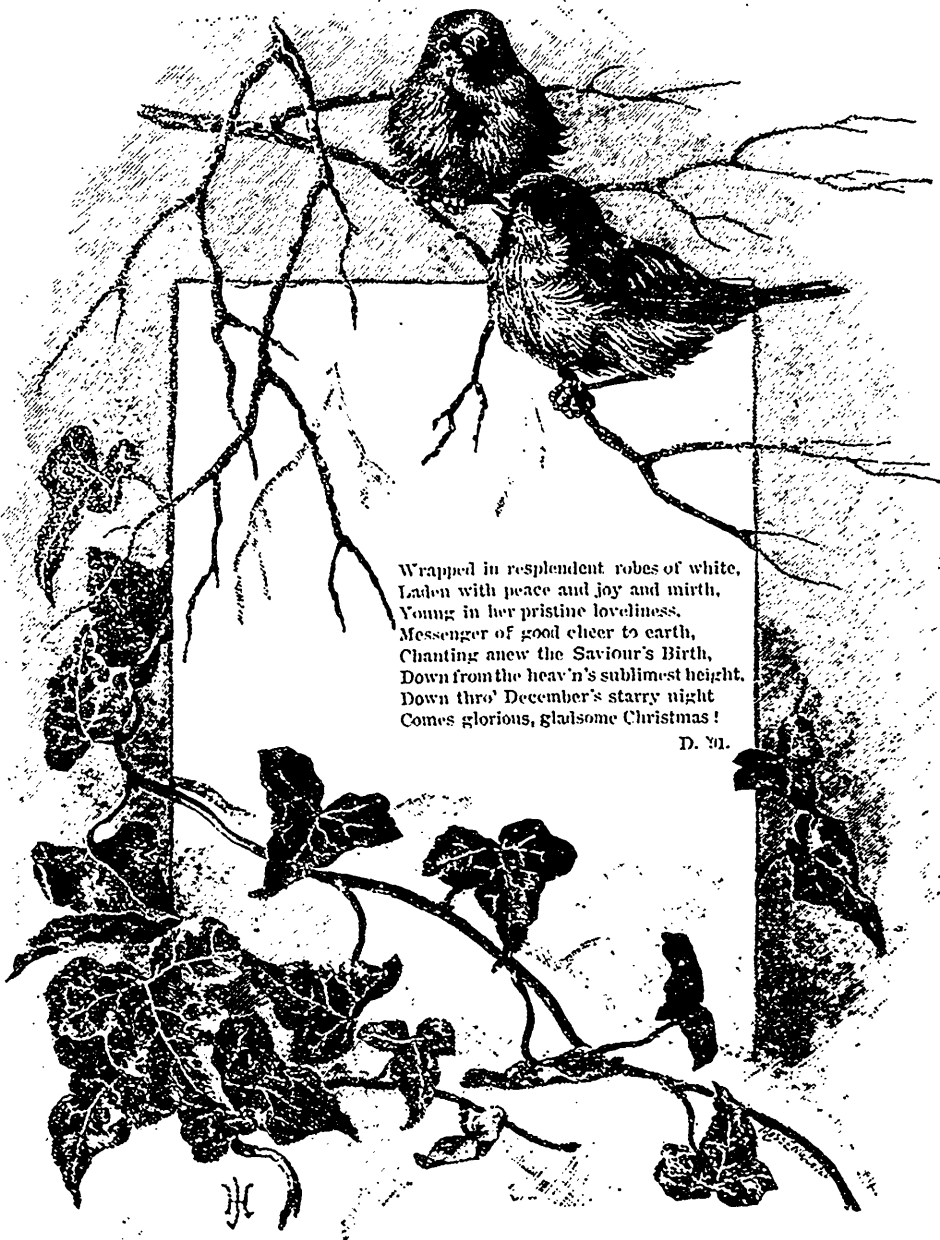


THE OWL.

Vol. V.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, CHRISTMAS, 1891.

No. 5



Wrapped in resplendent robes of white,
Laden with peace and joy and mirth,
Young in her pristine loveliness,
Messenger of good cheer to earth,
Chanting anew the Saviour's Birth,
Down from the heav'n's sublimest height,
Down thro' December's starry night
Comes glorious, glalsome Christmas!

D. 91.

THE POWER OF RIGHT THINKING AND RIGHT CONDUCT.

Stare super vias antiquas.



O come before an Academic audience without an academic address in one's pocket is never wise, since an audience of that kind is nothing if not critical. Therefore when I was invited to prepare a paper for the Christmas number of the University organ, it was natural I should cast about for a subject which would justify me in asking a reader's notice. Now, in a world which resounds day and night with heated debate, and rancorous contention, with earnest appeals from every sort of pulpit and platform, from the thunder of the quarterlies to the penny-whistles of the press, from the steps of the Vatican and the sanctum of Henry George, there can be no great difficulty in finding a subject in which men trained to think seriously upon serious subjects as well as merrily upon merry subjects, shall be reasonably interested. And on this very question of right thinking, and the right conduct which is the necessary and natural result, in general, of right thinking, it is proposed here to say some few words. It may be that they will not be academic words, for, although I have been in Arcady, it is long ago, and I but dimly remember the way to the land and have forgotten the tongues of the people.

As a good letter of introduction is of great value to one who goes into a strange society, so let me recommend myself thus early by a quotation from Cardinal Newman who may be always trusted to have said the best thing on the greatest questions. "I say," he writes "that one main portion of intellectual education, of the labours of both school and university, is, to remove the original dimness of the mind's eye; to strengthen and perfect its vision; to enable it to look out into the world, right forward, steadily and truly; to give the mind clearness, accuracy, precision; to enable it to use words aright, to understand what it says, to conceive justly what it thinks about, to abstract, compare, analyse, divide, define, and rea-

son correctly." To communicate this quality to the mind is the business of a university. To acquire this quality of mind is the business of every man who proposes to himself a career in which the right use of his intellect for the guidance or the governing of men, in any direction, will be necessary.

How best shall we set about obtaining this quality of mind? One way, at least, has long been in my mind the best way, and that is by setting up in all directions a steady Standard of Authority, and by maintaining always a constant loyalty to that standard.

To proceed regularly, let us see how desperate the need is for some such standard.

In religion, we see the need every day. I shall not dwell upon this subject because I am not inclined to pose as that pestilent nuisance, an amateur theologian. But this much may be said, that outside of the Catholic Church the absence of a standard of authority leaves the so-called religious world in a state of hopeless confusion. The Lord Chancellor of England is correctly said to have "dismissed Hell with costs"—*i.e.* that a man may deny its existence, yet remain a preacher and even become a Bishop. A prominent clergyman publicly questions the doctrine of Eternal punishment, but his brethren support him, by a majority, and so the question was—defeated at the polls. A new American Bishop is popularly described as having "strong leanings towards Christianity." Christianity is, in fact, among large masses of men outside the Church, on the defensive; and the mental attitude of many "educated" people is much like that of the Englishman at Rome, who paused before the statue of Jupiter, and said: "Sir, if you ever get your head above water again, I hope you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity."

Next to religion, Politics affects most deeply the fortunes of mankind. Indeed nations have lost the Faith, but have never parted with their political tendencies and traditions. Yet in politics what confusion,

what uncertainty! Every nation in the world has suffered from the absence of authority in public affairs. In the case of International Law for instance, there was once a source of authority in the Popes. International Law had then a moral sanction; the Roman Law was enforced by the Roman Pontiff. When that sanction was departed from and repudiated, International Law became the uncertain and unscientific thing it is, an affair of treaties, agreements, conventions, with no moral weight and no binding force, save as weight and force may be given to it by the sound of cannon and the tramp of armed men. In the region of the relation of subjects to rulers, the absence of authority had been deplorable. The Revolution of 1688 struck a deadly blow at the allegiance of subjects to a Legitimate Sovereign. The Revolution of 1776 was the logical consequence, and it dealt a deadly blow not only at allegiance as a matter between sovereigns and subjects, but as between colonies and the crown. The Revolution of 1789 bettered the instruction of the others and struck alike at loyalty, at faith, and at civilization. Since that time not a Throne in Europe has been steady save one. That one is the Throne of England; and it is steadied by the old-time traditions of Catholic England and by the religious authority yet exercised by the Establishment which succeeded the Church.

Next to Politics, we may place Literature as the greatest force in moulding the opinions and guiding the conduct of men. Here we may point out that the departure from authority has been steady and disastrous. Where in the Literature of England shall be found the stately prose of Milton, the pathetic and dignified prose of Clarendon, when English was written for scholars as Latin was before the *renaissance*? In a less degree of dignity and splendour we have the old style in Burke; in a still less degree in Macaulay; and only Newman among the moderns gave the old force and vigour to the English tongue. The classics were too hard for the multitude, so they were supplied with the English of the newspaper articles—by George Augustus Sala. In France the standard apart from the classics, was once the standard of Racine and Moliere. The younger generations were not satisfied with this authority. The classics of France were tedious, there

must be a change; so there followed the Romantic school with its gradations of change and demoralization from Victor Hugo to Théophile Gautier and—Emile Zola! The descent of Avernus was easy.

Now, in Religion, in Politics and in Literature, the need for authority being so great, the difficulty of setting it up and of maintaining it, is not insuperable. If we could keep well before our minds the fact that the history of new departures in these subjects has been a history of disturbance and disaster, we would in the first place give a reluctant ear to sudden and large demands on our credulity. This phase of mental stability being reached, people would more easily and calmly look back and ask what have the saints or the sages, the doctors and great law-givers said on these questions. And the exponents of authority being thus invoked, authority would arise of itself “to give the mind clearness, accuracy, precision; to enable it to use words aright, to understand what it says, to conceive justly what it thinks about.” It may be laid down with some degree of precision:

1st. That every departure from Religious authority has caused confusion, division, doubt, and despair;

2nd. That every violent departure from Political authority has caused weakness in the state, loss of freedom to the race, loss of prosperity, peace and happiness to the individual; and

3rd. That every departure from Literary authority—that is, every abandonment of form and spirit made sacred by ancient usage and accepted tradition—has been a departure in the direction of feebleness, vulgarity, sensationalism and immorality.

So much—or rather so little—in regard to the need for cultivating the power of right thinking. Now, let us set forth in brief some views regarding the need for cultivating the power of right conduct. Here too, I must be allowed to ask the endorsement of another of the greatest minds of this age—a mind strangely like Newman’s in many ways but, alas! not enough like it—I mean Matthew Arnold. In one of his essays he says: “A fine culture is the complement of a high reason and it is in the conjunction of both with character, with energy, that the ideal for men and nations is to be placed. It is common to hear remarks on the frequent divorce between culture and char-

acter and to infer from this that culture is a mere varnish and that character only deserves any serious attention. No error can be more fatal. Culture without character is, no doubt, something frivolous, vain, and weak; but character without culture is on the other hand something raw, blind and dangerous." Now, on this continent we are in the presence of a double danger. The "practical" people, who have great weight at the polls, are discontented with "culture" and are willing to abandon it. On the other hand the Academic world is engaged in rapidly eliminating from culture its religious element. Both dangers threaten character; and conduct is the immediate product of character. Here arises the need for authority in conduct.

Is it any more difficult to set up a standard of conduct, for the cultivation of what Arnold calls "the power of social life and manners," than it is to set up that standard in religion, in politics, in literature? In the greatest number of the acts of daily life, the standard of Religion is the standard of Conduct too. In those which remain, the standard is after all the standard set up by Society. "The best

people" is a phrase which is often sneered at by democratic youths who think petulance is freedom. But "the best people" in every land are the people who as a matter of fact are the best educated, have travelled the most intelligently; have read the best books; have had the best chances in life; have mixed with the people of most distinction everywhere; have caught a polish from a hundred societies; have established traditions that may safely be followed in most things, from the mode of receiving instruction to the mode of tying a shoe string. "All things being equal," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "give me the man with the family pictures." And in another place he says that it is not easy for a man who says "haow" to arrive at distinction. Whenever a young fellow thinks it would be fine and manly to fly in the face of the usages of society—quoting Carlyle and calling them "shams!"—he may take it for granted he is wrong; and he may be assured he will suffer, for outraged authority takes a pitiless revenge alike on nations and on men.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.



CHRISTMAS EVE.

ANNO DOMINI, 24TH DECEMBER.—IN JUDÆA.



ARK, cold is the night, as the winter clouds flying,
 Across the blue dome of the Orient sweep ;
 Chill, chill are the sheep on the mountain-side lying,
 Bright, twinkling the stars from the firmament
 peep.

Deserted the flocks o'er the hill-tops are straying,
 To Bethlehem's town have the shepherds
 returned,

They kneel at a manger, and lowly are praying,
 With a flame of devotion their spirits are burned.

Pale, white fall the moon-beams on streamlet and
 mountains,

Grim, ghastly the walls of the cities appear ;
 No sound wakes the echoes by Elim's * dark fountains,
 The elements hush as though breathless in fear.
 Dark torrent of Cedron, now rushing and roaring,
 Seems check'd by the hand of some spirit from high,
 Now silent its waves through the valley are pouring ;
 Hush ! hark ! what grand chorus descends from the sky !

A light flashes out from the dark-clouded heaven,—
 It gleams on the hill-tops, it shines o'er the vale ;
 As though the last trumpet's last peal had been given,
 The echoes start up on the wings of the gale !
 Mount Olivet's heights with a radiance are beaming,
 Rough Golgotha's ** summit in splendour is bright,
 The Valley of Giants—Jehosopha's gleaming,
 Jerusalem's temple is flooded with light.

The echoes Judæan are rising and singing
 The notes that descend from the still winter sky !
 Hark ! hark ! o'er the mountains and valleys is ringing,
 "Glory ! all glory to God the Most High !"
 The Seraphim hosts from the heavens are singing,
 "Glory ! all glory to God the Most High !"
 The echoes are catching, repeating and ringing,
 "Glory ! all glory to God the Most High !

* The twelve fountains where the Israelites drank in the Desert of Sin.

** Hebrew for Calvary.

DECEMBER 24TH-25TH, ANNO DOMINI, 1891.—IN MONTREAL.

Dark, solemn the flood of St. Lawrence is sweeping,
 Through the forests of ages primeval and grand ;
 Dim, pale in the sky are the winter lights peeping,
 Cold, chill is the mantle that covers the land.
 Grand, lofty Mount Royal is touching the heaven,
 Calm, silent the city is stretched at its feet,
 Not a sound can be heard on the breezes of even',
 Dark, sombre the mountain—deserted the street !

Hark ! hark ! a soft sound on the night air is breaking ;
 Lo, light in the distance with brilliancy gleams ;
 The city is stirring—the world is awaking—
 Strange, ghostly the scene, “ as the painting of dreams.”
 Peal, peal, the great bell in yon tower is vibrating,
 Mark, mark how the faithful are wending along !
 In the temple afar a Redeemer is waiting,
 And Bethlehem's angel repeateth his song !

As we enter, the organ right loudly is pealing,
 The acolytes move and the choristers sing ;
 Sweet, solemn the notes 'round the altar are stealing,
 The smoke-wreathing censers the thurifers swing !
 In his white robes of splendour the pontiff is praying,
 Bright jewels the mitre and vestments adorn,
 And grand are the masses the pontiff is saying,
 The mass of the midnight—the mass of the morn !

In thousands the faithful are kneeling around him,
 And thousands the eyes that are dim in their tears ;
 They sought for a child—in a manger they found him ;
 Like an Infant of Mercy, sweet Jesus appears !
 In the vault of the temple the angel-harps ringing,
 “ Glory ! all glory to God the Most High ! ”
 The organ is pealing, the choristers singing,
 “ Glory ! all glory to God the Most High ! ”

JOSEPH K. FORAN, '77.

THE STUDENT PRINCE.



ONE on whom the Muses smiled has made a poetic appeal* for the giving of a due measure of honor to the memory of the noble old Monk who succoured Columbus in the days of his adversity, and gave him priestly benediction and the Bread of Life ere he setsail in the Santa Maria from the harbour of Palos on his voyage to discover a world. We are prone to forget the humbler ones who have aided mighty men to do great deeds. Statues are erected and pœans are sung to Columbus; but what is done in memory of the Franciscan Friar who refreshed him when he stood hungry at the gates of the Convent of La Rabida, who comforted him, when he was cast down, with that sweetest of all consolations to great thinkers—intelligent interest and sympathy, who mounted his mule at midnight and journeyed to Santa Fé to plead with Isabella of Castile for the man whose project the great Junto summoned by Fernando de Talavara had declared vain and impossible? When we sing the praises of Columbus, let us link with his name that of Juan Perez de Marchena, and think of the vigils he kept and the beads he told in his cell in La Rabida while he waited the return of his friend with news of the world he was seeking. The Dominican Diego de Deza, and Luis de St. Angel, whose eloquent plea lit the fire of enthusiasm in the heart of Isabella, should, with Juan Perez, be always grouped by our memory about the heroic figure of Columbus.

But it is not of these, though the theme is inviting, that I set out to write. There is another to whom honor in full measure should be given, who, though he saw not Columbus, went before him as a precursor preparing the way—Prince Henry of Portugal.

Henry was the son of John the First of Portugal, surnamed the Avenger, and Philippa of Lancaster, sister of Henry the Fourth of England. He accompanied his father on his expedition into Africa against

the Moors, and, while in what is still to us the dark continent, he conceived the idea that important discoveries might be made by sailing along the coast of Africa, and a direct route found for the immense trade with the east which was then monopolized by the Italians. The channel by which the wares of the east reached Europe in those days was a most difficult one, and caused the trade to flow entirely to Italy. After coming through the Red Sea, the goods were loaded on mules and conveyed to the Nile and thence to the Mediterranean.

It is very amusing to read of the beliefs that were then prevalent as to the untravelled seas. The waters beyond Cape Brojador were believed to be perpetually boiling, and the torrid zone was supposed to separate the hemispheres with a belt made impassably hot by the sun's perpendicular rays. Immense birds that could carry away ships in their bills with the ease of a sea-gull sailing off with a mackerel, and mighty monsters that could swallow the largest caravels as gracefully as big fish take in the little ones, were believed by the unlearned to keep watch and guard over the unsailed ocean. But in those days as in the present the unlettered had not a monopoly of ignorance. Maps were filled with absurdities. Ptolemy was regarded as the great cosmographic authority; and the theory of Hipparchus, that Africa continued on to the south pole and united with Asia beyond the Ganges, had come to be generally accepted. And as for antipodes, Lactantius was supposed to have settled them in the bit of writing which now seems so ridiculous, in which he asks if "there are any so foolish as to believe....that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy . . . people walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down . . . where trees grow with their branches downward . . . and it rains, hails and snows upward."

The idea which he conceived while in Africa so took possession of the mind of Henry that he resolved to sacrifice the chivalrous ambitions natural to one of his rank and time, and to devote himself to

* "Juan Perez," by Charles J. O'Malley, in the New York *Catholic Review* of November 28th, 1891.

its realization. With marvellous penetration he foresaw that the most effectual way in which he could labor for the end in view was by giving himself up to the work of dispelling the erroneous notions which dominated the minds of the learned and the ignorant and barred the road to progress. He founded a college and observatory at Sagres, and there gathered about him men skilled in all the sciences appertaining to navigation. The wisdom which is born of the deliberations of the wise was here brought forth, and spread thence over all the country, driving forth, like exorcised spirits, distorted views and opinions. While peacefully pursuing the paths of knowledge Henry munificently encouraged those who went on voyages of discovery, and he obtained from the Pope a bull conferring on Portugal sovereignty over all lands discovered by Portuguese mariners, granting a plenary indulgence to all who might meet their death in the expeditions, and threatening with the terrors of the church all who interfered with them. The results of Prince Henry's work were soon evident. The tropics were penetrated, and the Azores were made known to Europe. He died in November 1473, some years before his great design was realized in the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope; but he lived long enough to clear the way for that achievement, to make it impossible for reasonable men longer to cling to the views of Hipparchus, and to rid the sea of most of the enormous terrors with which fancy had filled it.

Like all great work, Henry's labors blessed other countries in blessing his own. The light from Sagres fell upon Palos. At what other port in Spain than that historic harbor on the Andalusian coast would a ship have been volunteered for the venture of Columbus? At Palos lived Spain's most daring and enlightened

mariners—enlightened by the knowledge which was shed from the school of Prince Henry, and made hardy by frequent voyages to the far away islands that the Portuguese, led by the lamp he had lighted, had discovered off the African coast. If there had been no school at Sagres, would there have been well-informed and enterprising Pinsons at Palos? There would, indeed, have been a kind old monk ready to give food and shelter to the stranger who knocked at the convent gate and begged a little bread and water; but would there have been a prior at La Rabida so learned in the nautical sciences as to have faith in the wondrous dream of that stranger? And could Juan Perez, if Prince Henry had not forsaken the court and the camp for books and for study, have called about him in the common room of that convent a council destined to outshine that which met to try the same issue in famed Salamanca? If such an impetus had not been given by Henry's labors to Portuguese discovery that the voyages of his countrymen excited the wonder and the envy of the world, would Luis de St. Angel have been able to plead so forcibly and eloquently with Isabella? If there had been no Prince Henry, Isabella might never have exclaimed in a moment of glorious enthusiasm, "I will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds," and Columbus might have passed uninterrupted over the bridge of Pinos and spent his remaining days in seeking in other lands what he had solicited for eighteen years in Spain—aid to rescue a world from oblivion.

Let us give to the Prince, too, his due measure of honor; and mark that what he achieved "was effected, not by arms, but by arts—not by the stratagems of a cabinet, but by the wisdom of a college."

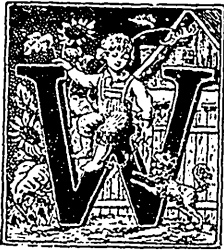
J. A. J. MCKENNA.





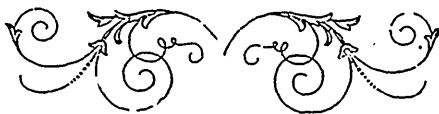
MARY MAGDELEN.

(SONNET.)



HERE rests the Nazarene, the Teacher wise,
 Who hath in mortal form a look divine ;
 In whose mild gaze love, hope and mercy shine,
 And wounding tears for sinners in His eyes ?”
 Thus wildly asks with great heart-bursting sighs
 One fallen from the maidens' noble line ;
 And some deride her as one drunk with wine ;
 And some with silent scorn her tears despise.
 But He, the Man-God, sitting at the feast,
 Showed to her soul of life the gain and loss ;
 She sank a loathsome sinner at his feet ;
 But loving much, from much she was released,
 And in the end, aneath the saving Cross,
 The spotless Mary and the cleansed one meet.

—† C. O'BRIEN, Abp. of Halifax.



WHAT'S IN A NAME.

(From the French.)

WEALTHY foreigner, Sutherland by name, had been naturalized in Russia and resided in St. Petersburg, where he was banker to the court. He was quite a favorite with Empress Catherine. One morning he is told that

his house is surrounded by the Imperial guards, and that the captain wishes to speak to him.

The officer whose name was Reliew, is introduced and presents himself with consternation depicted on his face.

"Mr. Sutherland," he said in a solemn tone "it is with a feeling of deepest sorrow that I find myself entrusted by my gracious Sovereign with the execution of an order concerning you, the severity whereof fills me with amazement and horror, and I am at a loss to imagine by what fault or crime you have to such a degree aroused Her Majesty's ire."

"I! sir" answered the banker. "Surely, I am just as much at a loss as you are, and my surprise is still greater than your own. But, tell me, what may the order be?"

"Sir" replies the officer "to tell the truth I have scarcely the courage to make it known to you."

"What! have I lost the confidence of the Empress?"

"If that were all, you wouldn't see me so down-cast. Confidence can be regained, a situation restored."

"Well! is there a question of sending me back to England?"

"That would indeed be a misfortune, but a wealthy man like yourself can live happy anywhere."

"Good heavens!" cries Sutherland in a tremor "am I to be exiled to Siberia?"

"Alas! one may return even from Siberia."

"To be put in prison?"

"If that were all, one may be released from prison."

"What can you mean? Am I to be knouted?"

"That is indeed an awful punishment; still it doesn't kill."

"What then!" said the banker sobbing, "am I in danger of losing my life? "Is it possible that the Empress, hitherto so kind to me, who but the day before yesterday addressed me in terms of familiar friendship would now . . . I cannot believe it. For heaven's sake! go on. Death itself would be less cruel than this intolerable suspense."

"Well, my dear sir," the officer said at last in a sorrowful voice, "Her Gracious Majesty has ordered me to disembowel and stuff you."

"Stuff me!" cried Sutherland, gazing in fixed horror upon his interlocutor; sure, you have lost your senses, or the Empress has gone mad; you at least can't have received such an order without expostulating with her on its barbarity and extravagance."

