

THE OWL.

VOL. VI.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, OCTOBER, 1892.

No. 2

SERMON.

BY HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL, IN THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL SEPT.
26th, 1892.

Behold, I and my children, whom the Lord hath given me for a sign, and for a wonder.—
(Isaias viii., 18.)

My Lord, Rev. Fathers, My Dear Young Friends:—



IT affords me great pleasure to come this morning to preside over this grand demonstration of faith and piety, to be present at the *Mass of the Holy Ghost*, which is being celebrated by His Lordship, the Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac, a staunch friend of this Institution; well may I say with the prophet: "Behold, I and my children, whom the Lord hath given me for a sign, and for a wonder."

Under the intelligent and prudent care of your devoted Superior and professors, by the deep study of sciences, by the practice of virtue you shall so be trained in this University as to be a sign of what Catholic education is, and a wonder to all those who shall see the good results it produces.

Aristoteles was proud of Alexander whom he had educated; yet this prince, though he had held the sceptre of Macedonia, could not be saved from death by the poison of Babylon.

I also feel a pride in the students of this my *Alma Mater*, for I know that they are being prepared, as those who have gone before them, to exercise influence, by virtue and science, wherever they may go, and, what is better, that they will never drink the poison of false doctrine, or of erroneous maxims, for here they shall learn true science and pure moral.

My young friends, or rather "my dear children whom the Lord hath given me," I welcome you with all my heart. Your parents did well to send you to a Catholic college; you did well to come willingly—a school like this is really what Catholic youth requires. Here you shall be taught in every useful branch of secular instruction, in the commercial and in the classical course, so that when you have completed the one, you may become good Catholic business men, or when you have gone through the other, you shall be qualified to study any profession that may be best suited to your most legitimate desire and ambition.

I say without hesitation that a Catholic boy should receive his education, if it is at all possible, in a Catholic school and from Catholic teachers.

The question of education is one that has been, and is being discussed in many various and opposite ways; but it cannot be rightly solved, except in strict accordance with the teaching of Mother Church, if education must bear its best fruits.

Solon held that children, from their earliest infancy, should be instructed and brought up by the State to which, he argued, they belonged, rather than to their families. Every reader of ancient history knows what evils resulted from the educational laws of this unadvised legislator. The children were very soon more wicked than their fathers, whose authority was

altogether subordinate to that of the state. Though the discipline of his schools was strict; though the details of his system were such as to give time for study, for bodily exercise, for rest; though even every thing pertaining to dress, to behaviour, to the very way of walking, was most particularly regulated, the then admired system proved to be an utter failure. There was no soul in that apparently well organized body. Without true piety and religion there can be no education worthy of the name.

The education of the child must begin in his father's home. God has deputed the parents to be the first teachers of their children; nature itself commands it.

Education must prepare a generation of good citizens and true Christians. Knowledge and virtue are necessary to the citizen as well as to the Christian. Real knowledge is obtained by the study of secular or natural sciences and of true religion. Virtue is acquired by daily or rather constant habit, through timely exhortations and the good examples of both the parents and the teachers. To impart such knowledge to youth and train children to virtue, schools are established and professors selected, for the parents, forsooth, as a rule, cannot give sufficient time to this great work, or have not adequate learning to do so themselves.

Now, there are many who say: There ought to be public schools for all children, no matter what their religion may be; religion can be taught at home and at church; schools should exist only for secular instruction. Even in this country there is a tendency to follow this false principle. Not a few would deprive us of our Catholic schools.

Every Christian indispensably admits the necessity of religion. The practical conclusion is that children must be taught true religion whenever opportunity is afforded, and therefore at school; they must be brought up in the practice of every duty of religion, which it would be impossible to do, if they were not under the influence of religion at school, as well as at home and in the church. Catholic parents should then support Catholic schools and choose Catholic teachers for their children.

Plinius exhorts Correllia Hispulla to select for a tutor to her son a man whose principal qualification was good morals—"Cujus pudor in primis, castitas constet." He was right.

The best school is that where the teacher is a good, well-behaved Christian, and where discipline is firmly maintained, as Quintilian says: "Magistrum eligent sanctissimum, et disciplinam quæ optima fuerit."

Dearest young friends, in this university you find devoted, holy teachers, who are really learned in all the natural sciences that you require to study; their lives are pure, for, as members of a religious community, and many of them as priests of God, they are bound to chastity; and they live up to the virtues of the Gospel; by their examples and their lessons, they will teach you virtue, which is the best fruit of religion.

Then, my young friends, using the very words of the Holy Ghost, I will say to each of you: "My son, from thy youth up receive instruction; and even to thy grey hairs thou shalt find wisdom," (Eccl. vi., 18). But remember that the work of following a course of studies is a hard one, which requires great assiduity and perseverance. See the farmer, how he is obliged to work incessantly, to plough, to sow, to harrow, to weed, to reap. You also must attend to study and instruction, "as one that plougheth and soweth, and wait for their good fruits; for in working about them you shall labour a little, and shall quickly eat of their fruits," (ibid. 19, 20). "Give ear and take wise counsel, and cast not away my advice," (ibid. 24).

I therefore hope that all of you, even the youngest, will study well during this scholastic year, and profit by every lesson you shall be taught, by every good example given you. Let there be between the students such emulation as will secure progress in your studies. If you act upon the good advice I have given you, you will, when you leave this seat of learning, be well equipped to perform your part in society and in the Church—which if you do, you will be good citizens, upright and sincere Catholics, exercising a salutary influence in this world and deserving of eternal reward. Amen.

A RELIC.

By the Very Revd. *Æneas Mc.D. Dawson, V.G., LL.D. &c.*



MUCH of the readers of the Owl as took an interest in the papers on the Poet Burns which appeared not long ago, will learn with pleasure that Canada possesses a relic of Scotland's celebrated bard which is at the same time a relic of the learned and saintly Bishop Geddes of Edinburgh. This interesting relic was brought to light on occasion of the celebration of Burns' anniversary in the year 1877. It consists of a copy of his poems which was presented to the Bishop by the poet himself. In addition to the poems the volume contains the letter from Burns to Bishop Geddes which accompanied the present. This is not the only letter extant addressed by Scotia's Bard to the learned Bishop of Edinburgh. The correspondence expresses more than ordinary friendship, even filial affection and reverence on the part of the poet towards the minister of the Church. It is particularly noticeable that Burns, in one of his letters, declared that he is more honoured by the notice and acquaintance of one who was truly great, than by the favours that were heaped upon him by the high and titled of the land. It affords us no ordinary pleasure to record such sentiments, which cannot fail to be highly valued by all who appreciate character.

The volume in question after having been presented to the Bishop, was handed back to the poet with a view to having inserted some more recent poems in Burns' own hand. This having been done, the book was returned to the Bishop. Bishop Geddes left the volume to a lady relative who bequeathed it to her daughter. This lady being well acquainted with Henry Goadby, M.D., author of the "text book of animal and vegetable physiology," presented to him the volume on occasion of his leaving for America in 1838. It first came into public notice in this country at the Centennial celebration held by the Burns' Club of Detroit in 1867. Mr. Black of Windsor, Ontario, presented on

that occasion an elaborate account of the much valued volume. Dr. Goadby's publication not having succeeded financially, he was reduced to straits. This circumstance induced Mr. Black to correspond with Dr. Goadby with a view to affect a purchase. The doctor did not at the time feel inclined to part with his treasure, but intimated that if ever the book should be for sale, Mr. Black should have the preference. On the death of Dr. Goadby, Mr. Black negotiated with his widow who was comparatively poor, with the result that a purchase was carried out on the 12th of December, 1860. Mr. Black has no hesitation in shewing the relic of which he is not a little proud. It was shewn to a reporter of the *Globe* in 1876. This writer describes it as an unpretending little volume. In the beginning was found the original letter addressed by Burns to the Bishop on occasion of the book being presented. Throughout the volume there are twenty-seven pages of poems in the handwriting of the author, written on pages which had been left blank at the time the book was printed, probably for correction or alteration. As the poems so inserted cannot fail to be interesting to the admirers of Burns, it may not be considered inappropriate to subjoin a list of them.

1. In reading in a newspaper of the death of John McLeod, brother to Miss Isabella McLeod, a particular friend of the author.
2. On the death of Sir J. Hunter Blair.
3. Written on the blank leaf of my first edition which I presented to an old sweetheart (then married).
4. An epitaph on a friend.
5. The humble petition of Bruar Water to the noble Duke of Athole.
6. On the death of Robert Dundas of Arniston, Esq., late Lord President of the Court of Session.
7. On seeing some waterfowl on Loch Tuit, a wild scene among the hills of Ochtertyre.
8. Written at a hermitage at Taymouth.
9. Written at the fall of Foyers.
10. Written at Friars Carse Hermitage on the banks of the Nith, June, 1788.
11. The same altered from the foregoing, December, 1788.
12. To

Robert Graham of Fintry, Esq; accompanying a request.

The book is in excellent preservation, and we cannot conclude without expressing the opinion that all such relics ought to be deposited in Institutions that give promise of permanence. Thus, the *Quig-rich* (crosier of St. Fillan), is secured to the people of Scotland through the zeal and care of the late much lamented Sir Daniel Wilson, who caused it to be placed in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh.

The excellent prelate to whom allusion has been made, was undoubtedly a man

of genius; and some of his writings have come down to our time. He died at a comparatively early age, a martyr of charity. At a time when the Bishopric, or rather, the Vicariate Apostolic of Edinburgh extended from Maiden Kirk to John O'groat's, the whole length of Scotland, the Bishop undertook a journey to the Orkneys in order to impart the consolations of his ministry to a sick member of his flock. The fatigue of travel together with the inclemency of the weather, brought on a severe illness of seven years duration, which ended in his death at Aberdeen in Scotland.



DR. WATENE'S PRESCRIPTION.

Take the open air,
 The more you take the better;
 Follow nature's laws
 To the very letter.
 Let the doctors go
 To the Bay of Biscay,
 Let alone the gin,
 The brandy, and the whiskey.

Freely exercise,
 Keeping your spirits cheerful;
 Let no dread of sickness
 Make you ever dreadful.
 Eat the simplest food,
 Drink the pure cold water,
 Then you will be well,
 Or at least you oughter.

WHILE DEAD LEAVES FALL. :

WHILE cold gales blow and hoar-frosts glow,
 And withered leaves by breeze and stream
 Are wasted, fancies come and go,
 Which weave for me a waking dream.
 —Oh ! I wonder if oak and proud maple,
 Airy willow, pine, elm and all
 Are perturbed at the heart by the coming
 Of the day when their seared leaves fall ?

Now, trooped birds seek a warmer sun
 And mists blur day e'en at its noon ;
 The gentle Summer's work is done,
 Rough Winter's reign will open soon.
 —But, the brave, olden oak is flushing
 To a wine-red most brilliant and deep,
 And maple and elm tower stanchly,
 While the plumed shumacs flame on the steep.

The grasses fade by the woods and bays,
 Winds croon a doleful melody,
 The sun lets down his breathless rays
 That tinge no flower and bathe no bee.
 —Yet, fearlessly down by the river
 The frail willow sways slow and serene
 As when her spring-quickenened limbs glistened
 With mixed jewels of yellow and green.

Ah ! years must fare as Fall leaves fade—
 Each with its freight of peace and fear—
 The sunlight must succumb to shade,
 But dawn ends every night with cheer.
 —Keep up heart ! keep up heart ! list the leafiets,
 “ Cometh death ? let him come ! ” say they,
 “ The gay vesture of hope we shall wear to the last.”
 Thus they whisper while passing away.

THE UNWELCOME CHINESE.



THE recent outbreak of small-pox in Victoria, B. C., brings the oft agitated Chinese question once more to the front. As every reader of the newspapers is aware, the dread disease was brought into that city in the early part of the summer on the *Empress of Japan* by Mongolian immigrants. John,—for that is the name by which every native of the flowery kingdom is known in the West,—has always been unpopular but now unpopularity has matured into hatred. Many are the causes which combine in making the Chinaman an unwelcome immigrant. His very appearance is a point against him. In stature he is naturally diminutive and as if to be still nearer the ground his head is habitually downward bent. Had Darwin known the Chinese he would have easily persuaded himself that they were made for locomotion on all fours. A critical examination of the peculiar shape of John's head and a computation of the measurements thereof would also have been mighty weapons in the hands of the great exponent of the evolution theory. To look at a Celestial once is to be convinced that his square facial angles are not by any means artistic. John's complexion is a sickly brown. He is without that which for many a man is the one redeeming mark of beauty, viz: a beard. Nature has been lavish in furnishing him with a large flat nose and immense teeth which are but half covered by his lips. His eyes are small, almond-shaped and deep set. The only thing perhaps about his personal appearance in which he takes pride is his long, neatly braided cue.

It would be uncharitable to take the Mongolian too severely to task for his want of good looks. Were he deficient in nothing else he would be well received on the shores of the American continent. The fact is, however, he is possessed of little or no true manliness of character. He is characterised by avarice, selfishness, dishonesty, treachery and a lamentable want of morality. It is this utter absence of true manhood in the Celestial which has closed against him the doors of the

United States and which makes him unwelcome whithersoever he directs his steps. He is still allowed to enter Canada but his presence here is a continual source of annoyance. In British Columbia an admittance tax of fifty dollars has already been imposed on each immigrant from China and no later than the last session of the Federal Parliament, Mr. Gordon the honorable member for Victoria district introduced a motion to have the tax of admittance on Chinese raised and the number allowed to arrive on each steamer limited.

Among the employments in which they engage are washing and ironing and in these, he it said to their credit, they excel. They also hire as waiters and cooks, as such they are economical and polite and soon master the art of serving up American dishes. Numbers of them labour in factories and on the public works. The C.P.R. west of the Rockies was in great part constructed by Chinese, several thousand of them being employed by one contractor. Some toil in the gold mines and a few are employed as farm hands. The Celestial is much slower than the white man and inferior to him in strength. On the public works one white is usually supposed to do as much as two Chinese. The labour of the latter, however, is the cheaper, for John is content with the gain of a few cents a day, and by reason of his miserly mode of living can well afford to work for less than half price. The Chinese laborer would gladly do without eating in order to become rich the sooner. He cannot, however, altogether stifle appetite and accordingly he allows himself one full meal at least each day. It is an amusing sight to see a dozen or more Mongolians huddled around their dinner table. On the table is a kettle of tea without milk or sugar and a large bowl of rice and chopped meat—that is the complete menu. A Chinaman uses neither knife nor fork in eating, but in his left hand holds his bowl of meat and rice, and in the right between the thumb and first and second fingers he holds two chop-sticks, that is two slender sticks about the size of pen-holders with which he operates as dexterously as we do with a fork or spoon. The Mongolian

laborer incurs but little expense for his daily subsistence, nor is his dress more costly. When first he arrives from his native country, he has no idea of what underclothing is. His attire then consists exclusively of a cotton jacket several times the circumference of the wearer, loose trousers of the same material, a broad brimmed straw hat and sandals or sometimes a sort of slippers with thick wooden soles. This costume is evidently suited to a warm climate. John is soon obliged to change it for something which will be a better protection against the cold, yet so high is his idea of the perfection of everything Chinese that he ever retains as far as possible the cut we have described. The white laborer cannot live and dress in this miserly manner and hence he is often obliged to give up his position and make room for the Mongolian. The latter therefore in the western states and provinces, has done and is still doing an immense deal of harm by preventing industrious, energetic colonists from emigrating thither. On the other hand it would be difficult to name a single advantage afforded the country by Chinese immigration. Chinamen immigrate few women and no children. Their aim is to make five or six hundred dollars and then return to their native land where it appears for that sum they can establish themselves at ease. The majority of them do not remain in a foreign country more than five or six years but their number along the Pacific Slope of Canada is ever on the increase, as on an average for one that leaves three newcomers arrive. Whilst here little of what they expend goes to the benefit of the country. They live in a great measure on rice, a product of China, wear stuffs manufactured in their own land and ever make it a practice to buy of Chinese merchants who import directly from the flowery kingdom. Accordingly almost every cent earned by a Chinaman is entirely lost to the country.

