, he thought that the Canadian voice had sufficient influence to prevent it. (Cheers.) In concluding, Mr. Costigan said the Irish and French Catholics in Canada should always stand by one another. By their union in the past they had obtained their rights and it was only by remaining united in the future that they would continue to have their rights respected.

After Mr. Costigan some of the other guests spoke—Messrs. Slattery, Clancy and Clark. The Rector then in his usual happy manner paid the following tribute :

“ It is all right. I mean St. Patrick’s Day at the University—a bright, red-letter day on a lovely green background. It has been so in the past to all accounts and I pledge my word that it shall be so as long as I occupy the Rector’s chair. May it grow in splendor ! —our honorable guests and students in number ! A tree is judged by its fruits. Apply this Gospel standard to the shamrock. What abundant harvest the world over ! Planted on the emerald Rock of Erin and watered by the blood of a martyr-nation, it feeds the world with faith, hope, and charity. Here at the University, thriving wonderfully with the rose and the lily, the thistle and the golden-rod of America, it effectually teaches these nationalities to know, to trust, and love one another. Is not this Lovefeast of St. Patrick’s Banquet, a fair match for the agapes of our ancestors, the primitive Christians ?

“ Gratitude then, in the name of our Alma Mater to all present ; to our honorable guests with their kind words of wisdom and encouragement ; to our athletic champions for the splendor their trophies add to the feast ; to the orators of the day who reflect such credit on their Alma Mater ; to the executive

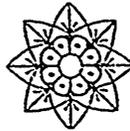
committee for their energy and ability in bringing the Banquet to the present standard ; to our toastmaster for the dignified manner in which he fulfilled his office ; to one and all for reflecting so faithfully the harmony symbolised by the shamrock entwined in the golden harp."

The banquet was now at an end but, before parting, Mr. Toastmaster asked all to join in the chorus of "God Save Ireland." As the last stirring strains of orchestra and singers died away, the guests filed out of the banquet-room, everyone feeling happier for the afternoon's entertainment.

The Executive Committee which brought the proceedings to such a successful issue was as follows :

Chairman, W. A. Martin, '02. Secretary, J. O. Dowd, '03 ; Treasurer, J. J. Macdonell, '02 ; F. Burns, '02 ; J. Gookin, '02 ; J. O'Brien, '02 ; E. Gallagher, '02 ; M. Burns, '03 ; W. Collins, '03 ; R. Carey, '03 ; J. King, '03 ; C. MacCormac, '03 ; J. McDonald, '03 ; T. Day, '03 ; G. Nolan, '03 ; J. Keeley, '03.

S. M. '03.



Father Letheby on the Touchline.

FROM "MY NEW CURATE."



FATHER Letheby was coming home from a hurried sick call a few nights ago, and he came down by the cliffs ; for, as he said, he liked to see the waters, when the Almighty flings his net over their depths, and there every sea-hillock is a star, and there is a moon in every hollow of the waves. As he skirted along the cliff that frowns down into the valleys of the sea on the one hand and the valleys of the firs and poplars on the other, he thought he heard some voices deep down in the shadows, and he listened. Very soon the harsh rasp of a command came to his ears and he heard "*Shun ! 'verse arms,*" etc. He listened very attentively and the tramp of armed men echoed down the darkness ; and he thought he saw the glint of steel here and there where the moonbeams struck the trees.

"It was a horrible revelation," he said, "that here in this quiet place we were nursing and had some secret society in full swing amongst us"

"And bad business indeed, but worse for soul than body I know there are some fellows in the village in receipt of secret service money, and all these poor boys' names are in the Castle archives. But what is worse, this means anti-clericalism, and consequently, abstention from sacraments and a long train of evils besides."

.....