"Alas! my poor friend, I did do that which I never dared before; I did show my surprise, my horror; I even went so far as to humbly remonstrate with her, but my august sovereign rebuked me in angry mood, commanded me to go and at once execute the order she had given, and added these words which still ring in my ears: 'Go, and do not forget that your duty is to discharge the commissions which it is my pleasure to entrust you with.'"

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment, the anger, the fear, the despair of the poor banker. When his outburst of sorrow had somewhat subsided, the captain told him he would give him a quarter of an hour to settle his affairs.

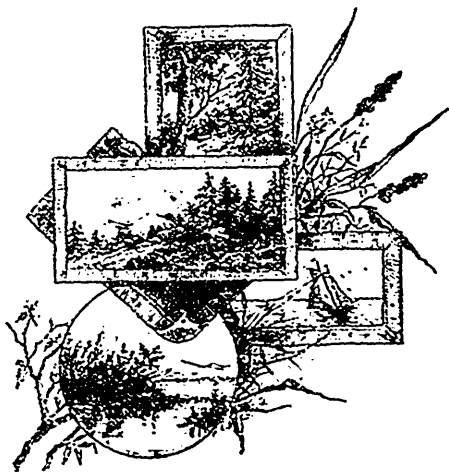
Thereupon, Sutherland begins to beseech and conjure him—but long were his prayers vain—to allow him to send a note to the Empress, imploring her pity. The captain, conquered by his supplications, yields with fear and trembling to his request, takes the note, and not daring to go to the palace himself, runs with all speed to the house of the Count of Bruce. This nobleman thinks the captain has gone mad, tells him to accom-

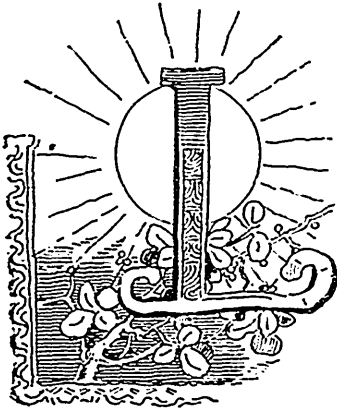
pany him, and wait at the palace, whilst he will seek the Empress. Introduced into the latter's presence, he relates what has just occurred.

Catherine on hearing this strange tale, exclaims: "Heavens! what a horrible thing! I really believe Reliew has lost his head. Run, Count, go and tell that madman to put an end to my poor banker's terrors and set him at liberty."

The Count does as he is bid, and on his return, finds the Empress laughing heartily.

"I see now," she said, "the cause of a scene as amusing as it is extravagant. I have had for some years a pretty dog to which I was fondly attached, and which I had called *Sutherland*, as that was the name of the Englishman who gave it to me. This dog has just died, and I ordered Reliew to stuff it, and as he hesitated I grew angry at him, thinking that through false pride, he believed a mission of that nature beneath his dignity. Such is the explanation of the ridiculous occurrence."



THE PIANO.

OW brooding cadences that dream and cry,
 Life's stress and passion echoing straight and clear ;
 Wild flights of notes that clamour and beat high
 Into the storm and battle, or drop shere ;
 Strange majesties of sound beyond all words
 Ringing on clouds and thunderous heights sublime,
 Sad detonance of golden tones and chords
 That tremble with the secret of all time ;

Oh wrap me round ; for one exulting hour
 Possess my soul, and I indeed shall know
 The fulness of existence, the desire, the power,
 The tragic sweep, the Apollonian glow ;
 All life shall stream before me ; I shall see,
 With eyes unblanched, Time and Eternity.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.



CARDINAL MANNING: AN ESTIMATE.



MORE than half a century has now elapsed since that revolution in religious thought, known as the Tractarian movement, passed over England. The Establishment then lost, together with many of minor note, two of its noblest sons—Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning. The former, led gently onward by that *Kindly Light* which he so well invoked in immortal verse, has, at length, gone to his rest. But the latter still remains; and though he, too, may be drawing near to that "Great White Throne," in which terms he is wont to refer to the realms of bliss with all the confidence of a child, yet his influence, far from decreasing, is greater than it was in the days of his vigorous manhood.

Rossetti, in his lines on Wellington's funeral has said: "Wellington, thy great work has but begun," and well may we say the same of Cardinal Manning, now grown old in the service of Church and country. Let us, then, cast a glance at the life of this Prince of the Church, whose voice has been heard throughout the civilized world; at this priest who loves as much to labor in the slums of London as among the nobles in their princely palaces; at this man whose sympathy is not confined to his own countrymen, but whose magnanimous soul goes out to all suffering humanity. Let us see what are the characteristics that make him, a priest of Rome, wield such a mighty influence.

First of all, then, his influence is, in a great part, due to the fact that he is a cosmopolitan. No words of mine can better show this than his own, when in one of his sermons preached in Rome, chiding himself for having even entertained the thought of being a stranger there, he thus speaks: "But why do I say a stranger, for in Christ Jesus there is neither *Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free.*" When Judaism passed away, nationalism became a heresy within the kingdom of God. It is the mark of heresy to be national and local, as it is of the one universal kingdom to know of no distinction of nations. They are absorbed in the

unity of the true kingdom. Where all are brethren, none are strangers." Acting on this principle of love for all mankind, his strong helping hand is ever extended to the weak and needy, his able voice is ever heard in defence of the oppressed, wherever they may be, whether in his island home which he loves so well, or in foreign lands where suffering humanity may appeal to his sympathy. Witness his action with regard to the persecuted Jews. When all England's greatest men, lay and clerical, hesitated, fearing, perhaps, lest they should be too tolerant; thinking, perhaps, that the Jews had no right to enjoy that toleration which is England's greatest boast, the noble Cardinal, prompted not by any admiration for Judaism, but rather by his love for humanity, placed on record words of sympathy for this unhappy people. Thus was Protestant England, and even all Protestant Europe, taught a lesson of toleration by this dignitary of a church which they had been wont to consider the personification of intolerance. It is unnecessary here to speak of the hearty and substantial support he offered to Cardinal Lavigerie in the latter's efforts to crush the slave trade in the East; his words of praise for the French Cardinal who took up this great cause are only another proof of his broad mind and his sympathy for universal man.

Cardinal Manning, then, does not belong to that class of Englishmen who are so wholly wrapped up in their own country that they can see no good in any other. Much less does he belong to that class of his countrymen who, however good Catholics they may be, are, to say the least of them, very ungrateful. I mean that class of the *London Tablet* stripe, that class of decidedly anti-Irish tendencies, that class whose members have failed to support the Irish people in their struggle for liberty, though they, themselves, owe to Irishmen the freedom they now enjoy. Happily, however, this class embraces only a few of the English Catholics; the great bulk of them are broad-minded and generous, possessing that uprightness and love of truth and justice which their great apostle, St. Augustine, was wont to praise in them, and which has always been the charac-

teristic mark of their race, and to this latter class belongs the English Cardinal. Thus he is in accord with the noblest of his countrymen, or, to use his own words, "with the great living, breathing, beating, and noble heart of the English, the Anglo-Saxon people." Hence is derived his powerful influence, which has penetrated every class of English social life. And since this influence is, to a great extent, due to his sermons, his abilities as a preacher and lecturer must receive our first consideration.

In delivery he may be surpassed by some, but in composition and reasoning he is equalled by none. As has been said, his work in this line is confined to no particular class; he preaches for the clergy, for the nobles, for the people; he boldly meets the Protestant or the atheist in his attacks upon the Church, crushing the former by his extensive knowledge of history, and the latter, by his overwhelming logic. We have all seen with what force he met the attacks of Mr. Gladstone on the Vatican. It is in his disputations of this kind that the extent of his knowledge and the clearness of his ideas are illustrated. Without quibbling or evasion, but with that firmness and decision which is the characteristic of one thoroughly master of his subject, he refers his opponents to his authorities in the original—sometimes quoting from the Greek, sometimes from the Latin; for he is apparently familiar with every work of importance in either of these languages. St. Augustine seems to be his great favorite, and next to him come St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Chrysostom; even Aristotle is not unfrequently made to do service. Then, again, he passes from these to the great writers of later times, and treats his readers to the views of St. Thomas of Aquin, of Suarez, and of others, especially English theological writers. And when to this brilliant array of authorities, he adds the weight of his own argument, all the more pleasing and powerful as every paragraph breathes forth the burning faith of the writer, the reader is forced to admit with him, that the Reformation is simply the forerunner of rationalism, and that its last days are but the transition period between Protestantism and atheism.

But even more crushing are his replies to the rationalists. These he meets on

their own ground, and cavil as they will, they cannot escape the flood of cold logic which he pours fourth on their unwilling ears as he proceeds to prove, first, that it is a violation of reason not to believe in the existence of God; secondly, that it is a violation of our moral sense not to believe that God has made himself known to man; thirdly, that the revelation He has given is Christianity; and fourthly, that Christianity is Catholicism. Clearly and carefully he states his principles, leaving no assailable point, and now by illustration, now by argument, he leads the unbeliever on until at length, as he says himself, "To deny is not to reason, but to violate reason."

It is not, however, when dealing with Protestants and rationalists that the Cardinal is most to be admired. It is when he addresses his own people, when he can give free scope to his earnest piety and child like faith, that we love him most. No discourses can be more instructive and delightful than those addressed to his own flock. His language on these occasions is simple, his advice practical and above all, free from bigotry. No longer confined within the narrow limits allotted to him by Protestants and materialists, he speaks his thoughts without reserve. His deep and fervent faith, his extensive knowledge of history, his thorough acquaintance with the subjects of the day, may be easily traced in his sermons. No meaningless ejaculations or hackneyed phrases find expression here, but he plainly states his meaning in the simplest Anglo-Saxon; and the lucid truth conveyed in this simple garb, strikes the heart with a force which nothing can resist, and leaves there an impression which nothing can efface.

The modesty of his introduction would lead us to expect little; for, like all great men, the Cardinal is noted for his humility; yet, he does not doubt of his own ability, nor does he hesitate to speak his opinions. So clearly is the scope of his discourse laid down that on listening to it, the first thought that forces itself on the hearer, is that the words are the product of a ripe scholar, of a methodical thinker, and above all, of one who has found peace in practising what he preaches. The dullest is forced to comprehend him, while the coldest and most disinterested cannot fail to give his attention. We have all noticed with what interest we

read a few lines from some philosopher or poet in which is set forth some original idea, or perhaps, some golden maxim, clothed in a new dress. The simpler the idea, the more do we prize it; the older the maxim, the greater our admiration for it in its new form; but what seems somewhat strange, we are almost sure to wonder why no one has ever thought of this new idea or of this new dress before. Both seem so simple that we are almost persuaded we could have written them ourselves. Thus it is with the sermons of Cardinal Manning. When once he has thoroughly started upon his subject, his remarks seem to follow so naturally that a casual listener would pronounce him to be an ordinary preacher, but a deeper observer will readily see that this simplicity of expression is due to clear ideas and a thorough mastery of English. With him the oldest subjects are seen in a new light, in his hands the oft-quoted texts of Scripture have a new import. He has a peculiar way of adapting his sermons to his audience, and this is, to a great extent, the secret of his success as a preacher among all classes. He understands that evils which are frequently met with among the common people, are not to be found among the upper classes, and that on the contrary, those in higher stations of life experience temptations to which the masses are never subjected; and understanding this, he preaches accordingly.

It must not be thought, however, that, like many English preachers, his discourse is wholly argumentative; indeed, for drawing a beautiful picture or comparison he has few equals, as the following somewhat lengthy extract from a sermon preached on the feast of St. Patrick, in the Church of St. Isidore, Rome, will shew. While dwelling on Ireland's ancient glory and the piety of her sons, he thus addresses his audience: "When I read of your history in those times deep in the past; when the image of your fair Island rises before me, rock-bound and lashed by the mighty waters of the west, green with living verdure, with its blue mountains, its fruitful plains, and exhaustless rivers, I seem to see some old picture, such as is hung over the altars in our sanctuaries, in which the skill of the painter is even less than the sanctity of his idea. It is such as we often see, when in the background there is a gentle land-

scape, bounded by dark and tranquil mountains, shaded by tall and spreading trees, in the midst a calm water and clear bright air; here is a company of saints musing on Holy Writ, and there a multitude of upturned faces drinking in the words of an evangelist; on one side, a crowd by a river's bank, receiving the sacrament of regeneration; on the other, the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar is lifted up before the Eternal Father; beyond is a mystic ladder reaching up to Heaven, on which angels are ascending and descending and communing with saints in vision; and in the foreground, rising over all, is Jesus on His Throne, and on His right hand, Mary crowned with light."

Passages equal in grandeur to the above are not at all unfrequent both in the sermons and writings of the Cardinal. His discourses on feast days and on other important occasions, abound with them.

But there is one other important feature frequently prominent in his discourses which is worthy of notice, and that is his great love and admiration for his countrymen, though differing from them on religion. In a sermon entitled, "Relations of England to Christianity," he thus feelingly alludes to them: "I trust I shall find pardon if I manifest too great a love for the people of my own race, my brethren according to the flesh. * * * * They were robbed of their faith, and separated from the Church of God by conquest; and their children have been born into the ruin of their inheritance by no conscious, much less by any perverse election of their will." And again he says; "There is no more beautiful vision in the natural order than the woodlands, and cornlands, and the downs, and the hamlets, and the villages of England, with their simple poor, and the homes and the works of men, and surely the Lord of the Prophet who had pity upon Niniveh for the sake of its poor and its innocent and its oxen, will have pity upon them." Truly, with him, love of God and country go hand in hand, and those who accuse him of dividing his allegiance between Rome and England have surely never read his sermons.

Nor does his love for his countrymen consist in empty words. Especially to the laboring classes is he a friend indeed. Thoroughly understanding their wants

from long experience and from a deep study of the labor question, and having at the same time, a sound knowledge of political affairs, he does not fear to enter the lists against unprincipled capitalists who, to fill their own coffers, do not hesitate to crush the toiling millions who comprise the life-blood of middle class England. And when once he speaks, his words are not those of the theorizing, popularity-seeking Establishment man, but of one who is thoroughly master of the situation, of one who studies a question before pronouncing judgment upon it. Thus his advice does not fall on unheeding ears, but statesmen and capitalists alike are not ashamed to profit by his words; and no one will deny that through his influence many burdens have been removed from the shoulders of the English laborers. Truly, the heart of the great English Cardinal is with the people, and this he takes every opportunity of showing. Though a monarchist, he is too far-seeing not to understand that the tendency of the age is towards democracy. He believes that the dawning twentieth century will witness popular government in many lands, or, in his own words, that it will be the "people's century."

The words which Montalembert so well applies to the nation are, in this case, equally applicable to the individual, for surely the Cardinal is at the same time "the most progressive and the most conservative" of men. Thus typical of his race, the English people are proud to refer to him. Far from despising him because he has forsaken the Establishment, they rather admire his action; for what an Englishman desires, is that a man act on his convictions, and this they believe Cardinal Manning to have done. Hence the great success with which his labours have been attended. It would seem that God had designedly raised him up for the conversion of his countrymen. And a mighty task it was—a task which certainly would have discouraged a less zealous worker. But so well has he accomplished it that to-day Catholics are an important portion of the English people; their doctrines have penetrated every degree and class of society, and judging from the signs of the times, the English people are beginning to discover that these doctrines alone can offer an effective resistance to rationalism.

A few short years will show that "all that is Christian in England is Catholic and all that is not Catholic is Infidel." There is no half way. Protestantism cannot long form a resting place for a nation of thinkers as are the English. As the Cardinal himself says, they must either "go backward into the darkness or forward into the great light;" and to lead them forward has been the great object of his life.

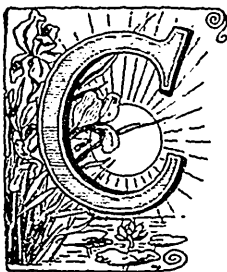
But though so busily engaged in practical work for mankind, he has found time to write several books of a purely devotional nature, thus proving that the busiest life may be a life of prayer. Perhaps the work most expressive of his own interior life is that entitled the "Glories of the Sacred Heart," a subject which we should scarcely expect to find so thoroughly treated by one who mingles to such an extent with the outside world. But, leaving behind him as it were, all consideration of the atheism and heresy which desolate the land, and forgetting for the time the false doctrines that are agitating the souls of men, he enters into that interior light which is visible only to those whom God has enriched with the gift of prayer and meditation. What success has attended his effort, only those who have read the above work or some other of the devotional writings of the author can fully conceive.

Space does not permit to touch on his many other works of a religious character. Nor is it necessary to speak of all he has done in behalf of education, of charity, and particularly of temperance. Every London paper informs us of some new work, in one of these causes, either commenced or sanctioned by him. But enough has been said to shew the extensive and varied nature of the tasks accomplished by him during the thirty-five years of his labor; enough has been said to shew that he is one of the noblest children of the Church, one of England's wisest sons, and, we may say, one of the really-great men of the present century. For, if the mark of a great man is a "pure and upright life spent in behalf of the spiritual and temporal happiness of his fellow-men," I know not where a better example can be found than the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

HUGH J. CANNING, '93.

BETTER THAN PLATO.

By Very Revd. Æn. McD. Dawson, LL.D., &c., &c.



PLATO, thou didst well in the dark ages gone,
 Plato to consult; yet not he alone
 The mystery could solve, the way of Heaven;
 Nor yet to other man on earth 'twas given
 The future to unveil. O, to be nought!
 Away, away the dread repulsive thought!
 But whence this dread, this horror of the mind,
 The direful heritage of all mankind?

Or whence this burning thirst that none deny,
 The thirst for glorious immortality?
 Let Plato give reply, though doubting sore,
 'Tis Heaven itself inspires the cheering lore;
 A happiest hereafter plain declares;
 And yet nought certain in his word appears.
 Right well the great Sage reasoned in his day;
 But proof he gave not none could e'er gainsay.
 O sure, said he, the Author of our life
 Had never in our breasts for torturing strife
 The thought implanted that we die not all,
 Or the wish inspired to be immortal.
 'Twas reasoned well; but yet to none 'twas given
 The secret to unfold was sealed in Heaven.

Long, long, men's thoughts with doubts were clouded o'er;
 Sure Truth to find beyond all human power.
 Fast sealed in Heaven the precious secret lay;
 How to unseal no child of man could say.
 A seven-fold seal held bound the book of Heaven,
 An angel spirit cries, to whom is't given
 The seven-sealed mystic volume to unfold?
 From earth, or sea, or sky no answer came,
 None worthy to unlock the sacred flame,—
 The light of hidden knowledge to dispel
 Dark torturing doubt, and as a heavenly spell
 Irradiate the world with Truth's bright sun.
 Then mourned the sons of God, as if undone,
 In darkness lost, to grope their devious way
 'Mid doubt and error till the better day
 Should dawn propitious and the power be given,

In time's full tide to unseal the book of Heaven.
 But who shall worthy be? Weep now no more,
 Jehovah's people. To unlock the store
 Of treasured wisdom comes the Lion strong
 Of Judah's fold; to him all powers belong,
 Won by his blood, in earth and Heaven above
 The seven-fold seal he only can remove,—
 The long sealed book of truth wide open throw,
 Undoubting knowledge o'er the world bestow.

East and west, north and south, all earth along,
 As for a new creation rose the song.
 In Heaven itself the glorious light appears
 On high is heard the music of the spheres;
 High praise to Him, the Victor Lion bold,
 Was worthy found in Judah's chosen fold,
 The close-sealed book to open and reveal
 Whate'er in time concerns man's woe and weal.
 Of justice there was store for deeds ill done;
 Rewards ineffable full dearly won.
 Whilst here on earth, for love of Heaven's great Lord,
 By all obedient to his blessed word,
 For sake of these stern justice held her hand;
 And for the elect in many a land,
 Judgment withheld, till was on forehead signed
 Each Son of God to Heaven's bliss assigned,
 Their lot secured, destroyers had command
 The earth to devastate and blight each land.
 The end is near; star falls on dark'ning star,
 The wide universe with itself at war
 Destruction undergoes; the earth's ablaze,
 It's mortal tenants lost in wild amaze,
 Though justice reign. Fear thou not, child of God,
 Amid the ruins of thine old abode
 The sun grows dark; but thou shalt ever glow
 In beams of light, 'twas never his to know.
 Die wilt thou, 'mid the dark, chaotic strife;
 But, dying live a new, a better life.
 "By him recalled to breath,
 Who captive led captivity
 And took the sting from death."

REALISM VS. IDEALISM IN ART.



STUDENTS of art, and artists themselves, have ever been divided into two rival camps, the watchwords of which are respectively realism and idealism. According as we range ourselves under one or the other banner, we will entertain contradictory estimations of the value of the same piece of artistic execution. The importance of a careful scrutiny of the claims of each principle before giving our adhesion to either is therefore self-evident.

And to a right understanding of the point at issue, it is of prime necessity to have a clear conception of the meaning assigned to the terms realism and idealism in art as distinguished from that conveyed by them in intellectual science. This firmly grasped, we may proceed with safety to determine which theory is the more worthy of support, or, should both prove faulty, we shall have a vantage ground upon which to construct a new edifice which shall embody their excellencies, whilst remaining free from their defects. To the philosopher the term realism signifies that system which declares universal ideas—the essence of knowledge—to have a real existence as such entirely independent of the mind. Plato, the father of this school, conceived these ideas to be substantial forms floating about at random and by chance through some inexplicable means finding their way into the mind. Knowledge, then, according to him is not an adequation of the mind with the object, but with these hypothetical forms. Hence we know nothing of objects in themselves as they really exist; we know merely forms. This then is realism philosophically considered. With its truth or falsity we have nothing to do; to know the philosophical signification of the term is our only object.

Far different is the idea conveyed by the term realism in its artistic acceptance. It then designates that school which maintains the highest art to be that which copies nature most faithfully. True art, therefore, according to it is wholly imitative; the moment it becomes in the least creative it swerves from its mission and

falls below its true standard. Hence, to be consistent, those who adhere to this opinion should consider the photographer the greatest of all artists.

This view of art is low enough in all conscience, but the "realists" of our day are not content with requiring that it should merely photograph nature as she is; they require that only her baser sides should be portrayed, and all that is grand and noble be discarded as having no real existence. Art thus becomes a mere caterer to the low and vile instincts of the profligate. This principle is embodied in the modern French novel. As this spurious art appeals entirely to the lower sensual enjoyments, it has been fitly termed sensualism, and will be so designated here to distinguish it from realism proper, the principles of which will be outlined hereafter.

The term idealism has likewise a different acceptance in art from what it has in philosophy. To the student of intellectual science it is the name of that system which makes all knowledge subjective, declaring that although things may have an objective existence we are wholly incapable of establishing it. It will be at once seen that the idealistic school of philosophy is diametrically opposed to the realistic system of the same science. The one makes the mind everything, and the objective thing nothing, in the acquirement of knowledge; the other discards equally the objective thing as a factor in cognition, but makes its objective forms independent alike of the mind and the object—everything—and the mind a mere passive agent. The form is the seal, the mind the wax, and the impression is the result of fortuitous circumstance. Kant, and with him most German philosophers, is an idealist.

The idealist in art, however, wars for an altogether different principle. The realist, it has been said, would have art a mere copy of nature; the idealist would discard nature almost entirely, and would have the artist fashion for himself an ideal world where all would be perfection, and no breath of evil would exist. If a realist, therefore, was called upon to give an artistic conception of a hero, a Cæsar, for

instance, he would picture him just as that worthy Roman really was and would be as careful to show forth whatever physical or intellectual defects he may have had as to portray his excellencies. The idealist, on the contrary, would conjure an ideal man and would ignore all historical resemblance to the original, when such resemblance would cause the representation to fall short of the standard he has mentally fixed upon as the proper one for his hero.

The question, then, is which of these two is calculated to produce the truer art, or is it not rather a fact that both are extreme and that the golden mean between them will also prove the golden rule for artistic execution.

