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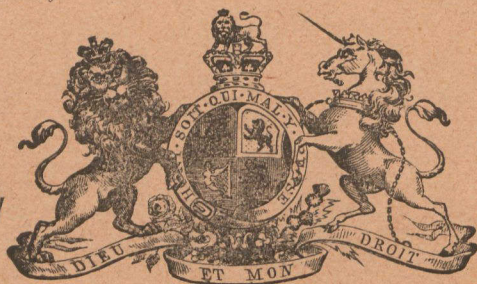
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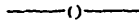
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REV. FRANCIS J. FINN, S.J.

University of Ottawa

REVIEW

OLD SERIES, VOL. XIV, NO. 4.

DECEMBER, 1899.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II, NO. 4.

THE SONG OF THE NEW-BORN.



HE drowsy midnight dreameth
O'er Kedron's grassy vale ;
The running water gleameth
Against the moonlight pale ;
And where the pasture stretches
Along the hillsides steep,
Lone shepherds keep their watches
And guard the folded sheep.

Now suddenly, O wonder !
What music greets their ears !
The heavens cleave asunder,
An angel band appears ;
And one, whose face the morning,
With all its glory, shames,
God's light his eyes adorning,
The joyful news proclaims :—

“ Fear not, O meek and lowly !
For unto you is born
A Saviour pure and holy,
This glad and wondrous morn.
He cometh, like a stranger,
Without a home on earth ;
In Bethlehem's lowly manger
The Virgin gives Him birth.”

A thousand angel voices
Then through the heavens rang ;
The song that still rejoices
Man's hoping heart they sang :—
“ To God be glory given,
Throned on His golden Hill,
And be the peace of Heaven
To men of righteous will.”

The Vision and the radiance
Fade from the wondering eyes ;
But all the heavenly cadence
Still sounds along the skies ;
And man though weak and lowly,
In want and woe forlorn,
Still hears that hymn so holy,
That song of the New-Born.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE,
in his Collected Poems.



A NEW LITERARY POWER.

May I call you sense of learning,
Instinct pure, or heavenly art ?

—JOHN KEBLE.



AMERICA has been given a new writer, who is rapidly adding great and lasting distinction to her literature. This notable person stands in the very fore-front of the very small group of those literary path-finders who, contrary to an over-ridden dictum of one Solomon, actually find something new under the sun, or, what is practically the same thing, new ways of preparing, finishing and presenting ancient raw materials, and who, therefore, may justly be regarded as discoverers of what is novel, and called genuine originators.

I set a value upon praise. For the practice of indiscriminate and, consequently, insincere commendation, which is, perhaps, too common with a certain class of Catholic critics while dealing with the writings of Catholic authors, I have but one feeling—unbounded contempt. I loathe sap-mouthing. He who praises everybody, praises nobody. On the other hand, just praise, discreetly worded in modest language, is a distinct and honorable debt, which should be paid to the last particle by all beneficiaries of the person or thing praised. This remark applies with special force to men of letters. Merit is exalted, strengthened and encouraged by the judicious praise of the public which it benefits. Whether more mischief is done by the sin of malicious speaking and backbiting or by the iniquitous practice of speaking well of everybody, is with me, an open question. That parasitical humbug, the praise-monger, is compounded of about equal parts of cowardice and insincerity, both alike worthless, or positively malevolent, according to the circumstances under which they happen to be employed. But praise honestly accorded to desert, is like mercy, as described by our great poet, and never fails to benefit him who gives and him who receives.

The highest praise of literary genius is the attributing to it of original invention. This praise, I believe, is highly deserved by the new luminary of whom these paragraphs treat, who is what

the Germans love to call "a story-teller by the grace of God," a born story-teller. He is one certainly destined to occupy a principal place in the republic of letters. His works show everywhere a beautiful adequacy of art, whether by intense care in every minute detail, or by a happy faculty for naturally telling a lively story, or, what seems more likely than either, by an uncommonly delicious blending of acquired art and natural faculty. It has been well and usefully remarked, that we often talk of spontaneous inspiration as if genius had nothing to do but let works of art flow out of itself as water runs from a hydrant, by simply turning a faucet. This is not the way genius works; the germ of the masterpiece does, I grant you, come spontaneously, no one knows how nor whence; but, to make this germ grow, to make the inspiration assume a worthy and organic shape, takes work. It is perfectly and pleasantly evident that while the author of whom I am endeavoring to produce an honest estimation, did not lack inspiration, he received his gift as he would an angel, and spared no pains to cause it appear at its best in the impartial eyes of the public.

Search the whole broad realm of English letters to-day, and I have yet to learn that as much as the foregoing can be truly averred of more than a half-dozen writers. The thought delights me, that chief among this mere handful of choice spirits is one who is not only a Catholic, but a priest; not only a priest, but a member of the greatly maligned and misunderstood Order of Jesus, or as a fanatic of our defunct Equal Rights Party would probably call him, a *Jesuite*—the Reverend Francis J. Finn.

This highly gifted priest was born at St. Louis on October 4, 1859. It is supposed that he served some time as a journalist, but he gave up the calling, and entered the Society of Jesus on March 4, 1879. He was ordained priest in 1893. He was Professor in St. Louis University and in St. Mary's College, in Kansas; and he is now Professor of English Literature in Marquette College, Milwaukee. For these biographical facts, which though few, tell perhaps all we, the public, have a right to know about the private life of any author, I am indebted to a brief sketch contributed by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan to "Catholic Book News," the advertising pamphlet of Benziger Bros.

Lucid in arrangement, thoughtful, abounding in pleasantry,

and charming by the freshness and purity of his diction, and the novelty of his subject, Father Finn won at the outset of his career as a novelist, a popularity which is not likely now to desert him; provided he turn a deaf ear to the voice of the Siren, and refuse to be coaxed or forced by hungry publishers into the grave error of writing too much. His achievement has no parallel among Catholics in English Literature. He not only cleared a way for himself, but peopled his dominions with new beings. Fiction is founded on contrasted characters. Father Finn has caught up contrasting elements of boy life and grouped them with ingenuity and power. He has composed the prose epic of our Catholic schools and colleges. He has given us captivating pictures of boy life full of color and verisimilitude. In a word, to use the striking language of one of the Muses of the *Boston Pilot*, he is "the discoverer of the American Catholic boy," the Columbus of the Catholic ocean of youth.

I confess to a willingness to dwell on the hyphenated words by which Father Finn has been frequently designated—priest-novelist. The ideas they awaken are by no means disinteresting. At one time the novelist was looked on with distrust in every rank of society, and while the devout did not hesitate to call him a child of Belial, and a host of other unpleasant names, even the charitable deemed him a representative of worldly-mindedness. Indeed, in certain obscure sects, the writer of prose fiction still retains this vague, fabulous, reputation of wickedness, and the commentator on novels and novelists to whom I am indebted for these remarks, Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, tells us that shortly before he published his book, he was not a little amused with reading a "broad-side" posted on a wall by some society for the promulgation of the Christian virtues, which warned all good people to avoid the company of "play-actors, infidels, scoffers, novelists, and all other followers of impious callings." The teachers set their faces against the novel and Dr. Arnold of Rugby berated Charles Dickens, much as Aschem railed Boccaccio, but with infinitely less reason. This evil fame died out, however, before the genius of Scott and Thackeray, and Dickens, and Read, and Lever, to say nothing of the novelists who were also clergymen of the church in which Chadband and Stiggins were shining lights; such, for

example, as the Reverend Charles Kingsley and the Reverend George Robert Gleig, whose stories are now nearly forgotten, though some of them, I think, deserve a better fate. Ere long fiction became a mighty force. It is pleasant to be able to recall that Catholic clergymen, a class noted for its strict conservatism and dignified reserve, were not overslow in employing the old, but then newly-revived power of prose fiction. I do not suppose it would be far wrong to name the Jesuit, the Reverend Francis Mahoney, (Father Prout) as the pioneer of the new clerical departure; because while the productions on which his fame will rest were not stories, perhaps, he wrote a number of these latter and they were all quite popular in their day. Two Cardinals may be said to have followed where Francis Mahoney led; Cardinal Wiseman with "Fabiola," and Cardinal Newman with "Callista." The path pursued by the Cardinals, has been followed in their turn by priests like the Reverend William Barry and the Reverend John Talbot Smith, with credit to themselves and profit for their people. Nowadays the fiction-writing priest is a common enough spectacle. Why should it not? Of weak and trashy novels I shall not waste time to speak in condemnation, as, if let alone, they generally condemn themselves more effectively than words could do. Fortunately our literature, unlike that of France, is comparatively very free of grossly immoral works of fiction, and the few that deserve to be so designated are no longer prime favorites with the masses. Let me take the novel at its best. The English novel at its best is undoubtedly a great influence that touches every point of the circle of society. It is sought after as eagerly and enjoyed as keenly by the wise and learned as by the simple and unthinking. All our best novels are not only almost altogether free of immorality in its grosser manifestations, but they make a show of moral purpose of some kind or other; their objects are to combat prejudice, alleviate class oppression, sweep down obstacles in the way of social regeneration, or lead men calmly to commune with their own hearts and be still. Monopolizing the dramatic talent of the century, novels "hold the mirror up to nature" before audiences to whose bulk the British theatre, even in its meridian glory could make no boast. The novel answers the call of a strong and perfectly legitimate craving of our nature, the desire for recreation.

When a story amuses, viewed from the stand-point of art, it is a good story. A reader generally goes to the novelist with the demand ; Tell me a story. As a rule, he does not go for help to solve the riddle of existence, nor for information, nor for argument. Unless the reader lack discretion, he would liefer go to a medical doctor for his law than to a novelist for his religion. Yet, every powerful work of fiction possesses an atmosphere made up of life-sustaining ozone or of noxious and deadly gasses. In one of his delightful essays, Robert Louis Stevenson tells us, that the most influential books, and the truest in their influence are the works of fiction ; they repeat, they arrange, they clarify the lessons of life ; they disengage us from ourselves, they constrain us to the acquaintance of others ; and they show us the web of experience, but with a singular change,—that monstrous, consuming *ego* of ours being for the nonce, struck out. Stevenson did not claim a whit too much for the art of which he was himself a great master, in some respects the greatest of all modern masters. Therefore, although the average reader does not go to his novel for ideas on religion and life, he gets them therefrom almost unconsciously nevertheless. Fiction fairly distends with far-reaching influences. It sweeps the whole gamut of human credulity. The prose story in its scheme may be the ideal romance, coolly bursting the farthest bonds of space and time, or the simplest unadorned tale of actual and humdrum sayings and doings. Its possibilities are necessarily inferior to those of poetry, not in thought but in form, for verse can display a higher art than prose. The prose fable may be, and must be in so far as it is a fable, invented ; but that, with the true novelist, is only the string on which his jewels of experience and observation are strung. The art lies in preserving the sense of consistency in act and character, and making it minister directly to the movement of the fable. When his art is good, the novelist is in a position to address thousands, and tens of thousands, of every age and station, and to rivet their attentions upon his experiences, conclusions and aspirations. Considered as a means of communicating ideas, the prose story is destined to lead all the divisions of our English prose. Fiction is, in short, the most soothing, tranquilizing, subduing power of our time. English prose speaks to gentle and simple almost alike. That cannot be

bad with which *all* are pleased : to believe so would be to defame humanity. Story-telling is, on the contrary, an essentially natural and harmless art, most potent and far-reaching in its consequences, and, therefore, the one temporal means which, beyond and above all others, priests as preachers and teachers should hasten completely to command and judiciously to employ.

A writer of merit is best explained in his own books. All arts are articulate ; they actualize ideas ; they are languages. The literary artist dips his pen in his own soul and writes his own nature, perhaps idealized, but his own inner spirit nevertheless, into his sentences, and paragraphs, and chapters. Let us, then, glance at the ideas which Father Finn has actualized, that is to say, at the books which he has produced, being certain to find in them the conceptions wherewith his inmost soul is aglow.

I believe I am correct in stating that Father Finn's volumes came before the public in the following order : first, "Percy Wynn," which work was followed by "Tom Playfair," and that by "Harry Dee," and that by "Claude Lightfoot," "Ethelred Preston," "That Football Game," "Mostly Boys," and "The Best Foot Forward," which latter volume, by the way, has not reached me yet. The author himself tells us that "Tom Playfair" was written antecedent to "Percy Wynn." Listen to him :

"The vicissitudes of the 'Tom Playfair' manuscript would alone make a story. How it was written over seven years ago, for the sake of a college class, and with no ulterior thought of publication; how portions of it gradually found their way into print; how the writer hesitated for years whether to consign the remaining parts to the book publisher or to the waste-basket; how the cordial reception of 'Percy Wynn' and the kind words concerning 'Tom Playfair' from writers and from readers inspired him to take the venerable manuscript—done at all manner of odd times, in lead pencil and ink, upon all sorts and conditions of paper—from his trunk, and subsequently devote no small part of his vacation days, (July, August, 1891) to its revision; how the valued advice and kind words of literary friends served him in the revision—are not all these things indelibly impressed upon the author's memory?"

This direct, open, and above-board St. Augustine-like confession, which incidentally gives us a glimpse at the author's method of doing his work, furnishes delightful reading to the thousands of "boys" of *all* ages who have followed with rapture the adventures of Tom Playfair and his friends.

Each of the stories constitutes a little world in itself. A well-known American editor and writer remarks in one of his articles that a Jesuit college is really a world to itself, governed by rules entirely its own, its atmosphere conducive to studious endeavor, perfect discipline and strict morality, and it so hedges its pupils from hurtful influences for the scholastic term of ten months that they pursue their work wholly unhampered by extraneous affairs. All who are conversant with the internal arrangements of our institutions of education will at once perceive the foregoing description is applicable to nearly every Catholic college in the land. But the other colleges have not got their Francis Finn, to note the life of their communities and reproduce it for the benefit of the extramural Barbarians. A keen student of the life about him, possessing a dramatic sense and a saving grace of humor, Father Finn is often photographic and minute in detail, while he does not forget the importance of the mass which the detail is to explain or embellish. He ignores nothing that is significant, makes use of nothing that is not significant; and binds every element of character and every incident and bit of description together in a consistent, coherent, dramatic whole. Literature means delicacy of touch. While our author is absolutely free of realism, in the depraved sense of the word, his books are emphatically "human documents." He is a realist, but his realism is not destitute of soul. It treats of clay without becoming clay, or even dwelling in clay. His is the realism whose other name is the natural. When realism peers through the outward semblance to, and through the internal soul, and takes due cognizance of both, it is as harmless and useful as photography or landscape gardening.

As to the style of our author, it would be difficult to be too eulogistic. There can be but one opinion of him: he is a master of English. His sentences are usually short and of the Macaulian build, but unlike Macaulay, he does not deal in a succession of short, assertive sentences, most of which an ordinary writer would group as limiting clauses about the main assertion. The result is great vigor and definiteness. His style fits every requirement of his subject as closely and becomingly as a glove fits a shapely hand. It is made to serve all the purposes of the tales, and is, betimes, the expression of the higher poetry, of description, of sensation,

of vivacious dialogue and extreme dramatic situation. Great skill as a *runconteur*, vivacity, wit, humor, in a small degree, and broad fun in a very full degree, are the leading characteristics of the new boy-novelist.