Sunday afternoon was a favorite time for the rebels ; and the coursing match on the black hills and the rabbit hunt in the plantations were only preliminaries to more important and secret work. Whether by design or accident, Father Letheby stumbled upon such a meeting about four o'clock one Sunday afternoon. A high ditch and a strong palisade of fir trees hid him from sight and he was able to hear a good deal, and had no scruple in playing the listener. This is what he heard. The village tailor, lame in one leg and familiarly known as "Hop-and-go-one" was the orator :—

"Fellow countrymen, de time for action has come. From ind to ind of the land, the down-trodden serfs of Ireland are rising in

their millions. Too long have they been juped by false pretenses ; too long have the hirelings of England chated and deceived them. We know what a shimmera*, what a fraud was Home Rule. Our country has been dragged at the tail of English parties who were purshuing their own interests. But 'tis all past. No more constitutional agitation, no more peaceful struggle. Lead will do what fine speeches didn't. And if the black militia with dere ordhers from Rome attempt this time to interfere, we know what answer to give dem. De West's awake and 't isn't priests will set us to sleep agin.—”

At this juncture, the orator was caught by the nape of the neck and lifted bodily off the turf ditch which was his forum. When he looked around and saw who was his captor, he shrieked for mercy : and Father Lethby, dropping him as one would drop a rat, he scurried off as fast as his lame leg would permit whilst the priest turning round to the stupefied boys, warned them of their folly and madness.

.....

But the following Sunday, he recovered all his lost prestige and secured immortal fame at the football match between the “ Holy Terrors ” of Kilronan and the “ Wolfe Tones ” of Moydore. For, being asked to kick off by these athletes, he sent the ball up in a straight line seventy or eighty feet away from where he stood. There was a shout of acclamation from the whole field ; which became a roar of unbounded enthusiasm when he sent the ball flying in a parabola, not six feet from the ground and right to the hurdles that marked the opposite goals. The Kilronan men went wild about their young curate, and under his eye they beat their opponents hollow ; and one admirer, leaning heavily on his *caman*, was heard to say :

“ My God, if he'd only lade us ! ”

* Chimera.

University of Ottawa Review.

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THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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MARCH, 1902.

Vol. IV.

AN EASTER GREETING.

Easter, pre-eminent among the festivals of the calendar, comes early this year: to college boys it is always welcome. Christmas we will ever hold dear, because of its ineradicable associations with things that entered into the happiness of our childhood. To older people, however, who have given some thought and study particularly to that most momentous of problems—religion; to students who are or expect to be, initiated into all historical, classical, philosophical and theological lore, the importance of the Easter mysteries cannot be unsuspected. Other feasts are bugle-calls to victory, if you like, but through vicissitude, strife, death. In the Resurrection of Christ the God-Man all is joy, light, triumph. And as Christ has risen, forever immortal in spirit and in flesh, so shall all His true followers rise. Moved by considerations of this kind we make bold to wish our readers a joyous Easter.

ST. THOMAS' DAY.

Among the saints of the Church there is none more devoutly honored by students than he to whom the divine commendation was made "Thou hast written well concerning me, O Thomas." Hence it is that every recurring anniversary of the death of the great Doctor of the Schools is attended with extraordinary ceremony at our Alma Mater. This year the feast was postponed from the 7th until Sunday the 9th. On Sunday morning pontifical mass was celebrated by His Grace the Chancellor of the University. Music for the mass was furnished by the University choir assisted by the Juniorate orchestra. The sermon of the day, which may be found in another column, was preached by Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I. At 8 p.m. the senior philosophers under the direction of Rev. Dr. Nilles, gave a philosophical seance which spoke volumes for the zeal with which the teachings of the Angelic Doctor are followed at Ottawa College. The programme opened with a brief but comprehensive address on St. Thomas by J. P. Gookin, '02. A Latin thesis on the *Morality of Human Acts* was delivered by W. A. Martin, '02, who defended the true doctrine against objections proposed by E. E. Gallagher, '02. Mr. Martin also defended the *Right of Property* against the objections of Rev. Bro. Kunz, O.M.I. The closing number was an able essay on *Philosophy* by J. J. Macdonell, '02. The programme was interspersed with musical selections by Messrs. Hurley, Lacoursière and Gallagher, on the piano, and Mr. Keeley on the violin. Although philosophy offers little enticement to the uninitiated, the large audience seemed to be appreciative and all concurred in pronouncing the seance a complete success. Much credit is due Rev. Dr. Nilles for the very appropriate means he took of doing honor to the patron of schools, the glorious Thomas of Aquin.