The object of true art is to please at the same time that it ennobles and refines the nature of the beholder. All will admit that its mission is to please, a few will deny the qualification that it must likewise ennoble, else the confectioner of the French *chef de cuisine* must be numbered amongst the greatest artists. Now, our pleasurable feelings are divided into two classes, the sensual and the rational. The former we have in common with brute creation, and they are evoked by a gratification, direct or indirect, of the senses. The latter are man's exclusive property, in virtue of that noblest of possessions, his reason, and can only be experienced when the requirements of that queen of faculties are complied with. From our definition of the object of art it is evident that it must almost entirely ignore the first class of feelings, since, though they may give a certain pleasure they can have no ennobling effect. Art must please man as man, that is as a being endowed with reason, not as a brute. If we accept this view, and until lately there was none to dispute it, sensualism must be unreservedly condemned, since its main principle is to please by voluptuous pictures of sensual gratification. Until recently sensualism hid its head as much as possible, and whilst having, perhaps, a practical existence, had no defender of its tenets in theory. Now, however, it comes boldly forward and openly maintains that it is the true form of art. And if the assertion is questioned the undeniable popularity of Zola, and writers of a similar stamp, is pointed to as a convincing proof of its truth. Advo-

cates of its theoretical truth are not wanting either, for even Mr. Sainte-Beuve, the foremost literary critic of France in this century has been a champion of its cause. He holds that it is only realism proper and that the life portrayed in the notorious French novel is a true picture of the actual life of the nineteenth century. When things come to this pass, we may well exclaim: "Oh decency! thou hast fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason." Are then men, rational creatures, to be ranked below brute animals? What then becomes of man's nobility? How account for the numberless deeds of heroism and heroic self-sacrifice recorded in history. Has Mr. Sainte Beuve never heard of a St. Vincent de Paul? Does he not know that social out-casts have ever been foremost actors in the bloody scenes of revolutions. If he doubt this statement, let him read the history of that terrible upheaval that swept over his country at the end of the last century. To the honour of the human race it must be said that such so-called works of art as the typical French novel of the day are repudiated by all except that depraved class which is insensible alike to beauty and to shame.

Realism proper, however, has more numerous adherents. That art should imitate, not create, is a favorite principle that must be clearly proven false before many can be brought to reject it. If, however, it be granted that art must please and elevate man, this may be easily done. Were realism to prevail, art would be a mere reproduction of the commonplace, and as such could neither evoke pleasure nor lofty aspirations. The tendency of realism is to reduce all to matter; to ignore almost entirely the spiritual, the nobler element in creation. Whenever this tendency has been given the upper-hand, whenever the idea of God and of a spiritual existence has been rejected, society has begun to disintegrate. History bears out this statement. At the time of the coming of our Saviour, materialism was the prevalent philosophy. Idolatry still existed among the masses, but the enlightened had ceased to believe in the gods. The result was that the social fabric was fast crumbling into pieces, was in fact so rotten that the first rude shock it received when attacked by the barbarians of the North, left it a heap of ruins.

In our own day this philosophy, whose leading principle is the rejection of all that is spiritual and the confinement of knowledge entirely to matter, is again gaining a strong hold upon the world. Hence socialism, communism and a spirit of revolt wax stronger every day, and threaten to engulf our modern civilization. It is only held in check by the belief in the spiritual that still lingers in some minds and by the deep impress the long continuance in this belief has left upon the human race—an impress so deep that even those who have shaken off this faith cannot entirely obliterate it from their minds.

And as art should be the guide of the human race in its onward march to relative perfection it is evident that it cannot adopt as its fundamental principle one which, if adopted in all lines of thought, would lead to the destruction and not to the amelioration of the race.

But the other extreme must be likewise guarded against. Extreme idealism is almost as grave an error as that of spurious realism. If art sets before us types of impossible perfection, instead of warming us to imitation it rather sinks us into despair by indirectly instituting a comparison between our real selves and its creations. A striking example of an artistic failure of this kind is to be found in Addison's *Cato*. The hero is absolutely faultless; such a man as has never lived and will never live on this earth, whilst humanity remains what it is. Perfection here can be but relative; to make it absolute is to pass beyond the limits of human possibility.

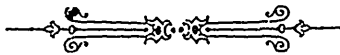
It would seem, then, that the true theory of art is that which stands midway between these two extremes, requiring on the one hand that artistic execution should so far conform to nature as to enlist our

sympathy and to present a perfection within the limits of the attainable, whilst on the other, maintaining that it should be so far idealized as to raise it above the commonplace, and consequently that man may rise to higher things on the stepping-stones of their dead selves. The hero of such art would be a man who would indeed exhibit grand,—nay, even sublime qualities, but he would be human, and consequently not impeccable. Man and nature are under the ban of sin and must consequently be imperfect, even, in their highest types; to make them entirely faultless is to lift them into a sphere whither our sympathies cannot follow.

Shakespeare is now universally recognized as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of artists, and to his moderately idealized sketches of nature does he owe this pre-eminence. His *Brutus*, for instance, is a man such as we would never meet in our travels on this mundane sphere. Yet he is altogether human, and if he speaks too nobly to be a real being, his words express human feelings and sympathies such as pulsate more or less strongly in the heart of each one of us. Shakespeare indeed, sometimes falls into the error of realism—of merely copying nature—but it is only in his inferior plays and his subordinate characters.

It would appear, then, that whilst that false realism, which we have christened sensualism, is to be unreservedly condemned as being altogether foreign to the nature of true art, the extreme of idealism is likewise to be avoided, and that a combination of the good points of realism proper and idealism will furnish the artist with the magic wand by which he will cast a halo of radiance over the otherwise weary path of existence.

D. MURPHY, '92.



TO MELANCHOLY.



NOT in the haunts of men, O Melancholy !
 Thy presence hath been sweet ;
 For there thou art a vanity, a folly,
 Which we would fain secrete,
 'Mid hollow smiles that hide the cares below,
 As sunlight glints above the winter snow,
 Or autumn, tinting earth with colours gay,
 Hides 'neath his artist touch the progress of decay.

But in the old and melancholy woods,
 When shadows flit around
 Like guardian spirits of the solitudes
 And the mysterious sound
 Of distant cataracts, through the gray trunks heard,
 Throbs down the lonely dells with echoes weird,
 I love to wander with thee, and to draw
 From thy calm lips high themes that elevate and awe.

Mirth singeth like the summer grasshopper
 That dies with summertide ;
 But thou, more constant, patiently dost bear
 The winter winds that chide
 The leaves and flowers away inclemently
 From the lean meadow and the shivering tree,
 While the round, ruddy berries of the holly
 Shine 'mid their dark green leaves—thy wreath, O Melancholy !

Is it thine eyes that smile on me at even,
 Through purple twilight air,
 Shining afar in the mysterious heaven
 Like tender thoughts we bear,
 Deep in the silent shadows of the breast,
 Of one whose love our lonely life has blest ?
 Or the faint lustre of the evening star,
 Whose beams like lilies fall on earth from heaven afar ?

FRANK WATERS.

THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE.



“THE French Language,” writes Voltaire in his *Siecle de Louis xiv.* “has become the language of Europe.” Everything has contributed to this result ; the great authors of the age of Louis xiv., those who have succeeded them, the Calvinist preachers who, banished from their native land, bore eloquence and method into foreign countries ; Boyle especially who, writing in Holland, has been read by all ; Rapin de Thoyras who has written in French the single good history of England ; Saint-Evremond, whose society was sought by all London.” This is no exaggerated statement of the importance of the French language more than a century ago. It had supplanted Latin as the medium of diplomatic intercourse among the nations of Europe, and had become the universal tongue of the educated and refined. The age of Louis xiv. had exhibited to the world such a variety of excellence in every department of the fine arts : so many geniuses had rendered it illustrious, that Europe bowed before French superiority and hastened to adopt French manners, to read French literature, and to speak and write the French language. French taste dominated Europe, and this pre-eminence was an involuntary tribute of other nationalities to the superior excellence of French literature, and the greater grace and refinement of French manners. The great authors of this age had created a literature for France, so excellent in form and matter that it became for the time the literature of Europe. This age reflects lustre upon France and modern civilization, but its peculiar glory is that those who honoured their country and their age with the immortal productions of genius were no less an honour to the Christianity they professed, and by whose teachings they were guided in their work and in their lives. Some of the most illustrious names of this most brilliant period of French literature are deservedly ranked amongst the ablest defenders and most devoted sons of the Catholic church. Those who made the French language the language of Europe were, with few exceptions, Christians and Catholics.

But when the French language had by such a just title to the esteem of mankind acquired a prominence such as no living language has ever held, the great superiority it thus possessed for communicating thought became a source of profound evil to mankind. Its literature had been pure in its beginnings and its classic age had left upon it no serious stain. But a new race of authors now arose containing, indeed, few men of genius, but many able and zealous writers who held and enforced doctrines hitherto unknown in France, doctrines subversive of all established systems and beliefs and threatening even society itself with annihilation. These doctrines, so fatal in their tendency, they placed before the world under the specious title of philosophy. The new philosophy was to uproot those antiquated beliefs which humanity had outgrown. Human reason was to be the only guide of man, his religion, his moral law, the God alone worthy of his adoration. Revelation was rejected and consequently religion based upon revelation and depending upon it for its perpetuation, was cast contemptuously aside and denounced as the worst enemy of man. The triumph of reason, the downfall of what they termed ignorance and superstition was the object they desired mankind to attain. Thus a tongue that had hitherto been the great medium of conveying Christian, and especially Catholic thought to the world, was now employed in a determined and deadly assault on Christianity in all its forms, but chiefly on Catholicity, in which Christianity finds its highest expression.

Even during the age of Louis xiv. there might be noted some indications of a change, some remote and faint attacks on established systems and beliefs. These were but the signs of a growing conviction in the minds of many in France that in the constitution of society there was a defect, that government had not been instituted for the pleasure of the few and the torment of the many, that misery and oppression was not the natural lot of the majority, while luxury, ease and domination was the portion of the minority. Moreover, men began to look with uneasiness on a Court whose dealings with the people were marked by tyranny and

within which there reigned a libertinism tainting all that entered its unhallowed precincts. There were, then, in society evils incompatible with the permanence of its institutions, and imperatively demanding reformation. A change was desirable, was in fact inevitable, and it would have been well for France and the world had such a necessary and salutary revolution as would alone establish society on a sure and permanent basis, been undertaken and slowly effected by those best fitted for the task: the king, the nobility and the church.

Men demanded something different in literature from what had satisfied the ages of faith that preceded. Materialism had its votaries, skepticism its disciples in every walk of life. This corrupted state of social thought soon had its exponents in literature. Genius prostituted itself to the worship of the reigning mode of thought and accelerated its onward march and intensified its evils. But from the crowd who, in various ways, assisted in developing the atheistic and so-called philosophic thought of the age, who, under every form of literature, waged war on established political systems, on Christianity, on God, on everything men had hitherto honoured or held sacred, there stand out prominently two men who rivet the attention of posterity as they riveted the attention of their own age by their talents or their audacity. They were the great apostles of the new creed, differing, indeed, in character, in manners, in many of their doctrines but holding, by their superior ability and their zeal, the first rank among their contemporaries, in the long struggle against authority in church and state. These remarkable men, Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau, exerted a paramount influence on their own age and, more than all others combined, were instrumental in producing that wonderful change in the public mind of France which culminated in the bloody drama of the French revolution.

Foremost among his contemporaries in genius and enthusiasm was J. J. Rousseau. His various works bear the unmistakable stamp of that originality which is characteristic of genius, and are evidently the productions of one who was strongly impressed with the truth of what he wrote. This faith in his work and the ability he brought to the task in which he engaged, make his perversion of intellect greatly to

be regretted. Such a man, battling for right, holding fast to what was good (and to be retained) in existing institutions, would have greatly assisted in guiding his age safely through the perils that menaced it. But his heart and brain were alike unfitted for so noble a task. Deeply tainted with the corruption of the age, his talents were mainly devoted to hastening the process of decay. He taught the strange doctrine that society had misled man from his natural state and was responsible for the evils that troubled his existence. Man naturally innocent and consequently happy had, he said, been corrupted by society. He advocated, then, a return to naturalism by loosening the bonds of society. His views on education were equally novel and striking, exhibiting the same radical departure from the commonly accepted ideas as on the question of the origin of evil. He had attributed to society the corruption of man from the state of innocence he enjoyed in his natural condition, but with a strange inconsistency he willed to intrust to society the care of the education of the children. For this most important of duties he considered the parents unfit and would hence delegate to the state the task of educating. In those days there were no state-aided nor state-supported schools, and in order to be consistent with his theory, Rousseau sent his five children to a public orphanage to be cared for and educated. This theory he ably developed and defended in a novel, "Emile," or "On Education," a novel of great power, and which exercised a notable influence on future methods of education. His other works are numerous, and being devoted to explaining and enforcing his peculiar doctrines on social problems, on religion and politics, were one of the most powerful factors in producing the thread of events that led up to the French revolution. The ablest and most dangerous of these was his essay on what he termed the social contract. In this he advances his theory of the origin of government. Authority, he claims, is not from God, but has its source from the free will of man. Men banded together in communities have, by mutual consent, appointed their rulers and have given them authority over the general concerns of the community. This authority comes then not from God, but from man, and its extent and duration is based on the law of

contracts. One party to the contract is the governing body of the state, the other is the people, and the governing body having received certain powers from the consent of the people whom it governs, can possess and exercise those powers only so long as the people continue their assent to the contract to which they have mutually agreed. This doctrine, so repugnant to the existing political institutions of France, gave a great impetus to the increasing liberalism and republicanism of the age and was the parent of many false theories and fatal political errors.

These peculiar opinions Rousseau urged with great force and persuasiveness. He was, indeed, master of a prose style never surpassed for strength and beauty, and to this, combined with earnestness and enthusiasm, he owes the deep and lasting impression he made upon his age and the influence he exerted on the course of events. But though no believer in religion, he never became an atheist. He never denied, he in fact strongly affirmed the existence of God, not alone as a mere entity, but as a guiding and controlling principle in nature. Neither was he a materialist. In man he saw more than matter, and nowhere, perhaps, is he more earnest, more persuasive, nowhere does he display greater depth of conviction, than when he affirms those vital questions, the existence of God and the immortality of the soul.

Great as was Rousseau's influence on his age he cannot be chosen as its type. Rousseau represents, it may be, the thought or rather the sentiment of the age, but Voltaire is its spirit. In him its peculiar characteristics stand out in bold relief. He was the child of his age before he became its teacher and its idol. Licentiousness had eaten into the heart of society, engendering there materialism and atheism. In it there existed a spirit of restlessness, of bitter hostility to the past, of impatience of the present, of trust in the future alone for the realization of its ideals. Anti-monarchical in its tendencies, it was no less anti-Christian. Earnestly desiring a change in church and state it had neither courage nor honesty to march boldly to the attainment of its object. As was the age, so was Voltaire through a long series of years its most fitting representation. His writings were, in their moral aspect, but a reflection of his life,

and both alike exercised a vast influence, deepening and perpetuating the evils he had formed in the germ.

Three facts especially mark the career of Voltaire, and in part account for the power he wielded over his age. These are the extreme care he always had of his personal liberty and safety, the extraordinary volume and variety of excellent literary works he produced, and the audacious disregard he manifested in his writings of all reverence for established systems. If he often exhibited the zeal of an apostle in his self-imposed and mischievous propaganda, he was very far indeed from possessing the spirit of a martyr. Continually publishing venomously libellous attacks on the established form of government and the established religion, audaciously violating the laws of both, holding them up to the ridicule and execration of mankind, every new publication was followed by a denial of its paternity, by lying protests of the author's loyalty and orthodoxy. No artifice was too low or mean, no falsehood too great, no sacrilege too horrible, provided they were necessary to preserve him from the righteous chastisement of the laws he had outraged. As an author he aspired to nothing less than the universal monarchy of letters. There is scarce a field in the whole vast range of literature he has not cultivated and employed for the double purpose of enhancing his own reputation and propagating the doctrines he advocated. The mere mention of the names of his works would exceed the limits of this brief article. He tried everything and succeeded almost equally well in all he tried. He was not a great poet, a great dramatist, a great essayist, nor a great historian, but in each of these departments of literature he aspired to a place beside the great masters, and failed only in obtaining a position in the first rank. He lacked the patience necessary to produce a great work. His books were weapons he hurled at the objects of his hatred, and he wished rather to multiply his implements of war than to spend time in polishing and perfecting a few. The drama was in his hands a powerful masked battery from which he could aim deadly secret blows at his enemies. A Greek or a Roman sceptic could well represent on the stage the real sceptic or materialist of the age and could with safety attack, under half veiled names, the relig-

ion he hated and the government he feared.

As a poet Voltaire was no less true to his malignant purpose of eradicating Christian principles and destroying Christian morals. It may be that when he first projected "la Henriade" his object was to celebrate in heroic verse the virtues and noble deeds of a great king, and the stirring events of a memorable period in the history of his country. But the leader of a school was stronger in him than the poet, and instead of a great poem he produced a work of mediocrity in which Catholicity and even Christianity were assailed under the name of the League. "I do not decide between Geneva and Rome," says Henry IV. but in reality it was not Henry IV., who spoke thus; it was the sceptic poet himself contemptuously rejecting all forms of Christianity. The whole philosophic thought of the age, all the ideas of the Encyclopedia are contained in the germ in "la Henriade." La Pucelle represents another phase of the age, another division of the work Voltaire and his school had to accomplish before attaining their end. They felt that on a moral world their false philosophy would produce no deep or lasting impression, that the mental poison they administered would be administered in vain, unless preceded or accompanied by a moral poison. Men living in the pure atmosphere of Christian morality could not be brought to accept a doctrine that would place the world once more amid the orgies of pagan times. Man must first be robbed of the sole ornaments of his fallen nature, and to accomplish this, what agent surer and more effective than a licentious poem refining vice by adorning it with all the graces of poesy and degrading virtue by associating it with base and amorous motives.

History in this age, and especially in the hands of Voltaire, was another and most powerful means of effecting a change in the opinions of men. The institutions he aimed at overthrowing, the faith he desired to undermine, had their roots struck deep in the past and were consecrated in most minds by long continuance and the remembrance of the great services they had rendered to mankind. Faith in Christ and the religion He founded could not be destroyed without casting the dark shadow of doubt over the noon-day splendor in which history enwraps them.

While the fountains of history remained unpolluted Christianity would drink refreshing draughts from its pure waters. But with the perversion of history, with a distorted or biased relation of facts, mankind would pronounce a perverted and prejudiced judgment on the past and be induced to look with disdain upon its ideals. For this purpose history was written with a crafty concealment of the truth where it was favourable to Christianity, with a skilful parade of facts militating against it and with even a deliberate assertion of falsehood. In his frantic hatred of God and religion and his inordinate zeal to eradicate from men's minds a belief in these highest truths, he cast aside everything that could hinder, or render less effective, the blows he aimed at them. Endowed with a subtle wit and a power of raillery and sarcasm never possessed in an equal degree by any human being, he did not hesitate to employ those fatal gifts in ridiculing religion, its dogmas, its mysteries and its ministers. His motto was that what has once become ridiculous is no longer dangerous, and his almost satanic mockery of everything sacred and profane is a leading feature of his work and one of the sources of the baneful influence he has exerted upon mankind.

The philosophy of the age, as we have said, was sceptical and negative rather than positive in its principles and effects. It deprived man of a vivifying, positive faith, to replace it by a cold negation. Doubt was thrown over the spirituality, the liberty, the immortality of the soul and even the existence of God. In taking from man his belief in religion it gave him no adequate guide for his conduct in life, no consolation in death, and no hope beyond the grave. It preached tolerance of opinions and advocated human liberty but was in reality the most intolerant of systems and a direct cause of the most ruthless of tyrannies. This philosophy was not digested into a system, but was developed in various philosophical treatises and pervades the whole literature of the age. Its chief exponents were Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert and Condillac. They are generally known as the "Encyclopedists," not alone because they were contributors to the famous Encyclopedia planned by Diderot, but more especially because the Encyclopedia was at bottom but a subtle means of inculcating

the atheistic philosophy, the main tenets of which were held in common by its authors. The Encyclopedists produced an indelible impression on their own age, and the question naturally arises: what have they bequeathed to posterity? How much of the spirit that pervades their work and was thus infused into the public mind of their time has produced its effect in action, or yet lives in the advanced thought of our day? They planned a revolution in France, and France has, since their day, been infested with revolutions

and revolutionists. They plotted the destruction of the Church of Christ, and there came a time in France when her temples were desecrated, her altars demolished and the blood of her priests ruthlessly shed. The Church, the Catholic Church, indeed survives and, divine in her origin and mission, will survive the rudest shocks of her human assailants; but much of that spirit in the society of our day antagonistic to her teachings, must be attributed to the influence of the Encyclopedists.

P. J. CULLEN, '93.



MATE-HOOD.

My mind and my heart are not mates ;
 At times they are far, far apart :
 My mind will not share my heart's hates,
 My heart will rebuke my mind's art :
 But the love that my heart cultivates
 Grows a twin in my mind and my heart.

EDWIN R. CHAMPLIN, in *The Boston Pilot*.



MY OLD PROFESSOR.

A COLLEGE RHYME.



TODAY, while strolling down the street,
 I saw my "old" Professor,
 I bowed, and he seemed glad to meet
 His whilom young transgressor.
 We talked about each other's look
 And criticised the weather,
 Then sought his rooms to find a nook
 To spend an hour together.

"Are you the little fair-haired boy
 (Some said your locks were fiery)
 Whose lively antics were my—joy?"
 My old friend makes inquiry.
 "Ah, years work change as on they flow,
 Youth's bloom from cheeks care hurls;
 The jolts of life shake down dull snow
 To tarnish golden curls."

Your hair, I said, is streaked with gray—
 The ashes o'er the ember.
 "Why sure," quoth he, "the glow of May
 Must fade before December."
 Still, a gay smile illumines your face,
 Your eye retains its twinkle
 Which lends, at times, a cheerful grace
 To graven line and wrinkle.

You mention that your life has flown
 Like a calm-bosomed river:
 That for the peace of mind you own
 You hourly thank the Giver.
 And I?—Give me my pristine faith,
 My dower of daily gladness;
 No after prize can compensate
 For years devoid of sadness.

Dear mentor of my College days,
 You have increased in—measure ;
 Your godly girth my eyes amaze !
 He answers full of pleasure :
 “ You cannot think how *roots* from Greece,
 And *particles* of Latin,
 Can make my *corpus* thus increase,
 But on such fare I fatten.”

Through youth we live in Fairyland
 ’Mong music, mirth and pansies,
 Each dawn there breaks so soft and bland
 That days speed like sweet fancies.
 I well remember what you said :
 “ That sheen will soon grow dimmer ”
 And added with a word long dead,
 “ For Time is an old nimmer.”

Long years have sped since hapless Gaul
 We conquered with great Cæsar,
 That raid I now, well pleased recall,
 Then thought a horrid teaser.
 Your march, in truth, was rather brisk ;
 You then were spry and bony.
 “ While *you*,” he laughs, “ ran little risk
 And followed on a *pony*.”*

Achilles’ wrath, fierce Trojan strife,
 Wise Ulysses, the roamer,
 You made the burdens of our life
 And sated us with Homer.
 You through aorists shaped our flight
 With speed that made the heart ache,
 And those who lagged you had recite
 “ Chrysostom on the Earthquake.”

Mehercule ! how harsh at dawn
 The College bell would batter,
 And, when we grumbled with a yawn,
 You bade us bless the clatter !
 “ For it,” you said, “ rung in a day
 Replete with precious meaning
 To such as threw no time away
 But toiled, rare knowledge gleaning.”

* A team of Virginia mules, or an army of dentists, or both combined, would not draw the meaning of that term from me.

THE OWL.

Good faith! I took your sage advice
 For once--the truth I tell you!--
 I learned to think a *belle* quite nice,
 No brighter sight I well knew.
 Your face lights and you laugh, "What stuff!
 Pert, as of old, and saucy!
 I hope *her* tongue was not too rough
 Nor *her* curved lips too brassy."

Above yon square of peopled ground
 Between the shade-trees lying,
 Of speech and cheer the dins resound,
 I see the foot balls flying.
 When I lived here that garnered spot
 Bore beds of verdant lettuce.
 "And still," you cry "our *Campus* lot
 To cabbage culture let is."

The same sly proneness for a joke
 Upon "the boys" revealing!
 Oh hush! I say, those words you spoke
 Belied your better feeling.
 "I love my boys," he answer makes,
 "They are--with this!--my solace."
 A big "pinch" from his box he takes
 And hums a verse from Horace.

The "boys!" where now are those whose life
 Flowed on with mine so cheery,
 When no keen woes cut like a knife
 And no tired breasts felt dreary?
 My "old" Professor bows his head
 Upon his surtout rusty,
 Pathetic fall the words he said,
 I think his eyes grow moisty:

"Some by domestic hearths sit down,
 Their infant hopefuls nursing,
 Some love the fields, some choose the town,
 Some, over seas are coursing,
 Some, guide the sinner's steps aright,
 Some, the opprest are shielding,
 And some, for God and broader light
 Keen swords or pens are wielding.

"Some, in the Courts, with practiced tongue
 To Justice are appealing,
 Some are by ruthless ruin wrung,
 Some, human ills are healing,
 Some guard the threatened Helm of State,
 Some, fruitless watch are keeping.
 In divers lands they meet their fate—
 Some, in cold graves are sleeping.

