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## UNBURIED LEAVES.



LE phantoms of a vanished grace  
That, shrinking from the common doom,  
Refused in Autumn's mellow days  
To sink into a peaceful tomb;  
And, clinging to the parent tree,  
Grew sere and faded, withered, old;  
Bore frost and tempest's misery,  
While comrade leaves slept calm in mould.  
A ruder blast at length has torn  
You from your hold, and o'er the snow,  
Of cruel winter sprites the scorn,  
Buffeted, tossed, dispersed, you go;  
Nor sheltering bed in kindly earth  
Shall ever win. O self-wrought fate!  
Swerving from destinies of birth,  
Thwarting Love; bondage find in hate.

ETHAN HART MANNING.

## EDMUND BURKE'S ORATORY.

**N**ATIONS, as individuals, have their rare exquisite moments of triumph when they drink their nectar cup of joyous victory; yet the honey of the draught is too often soured by the bitter, vinegar tear-drops of sorrow and oppression. Globe-trotting journalists and grave historians unite in declaring the ever-green Emerald Isle, the Niobe of nations. Isolated, she stands, weeping, bewailing the sons that were born unto her and have emblazoned their deeds of arm and intellect not upon Ireland's national tablets but upon the immortal scrolls of foreign countries. The success of the Irish abroad has become paradoxical. England has learned this lesson from the text book of experience, both to her sorrow and to her joy. In many a hard-fought Fontenoy, Irish valor has infused new life into the French lily, faded and drooping before the hot onslaught of the English; Irish eloquence fanned into an unquenchable blaze, the fire of American Independence, as it lay smouldering in the well-nigh cold ashes of a rigorous winter at Valley Forge; Irish bravery, intellect and intrepidity, personified in the Iron Duke, sent a thrill of triumph through the despairing heart of exhausted England, when they overcame the scourge of Europe.

It is not a part of our programme to treat of the military achievements of the ubiquitous Gael:

"For exiled Celts again have raised  
New Irelands round the world."

Our orator confines us to the unrivalled oratorical powers of the Irish. The eloquent sons of Erin have proved to a nicety, if proof were necessary, that the living word is mightier than the sword.

The English Parliament, the grandest,

noblest theatre of public speaking in the modern world, without its soul-inspiring O'Connell's, Sexton's, Burke's would resemble *Hamlet* without Banquo's Ghost. The reader might be tempted to conclude, that this is the wild raving of a hot-headed Irishman under the potent influence of a recent St. Patrick's celebration; to offset such a calumny we summon England's Grand Old Man, Hon. W. E. Gladstone to bear witness: "that of all orators the Irish are the best. The Irish are a nation of born orators." One of the ingredients of the Irish character is the most essential requisite of a great orator—a fiery spirit. An English priest once remarked: "the Irish people do not require to take spirits, as they are full of spirit." Another requisite of a public speaker is a well-balanced intellect; some seem to think that the Irishman's ready wit indicates a head after the fashion of a rattle. A celebrated English writer has answered such a rash charge in the following words: "The man who thinks the Irishman deficient in mental quality because of the effervescing of his natural wit, need not look abroad for a fool."

This is not the first time, that the wise, old *Owl* has contributed its modest stone to the grand mausoleum, that should be erected to the memory of the great Irishman, orator and statesman, Edmund Burke, at the centenary celebration of his death next July.

It may be said of Burke, as of Bayard, that he was a man, *sans peur et sans reproche*. It seems to be "carrying coals to Newcastle" to state that Burke's private character was pure and untainted; unless a man has lifted his heart out of Nature's common rut, he need never aspire to the priceless privilege of speaking

to a nation, to his own generation and to posterity. Men may admire the mis-directed, intellectual abilities of the impure man; the thinkers who allot places in the Temple of Fame to great men, will, with a sigh of sorrow, steer clear of his name. Character is a moral power as necessary to a public speaker as the indispensable accoutrements of genius and the holy fire that descends from Mt. Parnassus. Burke's career as a private and public man teaches us a most salutary lesson; it is a study that tells a story of conflict and victory. He was no favored child cradled in Fortune's lap. As he himself says: "I was not swaddled and rocked and dandled into a legislator. At every step of progress in my life (for at every step I was traversed and opposed) and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport. Otherwise no rank, no toleration even, for me."

"Burke, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street, when you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you would say: this is an extraordinary man." In the moment of triumph, he did not forget that he was born and educated on Irish soil; the student of Burke's speeches can easily see that he was essentially an Irishman—Irish as intensely, as the little school-boy who replied to the query of his master: "that the conquest of Ireland was begun in 1170 and is still going on."

Burke stands head and shoulders over any other of Westminster's long line of logical, philosophical orators and statesmen. He poured forth sentence upon sentence, "In the clear Saxon of that silver style." His clear, incisive, orotund periods weighted with rich treasure of golden thought are a positive cure for *ennui* brought on by the shapeless, unwieldy, meaningless mass of withered verbiage of the multitude of so-called "silver-

tongued" orators so common in our day; his masterly word-painting is ever as subservient to his brilliant ideas as the chaste setting to a flawless diamond. Read one of his peerless speeches, lay it aside and his epigrammatic, thought-laden sentences will linger lovingly in the delighted memory. Compare his high-spirited patriotic defence of American rights with the vapid, periodic vagaries of fire-eating, tail-twisting, stump speakers, who make the very stars in the standard of the "Land of the Free" refuse their light or the unicorn thank the fates that it leads only an imaginary existence and we can easily catch the full import of Anthony's memorable lament.

"O judgment thou art fled to british beasts,  
And men have lost their reason."

Anyone who would be guilty of placing Burke in the same category as this horde of word-vendors, would be doubtless surprised, that the sickly rush light does not overshadow the brilliancy of the noonday Sun. Burke's oratory is the sweet, rippling music of the grand cathedral organ, played by a master hand, lifting the soul above its surroundings and bringing it in closer union with its God; our self-styled orators have the same effect upon us as the rattling clatter of the asthmatic hurdy-gurdy moaning for coppers and nickels, reminding us that we are earthy of the earth—money-making machines.

He, who would read Burke, must prepare his mind for a good, wholesome, intellectual dish, all literary hash must be laid aside; his mind must be freed from all mean fetters to soar to the highest realms reached by human reason; his imagination must ever be on the alert to follow, even at a distance, the brilliant flashes of the great Irishman's brain. He must trim the midnight lamp to guide him in his arduous labor of love. The usual evening's collation of too many young men—hare-brained, empty novels treating of impossibilities, dashed off and inflicted upon a long-suffering

public at the rate of one a month, will form a very insufficient appetizer, for the delver after the intellectual "gems of purest ray serene" contained in the depths of Burke's logic.

His speeches were all polished with the utmost care and precise accuracy; every word is in its place and is as essential to the sentence as the key-stone to an arch:

"As in the chequer'd pavement every square  
Is nicely fitted by the mason's care;  
So all thy words are placed with curious art  
And every syllable performs its part."

His sentences conspire to form one, harmonious whole by the art of mutual dependence and support; he avoided what Hazlitt terms: "those circular ladders and winding staircases in language, where the whole hangs suspended in an airy round and the meaning drops through the middle." Upon reading some of his apparently complicated sentences, we are astonished at the truly Penelope web of words that he is weaving and fear that he will get lost in its meshes. But, No! He gives the thread of thought such a dexterous twist that the merest child can unravel its meaning.

The Roman terseness and crispness of his style was based upon the monumental orations of Cicero, which he devoured and digested by long years of ungrudging labor:

"The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

The reader might be tempted to regard Burke as a good rhetorician but a poor reasoner; let the sceptical peruse his wonderful speeches and the scales of doubt will soon fall from his eyes. There are many familiar phrases in our language, which, if traced to their source, will be found to be moral dictums of Burke's, clothed in a garment so neat that they have been caught up and become everyday expressions. The versatility of his style and thought is as marvelous as

the pet trick of a juggler. Whilst he is engaged in the discussion of a particular point, he suddenly clinches his argument by the exposition of some high moral principle that none dare deny. Burke did not skip along the surface of a question; he went to its lowest depths and traced results back to their causes or he expounded the cause and showed, by a multitude of examples excerpted from experience, what sad results might follow therefrom.

As the audience listened, spell-bound by his masterly diction, they felt that a limpid stream of thought, beautiful and unadulterated, welled up from unfailing springs seated in his large, magnanimous heart and powerful intellect. The thought leaped forth from his lips, crystallized into variegated forms of beauty, flashing their luminous rays not only upon present problems but penetrating far into the darkest recesses of the hidden future. "Oh! for the touch of that vanished hand" to guide our Canadian law-givers to the solution of difficult questions, embracing the eternal principles of outraged justice and the immutable mandates of discarded natural law. Burke would never consent to see a ministry ride roughshod over the shattered fragments of plighted truth and solemn compact, at the bidding of any coterie of individuals, whose minds were jaundiced by the green-eyed monster of jealousy and bigotry. Justice for bigots is synonymous with license for them and slavery for others: Burke did not belong to this tribe and justice with him, was eternal in duration and universal in extension.

Time and again he terrified the sponsors of oppression with that thunder of eloquence:

"Which shook the nations through his lips  
[and blazed  
Till vanquished senates trembled as they  
[praised."

We have no desire to pawn off our raw, inexperienced, private opinions of Burke's merit as an orator, upon

the *Owl's* intelligent readers ; we quote the appreciation of his talents, given by a few of the ablest speakers of modern times. The fastidious Lord Macaulay pronounces him, "the greatest master of eloquence, superior to every orator, ancient or modern." England's great commoner, John Morley, states, "Burke is among the greatest of those who have wrought marvels in the prose of our English tongue." "Shakspeare and Burke are" says Sir John Mackintosh "if I may venture the expression, above talent. Burke's works contain an ampler store of political and moral wisdom than can be found in any other writer whatever."

Hon. Mr. Morley might have added that Burke's command of the English language resembled the mighty, irresistible river that throws out feeders in every direction and contains in itself their combined forces. The great English classical writers—Shakspeare and Milton—were as familiar to him as are the *a b c's* to the ordinary student. Many beautiful allusions to the Holy Scriptures are to be found in his speeches ; we cannot forbear quoting the following, referring to the Jewish custom of turning towards the Temple during prayer. "As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship Freedom, they will turn their faces towards you," There is a tendency in our Provincial system of education, which is about as stable as the ever-changing weather-cock, to place a heavy discount upon the practical utility of Latin and Greek ; it is worthy of note, that Burke's most beautiful images, most pleasing flights of fancy, most striking illustrations are drawn from Cicero, Horace and Virgil. This is a broad statement ; we do not fear its contradiction, by anyone, that has spent ten minutes reading Burke.

Even a general criticism of Burke's

various speeches would entail an absolute monopoly of the *Owl's* pages for some time to come. We shall simply endeavor to give a slight idea of Burke's passionate advocacy of justice, mercy and truth. His two speeches on America afford a good example of his stupendous labors, impartiality of judgment and fearless denunciation of arbitrary power. Webster spent twenty years in polishing one single gem of a sentence ; Burke passed a score in serious, untiring study of American affairs. The American citizen, who has not studied, weighed and pondered over Burke's scathing, withering arraignment of the blundering helmsmen that guided the English ship of state in its "sea of troubles," has neglected a very important chapter of his country's history. A competent critic has declared that "no speech had ever been delivered in the Parliament of Great Britain, so full at once of deep research, cogent reasoning, cutting sarcasm, graphic description, profound wisdom and fervid declamation." The chief actors on the English political stage pass in review before our eyes, receiving their due meed of praise or blame. John Morely maintains: "It is no exaggeration to say that they (these two speeches) compose the most perfect manual in our literature or in any literature, for one who approaches the study of public affairs, whether for knowledge or practice." The members hissed him at his opening paragraph "for nine long years, session after session, we have been lashed round and round this miserable circle of occasional arguments and temporary expedients. Invention is exhausted ; reason fatigued, experience has given judgment, but obstinacy is not yet conquered." Applause as deep as thunder greeted him many times, ere he closed his second speech with the memorable words "I now lay the first stone in the temple of peace."

License, parading in the specious garb of liberty, overturning the throne and the altar in France, received just

as merciless a condemnation from his impartial judgment. We give but one extract from his letters on the French revolution. "France has bought poverty by crime. France has not sacrificed her virtue to her interest, but she has abandoned her interest, that she might prostitute her virtue!" This is surely a terrible malediction of sacrilegious reformers. In a criticism of Burke's views on this notorious revolution, the celebrated philosopher and author, F. Schlegel writes. "This man has been to his own country, and to all Europe—in a particular manner to Germany—a new light of political wisdom and moral experience. He corrected his age, when it was at the height of its revolutionary frenzy; and, without maintaining any system of philosophy, he seems to have seen farther into the true nature of society, and to have more clearly comprehended the effect of religion in connecting individual security with national welfare than any philosopher or any system of philosophy of any succeeding age." Henry Grattan summed up Burke's *reflections* in the following masterly paragraph. "He was a prodigy of nature and acquisition. He read everything—he saw everything. His knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretelling; and when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, cognizant of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health, and what others conceived to be the vigor of the constitution he knew to be the paroxysm of her madness; and thus prophet like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury, admonished nations."

Burke recognized and appreciated at its true value, the deeply grounded religious spirit of the English people. "We know," he says, "and what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and all comfort. We are not the converts of Rousseau; we are not the disciples of Voltaire.

Atheists are not our preachers; madmen are not our lawgivers. We fear God; we look up with awe to kings; with affection to Parliaments; with duty to magistrates; with reverence to priests; and with respect to nobility. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms." A sincerely religious man, he honored; a bigot, he despised. His vote in favor of Catholics, was severely criticized by a certain clique, who, at least in their own imagination knew all about the matter. He replied as follows: "The calumny is fitter to be scrawled with the midnight chalk of incendiaries, with "No popery", on walls and doors of devoted houses, than to be mentioned in any civilized company."

Our last reference will be to that literary gem "The Nabob of Arcot's Debts" of which Fox wrote: "Let gentlemen read this speech by day and meditate upon it by night; let them peruse it again and again, study it, imprint it on their minds, impress it on their hearts." It is perhaps the most exquisite of his speeches, in variety of thought, splendid declamation and withering invective. Burke, however, was too great a man to descend to paltry, personal dislikes; he hated political blunders but he loved the blunderers. This statement can easily be proved from his appreciation of Lord Rockingham, "I would not like to talk of the Rockingham party, but I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion and affluence of conversation." If the student wishes to while away a few, delightful hours in a wonderful vista, interspersed with tropical gardens teeming with the rarest, choicest flowers of a vivid imagination; let him read "The Nabob of Arcot's Debts."

Following in the footsteps of Demosthenes, Burke did not serve up a cut-and-dried division of a speech. "He speaks right on," the natural, logical sequence of one part from another gives his orations the appearance of a spontaneous effusion of thought. So marked is this mode of

procedure, that in his discourse on the "Irish Bill of Mr. Fox" he apologized for the introduction of a division of his subject.