As has already been stated the Chinese have brought small-pox into Victoria. The wretched hovels of Chinatown—the name given to the quarter inhabited by Chinese in every western city—are well suited to engender and foster contagious diseases of all kinds. Chinatown is generally situated in one corner of the city proper. Its streets are narrow, filthy and

altogether unprepossessing in appearance. The dwellings of the Mongolians are small wooden houses entirely destitute of embellishment. On entering one of these a stranger is usually well received. Not that John is naturally affable, on the contrary, he is extremely exclusive, but after a short sojourn in an American or Canadian city he is taught by sore experience that it behooves him to conceal some of the sovereign contempt he entertains for his brother races. Having entered a Chinese dwelling one cannot but be surprised at seeing the utter absence therein of all calculated to insure comfort. A rickety table and a few rough benches constitute all the furniture. For a bed John contents himself with a mat spread on the floor. The same apartment serves as kitchen, dining-room and sleeping-room. Unless the police officers have recently visited the place one finds that the occupants exceed the number prescribed by the sanitary by-law requiring so many cubic feet of air for each person. The windows of the room are curtained, not a sunbeam ever steals into the Celestials' apartments. They are said to prefer this dismal obscurity because it favors sleep, for having no amusements, being naturally dull conversationalists and no readers, they while away their leisure hours in sleep. The fumes of opium in a Chinese habitation are almost stifling. Whatever difficulties they may encounter in obtaining it many of the Chinese must have opium. The opium-pipe has the shape of a small cone inverted. The stem resembles an ordinary pipe stem, but it is two-and-a-half or three feet long. The smoker stretches himself on a mat and places his opium box and a light within convenient reach. All being ready he takes a knitting-needle and dips one end of it into the opium, a substance which when prepared for smoking resembles syrup in consistency and colour. The needle is held over the light for a few seconds and when the opium commences to flame it is thrust into the pipe through a small hole on the top just large enough to admit the needle. It is for chemists to explain what is effected by the heating of the opium and why when thrust into the pipe, it dissolves into vapor or smoke. The operator takes care not to let this smoke escape. The needle has to pass several

times from the opium box over the light into the pipe before a sufficient quantity of smoke is produced. At length the smoker puts the stem into his mouth and draws steadily until there is no more smoke in the pipe. He swallows as much of the smoke as possible. After a half minute's draught he is bathed in sweat, his eyes have started from their orbits, he seems almost prostrate. He proceeds to fill his pipe again and after three or four more whiffs falls back into a lethargic sleep which lasts for many hours. It is said that the opium habit is incurable and that often a single smoke suffices to contract it. Its effects are most baneful. After he has indulged in the habit a few years the opium smoker is reduced to a continual state of torpor; he is void of ambition, energy, and often becomes a burden to the community. Opium is not produced in China but it is imported from India at an enormous cost. Taking this fact into consideration it is indeed surprising that so many Chinese, in all other respects so temperate and saving, become victims of the opium habit. The government of China has made and continues to make many ineffectual efforts to prevent the introduction of the drug into the country. Our readers doubtless remember that the war between England and China some years ago originated from the seizure of opium smuggled in by English merchants. In America the harm done by the poisonous drug can hardly be estimated. The smoker, as we have seen, makes use of a light. Often before he thinks of extinguishing this light he falls

into a profound sleep, and when next he awakes he finds himself perhaps in the midst of a conflagration. But an evil greater even than a conflagration is brought to the American continent by the Chinese opium smokers. From him numbers of young people of our own race, both male and female, contract the terrible habit. The statistics of western cities in this respect are a source of no little uneasiness to Canadian and American legislators.

Great precautions are being taken on the eastern side of America against cholera, yet the danger there is hardly greater than it is on the western side of the continent. Asia is the home of cholera and it is rather surprising that Chinese immigration has not long ere this brought the merciless epidemic to our shores. As a matter of fact it was reported a short time ago that a case of cholera had been found aboard the Empress of Japan. The truth of this statement could not be, or at least, has not been established. Such a rumor, however, goes to show that the danger of this awful pestilence being imported directly from Asia is by no means an imaginary one. Were such a misfortune to happen, appalling indeed would be the havoc caused thereby in the ill protected cities of the West. This impending evil, the recent outbreak of small-pox, the opium habit and John's deplorable want of morality will doubtless in the near future cause Canadian legislators to enact against him restrictive measures similar to those already adopted by the United States.

JAMES MURPHY, '94.



“ A scholar sir ! to Brown six tongues
are known
(The blockhead ! never spoke one thought
his own !) ”

ROME'S GREATEST MONUMENT.



ROME can boast of many wonders. No other city can compare with her as to the number and finish of her monuments. Tradition, and the filial respect of all Catholics for the Pope, have consecrated the custom of paying the first visit in the Eternal City, to the tomb of the Apostles Peter and Paul. But the shadow of St. Peter's ever spreads itself like a royal mantle over the Coliseum; it always points with holy pride to the arena, where the first Christians, sealed the faith in the ruby characters of their blood.

The word Coliseum is but a corruption of the term Colosseum, by which the huge pile of buildings was designated at a period that cannot well be determined. Nardini and other antiquaries have supposed that it acquired the name of Colosseum from the statue of Nero, of colossal size, placed in front of it. But there is no evidence whatever of this fact, and the other opinion is much more probable. Certain it is, however, that its sparkling waters were darkened by the shadow of Nero's great statue. Colossal in size, it was chiselled out of the finest marble, and it reached the imposing height of one hundred feet. The summit was surmounted by a statue of the Emperor, and the head of the proud pretender to divine honors was surrounded by the nimbus. The Neronian Pool was undoubtedly one of the chief attractions of the golden palace, and it was usually the scene of naval fights and exhibitions. The natural advantages of the site were admirably utilized for this purpose, and the attentive archeologist of to-day has solved the problem of its actuality. At an easy distance on the slope of Mount Coellius in the direction of St. John Lateran a vast volcanic upheaval is met with, which according to the savants in the matter was in former times the site of a spacious reservoir. The water was brought hence from the Claudian aqueduct and by a simple catenation of sluices, it reached the amphitheatre. By this means its velocity was regulated and such was its volume

that a few minutes sufficed to fill the whole arena. This arrangement still lasted in the days of the great persecutions, and whenever the gladiatorial combats became too revolting to gaze upon, whenever the soil literally reeked with human blood and became too strong even for the bestial Roman fury, the flood-gates were opened, the strong current carried in its rapid embrace the mingled blood of triumphant Christian martyr and despairing infidel. A few minutes sufficed to restore the marble flooring to its virginal purity, and a layer of sand removed all vestige of the bloody carnage with which it was so lately strewn.

The Coliseum was first projected by Augustus, but the foundations were not laid until the time of Vespasian. To the conqueror of Jerusalem was reserved the honor of bringing it to its completion. Titus employed in this work the sons of Abraham, whom he had led captives from Jerusalem. History relates that no less than twelve thousand of these unfortunates were killed in its construction. Singular destiny of a singularly chosen people. The stiff-necked Jew that refused to submit to the sweet commands of Jehovah put on the yoke of his Roman master and became a slave. Fallen away from its own divinely bestowed grandeur, the nation that produced the Temple of Zion, became the architect and mason of the greatest monuments of antiquity, of the pyramids in the East, of the Coliseum in the West?

From a medal struck on the occasion we learn that it was dedicated and opened for the first time by Titus in the eighth year of his consulship, and eightieth of the Christian era. Cassiodorus tells us that the dedication festivities lasted twenty days, and that no less than five thousand wild beasts and ten thousand gladiators took part. The Coliseum forms an immense oval of about sixteen hundred and forty feet in circumference and about 157 in height. The most natural way to form an idea of its immense proportions is to make the outer circuit. The first peculiarity that attracts attention are the foundations. The or-

dinary system of Roman architecture consists of heavy stone blocks on which were superposed a strongly cemented brick structure. The Coliseum is an exception; from lowest foundation to loftiest summit it is one mass of Tivolian stone, a kind of fire-resisting marble. On the ground level are two circular porticos completely embracing the whole edifice. The exterior portico opened on the interior as well as on the stairway by which access was gained to the superior porticos. Through these superior porticos the crowds pressed on the (steps) grades whence a full view of the arena was obtained. The outer porticos served as shelter from heat and rain. They were embellished by four different kinds of architecture, each of which brings its own quota of beauty to the noble structure. The Doric comes first distinguished for simplicity and strength; this is principally employed in the inferior pillars, in the arches and columns in demi-relief. Next comes the Ionic whose distinguishing feature is the volute of its Capital. It ornaments the arches of the first story as well as the pilasters without columns. The Corinthian succeeds the Ionic. The architect by a graduation of styles evidently studied effect as well as solidity. This most delicate of all architectural orders with its olive leaf or acanthus adorned capital, beautifies the pilasters and cinters of the porticos of the third story. Here the arches cease, and the topmost story consists of large windows with united pilasters of the composite order. From its very nature the composite order is admirably fitted for terminating this wonderful piece of architecture. So called because the capital is composed of the Ionic order grafted upon the Corinthian, it retains the same proportion, the same general character as the Corinthian, with the exception of the capital in which the Ionic echinus and volutes are introduced, and the Corinthian caulicoli are left out. It resumes, as it were, all the preceding orders, and forms the diadem of the Coliseum's royal head. Between the large windows of the upper story appear the consoles that supported the wooden beams mounted with bronze destined to bear the weight of the velarium.

The portals of the Coliseum are of two kinds. The large, two in number, are at

the narrow end of the oval, and are remarkable for beauty and proportion. One faces the Capitol, the other looks in the direction of St. John's. Their disparity of dimensions is explained by the fact that the gladiators entered by the Capitoline door, while the machinery and appliances employed in the games gained entrance by the larger one. The smaller portals extend to the right and left of the large ones. They number eighty in all, and go around the edifice; they still preserve above their centers the numbers in order, thereby indicating to every class of citizens the entrance by which they might easily find their appointed places. There is, however, an exception deserving special attention: one of the portals directly opposite the Constantine Arch has no number. What is the reason for this omission? Is it an accident? Research is of opinion that the numberless entrance is the imperial one. Its position and decoration and especially the vast hall by which it terminates all seem to confirm the conjecture.

Let us hasten to gain a view of the interior. The Coliseum has an impressive effect on the visitor when seen from the outside, but it is only when the pilgrim finds himself on the spot once bedewed with the blood of so many Christian martyrs that it can be truly said to be sublime. But few years have elapsed since the writer had that privilege, and amidst the vicissitudes of life the souvenir is as strong and as fresh as that of the bright day when he first beheld it. Glorious old Coliseum keep thy perennial freshness, and be more imposing in thy ruin than the temples of other rites in all their uninjured beauty.

Penetrating into the interior, our attention is first fixed on the arena. The arena is the empty space in which the combats took place. In the centre was raised the portable altar on which was immolated the human victim. On this very spot in later times was placed a large cross.

The arena of the Coliseum is 285 ft. in length, 182 ft. in breadth and 748 ft. in circumference. The present level of the Coliseum is fully fifteen feet above the ancient one. The preservation of the massive ruin demanded this, and it seemed becoming to the Sovereign Pontiff, that the ground sanctified by the blood of so many

martyrs, should be guarded from the profanation of curious sightseers and sneering infidels. The Podium ran the whole round of the arena, above which it was raised to the height of about eight feet. It was composed of marble flags solidly fixed in the walls, and of columns resembling pilasters. It was surmounted with a heavy spiked iron railing that projected over the arena. When making the round of the arena the visitor sees at determined distances large openings made in the base of the Podium and enclosed with iron bars. These were the Carceres in which were engaged the beasts destined to take part in the games. The iron doors enabled the "bestiarii" to enrage the wild beasts to the required degree of frenzy.

On the Podium was found the Pavilion of the Emperor. On the right and left were disposed the seats of the pretors, of the vestal virgins and of the curial authorities. Behind the imperial pavilion, the seats ascended in the form of a horse-shoe. These tiers of seats were separated by corridors, and they increased in dimension as they arose, so as to form compartments, whence they derived the name Cunei. The first fourteen tiers of seats were reserved for the senate, the magistracy and the ambassadors; the others were occupied by citizens. The upper tiers of seats were reserved for the Roman matrons, whence they might obtain a view of the spectators as well as of the combatants. From its lofty pinnacle this brilliant cincture contemplated the animated Coliseum of Rome's stupendous theatre.

Lest the odor of blood might be too offensive for the bestialized nostril of the depraved audience, the sweet scent of saffron and balm was showered on the spectators by a system of tubes rising from the podium to the terrace. The remains of these tubes are still found. The terrace formed a large esplanade, bordered with a parapeted gallery, and was capable of accommodating twelve thousand people. From this terrace were worked the immense mechanical contrivances by which the velarium was brought into position. The velarium was an awning of gold stellated purple, and covered the whole amphitheatre, to which it gave the appearance of a tent. Its utility is self-

evident and gives us an insight into Roman views of comfort.

The Coliseum was capable of seating eighty-seven thousand spectators, and if we add the twelve thousand finding place on the terrace, we have the astounding total of almost one hundred thousand spectators, assisting at the celebration and games of Pagan Rome. Such are the bare architectural lines of the Coliseum. What must have been the sight when the Roman sun flooded with its golden light the dazzling surface of the Velarium? What must have been the effect of its marble, walls and pavements. See the artistic glitter of these masterpieces of Grecian and Roman sculpture. Ask not the cost of such a monument. Cassiodorus says it was a river of gold. And oh! how many rivers of tears! of blood!

Now you know the Coliseum as a monument. Would you know the Pagan world of which it is the epitome? Go back to the 20th Dec. of the eleventh year of the reign of Trajan. The Romans are celebrating the feasts of the close of the year. Contemplate the spectacle. The Velarium undulates in the breeze above; the roar of the wild beasts causes the vast pile to tremble below. The pretor advances to his seat on the podium; for the Emperor is on an expedition in the East. He is followed by the vestals draped in white and by the senate cloaked in white and gold. Eighty-seven thousand spectators fill the steps of the Amphitheatre. Twelve thousand swarm on the terrace; the matrons and their daughters are all there together in their grandeur. Suddenly the tumult ceases; silence reigns supreme. The priest of Jupiter Latiaris approaches the altar and seizes the knife: the human victim is immolated: the people applaud: Jupiter is propitiated: the games may now commence.

Through the Capitoline portal, a mournful procession wends its way. They are the "venatores" armed to fight the wild beasts, they are the "bestiarii" destined to become their food. They are of all ages and classes, from the delicate fragile child to the grey-haired tottering old man, from the fugitive slave to the despairing captive of war. They pass around the arena, they approach the Emperor's throne, they bow down to the earth and salute him,

"Cæsar Morituri te salutant." The vestals give the signal, the combat commences, the spectators have tasted blood. The funeral list is at length exhausted, the arena is strewn with blood, and the "confectores" gather the mangled bodies in the spoliarium. The sand is raked over, the arena is ready for the gladiators. They advance in their chariots and salute the Emperor. The combat commences, the crowd become infuriated. The gentle vestals lead the tumult. The gladiator at length receives a fatal blow, he falls to earth, and now is enacted one of the most heart-rending scenes of pagan Rome. The gladiator has fought for the pleasure of a depraved people. What is his recompense? See the haggard gaze with which he regards that infuriated assembly, his life is in their hands. Will they save him? Alas! their thumbs point to the earth, he is doomed.

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one
Like the first of a thunder storm; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won.

The excitement subsides; the games are about to cease; but, hark! an imperial courier rushes to the podium; the crowd trembles with excitement. Shall the games cease? Shall the lions go unfed? No! Trajan furnishes the repast. Hear the shout of joy. The saintly Ignatius, the Theophor, is at Ostia. He must figure in the Coliseum before the day comes to a close. What joy! The martyr is in Rome, in the Coliseum: the pretor reads the imperial edict. He commands that Ignatius, who professes to carry the crucified impressed on him, be brought to great Rome in chains, to serve as food for the beasts and sport for the people. The

venerable martyr hears his death sentence with divine serenity. He falls on his knees, and instead of the usual salutation, he addresses himself to the immortal King of Heaven and Earth. He desires to be ground by the teeth of wild beasts in order to become the bread of Jesus Christ. In a few minutes the martyr has passed to his reward. Ferocious Rome has tasted Christian blood, and for two centuries more she will thirst after it. Clap your hands depraved Romans, rend the air with your savage cries. Know that the blood of these martyrs is the impetuous torrent that shall sweep from its sandy foundation thy proud citadel of degradation and shame; the never-failing imperishable cement that shall unite together the living stones of that Christian Coliseum that constitutes the abiding place of the Holy Spirit of sanctity and love. Exult in your fiendish delight oh "dulcis" vestal virgin, the hour-glass of thy career is rapidly emptying itself. In the other arena shall figure the other virgin the sweet, the modest Catholic virgin, the pure, the immaculate follower of the lamb without spot. Like the vestal virgin be ever present at the side of poor suffering humanity. Be with us oh sweet Sister of charity, with thy hands ever raised to heaven in pity and compassion, ever stretched towards earth in charity and love. Years have elapsed since I first saw the Coliseum, time has flown since I saw it last, and still the impression is the same.

Glorious old Coliseum, proud monument of my mother's love, stern teacher of my faith. May thy shadow be ever consecrated by thy Christian associations, and may thy ruins be preserved from decay, as the battlefield where our forefathers fought and died in order to transmit to future generations the heroism and love of the Cross.

FRANCIS J. McARDLE, O.M.I.



NOTRE DAME CHURCH, HULL,

HULL, P. Q.



THE City of Hull was founded by Mr. Philomen Wright, one of the intrepid river men who, following up the course of the Ottawa river in the early part of the century in search of timber, was so impressed with the site of the present city and attracted by the grand water-power of the Chaudiere Falls, that he established himself there and founded a settlement which he called Hull in honour of his native city in far-off Britain. Many and great have been the changes that have been wrought around the "big kettle" since the hardy voyageurs of the Ottawa first grouped their humble cottages by its rocky sides. Two cities have since sprung into existence, and have grown up side by side. They have, moreover, developed an industry in lumber and wooden-ware of world-wide reputation. The water-power of the Chaudiere, second only to Niagara, has been in part utilized by manufacturers, and now the busy hum of the many great sawmills seems to vie with the roar of the cataract.

The population of Hull at present, consists of a hardy and strong class of woodmen who, during the summer milling season work around the giant concerns of the Chaudiere, and during the winter go to the shanties of the Upper Ottawa. The present city is one of the largest lumbercentres in Canada, and the immense quantity of square timber that comes slowly floating down the Ottawa from the "limits" in the north, after passing through the mills comes out in the form of boards, laths, shingles, pails, matches and wooden-ware of all descriptions. In summer Hull presents a very busy appearance, with its huge mills turning out thousands of feet of lumber every day, its acres of valuable lumber piles, and its long line of docks crowded with canal boats awaiting loads to be shipped to all parts of the continent.