Whate'er their course, I only know
 My blessings near them hover
 As, year by year, I see them go
 Forth from my friendly cover.
 As a poor mother-bird whose nest
 Deserted lies, will flutter
 Wailing her loss, deprived of rest
 My prayers for them I utter."

I touched a chord I should have spared
 For self-reflection only ;
 My friend's deep tenderness is bared,
 He grows downcast and lonely.
 But, soon he hides the threatened tear
 And all sad thought disguises.
 He sweetly says, "They greatly bear
 Whom parting oft surprises."

The moments broaden into hours,
 Still, memory overhauling
 We paint past scenes, while evening lowers,
 Till "part" the bell starts calling.
 "Your ancient foe retains his *vice!*"
 Exclaims my friend, advancing.
 We sundered are within a trice,
 Our souls still backward glancing.

M. W. CASEY.

REMINISCENCES OF THE POET BURNS.

By Very Rev. Æ. McD. Dawson, LL.D., &c.



WHEN the writer went to Edinburgh, he found that the ploughman Bard was as often the subject of conversation there as at Dumfries; and no wonder; for his arrival in that city was the event of the time. This is to say a great deal considering the reputation of the Scottish metropolis; but not more than history warrants. It was the fortune of Burns to appear at once as a successful author among the celebrities of the northern capital. A new era, one would say, had dawned on the illustrious city. Its men of letters and of science inaugurated an age of progress. If there is much to be admired in our laws, constitution and statesmanship, it is only justice to acknowledge that the light that shone and still shines with undiminished brightness, proceeded from the North. There the sublime principle of toleration so fruitful in beneficial results was first recognized. There also arose more sound philosophy and beneficent statesmanship which was destined to permeate and exalt the Empire. Principal Robertson, Judge Dalrymple and other eminent scholars discountenanced the narrow views that had so long dominated society; and Professor Dugald Stewart, from his chair in Edinburgh's University, gave lessons in philosophy and statesmanship which were learned and put in practice by the statesmen of the succeeding epoch. Among these may be mentioned Earl Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lansdowne, Baron MacCaulay and Lord Brougham. Meanwhile, in history, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Tytler of Woodhouselea, and Fraser. Tytler bore the palm. The kindred science of archæology was in general repute and the leading characters of the day formed the Antiquarian Society of Scotland. Famous in literature and philosophy were the poet and philosopher, Beattie; Judge McKenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling;" Dr. Alexander Geddes, honored on account of his literary merit with the title of

LL.D. by the University of Aberdeen; Thomson, author of "The Seasons;" the Rev. John Geddes, who became a Bishop; and the Rev. James Carruthers, who wrote a history of Scotland and a learned volume in defence of Mary Queen of Scotland. The taste for literature appears to have been general among the higher classes of the day, the members of the Caledonian hunt having all subscribed for the second edition of Burns' Poems. Theology and pulpit oratory were held in honor. The Catholic Bishop, Hay, who wrote so much, was listened to with as much delight by Protestants as by Catholics, while the Rev. Drs. Blair, Alison and Robertson gave a new tone to the preaching of the time. Statesmanship as well as literature owes much to such men as Justice Sir John Dalrymple and Mr. Dundas; Lord Buchan, Henry Erskine and Lord Selkirk. Adam Smith did world-wide service by his celebrated work, "*The Wealth of Nations.*"

In the polite society of the time, the illustrious Duchess Jane of Gordon led the fashion.

Such was the world into which the ploughman Bard of Ayrshire was ushered as one of the first men of the age,—an age remarkable for the number of distinguished characters by whom it was adorned. The youthful poet was cordially received; and he acknowledged in the most becoming manner the honours that were heaped upon him. A lady of the fashionable circles writes: "The town is at present agog with the ploughman Poet who receives adulation with native dignity."

Among the distinguished persons who chiefly honoured and befriended Burns were the Earl of Glencairn, Lord Daer (afterwards Earl of Selkirk); the Right Reverend Dr. John Geddes, * one of the

* Bishop John Geddes. By some writers this illustrious Prelate is confounded with the Rev. Alexander Geddes, LL.D., a learned priest of Scotland who spent the last years of his life in London, devoting himself to literary pursuits. He was materially assisted in his labours by a generous Catholic nobleman, Lord Petre, who

Catholic Bishops; Lord Monboddo; and, generally, the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian hunt. The accomplished Bishop Geddes had no hesitation in expressing his high appreciation of the rising author who came in due time to be recognized as the national Poet of Scotland. Genius is the best judge of genius; and we set down the words of no ordinary critic when we record the opinion which Bishop Geddes entertained of the poetical ability of Robert Burns. The Ayrshire Bard had just emerged from his rural privacy when he was a welcome guest in the brilliant circles of the time; and the capital of Scotland was, towards the end of last century, a seat of literary taste and fashionable society. Bishop Geddes, writing to his friend, Mr. Thomson, the agent of the Catholic mission at Rome, thus speaks of the youthful poet who was destined to become so celebrated: "One Burns, an Ayrshire ploughman, has just appeared as a very good poet. One edition of his works has been sold very rapidly; and another by subscription is in the press." This is the edition towards which the members of that distinguished body, "The Caledonian Hunt," subscribed each one guinea (£1. 1. 0.). Repeating the news in another letter to the same friend, the Bishop says: "There is an excellent poet started up in Ayrshire where he has been a ploughman. He has made many admirable poems in old Scotch which are now in the press for the third time. I shall send them to you. His name is Burns. He is only twenty-eight years of age. He is in town just now; and I was at supper with him at Lord Monboddo's, where I conversed with him a good deal and think him a man of uncommon genius. He has yet time, if he lives, to cultivate it." The good Bishop showed, moreover, his

bestowed on him an annual income of £300. This Dr. Geddes was quite a voluminous writer. He was the author among other things of the well-remembered song, "*There was a wee bit wifekie*." The University of Aberdeen conferred on Revd. Alexander Geddes the degree of LL D. in recognition of his distinguished literary merits.

The writer remembers having seen a complete collection of letters which passed between the Bard and the Bishop. He regrets that it cannot now be found, as it shows how much Burns respected the Minister of Religion, and how well acquainted he was with the questions treated by theologians. A letter of Burns to the Bishop is all that can at present be found.

appreciation by taking an active interest in the young Poet. In the subscription list prefixed to the Edinburgh edition of Burns' Poems, published in 1787, are to be found the Scotch colleges and monasteries abroad, beginning with Valladolid, of which Bishop Geddes had been so long Principal. No other than the kindly Bishop could have caused them to be inserted. The Poet was not ungrateful. He addressed a very interesting letter to the Bishop, in which is preserved the memory of this obliging act, as well as of the friendship that had arisen between the Bishop and the Bard. We learn, also, from the same letter that at the time it was written, the Bishop's copy of the Poems was in Burns' possession for the purpose of having inserted some additional poems in the Poet's own hand. It is also stated that Burns looked forward to the pleasure of meeting the Bishop at Edinburgh in the course of the following month. Burns was always deeply grateful for such friendly recognition. His gratitude found expression sometimes in poetical addresses to individuals, as in the case of the Earl of Glencairn and also in that of Lord Daer (afterwards Earl of Selkirk), sometimes in poems expressive of gratitude to them collectively as in the beautiful lines: "Edina, Scotia's darling seat." In these lines the material glories of their city first claim his attention.

"Here wealth still swells the golden tide
As busy trade his labour plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here justice from her native skies
High wields her balance and her rod:
There learning with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode."

Then addressing himself to the citizens, he elegantly says:—

"Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their liberal mind
Above the narrow rural vale,
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail,
And never envy blot their name!"

The theme is now Edina's ancient stronghold.

"There watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran grey in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar;
The ponderous wall and massy bar,
Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled the invader's shock."

Finally ancestral glories claim their meed of praise.

“ Wild beats my heart to trace your steps
Whose ancestors in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruined gap
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore.
E'en I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold following where your fathers led.”

Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson preceded Burns as the lyric poets of Edinburgh and Scotland. In visiting the Canongate Kirkyard in order to drop a tear over the grave of Fergusson, our poet observed that there was no monument or stone over the green sod which covered the remains of Fergusson. He wrote immediately to the managers of the Kirk and Kirkyard asking leave to place a plain memorial stone over the revered ashes of his brother Bard. The request was at once granted, and a stone erected which to this day bears the inscription :

Here lies Robert Fergusson, Poet ;
Born Sept. 5th, 1751 ; Died 16th Oct., 1774.
No sculptured marble here nor pompous lay ;
No storied urn nor animated bust ;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

On the reverse side is read : “ By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone in a burial place, to remain for ever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson.”

Other men of learning and social rank as well as the generous Earl of Glencairn and the accomplished Bishop Geddes, did honour in their time to the Ayrshire Poet. Mr. Josiah Walker, a poet and professor of the Latin language and literature in the University of Glasgow, having met Burns at breakfast with Dr. Blacklock wrote an elaborate and highly eulogistic description of him. “ I was not much struck ” says the Professor, “ with his first appearance as I had previously heard it described. His person, though strong and well knit, and much superior to what might be expected in a ploughman, was still rather coarse in its outline. His stature, from want of setting up, appeared to be only of the middle size, but was rather above it. His motions were firm and decided, and though without any pretensions to grace, were at the same time so free from clownish restraint, as to shew that he had not been always confined

to the society of his profession.” The writer then speaks of the Poet's countenance which was “ manly and intelligent and marked by a thoughtful gravity which shaded at times into sternness. In his large dark eye the most striking index of his genius resided. It was full of mind.”

“ In no part of his manner was there the slightest degree of affectation ; nor could a stranger have suspected from anything in his behaviour or conversation that he had been for some months the favourite of all the fashionable circles of a metropolis. In conversation he was powerful. His conceptions and expressions were of corresponding vigour ; and on all subjects were as remote as possible from commonplace.”

It was the good fortune of our Bard to meet Sir Walter Scott when the future poet and novelist of world-wide fame, was yet in embryo. It was an event in the life of the youthful Scott to have come in contact with the greatest living master of the Scottish lyre. He was powerfully impressed, and he afterwards communicated his impression to his son-in-law and biographer, J. G. Lockhart. His words are as follows : “ Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing which I remember as remarkable in Burns' manner was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow with a child in her arms. These lines were written underneath :—

“ Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain,—
Bent o'er her babe her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears.”

“ Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the idea which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were.” Sir Walter replied that they occur in a half forgotten poem of Langhorne. The future novelist goes on to say that the person of Burns “ was strong and robust, his manner rustic, but not clownish,—a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his linea-

ments. The eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a cast which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, although I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty I do not speak *in malam partem*, when I say I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment."

Five months after his arrival in Edinburgh Burns had the satisfaction to see issued from the press a new edition of his works under the most promising auspices, and with the certainty of success. This is the edition of which Mr. Creech was the publisher.

Now that abundant means were at his command, the Poet resolved to travel through the country which he loved so well and become acquainted with the chief places of interest throughout the land. This tour may possibly be the subject of a separate paper. In the meantime a few lines may be devoted to a consideration of his position in regard to the kirk of which he was a member. It would be no reproach to him to have been its enemy; and that he was so some have concluded from the bitterness with which he denounced certain absurd and anti-Christian tenets which the kirk of Burns' time, following in the wake of Calvin, pertinaciously adhered to. In this more enlightened age we are at a loss to account for the adherence of so many of the kirk's ministers to the Calvinistic doctrine of election and its appalling consequences. That Burns opposed it and with all the enthusiasm of his nature, proves, not that he was irreligious, but that his powerful intellect, notwithstanding the narrow traditions in which he was educated, carried him far beyond the age in which he lived. This example has not been thrown away. The ministers themselves have learned a lesson. The great

minority of them who would have the objectionable tenets expunged from their Confession of Faith which time, in their estimation, has rendered venerable, has almost become a majority, whilst they who dissent from the minority, dissent also from the doctrine which it condemns although they cannot, as yet, see their way to making a material change in the Westminster Confession of Faith, which is nothing less than the corner-stone of the long established kirk. Time, which works wonders, will yet see this wonder accomplished; and the still, small voice of reason, more powerful than satirical denunciations, will have enjoyed a new victory—a victory worthy of this better age.

The religious views of Burns cannot be better expressed than in his own words: "He who is our Author and Preserver, and will one day be our Judge, must be—not for His sake in the way of duty, but from the native impulse of our hearts—the object of our reverential awe and grateful adoration. He is almighty and all bounteous; we are weak and dependent; hence prayer and every other sort of devotion. 'He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life;' consequently it must be in everyone's power to embrace his offer of *everlasting life*, otherwise he could not in justice condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated and governed by purity, truth and charity, though it does not merit Heaven, yet is an absolutely necessary pre-requisite without which Heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and by divine promise such a mind shall never fail of attaining *everlasting life*. Hence the impure, the deceiving and the uncharitable exclude themselves from eternal bliss by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate administration of all this—for wise and good ends known to Himself—into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great personage whose relation to him we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is as a Guide and Saviour, and who except for our own obstinacy and misconduct will bring us all, through various ways and by various means, to bliss at last." (*Apud Prof. Blackie.*)

The prayers which the Poet uttered in the language of poetry which was so familiar to him, on occasion of a severe illness abundantly shew how firmly he believed in the judgment to come, the odiousness

of sin, the efficacy of sincere repentance, the mercy and Grace of God. Addressing reverently the Author of all things, the Poet proceeds :

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong ;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come shor,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, all Good ! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But *Thou art good!* and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

In another and still more beautiful poem, he thus accounts for the fear that came over him in his illness :

For guilt, for guilt ! my terrors are in arms !
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.
Fain would I say, " Forgive my foul offence !"
Fain promise never more to disobey :

But should my Author health again dispense.

Again I might desert fair virtue's way :

Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,

Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan ?

Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation

O Thou, great Governor of all below,

If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,

Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,

Or still the tumult of the raging sea ;

With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,

Those headlong furious passions to confine :

For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,

To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;

O aid me with thy help, Omnipotence divine !

Although Burns bitterly satirised certain ministers of the Kirk and held in abhorrence the narrow Calvinistic doctrines which at the time so many were pleased to hold, he was a warm admirer of the simple piety of the less pretentious people. This is admirably shewn in his beautiful poem,

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

At the close of the week's labours the family gather around the paternal hearth. The frugal meal disposed of, the patriarchal father opens *the big ha' Bible* and reads from the Old Testament,

" How Abram was the friend of God on high,
Or how the Royal Bard did groaning lie

Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire ;

Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry ;

Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire,

Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;

How He who bore in Heaven the second name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay his head !

How his first followers and servants sped

The precepts sage they wrote to many a land."

The poet is, in some measure, like the prophets of old—*vir desideriorum*, a man of great desires and lofty aspirations. With an eye more penetrating than that of ordinary mortals, he reads the signs of his times and beholds in them indications of desirable good things to come. But we must even look to prophetic inspiration in order to find the secret of that fore-knowledge in an age of unheard of trouble and disorder, of the better days that were to come. What ordinary mortal could have imagined that after the great social convulsions that terrified mankind towards the end of last century, there would come, and so soon, a period of unexampled peace. In nature calm succeeds the storm. But in the moral world what appearance was there or what indication, more or less distinct, that hate-begetting war with all its dire accompaniments, would cease, each nation remaining content within its bounds, and only vying with other nations in the effort to make peace prevail. The recognition of man's universal brotherhood is not yet reached. But how much nearer is it not than in the age of Burns. At that time, even, there were some glimpses of the coming sunshine. But out of the dark and dismal chaos who could have hoped to see arise the bright world of to-day? Nevertheless it has come to bless our time. One of its grandest and most glorious features is the care bestowed by the powerful of the earth to extend the blessings of liberty and civilization to the most abandoned of the human family. It is no longer left to the zealous missionary actuated by Christian love to labor for the happiness of his brother man in the darkest lands; the rulers of mankind must share his task,—his labor of love; and the arm of power is made to reach the oppression of his brethren in every clime. Was not this great and really magnificent effort of benevolence and charity the better state of things our poet aimed at—may we say *foretold*—when he said :—

" Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree* and a' that ;
For 'a that and 'a that,
It's coming yet for 'a that,
That man to man the warid o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

* To be decidedly victorious.



THE WINTER SPRITES.



WHEN the evening shadows darkly steal
 Over forest, and hill, and dell;
 And from distant towers comes the hoïy peal
 Of the Angelus' sweet-toned bell;
 When the stars from their beds of purple hie
 To attend the queenly moon

On her mighty journey athwart the sky,
 To the sphere's melodious tune,—
 The fairy bands in a shady wood
 By a glistening sylvan stream,
 Sing their elfin-songs in a joyous mood,
 And dance in the moon's bright beam.
 O'er the glassy face of the ice-clad stream
 They sweep in an airy throng;
 On the waves of the wind they leave behind
 Floats away their vesper song,
 They carol away, and dance, and play
 In the moonbeams' silvery light,
 Till wintry clouds scud across the sky
 Darkening the face of night,
 And shake from their skirts as they're passing by
 A myriad snow-flakes bright.
 Now the fairies shout in the wildest glee,
 For the revelries will begin,—
 See,—they shake their spears, and with lusty cheers
 They welcome the winter in.
 They flit around on their filmy wings,

They gather the crystals bright,
 And seeking the lofty pine tree, clothe
 His sides in a garment white,
 Then whirling round in an eddying path
 On the snow flakes' yielding breasts,
 They chase each other in headlong course,
 While shaking their plumed crests.
 What palaces rise from the crystal ice !
 What castles with moat and keep,
 With turreted tower, and ladies' bower,
 And dungeons a metre deep !
 Their horses prance as with ready lance
 They charge and again retreat ;
 And the draw bridge shakes its fragile flakes
 'Neath the tramp of fairy feet.
 As he hears the shout, and the festive rout,
 The squirrel from his dwelling peeps ;
 The snow-birds wake, as the branches shake ;
 From his covert the sly fox creeps.
 But they see not the elves who amuse themselves
 By these pranks through the winter nights :
 They think 'tis the howl of the northern blast,
 As the lifeless trees it smites.
 They follow the storm in its mad career
 Over city and mount and sea,
 While on pellicled wing, they loudly sing
 Their joyous minstrelsy.
 So whenever we see on stormy nights
 The scurrying snow-flakes fly,
 We may know that frolicsome winter sprites
 Are guiding them dext'rously ;
 The delicate touch we experience
 When the soft flakes brush our face,
 Is the touch of a fairy's flowing plume,
 As he rides his reckless race :
 And the shriek of the wind in the night's bleak air,
 Is the shouting of elfish glee,
 As they carol away the roundelay
 Of their fairy revelry.

AN EVENING CHAT.



CROSBY was walking lately along the street, only raising his head now and then to avoid colliding with the few persons whom he happened to meet. Wrapped up as he was in his immense coat, he seemed to conceal himself from the dim light which evening was speedily despatching. A stiff breeze swept across the road raising small clouds of snow in the faces of the passers-by. The evening was agreeable for all that. For amid the branches heavily laden with soft white snow, a beautiful clear sky was seen. The occasional tinkling of the sleigh-bells fast approaching and then shrouding their merry voices in the distance, disturbed the monotony of the small town.

The lamp-light from a neighbouring corner cast its rays across the street and illumined Crosby's thoughtful features. Undoubtedly he was absorbed by some fixed idea, for he walked along heedless, mercilessly breaking the hard snow which creaked beneath his heavy step. Turning to his left, he entered an odd-looking street thickly bordered by venerable elms. Its unusual width, but especially the peculiar construction of the houses, showed it to be one of the oldest corners of the town. The monotony of a succession of low broad houses, built at a distance from the road, was broken by an elegant brick residence, undoubtedly of more recent date. He emerged from the shadow of this latter building and crossing abruptly to the other side of the street, entered by a small gate the little pathway which led to a low antique stone-house built in the rear of the premises. The weather-beaten grey walls, surmounted by two massive chimneys and surrounded by a broad covered verandah heavily laden with ice and snow, gave to the house an appearance far from disagreeable. The intruder, who was an *habitué*, entered without ringing and placing his rubbers by the side of a coal stove which threw a glow of comfort throughout the apartment, walked up the stairs, knocked at the door of the first room and without waiting for an answer, entered the apartment. "How do you

do, George old fellow," cried a voice behind an immense volume which hid all of its owner but the blue smoking cap, the hands and the knees "I haven't seen you for a long time, where have you been these last three or four days?" The speaker was an old friend of Crosby's; John Field was his name. Although a bright youth, he was the most original and careless sort of a fellow you could meet. He and George Crosby had been at the university together and were now entering seriously into life. John betrayed his eccentricity not only in his dress, but also in his surroundings.

His room was the very picture of himself. Large heaps of papers, old documents, books and all sorts of rubbish, were piled on his table and on the floor. Frames and pictures of every description adorned the walls. Indian tomahawks, knives, long clay-pipes, plastic ornaments, shields, old exploded shot-guns which he said came from the ruins of Pompeii, driving-whips, dog-whips, were hung in graceful profusion and covered the four sides of the apartment. Directly over the huge arm-chair in which he was sitting, was an old bust of Demosthenes. John Field kept this in cynic remembrance of his classic studies, for he had covered the Greek orator's head with a red night-cap. And so persistently did John blow clouds of smoke into his face, that he had already tanned Demosthenes' features disgracefully. "Oh!" exclaimed Crosby, after sitting comfortably. "I've been thinking, thinking the head off my shoulders, and I want you to set it aright again. As I was coming out of the gate Monday morning, I saw a small spaniel dog running ahead of me. As soon as he reached the corner, he looked to the right and then to the left and seemed to hesitate as to which road he should take. Finally he decided to go to the right, and limped off in that direction. This fact I had seen before. But for the first time it occurred to me that if he examined both roads and hesitated as to which he should take, that he might be choosing and if he was choosing I dreaded to draw the conclusion. So, absorbed by this idea, I turned back to my

room and drew from the shelf my philosophical books, all covered with dust and commenced to study and ponder over a lot of things which I had almost forgotten. The first thing I came across was the article on universals. It said that that which is common to many is universal. For instance you are a man, John, and I am one also, and that which is common to us both is a universal. The universal in this case is that which is composed of a body and of a rational soul. This, you must remember better than I." "The term is almost new to me" said Field candidly although the idea is not. But proceed and let us see what you mean." "Well" rejoined Crosby "I knew from this that in order to reason, man has to know universals. For it is the only way in which he can know the nature of two particular things, be able to compare them and choose the better. I also concluded that if the one who had a knowledge of universals was able to choose, the one who was able to choose had a knowledge of universals. My dog had chosen his way; he undoubtedly had a knowledge of universals. Most certainly he could reason." Crosby folded his arms and threw himself back in his chair, in a position expressive of immovable conviction. "You don't mean to say that you found all of that out by yourself," said his companion with a good-natured smile, placing at the same time his blue cap on the table. "Most assuredly I did" replied his much astonished friend. "Well, I wish somebody else had meddled with it, for I must tell you that you're completely wrong" "How that?" asked the incredulous Crosby. "Because, first, you have drawn from a probable, I might say an improbable premise a certain conclusion. Do you not think that the dog's action could be otherwise explained than by at once conceding to him a knowledge of universals. It seems to me that by having two almost simultaneous images of desirable objects before his imagination, he would be led to perform the same action. When the dog turned to the left and made a few paces in that direction, he may have had in his imagination a picture of his own comfortable kennel which lay in that direction; an image easily elicited by the cold weather. But almost immediately after, the pangs of hunger por-

trayed to his imagination a piece of meat, he then abruptly turned to the right and proceeded toward the market, which is on that side of the town, or to some yard where he is accustomed to find food. It seems to me, then, that the association of images will explain this and many other similar acts which dogs perform." "Indeed, your explanation is not a bad one," rejoined Crosby, "but it is not a bit better than mine. There's a thing I can't understand" said he indignantly, "if a man goes to the corner of a street and after hesitating as to which way he is to go, turns in one direction, everybody will say, 'Well, he has chosen his way, therefore he has reason.' Now a poor dog comes along, does the same action, and every one says, 'Oh, he did that through instinct.' I hardly think that's fair. I assure you that if some dogs could speak they would make men wiser than they are."