The noble, manly and christian spirit displayed in the following letter, written by Burke, shortly after the death of his only son: "I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me, have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane hath

scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it," would cry out; that the good be performed should not "be interred with his bones," even should human genius take extraordinary and unexpected flights such that the creations of Burke's mighty brain will appear pigmies to future intellectual giants.

ALBERT NEWMAN '93.



### THE REAPERS

Tell me whither, maiden June,  
Down the dusky slope of noon  
With thy sickle of a moon  
Goest thou to reap?

Fields of Fancy by the stream  
Of night in silvery silence gleam,  
To heap with many a harvest dream  
The granary of sleep.

—JOHN B. TABB.





## OUR FOOTBALL HISTORY.



STILL sing the College Football Team ; or rather I still proceed to compile that information regarding it, which at some future time, may be worthy subject matter for the poet's song. The modern character of my task henceforth, would not allow it at present to be an appropriate theme for an epic. I feel too, that for a similar reason, the article can be of little interest to a reader equally as familiar with its facts, if not more so than myself, even though it were couched in inimitable prose. The remaining years in the career of the College Team will consequently be described in as brief a manner as facts and justice will allow.

My last article brought our football history up to the end of the year 1889, when the club, feeling that they were being unjustly treated, retired from the Ontario Union, and became the recipients of a beautiful trophy and a laudatory address from the admiring citizens of Ottawa. This action fittingly crowned an epoch, which, for the number and brilliancy of its successes has been equaled by few—and we doubt if it has been equaled by any other athletic organization in the Dominion. During five successive years over thirty five games were played, none of which were lost and the aggregate score of which amounted to some four hundred points to sixty. If any other aggregation of athletes in America can show a record, that compares with this one, we shall be the first to recognize their merit and proclaim their praises to the world.

Let this not be considered as vain boasting, for it is nothing of the kind. Our present generation had no part in the making of this record, and accordingly have no desire to arrogate to themselves any of the praise. But

at the same time, if nations can look back with pride to eventful periods in their history ; if even individuals can rejoice in the possession of noble and distinguished ancestry, there seems no reason why it should not be permissible for us, as students, to contemplate and extol with a certain degree of personal satisfaction, the heroic achievements of our predecessors.

But to return to our narrative. In the fall of '90 the boys again took the field with their usual determination to do or die. Young and vigorous as they were, they had no wish to die, so they "*did*." Of course the Ottawas were the first to tackle them. History repeated itself, and the score was 26 to 1. McGill next appeared upon the scene, and by the way, this was the first time that those two sister universities ever met upon a football field. This was a repetition of the famous Brockville game. The visitors held the lead until the last five minutes, when amidst a pandemonium of cheers, Varsity scored several times in quick succession, winning the match by 17 points to 13. Eight men figured in this struggle, who never played on the team before. Varsity's showing on this occasion did not satisfy the critics who predicted a sure defeat for the boys when they would meet the Montrealers on the following Saturday. Their predictions nearly proved correct for the visitors played in a dashing and determined style scoring 12 points to College 11. Varsity however still retained the championship, as Montreal's majority was not sufficient to wrest it from them.

After defeating the Ottawas again, (15 to 3) the boys lined up once more against their old and sturdy opponents from Queens University. The men from the West played a strong game,

Jim Smellie being one of the most conspicuous of their number. An unusually fierce struggle turned the balance of victory in neither direction, and the game resulted in another draw with a score of 6 to 7. The state of the weather prevented further play on this day, but College, anxious to reach a decision, offered the Kingston club the entire gate receipts, if they would remain over and play off on the following Monday. Queens, however, would not agree to this, so they returned home satisfied with the showing they had made, but without the championship. In this game, the last of the season the following players appeared:—Belanger, Cormier, Troy, Guillet, Gaudet, J. McDougall, Sparrow, McDonald, McCarthy, Masson, Charron, Leveque, Murphy, F. McDougall and Newman. This team did not make as good a showing as others in the past; still it managed to retain the championship honors.

In the following year, not being in any league, the team played only exhibition matches. They met the Ottawa and McGill teams, easily defeating both. They also played the Montrealers two games one of which they lost in Montreal, and the other won in Ottawa. Both those game are worthy of lengthy description, but they are so near our own times that it might be dangerous to dilate upon them.

In '95 the College club became reconciled with the Ontario Union, and re-entered its fold. They tested their strength as usual in two games with the Ottawas. They won both scoring 23 points to their opponents 10. This score was not so one-sided, as were previous meetings of those two clubs. But some people will be sanguine, and this result was attributed less to the fact that College had weakened, than to the fact that Ottawa had improved. The club was scheduled to play in Toronto on October 22. Elated with their success over the Ottawas, they started west "big with hope's futurities." But alas! hopes are often the most delusive things, and so they

proved on this occasion. Either the boys were in poor condition, or they were fatigued from the previous day's journey; or it may be that they played in the hardest of luck. I do not know which of those threadbare excuses to offer, why the band was not present at the station to meet them on the following morning. "Tom" Clancy is the only member of our present team who engaged in this memorable struggle. For some reason or other he is rather reticent when consulted regarding it. However, in his favor be it said that Toronto papers are a unit in acknowledging that he, less than all others of the College team, is responsible for the result, which stood 34 to 5 in Toronto's favor. Even this however would have been at least bearable, had not the same team on the next Saturday fallen an easy victim to the Ottawa club, for the first time since its organization.

Ottawa College had evidently weakened during the last few years, and in '93 the students set to work to bring it back if possible to its former excellence. New material was brought out, and drilled, not however expecting any immediate results. The move proved a good one. For, of the two games played this year for the provincial championship, one was won from Queens who afterwards captured the Dominion supremacy. Three exhibition games were then played, two with the Ottawas and one with the Montrealers. The former were won by respectable scores, while the latter was lost by 15 points to 6.

In the next year Varsity again severed connections with the Ontario, and joined the Quebec Union. This action was not the result of any dissatisfaction on the part of College, but simply for reasons of convenience. Britannia, Ottawa, McGill and Montreal were defeated in succession and gave ample evidence of Varsity's superiority over every other team in the Quebec Union. Having captured the provincial championship the boys next went to Toronto to meet Queens

who had carried off all honors in the Ontario series. On this occasion Greek met Greek and a mighty struggle resulted. The ball swayed back and forth, each yard being gained by either side only after stupendous exertion. Spectators were breathless with excitement, while at twenty different periods of the game supporters of either teams saw for their favorites alternately certain success and inevitable defeat. But such anticipations were but dreams for neither club was sure of a win or a loss, until the last moment of playing time had gone by, but when this did occur the referee's whistle announced that Ottawa College was again victorious, that she had once more attained to that proud position which time had associated with her name—that of the championship of the Dominion.

The season of '95 might have been productive of a similar result, but for an unfortunate accident. After defeating Britannia, and playing a draw with Montreal, one of the players of the College team was injured to such an extent as to necessitate temporary withdrawal from the game. Our dropping out of the race gave some other club a show to win the championship, and Toronto Varsity took advantage of the opportunity.

This brings our history up to the fall of '96, the incidents of which are still fresh in the memory of every

football enthusiast. Every game played in the Quebec Union was won by a handsome majority, 84 to 14 being the aggregate score; while the eastern champions were downed in a manner that left no doubt as to their inferiority. The team then tried to make arrangements for a match with the American kickers, but the season was too far advanced, and the desired meeting had to be postponed to some future date.

And now we have reached the present. Our past is not only satisfactory but in every respect remarkable. Our future appears equally brilliant. The year '94 begins an era in our history, which bids fair to rival that began in '85 hitherto the brightest period in the team's existence. Whether it shall or not depends solely on the spirit and energy of future players. Let them be as attentive to their duties as their predecessors were and we need have no fear as to the result. If they do this, it is with great hopes of realization, I express the wish, that in years from now some coming historian, taking '97 as a starting point, may be able to describe events in our football career as creditable to our University, as those which it has been my pride and pleasure to record.

E. P. GLEESON, '98.



## EVOLUTION.

According to La Place, the great French astronomer, this firmament of ours was in the beginning a huge seething nebulous mass, which gradually cooling gave us in the course of countless ages a suitable environment, a fitting habitation for the existence thereon of life ; first, in its lowliest : and afterwards, in its higher and more noble forms.

The discussion of the development of these different forms from the primeval type belongs to the domain of Evolution proper. In confirmation—in explication of this development gradual or otherwise, various scientists have put forward various theories, in themselves more or less satisfactory, but not any one of which seems to completely satisfy and assuage the ardent thirst for knowledge of those who wish to get at the ultimate explanation, at the why and the wherefore of life in all its manifold perfection, as it is presented to us at the present day.

Before entering upon the consideration of the pros and cons of the different theories of those very learned observers, let us for a moment consider the means at their disposal, and the use they have made of them. The source from which these scientists have drawn their multifarious information has been the fountain of Nature herself, as manifested in the natural sciences, and amongst these, Geology seems to be of great — if not of the greatest importance. Though more or less imperfect, yet in its fossil remains it introduces us to life ; first, as it existed in the earliest Eozoic times, as manifested in the Eozoon Canadense or protozoon of Sir William Dawson. Then afterwards, to the more highly differentiated marine animals—the giant corals and crustaceans as they existed in the finale of the Paleozoic or ancient period.

Proceeding onwards, they lead us in the Mesozoic Age—the richest of them all in this respect—to reptiles and birds gigantic in size and stature, commencing with the kangaroo-like *Iguanodon*, and leading us through a regular series, chief of which are the *Icthyosaurs* and *Pleisosaurs* or fish and sea lizards and not ceasing till it brings before our view the immense and terrible *Pterodactyls* or winged bats. Later on, mammals commenced to appear. In the next period, the Neozoic, the *Saurians* of the Mesozoic era no longer seen, and their places have been taken by the higher mammals, amongst which we recognize the *mastodon*, now extinct, and the reindeer and horse; and finally when the earth had been sufficiently prepared—had reached as it were the acme of its perfection in every possible respect—Man, the noblest of them all, appeared upon the scene to take possession of—or to assume control over—what has since proved to be rightly his.

I have said these records are more or less imperfect, and their imperfection is attributable to several causes. We know but the surface of the earth, and even then only the outcroppings of the different strata, which as far as we know, if laid layer on layer would scarcely exceed three miles in thickness, so that what is below this depth remains, as far as geological records are concerned, but vacant darkness.

And of this surface that offers itself for study, not one-half has been explored. Besides, it must be remembered that only animals with hard shells or bony framework have been preserved at all, and of these but a meagre number have been cut off in suitable places, such as swamps or quagmires, to have them remain for future ages ; but not to dilate too much, the important lesson that many draw

from this science is, that the earliest of the species exhibited in the fossil remains in any one age, are an advance upon the highest of the preceding era. And although this is generally believed, yet there are some gaps so great, that the ablest geologists fear that time will never be able to bridge the chasm.

Comparative Anatomy too, immortalized by the famous Cuvier, has done its fair share and has been brought to such a magnificent state of perfection, that if but a small fragment of the skeleton be given to those who are well versed in the puzzling intricacies of this admirable science, the whole animal can be constructed, we might also add, resurrected, so wonderful indeed are its really astounding results.

Of later years, however, Embryology has commenced to assert itself, and now bids fair to be one of the main sources of argument in the discussion on evolution, no matter in what light we may as individuals look upon it. From this science it is argued that what is permanent in the lower animals is transient in man; for instance, we all know that in some animals lower in the scale, as the bear, the kidney is lobular in form, and this state they tell us is seen in the human foetus. Many other such examples could be given but let this suffice. From this they conclude that one is but an advance upon the other, and explain the existence of many anomalies such as the lobular kidney in the human type as an arrest of development, or a reversion to some former type.

Of the names that stand out in bold yet noble relief amongst the galaxy of learned men who have devoted, one might almost say their whole lives to the furtherance of this important study, there may be especially noted those of Lamarck, Darwin and Spencer.

Lamarck, an advocate of spontaneous generation, tells us that advance in development first evolved from the fortuitous concurrence of minute living particles, but how these became vivified he does not deign to inform us, but

merely asks us to suppose their existence. Then he goes on to tell us that by means of progressive advancement and the influence of external causes, or as others would style it—environment, they went on to a greater degree of perfection; for instance, he mentions the snail which had the power of producing whenever it saw fit, tentacles to examine its prey, and after going through the various stages which have been described as found in the geological fossil remains, by and by we reach a species of ape, probably the Angola Orang, which developed into man thus: It forgot how to climb trees and commenced to stand erect. This caused its forepaws to lose their former function, and they forthwith assumed the dignity of hands. These hands now were first used as a means of defence as well as for the purpose of procuring food, which double duty before was accomplished by his projecting jaws. Now, as they were no longer needed they lost their prognathous tendency, and as Cardinal Wiseman puts it in describing this theory of Lamarck, as they advanced more on the road to humanization, "their grin subsided into a courtly smile and their jabbering resolved itself into articulate sounds." Or in other words, "new wants and the tendency of nature to meet them conspired to make man out of the baboon."

Some writers, as Wiseman, ably argue that this is contrary to the experience of ages, Schlegel looks upon it as a degrading theory. The author of "The Story of the Earth and Man" characterizes this doctrine, "as one of the strangest phenomena of humanity," and looks upon it as "an indication that the human mind has fallen into a state of senility, and in its dotage mistakes for science the imaginations which were the dreams of its youth."

This goes to show that men, equally conscientious and reliable, hold views diametrically opposed.

The power of transmitting variations once acquired, though very exceptional, and to say the least very uncertain and

not at all constant, seems to be held by the adherents of evolutionistic doctrine. In support of this view of theirs, they cite many examples where under the guiding influence of man's almost all-powerful intelligence, varieties have been by careful breeding introduced; and to such an extent that they appear to all intents and purposes entirely distinct and separate from the parent stock.

Notably is this the case do they claim in the dog—man's ever faithful attendant. But as to this, let us hear what Cuvier has to say. He tells us that "in all these varieties of the dog the relation of the bones to each other remains essentially the same.

"The greatest departure from a common type—and it constitutes the maximum of variation as yet known in the animal kingdom—is exemplified in those races of dogs which have a supernumerary toe on the hind foot with the corresponding tarsal bones, a variety analogous to one presented by six fingered families of the human race."

Whilst Lyell gives us something as interesting and perhaps more to the point when he relates about the dogs allowed to run wild in the West Indies, whose ravages were dreaded as much as wolves, into which it is certain they never turned; for "when any of their whelps were caught and brought from woods to town, they grew up in the most perfect subjection to man." Surely this then is sufficient proof that the species is not very mutable.

But within certain limits, we must acknowledge, and none there are who deny it, that man can and has produced variations in animals lower in the scale, particularly in those that have been domesticated.

Darwin, erroneously or not we will not say, supposing the same to have taken place in animals in pre-historic ages when bereft of man's kindly care, found what he called an adequate explanation in his principle of natural selection, which in "the struggle for existence," causes the strongest always

to survive and in common phraseology the weakest to go to the wall. Starting with his Ascidian or "sea-squirt" which he asks us to suppose the existence of, he claims that by its being placed in congenial climes in a suitable environment, it has become adapted to its changed surroundings by the development of functions suited to its new wants—Lamarck's doctrine of appetency—and finally after going through many manifold and wonderful metamorphoses, has given us man as he is to-day. To this we might oppose what Lyell has to say in his Principles of Geology, where he informs us that "no positive fact is cited to exemplify the substitution of some entirely new sense, faculty or organ in the room of some other suppressed as useless.