On account of the great abundance of wood of every shape and form in the "transpontine" city, it is not surprising that Hull has hitherto been built almost exclusively of that combustible material.

Being the centre also of one of the largest match manufactories in Canada, it is in constant danger of fire, and unfortunately Hull seems to have been singled out by the fiery element as a victim of its wrath. No less than three times has the unfortunate city been almost literally "wiped out of existence." The first great fire occurred in 1880, when ignited by a very simple cause, the conflagration rapidly spread and four hundred houses were burned to the ground and three thousand persons thereby left homeless. The combustible nature of the houses rendered the city a mere fire-trap and moreover on account of having no water works and only a volunteer fire brigade, the men were utterly unable to cope with the flames. Succor however soon poured in from the sympathizing public. The government both Provincial and Federal, subscribed handsome sums of money; the lumber kings gave boards, wherewith once more the poor victims could provide themselves with homes, and under the wise guidance of the Oblate Fathers under Father Cauvin, the city soon rose "phoenix like" from its ashes, and contentment once more reigned supreme. The unfortunate city was not long destined to enjoy its prosperity however, for in 1886 a fire broke out in the heart of the town, and notwithstanding the efforts of many and willing helpers, the hastily erected houses to the number of one hundred and ten were once more reduced to ashes. Again the Oblate Fathers became the angels of comfort to the afflicted poor. A third time in 1888 did the unfortunate city, just recovering from the disastrous effects of the last conflagration, once more fall a victim to a fire in many respects the most disastrous of all. One hundred and twenty five buildings, including the church, the convent and the priest's house were swept away.

The charity of the Dominion was once more solicited, and thousands of dollars were handed over to the Relief Committee, formed by the Oblate Fathers, and by them judiciously distributed among the sufferers. So many and such destructive fires following one another in such

rapid succession has had for effect to render the people of Hull more careful to protect their city

This has been done by disallowing the building of the wooden shells of houses, hitherto so common, and by providing the city with efficient waterworks and a fire protective system. Add to this, too, that each of the great mills is provided with a brigade of its own, which, in case of danger, can assist the city fire-fighters, and now the safety of Hull from all future dangers of great fires is assured.

The Oblate Fathers, of whom mention has been several times made, first took regular charge of the spiritual welfare of Hull in 1846, and although they did not take up their residence there at that time, they came frequently and gave missions to the thousands of poor river men, who although absent for a great part of the year in the shanties, were to be found in greater numbers in the lumbering city of Hull. In 1870 by a document signed by Jos. Eugene Guigues, the then Bishop of Ottawa, the Oblates were formally established as resident missionaries in Hull. Reverend Father Reboul, who had been for years ministering to their spiritual wants, took charge, and the same year witnessed the dedication of the church, for which the reverend Father had been so earnestly working. Under the fostering care of the Oblates, the moral atmosphere of Hull soon became more healthy, and the number of devout worshippers increased to such numbers that when the church was destroyed in 1888, the congregation had already far outgrown its sacred limits.

Of the many able priests who have at various times had charge of the parish of Hull perhaps the one that deserves most to be mentioned is the Reverend Father Cauvin, O.M.I., who took charge in 1877. To him is due the very efficient school system of that city, and to his zeal and industry was due to a great extent the material assistance rendered Hull by the Provincial authorities, when the fire fiend destroyed the homes of the unfortunate citizens. He it was, too, that, like a ministering angel, went among them in their hour of trouble with words of sympathy and encouragement, bidding them bear the burden as one from Heaven.

"Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth to his parish,
"Wandered the faithful priest consoling, and blessing and cheering."

When the last disastrous fire again rendered desolate the oft afflicted city, the saddest blow of all to the Catholic faithful people was to see their handsome church and the convent of the good sisters who ministered so kindly to their wants, fall before the devouring element. For upwards of three years afterwards the faithful heard mass in a hall which had been built for school purposes, and here, in this improvised chapel, as many as eight masses were sometimes said on one Sunday, to accommodate the number of parishioners.

But the Catholics of Hull have been well rewarded for their piety and for their fortitude, for the 25th day of last September witnessed the consecration of a truly magnificent edifice erected to replace the one destroyed by fire. When it is borne in mind that the present church in Hull has to accommodate a parish of about twelve thousand souls, it will not be surprising that it is the largest as well as the best finished place of worship in the Diocese. As may be seen by the accompanying lithograph, the new church of "Our Lady of Grace" is a composition of the Romano-Byzantine order of architecture. It is an imposing edifice, built of dressed stone and finished in a most elaborate manner. The interior presents a finished, ornate appearance. The main altar is of marble and granite of simple but massive beauty. Four side altars of beauty and taste flank the sides of the church, whilst a magnificent statue of the church patron, "Our Lady of Grace," ornaments the space above the main altar. The basement is a church in itself; furnished with finely finished pews and a grand organ, and having a seating capacity of 1,200 persons, it may well be considered a church of no ordinary dimensions.

The ceremony of consecrating the new edifice took place on Sunday, September 25th, amidst the splendor and pomp with which the Catholic Church alone can grace her ceremonies. On account of the importance of the occasion, Hull turned out "en masse," and the result was that even standing room was at a premium at the consecration ceremony and first mass in the new building. The Arch-

bishop of Ottawa and the Bishop of Pontiac were met at the Suspension Bridge by a select committee of citizens and by a turn-out of the societies of the city headed by the Hull band.

A procession, which was of gigantic proportion, but characterized throughout by great order, escorted the Prelates to the presbytery.

His Grace proceeded at once with the ceremony. Dressed in full pontificals, and attended by a procession of the clergy, he went through the ceremony of blessing the church, inside and out. When the doors were thrown open and the Archbishop proceeded with the inside ceremony, the thronging multitude filled its every corner in a few seconds. The solemn chanting of the large number of priests, too, added to the impressiveness of the ceremony. After the ceremony, Bishop Lorrain celebrated Pontifical High Mass, assisted by Rev. Canon McCarthy, of St. Bridger's. Farmer's Grand Mass was ably rendered by a chosen choir, whilst Madame St. Simon presided at the organ. The sermon of the day was delivered by Rev. Father Corbeil, Professor of Rhetoric in St. Therese College, and a native of Hull. The reverend gentleman took for his text, "Laetatus sum in his quae dicta sunt mihi." "In domum Domini ibimus" (Ps. 121, vi.) and preached a sermon worthy of the occasion. He referred in feeling tones to the calamity that had befallen the city four years ago when its grand church was

destroyed. Few in Hull could forget that lamentable occasion. But to-day they had cause for great rejoicing on witnessing the magnificent structure that had arisen to take the place of the other. This day would long be remembered as one of exceeding joy, for the church was a standing monument to the religious zeal of the people of Hull and certainly one which was an ornament to the city. After the religious ceremonies were concluded Mayor Champagne arose and delivered an address to their Lordships, eminently befitting the occasion. Both their Lordships responded in feeling terms, in the course of which they referred to the great work done and being done by the Reverend Oblate Fathers and paid high tribute to their missionary zeal.

The crowd then slowly dispersed whilst the clergy and several of the principal citizens repaired to the Presbytery where a banquet had been provided.

Among those present at the ceremony, not already mentioned, were the Rev. Fathers Lefebvre, Provincial of the Oblates and McGuckin, President of the University of Ottawa.

The day shall be long remembered by the faithful of Hull as one of the happiest of their lives, in as much as after the many trials and tribulations of the past their piety and religious zeal is at last crowned by the possession of one of the finest churches in Canada.

FRANK MCDUGAL '93.

" Only a year !
To me how long—ah me !
But why repine ? A few short years,
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall rejoicing go
To that fairer land—to Thee."

A SHOWER OF BLOOD.



HE celebrated Father Denza relates a strange phenomenon that happened at Missignadi, a small village at a short distance from Oppido Mamertina, Italy, on the 15th of May 1890. Forty-two persons, two of whom were officers, testified under oath that on the aforesaid day between 4:30 and 5 p.m., a light shower of blood fell, and stained persons, stones and plants. The sky was dark; and it was observed that the shower of blood followed a large black cloud that advanced from West to East. The area sprinkled with drops of blood was about two square miles.

On different other occasions, the bloody colour of rain or snow has been accounted for by the presence of certain cryptogams, or of mineral substances, especially iron oxide or cobalt chloride. The presence of such substances in large quantities in a current of air, undoubtedly requires special circumstances. The phenomenon is not of frequent occurrence, whether the colour noticed be reddish, or yellow, as happens when the colouring substance is the pollen of Coniferæ blown away by a storm at the time of fertilization. It was in this way that scientists used to account for showers of blood. But in the present case, we have reason to believe that true blood, and not only blood-colored rain, fell at Missignadi.

Virdia, the Director of the Oppido observatory, collected some of this rain in little cups and from leaves, and sample of it were sent to the laboratory of the School of Hygiene at Rome. In the report dated June 29th 1890, we read that the

stains of the drops vary from 1 millimeter to 4 millimeters in diameter, that they look like pellicles somewhat contracted, and about to crumble, and that all the other physical characteristics are those of blood. A particle of this substance heated upon a plate of platinum swells up and gives out the well known smell of burnt horn; again it catches fire, and leaves a terreous residue of a yellowish appearance, which gives exactly the reactions of iron. Another particle of the same substance, treated with chloride of iron and acetic acid yields beautiful hemin crystals, the quintessence of true blood. Lastly, a third particle acted upon with a solution of potash reveals to the microscope reddish spheroidal globules which go to indicate, though doubtfully, that it is the blood of birds.

This last circumstance, far from rendering this phenomenon easier to explain, makes it all the more difficult. If we were to account for it by the action of a storm it would be more natural to believe that the blood was taken from a slaughterhouse than from the veins of migrating birds. But a phenomenon cannot be denied simply because it is difficult or even impossible to account for it. If the shower at Missignadi were not true blood how could we explain the presence of all the chemical characteristics of blood and especially of hemin?

A lesson to be derived from this fact, which has happened in our days, is that historians should not deny *a priori* all past events of the same kind. It may be that in some cases people were mistaken; but who would dare say that they were mistaken in all the cases mentioned in history?



A SISTER'S SACRIFICE.



THREE women were watching an approaching storm from their cosy sitting-room in the castle of Theix. When clear, one could view from its windows the whole bay of Morbihan, on the south side of Bretagne. But now the sky was covered with lowering clouds, and the shades of evening were falling fast. The sultry atmosphere thickened, big rain-drops came splashing down, and forked lightning danced on the white-crested waves. The storm that had been brooding all the afternoon broke in real earnest.

One of the watchers, a young girl, abandoned her post of observation, exclaiming,—

“What a terrible storm we shall have !”

Deep sighs escaped the lips of the other two, the elder one saying,—

“Where is our poor Paul to-night ?”

She was interrupted by an old servant bringing in lights. They sat down at the table, each one seemingly busying herself with some needle-work. One of the girls, looking up from her work, saw that her mother's eyes were filled with tears. She flung her arms around her neck, saying,—

“Be comforted ; Paul will return. Fate will not be so cruel as to rob you of your son, Louise of her betrothed, and me of my brother. Why should we be alarmed ? So far we have received no bad news.”

“’Tis the silence, Marie, that is so terrible. For three long months we have heard nothing, absolutely nothing. This suspense could drive one mad. O God, where is my darling son ! Is he sick, wounded, imprisoned—”

She did not dare to pronounce the word that would destroy all her hopes.

Marie's thoughts flew to the bloody battle-fields, where the defenders of the kingdom were fighting against the victorious republic ; to the gloomy prisons, where they awaited, dauntlessly, their death ; to the forests and ravines, where they hid from their pursuers. There might be her brother, the last descendant of a brave and noble family, the only hope of her aged mother.

Madame de Turgis, who was living with her daughter and niece in the castle of Theix, had miraculously escaped from the persecution which had befallen at that time not only the nobles, but all that were loyal to their king. Until now, she had lived in peace, although her son had taken an active part in these struggles. But what alarming fears, what anxiety for the absent one, proscribed and pursued !

But these fears had to be hidden, for in those days no one could be trusted. Friends and servants were suspected ; all might become traitors. Only among themselves could they unburden their hearts, bewail the state of their country, speak of the atrocities committed, and hope for the day when all this would be ended. Madame de Turgis possessed one true friend. It was their old servant, Henri. He loved his mistress dearly, and would have sacrificed his life for her. He was the only one they trusted.

The clock struck nine. Henri appeared, and set the table for their simple supper. While he was thus employed, Madame de Turgis asked him if he had heard any news.

“None, my lady. Yves, the fisherman, has told me that the fate of those poor prisoners has not yet been decided.”

“The poor soldiers ! What will be their fate ?” asked Louise.

“They undoubtedly will be murdered,” replied Marie. “If only Paul—”

She stopped abruptly. Did he accompany Charette, who still was fighting victoriously ; had he joined Sombreuil ; or had he succeeded in leaving France ? Vain questions ! They knew nothing, and dared not ask.

Henri had just served soup when the bell rang. The joyous barking of a dog was heard.

“That is my brother !” cried Marie, in glad surprise.

Henri disappeared with lights. Deep silence reigned, only interrupted now and then by a peal of thunder. A quick step was heard, the door opened, and a young man stepped into the room, exclaiming,—

“At last ! at last !”

He clasped his mother and sister to his

breast. Then Louise stepped forward. He held out his arms to her and enfolded her in a fervent embrace. Madame de Turgis was nearly distracted with joy; her son was once more with her. She ordered Henri to barricade all entrances to the castle, so as to guard them from every surprise. All her fears were now allayed. She had only one thought: he is here; he is saved!

"So you will take part in the coming campaign?" Madame de Turgis asked at length, after they had conversed for some time.

"Yes, dear mother," said he. "All the survivors of General Charette's followers, of whom I am one, had united with the force under Sombreuil's command. Some of our soldiers held Fort Penthièvre, on the peninsula of Quiberon. The contest at the foot of the fort lasted four days. Nothing had been decided, until we were betrayed most treacherously. Our troops were faced on one side by the sea, on the other side by the columns of the republican army, which advanced rapidly. What a horrible sight, this desperate human mass, whose only choice was either the enemy's bayonets or the roaring waves. The English fleet which had landed us made no attempt to assist us. Some, furious at the double treason, plunged their swords into their breasts, while others blindfolded their horses and precipitated themselves into the waves."

"But you—you, my son, how did you escape?"

"Our division covered the landing-place. We sought to defend our brethren. Some boats were sent by the fleet, but too late. Only a few could reach them. We fought as long as we could. Our rescue was impossible; we were compelled to surrender. Sombreuil offered his life for his soldiers. His magnanimous offer was not accepted. We were surrounded on all sides, brought to Auray, and thrown into a prison. A few of us could escape in the general tumult."

"Thank God you escaped!"

Paul nodded assentingly.

"Will these unhappy men be sacrificed?" asked Louise.

"Undoubtedly."

"Notwithstanding their surrender?" exclaimed Marie.

"Hoche would respect it," answered

Paul. But there is Tallien. Away with these sad remembrances! How happy I am to be with you again!"

"And you shall not leave us," said Madame de Turgis, warmly. "If necessary, we will hide you, so that you cannot be found, even if a whole army came to look for you. It is to be hoped that better times will come. The general opinion is that peace will soon be declared. Then the wish of my heart will be fulfilled." She glanced meaningly at Paul and Louise, the warm blood rushing to the cheeks of the latter. "We will live united in this spot, where your father and I have spent so many happy days."

Paul made an attempt to smile, but the expression of pain that flitted over his features did not escape his sister's eyes. He kissed his mother's hand saying,—

"If your happiness depends on me—"

"Only on you, my son. Therefore, be careful; then everything will be well. But you are tired and drenched by the rain, and it is already eleven. Notwithstanding the joy I feel at seeing you, I would not rob you of your sleep. To-morrow, my child, we will see each other again."

The young man seemed to obey unwillingly. He paced the room several times, looked at the pictures and furniture. He bent over Louise's work.

"Is this for me, dearest?"

"Yes," she answered; "mother and Marie have also worked for you."

"My dear Marie," said Paul.

He turned towards his sister, exchanging a look of deep sympathy with her. Had she seen aright, or was it only a delirium? She thought his eyes were moist.

He suddenly stepped up to his mother and kissed her good-night. He bade Louise and Marie good-night also, and quickly left the room, as though through a forcible resolve.

Madame de Turgis and Louise also retired to their rooms, while Marie remained to attend some trivial matter. Insupportable thoughts crowded upon her. What was the horrible fear that clutched her heart—that stopped her breath? Was her brother in danger?

She slowly ascended the stairs leading to her room. Having arrived there, she longed to see Paul once more. She stepped out on the balcony and softly approached his windows. The curtains

were drawn back. Her brother knelt beside his bed. His hands were clasped above his head, as if uttering a passionate prayer. Marie listened intently; she heard deep drawn sobs. At last he raised himself; his face was deadly pale. He set a small alarm clock, and placed it on the table. His sister did not dare to disturb him. She returned to her room. As soon as she had entered there was a knock at her door, and Henri, the old servant, appeared.

"What is the matter? What has happened to my brother?" she asked with half-stifled voice.