What is remarkable about his entire collection of characters is: that, except in cases where the same personages are made to act a part in a series of volumes, after the manner of Dumas' famous Guardsmen, there are absolutely no repetitions amongst them; no old friends peep out in the later stories taken from the characters of the preceding tales, and only dressed in slightly different costumes. In the important matter of eternal novelty in his personages, Father Finn will bear comparison with Charles Dickens or Sir Walter Scott. It would not be easy to pick out any one of these books as its author's *magnum opus*. Each of them is typical and in a different way. The straightforwardness of Tom Playfair, the charming gentleness of Percy Wynn, the modest ingenuousness of Harry Dee's relation of his progress through life, which reminds me of David Copperfield's modest descriptions of his successes in literature; the merry audacity of Claude Lightfoot—all rush upon our memory, and put forward their claims to be admired. The leading characters are all original and good, full of fine touches, fresh, natural, and abounding with spirit. There are no straw-stuffed figures, no immaculate dolls, no impeccable milk sops, no mock saints carved out of basswood. Father Finn's boys are men on a small scale with most of the desires and weaknesses of men. His portrayal of character, habits, speech, is all true. Everything about the books betokens sovereignty. He not only makes his boys love action, but pie; not only wince under the rod of college life, but conspire and rebel; not only pray, but curse. His boys are not only possibilities but probabilities. They are natural because they are human, and the traditional figures are either monsters or saints, and humanity does not produce unadulterated saints nor unrelieved monsters. He tells us explicitly in "Tom Playfair" that he is dealing with boys, not angels. In the same book he sneers at our canting old friends, Sandford and Merton, by making Tom Playfair remark: "These English boys must be queer fellows, if they go round preaching sermons the way that Merton does." But he is careful to explain in a foot-note: "Tom did the

English boys injustice. Master Sandford, I am told, exists in fiction, not in England." Whether or not they are always true to their originals, Father Finn's boys are, at least, always very human, and like Wordsworth's model woman, "not too good for human nature's daily food," and, therefore, truer than the distorted automata of the boys' books "that have been," to copy the chaste language of our Canadian jubilee postage stamp. I believe that it is this very peccability that draws me to Father Finn's boys, but anyhow, with reference to them, I am quite in the frame of mind of the French critic who wrote of Victor Hugo: "Everyone has his own way. As for me, who speak here, I admire everything; like a brute." But this does not hinder me from saying that I was quite taken with that little interrogation point Frank Murdock, who "wanted everything proved," and that I consider the cheeky, lively, hopping, teasing, romping, "Compound of Mercury," Claude Lightfoot, one of the most captivating and original boy-creations to be found anywhere in literature. Whoever has learned thoroughly to understand one boy, has conquered for himself a spot of firm ground on which to rest while studying the world of boys. Like a great many other attachments of this mundane sphere, boys are in all essentials as like as eggs. They differ greatly in externals, however, and it is this difference the man who essays that most difficult art, the writing of stories for boys, must grasp with never-faltering grip, and this is precisely what Father Finn never fails to do.

It is in character study as exhibited by incident that these stories excel. It is the attrition of character against character that really interests our author; and it cannot be denied that in the art of framing opposite types and placing them as foils, the one for the other, Father Finn is a past master. Take, for example, the story of Tom Playfair or Percy Wynn, and note the neat and striking system of apposition used throughout their composition. This trick of deft contrast forms nine-tenths of the novelist's art. Compare Father Finn's employment of this artistic resource with the clumsiness of the great majority of the common ruck of the light frivolous story-books, and confess that our Jesuit possesses a talisman which the greatest child-lover and boy novelist might be excused for coveting. The admirable sketches

of character, so strongly drawn and delicately differentiated, lend an interest to these books which make people of "a certain age," like the present writer, who is not a chicken of last spring, pour over them with the eagerness of a boy; for, be it remembered, these stories for boys are—a rare thing in boys' stories—very popular with the young people they were intended to interest.

There is always in the books a definite plot and frequently a strong dramatic development. True this plot does not embrace the action of a whole lifetime as in some of the masterpieces of Hawthorne and Thackeray, but only that sunny and thoughtless portion of life which composes boyhood; yet within its limitations, it is invariably constructed with care and conscience. These different plots are admirable in all respects. They are always symmetrical and allow the author to move only on ground with which he is perfectly acquainted. But this is no narrow dominion. Indeed, the author amazed me more than once by his intimate knowledge not only of boy life but of girl life, and of the life a boy leads at home as well as at school. Percy Wynn, without his ten sisters, would not seem a complete figure, and little Kate in "Claude Lightfoot" was drawn by a hand actuated by a heart possessed of a complete knowledge of that mystery of mysteries, the female heart. Again, our author's use of incident never falls short of the masterly. The rescue of Tom Playfair and Harry Dee, as related in "Percy Wynn," with the incidental death of the wicked tramp, is as powerful a piece of writing as I have ever perused. Take the thunderbolt incident in "Tom Playfair," and here again you have as fine and graphic a description of a tragic situation as the lover of sensation could desire. The interest is always managed with great dexterity, and arrested when the expectation of the reader is on tip-toe, with striking effect. When the descriptions deal with extraordinary incidents they are thrilling, and they never in any circumstances deteriorate into tediousness. In "Harry Dee" we find the incidents surrounding a supposed murder, with all the usual accessories of misplaced suspicion and purblind detectives—perfect Foxey Quillers—handled with consummate skill and striking success. There is enough of incident in "Ethebred Preston" for a three-volume novel. I notice with pleasure that Father Finn is chary of death scenes, but the tender

portrayal of the life and death of poor little Jimmie Aldine, hunted and borne down by the terrible secret of the murderous villain Hartnett, approaches the beautiful poetry of little Nell's life in Dicken's "Old Curiosity Shop"; I say the poetry of her life, because that of her death is, to my mind, greatly wire drawn, and the scene cannot compare for simple pathos, with Father Finn's natural and touching picture of the poor child who led a hunted life only to meet with a painful albeit, a happy, death. In all the books there are masterpieces of vivid descriptive writing, which show the true intuition of genius. Compare these scenes with similar ones in Oliver Optic, or Captain Marryat, or even in Hawthorne's books for youth, and it will be found that our author can hold up his head with the best of them—and these named are the best boy novelists of the past.

Like the novels of that master story-teller, Dumas Père, these books are all characterized by an abundance of dialogue, which lends them *verve* and buoyancy, and proves their author does not commit the great fault of making too liberal a use of description, but relies more on his own very unusual gift of nervous and skilful narration. I intended to quote a passage or two illustrating this point, but, as the books are essentially studies of character which develops itself progressively and continuously from the first chapter to the last, mere extracts are apt to appear incomplete and meaningless. The narrative is seldom broken by far-fetched or lengthy digression, but this sometimes occurs as in the case of Father Barry's story in "Harry Dee," and, be it frankly avowed, with no less an amount of inconvenience to the reader than similar interruptions cause in the prose of Goldsmith and Lever and in the poetry of "Orionsto" and the "Fairie Queene."

Tried according to the three essential qualities of a good story—symmetry, verisimilitude, and progressive interest—these stories would experience no difficulty in successfully passing the most rigid of examinations. They contain the quintessence of boy nature, mental, spiritual and physical. Truth to tell, I think our author goes somewhat too far in insisting, whenever a chance presents itself, that a boy who is first in his class will be first on the campus. I am far from underrating the importance of games and athletics in general. "The plays of childhood," said Froebel,

the inventor of the Kindergarten, "are the heart-leaves of the whole future life." I am also aware that a distinguished soldier said that Waterloo was won at Rugby School. I venture to think, notwithstanding all this, that the undue prominence given at the present day to athletics is telling seriously upon the sound education of boys, and girls. After all, the *corpus sanum* is merely the fleshy tabernacle of the *mens sana*. I object strongly to a boy being encouraged to regard the life of a mere athlete as the highest to which a human being with an intellect can aspire. But I must not forget the one sole entry in the diary of Tom Playfair, "Honey has caught more flies than vinegar," which nugget of amiable philosophy has, by the way, helped many people over severe ruts; and perhaps I am going too far. However, while the carping mood is upon me, I must plainly state that I consider the habit into which our author has fallen of advertising certain books that meet his approval, through the mouths of his characters, as well as directly, a rather serious mistake. It is not art, but the huckstering of a shopkeeping age. It is like pasting a placard in praise of Dr. Kellum's pills on the bosom of that serenest of statues, the Venus of Milo. When all is said my impeachment is not a weighty one, and may be closed forthwith.

Did I not know it previously, the perusal of Father Finn's delightful stories would have convinced me that the pure spiritual nature, especially when earnest and enthusiastic as is almost invariably the case in a member of the Order of Jesus, possesses a mysterious power over young men, springing perhaps from what I may call the antithesis, or contrast of nature, and this influence often aids them at the turn of the way. I believe our author exercises this power to an almost unlimited degree in his books. I would make the placing of these books in the hands of children a grave parental duty. In rearing a child, think of its old age. Young feelings furnish topic for age. These volumes are Ophir mines of fine feeling, good fellowship, and virtue in its best form, the action of daily life. The author has been nearly as sparing of direct, obtruded moral instruction as were the Pagan poets. He does not preach, so his readers do not yawn and slumber. But every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners, except when the train of narration requires the introduction of doers

of evil, and even they, like the rebellious spirits in "Paradise Lost," with one exception, acknowledged their subjugation to God, and receive poetic justice in such a manner as excites reverence and confirms piety. Without a doubt the debt due Father Finn by Catholic boys and girls is no slight one. As a truthful and delicate delineator of character, and an author who is most vigorous and interesting without ever sacrificing priestly dignity and refinement, Father Finn is certainly a splendid specimen of one of the best of modern literary products, the priest-novelist. The best thing I can wish him is that his popularity will be as broad as his merits are high. His charming books contain everything of the best that an author can accord his readers. If Christians, the latter expect of an author that he will help all he can with fine-hearted thoughts and words of a pure savor; that he will set the bias of the mind towards virtue instead of vice, towards a generous and manly life of duty instead of unholy greed and a cold lust of selfish gain, towards honesty, energy, wisdom and holiness.

The stories are published by Benziger Brothers, the enterprising Catholic publishers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. The print is clear and good, though not faultless; the cloth binding is tasty and serviceable; and the set is put up in a strong cardboard box embellished with a portrait of the author. They are sold at eighty-five cents a volume, and the whole set, comprising eight volumes, can be had for \$6.50. If the price were lowered somewhat, and, I think, such a reduction is by no means impossible, the circulation of these books would, undoubtedly, be greatly widened, and thus, not only would the publishers be gainers, but, moreover, an immense benefit would accrue to the boy readers both of this, and of the four other continents.

MAURICE CASEY.

THE LEGEND OF THE DUKE DE MONTFORT.



IN the latter part of the eighteenth century, France, formerly one of the most ancient and powerful monarchies of Europe, was violently shaken by internal discontent and rebellion. The country had been so instrumental in assisting the Americans in their struggle for independence that the desire of imitating these far-western liberty lovers became general. As a result, a revolution broke out which remains unsurpassed as a war of cruelty and plunder.

During this dreadful "Reign of Terror," as it is familiarly titled, the country passed through one of the most bloody changes in the annals of its history. Ecclesiastical property was seized on all sides, and to the clergy was tendered an oath wholly incompatible with the laws of the Church. The nobility were no better treated by the leaders than were the bishops and priests. After removing, as far as possible, the supporters of the throne, the revolutionists set about removing the throne itself. They succeeded in this by the execution of King Louis XVI. Nevertheless, even then they did not remain inactive. The country became so dangerously habitable that an immense number of persons from the most distinguished classes of society emigrated to foreign lands.

Among these exiles was Duke de Montfort, one of the high and wealthy nobility, robbed and plundered of his riches and left with but a fraction of his previous magnificent estate. The Duke was a man of iron will. The war, however, had so affected him morally that he became nearly discouraged. But as truly as there is a silver lining to every cloud, so there is a bright side to every man's life. The bright side of the Duke's life, at this time, was lighted up by his two children.

As he sat at the breakfast table one lovely morning watching the two pretty creatures chatting and laughing together, he realized, like many another nobleman at that time, the injustice it would be to bring the children up in their present surroundings. But what could he do? He was fit for no manual labor. In

business training he had had past experience, but he could now see no opening before him. As a last resort, he stated the situation plainly and frankly to his wife.

"We cannot," he said to her, "live here on nothing. Our property is confiscated and our house has been thoroughly ransacked. We must do something to change this mode of life."

With characteristic acuteness, the good lady saw how discouraged her husband was, so she then and there set her wits at work to find him some solution of the difficulty.

"Why not sell our wedding-presents and other gifts which we have saved," she ventured, "and with the money thus obtained, buy and fit out a trading vessel? You have often expressed your admiration for such a life, and it seems to be your only chance at present. Moreover, by such a choice, we could educate the children according to our own ideas."

The Duke, being in want of such comfort, was completely won by his wife's advice, and, in a comparatively short time, set about following her plan. He gathered together the nuptial presents, but had hard work to dispose of them. The country was in such a condition financially that to deal in valuable articles incurred a considerable risk.

At last, however, he sold his costly valuables. When he had obtained the proffered money, he made his way to a merchant who, he knew, had a vessel for sale.

Much to his satisfaction, the Duke was given the vessel at a considerably lower figure than he had anticipated. The merchant having no use for it, was glad to sell it at any price.

The Duke then began promptly to fit out comfortably what was to be his future home. Being a pious man and a good Catholic, one of the first things that he had fitted out in the vessel was a small chapel. He was incited to this by the need of such a sanctuary for the family, and for the surprise and delight of an invalid priest, a friend of his, to whom the doctor had recommended a sea voyage.

Now that he had the vessel in order, the next idea was to obtain a crew and cargo. There were many men idle in the city, and the news that a vessel was in the harbor about to sail, brought a variety of characters in search of a place on board. After much

labor, for the Duke was very particular as to those whom he chose, a competent crew was secured. A short time afterwards, the Duke bought the goods of a merchant, who was about to emigrate to better fields, and with this cargo, set out for Canada.

Canada, at this time, was in the possession of England, but the Duke had many friends in this young country. Hence he felt assured that he would easily dispose of his cargo and obtain another.

The vessel reached her destination about a month before Christmas, and the Duke freely circulated his idea of spending that universally loved feast in port. He sold his cargo at a good profit and went to spend the holidays with a friend, a merchant of high standing.

One morning, about three weeks after his arrival in port, the merchant came to him in great haste, and, showing him a letter from a brother merchant in Venice requesting certain goods at once, asked and even urged the Duke to get his ship under way immediately. This the Duke was compelled to do, for he was now a trader and not, as formerly, his own master.

This change of programme caused discord among most occupants of the ship, and especially among some of the crew who, anticipating a quiet Christmas on shore, grumbled excessively at the unwelcome command. It was with great difficulty that the Duke finally compelled these grumblers to sail. He foresaw trouble with them and was consequently on his guard. Thus it happened that, contrary to everyone's expectation, sail was set for Italy two days before Christmas.

The Duke was but one day out to sea, when he learned of a conspiracy, which, if successfully carried out, would result in the crew's control of the ship. He suspected, as the leaders, the men who had loudly murmured at being compelled prematurely to sail. He knew that if the leaders, whoever they were, could be subdued, the rest of the crew would be controllable. By skilful questioning, he learned that the leaders were the suspected ones. That night he had them firmly chained and locked up.

After this rather trying experience, the Duke went down to the chapel, where preparations were being made for the celebration of midnight Mass. The children, together with their mother, the

chaplain, and those of the crew who were off watch, were decorating the altar.

This little room, in which was concentrated so much activity, was situated in an appropriate position between decks, and was handsomely fitted to serve its purpose. A small altar at one end, together with a statute of Christ and one of the Blessed Virgin, were the articles entitled to especial reverence. In the rear was a small parlor organ, which gave a more church-like aspect to the scene.

The Duke, seeing that he could do nothing to help the workers, returned to his cabin. As he sat there he felt sorry for having been compelled to imprison the men, and could not help wishing that he was esteemed by the crew as were his two children. These, a boy of ten and a girl of eight, were, especially the latter, exceedingly beloved by the crew. Whenever the little girl spoke to one of them, his coarse aspect was changed to one of genteel esteem.

No doubt, the three prisoners thought of her that night as they sat in their cold damp cell. Probably they repented their hasty action and would, if liberated, resume their work faithfully. Possibly, and most probably, they resented their imprisonment and still conspired and plotted.