WHY ST. PATRICK'S DAY?

You are not Irish! the Old Land can give you nothing! You are Canadian, American, Australian—nothing else now! are expressions often heard. Tell exiles to forget their kindred and perhaps their families at home! Then what an ancestry, what a

noble, stirring, remarkable history is theirs. Since the first St. Patrick's Day Ireland has been one of the chief figures on the world's stage; she has remained so pretty much and is unmistakably present there to-day. And what a share has not her sons taken in nearly every great event and movement that marked those centuries. Name only England, Spain, France, Austria, the United States, Canada, Australia, who owe so much to the children of St. Patrick in the building up and maintenance of their religious, political and national institutions. There is scarcely a spot on the globe, where the Irishman is not to be found, deeply fervent, irrepressibly energetic and inimitably witty. True, the Irish have faults, inexcusable in the eyes of alien pharisees. Nevertheless, they have done a great work. Their immortal shamrock was at last found worthy of imperial favor. The battle in which they have been engaged may seem to be a losing one, but not till that battle is finally lost or gained will Irishmen be anything but what they are.

VARIOUS.

The Holy Father has made Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., the author of "My New Curate," "Luke Delmege," etc., a Doctor of Divinity.

The fad of the sects, claiming St. Patrick as one of them, is spreading. More than one pulpit calls him a Methodist, Baptist, etc. An Ontario school book, it is said, puts him down, not only of Scotch birth but a Presbyterian. In a few years he will perhaps make them all as good Catholics as he did the Irish.

Miss Agnes Repplier, foremost writer of the light essay in America, a Catholic, has received the honorary title of Doctor of Literature from the University of Pennsylvania.

St. Michael's College, Toronto, celebrates its 50th anniversary. To commemorate the occasion in a practical way, it is proposed to enlarge this institution at a cost of \$150,000. A subscription of \$40,000 has already been made, and the work started.

The Rev. P. F. Parisot, O.M.I., the widely known Texan missionary, has just celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood. This event, unusual for a missionary, was celebrated in San Antonio, the *Southern Messenger* informs us, by a great concourse of bishops, priests, religious and laity. Father Parisot himself, tells in his "Reminiscences," of the missionary's hard lot.

Dr. John B. Murphy, of Chicago, is recipient this year of the Lætare Medal. This tribute University of Notre Dame was first bestowed, nineteen years ago, on Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the eminent historian. Dr. Murphy has won international distinction for surgery and for professional writings on medical questions.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier moved "that when this House adjourns on Wednesday (March 26th) it will stand adjourned until Tuesday, the 1st of April next." This means an entire week of Easter Holidays. Hence it is that silence prevails in the halls of legislation and men are free to go meditate and draw inspiration in the shrines where the closing scenes in the earthly life of the One Great and Eternal Legislator are celebrated.—*Catholic Register*.



Book Review.

Riehl's, *Das Spielmannskind* and *Der Stumme Ratsherr*.

Edited with notes and a vocabulary by Geo. M. Priest, A.M., Instructor in German, Princeton University and published by the American Book Company, 35 cents.

This valuable little book contains two very interesting stories by Heinrich Riehl, one of the most popular of German story tellers. They are useful for class reading, and at the same time give a pleasing study in the customs and folklife in the Middle Ages. The style in which they are written is clear and simple, yet idiomatic, and with the numerous notes and the complete vocabulary, the student must derive much benefit from their perusal.

We have examined Harkness and Forbes' new edition of "Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War." The intro-

duction contains a detailed description of the localities, persons, and stirring events treated of by the Roman author. The notes on the difficulties and peculiarities of the Latin text, are copious and will be found valuable both to beginners and to more advanced students. The vocabulary, in which special attention has been given to etymology, is excellent. Numerous maps and illustrations afford an additional means of understanding the Latin text. Published by the American Book Company.

