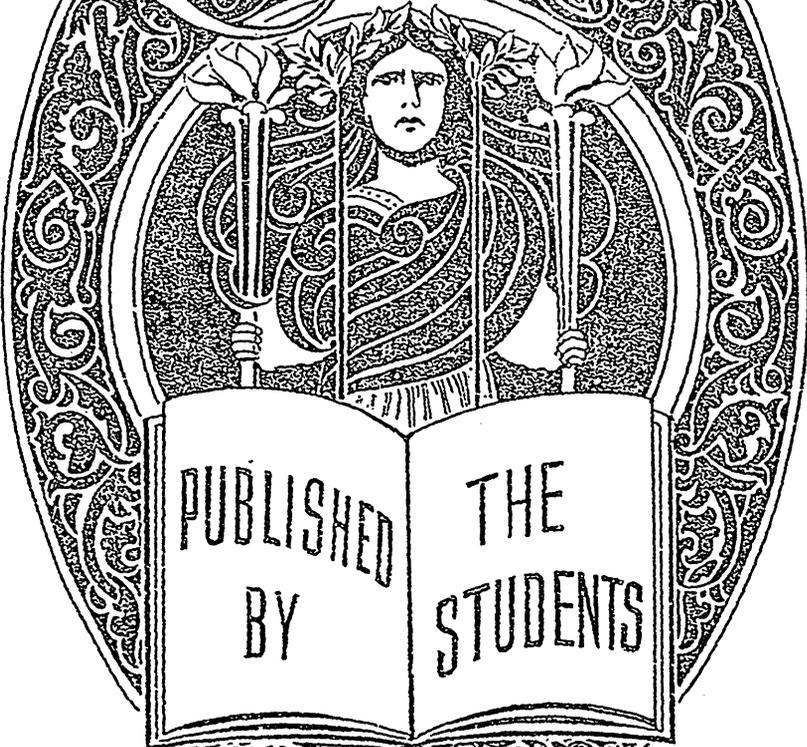


UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

REVIEW



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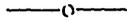
THE
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University of Ottawa
REVIEW

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 10.

MAY AND JUNE.

MAY is the gentle Twilight
Tinted in rose and gold ;
In her vesture's misty fold
Pale snow-drop and tender violet.

June is the Noontide golden :
Crowning his radiant head
Are roses fragrant and red.
In the fervid sunrays unfolden.

May is the day star, risen
Out of an infinite sea,
Heralding glories to be,
Illumining night's cold prison.

June is the sun resplendent,
Royal in gifts and grace ;
Earth in the light of his face
Blooms with a wealth transcendent.

May is the month of Mary,
Mother of holy hope ;
Whose hand Eden's white gates ope
Whose cares for us never vary.

June is His month whom heaven
Worships with heart of fire,
Of nations the one desire,
Crown of the ages seven.

E. C. M. T.

TWO VIEWS OF LADY MACBETH.

RESOLVED—"That Lady Macbeth was a greater criminal than her husband."

A PLEA FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE.

Since the beginning of the world, woman has ever assumed a leading role. From the time when she and the serpent joined to introduce crime into the universe she has participated in many a deed, good bad and indifferent.

She has set examples of the greatest virtue, yet has often renewed her old evil alliance formed in the Garden of Eden. Lovers have raved of her beauty, while philosophers have railed at her vanity. In fact her whole history is a chronicle of contradictions. In one age she is the fair and beautiful Helen; in another the mild and gentle Esther. As either, she has exerted an influence for good or evil on the records of men and states in every clime.

From the time of Homer, poets have delighted in portraying the different sides of her character. Our own immortal Shakespeare was so skilled in this art that Ruskin has exclaimed, "Shakespeare has no heroes, he has only heroines."

In his Portia, his Rosalind, his Lady Macbeth, his Ophelia, his Juliet, he has pictured the sex in an inimitable style. Perhaps of his numerous characters, none is so interesting, yet at the same time so repellent as is that of Lady Macbeth. In it we see reflected the mind of a woman, whose womanly feelings are so obscured by her unscrupulous, ambitious nature as to render her an object of horror rather than of pity. She exerts the subtle power a woman has over the man that loves her, to induce her husband to commit the most horrible of crimes. Where we would expect her to act as a check, a restraint, on him, we find her instead prompting, encouraging, and almost forcing him into evil acts.