All the instances adduced go only to prove that the dimensions and strength of certain attributes may in a long succession of generations be lessened and enfeebled by disuse; or on the other hand be matured and augmented by active exertion, and from this he goes on to say, "it is evident then that if some well authenticated fact could have been adduced to have established one complete step in the process of transformation, such as the appearance in individuals descended from a common stock of a sense or organ entirely new, and a complete disappearance of some other enjoyed by their progenitors, time alone might then be supposed sufficient to bring about any amount of metamorphosis. The gratuitous assumption, therefore, of a point so vital to the theory of transmutation was unpardonable on the part of its advocate."

And still another proof often quoted is that the Egyptian mummified remains show us that our domestic animals have not altered in the least during the lapse of over thirty centuries.

And now let us go on to Spencer who in his theory has as his basis the persistence of force as exemplified in the indestructibility of matter, and the conservation of energy, and with this explains how matter has passed from

an indefinite homogeneous to a definite heterogeneous condition, or in other words from a simpler to a more complex form, "with integration of parts and differentiation of function." And which is destined to continue ever, advancing onwards till those two forces have become equipoised, have reached a state of equilibrium that is destined never to happen. The main factor underlying this theory to which objection has been taken is that matter is self-existent, which Sir Wm. Dawson answers thus: "Self-existent matter in a state of endless evolution is something of which we cannot possibly have any definite conception." And again he says that if we adopt Spencer's views, "we are left suspended on nothing over a bottomless void, and must adopt as the initial proposition of our philosophy that all things were made out of nothing and by nothing."

This paper would be still more or less incomplete if we were to pass over without favorable mention that famous experiment performed simultaneously though independently by Tyndall in England and Pasteur in France. These noted scientists taking two jars, in one of which they placed water boiled, in the other leaving it unboiled, sealed them and put them aside; and upon examining them after a certain length of time found the unboiled swarming with numbers of minute organisms, whilst the boiled showed no evidence of life whatsoever; thus proving conclusively as far as experiment can go that life comes from life all the world over, or as Gray, our anatomist, very reservedly and cautiously puts it: "as far as we know every animal cell is derived from a pre-existing cell." This has led some to ask that since life cannot come except from what is living, then whence comes Darwin's *Ascidian*; whence those minute living particles on which Lamarck lays such stress, and the answer comes with bold and undaunted vigor from those who should perhaps speak otherwise, that the discussion of such a subject transcends, rises beyond the realms of science, and

should be relegated to the dim speculations of philosophy, where it rightly belongs. But now we know that the object of science is truth, and many there are who maintain that if philosophy by any means deigns to shed even a lurid lustre on some hitherto darksome corner of our intelligence, then it should not be rejected.

But to come to the point, what we should concentrate our minds on is this:—All acknowledge that there is some power underlying and vivifying all that is; what this power is, does not or rather should not concern us is the claim of some, for it goes beyond the domains of science; others there are who hold that it lies within the sphere of strict scientific enquiry. The former allow the matter to drop without giving it a second thought; the latter, by pure reasoning, have come to the knowledge of the *Ens per se Existens*, which is endowed with that power which Herbert Spencer so aptly styles, "without limit in space, and without beginning or end in time." This power being acknowledged then, all is clear sailing for the evolutionist, until we come to the consideration of man himself. And here the discussion especially impinges upon whether man's mind also has been evolved from that of the lower forms, and here again as in all great scientific problems, there is much difference of opinion with worthy minds on each side.

But to enter upon a thorough consideration of this all-important point would require more space than I have at my disposal, to do the subject justice, and in the hope that some one of you will yet see fit to treat of it at length at some future date, for it would be indeed an admirable topic, I pass it thus kindly by.

And now when I look back upon the subject which I have attempted to treat, and consider how carefully we must tread lest we make one erring step in any of the puzzling labyrinths which we see constantly looming up before us on our outward path, in this our constant struggle for the light,

the thought comes upon me that I can conclude in no better manner than with the advice given by an astute professor to an inquiring student. It ran thus :—"Be wary, be cautious, bide well your time before accepting or yet rejecting any one of those different theories, when you look round about you and see so many learned men who have devoted, one may say, their whole lives to the furtherance of this exceedingly intricate study, and yet who will not

attempt to dogmatize upon any of its salient points, then it befits us to approach with fear and trembling the discussion of, let alone forming a hasty judgment upon their merits or demerits."

For in the words of that illustrious French scientist, La Place, with whom we started out, "What we know is of small amount; what we don't know is enormous."

MARTIN POWERS, '94



*MINISTERING ANGELS.*

Angels of light, spread your bright wings and keep  
Near me at morn ;  
Nor in the starry eve, nor midnight deep,  
Leave me forlorn.

From all dark spirits of unholy power  
Guard my weak heart,  
Circle around me in each perilous hour,  
And take my part.

--ADELAIDE PROCTOR







## A RAINBOW.

" **G**INS thy weary soul repining?  
 Hush! there is a heaven above.  
 Droop thy heavy hopes declining?  
 Heart! there is a God of Love.  
 Doth the gathering cloud-drift smother  
 All thy living light of day?  
 Prince! the Orient, thy fair Brother,  
 Works to dawn through twilight gray."

I was sitting, sad and lonely,  
 By the rain-beat window pane,  
 Seeing, all within me, only—  
 As without me—cloud and rain;  
 When a Voice, from silence springing,—  
 Like a fountain freshly sprung  
 In the desert,—rained, outsinging,  
 Thus, from some celestial tongue.

And my spirit, renovated,  
 Rose, and shook its chains away;  
 Like the young light, new-created,  
 Darkness blossomed into day;  
 And the rainbow's arch, outspreading,  
 Broad and high the welkin spanned,  
 Like the fiery pillar leading  
 Israel from the bondage-land.

FRANK WATERS.

## MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

A retrospect of the annals of any renowned seat of learning is always full of interest as well as of instruction for us. The interest in it and the instruction to be derived from its contemplation increase with the remoteness of the period to which these annals extend. Throughout the world we find institutions whose ages have long since ceased to be counted either by single years or by decades; institutions that sprang into existence when the countries that still nourish them were yet in an embryonic state, and whose origin is as it were lost in the obscurity that covers early history. The college whose history forms the subject of the present essay can boast of no such antiquity. It is young when compared with such venerable old places as Oxford, Cambridge and Glasgow. Yet, thus comparatively short as its existence may be, Ireland and Irishmen have contracted with it a large debt of gratitude. For over a century it has been the fountain head of Catholic education in the island.

Before commencing to give its history it would be well to premise a few remarks on the state of education in Ireland previous to its founding.

Ireland and education! for some, these are terms wholly insociable and contradictory. We are accustomed to hear the illiteracy of the Irish harped upon, and there are many among us who have come to regard the epithets ignorant and Irish as synonyms. Yet strange to say, no nation in existence, perhaps, has fought so valiantly for education, and no nation has succeeded so well under such unfavorable circumstances. The fame of her ancient monasteries is world-wide. To them flocked scholars from all parts of Europe. Ireland was the centre of education in those early days, as she would now be, had not her strength

been sapped by the oppressors that vainly endeavored to annihilate her.

The Danes first checked the progress of learning in the monasteries. They completely destroyed many of them; others they plundered and carried away their stores of ancient lore, to the collection of which the good monks had given much labor and long years. These incursions were, however, finally stopped by the efforts of King Brian Boru, who entirely overthrew the Danes at the battle of Clontarf, 1014, A.D. The monasteries gradually regained their former splendor, and produced many able scholars. A few centuries of quiet enjoyment of prosperity passed, and then appeared a new enemy more formidable far than the first.

The Penal Laws of Henry VIII. blasted the hopes of the educators in the Island. The monasteries were suppressed and their lands and goods confiscated. In Queen Mary's reign these laws were relaxed. Attempts were then made to restore the confiscated lands of the monasteries; but stranger hands had long since held sway over them and the well-meant efforts proved fruitless. In Queen Elizabeth's reign the Penal Laws were again rigorously enforced and even added to.

Such oppression drove Irishmen to seek in foreign lands the aid and protection that had been denied them by the sovereign to whom they paid allegiance. On the continent several colleges were founded for the education of the Irish ecclesiastical students, in Spain, in Portugal, in France, in Rome and in Flanders. From those colleges the hierarchy of Ireland were supplied with priests. Such a state of things continued for many years. In the meantime great changes were brewing throughout the world.

The American Revolution had taught England that it was more politic to employ conciliation than force to retain the allegiance of its dependencies. Important concessions were granted to Ireland about this time. The French Revolution and the fears of a similar outbreak at home together with a dread of the United Irishmen counselled further relief, and Irish disabilities were gradually removed.

It was at about this time, after the close of a stormy period of oppression, that Maynooth College came into existence. In 1795 Earl Fitzwilliam was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Great hopes were entertained by the Irish people of mild treatment at his hands. His disapproval of English coercion was well known. However his administration was of too short duration to permit of his accomplishing anything. He was in Ireland little over a month when he was recalled to England, on the pretext of his having been too partial to the Irish cause. Such avowed hostility to Ireland's interests almost drove the people into rebellion. However, the next Lord-Lieutenant, far from being a tyrant, entertained much the same views as Fitzwilliam regarding the government of Ireland. The first object of his administration was the passing of a Bill that had been already drafted during Fitzwilliam's term of office. That Bill related to the education of Catholics in Ireland. It passed through Parliament, and in June, 1795, received the Royal Assent. It is known as "An Act for the better education of persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic Religion."

This Act voted a grant of £8000 to be applied for the founding and endowing of a college for the education of Catholics. The Trustees who were entrusted with the work were named by the Act. Among them, besides many of the Irish prelates, were the Protestant Lord-Chancellor of Ireland and the Chiefs of the Courts. The first president of the new college, Dr. Hussey, was also named in the Act.

Now that permission was given for the founding of a college, and a liberal grant made for its endowment, nothing remained but to commence work. The first step was the determination of a site. It was at first thought that the vicinity of Dublin would be the most suitable. But the Duke of Leinster, a Protestant nobleman, was very anxious to have the college at Maynooth, on his estates. Maynooth is a town fifteen miles west of Dublin, and with a present population of about nine hundred souls. The Duke's terms were very favorable, and, consequently, were accepted by the Trustees. They purchased from him a large extent of property, on which was a house then occupied by the Duke's steward, Mr. Hoyte. That edifice still exists, and is yet known as the Hoyte House. It was there that classes were first opened.

The accommodation furnished by that building was soon found to be inadequate. Within a few months from the founding of the college there were forty students in attendance. Furthermore that number of students was not large enough to furnish the hierarchy with priests. Additional buildings had to be constructed. The laying of the foundation stone of this new construction took place in April, 1796. From that time we hear the college spoken of as the "Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth."

The college was now formally opened, and, liberally endowed as it was, much was to be expected of it. But it had to battle against many difficulties. The year 1798, as is well known, was a calamitous one for Ireland, and, in a certain sense, came well nigh being a calamitous one for the college. Calumnious reports concerning it were circulated throughout the country. It was alleged that it harbored rebels in the persons of students, and that it endorsed the principles of the United Irishmen, a society with a deadly hatred of everything English. An investigation was made by the authorities in order to

ascertain the truth of the charges. Such attacks as these must have proved serious for a Government supported institution, could the charges have been substantiated. However, they were found to be groundless. It is true that a few of the students had, through ignorance of its import, taken the oath of the United Irishmen previous to their entrance into the college. But when the investigation brought this fact to light they were at once expelled. The charges, however, were not without their effect. The Maynooth Grant was left out of the Appropriation Bill introduced by Parliament in 1799. Grave fears were occasioned by its omission. But, later in the same year, Parliament, as if to show that the fate of the college was held in its hands, brought in a new Appropriation Bill, which included the Annual Grant to Maynooth.

During these first few years the students resident in the college numbered about one hundred. These were students in theology. In 1800 a lay department was established in connection with the college. There was no clause in the Act that called Maynooth into existence restricting the teaching to the clerical branches. It had been the original intention of the Prelates of Ireland that the new college should be solely for the education of those designed for the ecclesiastical state. But, in deference to the views of several distinguished statesmen, among them Edmund Burke, who were opposed to the debarring of lay Catholics, they consented to admit lay as well as clerical students. However, no lay department was established until the year 1800. Its students were to attend the same lectures in Arts and Philosophy with the clerical students, but in all else there was to be no intercourse whatever between them. Additional buildings were made, and a Board of Trustees quite distinct from that of the ecclesiastical college was appointed. Such a system did not work well. The close proximity of the buildings afforded numerous opport-

unities for communication between the students, and, it is said, this state of things had the effect of producing a spirit of insubordination in the ecclesiastical college. The result was that the authorities decided on abolishing the lay department. That decision they carried into effect in 1817.

About the same time as the founding of the Lay College another important establishment was connected with the Royal College. In the year 1800, John Butler, Bishop of Cork, and twelfth Baron of Dunboyne, died. By his will he left that portion of his estates that was situated in the county of Meath to the Trustees of Maynooth College, to be used by them after his sister's death for the benefit of the college. The will was contested by his sister, and a law suit followed. A compromise was effected between the parties before the decision of the Court was given. The result of it was that only a portion of what was willed was allotted to the Trustees. They received that part of those estates that brought a yearly rent of £500, whereas the whole property was valued at £1000 a year. Nine years had elapsed from Dunboyne's death until the settlement was reached. The college received the first revenue from the estates in 1810. In 1812 the Government gave a grant of £700 for the support of the Dunboyne establishment. That institution was wholly distinct from the Royal College. The students were to number twenty, and were to be chosen from the more able and talented of those at the Royal College who had completed the ordinary course of study. Later in 1879 changes were made in its constitution, which affected both the number of the students and their choice.

During these years the college had grown wonderfully in the number of students. It was soon evident that more commodious buildings had to be provided. There were in 1807 about 200 students in the institution. Even

with such a large number as this the bishops were ill supplied with priests. Application was made to the Government for assistance. The request was discussed in Parliament, and the sum of £5000 in addition to the annual grant of £8000 was voted for the year 1807. The following year the total amount voted for the college was reduced to £9250; and from the year 1813 to 1845 the annual grant was £9673.

The years intervening between the two last named periods, 1813 and 1845, saw the student body gradually increasing till in 1845 it numbered 400. Further pecuniary assistance from the government had to be obtained in order to enable the authorities to meet the growing demands of the institution. A petition was made to the Lord Lieutenant for an increase of the Annual Grant. A bill was accordingly introduced into Parliament in 1845 in favor of Maynooth, and, largely owing to the efforts of Sir Robert Peel, passed by a substantial majority. By the passage of this Bill it was enacted that the Annual Grant of the government should be increased from £9,673 to £26,360, and that a further grant of £30,000 should be made for the construction of new buildings. This large increase in the yearly allowance to the college had most beneficial effects. Great improvements were made throughout the institution and nothing was left undone that tended to the betterment of the condition of the students, both intellectually and otherwise. The salaries of the professors were increased, and provision was made for the support of a larger number of students. So long as such a liberal grant was kept up affairs at Maynooth were certain of being in a prosperous condition. It was in fact continued for twenty-five years.