"If they have anything to say, why don't they say it?" replied Field, blowing at the same time thick clouds of smoke into Demosthenes' face. "Surely, you don't mean to say that you expect a dog to sit on that chair and converse with us?" demanded the amazed Crosby. "Well, perhaps not converse, because that implies the use of articulate sounds. And I don't suppose the dog's tongue could be used for anything for which it was not intended. For if the dog spoke, to say the least, he would not have a very delicate accent. But if dogs are endowed with reason, I don't see why they can't do what other rational beings do, that is, express themselves by means of conventional signs. Of course, if a dog sees a piece of bread in your hand, his instinct of self-preservation will excite him and he will bark and manifest exteriorly his interior craving. An action which in no way supposes reason. What I mean when I say that dogs should express themselves, is that they should by their own industry determine upon signs which could communicate all their ideas to men and to other dogs. Why should they not do so? Men who are by birth deaf and dumb, and who have therefore to contend against greater odds than dogs possessed of the full use of their organs, succeed in conveying their ideas to others. You know, George, it comes to this," said Field, emphasizing every word he uttered by beating the air

with the stock of his big brown pipe, "either dogs have a rational soul and they can express their ideas to men, or they have not and behave as dogs do now-a-days." "If they were taught?" ventured Crosby. "Taught? nonsense! sure, have not trainers tried in every possible way to teach them something. If you tried to teach them an alphabet of signs, they might be able to repeat it in the order in which they learnt it. But if you ever asked them to apply these principles, they would calmly wag their tails and look at you." John Field energetically brushed his hair with his hand and looked as much like one who had been taught the alphabet, as it was possible to look.

"Be serious," said Crosby looking distracted at a half-dozen of jumping-jacks which John Field had tied all along his gabelier, "we must try and make something out of this question. We laugh and jeer at dogs and consider them as mere brutes: who tells us that they don't see us in the same light?" "Why George," exclaimed Field, "did you ever ask yourself how it happens that it is the boy who holds the reins and drives the dog and that it is not the dog who hitches the boy to the sleigh? Oh, no! the order of things cannot be subverted so easily. Each class of beings has its own specific nature, which reveals itself in the actions of the subject. Examine the doings of dogs, George, and you will become fully convinced of that yourself. From the very first days of their existence, without the help of experience or of any training, they perform the actions which they will repeat unvaried throughout life. They become stronger and render their actions more effective, but in no way alter their nature. If you place a young puppy by the fireside, he will be very careful not to burn himself. Put by his side a babe, he will immediately extend his hand to catch one of those beautiful red coals. Whence comes the difference? The first is endowed with instinct, a stable attribute of his nature; the second does not possess instinct, otherwise he would not meddle with the fire. But he has reason, though not the use of it. As the child perfects itself, the channels which convey ideas to his brain will be opened and he will think. His first actions will be very simple and imperfect. But as he grows older, by combining ideas he will be able to attain to

new things. Study will broaden his mind and render him fit to become a lawyer, a doctor, an electrician, in fact anything he likes. On the contrary you never saw dogs perfect themselves. Their instinct of self-preservation will prompt them to go and lay by the hearth. But if all the wood burns down, the dog will never of his own accord be able to take a piece of wood, which lays by the fire-place, and throw it on the embers. Not that there is any material obstacle to his doing it, for he can nicely rip a hat with his teeth and throw the pieces in all directions, but because he can't combine two facts and draw a conclusion on which he will shape his action. That is he can't *reflect*. And you have not to wonder at that, since reflection supposes reason."

George Crosby felt the strength of his companion's remarks, but so deeply impressed had he been by his own thoughts, that he could hardly reconcile himself to Field's views. There still remained grave doubts in his mind. He could not object to what his friend had said, but neither could he very well make that agree with the many wonderful things which dogs did. Field walked to the opposite side of the room and slightly opened the outer window, to let in the cold air. "There's to refresh you; sure, you look as puzzled as a man who is lost in the woods." "I am, John, although I can't find anything wrong with what you say. The truth is that you do not say enough. And I don't think enough can be said by any man on that subject. There are actions of dogs, the explanation of which will ever be veiled in mystery. I know of a small dog whom its mistress has taught to sit on his hind legs and to bark three times whenever he wants food. Now, when he happens to be hungry, in order to get a piece of bread, he will go through this ceremony. It is as clear as daylight, that the dog says 'o himself, 'If I sit up and bark as I am told, I will get food, if I don't, I won't get any; therefore, I'll do what I'm told.'" "That's your explanation of his action, is it?" said Field. "I think you can account for it otherwise. It must have taken a considerable amount of time to teach that dog his manners. In fact the action must have been repeated so often that it became a habit. Once the dog had acquired the habit of doing the action, he did not need to reason, since he did it

mechanically. Neither was there any need of reasoning before he could perform it, since the mistress saved him that trouble. The dog obeyed all her dictates. And she had her own idea while teaching him, namely to accustom him to ask for food. The truth of the fact is that the dog's organs were mere instruments of which she made use in order to realize her idea. As you said, the fact supposed reason; not the dog's, but the mistress' reason." "Well, I must say that I had never thought of that, John," said Crosby, "your explanation is very plausible and I hope it is true. Still, what you said applies only to trained dogs. The example of the spontaneous action of certain dogs, cannot be solved by your reasoning. I've seen a large Newfoundland dog, who at the sight of a drowning person, without hesitating a moment as to the risk he was running, threw himself fearlessly into the water and drag him to the shore." "Very kind of him," remarked Field scratching his head. Crosby looked at his friend with astonishment and said. "It was at the least a noble action and what is more, a reasonable one." "It appears to be so," Field quietly replied, "but I think we are deceived by appearances. When the dog threw himself into the water, it surely never occurred to him that he would be drowned. Otherwise his instinct of self-preservation would have kept him on shore. There is no doubt, however, that your dog was impressed by the presence of danger; for all dogs are. His first impulse prompted him to remove this cause of his uneasiness. And this he did by drawing the person to shore. His imagination pictured to him two images, one representing the person in the water and the second the person on shore. He immediately attempted to realize the second by drawing the victim to the shore. He shrank from a material evil to embrace a material good. I don't see that he needed reason at all in order to perform that action, neither do I believe that he is a hero."

Crosby's eyes seemed to brighten up as if a spark of light had entered them.

"That might be," he murmured, "that might be." "Look here," said his friend interrupting, "I'll give a prescription which you may take whenever you are attacked by cynomania.' First lay down as a principle that it is in the lower animals that instinct is most developed. Then, if you ascend the ladder of created beings you find that they tend more and more to form their actions in the same mould. A spider, for instance, has a definite way of weaving his web. If it is swept away or destroyed, he will reconstruct it exactly on the same plan, showing that in this he follows the dictates of nature, or in other words, is guided by *instinct*. Now, if you ascend from the spider to the more perfect type of creatures, you find that the adherence to instinct diminishes. You then ask yourself in what will it be that instinct gives way to reason? Is it in the dog? If it is in the dog this animal must in some of his actions contradict instinct. This you must decide. For my part I have several times been led to believe that he did and then after mature reflection I was obliged to recognize my error. Remember that many of the actions of dogs, which we think are due to reason, are very often only the effects of the instincts of self-preservation and of the propagation of the species, or again of habit and of association of images." A gleam of satisfaction shone on Crosby's features. As it was late he rose to leave, giving as he did so, his old class-mate a hearty shake-hands.

"Be sure and call for that prescription if you lose it," whispered Field from the top of the stairs, where he was holding a lamp to throw light in the lower apartment.

As Crosby entered the street, soft white flakes were slowly falling to the ground. The moon was already high in the heavens and was shedding its pale light over the small town. The snow crystals were decked with its silvery hue and sparkled like so many diamonds. Absorbed in his thoughts, Crosby bent his steps homewards a happier and a wiser man.

CHARLES GAUDET, '92.

IMMACULATA.



U^N the bosom of the Spirit ! Sanctifier of the good !
 Whose graces ratify the power of the Redeemer's Blood
 In that bosom ever holy—in that bosom ever mild,
 Is inscribed the name of Him who'll claim to be dear Mary's child.
 The Father loves His daughter—purest of the human fold—
 And the Son His mother loveth, *for to her from heaven He came—*
 And the Spirit decks His bride with garb of rarest gold,
 And each, in sweetness loves to list, while we invoke her name!
 In her spotless radiance beaming, Mary is the Morning Star,
 Which shineth o'er the haven where Jehova's treasures are !
 Resplendent in her majesty, with lights upon her brow,
 She is brighter than the day-dawn and is whiter than the snow !
 Her brilliance far outshineth the most lustrous gem of earth,
 And the heavens rang with melody when Mary pure had birth—
 Immaculate ! Immaculate ! Behold the wondrous spell
 Which called the hosts of heavens to unceasing war with hell !
 Immaculate ! Immaculate ! Through the starry worlds ring,
 The talismanic watchword, while the choirs her praises sing !
 Immaculate ! Immaculate ! Hark, to the magic word
 Of Gabriel—" Hail, full of grace, hail, favored of the Lord."
 Immaculate, sing the nation ! Immaculate hymn the Climes !
 Immaculate ! Immaculate ! Peal the Cycles of the Times !
 Oh, Beauty of Creation ! Gorgeous Mistress of the skies !
 Hymn and anthem ever sound thy praise in rhythmic melodies !
 Oh, Marvel of Redemption ! Thou art the pure and spotless fount,
 Where sparkle, in the light of God, the graces of the Mount !
 Wondrous Virgin ! Wondrous Mother ! none who call thee ever fail
 To feel thy presence cheering, in this sinful, tearful vale !
 You behold us, Star of Heaven, on life's ocean tempest-tossed,
 Guide us to the port of refuge, guide us, else our barque is lost.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

[Carefully selected from various sources and compiled specially for THE OWL.]

Somebody has justly remarked that history would be almost a substitute for travel, observation, and experience; would be, in fact, a training school for practical sagacity; if historians from time immemorial had been more careful to accumulate knowledge and record simply, accurately, and without inference, the dealings of man with man, than to generalize upon scanty data, and to interpret, by the dim light of human intelligence, or the dark lantern of local prejudice, the mysterious but impartial dealing of the Creator with the creature, of Providence with the human race. It is impossible to deny the fact, that the teachings of historians would be infinitely more valuable as a source of mental training, had they chosen to a greater extent the part of a judge rather than that of an advocate, the business of a messenger rather than that of an interpreter.

Although the aggregate of blind prejudice has, I think, lessened with the advance of civilization, our schools of modern historians require higher ideals and broader view. The Scio of the century too frequently "gives up to party what was meant for mankind," to use a hackneyed phrase of poor Goldsmith. The writers of the day, as a rule, eschew facts and produce not a history but simply his *story*, or her *story*, of men and events. The most of them might learn a lesson in impartiality from Thucydides, the father of written history. It would be easy to make out a long list of modern and recent writers who habitually distort truth, and justify the famous saying that history has become a vast conspiracy against veracity. We cannot all follow in the footsteps of Thackeray and Tennyson, and it would be well if some were to turn their attentions to a revival of the useful but apparently forgotten art of relating incidents as they occurred, without transmission or discoloration.

The death of the Right Hon. Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, Earl of Lytton, the English Ambassador at Paris, marks the disappearance of a most amiable diplomat and a notable man of letters. Born in 1831, the son of a famous father,

Edward Robert Lytton Bulwer Lytton—for such was the fantastic full title he had to bear—received a liberal education, and began his apprenticeship in the diplomatic service at the age of eighteen, under the supervision of his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, then minister at Washington. In the year when Webster died and Pierce was elected to the Presidency, 1852, the young *attache* was transferred to Florence, and thence in 1854, the Crimean war year, to Paris. Between that time and 1856, when he was sent to the Hague, he produced what promises to be the most enduring of his literary works, including the delightful verses entitled *Aux Italiens*, rightlly termed the finality of *vers de société*, and also his universally admired rhymed metrical novel, *Lucile*. The succeeding years until 1873 saw him successively at St. Petersburg, Vienna, Copenhagen, Athens, Lisbon and Madrid. His impressions of society are to be found in the labored pages of *The Wanderer*.

In 1864, "Owen Meredith" married Edith, daughter of Hon. Edward Villiers and niece of the Earl of Clarendon, and, in 1873, he succeeded his father, the novelist, playwright, dandy, and cabinet officer in the barony of Lytton and the seat of Knebworth. In the following year he was, upon the accession of the Tories to power under Disraeli, sent as Ambassador to Lisbon. It was said of him that he managed to handle in a masterly manner the most difficult question, a statement which his numerous critics were slow to believe. While holding the post at Lisbon he was promoted to the high appointment of Viceroy of India.

The closing years of the Earl of Lytton were spent in the gay French Capital where he identified himself with every Parisian event. He seems to have found the Republic as much to his generally democratic tastes as was the monarchy and Empire of his younger days. It is said to his credit that he was prouder of talking with a member of the French Academy than of being joined by a princess in the Faubourg St. Germain. He is described as a tastefully dressed man with a long beard, turning gray, slow of walk, pale of

face, but with a twinkling eye, which we are assured, was not dulled, notwithstanding that he was a slave to the opium habit. He died while writing a poem in bed, an awful warning to the whole tribe of rhymers.

"Owen Meredith" wielded a ready and gifted pen. His light verse has a charm all its own. *Lucile* will have hosts of admirers for many years to come, and few will have to inquire how much of it was "borrowed" from George Sand. The volume contains at least one character sketch which deserves to live. The touch displayed in other of his works is so delicious that it defies imitation. In dealing with the works of such men as the Earl of Lytton, we find ourselves stopped by one consideration. He performed second-rate literary work and literary work which closely approaches the very best of our times, in such a masterly manner, that I find it difficult to conjecture how he fell short of producing a work, for he was an adept at both forms of composition—either in prose or rhyme, about whose perpetuity there would be no room for question.

Mr. Stead's unique *Review of Reviews* contains more readable matter within its 150 pages than a whole dozen of other periodicals. It prides in the pet-name of "the busy man's magazine," and it certainly is a boon to the person who can devote only a few minutes each day to the occupation of discovering how the world goes round. "This number contains nearly a hundred portraits of men and women who have their part to-day in the world's work and thought," says the title page of the *Review of Reviews* for December. Think of it! one hundred portraits, about double that number of articles, and notes on progress, politics, art, literature and sociology, and "all for the small sum of 20 cents," as the showman would say.

The article on *James Clarence Mangan*, a highly gifted but most unfortunate Irish poet, by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, of Boston, in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, is as fine a biographical essay as ever fell from the hands of woman. This is saying a great deal, but not too much. The paper is so full of hitherto unpublished information relating to its subject that it is quite evident that the writer has made a

careful special study of Mangan, whom she justly styles a genius. A good edition of Mangan's works, we are informed, and have cause to know, does not exist. In the circumstances the pity is that Miss Guiney gives no promise of collating and publishing the scattered writings of the man she so much admires, so as to perpetuate the memory of the Irish Edgar Allen Poe.

The author of *The American Commonwealth* has earned the right to speak with authority about matters appertaining to this continent. Prof. James Bryce was born in 1838, in Belfast, Ireland. After leaving College, he turned his attention to politics and sought a seat in the Imperial House of Commons. Unsuccessful in his efforts more than once, he entered Parliament for the first time, in 1880, as Liberal member for the Lower Hamlets. His previous success as the historian of *The Holy Roman Empire*, fixed upon him the observation of the people. Every one was anxious to find out how the successful writer should bear himself as a speaker. He did not make his mark upon the House during his first few years. He did not speak well, he did not captivate, he did not impress. With enthusiasm the opposition pronounced him a failure. But the climber of Mount Ararat, the historian of the Holy Roman Empire, had resolved he would make his mark on the House of Commons in spite of all opposition in the universe, and he stuck to his purpose with what may be called a beautiful stubbornness. Patience, perseverance, and determination have made him a good speaker, weighty, impressive, strong in argument, uncompromisingly determined. Now no man in the House of Commons is listened to more respectfully than he, no man's opinions are more carefully weighed by opponents, more heartily applauded by allies. Mr. Bryce is a quiet, unassuming little man, with a large beard that has begun to grizzle. Mr. William Black, the novelist, describes a curious "zone" where reside people who have attained to a certain indefinite age. Prof. Bryce must reside in this zone. He is neither a young man nor an old man, and his sole remarkable characteristic is that he carries his head at an uncommon elevation, with the chin tilted slightly upward.

The *Story of the Filibusters*, by Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, published in Fisher-Unwin's well-known Adventure Series contains as strange a bit of history as has yet appeared anywhere. Treating of the adventurous Frenchman, Gaston, and of the still more adventurous and daring Walker, of Nicaragua fame, or, perhaps, ill-fame would be a more exact term, the book is full of life, movement, and extraordinary happenings. The style is well suited to the subject, being sparkling and epigrammatic. The mere mention of such a book should be sufficient to decide those who delight in a lively tale brilliantly related.

On the 17th of this month, John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet of New England, will have completed his eighty-fourth year of life. Holding his place as a distinguished man of letters with Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson and Lowell, he is the only remaining representative of that famous quintette. Mr. Whittier has been made the victim of much superficial adverse criticism. It is so easy to criticise! But the fact remains that Mr. Whittier's fame is assured, because he has produced works which will live. His limitations are numerous and most obvious. On the other hand, no one could read such poems as his charming *Marguerite* and *My Creed* without acknowledging him to be a broad-minded man, nor his robust and vigorous *Voices of Freedom* without being aware that their author is a friend of the poor, the oppressed and the down-trodden. It is useless to say that his arrows were pointed against the South and not, *per se*, against Slavery. Has he ever written a harsh word of the South since slavery was abolished? Has he not always used his unrivalled powers to condemn oppression in every clime and government? In Whittier, it has been well said, New England's outer life finds a pictorial expression as simple and as chaste in dress as the sober drabs and grays of his own denomination. It is unnecessary to deny that many of his verses are repugnant to Catholic tastes, but Longfellow in his

prose works and in the *Spanish Student*, and Lowell throughout, have been much more offensive.

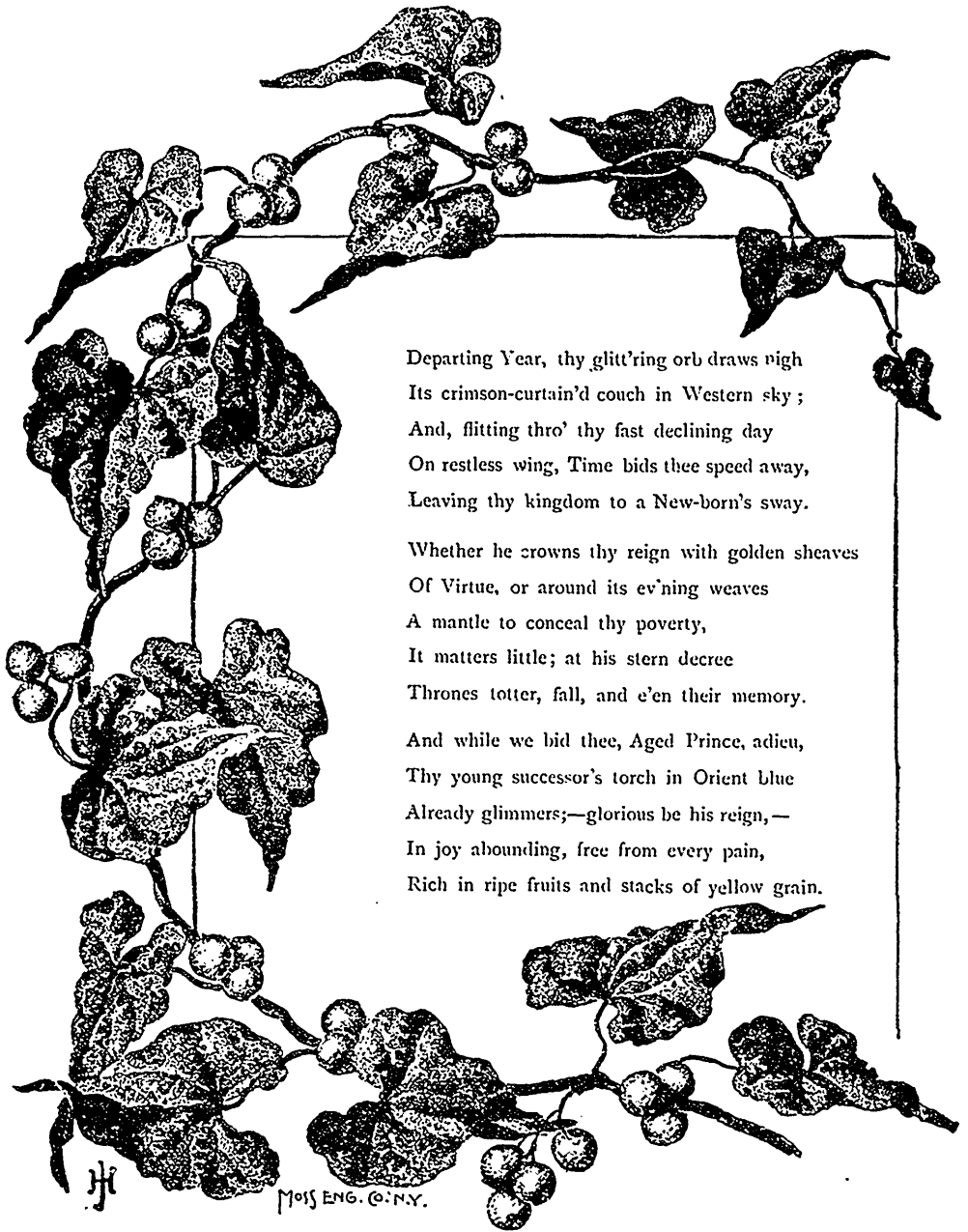
One of the foremost scientific thinkers and writers in Canada to-day is Sir William Dawson, whose special field of research is paleontology and geology. Sir William Dawson was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in October, 1820. He received his early training at the College of Pictou after which he went to the University of Edinburgh. Speaking of his professors he says: "The foundation of my geological education was laid by the late Professor Jameson and other able educators in natural science, his contemporaries in Edinburgh." Returning home after one session, he applied himself with assiduity to an investigation of the natural history and geology of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. By patience and industry he acquired a masterly knowledge of his chosen study. In 1885, his great work, *Acadian Geology*, was published, and at once took a leading rank among the books of its class. Other valuable books written in a popular style, and learned papers contributed to the leading magazines, followed at intervals. In 1850, Mr. Dawson was appointed Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, in which position he gave general satisfaction. Five years later he became Principal of the McGill University, which place he still occupies with yearly increasing credit. He is the worthy recipient of numerous honors from European Scientific Societies. In 1881, he was created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. During the same year he became president of the newly-organized Royal Society of Canada, and was also elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1884, he was knighted by Queen Victoria. He is a Fellow of the Royal and Geographical Society of London, of Edinburgh and of Liverpool, and honorary member of very many philosophical societies throughout the English-speaking world.

NOBIS NATUS EST FILIUS.



HE world, expectant, waits its promis'd king.
 Hush'd is all strife. Again the Golden Age
 Of peace and plenty which the poets sing
 Returns to earth. No more the heathen rage;
 But heav'nward turn their eyes, with hope inspir'd
 Awaiting Him of nations the Desir'd.
 But where the pomp, the glory they expect?
 The awful King in robes imperial deck'd?
 Behold! a helpless Babe, in sleep reclin'd
 Upon His Mother's breast. Of all mankind,
 A maid, an old man, and some shepherds are
 The only witnesses of what was done—
 A Virgin hath conceived and borne a Son,
 The same who *was* before the morning star.
 Is this the mighty God, the Prince of Peace,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Lord
 Of earth and heaven, by whose potent word
 They were created and at length shall cease?
 Is this the Monarch of the universe
 The Saviour of mankind from Satan's curse—
 His throne a manger, and His royal home
 A stable, with the firmament its dome?
 Where is His crown? Ah! yet it is not there;
 A Crown of Thorns is that which he must wear.
 Yes, this is He by prophets long foretold,
 The theme of all the holy men of old;
 Emmanuel, God with us, Eternal Word,
 Son of the Father, Everlasting Lord.
 To us a Son is born, a Child is giv'n,
 Who conquers hell and death, and opens heav'n.
 But in this humble form His power's conceal'd
 For to the humble only 'tis reveal'd.
 To them His glory, hidd'n from worldly eyes,
 Shines as effulgent as the morning skies,
 And, with the angels, "Glorias" they raise,
 To greet their new-born Lord with hymns of praise.

T. J. R.



Departing Year, thy glitt'ring orb draws nigh
 Its crimson-curtain'd couch in Western sky ;
 And, flitting thro' thy fast declining day
 On restless wing, Time bids thee speed away,
 Leaving thy kingdom to a New-born's sway.

Whether he crowns thy reign with golden sheaves
 Of Virtue, or around its ev'ning weaves
 A mantle to conceal thy poverty,
 It matters little; at his stern decree
 Thrones totter, fall, and e'en their memory.

And while we bid thee, Aged Prince, adieu,
 Thy young successor's torch in Orient blue
 Already glimmers;—glorious be his reign,—
 In joy abounding, free from every pain,
 Rich in ripe fruits and stacks of yellow grain.