Before describing how Lady Macbeth brought about the murder of Duncan let us first recall the manner of man her husband was. Macbeth was one of the noblest men and bravest warriors in Scotland, esteemed and honored by the King, admired and respected by his equals, and generally regarded as the successor to the throne on Duncan's death, an event that in the or-

dinary course of nature could be but a few years distant. From this it will be readily seen that the thane had no strong incentive to murder his King. Additional proof is his encounter with the "Weird Sisters." One dark night as he and Banquo are crossing a dreary plain suddenly these three horrible spectres appear and greet him, first as thane of Cawdor, then of Glamis and lastly "King that shall be," reserving for his companion the salutation of "Father of future Kings." Macbeth cries out he will not believe them unless they give some proof they speak the truth. Within the hour he receives news that the title "Thane of Glamis" has been added to his former one of "Cawdor,"--the spirits have answered his challenge. Their greeting of "King" remains to be verified. For a moment the idea of murdering Duncan enters his mind but he quickly dismisses it. He will think of no foul means; to think of such

"Is a thought,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature."

Clearly this is not a man to be easily led into a course of crime. Briefly and concisely he thus expresses his intended manner of acting :

"If chance will have me King,
Why chance may crown me
Without my stir."

Fortunate indeed would Macbeth have been had he bestowed his affections on a gentle, cheerful woman, on one who could fulfill to him the highest offices of a Christian wife, on one whose influence would calm his troubled mind and draw him nearer his Creator by her own virtuous example.

Unhappily these qualities in Lady Macbeth were overshadowed by her passionate love and uncontrollable ambition. To attain to the highest power in the land ; to know that her will was law to the thousands around her ; to feel that all must pay homage to her with none to question her right--these were the things that spelt happiness to her, that directed her every thought and every deed. In her husband she saw a means which, if rightly employed, might procure this desired end. She knew her great pow-

er over him and she decided to use it to strike at Duncan on the first favorable occasion. On receiving a letter from Macbeth in which he tells her of the Weird Sisters' greeting him as "King that shalt be" she thus soliloquizes on his good nature and her chance of corrupting it.

"Thou shalt be King !

Yet do I fear thy nature ;
It is *too full of the milk of human kindness*
To catch the *nearest way*.
Thou art not without ambition
But without that illness should attend it.
(Thou) wouldst not play me false . . .
That I may pour my spirits into thy ear,
And chastise with the valor of *my tongue*
All that impedes *thee* from this golden round."

Such words as those reveal the true Lady Macbeth to us,---a crafty, cunning woman, careful in planning, yet bold in execution. They show what a close study she has made of her husband's character that her attack on its good side may be successful. While the worthy lady's mind is filled with these thoughts, messengers arrive with news that her lord is near at hand and that the King himself will sleep that night beneath their roof. The opportunity she has so long desired has come at last. Her feelings find vent in expressions that fill us with disgust and horror :

"The raven himself is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan,
Under my battlements. *Come, you spirits*
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood
Stoop up the access and passage of remorse
. *Come, thick night*
And pall me in the dunest smoke of hell
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, Hold !"

For such utterances it is impossible to find any excuse. When Lady Macbeth expresses them she is alone,---a position in which one is disposed to speak one's true, though hidden, thoughts. Can we compare her words with any of Macbeth's and not feel pity for the soldier in his misalliance? What possible chance has he, ac-

customed to the bold and manly life of a warrior, to resist the temptations she will present to him? The little scene that takes place at their meeting shows that he is wont to be guided by her superior will power, to do what she proposes, to accede to her requests :

Lord M. " My love, Duncan comes here to-night."

Lady M. " And when goes hence ?

Lord M. " To-morrow, as he purposes."

Lady M. " O never

Shall sun that morrow see.

.....To beguile the time.

Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye

Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming

Must be provided for : and you shall put

This night's great business into my despatch ;

Which shall to all our days and nights to come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom."

In these lines we see how his actions are dictated, while she naturally assumes the commanding role herself. A long married life has taught the thane the usual lesson---the husband must obey the autocrat of the household. She is a lady and argument is thus out of the question. Macbeth can do no more than cut the interview short, hoping that Duncan will have departed ere his wife should "speak further on the matter." His overwhelming love for her blinds him to the fact that she is quite capable of doing what she speaks. The very thought of such a crime is to him most revolting. Murder his King, his guest, his friend, his kinsman--- Surely she who sits enthroned within his heart cannot resolve on such a deed ! Woe to him if she has, for well he knows her will must be his act.

Such are the thoughts that fill his brain as Lady Macbeth enters his presence, her whole mind bent on forcing him into the dreaded act. The thane's first words can best express his wishes :

" We will proceed no further in this business ;
He hath honored me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which must be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon."

Now is Lady Macbeth given the opportunity to act the part of a good angel to a weak man, to encourage him by her power as a loving wife to remain firm in his good intentions. Unhappily we know already too much of this charming dame to suspect she would be guilty of such virtue. Scarce does she wait for her husband to conclude ere her scorn breaks forth. Coward, weakling, boaster, a man not fit for her love— such is the substance of her words to Scotland's bravest soldier! In a previous conversation she had spoken of the crime to her husband and to quiet her gentle tongue he had said he would do it should a chance offer. The thought how well he deceived her adds fresh fuel to her burning anger and moves her to the most terrifying speech,—“I,” she says, “would have plucked my smiling babe from my breast and dashed out its brains if I had sworn to do it.”