"Oh, mademoiselle, you alone can keep him from going! you—so dearly loved—"

"What is it? Speak, Henri!"

"He will be shot to-morrow if you do not prevent it. The prisoners in Auray were sentenced to-day; to-morrow at day-break they will be shot at Vannes."

"And my brother?"

"He also is sentenced to death; but he gave his word of honor to return if he was allowed to see his beloved ones once more. Matthew, the groom, has been in Auray. There he heard all the particulars. How shall he be saved? What is to be done?"

"He gave his word of honor," she said, in slow, measured tones; "the promise of a nobleman must be kept."

"He will not break it. This evening he said to me: 'Henri, wake me at four o'clock; be careful that no one is disturbed.' I have promised to do it. I must wake him to meet his death—the son of my mistress, the child I have worshipped as an idol! O God, why did you not spare us this!"

While the old man was thus lamenting, Marie's face flushed, her figure seemed to grow more erect. She surveyed herself in the opposite mirror with something akin to pride. Then she said,—

"My brother must not die! he shall not die! Do not wake him—everything will be well!"

"I will do just as you say, mademoiselle. What would your mother do if she did not possess him?"

Henri left her. His fears were allayed by the tranquil words of his mistress. Marie felt that there was but one course left. Yes—she would succeed. The

moments were precious; it was already past midnight. She seated herself at the table and wrote a few lines, leaving them unsealed. She cut off her heavy mass of dark hair and placed it beside the note.

Then she stole noiselessly into Paul's room. He was sleeping soundly, being completely exhausted after the exertions of the day. She stepped softly to his bedside, gazed on him with ineffable fondness, kissed him with a scarcely perceptible touch on his lips. She took away the clock and his clothes. Upon the threshold she paused once more.

"Farewell!" she murmured huskily; "Farewell! May God protect you!"

After returning to her room, she hurriedly dressed herself in his uniform, and cast one more glance into the mirror. She stepped back surprised, the resemblance was so great. Only a mother could have known the sister and brother apart. The resemblance, that had so often gladdened them when children, was to save her brother's life.

She went to the stable, and there found Paul's horse ready for the morning. She threw a last look up at the walls of the castle, and rode off to Vannes.

The morning sun just appeared in the east and flung out into the sky its banners of crimson and gold, when Marie entered the gates of Vannes. The town was already in commotion. The streets were crowded with people. Following the throng, she came to the prison where the prisoners of Quiberon were assembled. Just as she arrived the roll was called. Marie waited.

"Paul de Turgis!"

"Here!" replied a gentle but firm voice.

Marie joined the ranks of soldiers, her heart throbbing wildly. She had taken her brother's place, and escaped detection.

The first division of victims, consisting of seventy men, was headed by General Sombreuil. Solemnly they marched along. Marie's companions were too occupied with their own thoughts to detect the deception. She trembled lest her plan would be thwarted. If possible she would have quickened her steps.

At last they arrive at the place where the execution was to be held. A priest offered a prayer for the repose of the unfortunate victims' souls. Marie looked

unflinchingly at the files of musketry before her. The command was given, a sheet of flame flashed forth. Marie reeled and fell; a ball had entered her heart.

The clock struck six when Paul awoke from his deep sleep. In deadly terror, for it was already day, he sprang from his couch. His clock, his uniform were gone. He seized an old hunting suit, dressed himself quickly, and hurried out of the room. Henri rushed up to him with upraised hands.

"What time is it?" said the young man desperately.

"It is too late!" the old servant answered tremulously.

"Miserable man, you know not what this is to me!"

"I know it; it concerns your life."

"It concerns my honor, and that is more! Hurry and get my horse. I must go away without disturbing any one. I wished to see them once more. That was the reason of my coming. I have given my word of honor to return in time. Now, away, away!"

At that moment Madame de Turgis came rushing up to him. Although they had spoken in hushed voices, she had heard part of their conversation. She was extremely agitated.

"What is the matter? What have I heard? she gasped.

"Keep her back! You must not die! Your death will be mine!"

She clasped him in her arms as if to draw him from the brink of a precipice.

In the meantime Henri hurried to Marie's room, hoping that Paul could not withstand the united entreaties of mother and sister. He knocked again; still silence reigned. He took an old servant's privilege to open the door. He hastened back to his master, who tried to free himself from Louise's embrace, who had also been aroused.

"Marie was gone."

One thought flashed simultaneously through their minds. They rushed to her room. Paul was the first to see the note. It was addressed "My Dearest Brother,"

was signed "Marie," and ran as follows: "You shall not die, and your honor will be saved. Live and comfort our dear mother. Tell her not to grieve for me. I gladly give my life for yours. Farewell, beloved ones! In heaven we will meet again."

"And shall I let my sister perish?" cried Paul wildly.

He rushed away. At the foot of the stairs stood his groom, who looked as if he saw a ghost.

"Is it really you, master? Who was then the victim who wore your uniform?"

"It was my sister! Oh, unhappy mortal that I am! She has sacrificed herself for me."

He pressed both hands against his breast, all the blood seemed suddenly to stagnate about his heart. He felt as though life and senses were forsaking him, and then, struck as it were by a flash of lightning, he fell senseless. Madame de Turgis, despite her inexpressible grief, felt that she must do everything to save her son. She almost blessed the unconsciousness that had come over him. After the swoon had passed away, he was raving with fever. Often he cried, "Paul de Turgis—here!" or "Fire!" Then again, "Keep her back, keep her back!"

The same day, Louise, disguised as a peasant girl, and accompanied by Henry and their groom, went to Vannes. The dead—over seven hundred—were still awaiting their burial. After an hour's search they found Marie. Her glassy eyes still betrayed the restless look with which she had scanned the distance, fearing to the last her brother's arrival. Louise raised the still, cold form and kissed the lips closed forever. Her remains were placed at the foot of the altar in their chapel, where two years afterwards Paul Louise were united.

Many days and nights—many weeks—passed before Paul de Turgis knew what was passing around him. He recovered in time; but what he had suffered was known only to himself and heaven. He was given back to life and love, but at a high price, A Sister's Sacrifice.

TO THE CHILDREN OF SAINT CLARE.

By the Very Rev. *Aeneas McDonell Dawson, LL.D.*
V.G., &c.



I.

WITH hood of Heaven's hue
And Heavenward bent your view,
Where'er your steps you bend
Choice blessings will attend.

II.

The day from toil that's riven
To God be duly given ;
His powerful grace implore,
His pledge of love adore.

III.

Let no month pass away
Till you for pardon pray ;
And when your duly shriven,
Then trust you are forgiven.

IV.

Lest withering cares efface
Of suffering Christ each trace,
A beauteous altar raise
And joyful sing his praise ;
Let every sign appear
That God you love and fear,
Whilst sin, as doth beseem,
A damning thing you deem.

V.

The world's false joys avoid
Lest they your heart divide

And you, thus unawares,
Be lost in Satan's snares.

VI.

Its painted trait'rous toys
The world deceived enjoys.
But piety will shun
Whate'er for sin is done.

Filled with the Spirit's fire
To fervent prayer aspire,
Thus Heavenward soared Saint Clare
And heard God's voice declare,
"Whate'er on earth's your way,
My right hand is your stay."

VII.

Oh! happy, happy they
Who thus devoutly pray,
Like holy Clare of old
To Heaven's great Lord they hold,
Or like the lamb unstained
That meek and lowly deigned
From glorious Heaven's high dome
Of virgin's womb to come.

VIII.

Where'er your course you take,
Strive Clare to imitate
Thus, like the saints in life,
(This tearful time of strife,
Like them, in brightest ray
You'll bask of God's own day.

FATHER LACOMBE AND CROWFOOT.



THE October number of *Current Literature* takes from Mr. Julian Ralph's delightful volume *On Canada's Frontier* the following description of one of those indefatigable priests who have done so much for the Indians of the great North-West.

The good priest—for if ever there was a good man Father Lacombe, O.M.I., is one—saw fighting enough, as he roamed with one tribe and the other or journeyed from tribe to tribe. His mission led him to ignore tribal differences and to preach to all the Indians of the plains. He knew the chiefs and head men among them all, and so justly did he deal with them that he was not only able to minister to all without attracting the enmity of any, but he came to wield, as he does today, a formidable power over all of them. He knew old Crowfoot in his prime, and as I saw them together, they were like bosom friends. Together they had shared dreadful privation and survived frightful winters and storms. They had gone side by side through savage battles, and each respected and loved the other. I think I make no mistake in saying that all through his reign Crowfoot was the greatest Indian monarch in Canada; possibly no tribe in this country was stronger in numbers during the last decade or two. I have never seen a nobler-looking Indian or a more king-like man. He was tall and straight, as slim as a girl, and he had the face of an eagle or of an ancient Roman. He never troubled himself to learn the English language; he had little use for his own. His grunt or his "No" ran all through his tribe. He never shared his honors with a squaw. He died an old bachelor, saying, wittily, that no woman would take him. It must be remembered that the degradation of the Canadian Indian began a dozen or fifteen years later than that of our own red men. In both countries the railroads were indirectly the destructive agents, and Canada's great trans-continental line is a new institution. Until it belted the prairies the other day the Blackfeet Indians led very much the life of their fathers, hunting and trading for the whites, to be sure, but living like

Indians, fighting like Indians and dying like them. Now they do not fight, and they live and die like dogs. Amid the old conditions lived Crowfoot—a haughty, picturesque, grand old savage. He never rode or walked without his head men in his retinue, and when he wished to exert his authority his apparel was royal indeed. His coat of gaudy bead-work was a splendid garment, and weighed a dozen pounds. His leg-gear was just as fine; his moccasins would fetch fifty dollars in any city to-day. Doubtless he thought his hat was quite as impressive and king-like, but to a mere scion of effeminate civilization it looked remarkably like an extra tall plug hat, with no crown in the top and a lot of crow's plumes in the band. You may be sure his successor wears that same hat to-day, for the Indians revere the 'state hat' of a brave chief, and look at it through superstitious eyes, so that those queer hats (older times than ever see the light of St. Patrick's Day) descend from chief to chief and are hallowed. But Crowfoot died none too soon. The history of the conquest of the wilderness contains no more pathetic story than that of how the kind old priest, Father Lacombe, warned the chief and his lieutenants against the coming of the pale-faces. He went to the reservation and assembled the leaders before him in council. He told them that the white men were building a great railroad, and in a month their workmen would be in that virgin country. He told the wondering red men that among these laborers would be found many bad men seeking to sell whiskey, offering money for the ruin of the squaws. Reaching the greatest eloquence possible for him, because he loved the Indians and doubted their strength, he assured them that contact with these white men would result in death, in the destruction of the Indians, and by the most horrible processes of disease and misery. He thundered and he pleaded. The Indians smoked and reflected. Then they spoke through old Crowfoot: "We have listened. We will keep upon our reservation. We will not go to see the railroad." But Father Lacombe doubted still, and yet more pro-

foundly was he convinced of the ruin of the tribe should the "children," as he sagely calls all Indians, disobey him. So once again he went to the reserve, and gathered the Chief and head men, and warned them of the soulless, diabolical; selfish instincts of the white men. Again the grave warriors promised to obey him. The railroad laborers came with camps and money and liquors and numbers, and the prairie thundered the echoes of their sledge-hammer strokes. And one morning the old priest looked out of the window of his bare bedroom and saw curling wisps of grey smoke ascending from a score of tepees on the hill beside Calgary. Angry, amazed, he went to his doorway and opened it, and there upon the ground sat some of the head men and the old men, with level heads, ashamed. Fancy the priest's wrath and his questions! Note how wisely he chose the name of children for them, when I tell you that their spokesman at last answered with the excuse that the buffaloes were gone, and food was hard to get, and the white brought money which the squaws could get. And what is the end? There are always tepees on the hills now beside every settlement near the Blackfoot reservation. And one old missionary lifted his trembling forefinger toward the sky, when I was there, and said: "Mark me. In fifteen years there will not be a full-blooded Indian alive on the Canadian prairie—not one." It is strange to think of a scholar and a priest amid the scenes that Father Lacombe has witnessed. It was one of the most fortunate happenings of my life that I chanced to be in Calgary and in the little mission beside the chapel when Chief Crowfoot came to pay his respects to his old black habited friend. Anxious to pay the Chief such a compliment as should present the old warrior to me in the light in which he would be most proud to be viewed, Father Lacombe remarked that he had known Crowfoot when he was a young man and a mighty warrior. The old copper-plated Roman smiled and swelled his chest when this was translated. He was so pleased that the priest was led to ask him if he remembered one night when a certain trouble about some horses, or a chance duel between the Blackfoot tribe and a band of its enemies, led to a midnight attack. If my memory serves

me, it was the Bloods (an allied part of the Blackfoot nation) who picked this quarrel. The chief grinned and grunted as the priest spoke. The priest asked if he recalled how the Bloods were routed? The chief grunted even more emphatically. Then the priest asked if the chief recalled what a pickle he, the priest, was in when he found himself in the thick of the fight? At that old Crowfoot actually laughed. After that Father Lacombe, in a few bold sentences, drew a picture of the quiet, sleep-enfolded camp of the Blackfoot band, of the silence and the darkness. Then he told of a sudden musket shot; then of the screaming of the squaws, and the barking of the dogs, and the yelling of the children, of the general hubbub and confusion of the startled camp. The cry was everywhere, "The Bloods! the Bloods!" The enemy shot a fusilade at close quarter into the Blackfoot camp, and the priest ran out toward the blazing muskets, crying that they must stop, for he, their priest was in the camp. He shouted his own name, for he stood toward the Bloods precisely as he did toward the Blackfoot nation. But whether the Bloods heard him or not, they did not heed him. The blaze of their guns grew stronger and crept nearer. The bullets whistled by. It grew exceedingly unpleasant to be there. It was dangerous as well. Father Lacombe said that he did all he could to stop the fight, but when it was evident that his behaviour would simply result in the massacre of his hosts and of himself in the bargain, he altered his cries into military commands. "Give it to 'em!" he screamed. He urged Crowfoot's braves to return two shots for every one from the enemy. He took command and inspired the bucks with double valor. They drove the Bloods out of reach and hearing. All this was translated to Crowfoot—or Sapouaxitaw, for that was his Indian name—and he chuckled and grinned and poked the priest in the side with his knuckles. And good Father Lacombe felt the magnetism of his own words and memory, and clapped the chief on the shoulder, while both laughed heartily at the climax, with the accompanying mental picture of the discomfited Bloods running away, and a clergyman ordering their instant destruction.



LORD TENNYSON IN HIS STUDY AS HE APPEARED AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FOUR.

THE LATE LAUREATE.



AFTER a long, and earnest, and a well spent life, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, has passed away, and the pen that for three score years, has been busy with the inspirations of the muse, is laid aside forever. The English speaking people the world over, mourn the loss of the great singer, and it is but natural that they should. For when his present renown shall have become fame, few names will be inscribed higher than that of the dead bard, upon the list of English poets; and many, many years may elapse before another will arise to swell the tide of English verse by such a flood of song as his.

There is no universally conceded order of precedence among the poets. No Academy exists to assign each one his proper place in the long file. Whom one critic will elevate to the highest rank, another may look upon with a disdainful eye. Taste is the usual criterion by which the poet is judged, and since all critics do not agree in this, his worth is marked high or low upon the register of literary fame according to the idiosyncracies of him who judges. But if honorable distinction, or popular esteem, or the elevating influence of his works upon humanity be criteria whereby to judge of merit, Lord Tennyson will ever take a high rank among his brethren in the poetic art. Though it is difficult to come to any definite conclusion as to the place he holds relative to the great masters of English verse who have preceded him, yet it is safe to say that his death has robbed us of the foremost poet of the Victorian age. Not only is he the greatest poet whom the nineteenth century has produced, but he is, moreover, its representative in the field of rhymatical art, breathing forth its emotions, voicing its sentiments, and interpreting its thought. He was a long time in the arena, for he embraced within the compass of his life over four score years. The 5th of August 1809 was his natal day, and Oct. 6th of the present year saw the last flickerings of the vital flame in the great bard. He came of noble blood in the beginning,

for his pedigree extends back through the Norman family of D'Eyncourt, to the Plantagenets. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, was Rector of Somersby and Enderby, and vicar of Great Grimsby; his mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Fytche, was a daughter of the vicar of Louth. He himself, was the third of twelve children—three of whom were boys—who made up the complement of the Tennyson family in the old white rectory at Somersby. This little village, where the poet was first introduced to the world, nestles in a cosy, secluded nook in the county of Lincolnshire, surrounded by wooded hills, or wolds; and many of its associations as well as those of the neighboring country are referred to in Tennyson's more youthful effusions. The brook, which was doubtless the source of inspiration of his poem by that name, winds round the rectory; and in the "woods that belt the grey hill-side," "the fleeced sheep," the "wattled folds," and "the ridged wolds," we recognize features of Lincolnshire scenery. In the vicinity of Somersby were many noble piles that might have suggested Locksley Hall, the most likely of which was Langton Hall. It is by no means certain that this is the case, but rumor has it so, and it is at least a probability. It is a strange circumstance that the fate which the lover wishes may befall Locksley Hall, has since befallen Langton Hall. It was destroyed by fire fifteen years after the poem was written, and a new hall has been erected upon its site, thus fulfilling the desire expressed in the lines—

"Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain, or hail,
or fire, or snow,
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward,
and I go."