The year 1869 marks the opening of a new era for Maynooth. It is a memorable one for the whole Irish race. It was in that year that Mr. Gladstone succeeded in passing the Act that disestablished and disendowed the

Irish Church. That act was hailed with joy by all the Irish Catholics, who, previous to its passing, had been forced to contribute to the support of a church whose very existence they loathed. This year saw also the discontinuance of the Annual Grant to Maynooth. Gladstone, who had set his heart on the project that we have just spoken of in connection with his name, saw the impossibility of accomplishing it when a sum of £26,360 was given every year to the support of a Catholic institution. However, he did not wish to cancel that grant. He provided that the value of fourteen of these yearly grants should be paid in cash and that the college should henceforth cease to be a government protected institution. The total amount received by the college as a result of that negotiation was £369,040. That sum, if well invested, would produce annually a considerable part of the former yearly grant.

From that time to the present day Maynooth has had to depend on itself and the endowment of its friends for support. It was then a strange situation for an establishment, that had been previously so liberally aided, to be thus quickly cast off; but it was a situation that, while having its disadvantages, had also its disadvantages. Now that it was released from the control of the government, it was free to do as it pleased, not shackled as it formerly was by the opinions of politicians and fanatics. On account of the Annual Grant that was made the government was free at any time to investigate into the management of the college. It had the right to recommend and enforce changes that did not relate to religious discipline or teaching, but when it discontinued the Grant it relinquished that right.

Up to the present time the college remains without any aid from the government. Still it is by no means in a retrogressive state, and we may safely prophesy many more centenary jubilees for it. Its magnificent buildings, spacious grounds, and, chief of

all, its excellent course of studies, attract great numbers of students, and have earned for it the title of the "most important ecclesiastical seminary in Catholic Christendom." At present there are about six hundred students within its walls. Since its

foundation over six thousand priests have made their theological studies there, and of these more than one hundred have become bishops in various parts of the world.

P. J. GALVIN, '00.



Art builds on sand ; the works of pride  
And human passion change and fall ;  
But that which shares the life of God  
With Him surviveth all.



*ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF LIFE.*

In this long and weary struggle on the battle field of life  
 Ajax-like, we fight in darkness, scarce beholding foes in strife,

And it may be in our blindness, thrusting at malignant Hate,  
 That we wound the heart of Love,—nay, poor puppets of grim fate,

Our own hands prepare the fetters to enchain us to the rock,  
 Our own wishes leave us lonely, while the evil ravens mock.

Scourged by anguish, crowned with sorrow, by elusions vain beset ;  
 Wounded by that death-dart, friendship by unfeeling treason met ;

Crushed and bleeding in the conflict, over burdened and alone,—  
 Plead with men, our fellow soldiers, and behold ! their hearts are stone,

Cry to God,—the heavens are brass.—down shall we our weapons cast,  
 And surrender, vanquished, hopeless, to the hopeless One at last ?

Shall the banner we uphold be delivered to our foes ?  
 Rather let our lifeless body be a rampart to their blows.

Mote in the world's wide sunlight—shall we sink with none to save,  
 Lying, dust to dust, dishonored, hidden in a nameless grave.

Lo! the universe is shaken by this monad's dying cry,  
 And an angel's trumpet tone responds in triumph from on high :

“Nay the victory thou hast gained, and the fadeless palm hast won,  
 For the seed is sown in tears ere it springs to greet the Sun.

‘Until death !’ hath been the watchword of each hero in the roll  
 Of the crowned immortals glorious at the Christian warriors’ goal :

Fools have deemed their lives as madness, and their deaths devoid of fame,  
 But behold! they shine as stars ’mid eternal choirs’ acclaim.”

ETHAN HART MANNING.

## MY FRIEND, MR. PRICE.

Adapted from the "Catholic World."

THE summer was upon me, and with it the yearning for the dulcet plash of the salt sea wave.

"Whither?" became the vexed question of the hour, and Newport made reply to it. To Newport I accordingly transported myself.

Newport was in the height of the season when I entered my humble name, John V. Crosse, Lexington Avenue, New York, on the leaf of the register of the Ocean House.

It was a lovely evening in August, and the piazza of the hotel was crowded with high, mighty and fashionable humanity. I went on the piazza, and, selecting a chair, flung myself into it, and proceeded to light a cigar.

On my right sat a man of about thirty, apparently tall, and slender to leanness. He was dark as a gipsy, with coal-black hair waving naturally but sparse upon the temples. He was well-dressed in a suit of light Scotch tweed that fitted him like "the paper on the wall," whilst a certain *je ne sais quoi* bespoke the Englishman.

On my left lounged a handsome young fellow with clear blue eyes, a fair moustache, and one of the brightest smiles I have ever seen upon a human countenance.

With these two personages the narrative has much to do.

I sat smoking the one post-prandial cigar allowed me by my doctor, when my meditations *a propos* of nothing were brought up with a jerk by the young fellow on my left asking to be permitted to light his cigar from mine. Instead of transferring the glowing weed to his expectant fingers, I dived into the breast-pocket of my coat, and producing a tin box, placed it, together with its contents, at his disposal.

"You are an Englishman" he gaily exclaimed, extracting a vesta as he spoke.

"No, but very English on the subject of the handling of my baccy." I laughed. "You are not far astray."

"I consider that the——"

"*Per Bacco!* there she goes," he suddenly interposed, and flinging my match-box into my lap, he vaulted over the railing into the carriage-drive beneath.

Two ladies seated in a pony-phaeton flashed past.

"I'm English," exclaimed my right hand man, "and I'm glad to find that *one* American sees the abomination of handing every cad his cigar who chosés to ask for it."

Being very Starry and Stripey, I was about to defend the practice in vogue amongst my countrymen, when he asked:

"Do you know who that fellow is?"

"What fellow?"

"That long-legged jackass who took that railing as if he was at school."

"I never saw him before."

"You'll see him again. And I will take the odds that he tells you he's Grey Seymour, that he's over his long ears in love with a Miss Hattie Finche, whom he followed here from Martha's Vineyard; and that she has five hundred thousand dollars."

"I suppose that one of the ladies in the pony-carriage was Miss Hattie Finche?"

"The whip—yaas."

"I wonder can she be a daughter of Wilson Finche of New York?"

"The tallow-man, Beaver Street and Fifth Avenue?"

"Aye, and Chicago—and 'Frisco," I added.

"That's the identical geranium."



"And is Wilson Finche in Newport?"

"He has taken a cottage on the Ocean Drive for the season."

"I must look him up."

"Are you acquainted with him?"

"Very well, indeed."

"And with his daughter?"

"Why, certainly."

"Stop a minute!" fumbling in his breast coat-pocket. "You'll introduce me."

The coolness of this proposition actually staggered me.

"I could not venture to do such a thing," I responded somewhat gruffly.

"Oh! yes, you will. Here's my card, Let's have one of yours," thrusting his past-board almost into my reluctant hand.

With considerable deliberation I searched for my double eyeglass, and adjusted it to my eyes and read:

MR. HERBERT PRICE,

Temple, London, E.C.

"Let's have your card," said Mr. Price, as though I were a tradesman with whom it pleased his high mightiness to have dealings.

"I am not in the habit of—"

"There, now, you're going to put me aside, where's the use? Why wouldn't you help a poor hungry, briefless English barrister to this piece of gilded gingerbread? You're not going for her yourself?"

Oho! I inwardly chuckled. "Not much."

"Then, you'll introduce me to Miss Finche."

"You must excuse me, Mr. Price."

"But I won't."

"I beg to differ from you."

"We shall see."

"We shall."

Mr. Price rose and quitted the piazza, returning after a brief absence.

"Now, Mr. John V. Crosse, of Lexington Avenue, New York, as you say in this queer country, I have posted myself. You are confoundedly rich, living on your dollars, and are not a half-bad sort of elderly gentleman."

"May I ask to whom I am indebted for this portrait, sir?"

"The clerk inside. I know you now, and you know me. I am the son of Sir Harvey Price, of Halten Moat, Sevenoaks, in Kent. I am the sixth son, and poor as the sixth son ought to be. I was sent to the bar because I had an uncle on the bench. My uncle died while I was keeping my terms. About ten weeks ago my god-mother died; she left me five hundred pounds. I paid my tailor just enough to maintain a doubtful confidence in me, my boot-maker ditto. This is the story and here is the man. Will you introduce me to Miss Finche *now*?"

I must confess that the story, brief though it was, somewhat interested me. I had no reason to doubt it, and yet I was to old to accept either the narrative or the man at sight.

"You won't take me on trust?" he exclaimed after I had said as much to him.

"I have arrived at that time of life, Mr. Price, when I take nothing on trust."

"Never mind," he gaily cried, "you'll be sorry bye-and-bye, when you see me engaged to Miss Finche."

"You seem to have a totally strange belief in your powers of—"

"Audacity. You are right. I am a man of a single idea; the idea at present on my groove of thought is the gold Finche. The lion in my path is Grey Seymour. If he were poor, I wouldn't have a chance; but he has millions, and money doesn't fall in love with money. Give me a match. I'll go and take a swim; and you go and call on Wilson Finche. His direction is—stay; I'll write it down for you. There!" he exclaimed, handing me a card, "Wilson Finche, Esquire, Sea View Cottage, The Cliff." You'll find him at home now, Crosse, and in that beatific condition which is the outcome of a Chateau Lafithe of the '54 vintage. Adieu!"

Obeying the mandate of this very peculiar young man, I strolled down to The Cliff.

Finche's marine residence was new and pert-looking. A ribbon border of

glowing scarlet geraniums led from the lich-gate to the Queen Anne porch, whereon stay, or lay, or reclined my old friend, his feet on a camp-stool, beside him a small marble-topped table, whereon stood a bottle of claret, and a crystal glass of wafer-like thinness, and a box of cigars. Price had spoken wisely.

After the usual exclamation of greeting had dried up I complemented Finche on the beauty of the location.

"Yes, sir, it costs money, but what's money if you don't get value for it? Thompson—you know Thompson, of Brand & Thompson—that man, sir, has four millions, sir, and what value does *he* take out of it, sir? A back room in Thirteenth Street; a five minute dinner at Cable's, an unhealthy supper at another restaurant, and half a dozen of newspapers. *That's* what *he* has for his four millions."

"You are wiser in your generation, Finche."

"I am wiser in this way, sir, I must have value for my money. One hundred cents for my dollar is good enough for me. But, sir, I never take ninety-and-nine. Help yourself to that claret—it's a Nat Johnson, sir; I paid twenty-five dollars a case for it in '70. It's value for the money, sir, *I tell you.*"

"You are here I observed with your household gods."

"Yes, sir, I am here with my daughter and my wife. My daughter gets value, sir, in the hops at the Ocean House, and the nice society she meets with—real bangup swells, sir."

At this moment the pony phaeton which I had observed from the piazza of the hotel dashed up to the lich-gate.

"My daughter and her friend, Miss Neville, an English girl, sir, of a very high family, poor but proud as a peacock, sir. She's on a visit to us, but we get value out of her. She sings lovely, sir. It entertains our swell friends, and thus we strike a balance. The tall one is my daughter, sir."

I saw a slim but well proportioned figure, clad in a rich, black silk dress, the cut of which betrayed the hand of

an artist; a face, though not beautiful by any means, earnest and interesting; a picturesque hat, a pair of diamond earrings, and upon the whole, a person decidedly "fetching." Her companion was petite, and constructed upon the most perfect lines. She was a clear brunette, and as she swept somewhat haughtily past I thought me of Cleopatra, and the passage down the Cydnus of that boat which wrecked the fortunes of the luckless Anthony.

"Hattie, this is my old friend, Mr. Crosse, of New York, who has come to Newport to take some value out of the summer-time."

Miss Finche was very gracious, presenting me with a hand encased in a glove of many buttons, and flashing a row of magnificent teeth between each smile.

"Isn't the piazza charming, Mr. Crosse?"

"Of its kind, yes; but I would prefer a little of this," sweeping the horizon with my hand.

"It is very beautiful," said a sweet, low voice at my side, a voice that chimed into my ear—I can use no other word. It was Miss Neville who spoke.

"There is greater value to be got out of that view at sunset, sir, yellows and reds, sir, that would set up a painter, if he could only fetch up the right color, and give good value to the buyer."

Miss Neville imperceptibly shrugged her shoulders, while I winced at this commercial view of marine painting.

"Hattie, another bottle of this wine, although it's a pity to drink it on a hot day; one doesn't get the value out of it. Get into the house girls; I want to have a talk with my friend Crosse, here. Well, that—say, old boy, there's some one saluting. It's not me—I don't know the man. It must be a friend of yours, sir."

I adjusted my double glasses and gazed towards the lich-gate.

A slight sense of shock vibrated through my system. Leaning upon

the gate was Mr. Herbert Price, Temple, London, E.C.

"You seem to be having a good time there, my friend," he gaily cried.

What could I say? What could I do?

"It's awfully hot for walking."

"Wont you step in, Sir?" said Finche.

I could not say, "Don't ask this man." Of course a gossip and a glass of wine, and a mere formal introduction to Finche meant nothing.

"His name's Price," I hurriedly whispered—"stopping at Ocean House,—London—barrister—don't know him." Whether these last three words were lost upon Finche or not it is impossible to determine, inasmuch as he took no notice of them whatever.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Price. Any friend of my friend Mr. Crosse, is welcome here, sir. Get a chair. Take that other one, sir, with the back to it; you'll get more value out of it. A glass of wine, sir."

A servant appeared in obedience to the tocsin.

"Ask Miss Finche to send me another bottle of this wine."

"Did you walk down, Mr. Crosse?" asked Price.

"Yes." I was on the borderland of indignation. I felt foolish—check-mated.

"You had no difficulty in finding the place."

"I can always find *my* friend's house, Mr. Price."

"You were dull enough on the piazza when we were speaking about Mr. Finche. What a glorious spot you have here! Ah! you American millionaires know how to live."

"We try to get value out of the world."

"And you succeed. Your good health, Mr. Finche. Ah!" smacking his lips, "that *is* wine."

"You are from London, sir, my friend Crosse tells me."

I could have flung the contents of my glass into Finche's face.

"Yes, I hail from that little village on the Thames."

"A lawyer?"

"One of the briefless. I'll tell you who I am and what I am. I have told my friend Crosse already." And he summed up the case much in the same words as he had addressed to me.

Finche was impressed by the mention of the title, and deeply interested in the detailed description of the Moat.

"I am happy to meet you, sir, and should be glad to visit Sir Harvey Price at Halten Moat when I go to England next year, sir. Do you propose taking much value out of this country, sir?"

Price actually winked at me, and that wink spoke the following words:

"I mean to take five hundred thousand dollars if I can."

A bell sounded.

"Supper, gentlemen, said Finche. Let us get in. No ceremony here Mr. Price."

It would never do to have this pick-pocket, for aught I knew to the contrary, enter beneath my friend's roof under the very peculiar circumstances of the case.