While she speaks her husband's breast is torn by conflicting emotions. Must he rest calmly under the stigma of coward, braggart? Must he consent to lose the love of her who forms his world? Must he sit silent while she taunts him? And yet to save himself he must do murder. Slowly, slowly is the dark evil shadow blotting out the bright light of virtue in his soul. A choice must be made and quickly—the death of Duncan or the love of wife; a moment he hesitates and then, the glimmer of light has vanished and naught remains but darkness. Lady Macbeth has won her dearest wish. An ordinary criminal would now rest satisfied. Instead we find her rushing forward to meet her trembling husband as he leaves the chamber of his crime. Remorse has already seized his mind, the air seems full of accusing spirits that torture him for his act. His very haste from it makes him forget a part of his wife's plan — to smear the daggers of the watchers at the royal couch, that they may be suspected of the murder. Not even her great influence can force him to return.

“I'll go no more,
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.”

Lady Macbeth stops but to express her scorn of such “childish fancies.” Boldly she enters the room where lies her murdered guest, dips her fingers in his flowing blood, and smears not only the weapons of the guards but even their very faces! And yet it

Such is his mood when the opposing army is announced beneath the walls of his castle. At this news he orders out his forces and dons his arms in the hope it may be granted him "to die with harness on his back." For a while in the heat of battle he feels his old self return. Suddenly he finds himself confronted with MacDuff and after a fierce struggle at last yields up his life to the man whose family he had slain. The death of the leader decides the fight; the victorious Malcom is raised on high while his elated followers greet him with acclamations, "the King by right and the King by might."

Thus conclude the eventful lives of Lord Macbeth and his lady—him we must regard as a man "more sinned against than sinning"—her as a woman whose fiery ambition forced the commission of the cruellest crime. Additional proof that she was the leader in all is afforded by the despair that seizes him on hearing of her death. During her life his passionate love had made him almost worship her, and the only use she made of this devotion was to force him into evil ways. Had she but chosen to use their combined energies in a right direction, the result could not but have been a fame satisfying even to her.

Unlike her husband it was not till she came to realize the deep truth of the proverb "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" that we hear her express even the least remorse for causing Duncan's murder. Even then she abandons this slight feeling with these words:

....." Things without remedy
Should be without regard. What's done is done."

Her connection with the murder of Banquo is shown by her bold hint to her husband when he states his fear of him and his son. When, becoming ill, she thinks herself in danger of death, this state of mind leads to her sleep-walking in which her references to the death of Lady Macduff are enough to prove her connected with that cruel deed. As to her manner of death the wild shrieks of her attendants at the time, and the statement of Malcom afterwards seem to point out pretty clearly that she committed suicide, an end in keeping with her life.

The whole story of the tragedy of Macbeth may in fact be summed up as a modern adaptation of the crime in the Garden of Eden,—again the woman tempted, and again the man could not but fall.

GEORGE D. KELLY.
Third Form.

A PLEA FOR THE NEGATIVE.

Cursory readers of Shakespeare are inclined to lock upon Lady Macbeth "as the incarnate principle of evil," destitute alike of all womanly feeling, and of all womanly pity. On the other hand they are accustomed to regard her cowardly husband as a hero, who was led on to the commission of a dreadful crime by the unholy ambition of her whose first care should have been to keep him from all wrong. The careful reader, however, cannot fail to see the intense unselfishness of Lady Macbeth—an unselfishness born of her great love for her husband. She does not wish the crown for herself, she never thinks or cares for herself but only for him, who never thinks of anybody but himself.

I might say here that the King of Scotland was chosen from a certain line by the Lords or thanes of the country. Hence, until the vote was taken Macbeth's claim to the crown was just as good as Duncan's, for both belonged to the same line, and either was an eligible candidate for the throne. Macbeth, by reason of his warlike disposition and ability to defend the country against invaders, knew that he was the better fitted to govern. When he found, therefore, that the thanes would not elect him king, he resolved, even then, to murder Duncan and usurp the crown at any cost. I shall endeavor to prove this; I shall inquire into Macbeth's nature to see if I can show where the scheme of murdering Duncan and of seizing the crown originated. Some critics claim that the Weird Sisters first put the thought of murder into the mind of Macbeth. The text however proves the case otherwise; for after the defeat of the rebels, we find Macbeth in company with another general called Banquo returning home through a blasted heath or moor. Here he meets three strange looking women, called by the people of that time the Weird Sisters. These women greet him successively as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and as future king. But they give no hint as to how he is to come to these great titles. They simply greet him. Now to a good man not already planning murder this greeting would be no incentive to crime. On the contrary it should be a reason for patience. A good man would of course be delighted with the pros-

pect of becoming king ; but he would quietly wait for time to crown him, without any effort of his own.