Geschichten von Deutschen Stadten, by Menco Stern, is a handsomely bound volume of 420 pages published by the American Book Company. Its object, as its title indicates, is to describe the various cities of Germany, narrating their local traditions and picturing their characteristic landmarks. It also, for the same purpose, gives many handsome illustrations and a map showing the locations of the cities mentioned. Besides furnishing interesting and attractive reading matter, it is especially valuable for those seeking to acquire an easy and natural yet clear and idiomatic style of diction. The subject matter consists not merely of fiction but also furnishes many facts of historical, geographical and literary interest. The author, however, gives undue importance to stories about the treachery and murderous intrigues of the clergy of the Middle Ages. This detracts greatly from its otherwise excellent character and makes it difficult, not to say impossible, for us to recommend it to Catholic students of German.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Benziger Brothers, New York :

Bunt and Bill, by Clara Mulholland ; *Mary Tracey's Fortune*, by Anna T. Sadlier ; *As True as Gold*, by Mary E. Mannix ; *Recruit Tommy Collins*, by Mary G. Bonesteel. These volumes bound in cloth, 45 cts. each. *Spiritual Pepper and Salt*, for Catholics and non-Catholics, by Rev. Wm. Stang, D.D., paper cover, price 30 cts.

American Book Company, New York :

Daudet's Tartarin de Tarascon, by C. Fontaine, B. ès-L. ; De Witt Clinton, High School, New York City ; *Moser's Der Bibliothekar*, by William A. Cooper, A.M. ; cloth, 45 cts. a volume.

Exchanges.

“Errors like straws upon the surface flow
He who would search for pearls must dive below.”

These words of Dryden are not often applied to the literature of the present day, the most salient characteristic of which is to put the pearls or imitation of pearls on the surface, hiding as much as possible the raft of straw which supports them. However, in a college journal where it is style that is chiefly lacking, one will often find the truth of the above saying. Take the *Niagara Index* for example. This magazine has a partiality for short essays on abstract subjects. Now, to say the least, the students of Niagara lack the style of a Bacon or an Addison. The result is the magazine, to us who are accustomed to have our pills of knowledge sugar-coated, appears dry, even though we are perfectly aware that by diving through its rather muddy waters we are likely to find some pearls below. When the Niagara students are done reading their magazine—of course they read it—we imagine they feel as if they had been translating a page or two of Cicero, without a crib. Yet after all that's a good feeling.

“As an illustration of what college journalism can accomplish, we might say that the December issue of the *Red and Blue* reached a circulation of over four thousand copies. But the field is not without its difficulties. The principal one of these we believe we share with most college journals. It is the lack of interest taken in the literary side of college life, the almost absolute indifference of the students in contributing verse and fiction. Three or four men have furnished the bulk of the matter published by us during the last year. This is not because there is no literary ability among college men in general. It is safe to say that there are a hundred men, at the very least, in Pennsylvania to-day, who can produce good college verse and fiction. What can be done to get anything out of these men?”—From Feb. *Red and Blue*.

One writer on Canadian literature, after summing up the several degrees of mediocrity into which it divides itself, claimed what it needed most was sound criticism. Consequently the review of “Tecumseh” in February *McMaster Monthly* is interesting from

more than one point of view. As the writer says, it is because Mr. Charles Mair's "Tecumseh" is Canadian to the core that we welcome its present re-publication. Patriotism, however, must not blind readers to the considerable limitations in Mr. Mair's poems as a poet and a dramatist; and yet candid criticism must recognise that Mr. Mair gives us an attractive picture of the "chief of matchless power" who united with the heir of Queenstown Heights to defend our shores from invasion in 1812. "Tecumseh" is not even our best drama; Hearyseage's "Saul" is far superior to it; yet it is one a Canadian should read.

Another college has seen fit to have a magazine, the *Stanstead Wesleyan*, Stanstead, Que. The most notable thing about its *Quarterly* is the department of Music. Not sufficient attention is given to art in most of our journals. We hope when the *Quarterly* makes a few more journalistic friends it will instal an Exchange department.