"Mr. Price and I are going back to the Ocean House" I said in my sternest tone; and in a manner so marked as to bear but the one interpretation.

"What do I hear, Mr. Crosse? exclaimed Miss Finche, emerging from the interior.

"My dear, this is——"

"I beg your pardon, Finche, but could I——" I burst in.

"This is Mr. Price, of London, a friend of——"

"Finch. I may as well——" But the pompous old ass would have his bray, and Price was conversing with Hattie Finche ere I could utter the words of explanation that were ready to spring from my lips.

"Gentlemen, you would like to wash your hands. Tompkins," (to a servant) "show these gentlemen to my *sanctum*."

When the door had closed upon us, "Mr. Price." I said, "do you call this fair?"

"Everything is fair in love."

"Bosh, sir! You find in me a man unwilling to wound the feelings of another. I have gained nothing by acting the part of a gentleman."

"I deny that! You've made *me* your friend for life."

"And who might *you* be?"

"I've told you. See, now, here," plunging his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, "here is a ten-pound note; spend every shilling of it in cablegrams. You have my own, you have my father's address. Wire him, wire anybody you like, you'll have your answer to-morrow. My story will be corroborated in every particular. *That* ought to satisfy you."

I shook my head.

"Time with *me* is money. This fellow, Grey Seymour, is to meet her to-morrow at a garden party at Mrs. Dyke Hawell's. My chances depend on what running I can make to-night. I can talk to women as few men can. I know where to reach them, and how. Now, you are not half bad. Stand by me," placing his hand on my shoulder, "and, by George! I'll do something for you yet."

He was thoroughly in earnest, and hang me if I could refuse him. It was treating my friend Finche badly; it was placing myself in a false, if not a worse, position; and yet—I could not utter that absurdly small word "no."

The morrow would tell its own tale, for I had resolved upon telegraphing without the assistance of Mr. Price's ten-pound note, and a few hours could do no possible harm.

The addition to her dinner table did not seem to please Mrs. Finche, an emaciated, waspish, rednosed lady, whose bright beady black eyes darted hither and thither like a pair of beetles in search of prey.

I sat next to her; opposite to me Miss Neville, Finche was at the foot of the table; on his right my friend Price, on his left the heiress.

Mr. Price laughed and talked, and narrated piquant anecdotes, and kept Miss Finche well in hand, causing the host "all the time" to indulge in a

vast, expansive smile. After dinner the young ladies returned to the porch, while the waspish hostess proceeded to take forty wide-awake winks. We meantime talked generally, and, although pressed to remain at our wine, Price and I were glad to get from beyond the range of our host's perpetual "values".

As we were seated upon the wooden steps at the feet of the fair ones, the lych-gate swung back and Grey Seymour swung in.

"What a glorious evening! Are you for a walk on the cliff?" asked the new-comer, eyeing Price and myself as he spoke. "How do?" he added addressing me.

"Mr. Seymour, Mr. Price," said Miss Finche, while the two men nodded stiffly.

"A walk on the cliff, by all means; don't you think so Maude?" asked Miss Finche addressing Miss Neville.

"*Comme vous voudrez.*"

"Let's go as we are."

We sallied forth.

Seymour and Miss Finche led the way.

I sat down in a little nook on the cliff—a corner that seemed almost clean out of the world, and as if the earth had suddenly ended there.

I sat thinking over the strange freaks of fortune, that give thousands of dollars to some girls, leaving others without a dime, when the sound of approaching voices scattered my reverie to the night breeze that gently fanned my pepper and salt—too much salt—whiskers. I was in a hallow beneath the cliff. The speakers were Grey Seymour and Hattie Finche.

Miss Finche's tone was cold and resolute.

"I do not love you Mr. Seymour. I never could. I will not hold out a particle of hope."

"Don't say that, Hattie—anything but that. Hope is all I have for," he cried in a quivering, agonized way that made me sad to hear.

"I tell you fairly, I can give you no hope."

"Try and love me. I can make life

a dream to you. O Hattie! do not drive me to despair, desperation."

"Did I not tell you last season that I could not care for you? Did I not repeat it at Martha's Vineyard two weeks ago? Now I repeat it again and for the last time. Let us be friends."

"Friends!" he bitterly cried.

"Yes, friends, and good friends. Why not? In a short while you will wonder you ever were in love with me and——"

"Never!" he burst in.

"Oh! yes, you will. And what is more, you will fall in love with somebody else."

"Do you wish to drive me mad?"

"Now, don't rhapsodize. You would do a good deal to make me happy?"

"Anything."

"Well, then, I'll put you to the test."

"Do," firmly, resolutely.

"You know Maude Neville. She is young, beautiful, penniless. She hasn't a friend in the world. Be her friend."

"What am I to do?"

"Marry her."

There was a sound as though he had sprung backwards.

"This is insolence, Hattie," he exclaimed hotly,

"Don't be silly," coolly observed Miss Finche, and I heard no more, for they had moved onwards.

This was a strange experience—a woman refusing a man, and then asking him to make love to another.

When I arrived all alone at the cottage, it was to find Miss Finche flirting heavily with Mr. Herbert Price, Miss Neville playing a brilliant fantasia of Chopin's upon the piano, and, *mirabile dictu*, Mr. Grey Seymour, his face, his neck, his ears in a rosy glow, leaning over her and turning the leaves of the music. Could he have—— pshaw! impossible.

"You know Mrs. Dyke Howell?" was Mr. Price's observation, as we

turned out of Sea View Cottage on our way to the Ocean House.

"Well—yes."

"You'll get me a card for her garden party to-morrow?"

"Well, considering that I haven't got one for myself, I——"

"That's nothing to the point. A man can ask a favor for a friend, he wouldn't ask for himself, you know."

"But you are *not* my friend."

"I mean to be, though, friendship must begin somewhere and ours flourishes like Jack's bean-stalk."

"There, now, you'll write for the card to-night; Mr. John V. Crosse presents his compliments to Mrs. Dyke Howell, and would feel much obliged for an invitation for an English friend for her garden-party to-morrow, or words to that effect. We'll send it off to-night, and you see, old man, it will get you an invitation as well."

"You are the coolest hand I ever even read of."

"Must be. My godmother's legacy, like Bob Acre's courage, is oozing out at my fingers' ends, and I've nothing but my audacity and my return ticket to look to. Come, now, Crosse, don't do things by halves. You've introduced me to a very nice family. Can't say I admire my mother-in-law. The old boy is no end of a bore, but Hattie is all there."

"I did not introduce you Mr. Price; you introduced yourself."

"Never could have done it but for you; *ergo*, logically, you introduced me."

To my shame be it said, I wrote a note from the Ocean House to Mrs. Dyke Howell, a haughty lady of cadaverous aspect, who believed in that small monarchy called Knickerbockerdom, and in everything high and mighty, and fashionable.

The cards came without note or comment, and *my friend Price* and I started for Hawthorndale.

Before starting I telegraphed to Sir Harvey Price, Bart., Halton Moat, Kent, England, in the following words:

"Is your son Herbert in America? Is he a barrister? Describe him. Of

the utmost importance. Telegraph instantly to

J. V. CROSSE,  
Ocean House,  
Newport, R.I., U.S.

I chuckled, as I handed over my greenbacks.

"He doesn't think I've taken him at his word. A few hours will unriddle him," were my thoughts as we emerged from the hotel. I had seen Grey Seymour that morning *en route* to bathe and the great brightness which I had so much admired the day before had faded out of his face. What was the issue of that most remarkable conversation?

He was the first person I encountered after passing through the icy fingers of Mrs. Dyke Howell, and much of the old look had returned.

"Have you seen the Finches?" he asked.

"No."

"By the way, who is your friend Mr. Price?"

"He's no particular *friend* of mine, —merely a traveling acquaintance. He's a member of the English bar, and very clever." This latter assertion I believed in my heart.

I was considerably relieved when young Roadwell, of the Coaching Club, cut in with a query as to a pair of roans, Seymour was about to put under the hammer, and left the pair diving "full fathom five" into the mysteries of horse flesh.

The Finches arrived later on in full force. My friend Price clung to Miss Finche's side, while Grey Seymour seemed to devote himself to the brunette.

I did not see Price until eleven o'clock that night. He had gone home with the Finches—I was left out in the cold—and returned to the hotel in splendid spirits.

"Anybody there?" I asked with assumed carelessness.

"Nobody but Seymour."

"Ah! Spooning over Miss Finche?"

"Not a bit of it; it is over the other one. He was with her all day

to-day, and by Jove! Sir, to-night they were on the balcony doing moonlight like anything."

"Where is he? Did you leave him behind you?"

"No, we left together, but he didn't seem to want me, and——"

"And did *you* see that?" I sneered.

"Why, of course I did. I wasn't going to do the Cliffs at this hour. I prefer my cigar on the piazza here."

I did not see either of my gentlemen the following day, save in a casual way. Seymour seemed to be picking up his good looks, and I could perceive, from the flotilla of plates and dishes around him at breakfast, that his rejection by Hattie Finche had in no wise impaired his appetite.

The reply to my cablegram was anxiously awaited—and the appearance of every despatch boy sent a thrill of expectation through me, and a pang of corresponding disappointment when I sought the message on the rack under the letter C.

It was upon the second morning that Price came down to breakfast, arrayed in national costume, with a superb *Maréchal* Niel rosebud in his button-hole, and a genuine air of festivity in his whole appearance.

"What mischief are you up to to-day?" I asked.

"A sail with my friends, the Finches."

"*My* friends, if *you* please, Mr. Price."

"To be sure; I quite forgot. Doosid nice people I say. I *am* making the running and I mean to win, as we say in the race course, hands down."

"Ahem! It doesn't follow that if you win the daughter you'll get over the father," I observed with a knowing air.

"Oh! I'm not going to trouble myself about *him*. *You'll* square him for me."

"What do you mean, Mr. Price? almost aghast at this cool impudence.

"I mean that old fogies understand one another. You'll rub it into him that I am a man of considerable genius, a brilliant orator, and that I have tact, which is better than talent, and audacity, which is better than either or both."

"If I were to speak about you at all to my friend Mr. Finche, I should certainly pay a glowing tribute to this last quality," sneeringly.

"That's a good fellow. You're a brick of the most adhesive quality. You go for Finche when I give you the word."

"I mean to pop for Hattie the first good chance."

"Well, really, I—"

"I know what you're going to say: 'Man is man and master of his fate!' I mean to play the waiting race. I can only be beaten by a dash-horse now. Here comes the man whom I imagined was the favorite, and he is not entered for the race at all."

Grey Seymour joined us, also arrayed in dark blue, a red rose in *his* button-hole.

"These are our favors," laughed Price: Miss Finche yellow, Miss Neville red."

The hour was rapidly approaching when I must take action with reference to my friend Mr. Price. He had entered Finche's house under my *agis*, and I was bound in honor to protect Finche and Finche's child. Yes, I would join the yachting excursion *bon gré, mal gré*, and in a few straight words tell Wilson Finche exactly how the land lay.

I donned a blue flannel suit and taking an old-fashioned telescope under my arm, went upon the piazza to await the appearance of Grey Seymour.

"A telegram for you, sir, said the clerk as I passed the desk.

"At last," I muttered as I tore it open.

It was from Lady Price, and dated Halten Moat:

"My son is in America. Barrister. Tall, thin, dark. Black mole under left ear. Scar on right wrist. Telegraph if in trouble."

At that particular moment Mr. Price appeared on the corridor, engaged in chewing a tooth-pick.

I went to him, and, without a single word, seized his right wrist. The scar was there. I then wheeled him round, and took a rapid, searching look behind his left ear.

"Ah!" he laughed, "so you've been telegraphing home, you incredulous old codger," scanning the open telegram.

"Read it," I said. I should mention that the black mole was in its place.

"Why, you'll frighten the old lady into fits. Write her at once, Crosse, and tell her I was as safe as the milk in a cocoanut. Don't spare your dollars, old man!"

"When I left Newport the Finches were still at Sea View Cottage, and my friend Mr. Price on a visit to the house. About six months latter I received cards to attend at the nupitals of Miss Hattie Julia Maria Anne Finche to Herbert Price. An attack of the gout prevented me from putting in an appearance, but I sent both bride and groom a little present. To the daughter of my old friend I gave a pearl necklace; to his son-in-law a diamond ring, with the words inscribed in raised letters, "*De l'audace. Toujours de l'audace.*"

"I may mention that Grey Seymour and his charming bride honored me with a visit some time later on *en route* to Europe.

## THE VISIT OF MGR. MERRY DEL VAL.

THE first public and official welcome offered by any Canadian educational institution to His Excellency Mgr. Merry Del Val, Papal Delegate to Canada, was tendered him on the afternoon of April 5th by the Faculty and students of the Catholic University of Ottawa. The reception was a splendid and enthusiastic success. The Apostolic Delegate arrived at the University at 4 o'clock and was met at the main entrance by the members of the Faculty in their academic robes. He was escorted to Convocation Hall where the students of the various departments—theological, philosophical, arts and commercial—to the number of 450, were awaiting him. As the Delegate entered the Hall the whole assemblage burst forth in a magnificent chorus of welcome: "Vive Léon XIII." Mgr. Merry Del Val was accompanied to the stage by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, His Grace Archbishop Langevin, the Very Rev. Rector and Professors and Mr. N. Belcourt, M. P., representing the Faculty of Law.

On behalf of the University senate, the Rev. Dr. Lacoste, O.M.I. read the Latin address of welcome. He said:—

Reverendissimo et Clarissimo Comiti Raphaëli Merry Del Val, Summi Pontificis ad regionem Canadensem Delegato.

REVERENDISSIME DOMINE,

Omnium loco et nomine tibi ego locuturus, omnium velle et animi sensus et dicendi peritiam mecum habere, ut quanto afficiamur gaudio quantoque gloriemur honore, oratione non indigna exprimere tibi possem.

Hodierno sane eventu lectari nos nemo mirabitur, si vel leviter attendere velit quantæ dignitatis sit quantæque laudis, quod inter omnes electus, Supremi Pontificis, rebus summi momenti tractandis apud nos legatus extiteris.

Hoc, et meritum tuum altissime commendat, quippe, ut dici solet, "principibus

placuisse non ultima laus est." "Pontificis sagacitatem et prudentiam omnibus manifestat, simulque novum est nobis illudque clarissimum argumentum invictæ illius sollicitudinis quâ Leo XIII, Ecclesiæ universæ, præsertim vero Canadensis, bono atque tranquillitati invigilat. Tu enim ille es quem novimus quondam in Gregorianâ Universitate disciplinas atque artes præstantissime prosecutum, atque postea, ingenio superante ætatem, Pontificiæ familiæ fuisse arctissimo vinculo conjunctum.

Missus ergo à latere Pontificis, Pontificis nomine loqueris, cujus munus est sicut Salvatoris erat, pacem afferre hominibus bonæ voluntatis. Angelum itaque pacis terra nostra amice excipiet, atque Patris amantissimi præcepta et voluntates ad nos referentem. corde parato animoque docili audiet unusquisque.