At any rate, as the slender form of Alice appeared before them, they dropped their eyes in meek submission and respect. "O what a shame to be locked up like this, and on Christmas eve too," exclaims the child in her innocence. "Wouldn't you like to be free so's you could attend midnight Mass? Would you be good if I asked papa to let you go? He surely would, because he always grants me a favor on Christmas."

With these words the child disappears, but in a short while she returns and gives them the key of liberty.

Left alone, the men stand together in the darkness and converse in low tones. Will these sailors, now that they are liberated, persevere in their wild and cruel designs? Or will they go down to the chapel and help their mates in preparing for Mass?

* * * * *

Slowly and determinedly, three ruffians grope their way to the cabin, seemingly unmindful of the noble deed of Alice, their little

friend. It is soon evident that the conspiring element is stronger, for they keep straight on. A wild storm is in progress and, consequently, a heavy sea is rolling. The good ship pitches and tosses in the mountains of water, which, with the wind blowing a gale through the sheets, cause such a noise that it would have been difficult to hear the men had they spoken in their loudest tones. As they move forward, the wind continually sends clouds of spray over the rail wetting them considerably.

They still keep on, however, and, like spectres, silently glide to the cabin, where meeting no resistance, they open the doors and enter. Darkness reigns supreme. Still undaunted, they grope about to ascertain the position of the inmates. In doing this, one of the villains brushes his cold, wet hand over the face of the Duchess. The good lady, awakened so suddenly, utters a sharp scream, which arouses her husband. As he comes to his senses, he immediately understands the situation and quickly jumps from his place of rest. He has no more than done so, when he hears a heavy blow struck, then a muffled thud, and the body of his wife sinks to the floor.

Maddened by the thought of losing his loved ones, he rushes blindly to the corner where the children sleep. He has covered but half the distance, when he is grasped by the three heavy brutes. He struggles desperately but is no match for them. They soon overpower him, and one, more desperate than the rest, stabs him over the heart. When the keen blade penetrates his bosom he becomes faint and falls to the floor.

As he lies there, unarmed and fatally wounded, he perceives the inhuman fiends lift the unconscious form of his boy and toss it into the raging sea. Oh, for a weapon of some kind! for just strength enough to stand! he would take them all with no seeming effort. He tries to rise, but falls back faint and exhausted. His strength commences to fail instead of returning.

On realizing his situation, he grows calmer. He begs, he promises, he entreats, he offers everything in his power, his money, the vessel itself—his life. But his offers are useless. The ruffians will complete their work. They seem to be demented, and capable of anything. On beholding his daughter pulled from her couch, and hearing her intricate mutterings of "papa" and

"mamma" as they bear her to the window, he becomes crazed. He tries to rise, to make a last effort to save his darling, but, seeing the murderers cast her body into the waves, his strength fails him; he falls back, and all becomes a blank.

He feels just as if breathing his last, when he is awakened from his stupor by a tiny hand laid rather vigorously on his shoulder. He opens his eyes and—what!—he beholds his little daughter.

"Why, papa," the child exclaims, with a round look of surprise upon her innocent face, "you look real tired and weary. Cheer up! This is Christmas Eve, you know, and mamma and Willie and I, together with the sailors, have been decorating the chapel all the evening. And papa," continued the child, "mamma says you'd ought to come down to the chapel and see the feelings of joy the poor sailors express as they help in decorating the altar."

The Duke is violently startled at first, but this feeling gradually wears away as the child prattles on. When she has finished speaking, he grasps her to his bosom, and immediately makes his way to the chapel.

As he passes out on deck, the cold north wind blows upon his heated brow. The stars gleam and twinkle in the deep blue vault of heaven, and the moon is rising bright and clear in the eastern horizon. The vessel glides easily through the peaceful waters, causing many ripples, which sparkle in the strong moonlight.

On nearing the chapel door, father and daughter meet the liberated sailors. The captain's heart violently palpitates, as he recalls his dream. When the men see him, who has granted their liberty, their eyes fill with tears of gratitude, and they thank him in the most profound manner.

Then the five together enter the beautifully illuminated chapel to commemorate the grand mystery of God's condescension. Soon the celebration of Mass commences and everyone seems contented. As the voice of Alice singing that sacred solo, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will," fills the little room, the Duke gazes around on all those hardy,

weather-beaten faces which surround him. When he sees each light up with genuine happiness at the sound of the child's sweet voice, he votes this to be one of the most joyous moments in his long and eventful career.

CHARLES J. DOWLING,
First Form.



THEY SHALL HAVE THEIR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

"You mean," said little Alice,
Great sorrow in her face,
"That some dear friends are waiting
Down in that dreadful place—
Are waiting for Our Lord to say,
'Come to eternal joy,
And be with Me, my friends, always!
And is it really true?"

"I mean it," said her mother;
"They hope and wait and wait."
"And will they have no Christmas?"
Asked Blanche, behind her slate.
"Indeed they will!" said Alice.
Spoke Blanche—"We'll pray and pray,
And all these souls in waiting
Shall have their Christmas Day."



"THIS WAS A MAN."

THE more one studies the play "Julius Caesar" and the many moral lessons therein inculcated, the more will one be confirmed in the belief that Shakespeare here wished to display in the character of Brutus, a man who, though lacking perception of the true relations of men and things, yet ever acts according to the dictates of his conscience. It is the first impression that strikes us when reading the play; it is the ore that remains after laying it down. Truly, the strength and nobility of character possessed by Brutus permeate the tragedy; they are displayed in public, on the street, and in the forum, as well as in the private concerns of his own household. Standing, as it does, preeminent in all aspects, we feel assured that the poet's design was to place before us a character such as, in the close of the play, justifies Antony in declaring "This was a man."

Brutus first appears upon the scene in company with Cassius, who, himself envious of Caesar, tries to inspire Brutus with like sentiments. Probably no scene in the whole play goes to show more than this the moral strength exemplified in the character of Brutus. At first sight, it would appear that Cassius had succeeded in seducing him, but looking more closely, we find the direct contrary to be the case. For, at the very outset, when Cassius, commented upon the strange mood of Brutus, the latter replies:

"Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors."

This explains all. Evidently Brutus had long perceived and detested Caesar's increasing power in state, and was thinking seriously over the issue. This becomes all the more apparent when we consider the effect of Cassius' flattery upon him. According to the time-worn custom, Cassius vows and swears his aversion to everything in the line of fawning or flattery, and then of course wades right into the very depths of it. Nothing comes better into play than the aside of Brutus at the close of the first eulogy—"What means this shouting?" Nor does a second onset on the

part of Cassius prove more successful, for right in the height of it, Brutus exclaims—"Another general shout!" His third tirade gives no more satisfactory result. The reason becomes clear to all when Brutus adds :

"How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter."

For, had he not considered the question beforehand, he would certainly have been swayed by the speech of Cassius. As it was, this profound flattery from the lips of Cassius did not affect in the least the course premeditated and chosen by Brutus.

But motives far different from either envy or ambition first decide Brutus to countenance conspiracy. His whole heart lies buried in Rome and, according as Rome is prosperous or unprosperous, he exults or sorrows. A republican of republicans, like most noble Romans of his day, he looks upon royalty with an evil eye—going so far as even to regard it as the greatest calamity that could possibly befall his beloved Rome. To uphold the Republic, therefore, and to prevent a monarchy, they held as their most sacred duty. For them, to live under a king meant simply to live as bondsmen. Cæsar, then, whom they all plainly perceived, aimed at the crown, was held by Brutus and his companions as the very personification of tyranny. Hence the plot against him. But, in the beginning, Brutus thinks that he alone perceives the danger of Cæsar's being chosen king,—he considers this as "conceptions only proper to himself." But once he finds out for certain that others have the same fears as he—that others perceive the same dangers as he—and not only see them but look up to him for their correction, then it is that he finds himself compelled to act :

"O Rome, I make thee promise.
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hands of Brutus."

Such, then, were the motives that prompted him to do, not only what he considered the most heroic act and the greatest service he could render Rome, but also what he felt assured would be enacted on the stage for the edification of future generations. Brutus performs then for the good of Rome, merely what he deems his duty. As he himself says :

" I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general."

It was purely and simply a question of permitting Cæsar to assume a crown. The latter, as Brutus well knew, aspired to royalty, so the philosopher-reformer's course "was marked necessary, not envious."

But nowhere does the weight of the character of Brutus appear more momentous than when the conspirators seek a man of some prestige to sanction their proceedings. His "outward favor" stands out here in striking relief. Behold how the first one, Cinna, bursts forth with a wish :

" O, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party."

It would seem from the peculiar wording of his wish that he scarcely expected the realization of it. And, as they set about the securing of their treasure, Casca comments upon it :

" O, he sits high in all the people's hearts !
And that which would appear offensive in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness."

To all this the shrewd Cassius immediately acquiesces :

" Him, and his worth, and our great need of him
You have right well conceited."

The fact that Brutus "sits high in the people's hearts" goes plainly to show in what esteem he was held by the people, his very countenance—the reflection of his inmost soul—being quite sufficient to stamp the most suspicious-looking act as praiseworthy.

Nor is his "outward favor" aught else than the true reflection of a pure and noble interior. Of all the relations in life probably none mark so unmistakably the character of a man as his private connections. In public life, noble actions may often spring from unworthy motives, and numerous so-called friends could often probably, more properly be called fawners and flatterers. But to see a man loved and revered by those of his own fireside speaks more for his real merit than volumes of eulogies from obsequious political supporters : that those who know him best should love him most, stamps his worth at once as noble and genuine. Of such a kind are the virtues of Brutus. Through pure motives

all he is gentle—gentle, as the true man ever is gentle, to wife and friends, and servants. But his very idealism leads him to the most disastrous results in practical affairs. He brings death to the “noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times,” death to all his friends, death to himself. He succeeds only in throwing Rome into the throes of civil war, of devastating his native land, of purpling the Roman territories with floods of Roman blood. And yet even in the hour of defeat, he is right, we feel, in saying :

“ I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By their vile conquest shall attain unto,”

because we feel that to conquer one's self is greater than to conquer the world, that to obey conscience is better than to win political victories howsoever great ; better to be Marcus Brutus than to be Marcus Antonius or Octavius ; and so we are glad to blend our voices with the voices of the very enemies of Brutus to proclaim :

“ This was the noblest Roman of them all !
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in *envy* of great Caesar
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*”

J. MCGUIRE, '02.



POOR WEE JIM.

(Selected.)

HE prince of newsboys was poor wee Jim. Small in body but great in mind, he was the acknowledged leader of the select circle in which he moved. It must be admitted that at times there, now and again, did come a bit of a scrimmage, but Jim was quite fit for his size and weight any day, and, after all, "sure it was only a bit of fun," as he was wont to say, "an' a body must have a bit of a fight sometimes."

The big boys never bullied Jim, for all of them loved his bright, intelligent face and manly, winning ways.

Whenever the Twelfth came, Jim was in his glory, and bubbling over with energy and excitement. Let there be no mistake, Jim was not at all a believer in, or a follower of "the pious, glorious, and immortal memory." Far, far otherwise; but like most Belfast boys of that date, he dearly loved a shindy, and the Twelfth was a great day for *pigeons*.

When the big drums came thundering past Carrick Hill, and when the drummers in their shirt sleeves, with the blood pouring from their wrists, thumped away and waltzed ridiculously from side to side, with the clumsy antics of performing bears, and when the shrill fifes lilted the "Boyne Water," and the police drew up in solid lines across North Queen Street and Carrick Hill, showers of stones would come rattling from both parties across their heads, or often through their ranks, for the combatants were not usually too particular. Then was the time for wee Jim, the recognized leader of a chosen band of very small and very light infantry, to quietly steal up, accompanied by his chums, each having something concealed under his coat. A flight of pigeons, with long green streamers tied to their tails, would suddenly circle over the procession, causing wonderful commotion and excitement in the ranks. With a wild cheer of triumph, off would scamper Jim and his devoted henchmen to repeat the feat from Hercules Place when the procession was passing the Bank Buildings. Where all the pigeons came from, no one but Jim and his companions could tell, but there they were in their glory.

Poor wee Jim was scarcely three months old when his mother died. His grandmother reared him. Misfortune fell thick and fast on his childhood. When about four years of age, he lost his father, whom he loved with almost childish adoration. It happened in this way. The father, a very quiet, steady man, employed in Hercules Street, chanced to pass on business one evening through Carrick Hill. A fierce riot had taken place as a wild raid had been attempted from the Shankhill. The police, with batons in hand, fiercely charged both parties. To avoid the rush and confusion, Jim's father was quietly stepping into a house when a police constable arrested him as a rioter. No explanation would be admitted. He had been caught, as they stated, red-handed. Sent forward to the assizes, before a judge who was famed for showing small mercy—particularly to those hailing from Hercules Street—his shrift was short, and he was quickly sentenced to the usual ten years.

The old, old, and sad, sad story. The bread-earner gone, a plain but happy and comfortable home was broken up, and the poor old grandmother had to start out with her basket to sell little things in order to keep the wolf from the door.

Hercules Street then stood where the tram runs now ; and happy homes, with warm, comfortable hearths, covered the spot where Royal Avenue now rears its massive buildings. Never did a braver, more generous and kindly-hearted people dwell together than those of Hercules Street and its vicinity in the good old days. When shall we look upon their like again ? Alas !

“ All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead. ”

The hungry and destitute never pleaded there in vain, the good people's hands and purses were ever open to the call of charity. Among them, Jim's grandmother found earnest, sympathetic friends. She and her grandson lived in a little room off Smithfield. A cleaner and neater one, though poorly furnished, was not in the whole neighborhood. How Jim laughed and crowed with delight as he gazed fondly at the pictures of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, the Pope, Dan O'Connell and Father Tom Burke, which adorned the walls of the room, and how he loved to listen to his dear old grandmother in her quiet, simple way of giving a history

of some one or other of these heroes to him every night, and how fondly he would look up at her as she taught him the Rosary. Before he went to sleep, his last prayer was to the Sacred Heart to pity the dying, and the "Memorare" to the Mother of God that, through her intercession, his father might be sent home to comfort his poor grandmother in her old days. It was a home to which a happiness far beyond that which the world can give, came in the middle of sorrow and gloom.

At evening, when the darkness was falling fast and the old grandmother had laid her basket aside, she and the child would go so quietly hand in hand to visit the Blessed Sacrament. How hushed and quiet seemed that church! The workers, tired and weary after a long dreary toil, on their way home, would drop in to pay their evening visits, and nothing was heard save long-drawn sighs and the breathings of fervent prayer. Away up close to the Virgin's Altar, knelt the old woman and the little boy. There they knelt and prayed—aye, prayed for those who were dead and gone, for those who were in sin and sorrow, and for the poor father far away in a convict's cell.

What a deliciously sweet picture they made. The rays from the lamp before the altar falling on the grey hair and upturned imploring face of the old grandmother, and on the sweet, fair head and innocent, chubby cheeks of the little child nestling so close to her, and with clasped hands, appealing so fervently to the Throne of Grace, was a hallowed scene not soon to be forgotten. A halo shone around them. It was a picture such as artists love to paint—a sermon without words—an evening incense—the strong, piercing prayer of Youth and Age.

Jim, when a little over seven, commenced his first start in business by selling newspapers in the mornings. He would start off from the office in Hercules Place with his bundle of papers, and his shrill cry of "Ulster 'Saminer"—he could never get round the word "Examiner"—would be heard far down Hercules Street, echoing round Smithfield, way up the Falls, or across along North Queen Street. In the evening the same shrill call would be rising again, heralding the evening papers, especially the *Evening Telegraph*, with a very long "Eve" and a still longer "graph." Jim preferred the "'Saminer," but necessity knows no laws, and it

was to make an honest penny to help his dear old grandmother that he sold, as he called it, the "Tely."