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OUR CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

The bright Christmas season has come with its joys and gladness. The OWL joins in the universal song of praise and thanks "Glory to God in the highest," and carries to its friends and readers the glorious message of "Peace on earth to men of good will." The world rejoices in the commemoration of Christ's nativity, which brought into it an era of peace and love and joy, an era of love of man for God, and of love of man for man. Hence the two-fold character of the Christmas festivity, religious and social. Yes, Christians everywhere to-day rejoice, and, taking a lesson from the mystery of Bethlehem turn to fellow-man and with kindly greeting brighten the common

With the throng of merry-

makers the OWL rejoices and greets its friends with warmest wishes.

The editors are sensible of a debt of gratitude weighing heavily upon them, and eagerly take this opportunity of discharging it. They believe that great advances have been made by the OWL, due in a large measure to the kindness of encouraging contributors. To them their warmest thanks are due. They do not wish to particularize their good friends—some of whom rank high in the Church and the literary world, having won honor and fame in fields above the OWL's ambition—their names are known, they have graced the pages of the OWL.

To kind readers and esteemed exchanges the editors' thanks are also due for warm support and encouraging words. Kindness on all sides has met the OWL, and the editors feel they have reason for satisfaction with past results.

They offer their friends the present holiday issue, and hope it may be accepted as an evidence of their appreciation, and a testimony of their gratitude. With it their best wishes go forth in the warm-hearted greeting, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year to all."

THEORY VS. DOGMA.

The whole bent of the average modern mind seems to be towards speculation and theorizing. In the physical and natural sciences, to whose study so many devote themselves, everything is theory except the facts of observation on which the various hypotheses rest. The older theories are disproved and replaced by others which even their adherents admit may meet a similar fate. So there is engendered a craving for new theories, even if these over-leap the bounds of their proper science. In this field of human enquiry, however, theorizing is legitimate, and even

the least enthusiastic must admit extremely useful. The would-be regenerators of the social world are not less fertile in theory than their more practical and more successful scientific brethren. From the disconsolate mediævalist, sighing for the revival of a buried past, to the optimistic dreamer looking forward to a millenium (to come of course from the adoption of his theory), is a weary distance; but theories, good, bad and indifferent divide the interval into easy steps. Here, also, much latitude may be allowed and not a little good may result from speculation.

It is only when we come to the field of revealed religion that we call a halt. Here we must deplore the havoc made by visionaries who, giving loose rein to their imagination, would reform "the faith once delivered to the Saints." That this spirit of speculation extends to religion is evident from the doubts, questionings and "heresy" trials among our separated brethren. He is a poor preacher who has not his views on the "Religion of the Future." Views put forth not with the intolerant *sic volo, sic jubeo* of Luther, but with a self-satisfied modesty that scorns to be "dogmatic." But if these prophets are not dogmatic themselves, neither will they allow that privilege to any one else—no, not even to God Himself. The revealed word of God imposes little or no restraint on them; what with rationalistic interpretation, and doubts cast on the authenticity of this or that part of the Scriptures, the most conservative educated Protestant finds little difficulty in harmonizing his views with the Bible, or rather in harmonizing the Bible with his pet theories. Even those "who deny the Lord that bought us," claim to be earnest seekers after truth, and its faithful exponents. Search for truth is openly proclaimed to be better than its possession; hence all dogma is rejected, and theology becomes a purely speculative science without any definite groundwork. Toleration is then

a necessity, and modern theologians are not slow to make of it a virtue. God, however, "who spared not the angels who sinned" is intolerant; from His very nature He is intolerant of evil. Truth is intolerant of error; and a dogma is simply a revealed truth expressed in definite terms by the Church, the divinely appointed guardian of that truth. Admitting this, what every Catholic admits, it is as absurd to object to a religious truth being placed clearly before us in a dogma as it would be to object to a mathematical truth expressed in a formula. The hazy, indefinite theorizing about matters religious, though often adorned with all that refined minds and poetic imaginations can devise, is destroying the reality of religion and weakening its influence on the people. The majority drift into indifferentism or infidelity; but many of the more thoughtful and reverent among them return to the Church whose motto in matters of doctrine has ever been and ever will be *semper eadem*.

We write of course for Catholics; though the tendency that we deprecate has its origin and sphere of action outside the Church, it so pervades all kinds of literature that we Catholics must be on our guard against its pernicious influence. Let us learn to love and cherish the dogmas of our holy faith. Every flower of Christian virtue has its root struck deep in some dogma whose hold is still strong on Christian people; every blot on modern civilization can be traced to its source in a dogma whose hold on men's minds has been weakened or destroyed. Love and reverence for the dogmas of our holy religion should especially characterize the Catholic student; though he may not be able to give his allegiance to some of the fancy-colored theories put forth in many works of science or fiction, he will gain immensely by studying everything in the pure white light of dogmatic truth.

*THE SACRED AND PROFANE
IN CLASSICS.*

At this juncture, when the lines are so closely drawn between the partisan classicist and the practical educator, any reference to pagan literature is liable to be regarded with increased interest. In this discussion, however, we are neither hot nor cold. While we are free to admit causes, more or less feeble in themselves, have placed the ancient classics in their high position of favor, we are nevertheless unwilling to incur the imputation of declaiming against them. The writers of antiquity demand no small share of our respect, and yet we believe that their productions have been elevated to a rank to which their intrinsic excellence does not justify their claim.

The ancient classics are largely what we ourselves have made them. We are accustomed to measure things in general, by our own power, and hence what we easily surpass, we esteem of little worth. In view of the fact then, that, in some respects, the efforts of antiquity have never been surpassed and seldom equalled, it is not surprising that they should be accepted as standards in their respective spheres. Prejudice, moreover, which always grows with time, has long been in favor of the ancient classics. They have come down to us as a legacy, through the different periods, and have grown venerable as their years increased. Every age has had more or less respect for hereditary succession and men find it easy to honor what they think their predecessors honored. Again, the classics are wont to be placed in the hands of the child when he is best prepared to receive an impression, and thus they come to be indissolubly connected with much that is pleasantest in the memory of students. His primitive notion of native simplicity, he formed from the pictures of the classic vales of Thessaly, the first popular assembly of

which he has any recollection is the Areopagus, and it was under the walls of Troy, that he got his earliest idea of the struggles of war-like heroes. Are we to wonder, then, if the mind should revert, with a feeling somewhat akin to gratitude, to the source of its inspiration, when scenes and occurrences of after-life point out by contrast, the just accuracy of the ancient descriptions? But beyond this, what is established in favor of the classics? We have already given the answer—their intrinsic excellence does not justify their claim to the rank they hold. In the days of their ascendancy a knowledge of the classics was made the basis of a claim to scholarly attainments: with some qualification, this was as it should have been, but otherwise, they must have been a shifting foundation in which to fix the standard of literary excellence. And this, because literary excellence extends beyond mere style and reasoning and descriptive power. All that is best in the writings of subsequent ages, as regards the features just mentioned, has been fashioned after the Grecian and Roman models—and fit exemplars they are for any poet's imitation—nevertheless we cannot disguise the fact that powers of the highest order have more than once been prostituted in the service of unworthy themes. Elegance of diction and charming description, pagan literature is rich in, but not unfrequently, we look in vain for high moral sentiment. To insist upon this, however, would be asking too much from antiquity. It was reserved for the Augustines and Chrysostoms of a later period, to commence where their ancestors had left off, paying little attention to outward form, but furnishing us with all that is noble in thought and sentiment. The writings of the Holy Fathers are the complement of the pagan classics and in this light should they be studied, for the ancients abound where there is scarcity among the Fathers, and the chief distinction of the latter, was,

under the circumstances, impossible of achievement with the former. A judicious selection from both of these sources, is the ideal which the church has set up for herself in the matter of classical training, and in so doing, she has shown herself a truer friend of education than those who would sacrifice the idea to the style, or who would have description for its own sake, be its subject ever so loathsome.

STUDENT-EDUCATORS.

We not unfrequently hear it said "that parents send their children to school to be instructed by the teacher, but the scholars really educate them." After deducting from this the usual discount which all such sweeping statements admit, we come to a consideration of its real present worth, and from the common school we ascend to the college and university.

That there is an education necessary and useful which cannot be had from books, some perhaps may wish to deny, contending that those embalmed minds, those images of wit, knowledge and experience, those voices of the distant and dead, can furnish us with knowledge sufficient to guide us over the stony paths of life. No doubt, books are at once our friends, companions, solitudes and instructors. They are our delight when prosperity happily smiles, and our inseparable comforters when adversity threatens. They are the legacies which men of genius leave to mankind, to descend from generation to generation, instructing the mind, softening the heart, and elevating the soul. But who is there, whose life has been spent with books, studying man rather than men, that has not at one time or other observed wisdom without history, subtlety without mathematics, depth without natural philosophy, gravity without morals, and ability to argue without logic or rhetoric?

To the student of books this seems a mystery, and he very naturally asks, "whence come all this wisdom, depth, subtlety and gravity?" Is there some secret road to learning unknown to the student? No, the men he has met are not the discoverers of unknown paths, but the observers and followers of the great truth contained in John Boyle O'Reilly's *Rules of the Road*:—

"What man would be wise let him drink of the river

That bears on its waters the record of time,
A message to him every wave can deliver,
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb."

They know much because they have lived much. Guided by experience, that jewel of infinite worth, they have reached a position attainable by no other means. So, indeed, it is with the student, who, though his pathway lies among the stars, can yet descend from his dizzy and uncertain height to talk of mundane things. And it is precisely this continual intercourse, this constant interchange of thoughts and feelings, which supplies the student with most of his practical and useful information. The rough, uncouth, inexperienced youth, though invariably treated with kindness and respect, has still much to endure on entering college. Many are the trials he will have to combat, many the fitful gushes of anger he will have to repress, much disgust and even hatred must be concealed before he can bring himself to obey the social laws established and observed by the inhabitants of this miniature world. But a few months, however, and all is over. The contracting, expanding, rounding, squaring, polishing, has at length ceased, and he emerges from this fiery furnace a wiser and a better man. His relations with those around him are completely altered. He has learned for the first time the true and practical significations of patience and perseverance. He knows better both how and when to obey, re-

press, conceal, than if he had devoted years of mental toil to the exact bearing of these words, which many know in theory, but few know how to practice. By the unsociable, over-polite, and meanly-condescending, there is also an important lesson to be learned. Between those two classes of students there is a rank or station where propriety resides and it is astonishing with what rapidity this medium is reached. Once gained, however, the real course of student-education begins. Coming as they do from different countries, or at least different parts of the same country, they bring with them the customs and habits of their people, some of which they not only retain intact but even succeed in persuading the student-body to adopt, while others they sacrifice in acquiring better. They love to talk of the beauties and richness of their country, for their patriotism is strong enough to convince them that their "first, best country ever is at home." This love of country, though a commendable feature in everyone, and particularly in the student, must not be carried to such an extreme as to produce *national prejudice*, than which, there can be no greater obstacle to real progress. Such, unfortunately, is too often the case, and the most effective and surest remedy that can be given is mutual intercourse. In no other place can this remedy be half so easily applied as in college, for there, the students, from the very nature of their work are forced to commingle, to speak, to listen, to endure, to condemn, to applaud. They form their own societies, elect their own officers, conduct their own games. They meet to discuss, to plan, to invent, to encourage. In short they govern and are governed, respectively they command and obey. All this cannot fail to produce the most desirable effects. Not only do national prejudices cease, but attachments strong and enduring are formed where least expected. To such friendships,

many of the finest and noblest productions of the pen of man, owe their origin. Our great want in life is not so much something to do, as a true and reliable friend who will incite us to do all we can. Again there is the very common mistake of supposing that unless students are actually engaged in poring over their books, they are "idling away their time." This is not the case. The mind, like the stomach, requires considerable time to digest the raw material already taken in. An active, vigorous, inquiring mind can never be said to be idle. The happiest and most brilliant thoughts are very often those which come to us during our moments of recreation. 'Twas thus that Watt, as he sat in his chimney-corner, apparently idle, discovered the application of steam. So of Archimedes and specific gravity, Newton and the laws of gravitation. Tournesfort would, very probably, be punished for truancy in our days, though by forsaking college to ramble in the woods, he has enriched science by numerous discoveries, and Smeaton would very likely share the same fate, though while fixing his little windmill on his father's barn, he was laying the foundation of the Eddystone Lighthouse. Then say not that boys are wasting their time because occasionally they abandon their books and the stillness of their study-hall for the more pleasing exercises of the campus. For, aside from the physical advantages which such exercises afford, there is another consideration of almost equal importance, namely, the opening before the eyes of the observant student the best and widest field for the study of human nature. Here it is that the most useful and practical lessons are learned, and here are sown the seeds which afterwards bud and bloom in the intrepid general, the incorruptible judge, or the saintly priest of God.

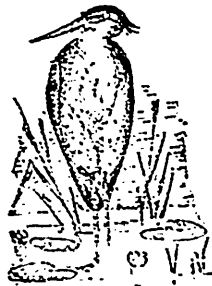
CHEERFULNESS.

The festive season is upon us and already our college world is beginning to lose its work-a-day look and to assume a brighter aspect, suggestive of the season of peace and good-will. True, the examinations lie before us, and, were this the case at any time but the present, we would be completely enveloped in the gloomy shadow of these coming events. But now this is entirely dispelled by the sunshine of hope and expectation. Beyond is the gladdest time of all the year, when tiresome books will be cast aside and we will be off to see our nearest and dearest. So despite the impending ordeal, every step is lithe and buoyant, every look is bright and cheerful.

How glorious it would be to have Christmas all the year round. Impossible, you say. True, but what is it that makes Christmas really "Merry Christmas." Is it the turkey and the mince-pies, or is it not rather the spirit "of peace and good-will" that at this season animates every human heart? And would it be equally impossible to preserve some portion of this spirit throughout the year? Could we not be buoyant and cheerful "with a heart for any fate" at other seasons besides Christmas. It has been well said that the day most completely lost, is that during which we have not laughed. Why, then,

should we not look duty bravely in the face, disagreeable though it may be, and perform it manfully and above all, cheerfully. If we did this, we would gain a two-fold good; life would then be truly a thing of joy, for we would find that even its darkest clouds have their silver lining, and the existence of others with whom we came in contact would be rendered brighter by reflection from our own.

Nor is this a matter of slight importance. Our present business as students is above all the formation of a sterling character, one that will ensure us success in the great world outside. Now, there are more essential elements in a manly character than cheerfulness, but of them all no one is more necessary in the battle of life. The world judges much by first impressions and no quality is more apt to render these favorable than cheerfulness. We hear much of personal magnetism in our day, of that indefinable charm that attaches to certain persons by which we are irresistibly drawn towards them. If analysed, its potency will be found to rest chiefly in a sunny disposition. It would add much to the sum of our own happiness, therefore, if we were to remember that the world, to a great degree, assumes the color of the spectacles we wear, and it would be greatly to our interest to ever realize that it sees us through the glasses we hold before its eyes.



BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

North American Review.—James Bryce, M. P., well known in this country as the author of that standard work "The American Commonwealth," contributes to the December issue of the North American a serious and valuable paper entitled "Thoughts on the Negro Question." Nobody doubts Mr. Bryce's claim to speak with authority on this question and he certainly deals with the subject in an impartial and truly philosophic spirit. His article will be read with interest everywhere and will raise the lively issue whether the free slavery of the negro before the war was not immensely superior to the slavish freedom he enjoys at present, when his hand seems to be raised against everybody and everybody's hand against him. Rear Admiral Luce, U.S.N., has strung together a collection of paradoxes under the heading "The Benefits of War." The Admiral does not disguise his admiration for "the occupation of gentlemen" nor his contempt for those who would settle their disputes around the peaceful table of the arbitration-council rather than on the bloody field. "*De gustibus*," etc., but we think the Admiral has run counter to the well-defined and oft-expressed sentiment of the civilized world. Crispi concludes his article on "Italy and the Pope" begun in the November number. It looks as though His Holiness had the faculty of making the ex-minister very unhappy. It is really amusing to see how Crispi labours hard to kill what he declared some months ago to be "the dead Roman question, as dead as though it never existed." Terence V. Powderly, General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, describes the workman's interest in the free coinage of silver. The "Notes and Comments" are unusually readable, and vary from "Football: Sport and Training" to "Jewish Soldiers in the Union Army."

The University Magazine.—There is no magazine that should find more favor with or have a larger circulation among college men—both graduates and under-

graduates—than this interesting chronicle of university life and events. It is beautifully illustrated and is printed in a style to delight the eye. In recent numbers there has been a very decided advance in the quality of its literary contents. Its articles are now of general usefulness and interest, whereas sometimes in the past the contributions were of a purely local character. No one can fail to be interested and instructed by a perusal of such articles as "Cliges," "Relation of Physical Culture to Education," "True Scope of College Discipline," "Relation of Jurisprudence to Common Affairs of Life" and "A Pompeian Home." The "University Biographies" series is a sufficient answer to the doubt sometimes expressed as to whether or not a university training fits a man to fulfil creditably the highest duties of citizenship. College men should see to it that they have the University Magazine as a regular monthly visitor.

The Scientific American Hand Book.—Munn & Co., publishers of that great journal, the Scientific American, have rendered an immense service to busy people by the compilation and publication of a small pamphlet dealing with patents, caveats, designs, trade-marks, copyrights, labels, etc. Full information is given of how to obtain the protection of the law against unjust encroachments on personal rights. The pamphlet will be of considerable value to authors, inventors, designers and others who may wish to put the result of their labors beyond the reach of pillerers. It is illustrated with cuts of the leading American inventors and of the offices of the Scientific American.

Nassau Literary Magazine.—This splendid magazine does great credit to the literary ability of the senior class of Princeton College. We had heard much of the Lit's excellence, but the November number is the first we have seen. From its contents we conclude that previous issues have richly merited the praise they have

received. The poetry is especially worthy of mention, being much superior to what is found in many magazines of loftier pretensions. "Transition" strikes a note that could not be reached by the mere versemaker. "The Better Man" is a dramatic story whose characters are well drawn. "An Experiment in Psychology" is weird enough to be written by Rider Haggard. The "Contributors' Club" is a department full of interesting short sketches.

The Catholic Almanac.—Its ninth year sees the Catholic Almanac worthier than ever of a prominent place in every Catholic home. Besides being appropriately illustrated, its pages bear the contributions of the best American Catholic writers. M. F. Egan, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Katherine Jenkins, Anna T. Sadlier, Eliza Allen Starr and Katherine E. Conway are names that charm readers. The general Catholic news and the "Notable Events of 90-91" are both instructive and entertaining and cannot be too widely read.

Catholic School History of England.—By a Catholic teacher, James A. Sadlier, Montreal and Toronto. At first we were prejudiced against this book. "A Catholic Teacher" has written other text-books and left us no better for the writing. But the "Catholic School History of England" is a proof that there are Catholic teachers and Catholic teachers, and demonstrates the danger of judging the book by the name of its author, especially if that name have a very wide comprehension. The present history is admirable in style, matter and arrangement. Where everything merits approval, we can do little but pick out the points that seem most salient and commendable. First, then, though the history is for Catholic schools, and the influence of Catholicity on English life and manners is plainly set forth, there is not a single word that could give offence to any class, nor a statement that could be easily considered bigoted or at variance with historic accuracy. Moreover, the author holds for the rational method of uniting the teaching and the study of history and geography. Five excellent maps find place in his text-book. The chapters on the British Constitution, the political and social condition of the

people in the different epochs, and the Notes of Progress are full of useful suggestions and hints that will spur the pupil on to further research on those most interesting topics and will guide the teacher in the course of reading necessary to make his work successful. In this connection we miss a table of authorities for reference. It would be of great assistance to both teacher and pupil in the development of any particular historical question. We hope to see it in a future edition. Let us express another hope—that *this* "Catholic Teacher" may give us more text-books of the excellence of the present one. We require them in almost every branch and the man who satisfies the want will have the right to be considered a great benefactor of Catholic education.

Dominion Illustrated.—Expectation had been raised high by the promises of the Sabiston Publishing Co. regarding the Christmas number of the *Dominion Illustrated*. But the reality must far exceed the brightest anticipations. The issue is a credit to the publishers and to the country. It will compare favorably with the holiday number of any publication in America. Its surpassing excellence lies in the fact that it is entirely and intensely Canadian and patriotic. Canadian authors write on topics suggested by Canadian life or manners; the engravings are Canadian, and, needless to say, excellent in execution and faultless in taste; the paper, printing and publishing are altogether Canadian. The literary merit of the articles is especially worthy of notice. Few magazines can boast of so sweet and true poets as Roberts, Lampman and W. W. Campbell, and these writers are at their best in "The Wood Frolic," "After Snow," and "The Children of the Foam." J. M. Le Moine, W. W. Campbell, F. Blake Crofton and Marjory MacMurchy are sufficient guarantee that the prose is of a high standard. We offer our sincerest congratulations to the publishers on the decided success of their efforts, and recommend any of our readers, who desire a striking evidence of Canadian energy and progress in every line, to procure the Christmas issue of the *Dominion Illustrated*.

TOM PLAYFAIR, OR MAKING A START.
By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Bros: New York and Chicago. The critics gave a very favorable reception to Mr. Finn's "Percy Wynn" published about a year ago; simple justice will compel them to show "Tom Playfair" similar evidences of good will. "Tom Playfair" is a splendid story for boys, and its extensive circulation among the youth of our colleges would do much to foster feelings of honor, truthfulness and manly piety. Evidently Mr. Finn had his eyes very wide open during his three years' stay at St. Maure's College. The realistic descriptions of the various classes of students, of the study hall and dormitory incidents, of the base ball game and the storming of the snow-fort show how thoroughly the writer understands the student side of college life. This story to be properly appreciated, must be read, and there could be no more appropriate present to a young friend. The typographical appearance and binding are excellent.

HOW MANY CATS.

"If 300 cats can kill 300 rats in 300 days, how many cats will it take to kill 100 rats in 100 days?" A fine toned upright piano will be given by *The Queen* to the first person answering the above problem correctly; an elegant gold watch will be given for the second correct answer; a china dinner set will be given

for the third correct answer; an elegant silk dress pattern will be given for the fourth correct answer, and many other valuable prizes, all of which will be announced in the next issue of *The Queen*. As the object of offering these prizes is to attract attention to our popular family magazine, each person answering must enclose four three cent stamps for sample number containing full particulars. Send to-day. You may secure a valuable prize. \$10 in gold will be paid for the best original problem to be published in a future number. Address *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Can.

BOYS CAN MAKE MONEY FAST.

An active boy can make plenty of money in his neighborhood by re-plating tableware and jewelry with one of the Magic Electric Plating Outfits. Those who have already secured one of these machines are making from \$20 to \$25 a week. The price of the plating outfit is \$10, but we have arranged to supply it to *one boy only* in each neighborhood *free* for a few hours work, which can be done after school or on Saturday. No capital required. Any boy sending his address and referring to some merchant in his town as to honesty will receive full particulars by return mail. *This is a permanent money making business for the right kind of a boy.* Apply at once. Address Ladies' Pictorial Co., Toronto, Ont.



ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE.

He visits Rome, studiously observes and tells his conclusions.

Rev. William Wilkinson, a Presbyterian clergyman, lectured at St. Andrew's Church, Minneapolis, Minn., on "Catholicism as I found it in Rome." Among other things, he said :—

"I had not and have not the slightest intention of ever becoming a Roman Catholic. I am perfectly satisfied with the religious views I hold, but this shall not prevent me doing, to the very best of my ability, ample justice to every man, whatever faith he holds, and to every creed as I understand it. When we put aside prejudice, there is to-day no part of the Church of God which can with more reason ask at the hands of all, as an act of simple justice, a calm consideration of those principles which have for sixty generations made it a power, and which have charmed and captivated some of the choicest minds known to fame. There is no delusion more absurd than that which is held by many persons that education is sure to lessen the power of this branch of the Church. In literature, in art, in sculpture, in architecture, in music, in science and in letters for a thousand years, the members of this Church held a power which was almost absolute. And to-day it probably has 200,000,000 members of its communion, 8,000,000 of whom are our fellow citizens on these shores.

"A church which can through more than 250 Popes show an unbroken chain of work does not need to speak with undue objection when it says: 'Gentlemen, we ask you to consider our history. We admit it is not perfect, but in its sanctions millions of men have sweetly lived and without a single fear have died, some of whom have done service for the world which has made it their debtor forever.'

"It was with these and other feelings that I entered Rome in July. I knew there could be no effect without a cause. So I looked with studious care to find in present men and actions things which, if

practised by men in other days, would give the historic results we know to have taken place. I was not disappointed.