Exultavit certe de tuo adventu, omnis cui nomen est et mens catholici, verumtamen speciali lætitiæ sensu affectos, hæc tua presentia nos invenit, hujus universitatis magistros, quos Leone XIII. creatore atque patrono gaudet insigni. Hæc quippe universitas est quam Supremus pastor particulari affectu fovit semper et fovet, uti *suam*, ipsius verbis utor, data occasione vindicando.

Equidem, sicut cetera, ita etiam amplitudine ac divitiarum splendore pluribus minorem hanc facile fatebimur, verum quemadmodum in Pontificis affectu ac mente nobilissimum scimus obtinere locum, sic, devotione erga Sedem apostolicam ac Ecclesiæ amore nulli secundam fidenter dicemus.

Hoc cæterum sine erectum Ottaviense hocce collegium, hæc mente ab illustris memoriæ fundatore et a rectoribus per decursum temporis informatum, doctrinas nimirum Ecclesiæ quæ est columna ac firmamentum veritatis, pro posse suo explicare, defendere vindicare conati fuerunt; et hic testes invocare possumus, tùm innumeros férè sacerdotes, pietate non minus quàm doctrinâ conspicuos, quorum vita sacerdotalis hic habuit initium, tùm omnis generis viros, qui apud nos instructi, scientiis,



artibus, eloquentiâ patriam illustrarunt vel illustrant.

Hoc etiam majorum exempla secuti, altum in mentibus habemus omnes et semper habebimus, omnium quippe hic docentium interpretem me conscius sum, ut auditores scilicet nostros omni ex parte accedentes, secundùm illas instituamus doctrinas quæ catholico sensui atque Supremi Doctoris dictaminibus adamussim sint conformes.

Speciatim vero hoc semper attente curavimus et curamus, ut in philosophiâ ac theologiâ hic tradendis, hanc normam sequamur, hæc utamur regulâ à summo Leone toties ac tantopere commendatâ, maxime vero in Litteris Encyclicis "Æterni Patris. Vestigiis nimirum inhæremus Angelici Doctoris, has docendo disciplinas quas ipse docuit, quæque ad veritatis revelatâ et rationis ipsius indolem ac jura vindicanda inter alias omnes aptissimæ inveniuntur. Ille quippe est vir qui Ecclesiæ defensor extitit acerrimus atque errorum monstra potentissimâ manu debellavit. Ille est qui defunctus adhuc loquitur ac contra insurgentes quotidie de novo veritatis hostes, nova pugnantibus suppeditat arma.

Hoc quidem juxtâ Pontificis vota pro virilus cum ageremus, en Pontifex rem recte se habere nobis manifestare dignatus est. Jam quippe ab anno 1866 hoc nostrum collegium, crescente semper alumnorum concursu, ac pluribus perfectis prout tempora postulabant incrementis, decreto edito à supremo Canadensis regionis consilio legifero, dignum judicatum fuerat, ut universitatis civilis nomen ac jura acciperet, et tandem Leo XIII. quasi operi incepto coronam imponens, per breve datum die 5 februarii anni 1888, collegium titulo et privilegiis catholice universitatis auxit. Et hic pauca pro ferre mihi liceat quæ semper meminisse juvabit: "Novinus, sicille sapientissimus Pontifex, quo studio dilecti filii sodles congregationis oblatores Mariæ Immaculatæ ab anno 1868, rectæ institutioni juventutis operam dederint, curis pariter, ac opibus suis in hoc salutare opus, ejusque tuitionem ultro collatis, et quantopere semper cordi fuerit ejusdem congregationis Propositis apud suos, obsequium ergâ apostolicam Sedem et sacrorum antistites, uti decet, tueri et fovere (Breve erectionis).

Ilia et approbationem continent et novum stimulum ut ad majora semper rin dies con-

tendamus. Hæc tua hic præsentia, Reverendissime Domine, et auctoritas, nomine Pontificis faciet, ut adhuc meliora optemus, optata perficiamus. Nosque omnes hoc utique pro te postulamus et postulabimus, ut omnia tibi recte, juxtâ nimirum tua ac Pontificis desideria usque ad finem procedant.

Rev. Mr. Bazinet, speaking in the name of the theological students, delivered the following address in the same language.

Reverendissimo et illustrissimo Domino Comiti Raphaëli Merry del Val, a Summo Pontifice ad nostram regionem Canadensem delegato.

Reverendissime Domine.

Omnibus ac singulis hujus universitatis membris nimum equidem præstant honoris et exultationis hæc singulares hodiernæ solemnitates, te apud nos accedente, quominus et ipsi nos, divinis scientiis in Seminario Ottawiensi applicati, sermonem nostrum congratulatorium effari tibi aliquantulum dubitemus. Faxit igitur Deus quod apud omnes optatum invenias aditum, quod quovis loco gressus tuos converteris, dociles sint tibi mentes et amica corda, ut tibi facilius, omnibus utilius, tuum conficiatur iter, tua adimpleatur missio. Hoc tibi ardentè desideramus, ut tua sit jucundior in nostra regione commoratio, atque secundum tua et Pontificis vota omnia adveniant.

Quanto sit nobis gaudio, Reverendissime Domine, quantoque honori tuus ad nos accessus, unusquisque facillimè judicare poterit si ad illam quâ gloriaris dignitatem atque animi nobilitatem oculos convertat, simulque indolis comitatem ac meritorum præstantiam vel levitè noverit.

Verum aliqua tamen tibi est altera distinctionis nota, et hanc quidem omnium altissimam fatemur, te, ipsius nostri Pontificis Maximi, Leonis tertii decimi, apud nos personam gerente ejusque partes suscipiente. In te igitur, Reverendissime Domine, sicut et in dilectissimo filio genitoris speciem oculis nostris exhibente, Patrem Nostrum Sanctissimum invenimus et veneramur eique intimum cordis anorem ac animi reverentiam impertimur. Imo et nos sacerdotii characterem ac munus brevi susceperunt, coram te, Patri nostro Beatissimo, fervidi amoris nos esse vinculis conjunctos voluimus profiteri nec non perpe-

tuæ nostræ fidelitatis atque obedientiæ erga Sedem apostolicam solemne testimonium exhibere.

Reverâ præclarissimam habemus Pontificem ac patrem, immortalem dico Leonem XIII. qui tanta majestate, tantâque doctrinâ Ecclesiæ bono invigilat, vere "lumen in coelo" quod splendore suo non tantum Sedem Apostolicam illustrat sed claritatis radios per totum orbem diffundit.

Sit igitur tibi, Reverendissime Domine, et comiti tuo, iter facile apud nos et missionis felix exitus. Hoc est quod in voto habemus omnes, hoc a Deo quotidie postulabunt devotissimi in Domino.

Scholæ theologiæ alumni in Seminario  
Ottawiensi.

Mr. E. P. Gleeson, '98, the representative of the English speaking students, next addressed the Delegate as follows :

To His Excellency Mgr. Raphael Merry Del Val, Apostolic Delegate to Canada :—

May it please Your Excellency,

The students of the University of Ottawa assure you of their sincere appreciation of the honor which you do this institution by your visit to-day. We deem it a privilege to welcome to these halls any distinguished visitor, but thrice welcome is the representative of our Holy Father the Pope.

We have always been taught that to Leo XIII. as visible head of the Holy Catholic Church we owe obedience and respect. The zealous and successful efforts of His Holiness for the promotion of true learning have long excited our admiration. To these sentiments with which the name of the Holy Father was already associated in our minds, we have learned to add that of personal gratitude, since we have entered an institution enjoying by favor of Leo XIII. the privileges of a Catholic university. We assure Your Excellency that we realize the claims which the Holy Father has upon us and that we shall ever strive to do credit to our Church and our University.

Your Excellency's sojourn in Canada will, we hope, occasion you pleasant future remembrances. The Catholics of the Dominion you will, we believe, find loyal to the See of Peter, and those who differ from us in creed are, we feel, sufficiently conscious of the

universally beneficial influence of the Sovereign Pontiff to show deference to Leo XIII. or his delegate. We earnestly hope and pray that your present mission may reach a happy consummation and that you may return to the eternal city with the consoling assurance that your labors have produced results beneficial to our country, creditable to yourself and in every way agreeable to the great Pontiff whom you represent.

We thank Your Excellency warmly for this gracious visit to our Alma Mater, and we assure you that it will cause us the greatest satisfaction to see you present at any of our entertainments or academic ceremonies which it may please you to attend.

Finally Mr. L. Payment, '99, read the French address :

A Son Excellence Mgr. Raphaël Merry Del Val, délégué du Souverain Pontife Léon XIII au Canada.

Monseigneur :

Avec le doux printemps, une grande nouvelle a parcouru le pays, et, des bords de l'Atlantique à ceux du Pacifique, plus de deux millions de cœurs catholiques ont tressailli. Notre Saint Père le Pape envoyait un délégué en Canada. Pierre, comme jadis il parcourait les bourgs de la Palestine et de la Syrie visitant les Eglises naissantes, venait en la personne de son représentant, voir l'Eglise du Canada, lui donner une force nouvelle, *confirma fratres tuos*. et mener cette portion de son immense troupeau aux pâturages de la saine doctrine de la paix chrétienne *pasce agnos, pasce oves meas!* C'était un témoignage nouveau d'amour et de bienveillance paternelle dans le cœur de ce grand et bien aimé Pontife Léon XIII, qui, sans se départir en rien de cette "sollicitude de toutes les Eglises" que St-Paul en son temps déjà trouvait accablante, semble avoir pourtant des tendresses préférées pour les Eglises d'Amérique et du Canada, où naguère encore son génie créateur semait deux Universités catholiques, celle de Washington et celle d'Ottawa. Aussi, Monseigneur, c'est avec l'enthousiasme de la vénération et de l'amour que partout, aussi bien dans la belle vallée du fleuve géant que dans les steppes sans fin de la prairie de l'Ouest, les enfants de l'Eglise catholique acclament, en votre personne, celui qui vous envoie, Léon XIII, l'autorité la plus grande sur la terre, le Pontife qui se révèle au monde

avec la double auréole du génie et de la sainteté.

Cet enthousiasme de tous les catholiques canadiens, Monseigneur, nous, les élèves de l'Université d'Ottawa, nous le partageons pleinement, d'autant plus que nous savons que vous êtes venu pour sauvegarder une cause qui nous est doublement chère comme catholiques et comme français. Fille de Léon XIII, l'Université d'Ottawa s'est toujours distinguée par son inviolable attachement au Saint-Siège, et surtout à l'auguste personne du Pape son glorieux fondateur; c'est de Rome qu'elle attend la vérité; c'est vers la colline sacrée du Vatican qu'elle regarde pour y voir jaillir la lumière qui doit sauver le monde. Voilà pourquoi, Monseigneur, avec bonheur et respect nous saluons votre venue dans les murs de notre Alma Mater, et c'est dans un sentiment d'allégresse presque semblable à celui des enfants du peuple hébreu, que nous disons: *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini!*

Nous saluons en vous, Monseigneur, les qualités éminentes qui ont justifié le choix de Sa Sainteté Léon XIII quand il vous attachait à sa personne vénérée, et nous apprécions d'autant plus la bienveillance du Saint Père envers les catholiques canadiens que nous le voyons se priver pour nous de la présence et des services d'un de ses familiers les plus intimes. Nous savons votre noble origine, qu'en vos veines coule le noble sang d'Espagne, allié au sang généreux de l'Irlande. Et nous saluons ce rare mérite qui a ouvert à votre jeunesse une si glorieuse carrière à la cour pontificale.

Mais, Monseigneur, nous savons aussi répondre à votre pensée la plus chère en saluant en vous une personnalité plus haute, Celui-là même dont vous êtes le mandataire. Vous représentez un principe sacré dans le monde chrétien: l'autorité souveraine, plénière, absolue du Pape, non-seulement sur l'Eglise universelle, mais sur chaque Eglise, sur chaque diocèse de la chrétienté: et vous, Monseigneur, vous apparaissez sur nos bords, rayon émané de cette autorité apostolique. Jadis Charlemagne envoyait les représentants de son autorité, ses *missi dominici* dans toutes les parties de son immense empire, pour rétablir partout l'ordre, la justice et la paix; délégué du Souverain Pontife, vous êtes le *missus Dominicus* d'un pouvoir plus grand que

celui de Charlemagne, et vous êtes envoyé pour une mission plus haute, celle de confirmer la vertu et la religion.

A ce titre de délégué du Pontife Romain, nous nous inclinons donc devant vous, Monseigneur, avec respect, avec amour, avec soumission. Les délégués de l'ancienne Rome portaient dans les plis de leur toge la paix ou la guerre aux nations de l'univers; et l'un d'eux traçant autour d'un prince d'Asie un cercle étroit, lui déclarait impérieusement qu'il n'en sortirait pas avant de s'être soumis aux décrets du Sénat. Les délégués de la Rome nouvelle, de la Rome chrétienne, n'apportent plus la guerre, ils ne sont plus que des messagers de paix; et s'ils tracent un cercle sur leur passage parmi les peuples, c'est l'orbite immense et lumineuse de la vérité qui est aussi liberté, a dit le Verbe Incarné: *Veritas liberabit vos!*

En vous souhaitant la bienvenue, Monseigneur, et en vous assurant d'avance de notre respect et de notre obéissance entière, nous vous prions de répandre sur nous, sur cette Université, sur nos parents et nos familles, une de ces précieuses bénédictions dont vous êtes le porteur, bénédictions du Pape, bénédictions d'un Père, bénédictions de Dieu lui-même.

Between the reading of the addresses and the reply of His Excellency, the Glee Club under the direction of Rev. O. Lambert, O.M.I., sang with much spirit and splendid effect the "Soldiers' Chorus" from Gounod's Faust.

On rising to answer the various addresses Mgr. Merry Del Val was greeted with a rousing Varsity cheer the heartiness of which gave him evident pleasure. His Excellency spoke in Latin, French and English. He thanked the Faculty and students for their beautiful addresses, and for the sentiments of fidelity and affection they contained. The underlying principle of them all, he perceived to be unswerving loyalty to the Holy See and to the illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII. He could assure them that the Holy Father highly appreciated the devotion of his faithful children of the University of Ottawa. His Excellency then spoke golden words of counsel to the students. He urged them to put forth

their best endeavors not only for the perfection of their intellect, but also and especially for the development of their character. They should take the firm rock of faith for their basis in everything. The pretended warfare of science and religion was a false cry, for science, in its largest and most correct sense, is infallible, through men of science are not. Mgr. Merry Del Val referred with pride to his Irish blood. "It comes to me" he said "through generations somewhat remote, but is none the less dear to me on that account. I love Ireland because she is a land of faith and has made noble sacrifices for the truth." This sentiment was received with applause.

The Glee Club sang "Thy Footsteps Light" from Rossini's "William Tell" and the proceedings were over. Just as the Delegate stepped from the stage someone incautiously whispered

"Holiday." In an instant "Holiday" re-echoed through the hall. Mgr. Merry Del Val understood the demand. "These days" he said "with us were called play-days. On one occasion I remember we petitioned the Pope for a "play-day." The Holy Father did not understand the expression, but when it was explained to him he replied to our petition: "Benedicat vos Deus in tribus play-days." I can scarcely ask your Rev. Father Rector for less for you than we asked the Holy Father formerly for ourselves." Needless to say the request was granted and everyone was delighted with the manner in which the Apostolic Delegate had dealt with a delicate question.