There may never have been a shallow-hearted "Cousin Aney," yet report has it that there was. Some years ago, a Lincolnshire clergyman died, and the legend runs that it was he who won from the poet the heart of his fickle cousin. This Reverend Gentleman was known to be very fond of horses, and his affection for the kennel was the talk of the county. It was concluded therefore that to him

reference was made in the lines.

"Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

However true the story may be, it is known that the poet remained a bachelor up to a late period in life.

He began his studies in the grammar school at Louth, a small town of his native shire, and it was while here that himself and his brother Charles conjointly had published a volume of verse entitled, "Poems by Two Brothers," bearing the date, 1827. These are generally considered to have been the first whisperings of the Tennysonian muse, though Mr. Stoddard tells us that it was when a little boy of five years, when running along by the old rectory that his first inspiration was given voice. The wind was blowing freely in his face, and he cried,—“I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind,” and thus, unknowingly, composed his first line.

In 1828 Tennyson entered Trinity College, Cambridge, with his brother Charles. Among his fellow-students here, he numbered some of England's afterwards most noted men, Lord Houghton, James Spedding, Arthur Henry Hallam, in whose memory he afterwards wrote "In memoriam," and William Wakepiece Thackray, while there, he and his friend Arthur Hallam, entered in a prize poem competition. The subject "Timbuctoo" was dressed in *tersa rima* by Hallam, whilst Tennyson essayed blank verse. Tennyson's venture won the prize, though it is said that Hallam was a good second.

If "Poems by Two Brothers" received no notice at the hands of the critics, "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," by Alfred Tennyson, the first edition of which appeared three years later, and the second in 1832, had not this slight to complain of. No sooner was it in print than this gentry pounced upon it like a pack of hungry wolves. No allowance was made for youth or early effort, and "Poems Chiefly Lyrical" met the same reception as "Hours of Idleness" and "Endymion" had met before. "The Quarterly Review" of the time especially was most uncharitable, nay even brutal in its assaults upon the youthful bard; so vicious was it indeed, that we cannot repress a feeling of indignation at the unscrupulous

way in which its essayists criticized those poems, and the sweeping condemnation they bestowed upon them. These men ruled with an iron hand in their self-raised judgment seats, and from their decision there was no appeal. In "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," there was, doubtless, much mere jingle of words. Many of them were imbued with an effeminacy and weakness that were the very antithesis of the poetry of that age. These faults the critics took note of, and swelled to enormous proportions. But there were other poems in the collection which gave promise of a bright future. They were the surface-quartz of the mine, through which could be traced here and there the yellow veins. These the critics took no note of, and it was in this they sinned. Tennyson lacked the boldness and self-conceit that stood Byron in such good stead when he administered that castigation to the Scotch Reviewers which opened the eyes of Europe to his genius. Tennyson was of a timid, retiring disposition, and the severe treatment he received at the hands of the reviewers wounded him deeply. For ten years his muse was silent. The unhalloved step that had ventured within the portal of the temple of poetic art timidly withdrew, and left the place in the quiet possession of its old-time deities. But in 1842 the voice that men had forgotten, burst forth anew clear and strong, challenging censure. This time the English people were with it, and their approving cry lent it additional force. When the "Mort d'Arthur," "Locksley Hall," "The May Queen" and "The Two Voices" appeared, it was at once evident that another deity claimed homage, and worshippers soon began to flock round the new shrine. The purity of thought, and the elegance of expression, the melodious rhythm and the wealth of glowing imagery in these poems, stamped the author as undeniably a true poet. This time the critics were either silent or welcomed the new star to the literary firmament.

For the next four years the world lost sight of him again, but in 1847 appeared "The Princess," a medley, wherein the modern tendency of woman to unsex herself is exposed, ridiculed and followed to its ultimate deplorable consequences. He shows us the would-be mannish woman working out her own moral punishment

by destroying in herself the tender heart of flesh. Though in some quarters "The Princess" did not meet with approval, for the simple reason that its import was not understood. Yet the general trend of criticism was in its favor; and like good wine, it flavor has improved with age. Mr. Stoddard ranks it with "Comus" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," while the beautiful songs which appeared in the second edition, viz: "As Through the Land," "Sweet and Low," "The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls," "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," "Ask Me No More," Mr. Stedman considers to be "finest group of songs produced in our century."

In 1850 appeared "In Memoriam," by the great majority of scholars and *litterateurs* considered to be Tennyson's masterpiece. Though his name did not grace the title page, yet the world soon traced its authorship to him. It is a collection of poems on a vast variety of subjects, but all united to the memory of his bosom friend, Arthur Hallam, who died seventeen years before. Hallam had been Tennyson's college companion, his sister's accepted suitor, and the dearest of all men to the poet. Mr. Gladstone calls the poem "the richest oblation ever offered by the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed." But though undoubtedly written to the memory of his friend, Peter Bayne is right when he says, "Hallam, strictly speaking, is not the subject of the poem; he has merely furnished the occasions and suggestions for it. About 130 pieces, each complete in itself, are knit into a true poetic unity by being set to one key-note, provided with one sentiment, colored by one feeling, idea, thought. More is not required of any one of them than that it shall have some relation, even though indirect and distant, to the friendship between Hallam and Tennyson. They thus become to a very large extent autobiographical, and their autobiographical interest is higher than their biographical, in the proportion in which Alfred Tennyson is a more important and interesting person than Arthur Hallam." The same year, 1850, saw the death of Wordsworth, and the laureate crown, thus left without a wearer was, with the unanimous approval of the English people, bestowed upon

Tennyson. The laurel rested upon a worthy brow, a far worthier one than many among his predecessors in the Laureateship could boast, for whom political consideration in many cases won the distinction. It is said that when the then Minister was approached with the request to name Tennyson for the Laureateship, he answered that he did not know Mr. Tennyson, whereupon "Ulysses" was read to him. Having an ear for harmony and a taste appreciative of true poetry, the Minister said that the author of such a composition was well worthy of the crown which Wordsworth had worn, and named him for the vacancy. This year also saw him married to Miss Emily Sellwood, daughter of a Horncastle lawyer. It seems that when Tennyson first made his approaches to Miss Emily, the worthy lawyer was not very well pleased with his daughter's preference for the young poet. But at the time of their marriage his objections had doubtless been dispelled, for Tennyson had by this time acquired such fame as few men in the nation could boast, and was well on the way to fortune.

In his official capacity of Laureate Tennyson wrote very little, the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," being the only lines worthy of note. These appeared in the same volume as "Maud," published in 1855, which met with less success than any other of the poet's more extensive compositions. The *Westminster Review* proclaimed it to be "scarcely more than a residuum of Alfred Tennyson." This year also, the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. He declined a baronetcy some years later, but in 1883, accepted a peerage as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, Sussex, and of Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

The "Idylls of the King," upon which his fame to a great extent rests, were commenced some years later, and continued almost down to our own time. "Enoch Arden and Other Poems," published in 1864, "Queen Mary," in 1875, "Harold" in 1877, "The Lover's Tale" in 1879, "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After," in 1886, and many others at intervening periods, make up the complement of his works. In 1852 a son was born to the poet, whom he named Hallam, after

his dearest friend, and in 1854 another, Lionel, came to brighten his fireside. In 1886, Lionel died in India, but left three sons, who were at the poet's bedside when he died. The reports received from the death-chamber announced that Lord Tennyson's death was a most calm and peaceful one, fitting termination to the life he had led. A man of firm principles, and one who acted according to those principles, he feared not being ushered into the presence of his God, as is evidenced by the strain of those sweet and touching lines in one of his latest poems :—

“ Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness or farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time
and place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.”

If we make a retrospective survey of Tennyson's life-work we cannot but conclude that he was a power for good among men. He was no restless whiner, ever complaining of the emptiness of existence, and the hopelessness of a life beyond the grave, like De Musset and his school, whose presence in the world tended only to make man discontented with his lot, misanthropic and suicidal. His poetry is sweet to the taste after the bitter draughts of that school, whose art is known as the “ Art of Despair.” Both he and De Musset are children of the age, but they typify two opposite phases of modern thought. Tennyson saw beyond the clouds that veil the light the promise of a glorious day, and recognized in the notes of science a growing harmony. De Musset's diseased sight could not penetrate the darkness, and he sank in despair before the threatened storm. The central idea round which Tennyson's thoughts clustered, was that of inviolable law. Universal order he raised upon his altar and adored. It is through this law and obedience to its teachings that man is to arrive at the millenium, according to him, not by revolution against existing forms may be expected to reach this glorious consummation, but by a progressive evolution of the powers of the race, guided by law and order. He was

no visionary, no pantheistic speculator ; but a man of modern science, who saw in the primary chapters of nature's newly opened volume bright promises for the future of mankind. According to Tennyson, perfection will be secured not by some tremendous upheaval of the social sea, which will cast a land of perfection above the waves ; not as Byron and Shelley and Hugo would have us believe, by some sudden cataclasm ushered into the world through the medium of a mighty leader. But the race will move forward from precedent to precedent, gradually attaining a higher and still higher perfection, until at last will dawn that golden era of human existence when—

“ The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle
flags are furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fret-
ful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in uni-
versal law.”

In Arthur's Hall symbolic figures embody the four ages of man. In the first, beasts are represented slaying men, typifying the supremacy in that age of man's lower nature. In the second, the tables are turned, and men are destroying beasts showing that a certain progress has been made, and that man's higher instincts are in the ascendant. The third figure, illustrative of the age of perfect man, portrays mighty warriors, and is intended to mark another giant stride towards the final goal of perfection. Whilst in the fourth figure are men with growing wings. This is the acme of human existence.

“ Then comes the stater Eden back to man,
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind,
May these things be !”

Thus, whatever he has written tends to lift man up, and make him nobler ; to render him satisfied with earth and earth's, to imbue him with good-will toward his fellow-man, and to inspire him with hope in the future of his kind. And all this Tennyson has done, not by dull preachings, not by didactic suggestions, such as doctrinaires like Browning have made use of, but by the most insinuating poetry. Free from the morbid broodings of the School of Despair, and, buoyed up by

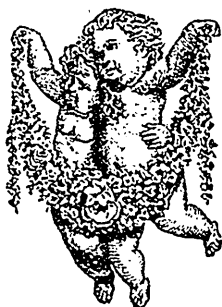
faith in man's destiny, he peers with expectant glance into the beyond and cries—

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,
forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ring-
ing grooves of change.

The age of Dante was a religious one, such still the age of Corneille and Racine, and even that of Shakespeare. Such in a modified form had been the age of Homer, of Aeschylus, of Sophocles and Euripides. The age of Schiller and Goethe, of Byron and Shelley although it had partly lost faith in the revelation of Christ, was inspired by the hopes and promises of a new revelation,—at least so considered by its votaries,—a revelation which was to come, not from the mysterious realms of the infinite, but from man's own yearning heart and teeming brain. Man's passionate love for freedom, so long repressed, with one bold movement had broken his bonds, and destroyed his oppressors, and promised to give him full possession of this life's coveted treasures. Whereas science, in

the ardor of her newly discovered strength, held out glorious hopes for the future and pledged to unravel the enigma of existence from the newly opened book of nature. But alas for human hopes, based upon human expedience! The age of Tennyson, instead of seeing the fulfilment of all these bright visions, sees only their vanity and discomfiture. Human liberty is firmly established throughout the civilized world, and yet the millenium is not in view. The mysteries of life are as impenetrable as ever except when looked upon by the light shed from Mount Calvary. Thus the age of Tennyson, except for those who stand upon the solid ground of Christian faith, is an age of shattered ideals and confused principles; and under these circumstances it is greatly to the credit of Tennyson's heart and mind that he was able to preserve for himself that buoyancy and hope and faith in the future which his writings exhibit, and which is almost exceptional among the great poets of our day.

JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92.



PILGRIMAGE TO CHAPELLE MONTLIGEON, FRANCE.

"THE INDULGENCE OF 500 DAYS ATTACHED BY THE REV. FATHERS OF THE HOLY CROSS TO THE ROSARIES."



IN writing upon this subject, namely: The indulgence of 500 days attached to each bead of the ordinary rosaries by the Fathers of the Holy Cross or Croisiers, it may interest our readers to learn a little about their order.

It was founded at Fluy, a town in Belgium in 1811 by the Ven. Theodore de Celles, Canon of Liege, who was as celebrated for his virtues as for his high birth. In the "*Petits Bollandistes*" by Mgr. Guerin, vol. IX, we read that he owed his conversion to a miraculous apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and for the remainder of his life he manifested a boundless affection and respect for his holy protectress. His feast is observed on August 17th.

About the end of the 12th century, a humble brother servant of the Order of Holy Cross, called John Novelan, lived in the Convent of Bretonnerie, Paris; one evening overcome with fatigue, after his pious exercises, he prepared to repose, when suddenly a brilliant light illuminated his cell. A form of celestial beauty in shining garments, a rich crown encircling her brow appeared before him, holding in her hand a banner ornamented with a cross. "Brother John" said she to the startled Friar, "you see before you one of St. Ursula's companions, partner of that holy virgin's joys and sorrows. We fled together from Bretagne to Cologne, bringing with us a great number of Christian Virgins, and all fell under the fury of the barbarians and suffered for the faith of Jesus Christ. I am Odilia.—The Lord has designed me to be the Patroness and Protectress of your order! Go to Cologne, and there near the Church of St. Gereon in Arnould's orchard you will find my burial place. My mortal remains rest in a marble tomb; disinter them and carry them to your house at Fluy."

The Brother related this apparition to his Prior, who wishing to prove the truth of this wonderful story, forbade him to speak of it. The Saint appeared a second

time and directed him to execute her orders; Brother John made all known to his Superior as before, who still refused to let him go, therefore it was impossible to accomplish the task imposed upon him.

But the Saint appeared again, and left such evident proofs of the reality of the vision, that the Prior no longer doubted the authenticity of the order, and in obedience to its instruction, sent off Father Louis de Campen with the Brother to Cologne. The two Monks arrived safely at their journey's end. But on being introduced to Arnould, they had great difficulty in gaining his consent to their project. At no price would he allow them to dig in his orchard, he scoffed rudely at their tale of the apparition of St. Odilia and sent them away. Nevertheless subdued as much by his pious wife's entreaties as by the earnest supplications of Brother John, he ended by permitting them to begin the search. After several hours work they found some vases of different sizes, still bearing the traces of blood. This discovery redoubled their ardour and at last they came upon the marble tomb spoken of by St. Odilia.

A notification of the fact was sent to the Archbishop of Cologne, and the fame of it spread throughout the city and suburbs. The Archbishop wished to proceed formally to the disinterment of these holy relics and on the day appointed a crowd of people proceeded to the place in order to assist in the ceremony. When the Archbishop opened the tomb a delicious perfume filled the air, and the faithful knelt while the Prelate drew out the bones, showing them at the same time to the people. An account of the Saint's martyrdom was found deposited with her relics.

It was in this way God was pleased to manifest the glory with which he had crowned St. Odilia's faith.

An authentic account of these details was drawn up the same day at Cologne, dated 1287, a copy of which we still possess.

*Annales Ord. Ice Crucis,
Cod Diplorn 1, 86.*

After St. Odilia's relics had been exposed for some days, they were solemnly transferred to the Mother House of the Order of the Holy Cross, the Convent of Clair-Lien at Fluy, Belgium.

A number of the members of this Order, priests and faithful, accompanied them from Cologne. As the procession passed, the inhabitants of every place went out to meet it, praising the Divine power and goodness, and many miraculous benefits were bestowed upon those who followed the body of this glorious virgin and martyr. These relics were then deposited in the Choir of the Church of Clair-Lien at Fluy, where they were venerated until the revolution of 1769 forced the Fathers of the holy cross to leave their house and fly with their precious treasure. In order to preserve them more surely from the profanation of these modern pagans, the Crosiers shut up the relics in their former wooden frame which in 1443 had been replaced by a rich shrine in silver gilt. The original frame containing some bones of St. Odilia is still found at Coleu (Kernel) Limbourg, Belgium. This is a remarkable work of art, that the artists of the middle ages have left to us, made in Liege in 1202, as the inscription upon it proves. Upon the oaken panels fine paintings reproduce the principal episodes of the life of St. Odilia, according to the legend of those times. The martyrdom of the Saint is represented as follows: The ferocious Chief of the Huns (Africanus) kneeling before the Saint presents his homage to her, but she refuses his hand. St. Odilia is placed between two barbarians, one of whom holds her by the shoulder and left arm, the other in coat of mail, raises a sword above her head; according to this picture Odilia must have been beheaded, the arrow generally put in her hand then could only be an allusion to the ordinary weapon of the simple barbarian warriors, and perhaps the instrument of death to the greater part of the 11,000 virgins. Since the disinterment of her remains, the Patroness of the Order of Crosiers of the holy cross has invoked against all diseases of the body, but more especially, those

of the eyes. The extraordinary favours and unhopd for cures obtained through all centuries sufficiently justify this devotion, lately this ancient practice has made great progress. Almighty God who always rewards the faith of His servants and sooner or later grants their petitions has shown in a striking manner more than once how much virtue He attaches to this benediction and the use of the blessed water when accompanied by good works.