"Rome knows how important it is that her teachers shall on the one hand know perfectly and love truly the Church, and on the other be well informed in the genius of the people among whom they are at work. We have in our midst striking examples of both these facts in the heads of the Roman Catholic Church in this State. So every nation has its college in Rome, and there are about two thousand students for the priesthood there all the time. Each year as they end their student days they are sent to any place to work for purpose of propaganda. This is a vast power, and it has again and again shown what it is capable of, for in the new world with comparative ease amongst its own people, it repeats in complicated conditions its old-time middle age triumphs.

"The celibacy of the priesthood, the concentration of power, the obedience to authority, the splendor of church architecture, the magnificence of its liturgy and wondrous song would not have availed to make it the power it is had it lacked other qualities. Whatever may be said to the contrary the great historic Churches of Christendom, the Greek, the English, have never denied to the Church of Rome the claim of a true Church with valid ministry and sacraments. They have said much about its traditions and assumptions. They have said it was a 'noble faith spoiled,' and the like. That it has principles which are deep in the heart of God has never been denied except by fanatics.

"In Rome I have learned, as I never before had, to think that the faith which saw the very inception of the highest civilizations which flourished to-day, would not be abolished by the designs of men of our own time. For good or for ill, the Roman Catholic Church is here and to stay. If we have a purer religion, the way to lessen the influence of theirs is not to attack it in violence, but by a wise design and by hard work and holy life

extend our own. The way to extend truth is to call it into the arena; in the light of day let it grapple with error."

PRIESTLY IGNORANCE.

The London *Universe* has a peculiar, but a most effective way of knocking out an adversary:—

"That we may the more fully satisfy the editor of the *Echo* as to the gross ignorance of the Catholic priesthood, we have compiled at random a list of some of the stupid exploits they have achieved in the walks of intellect and scientific research. Of course, it is unnecessary to remind our contemporary that the first author of music lines was a Pope, that musical notes were invented by a brother and that the discovery of the explosive power of gunpowder, and the application of hydraulic power are due to men who wore the tonsure. But there are other matters which may be new to him. For instance, Father Clario reformed the calendar, the Abbe Hany invented the metrical system. Archbishop Regiomontano and Canon Copernicus enlightened humanity as to the plan on which the world is constructed and arranged. Father Budes da Celle woke the tone of the first organ, a Catholic priest encouraged Columbus on his voyage to America. Brother Pacifico la Verona invented clocks with wheels, and a certain Pope, by title Sylvester II., endowed us with Arabic numerals, gave us a clock with a pendulum, and devised the first organ moved by steam. Candid, a priest, had the original idea of moving an organ by electricity, and the Deacon Flavio Gioio invented the compass. The catalogue is by no means exhausted yet, but we pause to take breath and to give our anti-Catholic colleague time for reflection.

Here are the names of a few more of these mutton-headed clericals, and a brief record of what they have done to retard civilization. Bishop Vemisio discovered the circulation of the blood. Fathers Epee and Sicard made us acquainted with some wonderful febrifuges, Father Lana formulated the laws of electricity, and Father Beccaria amplified them. The telegraph was invented by the Abbe Chappe, the telescope by Fathers Schiacci, the magic lantern by Father Kircker,

and the microscope by Father Magnau. The first aerostat was made by Father Desfortes in 1772. Two missionary brothers brought silk worms from China to Italy, and aided in establishing one of the foremost industries of the country, the monk Beral originated glass drinking-vessels, and the Abbe l'Epee enriched us with the alphabet for deaf mutes. None of these victories of mind, we submit, are to be despised even in the sublime regions of West Central London, where the *Echo* is compiled.

But hold—there are one or two still to be mentioned. Cardinal Mezzofanti, one of these lazy, wealthy, sensual men in red hats, was the greatest polyglot of his own or any other age. Piazzi was a renowned astronomer, and Secchi the leading searcher of the firmament of his epoch; Ventura was a mighty philosopher and a facund orator; Fontana and Pinciana were two celebrated archæologists and physicists. All these were priests. Who invented the pantelegraph? The Abbe Casselli. Who invented the motor and moderating breaks of the locomotive? Father Narsanti. Who the micrometer and the nephoscope? Father Braun. Who the hydraulic clock? Father Embriaco. Who the electric sismometrograph? Father Battelli. We fancy we can hear that *Echo* dying faintly in the dim distance.

Father Curran, a young priest of the diocese of Bathurst, has secured \$25 and a medal from the Royal Society for the best paper on "The Microscopic Structure of Australian Rocks." The contest was open to geologists all over the world. Father Curran has recently been appointed Government lecturer in geology, and resides in Sydney, N.S.W.

Founded in France in 1684, by the venerable Abbe de la Salle, the Christian Schools have rapidly increased in numbers and usefulness until now they well nigh encircle the globe with a band of houses that have sprung up in Europe, Great Britain, North and South America, China, Japan, Africa and Australia. Ten years ago, when statistics were prepared, the Brothers had under their charge over 2,000 schools, attended by nearly 826,000 pupils, of whom 286,000 were receiving gratuitous instruction. Nearly 12,000

Brothers, 5,000 professors and 2,500 novices were employed in the schools. Since then the Order has grown materially.

Canada only lacks 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe; it is nearly 30 times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is 500,000 square miles larger than the United States.

The Roman Catholic population of Canada is estimated at 2,223,424 souls. There are 30 Archbishops and Bishops; 2,363 Priests; 405 theological students; 12 theological seminaries; 28 classical colleges; 467 convents and academies;

2,782 schools for boys and girls; 148 hospitals and asylums; 105 religious communities; 1,820 churches and 213 mission chapels.

The Chicago University has bought a very valuable library of S. Simon of Berlin, Germany. The library contains 280,000 volumes and 120,000 pamphlets in all languages. Among them are 200 manuscripts from the 8th to the 19th century, 1,600 volumes of Paleography, 65,000 Greek and Roman Classics, 24,000 of modern Greek and Roman authors, 2,000 volumes on modern languages, 2,500 on history, 1,000 volumes on arts, 5,000 on sciences.



PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

On the 19th inst, in the chapel of the Grand Seminary, Montreal, P. J. O'Malley and R. J. McEachen, of the class of '88 were ordained to the priesthood and on the 21st in St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, Mass, P. J. Griffin, a class-mate of the former, was raised to the same dignity.

W. F. Kehoe '89' has assumed the editorship of *United Canada*.

Rev. E. A. Dorgan O. M. I. '87 has been transferred from the Scholasticate at Ottawa to Buffalo N. Y. where he will shortly be ordained.

Geo. Kempt, a former member of the engineering class, fills a clerkship in the Bank of Montreal at Brockville, Ont.

P. A. Smith, who was here in 89-90, is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

F. L. French, P. C. O'Brien and D. McDonald of last year's senior class are now in the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

J. E. Ryan, A. St. Pierre, J. McDermott and A. Christin of last year's matri-

culating class, are studying medicine in Montreal, the first three being at McGill and Christin at Bishop's.

McGill's Science department also has receive its quota from Ottawa as A. Robert and W. Davis of last year's engineering class are continuing the study of their chosen profession, in the above mentioned institution.

W. P. Hayes, Ex. '89 and a graduate of Harvard Law School—was recently elected an alderman in Springfield, Mass.

F. M. Doyle, a matriculant of '90, is attending the School of Science, Toronto.

J. W. McEvoy of Lowell Mass., who was in College in '84 has been elected to a seat in the Massachusetts Legislature.

J. L. Chabot, Ex. '89, who is now in his fourth year at McGill, was elected by his fellow "Meds" to represent McGill at the Queen's University annual banquet. This is considered as one of the highest honors that McGill men confer on a fellow-student.

GENERAL NEWS.

Perhaps no grander or more impressive event was ever witnessed in Montreal than that of the re-union of the Oblate Fathers, which took place in that city a few weeks ago. From all parts of the Dominion—from Ontario, from Quebec, from the great North-West—these faithful soldiers of Christ, composed of college professors, missionaries, and lay brothers, assembled to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the arrival of the first Oblate in Canada. As was expected, the demonstration was worthy of the occasion. It is often the case that societies hold celebrations, when there is, in fact, little to celebrate; but this was not so with the Oblates. They richly deserved the honors which were shewn them in Montreal; for, besides being the first religious order to enter the country after the conquest, they have since been so unremitting in their labors, and have done so much for the welfare of Canada that the whole country owes them a debt of gratitude. And judging from the number of sympathizers and admirers who assembled to take part in the festivities of the 7th of December, it may be said, to the honor of the Canadian people, that they are not unmindful of the services of those noble missionaries, many of whose brothers have even sanctified our land by shedding their blood.

Among the four hundred guests present at the banquet, were three archbishops, and many of the secular clergy. The laity was represented by such distinguished public men as the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, of the Dominion Cabinet, Hon. Mr. Mercier, Premier of Quebec, Hon. Mr. Robidoux, The Hon. Mr. Taillon, Judge Loranger, Mr. J. J. Curran, M. P., Mr. McShane, Mayor of Montreal, and Ald. Clendenning, each of whom vied with the other in bestowing praise upon the Fathers and in congratulating them on their success in the missionary field. The OWL joins with them in their good wishes, and takes this opportunity of offering its homage to the Oblate Fathers, who were the founders of the institution from which it emanates.

Rev. Father Dandurand, O. M. I., has arrived at the University on his way to Montreal, to attend the Oblate Jubilee to

be held in that city on the 7th, 8th and 9th of this month. Father Dandurand has the honor of having been the first Canadian novice of the Oblate Congregation in this country.

The members of the University Athletic Association have presented to Mr. P. D. Ross, on the occasion of his marriage, a silver ice-pitcher on which was engraved, "To Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ross, on their wedding day, Nov. 19, 1891, from the Ottawa University Athletic Association."

The Oblate Fathers who lately left the University on their missionary tour through Ontario, have just concluded a most successful mission in the city of Kingston, where day after day and night after night the Cathedral was crowded with those who had come to hear the world-famed Oblate Missionaries. The *Freeman*, speaking of the Fathers, has this to say: "They have the true, native eloquence of the Irish priest, intelligible to the humblest capacity, never travelling outside the understanding of the least instructed, and yet, fascinating the eager attention of the most enlightened, by their earnest and logical treatment of the subjects discussed." After the mission in St. Mary's Church in Montreal, the Fathers will conduct missions at Belleville, Brockville, and several other parishes in the arch-diocese of Kingston.

The excavations for the new Irish Church in St. Joseph's parish were commenced on Dec. 1st, and will be finished in a few weeks. During the erection of the church, the parishioners will use the University Chapel for Sunday services.

The lectures of Professor Glasmacher on the poets of the Revolutionary age, far surpass anything ever delivered in the University on such subjects. The students anxiously await his lectures on the Victorian age, which will, no doubt, be a rare treat. Ottawa University now possesses an English course second to none in America.

Rev. Father O'Brien of the diocese of Peterboro, and an old student of the University, paid a short visit to his friends here, a few weeks ago.

The many friends of the Rev. J. McArdle, O. M. I., Ph. D., who has been confined to his room for some time, will be pleased to learn that he has almost entirely recovered, and will soon be found among the students again.

Formerly it has been customary to hold the first term examinations at the end of January, but this year, owing to the Christmas vacation, it has been thought advisable to have them take place at an earlier date. The examinations in the sciences took place on Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st, and those in the classical and philosophical courses will commence about the 17th of December.

Already the students are beginning to look forward with eagerness to the Christmas vacation. Only a few days more before the happy season has arrived, and all have departed for their homes. As this is the first Christmas vacation, it may not be out of place to state, for the benefit of all concerned, that the holidays begin on the 23rd of December and end on the 7th of January. Let the students remember that with regard to this matter of Christmas vacation, they are on probation, and that only their prompt return at the proper time can ensure the continuation of this favor so kindly granted by the Faculty.

Rev. Father Dowdall, formerly well known in Ottawa City, is about to leave Mt. St. Patrick, where he has been stationed for some time, in order to commence his duties in Eganville, to which parish he was appointed on the death of Father Byrne. On the occasion of his farewell sermon at Mt. St. Patrick, the societies of the Children of Mary and the League of the Sacred Heart presented him with an address accompanied by a purse, thus showing their appreciation of his work in the parish, which is one of the most extensive in the Vic. Apos. of Pontiac. Father Dowdall is a hard and successful worker. Already he has commenced a course of advent sermons in his new parish.

On Tuesday, December 1st, a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the University Chapel for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. Father Byrne of Eganville.

Rev. Father Constantineau, O. M. I., of the University, has been absent for a few days assisting Rev. Father Brady, O. M. I., to conclude a successful retreat in the parish of Alexandria. Father Constantineau speaks highly of Alexandria and its people.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

RECEPTION.—For weeks the postulants of the Sodality have been anxiously looking forward for the day of their reception as active members of the Sodality. The welcome day, Sunday Dec. 13, came at last, and early in the morning beheld the sixty-five applicants for the favor of Our Lady partake of the Sacrament. The reception itself occurred at 5 p.m., and was a most imposing ceremony. Promptly at the appointed hour the faculty and students assembled in the chapel, where the sodalists occupied the front seats, near the beautiful elevated shrine and statue of Mary. The services commenced with a hymn sung by Mr. T. Tetreau assisted by the chapel choir, followed by a short sermon from His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, who had kindly consented to conduct the ceremony. He spoke most feelingly of the many benefits and graces showered on the clients of the Virgin, who by her gracious intercession are enabled to pursue the narrow paths of virtue. He also reminded us of the fact that one of his most pleasant memories of this, his Alma Mater, was his own association in his student days, with our society to which he claims he owes much, especially in the choice of his vocation and his consequent appointment as Archbishop of Ottawa. After the sermon, His Grace presented the badges and certificates of membership to the applicants, who were accordingly enrolled as fully privileged members of the Sodality. The service closed with the Benediction.

The Sodality is now more prosperous than it has ever been, numbering for the first time in its history over one hundred regular members. To its success much of, if not all, the credit is due to Rev. Fr. Nolin, O. M. I., the zealous and energetic director, who has guided its progress for many years in the past, and it is the sincere wish of all that he may continue to do so for many years more in the future.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.



LITTLE WILLIE'S DREAM.

It was late on Christmas eve when the train which bore little Willie homeward from the far-famed Ottawa College, arrived at B —, a small town situated several hundred miles from our Canadian Capital. Since early Autumn, he had been counting the months, the weeks, the days which must pass ere he should again hear that kind mother's voice which had bade him farewell, saying gently at the same time, "Be good, my child, and let who will, be clever."

But now, at last,—can he believe his senses?—he is really at home. He has received the kisses of his mother, the praises of his father, the embraces of his sisters, and seated on his favorite low chair, he rocks to and fro with an air of importance, as he answers the many questions of his parents, deigning no reply, however, to what he is pleased to call "the silly school-girl stories" of his sisters, until the

youngest, as if making a last effort to attract his attention, exclaims, "O, Willie, would you like to hear my new song?" To please her, Willie answered, "yes," and immediately the child commenced this beautiful Christmas Carol:

"Hark! the bells are ringing gay,
'Tis the eve of Christmas day."—

No sooner had she finished these first two lines than the bell of old St. Paul's rang out for midnight mass, and she stopped to exclaim, "Why, the bells are really ringing"; then she was about to continue the song, when to her utter disgust she found that Willie, tired from his long ride, had fallen asleep.

The mother smiles on her boy, and gently taking him in her arms, and placing him in his own little cot, where he is seen in the picture above, she leaves him to sleep of the innocent, and to

dream about those "Christmas bells" of which his little sister had just sung, and of many others besides. Once only is he disturbed in this *bell dream*, and that is when he thinks he hears the old College bell summoning him to arise and repair to the study-hall; he even imagines that he hears the familiar sound of Brother D's kind voice coming to his ears, repeating the "Benedicamus Domino"; and jumping up with a start he is about to leap from his bed, but awakes to find to his great satisfaction that it is "only a dream." Then he falls into a deeper sleep, and the bells are heard no more.

Come gently with me, little boys, to the window where sit the blossoming geraniums, and from there you may see him as he reposes on his little couch, and I shall tell you what thoughts sleep brings to him, for I know that his spirit strays in the land of dreams. See! there is a smile on his face, and I am sure that his dream is beautiful, for the Irish legend tells us that when a child smiles in his sleep, "the angels are whispering" with him.

Of what does he dream? why, of his mother, of course; why should he not dream of that mother who has never ceased to think of him during his absence? Yes, he dreams that Christmas is past and gone, that summer has arrived, and that as he walks through the surrounding meadows, accompanied by his mother, he relates to her an account of his three months at Ottawa College, telling her of his troubles, of his failures, and of his successes, dwelling particularly on the fact that he has surpassed his rival, whom he declares to be far inferior to himself. His mother listens attentively to his story, and then, with many words of approval, she repeats half-reproachfully, half tenderly, her former advice, "Be good, my child, and let who will, be clever." Willie makes no reply, but mentally resolves that his conduct shall never be a cause of reproach to her.

But, as dreams do not long run in the same strain, it is not surprising that the time and scene of the little boy's dream now change. Again, he is back at college, is engaged in foot-ball, in lacrosse, in hockey; he is even a candidate for the class medal for good conduct. But, again, his old rival looms up, and it is almost a certainty that the honors will not

fall to Willie. Is there no possible way of securing the prize, thinks he? Yes, there is one; I shall go to the prefect and narrate the breach of discipline of which my rival was guilty, yesterday, and the prize shall be mine.

Immediately, he hurriedly starts off on his unmanly errand; but ere he has arrived half way to the prefect's door, he slackens his pace, and presently pauses altogether. His guardian angel seems to whisper in his ear, "unmanly!" he turns backward, but again halts, and mentally says: "Have I not seen older boys in the college do far worse?" He certainly has seen them do things not less discredit-able; so, again he goes towards the door; but just now, the words of good Father O—— come to his mind, "The failings of others can never save you," and, besides, he hears his mother's voice, "Be good my child, and let who will, be clever." He hesitates no longer, but retraces his steps along the corridor, fully resolving to win on his merits, or to suffer defeat manfully.

But now we may retire from the window, the dream is at an end, for Willie's little sister has run to wake him, just to find out, as she says, if this is what he meant last night when he spoke of a "sleep over." In a moment he will have passed from dream-life to real life. O, dear little Willie, you little know the victory you have won, even in your dream. Remember that life is not a dream for you; fight earnestly in the battle; above all, avoid every *unmanly* act, and life shall be to you "one grand, sweet song."

TO OUR READERS.

We enter in this number, on the second term of our effort to fill the junior editorial chair. Twelve short months ago, we arrived among you a stranger without friend or foe, and to-day we are happy to state, that while we possess many of the former, we are not troubled with a very considerable number of the latter. When we assumed the arduous duties of this important office, we were not unaware of the many obstacles we would meet with, nor of the desperate opposition we would have to overcome. We stated in our introduction to the public that we would defend the interests of the junior students

upon every occasion ; and in how much we have fulfilled our promises we leave it to an impartial public to decide. Upon our arrival we found the small boy considered a nonentity in the house, despised and looked down upon by his larger fellow-student, rudely jostled about in the corridors, and treated in every way calculated to make a person dissatisfied with his condition. On the field he was compelled to carry on his games in some secluded corner. His sporting property consisted of the cast-off balls, bats and lacrosse sticks of the senior students. We at once entered a vigorous protest against such treatment. We impressed upon the older boys the necessity of cultivating the sporting talent of the younger, for it was from the latter that the senior teams were replenished. What has been the result? To-day we find that all our claims have been allowed ; and the junior student has been elevated to that position to which his dignity entitles him.

While we always endeavored to promote the welfare of the small boys, we nevertheless, retained the right to censure wrong, wherever it is found. For this we have lost a few friends ; and on several occasions, have been waited upon, with a view to our extermination by those on whom our censure more particularly fell. But we are here to stay. We did not vacate, we were not scared. Fully conscious of the rectitude of our course, all their threats and all their imprecations fell like the idle patter of the rain-drop on the roof. We have laboured in thought and word and deed, in season and out of season, for what we regarded the true interests of the junior students. It is true we may have in some instances erred in judgment ; when we are shown or are convinced that we have, we will retract or apologize. We have not sought our own personal interests or glory. We have remained poor, when we might have become rich ; and have received censure, when we could have with more ease won applause. Our only desire is to gain the respect and esteem of those to whom our time and talents are devoted.

As the authorities of the house have decided to grant a Christmas vacation this year, in a few days more the class-

rooms and corridors will again be silent for a short time, and their occupants be gathered around the family fireside. Although the Christmas spent in the College was always a pleasant one and attended by much that afforded enjoyment, yet in spite of the many attractions, our thoughts would instinctively revert to home and its loved ones. This season is one of universal happiness, but to the student who is attending college for the first time it is in an especial manner a time of joy. It gives him an opportunity of returning to his home which he has so frequently, during the past few months, visited in his dreams ; of relating the experiences of his first year at college, the utter loneliness and desolation he felt on finding himself among strangers for the first time. But while this festive season is one of enjoyment, ours should not be a barren pleasure, but should be coupled with a determination to commence the new year well, and return to our studies imbued with greater earnestness than ever to make the coming year, as much as lies in our power, a successful as well as a happy one.

We are pleased to note the reappearance of John Clark who has been absent on a western trip in the interests of University extension. John speaks in enthusiastic terms of the increasing popularity of this movement.

As soon as the football season ended, a large number of boys, under the direction of Moise Goulet, began laying out the position for the skating rink. Two or three congé afternoons were occupied in grading up the part of the yard in which the rink will be placed. The juniors deserve great praise for the prompt way they set about to do anything, and for the speedy and effective manner in which they accomplish it. A great deal of credit is due to Messrs. Lafamme and Jean who took the place of the college horse, in drawing the material while the grading was going on.

Master Wilfrid Paradis entertains such a high opinion of our Canadian winter that, in order to avoid missing any part of it, he will spend his Christmas vacation in Montreal.

Henry Glasmacher and Eddie Burns are busily engaged preparing their new duet, "Always together," which they will render at the next meeting of the Junior Glee Club.

Wanted—For the Christmas holidays a situation as waiter by W. P. Ryan. For further particulars as to character and experience, address,

JUNIOR EDITOR OWL.

Owing to unfavorable weather the hockey players had to content themselves with playing "shinny" about the yard. There is a lot of good material for a first class hockey team. The greater part of of last year's club is here again this year and those of our new friends who showed themselves such efficient players in the other games, will doubtless prove themselves equally good on the rink. After the Christmas vacation challenges will be sent to several of the city teams, and some first-class matches may be looked for. The first team will likely be chosen from among the following players: Slattery, Fahey, O'Connor, Lamoureux, Burns, Glasmacher, McCabe, Murphy, Goulet, Allard, and Cunningham.

C. Phaneuf, who is to have charge of the boxing-class this winter will take a special course under Prof. Curry, during the Christmas holidays. We are requested to announce that all those who intend joining the class must send in their names as soon as possible, as only a limited number will be taken.

The race for first place in the second grade was pronounced a draw. It will be run over again next month. In the meantime all bets are declared off.

A contribution has been received for publication from a would-be poet of the first grade. On reading over the poem we find that it has been in our Public School Readers since 1840. We hereby notify the contributor that if he does not call and apologize for this attempt to impose upon our credulity, as we have his name and address, we will expose him in our next number.

The following is a list of those who held the first places in class for the month of November :

First Grade. } 1. W. P. Ryan.
2. Geo. Casgrain.
3. Robt. Caron.

Second Grade } 1. John Harpin.
2. L. Chevalier.
3. Joseph Chené.

Third Grade B. } 1. Amable Bélanger.
2. James Goodall.
3. Albert Quesnel.

Third Grade A. } 1. Charles Brophy.
2. E. S. Corking.
3. Patrick Baskerville.

Fourth Grade } 1. John Cunningham.
2. Peter Connolly.
3. T. Coulombe.



ATHLETICS.

VARSITY VS. MONTREAL.

(In Montreal.)