It is the hope of the Faculty and students to have the distinguished Delegate often among them during his stay in Canada, for he has determined to make Ottawa his head-quarters.



*THE SPIRIT OF A NATION NEVER DIETH.*

“

HE spirit of a nation never dieth.”  
 The sacred fire  
 That burned of old where Freedom ever crieth  
 To who aspire,  
 Still fills the veins of martial heroes springing  
 To struggles new ;  
 Still crowns with glory martyrs, death-chants singing,  
 In Hellas true.

New Leonidases new Thermopylæs  
 Defend and die:  
 Salamis, Platæa, Mycale I trace  
 In battles nigh.  
 The turban'd despot drinking Christian blood  
 Shall Hellas dare,  
 And taint with smoke of warfare's fiery flood  
 The classic air.

But ah ! what sinister rumors these, disturb  
 The olive groves ?  
 Vandals and Goths and Huns are they that curb  
 The martial loves  
 Of freemen to their Goddess, Liberty,  
 And strengthen hands  
 Of savage Moslems, sowing misery  
 In Christian lands.

Ah, nineteenth century ! a blood-red stain  
 Thy boasted light  
 Among the nations, vaunting thee in vain,  
 Shall quench in night.

E. C. M. T.

# The Owl.

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## THE AVE MARIA.

The *Ave Maria* has recently taken a long step forward in the path of progress. At considerable expense and with commendable energy the publishers of that excellent Catholic Magazine have obtained the "Recollections of Aubrey De Vere" written by the venerable poet himself. The staunch Catholic character of De Vere and the fact that he alone now remains of the great singers of our century, attach a special interest and value to his autobiography and should largely increase the number of the *Ave Maria's* readers. The chapters of the "Recollections" that have thus

far appeared are simply but beautifully written, and there is running through them a deep vein of quiet humor which those who are acquainted with De Vere through his poetry alone, would scarcely expect. The "Recollections" will undoubtedly grow in importance, and we may hope that they will give us an insight into the character of a great poet.

## CHARACTERISTIC.

The London *Tablet* is the official organ of a certain section of Catholics in England. For more than a generation back it has been persistently anti-Irish—sometimes violently outspoken; at other times, quietly insinuating or judiciously suppressive. In a recent note on the Gregorian University, Rome, its power of harmless looking suppression is beautifully displayed. Its remarks on that great institution are concluded with the following sentence:—

The international character of the establishment is shown by the list of students: 380 Italians, 173 Germans, 141 French, 105 Americans, 76 Spaniards, 41 Poles, 37 English, 20 Scotch, 23 Belgians, 18 Austrians, 18 Swiss and 14 Hungarians.

How innocent those figures appear! So there is not an Irish student in the Gregorian University. Swiss there are, and Hungarians and Poles. These the *Tablet* has succeeded in discovering. But no Hibernians. And yet there are a few Irishmen on the rolls of the Gregorian. And what, perhaps, will not be palatable news for the *Tablet*, there are more students of Irish descent in the various ecclesiastical schools of Rome than of any other foreign nationality. When will the *Tablet* tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the

truth? It knows full well the malice of suppression; it is acquainted with the danger of faint praise and the power of half truths. Honest journalism shrinks from all such discreditable methods.

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*AN OBJECT LESSON.*

The visit of the Papal Delegate to Ottawa University afforded a valuable object lesson to us all. Mgr. Merry Del Val is a young man—certainly little more than thirty-five years of age. His life for some time past has been of the most active description. And yet he has been able to make himself one of the most thoroughly and widely educated men in the service of the church to-day—and that means in the world. As a philosopher and theologian he was held in such high esteem by the Holy Father as to be given an important place on the recent commission that investigated the question of the validity of Anglican Orders. The years he spent in an English college justify us in supposing that his attainments in science and mathematics must be considerable. Of the rest we have had ocular proof. Spanish is his mother tongue; Italian, the language of his daily life. Yet, we ourselves witnessed that he spoke Latin, French, and English with a correctness, grace, purity and fluency unequalled in our experience. Of course all this argues remarkable ability and persevering effort. But Mgr. Merry del Val has also evidently made the best use of favorable circumstances and opportunities. And therein lies the lesson for us. It is not too much to say that no students in America are more happily situated for the practical acquiring of three

important languages than are the students of Ottawa University. No graduate of Ottawa need leave her halls without being able to speak Latin correctly and with passable fluency, while there is no excuse—save his own indifference or negligence—for his not having thorough command of both French and English. The student who fails to avail himself to the full of those rare and precious advantages, is diminishing by a half his future usefulness, and, in view of the pressing needs of church and country, is almost criminally guilty,

*EDITORIAL NOTES.*

ABOUT 15,000 people attended the lectures delivered this year at the Catholic Winter School at New Orleans. At the closing exercises Archbishop Janssens remarked that it had achieved even a greater success than last winter.

VERY REV. Augustine F. Hewitt the famous convert priest has celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the sacred priesthood. Father Hewitt is the present Superior-General of the Paulists and his name is closely connected with the founding of that congregation. The Rev. Father who is now 75 years of age was in early life a minister of the Congregational Church.

HERE is how Dr. A. Conan Doyle expresses his confidence in the capabilities of the Celt. "Give him culture, give him that Catholic university of which we hear, and you will tap a most precious vein of literature, and Celtic Ireland may send its Renans and its Pierre Lotis to London as a Celtic Brittany sends them to Paris. And there is work for the Irish Literary Society to draw the Celt out, to modernize him, to teach him that there is a living present as well as a legendary past in literature, and to make him realize if he has any thought or any

good worth saying the grandest audience that ever the world knew is anxious to hear him, and that the grandest language that a writer could wish is waiting ready to his hand." These words were addressed to the Irish Literary Society of London.

THE study of Social Problems that *The Catholic World Magazine* has kept up during the last year is awakening a decided interest in these topics. Father Howard, the Catholic priest now studying at Columbia College, writes interestingly of "Juvenile Offenders."

MANNING has found a defender among the French Protestants. *The Catholic World Magazine* for April gives an exhaustive review of M. de Pressensé's work.

THE *Sacred Heart Review* gives a good instance of how Catholic doctrine is mistated, when a non-Catholic paper undertakes to inform its readers of such things. Whether such mistatements made are through ignorance or done purposely we are not at liberty to say, we leave that to the conscience of the author. "A writer in the Sunday Herald of March 21st., discussing the marriage question, gravely informs his readers that 'the Roman Catholic Church first taught in the thirteenth century that marriage was a sacrament!'" Now if this writer had asked the smallest child in a Catholic school, how long Christian marriage was a sacrament he would have been rightly told that it was *always* a sacrament.

Bowers a prominent A. P. A. leader and one whose name adorns the category of "ex-priest Company" (unlimited) says the A. P. A. does not fight individuals it fights churches no matter what their denominations that use their creed as political factors. "Just at present" he says "our condemnation is upon the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of Clinton for their unbecoming and unwarranted conduct in causing the defeat of Attorney \* \* We have never felt more bitter toward the Catholic Church than we now feel towards these Churches." As long as

the A. P. A. confined its attacks on Catholics and their doctrine, THE OWL remained silent well knowing how worthless was the material with which we had to deal, but now that it has invaded other Christian bodies, we cannot protest too strongly against the existence of so nefarious a society.

WRITING to the *Glasgow Observer* on the work of the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in London, Rev. Harold Pylett, an Anglican clergyman, says: "Their number is 361 and they have 261 honorary members, and no doubt many aspirants. Last year, they paid 13,613 visits and they had 1,815 cases under their immediate care. And all the time they have their own work to do private and public." The Rev. gentleman then pays a glowing tribute to the wonderful work of this charitable institution saying it testifies to a spirit of devotion to the work of Christian charity, which all churches may humbly recognize and would do well to imitate.

MR. WALPOLE, who is now in Rome, is bringing out a history of the Catholic Church. This author, who is a convert to Catholicism, is a cousin of the Earl of Oxford and a descendant of the great Horace Walpole.

AN interesting contemporary portrait of Blessed Thomas More, Speaker of the (English) House of Commons in 1523, has been discovered by his present successor in the chair. The portrait was skied in one of the rooms in the Speaker's house, and was black with age. It has now been carefully restored, and hangs in its place of honor in the unique gallery of portraits of former Speakers. In this connection it is curious to note that Sir Thomas was one of two Speakers of the House of Commons who, afterwards being promoted to the "woolsack," became Speakers of the Upper House. Sir Arthur Audley his immediate successor was the other.

THE latest notable convert to the Church is Rev. Basil W. Maturin, better known as Father Maturin. He



was a member of the Society of St. John, the Evangelist, the first of the religious orders of the Anglican Church. For many years this recent convert was a resident minister in a Philadelphian mission.

FOR the benefit of our separated brethren who cannot understand that it is the duty of Catholics to hate heresy, but not heretics, we quote below a paragraph from an article of Mr. Hallock, a non-Catholic, on the subject. "There is no point about which the general world is so much misinformed and ignorant as the sober but boundless charity of what it calls the 'Anathematizing Church.' It is the simple statement of a fact. Never was there a religious body but the Roman that laid the intense stress she does on all her dogmatic teachings and yet had the justice that comes of sympathy for those who do not receive them. She condemns no goodness, she condemns even no earnest worship, though it be outside her pale. The holy and humble men of heart who do not know her, she commits with confidence to God's uncovenanted mercies, and these she knows are infinite."

DONAHOE'S Magazine for April has an interesting table of contents. Joan of Arc is the subject of a beautifully illustrated paper by Beatrice Struges, forming the initial number. Dr. J. J. Mangan writes most entertainingly of James Clarence Mangan, and the Rev. D. F. McCrea gives a graphic sketch of the Giants' Causeway. "Investigating the Trusts" is an important topic vigorously discussed by James E. Wright, who analyzes the trusts and their work in his usual trenchant style.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN McCORMICK, a Presbyterian sub-editor of the Sanborn (Io.) *Sun*, writes:—"The Catholic church alone seems to stand by its doctrine from the earliest dawn of christianity. Indeed we cannot understand how there can be any difference to-day between our faith and that of our fathers. If our

Protestant teachers and clergymen continue much longer in their rapid strides towards infidelity, there soon will be but one of two courses to pursue; give ourselves up to infidelity wholly and unconditionally, or pass within the portals of the Catholic Church."

WE thank our pithy and newsy contemporary from Winnipeg, the *St. John's College Magazine* for its words of friendship in the exchange column of its March number. Our bright confrere is always a welcome visitor to our sanctum table. In referring to this column of THE OWL it takes exception to our quoting the "Church Intelligencer" as likely to contain reliable reports of the High Church section of the Anglican Communion and says our conclusion that Anglicanism is gradually drifting Romeward, is hardly worth contradicting. We were certainly ignorant of the fact that the above paper was only the organ of the Church Association. But to-day we will quote a more eminent authority, viz.: Cardinal Vaughan, who says that converts are coming into the church in *England* to the number of 600 a month. At this rate of progress, how long will it be before Great Britain will be *Catholic*?

The *Ave Maria* furnishes us with this interesting paragraph:—

The ways of Italian statesmen are so dark that when one of them professes penitence, honest people are at a loss to know whether it is a real conversion or only a clever political dodge. That is the present condition of Signor Gianturco, Italian Minister of Public Instruction, who exhibits this startling change of front in a letter to a friend, a professor in one of the universities:

"Do you know at what conclusions I have arrived? I have turned away, in one most important respect, from all my former beliefs. It is hard for me to avow it to myself, but I have at least the pleasure of speaking out the truth. In Parliament I have called

the free schools (that is to say, the Christian as contrasted with the Secularist Government schools) sources of ignorance. I have bitterly inveighed against private instruction. I have made myself the echo of opinions which are current in our party. Now I recognize that the free schools give a better education, sounder instruction, than the schools of the State... The official system of education is fundamentally corrupt. I am preparing a law which will give the largest liberty in educational matters; the State will have only the duty of protecting masters and pupils; the Church will have the duty of fixing the limits beyond which truth and justice are not found; science will be able to develop itself in the immense field of material and moral order. They call me a reactionary. But my country will thank me, because by this innovation I will people her with *men*. As things are now, Italy produces only—the beings you know well.”

In an article entitled “Places in New York,” Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer shows how impressive to a Protestant is the absolute equality of Catholics in church. She says: “When you have seen all the grand and gorgeous and ‘exclusive’ or semi-exclusive places of Christian worship in New York, perhaps you may like to get a glimpse of the humble but much more inclusive conditions under which some of its souls seek their salvation. If so, you cannot do better than visit St. Joachim’s down in one of the shabbiest most populous streets of the lower East side. Methodists sat in its respectable pews when this was a highly respectable ‘residence quarter’. Now they are filled by Italian Catholics, and its plain brick front is shouldered by the cheapest of grocery stores and lodging houses, amid a group of all-too-cheap saloons, with only a little cross on the roof to make you quite sure that this is a church indeed. Yet few in the city can be so largely frequented — nine thousand worshippers every week, we are told.

And if the largest rag shop, wholesale and retail, occupies an entire floor beneath the raised floor of the church itself, who, we may ask, more sorely need some proof that Heaven at least is no respecter of trades and grades than the rag-pickers of New York. They appreciate the hospitality that is shown them. On week days when scores of men and children are bringing in and sorting their endless bundles of rags lifting them and shifting them with great cranes and chains their voices often join in the service that is going on overhead; and no one who wishes to profit by this service in the church itself is asked to leave the tools of even a dirty trade outside its doors. The true spirit of Christianity sends up sweet incense from St. Joachim’s, mingled though it may be with smell of garlic, of cast-off rags, and of those that still cling to unwashed human kind.”

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### OBITUARY.

EDWARD COSGROVE.