Since the death of Aubrey de Vere many estimates of his work have been given. Most consider him one of the lesser geniuses of the Victorian Age, the inferior of Tennyson, others as his equal, and some few as his superior. These last, however, are outdone by one of our graduates, who solemnly declared at a St. Patrick's Day banquet a year or two ago, that De Vere must be acknowledged by all impartial critics as the greatest English poet of any age! A same estimate of him as a dramatic poet is given in this month's *Xavier*.

We are sorry to hear that the *Manitoba College Journal* is prevented by lack of funds from doing its best work. The *Journal*, the only one of its kind in Western Canada, occupies no insignificant place among college periodicals. What is particularly admirable about it, is the broad-minded common sense, which excludes every semblance of bigotry, national or religious, from its pages. We hope that the students and alumni of Manitoba will support their paper a little better in future.

To have a dozen first class articles in one issue is no slight praise; yet the February *Abbey Student* deserves it. "Some Thoughts on Music," and the poem entitled "The First Grief," are of considerable worth.

Among the Magazines.

The *Canadian Magazine* is always received warmly in our sanctum. From the Easter number, with its handsome cover, we expect something more than usually excellent. There are articles to suit every taste. There are "Curling in Canada" for athletes; Reminiscences of Lord Dufferin; "John Bull in Politics," by Albert R. Carman. The value of vaccination is shown by John Ferguson, M.D. The career of Henry Hudson, the discoverer of Hudson's Bay, is given by George Johnson, the Dominion Statistician. Readers of current literature will, we believe, find this an excellent Easter number.

The *Labour Gazette* for the present month contains a number of important reviews of the more important labor movements of the day. Among these may be mentioned those dealing with workmen's co-operative societies, the insurance of workmen, and factory inspection in the Province of Quebec. There is a special article, with comparisons and deductions based on the Census returns, setting forth the exact nature and movement of population from the rural to the urban district.

The *Dominicana* has been a regular visitor to our sanctum. As a Catholic family magazine, a literary and critical review, it is surely among the first. The poetry is furnished by well-known writers.

A sister magazine is the *Rosary*, the Easter number of which is before us. Gladly we return to the "Letters From Embryo Settlement," and "The Old World Seen through American Eyes" by Rev. John F. Mullaney, LL.D. The "Record of the Captivity of the Spanish Friars in the Philippines" (1) is described by "One of Themselves." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet and Mary E. Mannix are some old acquaintances.

A brief reference to the Easter number of the *Catholic World* to note timely articles like "Submarine Navigation," "The Akropolis of Athens," "My Recollections of Victor Hugo," "A Synthesis of Two Schools of Thought." "What Wage is a Living Wage?" by Rev. John A. Ryan, S.T.L., will interest our political economists.

We cannot forget the *Saturday Evening Post*. "Practical Politics" (Mar. 29th) are treated by Lewis Nixon, leader of Tammany Hall. With regret we see ended "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop," by Hamlin Garland. Charming love story, the sentimental but powerfully helps the plea made for "all the small peoples of the earth" in the persons of the half-civilized and nearly extinct "Injuns" of America. "Our Young Friends Oversea" is an able, witty editorial containing reflections on the recent visit of "Dr. Henry Hohenzollerin" of Havard.



Athletics.

After a very interesting and closely contested series of scheduled hockey games it was found that the team captained by Mr. W. Richards had the greatest number of points to its credit, thus securing the title of champions. Mr. Richards and the members of his team are to be congratulated for the splendid showing they made in the College world of hockey. The Athletic Association, ever proud to acknowledge its successful athletes, will, doubtless, present to each member of the team a handsome photo of the same, which will serve as a souvenir of one of the more pleasant events of College life.