The Fathers of the holy cross have the faculty to attach to the rosaries the indulgence of 500 days for every Pater and Ave. This faculty was granted by Pope Leo X, August 20th, 1516, in form of brief to the Master general of the Order of the Holy Cross, and to his successors. It has been confirmed under Gregory XVI, and Pius IX, by edicts from the Holy congregation of Propaganda, dated September 15th, 1842, July 13th, 1845, and January 9th, 1848, making the indulgence applicable to the souls in Purgatory, and giving the Commissioner General the power to delegate the said faculty to the priests of the Order, this is usually given only to the priests who live in the convent. The Holy congregation of indulgences examined the question again, and upon the report made by its secretary to the Sovereign Pontiff, March 15th, 1884, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII deigned to approve the answer given by the said Holy congregation.

The Fathers of the holy cross have exercised this precious privilege of their order in favour of the Œuvre Expiatoire and one of their priests comes from the Convent of St. Diest (Belgium) to Chapelle Montligeon twice every year, viz: in May and November to attach the indulgence of 500 days to the rosaries, which are held at the disposal of the associates, but in order that the privileges with which they are enriched may not be lost, any person wishing to possess one must give their order before they are blessed, as when once this is done, they cannot be sold. It is a valuable means of helping the Holy souls, for although less rich than that of the Dominican Rosary, it is much easier to gain, as the decades may be divided

according to a person's time and disposition as a consecutive number of Aves are not required. Charitable people who are devoted to the service of the Holy souls would then do well to avail themselves of these privileges, in order to help to obtain their clients deliverance from the fires of Purgatory.

M.L.S.

Note.—All inquiries respecting the *Œuvre Expiatoire* should be addressed and P. O. O. made payable to the Rev. Paul Buguet, (Director General) upon the *Post Office at Chapelle Monligeon, France.* Subscriptions, *yearly, one halfpenny; in perpetuity, five shillings,* to have a share in the merits of *500 Masses* per month. "Summary of indulgences" free on application.



COPTIC SONG.

Go ! but heed and understand
 This my last and best command :
 Turn thine youth to such advantage
 As that no reverse shall daunt age.
 Learn the serpent's wisdom early ;
 And contemn what time destroys ;
 Also, wouldst thou creep or climb,
 Choose thy role, and choose in time,
 Since the scales of Fortune rarely
 Show a liberal equipoise,
*Thou must either soar or stoop,
 Fall or triumph, stand or droop ;
 Thou must either serve or govern,
 Must be slave, or must be sovereign .
 Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
 Must be anvil, or be sledge.*

—J. C. MONGAN.

THE GREAT DISCOVERER.



HIS year the world honours the memory of Columbus with demonstrations such as have never before been given to any man.

Though the name of Columbus occupies a prominent place in the temple of fame, we know little of his early career. When a youth, none deigned to notice him, who was destined to be one of the world's greatest benefactors. Only when he had crossed the stormy waters of the Atlantic and made his name synonymous with everything that was great, noble and good, did cities that before shut their gates upon the friendless traveller, that laughed to scorn what they considered the ravings of a madman, vie with one another in doing honour to him, and out-homering Homer, Columbus was claimed as a citizen by no fewer than a score of cities.

Though many cities claim the great navigator as their own, there stand out more prominently than all the rest two great rivals for this proud distinction: Genoa and Savona. The majority of historians, however, unite in agreeing that Columbus was a Genoese, that is, he was born somewhere beneath the Genoese flag.

The time, as well as the place, of the birth of Columbus is uncertain. Upon this point also writers wage a mighty war of words, yet if we adopt the opinions of the more trustworthy historians and place credence in the writings of Columbus himself, we shall be justified in stating that he was born in the latter part of the year 1435 or the beginning of 1436. The question naturally arises, who were his parents? Was he an aristocrat or a plebian? In answer to this query we may say that when we consider the ancestry of Columbus new difficulties arise. It seems to be the fate of every great man to have calumniators, and the greater the man the more numerous the calumniators. Such has been the lot of Columbus, who, being one of the most upright, generous-hearted, God-fearing of men has not lacked detractors.

Endeavours have been made to prove

Columbus a liar and a hypocrite, by casting a slur upon his ancestry and by claiming that he was a mere upstart. Columbus claimed to be of noble lineage. It is to be said that his being descended from an illustrious family would add nothing to, and rather detract from his glory and merits, as at all times, but more especially in the 15th century, greater obstacles were to be found in the way of a plebian's rise to eminence than in that of one of the privileged class. Columbus maintained however that he was the scion of a noble family and laid claim to a coat of arms which he contended belonged to his ancestors. If then these claims to noble blood are not based upon truth and his armorial devices are spurious, Columbus is proved an upstart, an unscrupulous but daring adventurer. We must therefore carefully sift the arguments brought forward to prove that Columbus was of noble extraction. First of all we find that Columbus claimed to be of noble descent years before he became famous as the discoverer of America. In the letters-patent of Ferdinand and Isabella dated May 20th, 1493, creating Columbus a nobleman of Spain in recognition of his invaluable services to the crown, they granted him permission to insert in his new armorial devices the old coat-of-arms which he had been using.

Columbus' father was named Dominic; and his grandfather, John. We find John Columbus' name mentioned in several well-authenticated documents, but no reference is made to his occupation.

This is surely strange when we remember that the notaries of the time were most careful to mention a man's employment; so careful were they that in 1494 when Dominic Columbus acted as a witness in a case he was referred to as a former weaver of cloth. These facts tend to prove that Columbus' father was in all probability a gentleman in straitened circumstances, forced by the stern hand of poverty to abandon his title.

Such occurrences were quite frequent in Italy during the 14th and 15th centuries, when political uprisings compelled many noblemen to leave their native domain and seek shelter beneath a foreign

flag. Moreover the distinguished Spanish historian, Oviedo, who was unfriendly to Columbus, his family, and his projects, states that though he is doubtful of the birth-place of Columbus he has no hesitation in declaring that he was of noble lineage. Barros, the Portuguese writer, relates that Columbus belonged to a noble family of Lombardy, which was at one time rich at another poor, according as the star of the faction which they supported was in the ascendant or the decline. More than this, Columbus married into the family of the Portuguese nobleman Perestrello, whose father was from Piacenza. With the rigid lines that were at that time drawn between castes, how could Columbus, a lowly plebeian, wed the daughter of the aristocratic Perestrello? How could he impose his spurious claims to noble birth upon a man who came from the same city of Piacenza as did his own ancestors? As a crowning proof of the veracity of Columbus, we might mention the fact that after his death when there was a law suit instituted to determine who were his lawful heirs, there came to the Spanish Court from Italy, claimants whose coat-of-arms was the same as that claimed by Columbus.

Combining all these proofs we think all will be forced to admit that there are no grounds for believing Columbus guilty of falsehood, a charge cast upon him by some modern writers.

Even as the place and the time of his birth are doubtful, so is his early life shrouded in obscurity, and it is only by disengaging stray threads from the tangled skein of legend, that we are able to construct the history of his youth to a tolerable degree of certainty. Unfortunately too many historians have been led astray by the unreliable writings of his son Ferdinand, who narrates many heroic deeds as performed by his father which cannot be accepted as historical. Though many learned men have burnt the midnight oil endeavouring to throw light upon this portion of Columbus' life, we would remain ignorant of it, did not Columbus himself come to our rescue. In his writings he tells us that he took to sea at an early age. From his own narrative we glean that he was possessed with an insatiable desire for geographical knowledge and was seized with an irresistible im-

pulse to lead a sea-faring life. Pursuing his adopted profession he soon became master of both the art and the science of sailing.

Convinced that the earth was round, he concluded that he could reach the far-famed Indies by sailing directly westward, little dreaming that the great Western Hemisphere lay between him and his destination. Perceiving that it was hitherto impossible to double the Cape of Good Hope, and fired by the hope of success in his western route, he applied to his native city of Genoa for aid in his undertaking, but his compatriots called him a fool, a madman. He proceeded to the court of Portugal, which was then the first of Europe in maritime enterprise. After years of futile importuning, base ingratitude, and treachery on the part of King John, he withdrew in disgust from Portugal. Nothing daunted, he made his way to the Spanish Court, to the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. Here again he was forced to spend many years in eager expectation. In the meantime he had dispatched his brother to England, France and Venice, but to no purpose. Strong indeed was the spirit of Columbus to bear up under such adversity. Hope of assistance from Spain had fled, poor, friendless and destitute he was about to leave Spain. Driven from every court in Europe, scoffed at by the sages of the day, repulsed by all, had he been an ordinary man he would have been driven to despair. But no! he plodded on, and though he knew it not, Dame Fortune was about to smile upon him; he met the learned Friar, Juan Perez, who immediately perceived that Columbus had a glorious mission to fulfill. Through the friar's influence Columbus obtained a hearing at the Spanish court, and won over the heart of Isabella to his enterprise. She wished to have her husband act conjointly with her in defraying the expenses, but Ferdinand, still sceptical, refused, until Isabella resolved to pledge her jewels to enable Columbus to proceed on his voyage. If we stop for a moment in recounting the trials of Columbus, it is only to pay our humble tribute to one of the noblest of women, the Gracious Queen Isabella of Castile. In all the annals of mankind there is not a nobler queen than

she, who was the impersonation of every domestic virtue, a loving wife, a tender mother. Such is the character of the distinguished princess who has been well and truly styled the "co-discoverer" of America. At length Columbus was ready to set sail, the sailors attended Mass, all knelt to receive the parting blessing, tore themselves from the embraces of their friends who never expected to see them again, went aboard and were soon lost to sight.

Oft did the seamen complain, oft did they think they were sailing to certain destruction. Their complaints became louder and more threatening, but Columbus knew how to calm their terrors, he knew how to meet misfortune for he had received a thorough training, in the school of adversity. Then came the deviation of the needle. The poor ignorant sailors thought that they had reached the end of the world. Columbus was equal to the occasion; he told them that it was the finger of God warning them to change their course south-west to follow the course indicated by the needle and they would reach their destination. At last the joyous cry of "land, land" is heard and the sailors who but a few hours before threatened to cast Columbus into the sea now knelt at his feet and honored him almost as a god.

America was discovered on Friday, Oct. 12th, 1492. Columbus landed and solemnly took possession of the country the name of their majesties Ferdinand and Isabella. What deep emotions must have stirred the soul of Columbus as he beheld the realization of all his hopes, as he viewed the reward of all his years of trial and privation! But even now when the sun of his fame was in its mid-day splendor, dark clouds were beginning to overshadow its brilliancy, calumniators were busy whispering their cowardly falsehoods into the ears of authority. All are familiar with the fact of Columbus being sent in irons to Spain. Ferdinand and Isabella quickly removed his chains, but Isabella soon passed to another life. Ferdinand ungratefully allowed Columbus to live in obscurity and to drain to the very dregs the bitter cup of misfortune, Columbus laid himself down to die in that thankless

land to which he had brought honour, wealth, a new world and which in return almost unwillingly gave him a grave.

To understand Columbus aright we must enter into the motive that guided this great man who sailed "For the back door of Asia and landed at the front door of America." It is to be believed that Columbus acted for the honour and glory of God. It is much to be deplored that many modern writers are not just toward Columbus. They picture him as a mere devotee of science, avaricious, the vilest of hypocrites. But these writers are not striking at Columbus personally, but at the institution that encouraged him. Protestant writers may perhaps deny this and we like to believe that they are unconscious of how short-sighted they are when they sit in judgment upon what went before the so-called Reformation. Moreover some deprecate the lack of a national feeling in Columbus, but these forget that this narrow, bigoted nationalism is an outgrowth of the last two or three centuries. Neither Columbus nor anyone of his age would have hesitated for one moment to call a foreign prince into their native land were religion interfered with. In the affections of Columbus, Christianity was first, nationality second. He desired to discover new lands. To bring new lands beneath the banner of Christ, to enlighten the minds of those who were in darkness, to bring them into the One Fold, to bestow upon them the priceless boon of faith was the one object of the life of Columbus.

His tried and trusty friends were the priests, without whose aid he would have undoubtedly failed. His idea took complete possession of him; he had laboured a lifetime to make it known. He did not offer up incense at the altar of Mammon, but at the altar of the living God. To understand Columbus, we must be true to history, we must divest ourselves of the spirit of the age, and place ourselves in touch with the time of Columbus, during which Faith the guiding star was something real, not a mere abstract principle, and this world was considered a place of exile; and this life, the narrow path to a glorious future beyond the grave.

ALBERT E. NEWMAN, '93.

LITERARY NOTES AND NOTICES.

.....Sundry jottings
 Stay-leaves, fragments, blurs and blottings.
 —ROBERT BROWNING.

As an excuse for the marked scarcity of high dramatic productions in our days, it has been alledged that the novel has ousted the drama. In other words, the dramatic talent still exists, but it seeks an outlet, not in producing plays to be acted but in preparing novels to be read. The novel is a drama unstaged. The same faculty the dramatic faculty, produces the both sorts of works. The essence of the dramatic genius, according to Cardinal Wiseman, in his famous *Essay on Shakespeare*, consists in what constitutes the very soul of the dramatic idea, the power to throw one's-self into the situations, the circumstances, the nature, the acquired habits, the feelings true or fictitious of every character which one desires to introduce, and the power to give outward life to the inward conception. Thus regarded—and the justice of the method of view can scarcely be denied—the novel possesses a value and importance in perfect proportion with its abundance.

"Literature," says so distinguished a novelist as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "commence with poetical fiction, and usually terminates with prose fiction. It was so in the ancient world—it will be so with England and France." Beyond pointing out, that history does not repeat itself any more than "the snows of yesterday" repeat themselves, and that what was true of the old world will not be true of the modern world. I do not propose to follow this argument, as the question proposed is too extensive, and its consideration would, therefore, lead me too far afield. It is well to state, however, that I cannot regard the production of novels as a mark of the decadence of the literary faculty, but rather as the forerunner and herald of a glorious era of unparalleled dramatic effort.

The novel if we may believe Peter Payne, finds its fundamental type in every day life. If we consider, we shall find something not unlike it in life, though by no means the same. A passage in the *Life of John Banim*, the Irish novelist,

which lately came under my notice so powerfully supports this assertion, that I should write it in here were its length not too great.

History presents us with even a better type than life. The novelist bears to the historian the relation the artist bore to his master, when taking the pieces of glass which the latter discarded and forming thence a beautiful stained glass window which was to be an attraction of a great cathedral. The historian deals with the great event, the novelist with the usual. The historian does not, and cannot descend into domestic life. Imagine a Hume or a Bancroft describing the doing in a kitchen. Nations in their national relations are the theme of the historian; with battles, sieges, treaties, senates, cities, he deals. The novelist takes up the record where the historian leaves off. The nominally fictitious author becomes the recorder of Providence in domestic life, the historian of the fireside, the philosopher of the family circle.

The novel should represent idealized life. It is this idealization which distinguishes it from abject materialism. The novel is, consequently, a work of Art. There is more in it than bare reality. Of the works written by Zola and imitated by Howells, this latter statement does not hold true. But I am not speaking of the ill odored muck of Zola, nor of the dull common-place of Howells, but of the flower of such surpassing genius as that of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Banim, Griffin and Hawthorne and Cooper.

Aside from actual life, and history, the record of national life, we have biography. Now, it is not too much to say that in biography the most immediate type of the novel is to be found. As poetry, or rather all fiction, as Macaulay has it, is feigned history, so the novel is fictitious biography. Private life may be full of interest and instruction, but the actors hardly ever like to be revealed to the public. The incidents, however, may be veiled in secrecy and put to good use. The

fictitious form provides the veil. Again, biography is spread over the whole period of life. In the novel a particular period of life is selected. While the incidents in the biography derive their relative importance from the illustration they afford of character, in the novel the incidents are grouped round one centralizing interest, and the novel stops short at life's grand climacteric.

Admitting that the imagination of the novelist should not flap its wings in vacuity, but rather fly close to mother earth, the importance of his mission can scarcely be exaggerated. Only admit the necessity of a realistic basis, and the function of the novelist is vindicated from all assault, and the novel becomes worthy of respect and attention.

On a future occasion, I shall return to this matter of fiction and advance its consideration another stage or two.

Says *The Boston Pilot*: The Rev. Alphonse Dufour, S. J., of Georgetown University, has just published with Ginn & Co., of Boston, an excellent French grammar. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, who brought out last year *Education and Higher Life*, by the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., have now in press *Sound and Music*, by the Rev. John A. Zalm, C. S. C. of Notre Dame University; and *Songs and Sonnets and other Poems*, by Maurice F. Egan, L. L. D., Professor of Literature in the same institution. Houghton Mifflin & Co., of Boston, have recently published *Phases of Thought and Criticism*, by Brother Azarias; the Harper's have brought out Louise Imogen Gurney's *Monsieur Henri*, and the Scribner's issue, the new edition of Charles Warren Soddard's *South Sea Idyls*. There are a few of the recent publications by Catholics with well known secular publishing houses.

Contrasting New York and Paris, in the *Cosmopolitan*, much to the advantage of

the former city Brander Matthews says "There is chatter about Shelley in the French reviews now and again, but Tennyson and Browning are as little known as Walt Whitman. Since Bandelaire discovered Poe no other American author has been made known to 'hem and by them accepted—not even Hawthorne. With all its apparent narrowness New York is really more cosmopolitan than Paris—it has more of the Athenian eagerness to hear of something new." The classical turn in the last sentence tickles the fancy.