Jim was a patriot, heart and soul, though not yet a public speaker, except in his own select circle, and even then walking on hands or turning a cartwheel while waiting for the papers was even more captivating than politics. Whenever a Home Rule meeting was held in St. Mary's Hall, Jim was sure to be there, however he managed it. Perched high up on the gallery, an attentive and interested listener, beaming all over with rapture at speeches he could not understand, he yelled with all his might whenever the applause came in—it could not come too often for him.

"Oh, granny," he would say, "there was such a big meetin' in the Hall to-night, an' such gran' speeches, all about Home Rule an' Ireland." Then he would laugh and clap his hands as he looked at the pictures on the wall and say, "Granny, won't you tell me something about the Pope, Dan O'Connell, and Father Tom Burke?" After the selling of the morning papers, he would spend his time at school, where the master was very kind to him, but all were kind to poor wee Jim—no one could help being so.

On Sundays, how he loved the children's Mass, and how joyously rang his sweet, childish treble; but when it came to the hymn, "Look down, oh, Mother Mary!" then his whole soul seemed afire, and the thrilling, rapturous music gushed from his little throat, and ascended heavenwards with all the piercing, soul-stirring and warbling melody of a lark soaring aloft in the blue sky, after the break of dawn, when the sun is lighting up the hill-tops. It was the sweet, enchanting strain of an innocent soul pleading to the Mother of God for his father lying far away in a convict's cell. Day followed day, and "week in week out," in sunshine and in rain, Jim went his rounds selling his papers. All came to know, love, and sympathise with poor wee Jim. His honest, bright little winsome face and sweet smile won him hosts of friends. Still, ever as evening came and the shadows fell, the rays from the lamp cast a halo around two figures kneeling, adorning and praying before the altar. The prayer of Youth and Age ever went on.

At last, one morning the dispatch clerk missed Jim's bright

face. Scarlatina had spread and become an epidemic. Its ravages were fearful. In many a family, many childish voices were stilled forever, and sad, vacant places were left at many a fireside. Mothers and sisters wept. Their grief could not be comforted or controlled as they gathered up the broken toys, laid them carefully away, and thought of the sweet endearing music of the past, the ringing laughter, which they would never hear again, and the warm loving arms so lately clasped around them, and now lying so quiet, cold and still in the grave. It was a sad, sad time. Poor wee Jim lay tossing on his bed very ill, and his old grandmother tried to comfort, soothe, and bring him back to health—her darling—her only one. All in vain. Poor wee Jim's course was nearly run. How quietly and calmly he lay and listened to the priest, who prepared him for his first communion ! How fervently and sincerely he made his simple confession. He had only entered on his ninth year. With what a loving confiding heart he listened to the explanation of the Real Presence. His heart, with love, burned within him like that of the disciples on the road to Emaus, and then he saw only Jesus.

Fast through Hercules street, Smithfield, the Falls, and all over Jim's usual, beat passed the word that poor wee Jim was dying, and ever went up the prayer from many a heart—"God help that poor old woman in her hour of sorrow." In the church, when many gathered to adore the Blessed Sacrament, were missed the familiar faces; and warm earnest prayers were said for the dying child and the desolate, sorrow-stricken grandmother.

The neighbours around vied with one another in their open, warm-hearted generosity, and nothing was too good for the dying child and heart-broken old woman ; but the angel of death was hovering near poor wee Jim. A great calm settled down on him after he had received the last Sacraments, and that clear vision seemed to have come to him, which oft-times comes to the dying, like the flash of the Rontgen rays, setting at nought the flesh, and piercing far beyond the ken of man. He lay so quietly while his grandmother clasped one hand and with the other, gently brushed back the fair hair from his brow. At last, after a long silence, he said to her—"Granny, father will soon come home to you, but I'll not be here to see him. Don't cry, granny, I'll soon see the

Sacred Heart an' the Blessed Mother, wunt I? An' I'll not forget you." They together said the Memorare for the father in the convict's cell, then the prayer to the Sacred Heart for the dying. As the dawn was breaking, the sun gilding spires and house-tops, and the sparrows twittering on the eaves, with the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph on his lips, poor wee Jim gave a gentle sigh and his soul passed away. A sudden flood of golden sunshine filled the room; the canary at the window burst into song, but silent, quiet, and still, but beautiful in death, lay the body of poor wee Jim. An old grief-stricken woman, with the beads clasped in her hands, rocked to and fro in silent agony. He was gone and she was left alone. For the last time on earth had she joined in the prayer of Youth and Age with her own poor, dear wee Jim.

That prayer had "pierced the clouds, and did not depart until the Most High beheld."

In the cemetery at Milltown, a nice little plot had been purchased when Jim's mother died, "where," as old granny said in her quiet simple way, "she too hoped to rest her wearied bones when God would call her."

In this grave poor wee Jim was laid. While the funeral service was going on, many a brave little heart, under tattered news-boy's jacket, throbbed with sorrow for poor wee Jim, and many a little head was turned aside and the fast falling tears brushed quietly from the eyes with the sleeve, as they would fain hide the sorrow so deep within them.

Months had passed away and bright suns and "April showers had brought May flowers." May eve had come, and in one of the churches a priest was watching the last touches being given to the month of May altar. A feeble old woman came up to him with a pretty but old bead-basket in her hand, and offered it to him for the altar with two shillings to buy flowers. "Father dear, it's all I have, I wish it was more; won't you take it for the love of God and His Blessed Mother? I'll never see another May; I'm far, far through, and soon goin' home, my long home, God be praised and merciful to us all. But I couldn't lie in bed, I've been dhram-in' so much and thinkin' about poor wee Jim. I'm very lonely now since he's gone; an' my son that's in prison, father dear, I'll never live to see him again. Poor wee Jim! there's the very spot

father, where we used to pray every evening for him an' the poor, sufferin' souls, but Jim's gone, Lord rest his dear wee soul, an I'm all alone now and fast goin' too—God's holy will be done."

The tears were streaming down the face of the honest, brave-hearted, poor, old worn-out and world-beaten creature, and the priest did not wish to deprive her of her little offering, knowing how much she required the little money herself.

"Oh, father, do take it, please; the basket was poor wee Jim's and he was fond of it. He would love it, I know, to be on the Blessed Virgin's altar, even for a minute. He loved her in his wee heart, and would have given everything to her. I'm sure he's with her now. Sure every night in May he'd ask me just to let him keep the price of one paper for her, an' I couldn't refuse him, and that penny every evening he'd slip so quietly into her box at her altar."

Such pleadings could not be denied, so the basket, old and perhaps a little worn out, but filled with beautiful and sweet-scented flowers, was placed on the altar as the May gift of poor wee Jim and his grandmother.

Most likely, though poor in the eyes of the world, it was the richest and most precious gift on the altar in the sight of God and the Blessed Mother.

The priest thinking, no doubt, of the wondrous power of the prayer of St. Bernard—the Memorare—advised the old woman to continue her prayers and perhaps the answer would come before the month of May would pass away.

The old woman, comforted by these words, went away home her sick bed, alas! never again to rise from it.

The priest, moved by what he had seen and knew, wrote to honest, true Joe Biggar, M.P.—a name that shall be long revered in Belfast—describing all.

Scarcely a fortnight had passed when, one day, as he was leaving the presbytery, a man, furrowed, stooping, and grey haired, met him. It was the father of poor wee Jim, released from the convict cell. The circumstances had so touched the heart of Mr. Forster, the then Chief Secretary for Ireland, that he at once telegraphed from London, to Mountjoy Prison to set the man free. It is a true story, although Mr. Forster's name was not then one to conjure with in Ireland.

It happened that the prisoner, on account of good conduct, was, at the time, in Lusk Prison—a prison set aside for the best-conducted in Mountjoy—when the warder told him that the governor wanted him. He grew frightened, fearing that he would lose some of the time already merited by his good conduct, and that, unknown to himself, he had committed some fault. To calm him the warder told him not to fear but to hope for the best, as through the influence of some priest, he thought he was about to get release—at least, on ticket-of-leave.

Thus it came that the “prayer of Youth and Age,” with its strong cry and many tears, through the intercession of the Immaculate Mother, had prevailed before the throne of the Most High.

Ere the June roses withered on the trees, and the new-mown hay filled the evening air with balm, poor old granny, with her son comforting her dying hour, breathed her last, and was laid in the grave with her lone-one, poor wee Jim. And so it always is, day by day, the self-same story—confident reliance on the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the intercession of His Blessed Mother, ever and ever repaid more than a hundred-fold.

To-night, as the rain patters down on the grass-grown grave of poor wee Jim and his granny, the roll of cars, the surge and roar of the world, and, alas, maybe, too, the bitter, blighting curse and frantic scream of well-nigh despairing castaways, beat against the tabernacle door where Jesus waits, and where the pure, chaste statute of the Virgin Mother looks down upon those who kneel and pray before the altar—as poor wee Jim and his granny did in the days gone by.

Let us hope and fondly trust that the quiet visits made and the whispering, heartfelt prayers breathed so softly, when the sweet shadows fall and the lamps burn so steadily and brightly before the altar, may bring grace and comfort to many a distracted weary heart, and teach us all to draw a lasting lesson from “the prayer of Youth and Age,” the loving confidence in the Sacred Heart and Blessed Mother, as shown by the grand and good old grandmother and poor wee Jim.

PITY IN "JULIUS CÆSAR."



HE play "Julius Cæsar" arouses within us sentiments of pity of varying degrees of intensity. At one time commiseration for the anxious cares and solitudes of Portia and Calpurnia, wives respectively of the murderer and the murdered, and sorrow at the death of young Cato, move our feelings. Then the sympathy one cannot refrain from extending to the poor weary Lucius, the boy-servant of Brutus, sleeping over his instrument, touches a tender chord in every heart. Again, deep feelings of pity towards Cæsar are excited within us by the speech of Brutus, by Antony's address to Cæsar's mangled body, and above all by that mighty triumph of oratorical skill—Antony's speech in Cæsar's funeral.

The only two women of the play are models of husband-loving wives. Calpurnia, relying upon the auguries and her own dreams, forbids Caesar to go to the Senate house. On her knees she begs him not to go forth :

" Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence !
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house.
And he shall say you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this."

All reasons are exhausted, and Caesar has yielded ; but a friend of darkness, a conspirator is in the way, and the triumphant wife must yield in her turn. Poor Calpurnia ! how truly will her dreams and expectations be realized !

Portia, the other type of woman found in the play, suffers at seeing her marriage bonds not taken heed of, and at not being the partaker of the secrets of Brutus. Her "once commended beauty," and "that great vow which did incorporate and made her and Brutus one," should be strong arguments. She, like Calpurnia, wins over her husband, but this is to be a source of sorrow to her. We pity her most in her excitement for the issue of Brutus' affair :

“ Ah me, how weak a thing
 The heart of woman is !—O Brutus,
 The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
 Sure the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
 That Cæsar will not grant.—O I grow faint
 Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
 Say I am merry : come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.”

We involuntarily pity a woman in distress, but a woman like Portia, we both admire and pity.

Cato's courage and death provokes in our heart admiration for his manliness, but also pity at seeing that manliness rewarded by death. What a brave self-devoting man he is, that young Cato!

“ Who will go with me ?
 I will proclaim my name about the field ;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !”

Well does he deserve the pitiful eulogium of Lucilius :

“ O young and noble Cato art thou down ?
 Why now thou diest as bravely as Titinius
 And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.”

Scene 3 of Act 2, may be called the best in the play. The servant boy Lucius and the earnest, thoughtful, book-loving Brutus are so pictured as to provoke the greatest sympathy for both :

Brutus— “ What thou speak'st drowsily :
 Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er watched.
 Look, Lucius, here is the book I sought for so ;
 I put it in the pocket of my gown.”

Lucius—I was sure your lordship did not give it to me.

Brutus—Bear with me, good boy ; I am much forgetful.”

What a world of noble traits ! The compassion of Brutus for his “ o'er-watched boy,” his discovering the book, and his begging pardon of Lucius ! What man was ever more loving towards his servants ? Brutus commands not, he prays :

“ Canst thou hold thy heavy eyes awhile,
 And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Lucius—Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Brutus— It does, my boy :
 I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius—It is my duty, sir.

Brutus—I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest."

What a charming dialogue ! The master asking, not commanding, the servant to please him, and the latter deeming it a duty to do so even till death. Words fail to render the sentiments experienced during this short scene. We do not know whom to prefer, Brutus or Lucius, both are so worth of our sympathy. Once more the good nature of Brutus is set forth in this scene :

" I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

(*Lucius plays and sings till he falls asleep.*)

Brutus—This is a sleepy time. O murderous slumber
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee ;
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night."

It is impossible to remain unmoved in presence of the spectacle of Lucius nodding over his instrument and Brutus anxiously watching him. "Oh what a dear little fellow Lucius is ! So gentle, so dutiful, so loving, so thoughtful and careful for his master," and yet himself no more conscious of his virtue than a flower of its fragrance. His falling asleep in the midst of his song and his exclaiming, on being aroused, "the strings, my lord, are false," are so good that I cannot speak of them with justice.

Brutus' speech to the crowd is an instance of pity awakened by the sentiment of obligatory duty in an assassin :

" As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is *tears* for his love ; joy for his valor ; and death for his ambition."

What a grand spectacle ! A murderer lamenting over the fate of his victim ! What a noble heart must Brutus possess, to regret the dead and yet to be heart at ease at the sight of the bloody corpse ! There is a mixture of attractive and heart-clutching qualities of this assassin.

The character in the play to which our hearts go out in pity, is undoubtedly Cæsar. To see the grand and powerful hero lying dead at his enemies feet, sends a thrill to the very depths of our

souls. Antony presents himself as the defender of the fallen man ; he unveils his sentiments even before the assassins :

“ O mighty Cæsar ! doest thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrank to this little measure ?
 That I did love thee, Cæsar, O 'tis true :
 If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes, —
 Most noble ! — In the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thy enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,
 Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.
 O world, thou was the forest to this hart ;
 And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee,
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes
 Dost thou here lie.”

We might say that pity is an overwhelming mover in Antony. He speaks such piercing words, he employs such pitiful expressions before Brutus, before Cassius, before the *princely* murderers of Cæsar. His love prompts him to pity, and then pity knows no bounds.

“ O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever liv'd in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
 Which like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue, —
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men.”

I represent to myself. Antony kneeling down near Cæsar, kissing each wound, wiping the tears with the bloody garment of the hero, prophesying the coming misfortune of the assassins ; at this sight :

“ My heart goes in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it comes back to me.”

Pity fills the whole speech of Antony. The orator had a quadruple aim: To show that the victim was worthy of a better fate, that his virtues should have sheltered him from the blows of misfortune, that he has well deserved of his country, and that he has or would have heaped favors of all kinds upon the citizens. This four-fold aim he attained by means of pity. The first part of the speech changes somewhat the mind of the people, the second excites them, the third fires them. And this success, I repeat, he obtains by pity. Let us take the third part of the oration as an instance:

“ If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle.....
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,—
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 This was the most unkindly cut of all:
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart:
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!....
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of *pity*; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.”

This last sentence is the most powerful of all. At first reading, this passage produces in us sentiments of pity, that gradually increase at every successive perusal. In fact, who experiences no pity upon beholding the bloody mantle of Cæsar, and who thrills not with pity at the sight of his “body marr'd with traitors”? I feel certain that Antony cannot refrain from weeping, at the conclusion of his speech. What must it have been with his hearers?

These few instances of Calpurnia, Portia, Cato, Brutus, Lucius, and Cæsar, are, I think, sufficient to illustrate that the sentiment of pity greatly prevails in "Julius Cæsar." Amongst these, the speech of Mark Antony to the people is the most perfect expression of pity to be found, perhaps, in the annals of oratory. He stands before a people inimical to his friend, and he makes them feel the "dint of pity," and moulds them as wax according to his desires. With such an orator as Antony and with such a victim as Cæsar, the play of "Julius Cæsar" is a mine of true pity.