On March 2nd, the Philosophers and Lay Professors, in the garb of hockeyists, met to decide who should bear the expenses of the annual turkey dinner. After a "red-hot" battle of forty minutes, the Philosophers were defeated by a score of 3 to 1. Being unable to establish a "reputation" as hockeyists, they decided to do the next best thing, and judging from the many words of praise freely distributed, they undoubtedly established a name for themselves as "entertainers." The Philosophers and Lay Professors' Banquet of 1902 will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant and enjoyable reunions of College days.

The regular annual meeting of the Ottawa University Athletic Association to elect officers for the ensuing year will take place on Easter Monday, and we hope that the members will show the same good judgment as that of their predecessors in selecting the men best fitted to occupy the various positions, leaving all personal motives or desires aside. It is only thus that the success of this Association can be assured.

Priorum Temporum Flores

We are pleased to see Mr. E. McCosken around again after his long illness. Edgar was a recent visitor at the College, and whilst here renewed acquaintance amongst many of his old friends and classmates.

Rev. J. Foley, '97, of the Cathedral, Alexandria, was in the city St. Patrick's night to attend the lecture given by Rev. Dr. Fallon.

The University students were highly favored this year in having so many distinguished guests at their St. Patrick's Day Banquet. Amongst others were Hon. L. G. Power, Speaker of the Senate. Before leaving the banquet hall the honorable gentleman addressed the students with a few pleasing and instructive remarks. Mr. Power is an alumnus of the University.

During the month we were favored with a visit from Rev. G. F. Prudhomme, '97, of Metcalfe.

The teaching staff of the University has been recently strengthened by the addition of Mr. W. McCarthy, a prominent lawyer of this city and an alumnus of this institution, as master of the department of Commercial Law.



HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY.

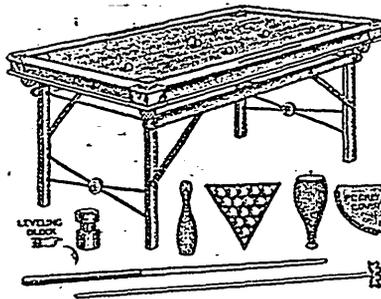
FIRST GRADE, DIV. A.—1st, A. Ménard ; 2nd, C. Kehoe ; 3rd, F. Gervais ; 4th, J. Bermingham.

FIRST GRADE, DIV. B.—1st, W. Perrault ; 2nd, H. Ménard ; 3rd, A. Leduc ; 4th, P. Poirier.

SECOND GRADE.—1st, A. Fleming ; 2nd, R. Valiquette ; 3rd, I. Labrosse ; 4th, E. Hamel.

THIRD GRADE.—1st, H. Macdonald ; 2nd, E. Poissant ; 3rd, P. Kirwan ; 4th, G. Kirwan.

FOURTH GRADE.—1st, J. Coupal ; 2nd, N. Bawlf ; 3rd, E. Langlois ; 4th, F. Routhier.



The above Portable Combination Table is the latest addition to the recreation outfit of our east wing. Its price is one-tenth that of a regular table; yet we find that scientific billiards, Boston pool, tenpins, etc., can be played on it with as much enjoyment as on a much more expensive article. The cabinet work consists of red birch, of great lightness and strength, neatly dovetailed together and highly polished. The green cloth is of excellent quality; the steel cushions, covered with thick billiard cloth, possesses greater durability than rubber. The balls—regular billiard composition balls—are of different colors, and all numbered except the cue ball. They are warranted not to crack, shrink or get out of shape like ivory. With each table is furnished: 16 best balls, 4 cues, 1 triangle, 2 leather bottles, 4 pocket covers, 1 bridge, 4 adjustable levelling screw legs, 10 tenpins, 2 packets of chalk, extra tips, etc.; also a book of instructions and rules for playing 21 games on these tables. A folding stand may be purchased for use with the table, but an ordinary dining table, with the aid of the levelling screws, does equally well.

PRICES OF COMPLETE SETS.

No. 223—Table, 30 x 60 inches ; balls, 1 3/8 inch.	Price, \$25 00
No. 445— " 36 x 72 " " 1 3/4 " "	35 00
Folding Stands, each.....	3 00

These Portable Tables are supplied by KETCHUM & Co., Ottawa.