William Sharp had an interesting paper on *Thomas Hardy*, in a recent number of the *Forum*. Thomas Hardy, is at his best, if we are to believe Professor Sharp, one of the most remarkable novelists whom England has produced. Yet we are confronted by the facts that his popularity, although of steady growth, is altogether disproportionate to his merits, and that even the immense swing by which he has recently been carried to the front place, by the publication of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, is due in no slight degree to causes independent of the literary quality and value of his work.

Augustine Birrell stands in the fore front of English Catholic writers. His *Res Judicate: Papers and Essays*, recently published furnishes a beautiful and sparkling companion volume for his delightful *Obiter Dicta*. To all who have read the latter work—and who has not?—it will be enough to say that this is another production of the same gifted pen. Mr. Birrell, says *Current Literature*, writes daintily, familiarly, almost affectionately of the books, and authors of books, that afford him his subjects, and whether he is speaking of Gibbon or Arnold, or Hazlitt or George Barrow, the thoughts suggested to him are so set out as to kindle a new interest in the reader.



THE BLOT ON THE SANCTUM FLOOR.

HE OWL on the table leaned his head
 As I entered the sanctum, and softly said,
 "Sir OWL, will you list while I read to thee
 A few little lines of poetry?"
 He wearily lifted his big round eyes,
 And gazed upon me in a mild surprise,
 "Proceed; Sir Poet, I've heard a score
 Of poems to-day—I can stand one more.
 But see that thy rhymes are from evil free,
 And fraught with good Christian piety,
 For I swear to thee by hook and by crook
 That no themes of Satan I e'er shall brook
 To stain my columns immaculate,
 I'll be free from his empire at any rate.
 Fear not, Sir OWL, for my lines can vie
 With an angel's robe for their purity,
 My theme is e'er sung in the courts above,
 For my Mss. is entitled "Love."
 He started slightly, when this he heard,
 And looked quite amused for so grim a bird.
 He doubtless thought I had seen the dross
 In the things of earth, and their tinsel gloss,
 And that, soaring away to the spirit's home,
 Had sighted my theme from the sky's blue dome.
 So he leaned him back in his easy chair
 With a most complacent, patronal air,
 And he waited to hear my numbers flow
 Like a sacred stream of the long ago,
 And bear on their breasts, as they swept along,
 The love divine of the Psalmist's song.
 As this was something quite new for me,
 It tickled his fancy mightily.
 But this thought was dethroned rather suddenly
 By the wordly strain of my poetry,
 For my rhyme I unrolled, and to read began,
 And after this fashion my numbers ran :

When the sun has set and the moon comes up
And the stars peep through the blue,
We'll walk by the side of the crystal tide,
And I'll tell love's tale to you,
I'll tell of the time when I knew you first,
Of those golden, boyhood days,
And of how I loved with a pure, first love
Your gentle winning ways.

How I waited—

Just here I heard something whizzing by
My ear, and a most unearthly cry
Awoke the echoes about the place.
I looked up, and my eyes met the night-bird's face,
And truly he was a most hideous sight,
With his beak wide oped and his eyes so bright ;
And every feather was standing straight
Like a warrior on his stern old pate.
"No evil"—he gasped ; he could say no more ;
And I made a break for the sanctum door.
The ink-bottle flew as I ducked my head,
And the ink o'er the floor of the sanctum spread.
That was long ago, but e'en to this day
No scrubbing or cleansing can wash it away ;
And they say that there ever shall there remain
On the floor of the sanctum that big black stain,
As a warning rare to the poet race,
To ne'er again desecrate the place
By singing of love or of maidens fair,
For they'll run the risk of being buried there.

J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.





PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

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

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

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VOL. VI. OCTOBER, 1892. No. 2

GOOD ADVICE.

We regret that we did not take measures before the Chancellor's visit to obtain *in toto*, and as he delivered it, his eloquent sermon in the University chapel. The abstract, however, published in our opening pages contains truths and suggestions, which should receive serious consideration. Every student in our midst, who desires to exercise a healthful influence in after life, should make himself thorough master of the arguments which show, beyond all doubt, the necessity of religious

training—of Catholic training for the Catholic young man—being given an important place in any school or college course. His Grace's discourse proves what mighty arguments in defence of this truth can be drawn from the history of nations. The intelligent thinker will find it profitable too to follow closely the pros and cons, on this question, which are likely to be brought up soon in our own land.

The point in the Chancellor's sermon, perhaps most direct and immediate in its bearing, was his exhortation to cherish a high appreciation of the advantages enjoyed by students in the University. There is happily, in general, no regrettable lack of this commendable feeling amongst us, however, it might be greatly strengthened did everyone remember that success in study is oftenest in direct ratio to the idea entertained of the excellence—of the use, and necessity perhaps—of learning. His Grace ably outlined some of the particular claims which the University of Ottawa has on the appreciation of students. It is not our object to dilate upon them; let it suffice to say, with an esteemed contemporary that, whilst no state or government charter or learned professors can endue students with talent and genius, the young man who has natural abilities and works faithfully—requisites in even an Oxford or a Cambridge—and completes the course here, need not be afraid to measure swords with other University Knights in the great battle of life.

PATRONIZE THE LIBRARY.

For the student who is fond of reading the most pleasant hours of his College life are doubtless those spent in the reading room or the library. In the former he learns what is daily occurring in the

great world beyond the College walls while in the latter he finds stored up the accumulated wisdom of the ages. It is then of the first importance for a College to have these departments well equipped and under a good system of management.

That we have a very satisfactory reading room well deserving the liberal patronage it receives is evident to everyone. The management, both as a system and in its *personnel*, is all that can be desired, and the newspapers and magazines furnished are the best of their kind. This is as it should be. Young men in College have not severed all connection with the outside world. They should know what is going on day by day, and it is a good omen of future success to see a young man take an intelligent interest in the live questions that are daily discussed in the newspapers.

But for the student the reading room should not usurp the place of the library. On his use of the latter depends in a great measure the success of his College career. The student who reads, and digests what he reads, and who makes it a rule to read only the best gets a broader view of things that stands him in good stead in his studies. He may not win more premiums than the boy who confines himself to his text books, but if he is a thorough student he is far better qualified to apply his knowledge to the practical affairs of life. A student may be fairly successful in College without burdening himself with too many ideas. The average examination is not designed to test his possession of these essentials of a complete mental outfit. But the man who makes his mark in the world must be a man of ideas, he must be a thinker, and be well furnished with the materials of thought. And in no way can be acquired so many really valuable ideas as by a judicious course of reading and reflection. Certainly observation is the most direct source of our ideas, and its

impressions are most vivid and lasting, but its operations are always within a certain narrow compass. We must widen our horizon by the study of history and geography, and raise our minds above our surroundings by contact with the great minds of the world as they are mirrored in the master-pieces of literature. 'Reading' says Bacon 'maketh a full man;' and to-day more than ever is 'fulness,' which is but another name for breadth, required in those who aspire to lead, or even to fill creditably a subordinate place in life. But books to be of good help to us should be of the right kind. Dr. Brownson condemns equally the book that is ill written though morally sound, and the book that is faultless from a literary standpoint, but of false doctrine or pernicious morality. The one injures the taste, the other is dangerous to the morals, especially of the young. There is no lack of books in which both of these faults are avoided, and to these we should during our stay in College devote our leisure hours with the two-fold object of acquiring a taste for good and clean literature, and of strengthening our mental and moral faculties.

We might add much more on the necessity of reading for a student, but its importance is acknowledged by all, and libraries are everywhere recognized as the indispensable assistant of the school and the college, and as at once the offspring and the inspiration of literary enterprise. Every college, and especially every university, should have a library well stocked with standard works of fiction, history and science.

But it is not enough to have the books. The library should be put under good and efficient management, and the students should be encouraged to make use of the books, and the younger boys at least directed what to read, and how, in order to benefit most by their reading.

In our opinion too little attention has been paid to this in the past. Such a library as we have has not been managed in the best interests of the students. There are many valuable books in it, but they have a fatal facility of betaking themselves no one knows whither just when they are particularly wanted, and it is fortunate if they turn up at the end of the scholastic year. Certain it is there is a dearth of the best books, books that should be in any library deserving the name. Why not place the library on a business footing as the reading-room now is? It would then, we venture to assert, give as much satisfaction to the students as the former now does, and would soon acquire for the college as good a reputation for its valuable and well managed library as it now has in other departments. A little preliminary work will be required, but we are sure it will be ungrudgingly given if there is any certainty that the present unsatisfactory condition will become a thing of the past.

RENAN.

M. Renan is dead! His death resembled his life; he was given a state funeral in which the Almighty found no place. His remains were laid in Montmartre cemetery and await a scandalous removal to the Pantheon, the last resting-place of all the so-called great men whom France wishes to live forever in the memory of her people.

Renan had an admirable command of the French language. Under his pen it became a delicate but powerful instrument whose vibrations charm the ear and win hearts, too often to give them away to corruption and death.

In Judas himself Jesus did not find more perfidy than in Renan. He kisses the Sacred Face and then mutilates it and

after disfiguring the Redeemer of men, he presents him to the people, bows to him with assumed and blasphemous admiration, and says with Pilate: "Behold the man." Sneers, scoffs, mockery, ridicule, lies and blasphemies, flung with feigned respect at Jesus, His Apostles and Disciples, such is a compendium of the seven volumes of the "History of the Origin of Christianity."

Renan's blasphemous writings have won their author the adulation of agnostics and sceptics, but thinking men who hear Renan lauded as a scientist can have no elevated idea of French scientists if they really accept him as a typical one. He does not lay down a single principle which he does not afterwards deny; he is essentially inconsistent. "It is only by oft repeated contradictions," writes he, "that man has a chance of getting a glimpse of truth." He is practically unacquainted with the most elementary rules of logic, he never concludes.

Renan is dead! His name will soon be forgotten, whilst the Church which Jesus established for the salvation of men will live to the end of time and, as in the past, continue to reveal new strength and greatness in spite of the attacks of the evil one and his followers.

THE SAILOR FROM GENOA.

During the last few weeks there have been a thousand more or less grand celebrations of the quadri-centenary of the finding of our land. That the event was a great one no one will for a moment doubt. It has been said and with reason too, that invention or discovery is the climax of human possibilities. Higher than discovery or invention there is naught, save creation and that being an attribute of God alone, discovery or invention is man's greatest act.

In discoveries, that of America heads the list and among discoverers Columbus is *facile princeps*, for that which he sought and found was greater in extent and greater in value than the result of the researches of any other scientist or navigator, either before or after that eventful year of the fifteenth century. And it is rendered still greater by the fact that it was not due to any accident or mishap but rather the logical result of scientific foreplanning.

But apart from the greatness of the discovery there is much in the history and character of the discoverer to attract our attention and win our admiration. There is the consummate genius of the man striking out in an entirely new field and reasoning from the then limited knowledge of geography, that by sailing due west he would in time reach India. Then, too, Columbus was patient and persevering, as few, very few men are. Rebuffs and refusals seemed to affect him not. The refusal of one court only begot an application to another, till finally he reached the favorable ear of the court of Spain, where Ferdinand and Isabella gave credence to his plans and encouragement, moral and financial, to his every effort. With a small fleet he left the Old World and the joint efforts of the mutinous crew and the erratic needle could not deter him from carrying out his pet project. Every school boy knows the story of sighting land, the recall from a second voyage, the charge of mal-administration and the failure of even the prison walls and felon's chains to bend the iron will of the European who first set foot on the Western Continent. To the last, despite the ingratitude of them who should have been grateful, did the old man devote his energies to the advancement of his newly found world. And in poverty did death find him.

Nor in his case was there a very strict

observance of the "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" rule, for even when his remains had returned to their parent dust did envy and jealousy still busy themselves in belittling Columbus' work and in inventing slanders and calumnies on the memory of him who had given a new world to Castile and Arragon. He has been styled a pirate born and a pirate bred; he has been accused of wanton cruelty, swindling, mendacity and other acts that were not virtues. The expeditions of Vespucci have been given more importance than those of Columbus, and the fabled eleventh century Norwegian settlements in America have been sworn to as gospel truths. But time's reaction has set in and the world has said Columbus it was that discovered America. The discovered land however took Vespucci's name and Vespucci took Columbus' honor. Today the people of America "cull out a holiday" to celebrate the memory of him who discovered the land in which reign peace and prosperity, the land that bounds the march of civilization. And it is fitting that there should be a holiday, and a grand one at that, on account of the greatness of both the discovery and the discoverer. The discovery has proved its own greatness, and in the discoverer we see genius and daring as well as energy, patience and perseverance in the highest degree. That Columbus was disinterested in his motives, that he was just and humane in his treatment of the aborigenes, that he was unselfish and sought not his own personal aggrandizement, but rather the interests of the nation under whose flag he sailed, and that he strove to lay in the land he discovered the foundations of true civilization and Christianity, is now generally admitted by unbiassed historians. An impartial generation has examined the circumstances relevant to the case of the Genoese sailor and the verdict of that tribunal has been such that history

records him as a courageous and daring navigator, as the greatest discoverer the world has ever seen, and a man lofty of mind and true of heart. The tribute then, that is being paid to his memory is not undeserved and is none too great, and the place he holds in the esteem of the people is none too high for him who was the immediate cause of an event so great, that with the exception of the advent of the Messiah there never has been, nor is there likely to be, a single other one that can well be compared with it.

ENTERTAINMENT, OCT. 12th.

An enjoyable evening was spent by the Students on Oct. 12th, the 400th anniversary of the Discovery of America. Magic Lantern views contributed a considerable share of instructive amusement. Mr. Jos. McDougall and Mr. Jos. Vincent, delivered addresses on the life and labors of Columbus; the former in English, the latter in French. The band rendered several selections during the evening, and proved itself one of the most flourishing organizations of the University. The music given was of a high order, and speaks well for the ability of those who belong to the band, as well as for the management and efforts of the Rev. Father Gervais.

GENERAL NOTES AND NEWS.

Dr. Chabot, a graduate of McGill Medical School, and a former student of the University has been appointed medical adviser of the O. U. A. A.

The students' annual retreat commenced on Saturday evening the 15th October, and closed on the following Wednesday morning. Rev. Fathers O'Riordan and Lagier, O.M.I., were the preachers chosen for the occasion. Both are practical men and by their discourses they held the attention of the

students where others might have failed, and altogether a good retreat was made. At all times it is a pleasing sight to witness four hundred students attending Mass, but when, after a three days' retreat, the whole body approaches the Communion rail, as on last Wednesday morning, the spectacle is indeed an edifying one. You have done well, boys. Return to your work with a will, and as you pursue your studies, meditate on these words: *It is manly to be pious, and it is pious to be manly.*

On Tuesday Oct. 5th, the Basilian novitiate lately erected at Toronto, was blessed by His Grace Archbishop Walsh. High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Marijon and Rev. Father Ryan, S. J. of the Cathedral preached the sermon.

Rev. Jas. Foley, B. A., '88, has been appointed to represent the separate schools on the County Board of Examiners, a position lately resigned by Dr. McCabe. Father Foley is an experienced teacher, having taught in some of the best public and separate schools of Ontario, and those who know the soundness and originality of his views on education feel that he is the right man in the right place.

The *Toronto Review*, speaking of Irishmen and Catholics as athletes, cites the case of the Ottawa University foot-ball club, which so long held the championship against all comers. The fact that Irishmen are, and have been, prominent athletes has been frequently noticed. The late Archbishop Lynch gave the true secret of their success in this line when he said, "Irishmen are good athletes because they have pure fathers and mothers."

At a meeting of the newly organized School of Pedagogy Literary Society held a short time ago in the Normal School, Toronto, the question for debate read, "Resolved that the Jesuit system of education was better than any one system that has been in vogue since." If the debate which, by the way, was decided in favor of the affirmative, have no other effect than to arouse the members to a study of the Jesuit system found in the *Ratio Studiorum*, or, better still, as practised in the Jesuit colleges, it will have done good service.

Prof. Jas. Loudon, President of University College, Toronto, while addressing the students on Convocation day, expressed the hope that athletics at the University should never be carried to such an excess as in the American universities. With regard to the calculating and systematic methods practised in these universities, in order to develop athletes, he says: "While they may result in producing record-breakers and in giving the highest honor on the cinder track, I should be sorry to see such business introduced here. So far as this college is concerned, whilst I shall rejoice to see sport flourish, I express the hope that it will be limited to that legitimate sport which is engaged in for the sake of recreation and for the promotion of health."

ATHLETICS.

The foot ball was set arolling on Sept. 24th by a match between the old-time rivals, the Ottawa City team and the Varsity players. The game was played on the Metropolitan grounds and resulted in victory for the Varsity by a score of nine to nil. The play was not, of course, up to championship form, nor was it expected to be at that early date. Both teams were experimenting on new players and both teams have since changed the personnel of their teams. Mr. H. R. Grant, of the Queens, refereed the game and in conversation with a reporter after the match said he thought the Queens would be able to defeat either Ottawa or Ottawa Varsity.

A second match between the Ottawa teams took place on Wednesday, Oct. 5th, in order to give the Ottawas a practice preparatory to their match with Britannia on the following Saturday. As the game was not started until half-past four, only two half hours were played. At the end of that time the score stood 14 to 0 in the Varsity's favor. The Ottawas have improved greatly in the last two seasons. This year they are especially strong. Their forward line is as big and as heavy, if not more so, than any team in the Dominion. Their wings are by no means slow and their back division is also good.