JOSEPH GUY, '02.



ADDRESS TO THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Joy, infant saints, cropped in the tender flower !
Long is their life that die in blissful hour ;
Too long they live, that live till they be naught :
Life saved by sin is purchase dearly bought.
Your fate the pen of Angels should rehearse :
Whom spotless, death in cradle rocked asleep ;
Sweet roses mixed with lilies strewed your hearse,
Death virgin-white in martyr-red did steep.

Robert Southwell.



JAMIE'S CHRISTMAS.



JAMIE'S birthday came in the last week of the year, but as he was only one of a large family possessed of small means, his parents usually blended the event with the holy feast of Christmas, and celebrated them jointly. Thus the Christmas stocking did a double duty; besides receiving its share of Santa Claus' universal beneficence, it usually contained a number of extra gifts, accordingly as Jamie's conduct during the preceding year had been deemed worthy of reward. And these extra gifts were not few, because Jamie was a boy a little out of the ordinary in intelligence, industry, activity, obedience, and those little acts of devotion, which endear a child to its parents.

He was the pride of his father, a humble man whose occupation as a miner caused him many a pang of regret, as he thought it precluded giving Jamie the higher bringing-up that he desired for him. Happily the boy was unaware of this, and continued to grow in merit.

Thus it was that he had been promised a bounteous visit from Santa Claus on the occasion of his tenth birthday. His youthful imagination made much of these promises. He worked hard at school during the year, hoping to be able to write Santa Claus a good letter asking for the things he most desired, and thanking the genial old fellow in advance for his generosity.

But with the approach of the holiday season the mournful fact dawned upon him, that he would have to forego the delights of the Christmas stocking this year. Sometime in the latter part of the summer, his father had been hurt—hurt in the full significance of a mining accident—buried, crushed under a fall of coal, which broke his limbs, bruised and battered his poor body into utter helplessness, and left him with but a spark of life to bear his sufferings, and a mind strong enough only to realize the distress of poverty. This circumstance caused Jamie no end of bitter tears. His good mother tried to console him, but she was a poor hand at dissimulation, and the more she feigned cheerfulness, the more the boy seemed to perceive their common misfortune.

His childish heart was full of sympathy for his poor father. And the latter, on his part, became more than ever attached to the boy on account of this evidence of his character.

It was hard for Jamie to contemplate the coming of Christmas without a visit from Santa Claus. It was especially hard for him when Christmas Eve finally came, and he was requested not to write to the kind old man, because "He would not have enough presents to supply all the children in the village."

However, Jamie found some excitement in perambulating the streets, watching the shoppers going in and out of the stores, and carrying all sorts and sizes of bundles. But his chief delight was to stand before the huge display windows of the toy stores and gaze on the wonderful creations in the shape of engines and cars, trumpets, singing tops, dancing men, and the hundred other things which appeal to childish curiosity.

He spent nearly the whole of the afternoon of the day before Christmas visiting the places where the most numerous stocks were shown. But he could not visit them all, and so left the largest establishment to the last. He desired to view this at night, when it would be crowded with people, and when the windows would be beautiful with decoration, and all would be ablaze with electric lights. After supper he started with his little sister for C — street, on which was located the object of his anticipation. On arriving at the place the two children took up their post in front of the window, and commenced to absorb the display. In one corner was Santa Claus, dressed up in his gorgeous furs. On his back he bore a large basket, filled with enough articles, Jamie thought, to supply all the stockings in his village with London thrown in. For a moment he wondered how the genial old soul before him could be so mean as to forget him when he had such an abundance of everything. But his wonder was only momentary. His curiosity was too excited by the brilliant display. He saw skates and sleds, toys and tools, candies fruits, nuts, everything in profusion. Maggie was attracted by the doll babies. A large one in Santa's basket, which thrust its golden head above everything else, appealed to her best sense of beauty. She was lost in admiration of it, when Jamie tugged at her hand and told her to look at something he had discovered in another corner. But she was only

half interested in what attracted him, and couldn't see it readily. Jamie thrust his little grimy finger against the window pane, and endeavored to point it out to her.

But just then he was tapped on the shoulder by one of the clerks who had come outside, and told to move away. The children, half frightened, withdrew to the edge of the sidewalk. Maggie desired to go home, but Jamie wasn't satisfied; he wished to have a longer look at the window.

However, he grew somewhat timid at the sight of two uncouth young men, who stood in the doorway, vulgarly inspecting the shoppers as they passed in and out of the store. He was afraid to advance for a while, but finally he edged his way cautiously up to the window, and was feasting his eyes again.

Soon the door opened, and Arthur White, a big, good-natured boy, whose opulence made him free-hearted, came out with several bundles.

"Hello! Jamie," he said cheerily,—he knew Jamie well, and liked and trusted him.

"Hello, Arthur," said Jamie, in the same tone.

"Will you take these home for me?" asked Arthur, as he placed a package under each of Jamie's arms, and put a dime in his hand.

Jamie was delighted. It was a pleasure to do a turn for Arthur at any time, but it was doubly pleasurable at that moment to earn a dime. Arthur went away to make some more purchases, and Jamie started off with the packages. Maggie went with him, but only for a short distance. Jamie, like a little man, felt the importance of his mission, and desired to execute it alone. Maggie was eager to carry one of the bundles. Jamie wouldn't have it, but Maggie insisted. Then, to relieve himself, Jamie gave her the dime, and told her to go home and wait for him. This was a compromise which satisfied Maggie, so she ran home.

Afterwards Jamie trotted off briskly with his burden. It was necessary for him to traverse a little side street, which was not very well lighted. As he turned into this, he looked behind and saw one of the young men who had stood in the shop doorway, following him. He increased his pace a little, and soon came near Arthur's home. After going a few yards, he looked around again

and beheld the young man almost at his heels. He thought of running the rest of the way, but, in another instant, quick as a flash, the larger bundle was snatched away from him, and upon turning round, he saw his pursuer making off with it.

Jamie's heart swelled into his throat. The thought of losing the package filled him with inexpressible sadness, and this, combined with the fear of the situation, almost paralyzed him. What was he to do? The only thing he could do, he did do, and that was to run home as fast as he was able and relate the occurrence to his mother.

The poor woman was distracted by the news. She could not conceal her agitation. Maggie burst into tears, and reproached Jamie for not having permitted her to carry one of the parcels. She gave him back the dime, declaring she would share none of it. When Jamie saw the misery that his misfortune had caused, he thought he could never be forgiven. His unhappiness was productive of nothing but tears, and these he shed in abundance. At sight of his grief, his mother saw that she must hide her own. Besides, some sort of explanation was necessary to Arthur, which it would be best to make at once. This sad duty the good woman took upon herself.

After learning from the two children all the circumstances of the reception of the packages, and the subsequent details of the stealing from Jamie himself, she took the other bundle and set out for Arthur's home. On arriving there, she found that Arthur had not yet returned. She called his mother and related the theft to her, at the same time giving her the package that she had brought.

Arthur's mother received it with obvious thanklessness, and accepted the story with a great deal of hesitation and incredulity. She did not know Jamie nor his mother, and thought of them only with that feeling of disdain and distrust that the supercilious rich entertain for the humble poor, and which they are often too anxious to display.

"A fit punishment for Arthur's imprudence," she said, sarcastically, as she took the package. Then, as if laying all the blame on Arthur, she added: "He is always too generous."

"Oh, do not say that, Mrs. White," said Jamie's mother, full

of feeling "He is not too generous, and not mistaken in his generosity, I assure you; for Jamie is honest."

"As all are honest nowadays who look out for themselves first," remarked the woman, with an air of philosophical penetration.

"Do you suppose my child, at ten years of age, is capable of comprehending and practising your sophistries?" asked Jamie's mother with quiet dignity.

"Perhaps not the child, but others for him," said the woman, with a look that was turning into scorn.

Jamie's mother was completely taken aback by this heartless insinuation. For a few moments her mind was swayed by alternate passions of rebuke and contempt. But, mastering her inclinations, she replied with trembling voice:

"Your cruel insult shows that you do not believe what I have told you. I would to God it were not true. Then I would not have to bear your scorn, and Jamie would not be branded as a thief."

Her voice was choking with emotion, so that she could say no more. With a heavy heart she left the house.

When she arrived home, Jamie and Maggie were still lamenting the unhappy night. The poor father, who was just convalescent from his injuries, had endeavored to console them by making little of the loss and by holding out a prospect of forgiveness. But his face could not show a tranquility and cheerfulness that his heart did not feel, and his efforts were of little avail. However, the mother succeeded in quieting the children, and their wearied natures soon found repose in sleep.

When they awoke again it was Christmas Day. Jamie's first thought was to run to the chimney-place, where he was wont, in former years, to hang his stocking, in the hope that Santa Claus might, after all, have left something there. But he found nothing. Tears glistened in his eyes, already red from weeping. He seemed to realize at that moment, for the first time, the privations of poverty.

His mother, however, took him to her side, and told him the story of the first Christmas Day in Bethlehem. She dwelt on the omnipotence of God, on His power to command all the comforts and luxuries of the world, and on how His birth might have been

attended, had he so wished it, by all the pomp of kings. "But instead of this," said she, "the infant Saviour choose to come into the world amidst the most abject wretchedness. He afflicted His blessed parents with poverty in order that He Himself might be surrounded with poverty. Then in a lowly stable, which afforded nothing but the merest shelter, while the riotous world without was reveling in its nightly feasts, Jesus, the Redeemer of Mankind, was born.

"The Blessed Virgin had scarcely the wherewith to clothe Him; and St. Joseph was perplexed as to how he was to provide food for the Holy Family. But God supplied their needs.

"Thus the infant Jesus grew to manhood. He lived each day, proclaiming the kingdom of Heaven, and the duties of man to God, and having no more of food or raiment than was required from day to day."

"God always looks after the poor," she concluded; "We are poor, and He will not forget us."

The powerful lesson of Christ's humble birth was not lost upon Jamie's heart. Indeed, owing to the way in which it was narrated, it could not have been lost upon anyone whose heart was susceptible to tender feelings. The good woman, at that moment, felt a sadness such as she had never experienced before. Her interview with Mrs. White had disturbed the smooth current of her thoughts, and caused her to reflect on the consequences of Jamie's misfortune.

It was evident that Jamie's reputation for trustworthiness would suffer in Arthur's estimation, when the latter should learn his mother's biased opinion of the stealing. If the fiend that stole the package were known, it might be recovered, and this dire effect prevented. But such was beyond hope. Jamie had never seen the thief before that night nor since, and did not know whether he belonged to the village or not.

It was this thought that depressed his mother. Her imagination pictured Jamie moving among his companions, deserted, shunned, taunted as a thief. She fancied, she saw him always downcast, cheerless and alone; she saw the ruddy sign of health fade from his check, and a sickening pallor take its place; she saw him return home only to cry, and vow that he would not go out

among the boys any more ; she saw his life blasted, when it should be innocent and joyous. And all through no sin of his.

In the bitterness of this reverie, while her heart quivered with emotion, she began to pray—her Christmas prayer—that God might save her child from this awful fate.

Happily for Jamie, his childish nature saved him from the painful reflections that afflicted his mother. When Christmas Day was passed, and when the last week of the year was drawing to a close, the incident of the stolen package had slightly faded from his memory. But he could not forget it entirely, because his mother reminded him of it from time to time.

However, on New Year's Eve, the thought was crowded out of mind altogether, at least for the time being, by the anticipation of the raggamuffin parades, and by the universal excitement of ringing the old year out and the new year in. The parades were always a source of unbounded amusement. The fantastic costumes of the marchers, the bands of music, the blazing torches, the funny antics and badinage of the clowns, attracted everybody to the streets.

Jamie and Maggie went, as usual, after supper, to see these amusing spectacles. Club after club, representing various trades and professions, passed in review. When the last one in line faded from sight, the children turned towards home.

But the sound of trumpets in the distance announced that all was not yet over. Soon other paraders came into view—an organization of young men dressed as knight errants, mounted on horses, with lances and shields, and all the trappings of chivalry. The trumpeters marched on foot in advance, and kept up a constant din. They traversed the whole length of the village street, attracting the admiration of all the bystanders. In the counter march to their headquarters, the trumpeters were more tumultuous than ever. One of them was particularly conspicuous, both by the extent of his uproar, and by the attractiveness of his horn. This was a long cone-shaped instrument, drawn out into a large bell. It was decorated with ribbons, the colors of the organization, and a little silk banner, bearing in crude letters, the club's name. It sounded so loud that it could be heard above all the others.

Jamie was so enchanted by the dazzling sight that he followed the trumpeters along the street. He had not gone far, however, when he saw Arthur White spring from the sidewalk into the street, grapple with the conspicuous trumpeter, and endeavor to wrest the horn from him. The latter was stronger than Arthur, and pushed him off. He returned to the attack, and continued his efforts, at the same time calling for assistance, and declaring that the trumpet was his, and that the man was a thief. When Jamie drew close to the disputants, he recognized in the gaudy trumpeter, the man who had pursued him on Christmas Eve.

"Arthur," he shouted, "That's the man who stole your package from me."

"Yes," replied Arthur in a loud voice, pointing to the trumpet, "and that's what was in the package."

On hearing Jamie's accusation, the young man's countenance flushed. He threw down the trumpet, and attempted to escape. But several strong hands seized him, and compelled him, by threats of physical retribution, to confess his cowardly theft before the whole crowd. Afterwards he was permitted to depart, amidst the reproaches of his associates and the contempt of the onlookers.

Thus was the stolen package recovered and Jamie vindicated. He could not reach home quick enough to tell his mother what had happened. When he did get home, he had not the pleasure of breaking the news, for Maggie had outdistanced him. However, he was none the less delighted.

But his gratification was only a shadow of the joy that filled his mother's heart, when she reflected on the stinging rebuke that the outcome would inflict upon Mrs. White's pride and malignancy. She whispered a prayer of thanksgiving, and praised the unerring justice of God.

D. McTIGHE,

Third Form.

"THE CONVENT BOY"

(FROM THE MISSIONARY RECORD O.M.I.)



HE was only a native, a raw Kafir from the wilds of the Xesibi country. Three years ago he wore his blanket, the raw hide of the sheep or buck, and stained his flesh with red clay, trembled at the rattle of Umtakati's charms. And now! well now he is in the "Rest land" away from all that disturbs, another example of the wonderful ways of God. Rest John! and wear your crown; you wont have to scare the birds any more from the amabele, or kraal the cattle at night; no more need for the "Knobkerry" or assegai, your enemy cannot touch you in the "Rest land." What a change in a few hours from the heathen's kraal to the Christian's home!

We called him John, but in town he was known as the "Convent Boy." We miss him so much, he had grown so used to his ways, and all the day long some one seemed to be calling him. The place is lonely since he left; there is something wanting, we often listen for it in vain; it never comes back for it is the voice of the Kafir boy.

Poor John! you were a faithful servant; and the Sisters miss you sadly! There is no big strong man now to cradle the little child, or carry it at night over the rough dark road, no one to count the cattle or put the fowl to roost. "You know, Sister, I was once a very stupid boy, but now I know my work." Oh! yes! you know more than any of us now, and you have got an eternity in which to thank God for the light he sent to the Xesibi boy!

John was working nearly three years for the Nuns. He was always busy, never a moment idle, to-day he would help the mason and the next day he would plant the garden, or paint the doors for the Lady Superioress. A day came—alas! it is ever thus—when the Kafir boy was missing.

"Gone! and there is not a gleam of you,
 Faces that float into far away;
 Gone! and we can only dream of you,
 Each as you fade like a star away."

We found him in his "hut" with a "lapy" around his forehead, and fever in his eyes. His head was aching, his heart was throbbing violently and the Kafir boy was struggling for breath. Pneumonia, the scourge of white and black, was calling John to the "Star-land."