The good citizens of Ottawa who dwell within shouting vicinity of Varsity, at least those of them who are not addicted to the habit of early rising, must have been somewhat startled from their slumbers at about 7 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, Nov. 7th, by the vigorous Varsity cheers that broke the stillness of the cool autumnal air. The wearers of the garnet and gray, accompanied by about thirty of their fellow-collegians were leaving to take the C. A. R. for the commercial metropolis, and the remainder of the students had assembled at the front door to say good-bye and good luck in the collegians' peculiar way. Cheers having been exchanged, "merrily we rolled along," and we arrived at the depot in due time to while away a pleasant half hour in talking of the prospects and in comparing chronometers with the railroad officials. When the locomotive driver blew his whistle and the conductor cried "all aboard" there must have been two hundred passengers comfortably seated and ready to go ahead. Soon we started and once fairly on our trip the fun began. At first, amusement was sought in a quiet game of cards, and for a time it seemed as though a portion of the C. A. R. rolling stock was a branch office of Monte Carlo. Card-playing, however, soon grew wearisome and as we rolled over farm-lands where "the green grass grew all around," the bowlers and jokers were thrown aside and all joined in the merry chorus. At every station the order was given "up with the windows," and the station loungers were treated to a holiday rendition of the Varsity cheer, and when occasionally one would approach the car window to take a peep at the animals, some one would always so far forget himself as to suggest that "we'll all pull his whiskers when he comes," whereat the unmolested stranger would retire followed by the strains of "Keep'way from dat window now, I say." In due time we reached Alexandria, and some of our party alighted to see if there were any more Dunc. McDonalds growing up in Canada's Scotland. Finding none to suit our purpose, we resumed our trip. The singing and cheering abated not and 11:35 saw us in the Bonaventure depot where we were met

by about twenty-five "grads" and ex-students of Varsity. The players proceeded immediately to the St. Lawrence Hall and the others took different directions to meet again at the scene of battle. Quite a few wended their way to the Grand Seminary to visit the Ottawa College Colony, every member of which was anxious to know what hopes were entertained with regard to the success of the team. At 2 o'clock anyone who wished to see what Ottawa College men were in town, had only to go to the M. A. A. A. grounds and gaze around the grand stand. We were but a handful in the two thousand or more spectators that assembled to view the contest, but the others were not left in ignorance of our presence very long, nor did we keep them guessing on which side were our sympathies, if the frenzied enthusiasm of college men can be designated by such a comparatively mild term as sympathy. Montreal, of course, had the support of the vast majority, as was evident when the scoring began to be in their favor. The battle, which was a most keenly contested one, began at 2:30, and the warriors were.

Montreal.—Back, Mille; Halves, J. D Campbell, Fry, Claxton; Quarter Back, Fairbanks; Wings, Louson, Fry, Baird and Jamieson; Forwards, Reford, Black, Bell, James, Higginson (Capt.) and R. Campbell.

Varsity.—Back, Belanger; Halves, Plunkett and Cormier; Quarter Backs, Gaudet (Capt.) and Clark. Wings, Murphy, F. McDougal, Vincent and Troy; Forwards, Trudeau, McCarthy, Meagher, Charron, Guillet and J. McDougal.

OFFICIALS.

Referee: J. J. Arnton. (Brits.)

Touch Judges: J. L. Walker, (McGill.), T. L. Paton, (Montreal).

Goal Judges: R. T. McKenzie, (McGill.), J. McDougal, (Ottawa).

At about 2:30 referee Arnton summoned the players on the field and tossed the deciding coin. Higginson guessed wrongly and Gaudet chose to defend the eastern goal, thereby taking the advantage of a very slight breeze, but facing a strong sun. Montreal kicked off and an Ottawa College back returned and the visitors rushed matters for awhile. They played an open game and soon

forced Montreal to rouge, thereby scoring the first point of the match. The kick off from Montreal's 25 yard line was followed by a line-up and a few minutes later, by beautiful team play, Varsity compelled Montreal to repeat the defensive act of rouging; score Montreal 0, Ottawa 2. Then our scoring stopped short and Montreal's soon afterwards began. As soon as the play was once again in the centre of the field, Montreal began their dribbling tactics and our boys were rather deficient in checking it. The red-and-black worked the ball down the field and secured a touch-down. The try was a very easy one as it was almost in front of the goals, but Bell could not convert it and the score was Montreal 4, Ottawa 2. Varsity kicked off and the forwards followed up and kept the ball in Montreal's territory, but despite their splendid following up and the excellent work of the backs, they were unable to score. Considering the alternate gains and losses of territory as a standard of superiority, it cannot be said that Montreal had any the best of the play in the remainder of the first half; but it is scoring that tells and Montreal scored, whilst Varsity equalled them in play alone and not in points. By their dribbling the Montreal forwards once more carried the ball over the Ottawa goal line and secured and touch. Then it was Campbell's turn to kick for goal, but he too failed. Montreal 8, Ottawa 2. Before half time was called Montreal had added another point to their score, thus making it 9 to 2 in favor of the home team.

The Ottawa contingent on the grand stand were by no means despondent and spent the intermission in expressing their hopes that the second half would bring better luck. The intermission was somewhat longer than usual as Plunkett's lip was split by a kick and had to be stitched. When the second half opened up, Ottawa had their things their own way for awhile but a stop occurred on account of Cormier being knocked out. He soon recovered sufficiently to finish the match, but he was too much hurt to be as effective as usual. Both sides worked hard, but Montreal scored the first point making a touch-in-goal. Score Montreal 10, Ottawa 2. Then the boys pulled together and broke through Montreal's forward line and scored a rouge. Montreal 10 Ottawa 3. It seemed as though the garnet and gray would win. They were having the best of the play, but Montreal got in another long dribble and carried the ball to Varsity's goal line. From a scrimmage the ball was passed to Campbell who made a touch down and kicked a goal. Montreal 16 Varsity 3. For the remainder of the match the garnet and gray had by long odds the best of

it and it was only by the hardest of luck that they did not bring the score up even with Montreal. Gaudet did some splendid punting and made some grand passes to the halves who worked well. Four times in succession the ball carried over Montreal's goal line, but four minor points made up the total reward for such splendid work. Clark and Guillet tried kicks for goals from the field, but were unsuccessful; Guillet's was a trifle short and Clark's was such a close shave that no one but the goal judge could be sure that it was a poster. Montreal got another rouge before time was up and won the match by a score of 17-7. Then two buss leads of shouting and singing students leave the M.A.A.A. grounds for the "hall," and on their arrival there, the scene in the hotel is a noisy one. On the return trip the time is passed in singing and cheering and talking over the match. When we steamed into Ottawa the few friends that had come to meet us and sympathise with us, were somewhat surprised to see us in such good spirits. But to them all we said "wait till next Thursday" and wending our way towards Varsity, we confided ourselves to the care of that deity whom the ancients were wont to woo when nature's forces had been overcome by fatigue.

VARSIITY VS. MONTREAL

(In Ottawa.)

Montreal and Varsity had made an arrangement to play two matches, one on Nov. 7th in Montreal and one in Ottawa on Thanksgiving Day. Varsity went to Montreal on Nov. 7th and suffered a defeat, but the friends of the vanquished were consoled by the thought that five days later the Collegians would have a chance to redeem themselves. Two days before Thanksgiving Day, the secretary of the Montrealers wired that they would not come. They had made arrangements to play Osgoode Hall. Their Union had ordered them to do so. The next day, a despatch was received from Montreal saying that they would be on hand on Thanksgiving Day as Osgoode Hall could not play them on that day. It became known afterwards that no arrangements had been made with Osgoode Hall for a match on Thanksgiving Day, nor were the Montrealers ordered by their Union to play such a match. Montreal had beaten Ottawa University in Montreal, and they were not anxious to give the Collegians a chance to retrieve their lost laurels, even though they were pledged in black

and white to do so. To make an agreement with a club and then to break it for the sake of making one with another club, is considered by sportsmen to be a very mean trick. But the circumstances of this case make it still meaner. If Montreal had broken the contract before Nov. 7th, it would not have been so bad, and there might even be slight grounds for excuse if it were Osgoode Hall that had asked Montreal for a game instead of it being Montreal that had asked Osgoode Hall, or if an unforeseen event had prevented Montreal from getting together their full team. But there were no such palliating circumstances. On the contrary, the circumstances of the case make the act more disgraceful. Varsity had gone to considerable expense to fulfil their half of the agreement, and trusted to the gate on Thanksgiving refunding them for their outlay. After the match in Montreal, the Montrealers assured the Varsity captain that they would be in Ottawa on the 12th. Then instead of keeping their written and verbal promises, like true gentlemen, they held a "quiet meeting" and decided to arrange a match with Osgoode Hall and throw Ottawa University overboard. They wire Varsity to that effect on Nov. 10th, when the latter team had advertised the match. No excuse was given except that they were going to play Osgoode Hall and "sorry, writing." Failing to make arrangements with Osgoode, Montreal wired the following day that they would be on hand on Thanksgiving Day. They came, not because they were actuated by any desire of honorably fulfilling their contract, but because, as they said in their telegram, "Osgoode cannot play us." Talk about Ottawa Varsity ever wanting their own way in football matters, why, they are mere novices at the business compared with such a gentlemanly amateur organization as the Montreal Football Club. And the latter are very Shakespearian about it, to hoot, ever ready and anxious to "leave honor out of the question." This way of doing business may be very successful for a while, but we are inclined to think that the club that has resort to such unsportsmanlike and dishonorable tactics will, in the long run, gain thereby but very little indeed. Here is what the *Ottawa Evening Journal* thinks of the matter :

"Montreal's crack football players were cutting a pretty sorry figure in their dealing with the Ottawa College team. We do not remember any instance in which amateurs professing to be gentlemen so calmly prepared to violate their spoken and written pledges."

However, Thanksgiving day saw the wearers of the red and black in Ottawa, and if Dr. Elder had been somewhat more of a mathematician,

Montreal would have been the defeated team by the referee's score, the reporters' and every other score. As it was, they were virtually defeated by nine to eight.

With regard to what was Montreal's score, there is no difference of opinion; with regard to what was Varsity's, there is. It is the referee vs. everyone else. The referee said that eight was the total number of points he allowed Varsity; everyone else says nine. The score for the first half was 5 to 5. In the second half the score at one time read 10 to 8, and the referee seeing it, took objection to the ten. Varsity scored four times in the second half. One of the points was claimed a safety, but the referee allowed a rouge only. The scorer had counted it as a safety, and hence a ten appeared on the board, when it should have been a nine. When the referee objected to the score, there was a discussion with regard to the disputed point. Finally, the ten was changed to nine, but it is probable that the referee through mistake deducted a point from his score also. Or it may have been that he omitted marking on his score one of the rouges he allowed. This latter may perhaps seem a rather poor explanation of the matter, but when anyone that saw the match remembers in what rapid succession the first three rouges were scored in the second half, he will see that it is not altogether improbable that the referee forgot to mark one of them. The figures on the board at the end of the match were 9 for Varsity and 8 for Montreal. When the referee blew his whistle for the last time, he left to catch the 5 o'clock train. The Varsity players on emerging from their dressing-room, learned that the referee on leaving had announced the score 8 to 8. He was telegraphed to that evening and his reply was a confirmation of the rumor. Those who saw the match, however, are convinced that the actual score was 9 to 8, and that the referee made a mistake. The *Montreal Gazette* of the following day claims that Montreal made a touch-down that was disallowed, but that should have been allowed, and that their score should have been 12 instead of 8. Whether or not the touch-down should have been allowed is matter of opinion. Moreover, what people think should have been allowed does not count in making up a football score. If it did, every spectator would have a score to suit his own peculiar taste. For instance, Troy in the first half kicked the ball into touch-in-goal. We think it should have been allowed, but it was not, and hence added nothing to Varsity's score. We do not ask for what we think should have been allowed us, but for those points only that were allowed by the referee when they were made, and which through forgetfulness

were omitted in the final addition. If the score be reckoned from this standpoint, it will readily be seen that the claim that Montreal's score should have been 12 instead of 8, is an entirely groundless one.

The game must have been a surprise to everyone, but especially to the Montrealers. Five days after Montreal had defeated Varsity, by playing a dribbling game, the latter take hold of that same dribble and manage better than the Montrealers themselves. The dribbling game worked well in Montreal, but its term of effectiveness, and consequently of usefulness, at least in playing against Ottawa University, expired on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 7th. The garnet and grey jerseys were determined to stop that dribble, and they stopped it, and not only stopped it but turned it back in the direction whence it came. That was what puzzled Montreal. The visitors' whole strength was in the dribble. Our players knew that, so they prevented Montreal from dribbling, dribbled somewhat themselves, and moreover played the open game as much as possible. Some of the newspapers made the remark that there was very little heeling out. That can be accounted for to a certain degree when it is remembered that the referee objected to heeling out. He evidently was a little bit rusty in the rules. For hard, fast and scientific play seldom, if ever, has a better football match been played in Canada. No time was lost in lining up or in forming scrimmages. The backs had no time to "fool" with the ball or to make any brilliant play. The wings would not tolerate any such useless performances. (Quickness, sureness and accuracy were required to do one's duty, and whenever any player failed to display these qualities, his side lost thereby considerable territory. For Montreal, Fry and J. Campbell at half and R. Campbell and Bell in the scrimmage, did excellent work. On the Varsity side, Troy, McCarthy and Guillet were conspicuous in stopping the dribbling, and every man of the remaining twelve played harder and better than at any time this season. The forwards were in such condition that the more they worked, the fresher they seemed to be. The backs made no errors, but, on the contrary, were equal to every emergency, and the wings, especially Murphy, travelled with electric speed from the forward line to the Montreal halves, whenever circumstances necessitated such a performance. With three exceptions the teams were the same as in Montreal on the previous Saturday. Louson replaced Mitchell on Montreal's wing and on Varsity's wing Tetreau replaced Troy, who played quarter instead of Gaudet, as the latter's leg was injured in the previous match. Newman's ear was some-

what better, and he took his place in the forward line. The gentlemen who assisted Dr. Elder in seeing to the observance of the rules were: Touch judges, J. L. Walker, McGill; T. L. Patton, M.A.A.A. Goal judges, J. McDougal and J. P. Crerar, Ottawa F.B.C. Following is a brief synopsis of the play.

Game starts at about 2.45 and three minutes later Montreal forces Varsity to rouge. First point for the visitors. Varsity braces up and rushes the play. Twenty minutes after the opening they score a touch down, but fail to kick a goal. Montreal 1, Varsity 4. The ball is hardly in motion again when Claxton is hurt and a substitute takes his place. Then Fairbanks and Vincent forget what they are about and the referee tells them they may retire till the second half. Shortly after, Louson foully assaults McDougal and the latter retaliates, and is sent to the fence, whilst Louson who was the real offender is allowed to continue playing. The referee admits having seen Louson commit the foul, but contends that complaint to him and not retaliation on Louson, was the course McDougal should have adopted. Yet that is no reason why Louson should not have been ruled off also. However, Varsity did well the remainder of the half, playing thirteen men to fourteen, but of course it was a great advantage to Montreal to have a man uncovered on the wing. They soon made a touch-down but did not convert it into a goal. Montreal 5, Varsity 4. A rouge for Varsity makes it five in all, and completes the scoring in the first half. After ten minutes' rest play was resumed and for the greater part of the second half, the "guerillas" had by far the best of the play. They made one costly error, however. They scored those first couple of rouges in too quick order for the referee to count them. Play was in Montreal territory for the greater part of the half. As a result Montreal was forced to rouge. Montreal 5, Varsity 6.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the performance was repeated. Montreal 5, Varsity 7. Then the men in red and black had their turn, and Varsity had to rouge. Montreal 6, Varsity 7. Again the tables are turned and the next point made is a rouge by Varsity, and the score is 8 to 6 in favor of the home team. After a little more play, the ball is again behind the visitors' goal posts. There is a dispute as to whether it is a rouge or a safety-touch, but the score board reads 10-6 in favor of Varsity.

Montreal then makes two more points, and the board indicates Montreal 8, Varsity 10. Then only is it that the referee notices the score and objects to it and Montreal argues that the score should be nine instead of ten. No more scoring

is done and when the referee blows his whistle announcing that the match is over, there is great cheering as everyone supposed that Varsity had won the match by a score of eight to nine, but as mentioned above the referee's telegram differed from such a conclusion. The Montrealers themselves were surprised when they heard the referee's decision. It was certainly a very unsatisfactory ending to such a splendid exhibition of football. The Varsity players, however, look upon it as a victory and they have every reason to entertain such an opinion, even though the referee should think otherwise.

* *

Football is over and the season of hockey and snowshoeing is at hand. It seems rather out of place to mention hockey and snowshoeing, when there is no snow on the ground, but "it is not always thus" in December and it is to be hoped that ere we meet after the Christmas recess, we shall have the real Canadian winter. There is not much need of suggesting the organization of the hockey club as the hockey-players are so enthusiastic over their favorite game that they will be chasing the puck as soon as the weather permits. With regard to snowshoeing it is different. In the last year or two, there has not been quite so much interest taken in that healthy sport as there was formerly. We hope, however, that our athletes will bestir themselves and reorganize the old club on a firmer basis than ever. There is splendid snowshoeing country around Ottawa and there is no reason why we should not have a few good tramps this winter to Gatineau, Aylmer and other places.

* *

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BANQUET.

The Annual Banquet of the Athletic Association took place on Saturday, Nov. 18th. At eight o'clock in the evening of that day, over two hundred students and guests sat down to a sumptuous feast in the University dining-hall. Tastily arranged garnet and grey hunting hung in loops from every pillar, and lanterns of Japanese manufacture and pattern emitted their mellow light as though to soften the brilliancy of the more modern incandescent, so that the eye might not tire reading the various scores that in large figures were hung on the walls. In truth, the decorations were such as to almost lead one to believe that they were the work of daintier hands than those of athletes. The players of both teams were seated in the cen-

tre of the hall and the other members of the association found places at either of the side tables. After full justice had been done to the tempting and appetizing repast, speeches and songs were in order. There was one feature of this latter part of the programme that was most commendable, and that was that there were fewer speeches and more songs than is usually the case on such occasions. There were but three speakers, Rev. Father Nolin, O.M.I. and Messrs. M. F. Fallon and C. D. Gaudet, the captain of the football team; but they said all that was to be said and said it in a spicy after-dinner style. They reviewed our college athletics in general and the record of our football team in particular, drew attention to the fact that a student's direct or indirect participation in athletics did not necessarily imply a negligence on his part of matters pertaining to class, but that, on the contrary, experience had shown that the physical excellence resulting from a moderate participation in athletics was most beneficial to young men who were daily confined for hours within the narrow limits of study-halls and class-rooms. Athletics, they said, were the means of teaching young men many a lesson of coolness, patience, perseverance and control of temper, which would serve them to good purpose in the struggles of after life. During the intermissions there was music, vocal and instrumental. Messrs. J. Cosgrove and T. Clancy, who executed a piano and violin duet, proved themselves valuable acquisitions to the Glee Club. The Varsity quartette, Messrs. T. Tetreau, W. J. Leonard, T. J. Rigney and C. Valcourt, rendered in good form "The Song of the Steeple Bells." Mr. Leonard followed with "Always Together," and Mr. Tetreau was heard to advantage in "The Skippers of St. Ives," and had to respond to an *encore*. Then Mr. T. Troy was called on for a recitation, and furnished much amusement by a display of his hitherto latent histrionic abilities. The Varsity Chorus, with Mr. F. Lamoureux as soloist, and "Auld Lang Syne," brought to a close the best banquet that has ever been held under the auspices of the Athletic Association. The committee are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts, and the thanks of the students are largely due to our lady friend in the city who on hearing at the eleven o'clock hour that the banquet was to take place, took a very tangible way of wishing success to our festive gathering.

During the past football season Rev. Father Quinn, O.M.I., took a keen interest in the team and did much to ensure its success, and the thanks of the Athletic Association are due him for his untiring efforts in their behalf.

SUBRIDENDO.

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

Lithographer.—What color will you have your bill-heads?

Merchant.—Dun color.

A literary Frenchman, after studying English for a few months, wrote to an American friend: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and go on to the scaffold to lecture."

Peddler.—Beg pardon, ma'am, but I am agent for Dr. Feeder's Spice Root Bitters, and I'm sure if the members of your family would try them they would soon have the finest appetites—

Lady at Door (severely)—This, sir, is a boarding house. —*Street & Smith's Good News.*

Poet.—I have a little poem here, sir, that has been indited—

Editor.—Well, sir, I would be glad to see it convicted, but I can't try it.—*Life.*

SUCCESSFUL.

Husband (to extravagant wife)—"You have succeeded at last in making something of me."

Wife.—"I knew I should. What is it dearest?"

Husband.—"A pauper!"—*Pick-me-up.*

IN MAULSTICK'S STUDIO.

Mr. Leafarde (of Chicago)—"That there picture of a pig is splendid, sir, splendid—never saw anything so true to life. I do believe you're the very man to paint a portrait of me"—*Munsey Weekly*

Hotel Clerk.—"What's this tremendous ringing?"

Farmer Squasby (at the electric bell.)—I dunno. I jes' lost my collar-button, an' was tryin' to dig this little white one out o' the wall with my jack-knife.

The Artist: What is your line of work?

The Author: I write the autobiographies of great men. And yours?

The Artist: I paint Rembrandts. —*Town Topics*

Mr. Waffle.—Aw, Miss West, kindly allow me to escort you into the banqueting salon.

Miss West.—Pardon me, Mr. Waffle, but did you expect to walk or ride?

Mr. Waffle (standing on her dress.)—Why, walk, of course.

Miss West.—Then please get off the train.—*Ex.*

A young lady in a Northport school compared ill in this manner: "Positive, ill; comparative, worse, superlative, dead." The whole class looked up very much surprised, and the master, with a great effort to control the sadness which he felt, arose and said: "Scholars, you can have fifteen minutes for the funeral."—*Ex.*

Smarte: That tree there hasn't borne a single pear for eight years.

Smiley: Why don't you cut it down then?

Smarte: Because it is the best apple tree I've got.

Long-haired Individual (to Managing Editor)—Is the literary editor in?

Managing Editor—No, he's gone off on his vacation.

L.H.I.—Do you know whether he read my poem before he went?

Mag. Ed.—I think he did. He asked for an extra week's rest.—*Buffalo Express.*

A begging letter asking for a pair of cast-off trousers closed pathetically with these words, "So send me, most honored sir, the trousers, and they will be woven into the laurel crown of your good deeds."

An orator said: "There is not a man, woman or child in this house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but has felt this truth thundering through his brain for centuries."

"On which side of the platform is my train?" asked a stranger in a railway depot the other day.

"Well, my friend," replied a gentleman passing, "if you take the left you'll be right, if you take the right, you'll be left."

ULULATUS.

Xmas! Xmas!
Between the two above
Is a difference you will say,
And yet 'tis only M
That's changed its place with A.

So you're going to eat a Turk, eh?
Don't leave the Muscle, man!
Stuff!!

"Coming events cast their shadows before."
The presence of *Punch* in the College bespeaks
the coming of the festive season.

Which would you rather have? Half-fare in
the College or half-fare on the train? Fare-well.

Wasn't it a dandy, John?

Before the O.U.A.A. banquet:
"Lonesome here. Guess I'll be going to-
morrow."

After the banquet:
"Yum! Yum! Guess I'll stay."
He's a *Keen 'un*.

"I have eaten so much bread lately that I'll
soon have a crust on me."

We intended to *call in* such jokes (?) as that
just cited, so as to prevent their rendition, es-
pecially on Thanksgiving Day, but the above
escaped us.

Echoes of the Thanksgiving Day match:

Why do the Montical F. B. C. take a doctor
with them when they travel?—Through compas-
sion for their opponents.

The interpretation of the signature appended to
the Referee's telegram:

Elder, M.D.

Elder *Makes* it a Draw.

"The kickaw" (quite *English*, you know),
having secured for himself the championship for
the best drop-kick in the yard, commenced kick-
ing punts. According to undeniable authority, to
wit: that of "Joachim," he is now to be also
considered as the champion punt-kicker to be
found on the campus. With the above two honors,
he retires to the ranks of the S.P.G., in whose
iron embrace he will warmly *recoil* until the foot-
ball season once more returns. J.B.B. ran him
a hard race for the latter distinction, and came in
a worthy second.

Winter must be coming, and he has already be-
gun to *make ready* for it, since he wears that dark
green coat now.

In the mathematics class:

Prof.—What is a quadrantal triangle?

Student (with his usual quickness)—One with
four sides.

Prof.—What!

Student—I mean one with four angles.

Prof.—Perhaps you didn't study much this
morning. Sit down, please.

The Professor was reading, and happening to
meet with the word: pantisocracy, stopped to ask
its definition. "I know," exclaimed the bright
boy in the back row, "it's a suit of clothes with
the pants and socks in one"

Oh, yes! pass up foot, please.

I met her on the street,
Her hair was red.
Perhaps of auburn hue
I should have said.
I looked for the white horse,
He was not there,
Concluded that the girl
Had dyed her hair.

Which "pleased the entertainment" more: the
talking-machine or the phonograph.

We never heard that an atoll at all ate all an
awl.

What is the difference between a juvenile dude
and his irate papa?—One sports a cane; the other
canes a sport.

Between a "press-gang" and the man "press-
ed"?—One ships a man; the other mans a ship.

Between an iron-moulder and "New York's
400"?—One casts a form; the other forms a
caste.

A striking incident—a pugilistic encounter.

"You make me tired," as the wheel said to
the wheel-wright.

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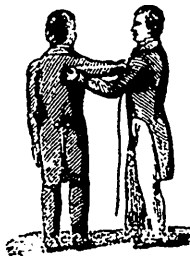
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