On Oct. 8th Ottawa defeated Britannia in Montreal by a score of 14 to 0, and on Oct. 15th the Montreal team was defeated on the Metropolitan grounds by a score of 4 to 2. As Russell's reappearance on the field will considerably strengthen the team it is safe to say that the next time Ottawa and Varsity meet there will be a much closer match than has heretofore been the case. The teams in the match of Oct. 5th were:

<i>Ottawa.</i>		<i>Varsity.</i>
Little	Back	Belanger
Chittick } Cambie }	Halves	{ Cormier Kehoe
Lambert } Young }	Quarters	{ Dandurand Clarke
McDougall } Lay }	Wings	{ Vincent McDougall Sparrow
Bradley } Shillington }		
Codd } Crerar }		
Bradley } Gobeil }	Forwards	
Clark } McLeod }		

Referee, Jos. McDougall, Varsity, Umpire, C. W. Badgely, O.A.A.C.

* * *

The second Ottawas and second Varsity teams met on Oct. 8th, on the Varsity grounds. The second Ottawas have a strong and fast team, but were handicapped by lack of system in their play. They certainly have the material to make a very good second team. Their forwards have the necessary weight and strength, and the backs are fast and active, and with a little practice they will prove very formidable opponents. Varsity's second team had the advantage of team play and that is something that always tells. Bedard behind the scrimmage displayed good judgment in passing the ball, but his efforts would have been vain were it not that he was protected by a strong and dashing forward line. The score at the end of the two half-hours was 26 to 0 in favor of Varsity. It is likely another match will be played on the Metropolitan grounds, when it is expected the game will be a much closer one, no matter which side will come out victorious. The teams were:

<i>Ottawa.</i>		<i>Varsity.</i>
Shea	Back	White
Foshberry	} Halves	Smith
Leggatt		Gleason
Terrance	} Quarters	English
Skinner		Bedard
Hurdman	} Wings	Fleming
Switzer		McDonald
Scott		Fitzgerald
Neeve	} Forwards	Proderick
Hennessy		O'Reilly
Hampshire		Clancy
Ridout		Leveque
Muckleston		Belise
Dumoulin		French
Pinard		

* * *

Before the expiration of another week, yes even before a few days more have slipped into the past, the Toronto-Ottawa Varsity match will be decided. We will then know whether we will be engaged in the first pitched battle only, or whether we will have a chance of being in the midst of the fight. It all depends on the first engagement. The victors go on seeking new foes to conquer; the vanquished drop out, discuss the whys and wherefores of defeat and plan and resolve for the next season that some of us perhaps may never see. Another week, another few days, and then we will have an idea of the real strength of our team. If our team wins it will be considered a strong one, but it will be given a good chance to prove its strength the following Saturday, when it will meet the crack players from Hamilton. If it lose, the season is over for us and there will be no chance of redemption save perhaps in the rule that admits of a challenge to the winners of the cup. In the meantime all we can do is to prepare for the battle, conjecture on the result and hope for the best. And in that meantime what longings fill our breast. What would we not give to have the result foretold? How we would woo thee, Fickle Fortune if we thought thou might'st be induced to make known on what side thou wilt ultimately be found. That victory will rest with the garnet and grey there is no possibility of doubt. How can it be otherwise when those are the colors that will be worn by both fifteens that will battle for supremacy. But will it be with the garnet and grey of old or the garnet

and grey of later adoption. Perhaps Dame Fortune, through the similarity of colors, may mistake the new for the old, and smile upon the former instead of upon her old favorites. She will also be without the Varsity cheer and the "noisy element" to guide her in recognizing those whom she formerly knew so well, but may the dash of our forwards, the speed, and the tackling of our wings, the coolness and adeptness of our backs and the team play of the entire fifteen be such as to avert all mistakes that the much wooed and fickle mistress might otherwise make.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

School History of the United States.—Benziger Brothers, New York:—An "accurate and clear, yet simple, interesting, and, above all, impartial" text book of the history of the United States for Catholic children was one of the long-felt wants for parochial schools. Several had been published, but they were often too childish in tone or too heavy in matter. In some the thread of history proper was lost sight of in the midst of numerous and unimportant stories, while in others outside questions rendered the book rather polemical than historical.

We congratulate the publishers of this new history on the skill they have displayed in avoiding these defects. By perusing their text-book, the children of parochial schools will know the history of the United States and will learn to be proud both of their faith and their country.

As to the mechanical finish of the book the name of Benziger warrants its perfection. The heavy type used for the headings of paragraphs, the *Topics for Review* at the end of each chapter, the questions at the foot of each page, and the beautiful maps and engravings scattered through the volume, contribute to render it very practical and elegant.

Donahoe's Magazine for October, has an unusually interesting table of contents. The number opens with "The First Catholic Bishop of America. Was he Irish or Scandinavian?" Richard H. Clarke in his "Lives of American

Bishops" states that Eric, a Scandinavian, was the first bishop of America. The belief that the faith travelled from Iceland westward at an early period has given rise to the theory above stated. But the fact that the faith was brought to Iceland by Irish missionaries justifies the conclusion that the same missionaries, and not the rough Norseman, gave to America her first bishop. "Musings on the Irish Situation, by an American," and "Has Labor Won or Lost at Homestead" are perhaps the best of what remains of a thoroughly readable number. *Donahoe's* is not exhaustive in the treatment of its topics. When so many subjects are spoken of this is impossible, but in its proper sphere, the Magazine is excellent.

The Canadian Educational Monthly, Toronto, edited by Archibald McMurchy, M.A. Toronto University. The leading article of the *Educational Monthly* is "The Teaching of History," by Prof. Meiklejohn. We commend the paper to every teacher of history in the land. The problem of teaching history according to the learned professor is: "(1) to introduce several hundreds or thousands of persons, and several hundreds of events, to an age that knows nothing, except by the power of sympathetic or anticipative imagination, of men or of things; (2) to make each person introduced an individual and real character; (3) to show the connection of cause and effect between great events." Many are the methods by which it is attempted to solve this problem. Some of them are correct, but many are simply ruinous. Prof. Meiklejohn gives the following specimen from a hand-book of history that is now in its thirtieth edition: "In the vast field of religious literature Bunyan is unrivalled. De Foe devoted his almost equal genius to political conflict, as well as to popular fiction." Two great men are thus summarily disposed of, the first was unrivalled in the field of religious literature and the second devoted his almost equal genius to political conflict. As well write history, as the Professor remarks, in algebraic symbols at once. "Reviewing History" is also instructive and an able article is reproduced from the *London Free Press* on the tendency of our Public School System to increase the number of studies, thereby

encouraging a hasty perusal and the senseless habit of cramming.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle—Montreal.—The *True Witness* has discarded its old familiar dress, and will henceforth appear under magazine form. It has made a good beginning and we are promised that not only will the present high standard of excellence be maintained, but strenuous efforts will be made in the direction of still more important improvements. May the *True Witness* see its fondest hopes realized. Years ago it was the able exponent of a truly Catholic sentiment and fearlessly opposed whatsoever was in conflict with Catholic sentiment. In these days its rank was the first among the Catholic organs of Canada. These years of vigor and prosperity were followed by years of inactivity and of trial, but within the past few months the *True Witness* has risen again and entered upon a new period of usefulness. Ably edited, it has marked out the lines of its labor where the need of serious work is most sorely felt. Three pages are given to editorials and notes and every line is timely and forcible, whilst the judgment shown in the selections of the general reading matter is excellent.

EXCHANGES.

The Dartmouth furnishes a very meagre literary department. The number before us contains but one short article. The staff might greatly improve their journal by inserting therein fewer editorials and more literary essays. Be it said to the credit of *The Dartmouth*, however, its general college news is varied and interesting.

A true article on silence appears in the *Salve Regina*. Its author says: "Deepest thoughts, grandest songs, noblest ideals come to us in silence—without it all earth's harmony were discord—her music noise, her eloquence senseless. Grand the creations left us by poets, statesmen and artists, but grander and more glorious the unwritten, unsigned conceptions that passed with their souls into God's eternal silence."

After a long absence the *Pacific Pharos* once more takes its place on our table. Welcome back brother. This journal, though its appearance is not over prepossessing, contains two or three interesting articles. We are especially pleased with that entitled "eloquence."

In the *Otterberin Aegis* under the heading: "Be Thyself" is found a sound connected train of thought neatly worded. "The real man, says the writer, the one whom we should honor and respect, is he who wins through honesty by his own exertions, by the sweat of his own brow. Why have we all been created with a mind a soul, a will, an intellect? Why has something of an inviolability been stamped on every one? Have these endowments been bestowed upon us that we might the more easily convert our lives into mere jugs, and make our minds mere receptacles to contain what others have produced? Nature seems to say, "No," and the holy order of things seems to declare that nothing ought to be so dear to a man as the integrity of his own mind. The thought herein expressed may, it is true, be carried to an extreme and make of a man a revolutionist. We endorse it however in as much as it insists on originality and individuality as essentials indispensable to true manhood.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

On Saturday September 24th, a lively and enthusiastic meeting of the Junior Athletic Association was held, when the officers were elected for the season '92-'93. That the Junior Athletic Association, in the past, played an important part in the winning and retaining of the foot-ball championship, held by the senior team, is a fact too patent to be denied. Among the groups of junior teams whose photos adorn the walls of the reading-room may be seen pictures of those who in after years held places on the senior team; and, no doubt, some of the present members of the Junior Athletic Association will follow in the foot-steps of their predecessors. From this we must conclude that it is most important to select none but the most capable to manage the affairs of the association. That a careful selection has

been made may be seen on looking over the results of the different elections. Although there were several candidates for each of the several offices, the best of feeling prevailed throughout the meetings. The following were chosen to fill the different offices for the present year:

Director, Rev. Father Tourangean, O.M.I.

President, R. Beaulieu.

1st Vice-President, D. Kearns.

2nd Vice-President, H. Belair.

Secretary, P. Baskerville.

Treasurer, R. Fortin.

Councillors, {
A. Campeau.
J. Mortelle.
A. Laframboise.

Managers, {
D. Kearns.
H. Belair.

FIRST FOOT-BALL TEAM.

P. Ryan,	F. Leonard,
P. Garneau,	H. Belair,
W. Brophy,	E. Tessier,
J. Copping,	C. Phaneuf,
A. Campeau,	J. Fahey,
A. Laframboise,	P. O'Neil,
R. Fortin,	P. Larue.

R. Beaulieu, Captain.

FIRST BASE-BALL TEAM.

A. Laframboise,	P. Garneau,
W. Brophy,	P. Ryan,
J. Copping,	J. Mortelle,
P. O'Connor,	R. Beaulieu.

H. Belair, Captain.

Battery, {
W. Brophy,
A. Laframboise,

The supplementary class which is held on conjé afternoons is rapidly increasing in number. "Berkshire" will, in all probability, be the medalist for the present year.

The foot-ball team played its first match of the season on Oct. 12th with the St. Patrick's team from the city. The collegians were victorious, winning by a score of 22 to 0. Mr. Newman performed the duties of referee. The teams were made up of the following:—

<i>College.</i>		<i>St. Patrick's.</i>	
Ryan	Full back	Grimes	
Garneau	} Half-backs	{ Gorman	
Brophy			Wall
Beaulieu	} Quarter-backs	{ Smith	
Copping			Grimes
Campeau	} Wings	{ Geffry	
Laframboise			Smith
Leonard			Coghlan
Belair			Durkin

Tessier Phaneuf Fahey O'Neil Larue Fortin	} Forwards	{ Enright Armstrong Joyce Enright Whelan Shea
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PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

Numbers of students who have been in the University at one time or another during the past fifteen years must pleasantly remember Maurice Casey of the Agricultural Dept. here, as a genial classmate, an enthusiastic admirer of our sports or an agreeable acquaintance. Many more are familiar with his instructive and cheery articles in prose and poetry contributed to the *Boston Pilot*, the OWL and other publications. All, we are sure, will join us in heartily congratulating him upon his marriage with Miss Terrance of St. Patrick's parish, Ottawa, on the 10th inst., and in wishing him and his accomplished helpmate long years of happy life.

As indicated by the score the game was not a very close one and at no part of the game were the collegians put to a test. Beaulieu's punts were the most noticeable feature of the game.

Robert Culbert, who was here in '87 is now a practising M.D. at Boston, Mass.

The St. Patrick team's backs showed a remarkable lack of good management, and remain huddled together. The forwards are big, heavy and slow, and do not seem to know what a scrimmage means. Their wings evidently have never been told what they are supposed to do, and never attempt to tackle a back or to make a run down field. However there is plenty of first-class material in the team; and with a good deal of training and sensible management should give the juniors a good game.

Doctor Wm. Lawlor '90, has become one of the most popular physicians of Lowell, Mass. A fresh reason for congratulation to him is the fact that on Aug. 28th he took unto himself as wife a young lady from Virginia.

In this space each month will be found the names of those who excel in the most important of all departments connected with a college—the class-room. While the junior editor is a warm advocate of legitimate sports of every kind, he takes the liberty of reminding the students that the object of your coming here is to receive an education; and after all, when you are about to leave the college your ability to grapple successfully with the difficulties of after life, will be judged not from the record of your exploits on the play-ground, but rather from the record of your achievements in the study-hall and in the class-room. The following are the names of those who held the first places in their classes for the month of September:—

J. P. Logue, '84, commercial course, is head clerk in the important house of his father, Mr. Chas. Logue, Maniwaki.

Alphonse Robert of the second engineering class, '91, has successfully completed the third year in the C. E. course, McGill.

Rev. Father Coffey, who graduated in the early seventies, and who is so widely known as a vigorous writer, has been made Vicar-General of the diocese of Dallas, Texas.

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|--------------------|---|--------------------------------------------------|
| First Grade..... | { | 1 W. Harty
2 G. McCabe
3 J. Gleason |
| Second Grade..... | { | 1 J. L'Etoile
2 W. P. Ryan
3 Alex. Rheaume |
| Third Grade B..... | { | 1 A. McDonald
2 C. Hayes
3 M. Lapointe |
| Third Grade A..... | { | 1 D. Kearns
2 Murray
3 P. Quesnel |
| Fourth Grade..... | { | 1 W. Brophy
2 A. Belanger
3 A. Quesnel |

W. C. McCarthy, who left college in '86, and who was in his time captain and half-back of the rugby champions, is the head of an important legal firm in Toronto.

Eugene Dergan, '87, after completing his theological studies in the O.M.I. Scholasticate, Archville, was ordained priest in Buffalo a few months ago. He is instructor in classics in the Oblate Juniorate, Buffalo.

ULULATUS!

Read the "Blot on the Sanctum Floor," this number of the Owl, page 102.

Are *you* going to o Toronto?

"*P-a* was here this week and so I had no *Blair* to study at all," and he smiled Delewareedly.

"Play on side, Mick. Don't think ye're one of de Irish gentlemen!"

The export duty on Cushings, from the port of New York, must have raised this year, since we have received none as yet.

If not as he appeared in 1492, at least we had *Christopher* with us on the 12th inst.

A prolonged walk to the Experimental Farm *lawn* seems to have had a weakening influence on at least one of the parcipitants.

An observing student who one day recently took in all the sights of our city, remarked that there was quite a fall at the Chaudiere and also an *Eddy*.

With a glorious victory behind and an equally glorious black eye in front, the rugby heavy-weight feels that at last he has begun to live.—*Toronto Telegram*.

The "*Yelrom*" Minstrels are now organized for the coming season. It is not every *Tom*, *Dick* and *Harry* that can be their manager, though.

"Kicker" has apparently resigned his position as champion to Charlie, and M-C-F-E-E is now the favorite cheer.

"Susie" says he can make rain or snow whenever he likes, and no explosions are necessary.

No. 2 dormitory ought to be thankful to possess such men as "Sanctus" and Kelly.

Since he secured his "sit," *la plante photographique* now sells for \$4.50. Send in your orders, boys.

"Shark" thinks he will not play with the first team this fall. He got tired of being told to "fool 'em." He will stick by the Varsity cap, however.

"Man, the most frail of all God's creatures is,"
The boy read in his parsing exercise;
The hour was late, of sentences a score
That ere he'd had to analyze before.
He read the sentence over patiently,
Then gave vent to his mild soliloquy,
"I wish that teacher'd only read this truth,
Before he gave such lessons to a youth."

If all the citizens in the Burg are like our John, we are inclined to think that that city was rather mor(e)ly entitled to the World's Fair than any other.

A prominent boot and shoe man who advertises in the *C.T.*, says he can "boot the best man in the college." He will have to get in a stock of Nos. 13, 14 and 15, if Jacques or McHugh happen to call.

According to the Meagherian theory the principle of "*Wutappesittukzussoductukquoh*" is defined as being the "individualism of preliminary and precipitous prognostication, as eliminated in the irrefragability of undenying and never despairing discomboderative of spontaneous combustion-evincing antediluvian iudivisibilities, contemporaneously elucidated by unregenerating consanguinity when sycocephantical and scintillating approximately to scientific elaboration.

One of the seniors says he can't Ma(c)kenna(y) sense out of those blasted astronomical technicalities.

GRADE GLEANINGS.

Commerce is intercourse by trade with nations.
Reciprocity is a process of restitution.
Emphasis is placing more distress on some words.

Respiration is the sweating of the body.
Food is first muslicated and then passed through the phalanx.

The chest is formed from two bones, the sternum and spinal chord.