The native sleeps on the cold hard floor, with nothing under him but a rush mat and a cotton blanket, and it is thus that he sows in youth, the seeds of this terrible disease, which so often in early life drags him to an untimely grave. A kind friend lent his covered carriage, the gift of the Pondo chief, to take John to the hospital. His eyes became deadly brilliant and his parched lips were begging for his native beer. "U'Tyula! tyula!! tyula!!!" He grew weaker and weaker, He wanted to know why the bells were ringing in the night. Strange, how many dream of bells when dying: Is it the Passing bell that haunts them?

"Or is it a spirit's wail?

Solemnly, mournfully,

Sad—and how lornfully!

Ding dong dell!

Whence is it? who can tell?"

Kafir news is shouted from hill to hill, and, in this way, information is carried over miles of country, in the space of a few hours. I was not surprised when John's heathen parents arrived from his far off Kraal, the day after we brought him to the hospital. "They had heard that their boy was ill and they had brought a sledge to remove him to his home." I told them John was dying; his only chance was rest, the least movement or change of temperature meant instant death for the poor sufferer. They would not listen to reason; he was their boy, and they must have him. Their "Umrakati" would have an ox killed and the blood would be sprinkled over the hut and the sick boy, and with a sharpened stick he would make incisions in different parts of John's body, and he would take his medicine from the horn of an antelope and put it into the holes which he had made and the evil spirits would have to leave his boy. After long persuasion, I prevailed on them to leave him a few days longer. John also begged for rest and so we kept him. Poor boy! he was only human, no wonder if the ruling passion was strong in death. The Kafir loves money, loves it in his raw state more than God, and John was still

a heathen. He was wondering if he would get his wages for the time he had been sick in bed. Ah! yes John, and your reward will be very great. His days were numbered soon and he would roam the Phantom land for ever. But we must not lose our faithful John. No! no! the "convent boy" must die a Christian.

What a strange feeling takes possession of one when the time is short to do the work that lasts for ever. When souls are going up to God, and bodies about to be laid in the dust. Now so near the waters of Baptism; and to-morrow! Well John's to-morrow never came. Nuns were now offering up novenas, begging the mercy of heaven, the grace of Baptism for the dying pagan. Day after day, they visited the poor invalid, spoke to him, prayed with him, consoled him. I sent a Basuto boy, "Harry," to read parts of our "Ikatekism" in his own language for the sick boy. We both used to go up together to instruct him. When first we spoke to him about being baptized he hesitated, but in a short time he consented and begged to be made a Christian. After the baptism he seemed to be thinking constantly of God. "Harry," when I am well you must look after me, and take me to church with you. Yes! it is true I must think of heaven now. Jesus, mercy! We taught him how to make the sign of the cross, and he would ask the nurse at night for the little bottle of holy water that he might bless himself. The doctor ordered him stimulants, and one night he whispered: "Is it not wrong to drink whiskey? You know I am a Christian now."

He was most attentive during the anointing, following the prayers that were read for him in his native language. He promised to pray for all of us when he got to Heaven. He was fast hurrying away from the "night land," to the cloudless and shadowless bright-land. I gave him the last absolution at 10 p.m. on Saturday night. The fan which the sisters had given him and which he had used to the last, in a vain endeavour to keep away the fever, dropped from the poor black hand and lay broken on the bed.

Alas! alas!
How soon to pass!
And oh! we go
So far away,

At 10:30 p.m. the nurse came to say that "the Convent boy" was dead, dead with the sign of the cross on his forehead.

Next morning I helped to place him in the coffin. The nuns and Catholics attended the funeral; John's own friends, native boys, carrying his remains to the grave.

I buried him on a Sunday morning under the shade of his native "Black Wattle" in St. Patrick's Cemetery, Kodstad.

When strangers visit God's acre, the children lead them to one certain plot and whisper: "John, the Sister's boy is sleeping there." *Requiescat in pace!*

F. H. HOWLETT, O.M.I.

Kodstad, October, 1899.

Lapy :—Dutch for any kind of small cloth, linen, etc.

Xesibi :—A certain tribe.

Umtakati :—Witch doctor.

Amabele :—Kafir doctor.

Knobkerry :—A strong short stick with knob.

Assegai :—Kind of spear.

Itatekisma :—Catechism.

Kraal :—Place for cattle, Kafir huts, etc.

U'Tyula :—Kafir beer.

Raw Kafir :—Wild Kafir, green, etc.



FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.



READERS of THE REVIEW will, we deem, be delighted to get some special information from the scene of hostilities in South Africa. This account is especially interesting to us, not only because it gives details not ordinarily contained in meagre newspaper dispatches, but moreover, because it comes from the Rev. Father Schang, O. M. I., who, only a short year ago, was numbered amongst our professors. Most probably, Father Schang is now at the front, right in the thick of the fight, as it was his intention to accompany the Canadian contingent, as chaplain, upon their arrival in Natal. His five or six years' residence in the Dominion led him to esteem very highly the people of this country, so we may feel assured that, even on this account, he will now, if possible, be doubly zealous in bringing relief, comfort and consolation to the Canadian soldiers in their hours of sadness and suffering, far away from home. Here is what Father Schang says; his letter was addressed to some friends in Ottawa :

PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL,

October 29th, 1899.

Here I am stopping for the present, but not through my own fault; it is because I cannot continue my journey to the Transvaal on account of the war. I arrived at Durban on Thursday morning, the 27th inst., just a month after my departure from London. We should have got into port two days sooner, but wind and sea united their forces to keep us back. The entrance to the harbor is so difficult that we were obliged to wait outside over Wednesday night, and were not landed until half-past eight next morning. Two of the Oblate Fathers were at the wharf awaiting our arrival. One of them happened to be an old friend of mine from very near home. My coming was an especial joy to him, as I brought him news from his mother.

The city of Durban is, indeed, very pretty. As far as scenery is concerned, I have never witnessed anything to surpass its situation. It extends from a valley over the side of a neighboring mountain. The plan of the city is as modern as are the arc-lights

that illuminate its streets. The houses are hidden by the thick foliage of trees, in whose branches you can see the funny antics of monkeys, parrots and other animals.

In Durban there is a church, which, though handsome, is not to be compared with some of those in Ottawa. There are, moreover, an Indian church and a residence of the Oblate Fathers. The promenades and parks, and especially the boulevard along the sea, are very handsome.

On the day after my arrival, I went to visit the Sisters' convent, which building certainly surpasses anything of its kind in South Africa. Its situation could not be surpassed for a commanding view. From its windows, you can see the whole city, the harbor, and, farther out, the great rolling sea. Its garden is very pretty, with its palms and other trees, which afford a pleasant shade.

Quite near the convent, is the Catholic Orphans' Home and the Sanatorium. In the latter institution, I met some sisters from Toronto and Quebec. As a matter of course, we talked a great deal about dear old Canada. One of these sisters is a cousin to Mrs. Tassé of Ottawa.

On the day following my visit to the convent, I accompanied the Right Rev. Mr. Jolivet to Pietermaritzburg, where I have remained since. As we sped along through the country from one city to the other, we saw large fields of bananas and other warm-country fruits. Before reaching Pietermaritzburg, the train has to climb a mountain range to the height of 2,500 feet above the sea-level. The view, as the cars twist and mount past rocky peaks and yawning gorges, is indeed magnificent. Even the scenery of Switzerland cannot surpass it, unless by the addition of snow and forest. When we stopped at Pinetown, we met a train bringing wounded soldiers and some captive Boers.

As far as beauty is concerned, the town of Pietermaritzburg cannot compare with Durban; its surroundings, however, especially the mountains, are very picturesque. Here, the Right Rev. Bishop has his residence, and the little church serves as his cathedral. The latter building is very plain, for the Catholics down here are, by no means, rich. The school numbers on its register, about eighty boys. Even Latin, Greek and the usual

accompaniments of these branches, are taught. I am initiating some of the boys into the mysteries of Cæsar, which work takes a good part of my time.

You can hardly imagine how you would feel upon seeing the first native African in his original costume. I can assure you that these Africans do not expend very much money on clothing, even those living in cities or towns. Outside, in the country, they expend still less, which state of affairs, judging from what I have witnessed here and in Durban, must reduce the clothier's bill to somewhere near zero. About the cheapest outfit I saw, so far, was a sack with three holes in it; one for the head and two for the arms. Some natives, however, especially the women, wear a white dress, European style, but insist upon going barefoot. You may take it for granted that they would look a great deal better in their native rags.

The policemen form a class of oddities, especially worthy of notice. They are blacks of course, and wear no shoes, deeming such appendages useless. They make up for this want, however, by having their feet and legs polished.

Negroes, or rather Kafirs, act as coachmen, but dispense with horses, and draw the light carriages themselves. It is no exaggeration to say that they can run at least as fast as most hackmen's nags. When dressed up they look certainly more ridiculous than picturesque. Some wear cows' horns on their heads and all of them have bracelets of gold or copper on their arms and legs. Moreover, to complete their disfigurement, they display rings or feathers in their noses and ears. In a word, these black fellows' holiday outfit shows the greatest variety imaginable.

The Kafirs always lighten their labor by the accompaniment of song. They sing even their prayers, the rosary for example. This is a custom that I very much admire.

We have spring here now, and, although the roses are blooming and the trees and shrubs but greening, still the oranges, bananas and some other fruits are ripe. The weather is quite warm, something like that of June or July in Ottawa. Generally, in summer, that is to say, during January and February, the mercury goes up to a hundred degrees in the shade. But, let us

turn a moment to something far more serious, and certainly more interesting to you in Canada.

I am in charge of the hospital here in Pietermaritzburg, and so have a good opportunity of witnessing the heart-rending results of war. The poor wounded soldiers are in a terrible condition; the sight of them would draw pity from the hardest heart. About one-third of them have been shot in the left arm, one-half below the chest, and the remainder in the parts above. All of them are young men, a short time ago, full of life and hope, but now I found among the Boer prisoners here, ten Germans; all are wounded and present a pitiable spectacle. Even in this town, you may hear every day the soldier rifle-shots that bring captive spies to death.

It cannot be denied that the English are getting shamefully beaten. Nevertheless, they report it as a victory when they retreat leaving their wounded and dying behind. Don't believe everything you see in the papers, for, really, matters are looking very gloomy here at present. The English Commander-in-chief, General Symons, has been killed, and two British regiments are prisoners, although the papers say nothing about it.

The Boers are now about a hundred miles off; if no help arrives within eight days, they will be here. In case this happens, I suppose our fate will be similar to that of Kimberley and Dundee. These towns have been almost destroyed by the Boers. The blow is a heavy one to the Catholics, as the church, schools and houses there, are, at present, a heap of ruins. Martial law has been proclaimed here in Pietermaritzburg, and, as the Government has taken possession of the railway for three days, nobody is allowed to go to the depot during that time. In Durban there are 400 captive Boers; here there are about 100. Supposing the Boers defeat the English to-day, then it is almost sure that there will be a great battle near Ladysmith, and what may follow we cannot surmise. This is the news brought by one of our Fathers, who came back and left again during last night.

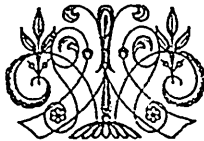
Most of the Oblate Fathers are with the troops, and it is to be hoped that I, too, shall soon leave for the front. As soon as the Canadian contingent arrives here, I shall take charge of them, and follow them everywhere.

May the English be victorious ; otherwise our missions in the Transvaal are lost—and some others too. If I get killed you will be notified of my death. At any rate, I am not at all afraid. Please remember me in your prayers, and do not let me wait too long for news. If I could get some copies of the UNIVERSITY REVIEW I would be delighted. I shall try to send you a more interesting letter next time.

Wishing you all a merry, holy and blessed Christmas and a happy New Year, and extending these, my good wishes, from young to old, from known to unknown,

I remain, yours very truly,

JAMES SCHANG, O.M.I.



University of Ottawa Review.



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OLD SERIES, VOL. XIV, NO. 4.

DECEMBER, 1899.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II, NO. 4.

OUR YULETIDE GREETING.

Once more the grace-laden season of light and joy, the gladdest gem in the annual crown of Christian festivals, is about to mirror, deep in each toiling pilgrim's heart, a serene ray of its heavenly gladness; once more the "throbbing bells" are ready to peal out at midnight their merriest clarions; once more a hundred thousand earthly voices are preparing to join their happiest notes with the rapturous music of heavenly millions in harmonious tribute to Bethlehem's Baby King. The good man rejoices because his long-promised palm of victory is now in sight; the sinner is glad because a universal invitation to the mercy-seat of pardon has gone forth. In a word, how could there be found amongst us a place for sadness, when the very source of life eternal is at our doors? In the mild glimmer of the crib-light, every Christian has recalled to him his dignity as a brother of the Child-God, and is

happy with a great gladness. Yes, even from the peep of sunrise to the utmost limits of the western sky, let the heavens rejoice and let the earth exult before the face of the Lord, because He, our own Emmanuel, is come. Hearty words of gratitude, merry words of greeting, winsome words of renewed friendship, divine words of peace and good will, are, at this beloved season, wafted over plains and mountains and lakes and mighty oceans, as well upon the wintry blasts of northern climes, as upon the summer zephyrs of southern lands, until the whole round earth is encircled by the chain of mutual compliments, for this is Christmas,—glorious Christmas, the holy night, the blessed day, of universal love and jubilation. Where is the heart so cold that it burns not in the celestial glow of Christmas happiness? Where is the bosom that throbs not more quickly under the strong impulse of Christmas generosity and emotion? Where is the Christian soul, be it young or old, be it that of the college-boy, or that of the strong man, or yet that of the hoary sire, which, on this day of days, enters not into holiest sympathy with the poor, the suffering and the forlorn? Animated, then, by a truly Christian spirit, we join our little word with the rich abundance comprised in this universal exchange of greetings, thanksgivings, sympathy and prayer, and, in true sincerity of heart, we extend to all our readers, our best wishes for a holy, happy and merry Christmas, followed by a blessed prosperous New Year.

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FATHER FINN.

This month, THE REVIEW considers itself highly privileged in being able, through the esteemed courtesy of Messrs. Benziger Brothers, the well known Catholic publishers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, to place before its readers an excellent portrait of the distinguished Jesuit novelist, the Rev. Francis J. Finn. We deem this portrait a very fitting accompaniment to the learned and exhaustive article on Father Finn from the able pen of Mr. Maurice Casey. Both by ourselves and by our brother journalists throughout the country, Mr. Casey's contributions have always been recognized as the literary masterpieces of our magazine,

Indeed, we may safely say that they stand unsurpassed by any similar compositions in far more pretentious publications. Nevertheless, both in the opinion of Mr. Casey himself, and in our own estimation, the present article excels all his previous efforts of a similar kind. We earnestly recommend it to the careful perusal of our readers, for, certainly, never before has the good work being done by Father Finn received a more just appreciation. We ourselves have always looked upon Father Finn as a veritable godsend in the sphere of boy-literature; we have always regarded him as a master power in the delineation of boy characters, but never was his real genuine worth properly brought home to us until we had read Mr. Casey's article. With such a genius as Father Finn laboring in the field of literature, we cannot understand why our Catholic boys should go on spoiling their good taste and staining the baptismal whiteness of their youthful souls, by the continual perusal of those trashy, slimy, sewer-smelling, prison-begotten productions, commonly designated by the name of dime-novels. We heartily join with Mr. Casey in proclaiming it a duty incumbent upon Catholic parents, to place in the hands of their boys, the stories written by this illustrious Jesuit. Moreover, we extend to Messrs. Benziger Brothers our sincerest thanks for the facilities they have afforded us in the preparation of this article on Father Finn, and for the beautiful engraving they so kindly sent us.

* * *

A CRYING ABUSE.