Scarcely a scholastic year passes by without it being our painful duty to chronicle the demise of some of our college friends. Whether it be that of some former and dearly beloved professor, or of a kind and generous benefactor, or of some young and promising alumnus, the task is ever a sad and disagreeable one, for Death is always an unwelcome caller whose visits bring sorrow to our hearts and mourning to Alma Mater. But when one in our very midst, one in the fullest bloom of youth and with all the promises of a bright and prosperous career, a daily companion known and loved by all, is suddenly snatched from us, our grief has no bounds, and words can but faintly and inadequately express the sympathy we feel. It is then with such feelings that we announce the untimely death of one of our most loved and respected fellow-students, Edward Cosgrove, which sad event took place on Wednesday the 31st.

ult. at the City Hospital. Edward Cosgrove was born in Buckingham, P.Q. eighteen years ago, and resided in that place until his entry into college in the fall of 1894. In September, 1894, he came to Ottawa University, and was among those who graduated from the commercial course in the month of June following. During the term of 1895-96 he did not attend the course here, but remained at home under the direction of a private tutor. Returning to college this year he decided to make a classical course, and was admitted to the Second Form. But he was destined never to reach the goal which he intended. Death's claim was to be paid before he had well begun. After a sickness of only four days he gave up his soul to his Creator. Words of sorrow and sympathy in affliction such as this sound with discord on the ear, we can only recommend his parents for comfort to the Loving Father who in His all wise Providence hath seen fit to call their boy unto Him.—*R.I.P.*

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

For a brief moment we lift the concealing curtain that separates the well-known present from the misty ages of the past; we see the first writer—Adam's grandson—seated on the top of a stump, fashioning his rude letters on the mantle of a birch tree, with a pen, bearing in our day the prosaic cognomen of quill of goose. He was not free from vanity for he prefaces his remarks, with a description of what was to him the most important personage in the world—himself. The world, the wise ones say, is becoming worse or as our friend Bourdeau writes; "it is growing worser;" we do not think, therefore, that we need doff our hat and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, excuse me, I am going to speak of myself." Some wise, old, ink slingers have drawn upon their imagination and pictured us a rather youngish child whose long, flaxen curls, built up in the airy form of a rooster's comb, are the delight of a

fond mother's heart—in short, a sportive youth, who spends the last hour of class, in delightful anticipation of a fight between John L. B. and the hero of Point Gatineau. We wish to inform our readers that our boat has drifted down the stream of life far from the point at which childhood and manhood meet. Years of care and toil and sorrow have whitened our flowing locks; being, however, an ardent admirer of the "Maple Leaf Forever," the vivifying spring sun causes the sap of life to flow vigorously through our decayed fibres and ooze forth to be crystallized into a poor imitation of a real, genuine sugar story constructed from the timber of the living, thinking trees of this work-a-day world. Dear reader, we quote the words of our shadow, a worshipper of our rare abilities, who says, that there is many a kick in the old man yet, to prove that our bark canoe has not left the full-flowing stream and entered upon the placid bosom of the ocean of second childhood. We give the pledge of an old editor whose word is truth, whose honor is untainted, that the deeds recorded in this tale were really performed by a band of our heroic, little friends of the Junior D. on the frowning banks of the "Petit Lac." Geo. Coal-water headed a sugar party and was the first to reach the scene of action. The day was rather cold and the sap flowed about as swiftly as does black strap in a cold February snap; George, the debonair, who is a genius in his line, built a fire around a tree and was soon rewarded with a noble gush of maple blood. He wandered off and returned with his friend Bert. Murphy. Their surprise can be more easily imagined than described, when they found that the flame had curled lovingly around the tree and converted the flowing sap into a healthy, young pillar of sugar. A beautiful, black fox was quietly greasing his chops on their booty; Bert made a dash after Mr. Reynard, who skedaddled towards the camp as fast as his four legs could carry him. Bert, who is a ten-second

pacers, set off in hot pursuit and kept a good second; when about ten feet from the cabin, a large bear who had just taken his paw out of his mouth and come out for his first stroll made a charge after our little *Murph*. Bert, with an Irish boy's ready wit, jumped on the back of the fox, who leaped on the roof and went plump through into the camp. In the meantime, the bear had landed on the rising end of the lucky plank and was thrown head-foremost against an adjacent tree and came out of the scrape with a broken neck. Poor Bert had to pay for his whistle, he lit in the forked support of the boiler, which gave his chin a hard twist and finally laid him low in a severe attack of the mumps. Were that bear alive to-day, it would enjoy a good laugh at our young friend's expense. To return to Master Fox. He got mixed up in a cooling, simmering boiler of sugar and could not extricate himself from a position in which he did not find himself every day. Bert claimed the black charger as his special prize for he was the only one in, at the death; he allowed the sugar to harden and engaged a first-class sculptor to chisel the yellow mass into a life-sized, natural fox. The noble, sugar-coated fox as it stands by Bert's bed of sickness is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Bert is the hero of the hour and is going to exhibit his novelty on Wolff Island during the summer vacation. We had almost forgotten Mr. Bruin, who remained hanging from a hole in the tree. Thos. Lauzier, grabbed his tomahawk and went off to cut down a young sapling to pry the bear out of nature's trap. Having found one to his fancy, he gave it a mighty blow but was astounded to hear a hoarse whisper somewhere in the air; he looked up and found it was a crow that administered the following severe rebuke to Thos. "Get out of this you naughty, little Tom! Do not play truant! Go right back to the College, prepare your lessons for to-morrow and let decent people rest their weary bones in peace!" Tom dropped his

axe as fast as follows thunder after a greased streak of lightning. He arrived at the camp, more dead than alive and between his gasps for breath told his tale of woe. Some of Tom's companions poked fun at him, claiming that he must have been day-dreaming. A crow speaks, the idea is ridiculous! Tom shook his head in disgust and blubbered: "Of course you fellows can laugh, for you were far remote from danger. It is not so strange that this was the first and only crow that ever spoke. It was a *white* one." The kingly Jean Baptiste, whose courageous heart fears nor man, nor crow, nor beast volunteered to go and recover Tom's lost hatchet. Oh his way, he saw and gave chase to a little rabbit that quickly darted into a hole in the ground and as quickly turned around to have a parting shot at the discomfited Baptiste. Bunnie winked one eye, in an exasperating manner at the king and quietly remarked: "I know by the cut of your jib, your curly raven locks; swallowed-a-poker strut, and town-lot felt that you are the funny, little boy who, according to the *Owl*, lost his boots a few weeks ago. Well, you are a jay! Good-Bye! Better luck next time, old fellow!" After this effusion of rabbit slang, Bunnie turned a somersault into his burrow and left Jean Baptiste thunderstruck. He has since told us confidentially that he felt so mean and small that he crawled into the hole after the rabbit but could not catch the little sneak as he had escaped through the door of his back kitchen.

Mr. Bruin was, at length, brought down from his perch, stuffed and now stands guard at the portals of Lebel's castle.

Teedle up and down! Shoo Fly! Don't bother I! And exceeding great was the fall of Babylon.

*Prof.*—Mr. Abbot. What is a matron?

*Mr. Abbot.*—A matron is a somewhat elderly, old gent.

Custom decrees that there be two

ball matches every holiday afternoon. The juvenile manager recently posted the following notice on the J. A. A. bulletin board:—"The second game of baseball will take place at 4.30 on Wednesday afternoon. There will be no first game."

Mike Davis's latest couplet runs as follows:—

"Lachance, with rubber boots, mud up to  
the knees;  
Is seen pulling a wheelbarrow among the  
trees."

Mike, the actor, has been seriously indisposed during the last few days. Whilst out for a constitutional, we met the unique Mike, armed with kodak new, clothed in star-spangled bloomers fastened with ribbons flashing as they flew. We sickened at the sight.

Pontiac used the following original argument to prove that Daly was a Chinaman. The patronymic Daly was derived by one of his euphony-loving ancestors from Day-li which is evidently the noble. Chinese cognomen, Li-Day.

Everyone should give Bert's recipe for lean people a fair trial. He refers our readers to Lapointe, Chabot and Guy, whose dimpled chins and full-blown cheeks speak more eloquently than words on behalf of this wonderful medicine. Visit our office and see their photos: "Before" and "After." We took a snap-shot of Bert which we shall reproduce in our next.

The following held first places in their classes during the month of March:

I Grade (A) I. P. Benoit, II. O. Vallée, III. R. Lapointe.

I Grade (B) I. D. O'Brien, II. H. St Jacques, III. E. Benoit.

II Grade. I. C. Lafontaine, II. G. Campbell, III. P. Ducharme.

III. Grade. I. A. Lapointe, II. J. Graham, III. O. Lachance.

IV. Grade. I. E. Belliveau, II. Ed. Foley, III. Jno. Abbott.

Mike of Cyrville and the Count of

Meindelovitch boxed to the air of the "Dead March." The blows were few and far between; our reporter fell asleep between two drives and our account of the spat went up in *pi*.

Sharkey Slattery got in a few of his terrible under cuts on Guy, who managed to return them with *compound* interest. When Sharkey received the congratulations of his friends, he made but one reply: "Wait till you see my brother." People whom we all know, would have ground their teeth in mortal rage, had they seen their pet gag proved a miserable fraud when the invincible Bert bowled out Sharkey's brother John in three rounds.

Mike Davis and C. Francis Davie are going to publish a composite novel, entitled: "The Battle of the Giants." We give a brief synopsis. Tea — Funny boy — Pepper — Salt — Mustard — Boots — Fists — Race — Caught — Hit — Table — A Friend in need, is a friend indeed." For further information consult either of the authors.

The following challenge was received at our office, two days ago. "The King" challenges the Junior Editor to fight to a finish." Friend J. B. rub down your ruffled feathers and preserve your war paint until May, 1st.; we publish a novel in our April department to cover your funeral expenses.

Mike O'Leary and Jos. Morin inaugurated the series and donned the fatted gloves. We cannot say who came out best at the wrong end. Both were badly frightened and evidently believed that the tongue is mightier than the hand.

The two Mikes had a real genuine scrap. The referee declared it a draw in Mike's favor. Dear reader, you have paid your money, take your choice of your Michael victor.

The two operatic stars from the corridor will appear in a musical farce entitled "A Pack of Cards," under the management of Sig. Alveo Binto.

## OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Sunday evening the 4th inst., witnessed the close of one of the most successful seasons in the history of the Senior English Debating Society. In accordance with the time honoured custom of the society, the members arranged an entertainment for the occasion, to which all the students were cordially invited. The programme was an excellent one, and its execution was a highly creditable exhibition of the talents of those who took part. After a few introductory remarks from the President, Mr. J. J. Quilty, the concert was opened by a recitation by T. D'Arcy McGee. Mr. E. Bolger then followed with a song, which drew forth the well-merited applause of the audience and he was not permitted to retire until he had responded to a most determined *encore*. Mr. F. Lappe then favoured the house with a clarinet solo, which was highly appreciated. The next item on the programme was a recitation by Mr. T. Morin "The Sailor Boy," a piece both well selected and ably delivered. This was followed by a chorus from "William Tell" by the Glee Club and solo "Thy Footsteps Light" (Rossini) by Rev. Father Rouzeau, which elicited most favourable comments, and hearty applause. After a recitation from Mr. J. McGlade, Mr. M. O'Connell sang "Picture Eighty Four" and won the good graces of the audience. The next feature of the programme was something of a novelty, but none the less pleasing on this account. This was the interpretation of the song "Nearer my God to Thee" in the sign language of the deaf and dumb by Mr. R. A. O'Meara. "The Dutchman's Serenade" a comic recitation by Mr. M. Foley next claimed the attention of the audience, and was most favourably received. A song from Mr. T. Ryan, made an excellent impression on the students and was given great applause. The recitation "Kelly's Dream" by Mr. J. Green was most enthusiastically received. Mr. G. Bertrand then followed with a song "The Wayward

Boy," which took the house by storm, and the performer was encored so continually that his repertoire was nearly exhausted. After a recitation by Mr. R. Trainor, the concert was brought to a close by an excellent chorus by the Glee Club from Gounod's "Faust".

A vote of thanks was tendered to the Rev. Director Father Murphy for his able assistance to the society during the season just ended. In reply Father Murphy modestly attributed the success attained to the energetic committee the members had placed in charge of affairs. The society he said was already well organized and in a flourishing condition when he assumed the directorship, but he believed that another step in the road of progress and perfection had been made this year. In conclusion he thanked the students for their co-operation in the work of the society and for the splendid programme of the evening, and expressed his good wishes for the future success and welfare of this college association. Rev. Father Lambert deserves the special thanks of the society for his valuable assistance, as do the members of the Glee Club.

The closing exercises of the French Debating Society took place on the 11th inst., in the Academic Hall. The following programme was presented:—

Chorus—"La Fête Andalouse," (*Papin*), the students; Reading—"La Mule du Pape," (*Alph. Daudet*), J. R. Lafond; Piccolo Solo—R. St. Aubin; Recitation—"Le Chien et le Chat," (*Florian*), Godfroy Lebel; Trio—"La St. Hubert," (*Laurent de Rillé*), Rev. Fathers Rouzeau, Lajeunesse and Lambert; Recitation—"La Conscience," (*Victor Hugo*), E. Richard; Chorus—"Les Vendeageurs," (*Bor-dèsc*), the students; Speech—"Conservation de la langue française chez le peuple Canadien," R. Angers; Cornet duet—Rev. Father Rouzeau and Mr. Thomas Dionne; Reading—"Le Curé de Cucugnan," (*A Daudet*), L. Payment; Chorus—"Les Maîtres Ferblantiers," (*Gilbert*), The students.

The choruses, masterpieces in them-

selves, were, under the direction of Rev. Father Lambert, a pronounced success, and called forth rounds of applause. The readings showed careful preparation, and were rendered in a most natural and pleasing manner. The recitations were quite up to the mark; Master Richard proving himself equal to the task of rendering the deep sentiment expressed in Hugo's "Conscience," while Master Godfroy Lebel took the house by surprise.

The speech delivered by M. Angers was the event of the evening, as was easily seen by the frequent applause during its delivery. THE OWL is always glad to see this talent developed, and hopes it may continue to grow.

Immediately after the close of the programme, Mr. R. Lafond, in a neat little speech, proposed a vote of thanks to the Rev. Father Dubreuil for the care he had bestowed upon the Society as its Director. He also proposed a like vote to Rev. Father Lambert for the musical entertainment furnished. Mr. R. Angers seconded the motion which was carried with enthusiasm. Rev. Father Dubreuil arose, and in a short speech thanked the members of the society for their kindness to him, and expressed his sorrow that the season had closed, as it had always been a source of pleasure to him to preside at the meetings during the year. Thus was concluded what is pronounced to have been the best closing entertainment ever given by the French Debating Society.

### ULULATUS.

Play ball!

Prof.—If water should sink when it freezes Jule, what would be the consequence?

Jule.—Why all the fish would be frozen, and consequently there would be no lent.

Jimmy looked so sweet with his little bunch of daisies (in parts) on his coat.

Billy is making better time since he has Todd as his running mate.

After the "*mute appeal*" at the recent entertainment, O'Connell protested, "That is nothing uncommon, I've often signed notes myself."

On the morning of the examination *Lup* looked up from a page of ratios, square-root, etc., and announced "The chances are 5 out of 3 that I shall be called in Higher Algebra."

Our precocious logician from the Fourth Grade speaks of the "*Divina Comedia*" as being "too exquisitely beyond."

### SIR HUDIBRAS SPUD.

He was in boxing a great critic  
Clever, hard-hitting, scientific.  
He backed Fitz with great vim,  
To get the better of Gentleman Jim.  
True his prophecy was proved,  
And their bets his opponents rued.  
So far, so good matters athletic  
But now for things a bit dogmatic.  
'Gainst doctors learned and men erudite  
He would make a gallant, plucky fight.  
And prove he could not be wrong  
To all the large, admiring throng.  
And well of him may we be proud  
We can recognize him in a crowd  
To be the only spud  
Of true and blue and noble blood.

The latest out from the corridor.  
(at 5.30 a.m.) A. T-b-a.

A Greek comedy by the Fourth  
Form will be the attraction next week.

"Bean soup and its origin" by A.  
M-c-ie.

Jack.—Why is a A-s-a-ts moustache  
like the jokes in *The Owl*?

Sandy. Don't know.

Jack.—They are both re(a)d.