At this season, during the past few years, it was noticed, with a great deal of concern, by the University Faculty, that an abuse was gradually appearing in connection with the Christmas vacation. It was remarked that some boys who had been home for the holidays, failed to come back in time to begin work with the others. Now this state of affairs, were it permitted to continue, would do a downright injustice to the University, to the professors individually, to the students' parents, and, especially, to the students themselves. In fact, it was one of the strongest objections which, being foreseen, was urged against the allowing of a Christmas vacation, when that question was under consideration by the

Faculty. If a boy come back late, he necessarily finds himself behind the others of his class, and, in nine cases out of ten, he lags behind until the following June. In a word, he remains a veritable affliction to his professors, to his classmates and to himself. The Faculty has decided that no such abuse shall exist in future, otherwise Christmas vacation must soon become merely a pleasant remembrance of the past. Consequently, this winter, all students that have been home for the Christmas holidays, must be back in the University on Monday, January 8th, so that all together may begin class on Tuesday morning, the 9th. Any student, failing to comply with this regulation, will not be re-admitted to the University.



Of Local Interest.

The students of the philosophical course have reorganized the St. Thomas Academy, and have selected the following officers: President, M. A. Foley; Vice-president, P. J. Galvin; Secretary, T. G. Morin; Councillors, Messrs. Breen and Meehan. Rev. Dr. Lacoste will assume the direction of the society's meetings, which are modelled after those of the famous academy of St. Thomas at Rome. The Reverend Director is the only member of that body of illustrious philosophers on the American continent. This fact would alone secure the success of the society. A series of discussions on philosophical subjects will be held weekly, commencing after the Xmas holidays.

* * *

Since our last issue, the Scientific Society has held two very interesting and instructive *séances*. Both were largely attended, and the society's orchestra brought forth many congratulations from the audience. On Nov. 28th, "Hydrogen and Oxygen" was the subject of a paper read by Mr. Jas. Hanley. He treated each of these separately and then together. Mr. Herwig illustrated the lecturer's remarks by experiments with both gasses. The society's quartette rendered a selection in a very pleasing

manner, and responded to an encore. Mr. Williams also gave a humorous recitation which received well deserved applause.

On December 13th, Mr. M. J. O'Connell treated the "Digestive system" in an essay, which showed careful preparation and thorough knowledge of the subject. As at the previous meetings, the orchestra rendered several pieces in a most pleasing manner, and was supplemented by Mr. Morin in a declamation.

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On the fifteenth of last March, the first shovelfull of earth was taken out for the foundation of the new Science building, and on the twenty-ninth of November the last stone was placed in position. The building is now in the hands of the plumbers and painters, who will continue work all during the winter. The Science Hall will be ready for occupancy next September, and will be completely equipped by that time. A more detailed description of the Science Hall may be given in the columns of the REVIEW at some future date.

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The Senior Debating Society is to be congratulated on the re-acceptance of its directorship by Rev. Father Patton. At the first debate, held December 10th, the good influence exerted by him was already noticeable. Quite a large number of speakers from the house were heard on the following question, "Resolved that the liberty of the press is preferable to censorship." Messrs. J. O'Gorman and J. Burke presented, in a very able manner, the benefits of liberty; while M. A. Foley and R. J. Devlin upheld the cause of censorship. The debate was very spirited and well argued. The decision of the Judges favored the negative.

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The French students have also reorganized their debating society, and elected the following officers: Director, Rev. Father Gladu; President, Mr. C. Langlois; Vice-president, Mr. U. Valiquette; Secretary, Mr. H. Richards; Committee, Messrs. R. Lapointe, G. Garand, and F. Coupal. A glance at the names will show that the society has done very well in selecting officials, and a most interesting series of discussions will be prepared.

The University choir continues to uphold its reputation as one of the best trained bodies of singers in Ottawa. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Etienne, Secretary to Mgr. Falconio, assisted by Rev. Brother Roy and Rev. Brother Fallon as deacon and sub-deacon. The choir, under the leadership of Rev. Brother Fortier, rendered the *Kyrie*, *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* of Lahache's Mass, in a most artistic style. In the afternoon Mgr. Falconio officiated at solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The choir, as in the morning, sang splendidly; an *Ave Maria* composed by Rev. Father Gervais was heard for the first time, and is a worthy addition to the numerous musical compositions written by our Prefect of Studies.

* * *

Rev. Father Fallon, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, invited the University choir to sing Vespers and Benediction on the evening of the Immaculate Conception. The parishioners were much pleased with our choir, and complimented its work very highly.

* * *

The celebration of the forty hours devotion in the University Chapel was begun on Wednesday, December 6th, and was concluded on the feast of the Immaculate Conception by a general communion of the students.



Book Notice.

"THE CHOICE OF A COLLEGE."—By Charles Franklin, Thwing, D.D., LL.D.

New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

This pamphlet, though written for Protestants only, should prove interesting and instructive also to Catholics. The heading, "men before methods," is most suggestive; Catholic parents and students will find in it, much food for reflection. "Men before methods"; yes, assuredly. No school, college, or university, be its methods what they may, can give the state educated citizens

and Christian gentlemen, unless it has behind its methods, men of noble mould, men of lofty ideals.

The very nature of education calls imperiously for such men, - men of varied knowledge, men of character, men of principle ; in a word, many-sided men, learned, broad-minded, virtuous men.

Educators are called upon to develop the whole man ; to draw out the good that is in him, and to reduce to the minimum what evil there is in him. They have then, to do with what is noblest and grandest in creation, the intellect and the will.

To shapen, broaden, and expand the one, to strengthen, fortify and direct the other, they must ever be guided by one great principle ; a principle of paramount importance ; one that, to every other, stands in the relation of cause to effect ; a principle around which as a centre, all others must be grouped. It is the conviction that man's last end, his crowning perfection, is God. God made man for Himself ; He gave him an intellect to be perfected by truth, a will to be perfected by the good. The mind, developed, strengthened and formed by exercise proper to its spiritual nature, must, therefore, be trained to one great end, which is to be able to seek out the truth, to discern it from falsehood, to judge of men and things as they are, according to their relations with one another, and with their Creator.

God is the source of all that is true, and good and beautiful ; and man ever yearns after this triple source of perfection. Hence it is that true education, as it is attained only by the intellect and the will, unfolds the former to the beneficent and many-hued rays of truth and beauty, both human and divine, and directs the latter in its tendency towards the good, both natural and supernatural. God, therefore, the essence, and the Author of all that is real and lovely, and consoling in creation, must be presented to the mind in His true relation to mankind, that is to say, as man's Creator and as his kind Father. To present things then as they are to the youthful intelligence, to unveil them in their various forms and conditions, to show the relations existing between them and their Maker, is the glorious, God given work of every one charged with the moral and intellectual formation of the young.

We often say that education is a preparation for the battle of life. We are often deceived however about the real battle ; we are

not infrequently carried away with futile considerations of mere skirmishes that are hardly incidental to the real strife of the future. To fight life's battle well is to do good, and to avoid evil. Now to do good and to avoid evil is to accomplish God's will. God's divine law is the expression of His adorable will; the infallible interpreter of that law is our Mother the Church. If we obey her command, we perform all the good, God desires of us, and we thereby shun evil. Without this obedience, all is naught for the real and ultimate perfection of the human soul.

True obedience to the law is impossible without a full knowledge of said law. Now this true, sure, and entire knowledge, Holy Church alone can give us. Her children, consequently, and hers alone, are properly endowed, are fully gifted with the qualifications to educate—the word educate being taken in its strictest meaning.

If then, by denominational colleges, the author of "The Choice of a College," understands institutions that teach or profess some divine truths, while they deny others, I am entirely in accord with him when he says, that they are now unnecessary. In fact they always were. If he designate as denominational Colleges, seats of learning, whose teaching and discipline is such as produce and as ever has produced, the truly scholarly, manly Christian gentleman, then again am I of his opinion, or rather of his conviction; but what will he say, if I call upon the history of the past thousand years to bear me out, when I declare that the Catholic Church has ever been the fruitful mother of the greatest and best educators, as well as the patron and protector of the most renowned universities of Europe. Surely when he speaks of undenominational schools he does not intend to advocate, indifferentism.

In a word, education is the perfection of man. By it man is perfected in his intellect and will. The end and object of the one is truth, of the other, good.

The Church of God and She alone is the custodian and interpreter of all that bears upon the highest truth, and upon the supreme good—God himself. Hence it is that she alone truly educates. Hence it is that, outside her fold, education, in its fullest sense, is an impossibility.

The pamphlet under consideration points out the end for which

a college should exist, as well as what it should be in order to have the confidence and goodwill of the public. As to the end of such an institution, sufficient I think has been said in this notice. The author makes some sensible remarks about that quaint institution found in almost every Catholic college, the dormitory. He, of course, treats of it as he finds it in Protestant institutions. His conclusion about it may, I think, in all safety, be ours too. Moreover, I believe we can also coincide with him in his views anent athletics in college life.



Of Local Interest.

All the students of the University took part in a pilgrimage to "Our Lady of Lourdes" at Janeville, on Sunday, December 10th. The object of the pilgrimage was the enrollment of all the students in the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Hearts. His Grace, the Archbishop of Ottawa, presided at the ceremony, and also, preached a very eloquent sermon on the Blessed Virgin. Father Pineault, one of the Marist Fathers in charge of the church, also preached a most effective sermon in French, on the object and aims of the Confraternity. The very Rev. Rector then read the act of consecration in the name of the students, who thereupon advanced in order and repeated a short form of the consecration before a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The ceremony was concluded by pontifical benediction given by His Grace, the Archbishop of Ottawa.

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The hockey rink has been completed, and we have now but to wait until Jack Frost will cover it with ice for us. However, there is one thing about that rink which must be mentioned. The snow must be cleaned off, and strong and willing arms are needed for the work. Now every one should assist in keeping the rink in good condition, and no one should complain when asked by the rink committee to aid them.

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Last year, a considerable number of students desired to have an emblem designed. The gentlemen to whom the affair was

entrusted chose the emblem of the Athletic Association, and had quite a number of these pins made. They certainly are a work of art and not too expensive. There remain still a few of the pins and all who desire to purchase one should apply to the treasurer of the Athletic Association.

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A grand old Varsity cheer was a fitting close to the complimentary banquet tendered the Quebec Rugby Union Champions, by the University Athletic Association on Thursday evening, December 14th. The senior dining hall was prettily decorated with bunting for the occasion, and the walls were hung with photographs of past champion teams, while in the centre were two trophies, lasting tributes to the prowess of the College fifteen on the gridiron. About one hundred and seventy-five admirers of our stalwarts had gathered to do them honor, and also to do justice to the excellent spread prepared by the University cuisine. The orchestra of the Scientific Society under the leadership of Rev. Father Lajeunesse, discoursed sweet music during the banquet. These gentlemen showed a spirit truly admirable in consenting to play and thus delay their own repast for some time.

Rev. Father Fallon presided, and on his right and left were Rev. Father Constantineau and Mr. T. G. Morin. Around the tables we noticed the following guests: Rev. Father Poli, Rev. Father McKenna, Rev. Brothers Boyer, Roy and Kirwin; Rev. Mr. Prudhomme and Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald; Messrs. Bernard Slattery, Jack Clarke, M. J. Shea, J. E. McGlade, James McGee, Joe Fahey, Ed. Murphy, R. J. McCredie and T. F. Clancy.

Father Fallon was obliged to leave early in the evening, but, before his departure we were treated to one of his famous football speeches. He complimented the team on its hard and consistent work all during the season. He told a few very amusing stories about the first Athletic Association banquet.

Father Fallon was followed by many speakers, who all warmly complimented the team on its grand work during the past season and expressed their fond hopes that the Garnet and Grey would always be the triumphant colors.

A most pleasing feature of the banquet was the willingness

with which the members of the orchestra, glee club, and other gentlemen offered their services to the various committees in charge, to make the banquet one worthy the dauntless champions of ninety-nine. Messrs. Hardiman, O'Connell and Nolan rendered vocal solos in a most pleasing manner, and Messrs. Carrière and Burns also showed great musical ability in two instrumental solos on the violin and trombone. Mr. Williams gave several recitations which were enthusiastically received. It would be ungrateful on our part to omit mentioning in a special manner Mr. John Clarke, who has for several years assisted at our banquets and helped in no small degree to make them grand successes. Besides rendering a grand vocal selection, Mr. Clarke read an original poem on the "Rough Riders," and delivered one of his now famous dialect speeches. The College team has a very staunch friend in Mr. Clarke, and we are glad to express our sincere thanks to him.

Letters of regret were read from Messrs. J. G. B. Claxton, President of the Quebec Rugby Union; E. H. Brown, Secretary of the Quebec Union; and also from Clifford Jack, Alex. McKenzie, J. McClaren, captains of the Montreal, Britannia and Brockville clubs. The sentiments expressed in these letters are grand denials to the reports that the clubs of the Quebec Rugby Union did not favor the stand taken by the College in the matter of playing off for the Canadian Championship in December.

The banquet, after a most pleasant evening, was closed by an enthusiastic Varsity cheer for the champions of ninety-nine.



Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.

Many of our magazines seem to have realized the ideal of a Christmas issue. Yet while, we felicitate them on their varied excellence, the thought occurs to us whether anything like the phenomenal success of the secular publications, has greeted the efforts of Catholic publishers. Assuredly not. The intelligent Catholic is surprised at the circulation of the ten cent monthly, and stands mystified at the comparative few in whose homes a standard

Catholic magazine may be found, but let him consider, first of all, what he himself is doing to promote literature which has for its great object the furtherance of our faith. What about the unpaid subscriptions, or perhaps, only an occasional purchase? Appreciation expressed in a tangible way will be most effective in influencing our magazines in bringing out the productions of gifted Catholic writers, and will materially aid young writers who venture their literary efforts within the charmed circle of a Catholic publication. Otherwise these writers will have recourse to the secular journals, where every vestige of doctrine must be eliminated from their works, and the result is the loss of a power which might have accomplished much for Catholicity. Support our Catholic magazines; gladden the editor's heart with a subscription. Paste this in your hat, or make it one of your New Year's resolutions. And now what have our magazines been doing to attract their readers during this month?

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First comes the *Catholic World* resplendent in a cover of green and gold. The place of honor in this issue is assigned to the extracts from Father Elliott's *Life of Christ*, and these are handsomely illustrated with half-tones. The writer of "The Grand Canyon of the Colorado" certainly knows how to use his powers of observation, for his description of the mighty and beautiful works of nature in this gorge of Arizona, is one of the best contributions to this number. In "Ethics of Realism," Rev. T. J. Hagerty treats of the misrepresentation of religion in literature, the evil of agnostic influence and, finally, makes a strong plea for high literary standards in Catholic literature. False realism, the great bane of much that teems from our publishing houses, is pointedly treated of in this paper. The fiction for this issue has been carefully selected, and many pretty stories have been served up for Christmas fare. "A Christmas Proposal," and "The Flight of an Angel" are well plotted and retain the interest throughout.

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Under the heading, "A Century of Achievement," H. G. Bradley contributes a brilliant essay to *Donahoe's Magazine* for December, in which he reviews the progress of science and art, the triumph of democratic principles, the concentration of wealth in

individuals, the progress of the Church and other characteristics of the nineteenth century. "In the Shenandoah Valley" is an enticing bit of description, which tells of the mirth and cheer of Christmas-tide in that favorite part of Virginia. A paper of marked interest is "War Time Hospitality," which contains a soldier's tribute to the charity and kindness of the Sisters of Mercy and to the chivalry and devotion of Rev. C. Wood, of Charleston, S.C., during the Spanish-American war. "Shall Noblesse Oblige Prevail in Ireland," is a paper of particular importance and one that will powerfully appeal, at the present time, to the Irish and their descendants both in Canada and in the United States. The writer of this paper has taken up the inauguration of the Local Government Act, and around it, groups the leading events leading to the local elections, and afterwards the management of affairs which truly "exhibit a wonderful spirit of sobriety and intelligent conception of duty on the part of the new public bodies." The author suggests reforms for the betterment of trade, and urges a demand by the people for a greater control of Irish interests. The fiction of this number is immeasurably suited to the most critical lovers of good Christmas stories. "The Child that Never Grew Up" and "In His Name," are stories beautiful in pathos, delicate in sentiment, and elevating in the truths conveyed in their narration.

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In the *Ave Maria* of the 9th inst., there appears a splendid sketch of Father Gibault, the famous missionary of the Western States during the troublesome times from 1768 to 1790. W. F. Carne contributes a short article on "Washington and Masonry," wherein some light is thrown on the difference between the Continental masons and the white American and English masons. This paper has some interest in view of the gathering of members of the fraternity in Washington this month to conduct the services to be held at Mount Vernon, on the centennial of the patriot's death. It is gratifying to learn that the author of that admirable series of articles on the "Blessed Virgin Mary in the Breviary" will again be a frequent contributor during the coming year.

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With commendable zeal, Miss M. Halvey, in the December

Messenger of the Sacred Heart, traces the progress of that well known teaching community, the Congregation of the Holy Child Jesus. Considerable matter should have been more condensed, but, so many historic enumerations are here described, that credit must be given that greater digressions have not occurred in this article. The concluding paper of the series entitled "The Legendary Literature of the Middle Ages," is contributed to this issue. Could all recusants read the "Story of Katherine" and follow out its beautiful precepts there would be many happy "Father Mercers," and many remodelled lives this Christmas season. In this short contribution, Miss Hughes, the well-known Canadian writer, has deftly touched with tender pathos some edifying scenes, and shows remarkable skill in the weaving and unfolding of the plot.

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The *Sacred Heart Review* of the 9th, is an especially interesting and instructive number. The leading editorial, "Some Obstacles to Conversion" is not at all a sermon, but a pungent statement of the real claims of the Catholic Church, whose full recognition would remove a barrier for those who should accept the truth. Ignorance of doctrine, prejudice and human respect are the great obstacles which prevent many Protestants from casting aside religious opinions and associations of a lifetime, and casting in their lot with the Catholic Church. Rev. Mr. Starbuck censures Charles C. Coffin for his notorious anti-Catholic works. Other contributions are equally interesting and readable.

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A neat little stranger named *Our Boys' and Girls' Own*, published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers, New York, found its way to our *Sanctum* this month. It is a monthly devoted particularly to the young, and, in this respect, it is immeasurably ahead of some publications which claim that honor. Within its seventy pages may be found excellent contributions from all the leading writers, which renders this journal acceptable to both young and old. The good old Christmas story is not forgotten in the fiction department for "Freda's Christmas" and "An Old Christmas in the New World," are splendid contributions. In a short

article entitled "The War in the Transvaal," the writer, unconsciously perhaps, has distorted facts and disregarded any claims of the Utlanders in his defence of Kruger and the Boers. The good effect of an interesting description is lost in the concealed attempt to prejudice young readers against England. The other articles are well-written, the typography excellent, and in general, this magazine seems to satisfy the wants of parents and teachers and of those placed in care of the young.

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Acta Victoriana has such an excellent Christmas number and is, in every way, such a departure from the rank of a College journal, that it is evident that its management wish it to take order with the big magazines. But if it still lays claim to the old honor, it is establishing a bad precedent in putting forth a table of contents to which only two undergraduates contribute. A College journal is, above all, the organ of undergraduate students. To this issue some of the best writers have contributed. The place of honor is accorded to Dr. Bourinot's article entitled "The United Empire Loyalists." and here the genial Clerk of the House of Commons is at his best, in his patriotic description of those who, in 1775, seceded and repudiated connection with the American Revolutionists. Whatever opinion may be entertained of a body of men who basely deserted their fellow-countrymen in the sad hour of a nation's trial, certain it is that Canada has reason to feel proud of many of their descendants, who have achieved honorable distinction in the various walks of life. "The Relation of Universities to the National Life," by Prof. Shortt of Queen's, and a descriptive article "The Russo-Siberian Plain" are the best contributions to this issue.



Exchanges.

P. J. GALVIN, '00.

Many of our exchanges have appeared in Christmas dress. The articles in some of them have received a more than usual amount of care. The Muse, it would appear, has been especially courted. From the *Niagara Index* we clip the following poem, which, for music of verse, would not be unworthy of Swinburne :

THE BOBOLINK.

Hark to the boobolink, beautiful bobolink,
 Singing a syrupy song of the south—
 Singing a song of tulips and petals pink,
 Sweet as a cherub and ripe as his mouth !
 Listen, O beautiful ! list to the bobolink,
 Singing a song of the cinnamon tree :
 Hark, O meadowlark, harken, O meadowlark,
 Why do you not sing as gaily as he ?
 Honeysweet, honeysweet, list to the bobolink
 Pouring his soul out like muscadel wine.
 Meadowsweet, meadowsweet, hark to the bobolink.
 Is he not luscious, delicious, devine?
 Beautiful bobolink, silver-tongued bobolink,
 Citron and cinnamon sweeten thy song ;
 Breathing of musk and vanilla, O bobolink,
 Sing to me, sing to me all the day long !
 Bobolink, bobolink, lighthearted bobolink,
 Thou art the Paradise Bird of the west.
 Linnet and lark, thou art both of them, bobolink,
 Surely in Heaven thou makest thy nest !

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The Western University Courant contains an able article on "The Great American," Abraham Lincoln. The writer indulges in exaggerations at times, but, on the whole, he handles very cleverly the career of "the martyr, the statesman, the forest-born liberator."

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The Abbey Student still preserves its high standard of excellence. It contains a large number of articles, every one of which displays the finish of experienced authorship. "The Hidden Gem" is well dealt with. The writer, after pointing out the dearth of Catholic productions in the field of dramatic writings, analyzes, somewhat in detail, Cardinal Wiseman's drama, "The Hidden Gem." His conclusion is as follows: "Such is the drama. Would there were more of its kind ! Would that there were more writers to produce good, Christian plays to replace

those that tend to poison the spiritual life of man ! But this field of Catholic literature is sadly neglected. Many zealous laborers are wanted. The above drama is a fit model for blooming, Catholic patrons of the Sophoclean buskin. The Catholic genius of the dramatic art has yet to rise. It is to be hoped that his light will soon beam from the literary heavens and that he will have many satellites."

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The preponderance of poetry on Autumn to be found in our exchanges is quite noticeable. The beauties of the good old season can never be exhausted. It is a pity, however, if poets will choose Autumn for subject, that Nature is not more variegated in its aspect. The leaves are always and everywhere brown ; the birds generally emigrate ; and " no insect's hum disturbs the day." We are told this year after year. The recurrence of Autumn poetry, with its accustomed melancholy thoughts, is like the annual appearance of Santa Claus in the show-windows of stores. It is quite natural, it may be urged, that it should be so ; but those poets must know that, at a certain period in the life of every one, the spell of " Santy" is broken.



Junior Department.

One month ago the Junior Editor was frightened into his present position, and, therefore, foresaw a year of troubles and trials to be endured at the hands of his fellow students. According to latest reports, he is still alive, and daily waxes strong in the midst of grave threats and insults. He is the object of much cavil and criticism in the small yard, and great rewards are daily offered for his capture. Among the small boys, many have been accused of writing the few remarks in last month's issue, but, happily, nobody has as yet laid his hand upon the right man. This futile attempt at detective work on the part of the juniors, is an encouragement to the Editor. Whether he will outlive the coming new year or be nipped, at the root and fall when his greatness is a-ripening, let it be left to the benign hands of Providence to decide. He humbly asks all sympathizers to take his part now in his hour of need.

In a short time, the spacious yard, busy class-rooms, and sleep-humming dormitories will be deserted, for their young occupants will have bid them a two week's adieu for several weeks, have the Juniors anticipated the coming vacation, with all its joy and gladness, and, without doubt, those who have worked hard and conscientiously during the past scholastic term, will go home with the consoling words: "Mother, I have done my duty." The boy who can say from his heart that he has done his duty while at college, will not fail to rejoice his parents' hearts.

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Bound as we are by the sacred bond of student friendship, we shall not separate without wishing one another all the joys of the present season. Yes, friends of college days, accept the time honored wish, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year." "As many mince pies as you taste at Xmas, so many happy months will you have."

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The occasion of Christmas appears a little inauspicious for reprimanding publicly the members of the Junior Department. Justice, however, acts at all times and places and "discards party, friendship, kindred, and is, therefore, always represented as blind." Hence, gentlemen, "you shall have merely justice and your bond." Heedless to the advices and admonitions administered on several occasions by the worthy members of the professorial staff, a small number of the night-walking juveniles continue to devour the ruinous trash called dime-novels. These morbid books are not confined to the study-hall and recreation-hall but are brought into the class-rooms. Hence it follows that a great waste of time, and an inadvertence to serious subjects become a stumbling-block to the juveniles' success. The Junior Editor, however, is determined to take the most effective means to expel all such worthless reading from the Junior ranks. He knows their names, their country and their place of residence. If, therefore, during the coming century, he see a knickerbocker-youth buying or devouring the pages of "Diamond Dick," "Dan Dirk," the "Secret Service Series," or "Snaps," he will most certainly lay before the public view, the culprits' names.

Boys, allow not the spirit of enthusiasm to leave the small yard. A few lads display little interest in games during the noon recreation. Well, Junior friends, the infirmary would lead a more secluded life, if you would take part in the exhilarating amusements in the fresh air.

" No love, nor honor, wealth nor pow'r
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise,
With health all taste of pleasure flies."

" Hours laid out in harmless merriment " will most certainly produce good appetite, good digestion and good health.

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From our study window, we observe that certain young men show a want of reflection. During the rain that fell a few days ago, these sturdy youths found great pleasure in wading through the pools of water on and surrounding the rink. Carelessness in preserving one's health is not the mark of a serious young wisdom-gatherer.

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The Junior Editor likewise observes that the assortment of seven or eight young classmates is not always edifying in the chapel. At times when the choir displays its reserved talent in rendering a difficult Mass, several tiny heads are continually turning around, and breaking their necks to catch the harmonious notes as they fall from the singers' lips. Comrades, do not persevere in such rude habits; not even if a few misguided Seniors do give you the example.

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The question of the advisability of reorganizing the Junior Debating Society is again under consideration. Judging from the eloquence and warmth of discussion displayed during athletic contests, all agree that the debates would be most lively and spirited. This is one of the many questions to be settled at the dawn of the new year.

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All the autumn games have been locked up in the " Dark Room." They are now out of service and will not appear until the warm sun draws from the earth's crust the hardening frosts. The duty, therefore, of the officers of the J. A. A. on their return from the Xmas holidays, will be to inspire their comrades with

the same love for winter games as was displayed on the football campus and hand-ball alleys during autumn. As we are always interested in whatever promotes friendly feelings and healthful diversions among the Juniors, we would propose that they imitate their older neighbors, and form a league of hockey clubs. Among two hundred boys, there is certainly sufficient material to be found to make up several strong contingents. To infuse more interest and excitement into the games, we feel assured that our devoted Prefect, the Rev. Father Henault, would be pleased to set up a small trophy for the victors. The Junior editor will always be present to take notes of the different plays and to record the successes of the victorious teams.

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Now is your time to make a hit, boys. Practice hard during vacation in order to win a position on the competing hockey teams.

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The member from Winnipeg will remain with us to study out the secrets of the game. We wish you success, Nick.

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Jimmy the short, will, during the next two weeks, draw up rules for the Wont-be-fooled Club.

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GULLIVER IS PUNISHED IN THE LAND OF LILLIPUT.

A short time ago, when the upper regions had thrown a mantle of purity on the lower, the young district of Lilliput, on account of overhanging darkness, had fallen into a state of dismal gloom. Enraged at this continued obstruction to the course of his rays, the fiery orb of day split the silvery lining of his nebulous floor and cast his brilliant light on the snow-flaked walks of mother earth. This unexpected light illumined the land of Lilliput and awakened its sleeping inhabitants. With cunning in their eyes, they seated themselves at the windows of their homes and looked with delight at the enticing appearance of their spotless yard. They immediately don their hibernal gowns and wildly rush into high banks of pure white fleece. From the mouldable nature of this crystallized vapor, the short-statured creatures make forms of large men, and small men, and mighty men, and then destroy them, considering this feat an effective preparation to meet the

onslaughts of the Gulliver contingent beyond the picket fence : During the intense labor of building walls and citadels, a voice is heard from the sentinel who stands on the outer walls of the fort —“ To arms ! an enemy approaches ! ” There is a bustle in the camp. Each man with bullet in hand, peeps through the walls and perceives the mighty Gulliver advancing to the battle-fields of Lilliput. “ Is he a friend or an enemy ? ” they ask. Too big to be a friend ; therefore he is an enemy.

Smith, the commander-in-chief of the Lilliputian forces, decides to shoot the enemy, and fires a twenty-four-inch cannon. The ball belches forth and strikes Mr. Gulliver where the game rooster receives the ax. A terrible blow it is, for the victim reels, and sees the starry sky fall upon him. Suddenly, recovering from the terrible hit, he hears a crowd of Lilliputians giggling behind their snow-banked fortresses. With three strides, the crest-fallen Gulliver, is within the walls of Lilliput. Commander Smith stands at his post, and rains down shot and shell upon the enemy and his strong forces rush out into danger with poles, cords, picks and shovels and large pins, seize poor Gulliver by the legs, arms and hair, and throw him into a heap of piled up snow-flakes. For several minutes a mass of struggling humanity and flying fleece are the only signs that the victory is still doubtful. As strength gives way to weakness, Commander Smith orders his men to escape and to seek shelter within safer walls. The command is promptly obeyed. At the conclusion of the fray, the humbled Gulliver, disfigured and disheartened, arises and rushes off behind the picket fence. His great dark coat is in tatters and his *two dark blue eyes* are badly *ruined*. Such is the lot of all enemies of the Lilliputian nation ; such let it be. “ Ubi concordia, ibi victoria.”

Messrs. Smith and Lynch ^{*}_^^{*} will, for the future, settle all their disputes after breakfast. Both have been credited with a fall.

Say, boys, have you seen the big *lark in (s)* the senior department ? Yes ; he has quite a *halt on all battles*.

^{*}_^^{*}
REWARD !!!

A two weeks' credit on pies and cakes for the boy that finds the Junior Editor.

During the holidays, Master Lynch will supervise the rink. He fears that the ice will crack or melt before the boys return. His spare moments will be spent in completing a libel suit against the Junior Editor.

When the learned exegetist from Chapleau reaches home again, he intends to solve the following objection : "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away." Therefore, heaven is not eternal.

May the light of right understanding shine in darkness. Take care, Willie ; don't be trying to puzzle your professors.

Some serious men, not found in the small yard but who may land there some day, have, at table, indulged in bursts of pointed wit, such as : Paul Kruger has eloped with *Lady smith* ; I have received a letter from *Ladysmith*, etc., etc., etc.

If the Seniors don't care to meet the fate of Gulliver, we advise them to keep clear of our rink.—J. E.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Junior Editor will be sure to feel lonesome during the two week's holidays that are just about to begin. He will miss the loved companionship of many whom, with reason, he has learned highly to esteem. Even the joys of home, sweet home, will not be sufficient to completely satisfy this heartfelt want. Consequently, he requests a letter from each representative of the small yard during the holidays. He hopes that even those who remain in Ottawa will be kind enough to drop him a line. He would like to know just how each one of his young friends is enjoying himself ; for instance, what kind of games he is taking part in, what kind of Xmas presents he got, how much turkey he ate, and a lot of other information needless to mention. The Junior Editor will be happy to publish in the January REVIEW any of these letters that are very well written. As the Junior Editor's address contains big words hard to spell, all letters for him should be addressed as follows, and upon arrival at our office, they will be forwarded to him :

The Junior Editor,
Ottawa University Review,
Ottawa, Ontario,
Canada.