The greeting of the Weird Sisters acts on the germ of evil already existing in Macbeth ; it is the outward correspondent to the inward thought. The good news overpowers him. Fright and terror are depicted on his every feature. The readers attention is called to his plight by the words of Banquo :

“Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear things that do sound so fair.”

Here Macbeth betrays his criminal thoughts ; generally men are not frightened when they are promised a crown. The greeting that Macbeth receives from the Weird Sisters strikes terror into his soul only because it coincides with his own criminal desires.

Again Macbeth is terror-stricken when the messengers from the king greet him as Thane of Cawdor. When he sees one part of the Weird Sisters' prophecy fulfilled, he begins vehemently to hope for the other ; and his thoughts merge into the resolution concerning Duncan, “whose murder is yet but fantastical.” Compare this with his joy and exultation, when, as he supposes, he finds the means of committing the murder without fear of detection. He believes that he has surmounted the last obstacle on his road to success. Compare these and there can be no doubt as to whom must be attributed the first thought of the murder.

Macbeth has been honored, as prophesied by the Weird Sisters, Macbeth is Thane of Cawdor. Is he satisfied? Does he by his loyalty, show his gratitude towards that king who conferred upon him the title and estate of the rebellious Thane and through whose favor he stands high in the estimation of all men. No, the title Thane of Cawdor does not satisfy ; it only whets his ambition. Success has emboldened him : he must now be king, and he begins to scheme by what means he may deprive Duncan of the crown. Duncan appoints his son Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, thus virtually naming him successor to the throne. This appointment enrages Macbeth as he sees his chances for succeeding Duncan utterly destroyed. His words plainly betray his intention :

"The Prince of Cumberland? that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires."

It is evident from this passage that Macbeth already has the mind for murder; but he wishes to commit the deed, in some place where success will be assured and the chances of detection be very small.

Therefore he lures Duncan into paying him a visit at Inverness. On the day of king's coming Macbeth speaks to his wife about the royal visit:

"My dearest love, Duncan comes here to-night."

Lady Macbeth is wholly unprepared to receive such a visitor and naturally asks when he goes. Macbeth replies, To-morrow; and then hesitatingly adds—"as he purposes"; though he knows in his heart that Duncan's purpose will never be fulfilled. Lady Macbeth says:

"Oh, never shall Sun that morrow see
Your face my thane, is as a look where men
May read strange matters to beguile the time."

Here Lady Macbeth plainly shows that she can read her husband's murderous purpose in his face. She sees in an instant what he intends to do, how while playing the part of a host, he is planning the murder of his guest, his spirits arises with the contemplation of the evil deed, and as the hour of crime draws near he is exultant crime.

Macbeth, who but a few hours before was driven from the table by the mere thought of crime, no longer sees imaginary daggers floating in the air before him, now he sees and grasps the real dagger and with the strides of a determined villain advances into the chamber to murder his sleeping king. He would sacrifice his chances of heaven if only he could be sure that he would not be detected in the commission of his crime

When he reviews the claims that Duncan has on him, kinship, loyalty and above all, the rights of hospitality—claims that

should bring out anything that is noble in him, he simply reaches the conclusion that "murder is a game that two can play at," and he who plays must take his chances as to the result. He fears that someone will press the poisoned chalice to his own lips. He is sorry that he cannot find any more incentives to his crime.

Macbeth is nervous and excited in the very moment of committing the murder. But we must not take this nervousness for repugnance to deeds of blood or for sorrow for his victim. It is caused by the fear that his plans will go astray, and that he will be detected. He is a moral coward and a cold-blooded murderer, who once sure that he will not be detected, will murder his sleeping king without the least sign of pity. He fears the punishment due to such a crime and the punishment only. His first and last thought is that retribution will surely overtake him.

Even after the murder of the king his thirst for blood is not satisfied. Read his flimsy excuse for killing the two grooms, and his description of the room where the murder was committed—all show him a consummate hypocrite. His announcement of the killing of the two grooms causes Lady Macbeth who is totally unprepared for news of additional murders, to faint. Her great will power gives away for an instant under the blow that came so unexpectedly. Macbeth does not fear to frighten his wife with news of bloodshed. He is selfishness, brutality and treachery personified, a man going from bad to worse and committing new atrocities at every step.

Some people claim that Lady Macbeth was the prime mover in Banquo's murder and make use of the words concerning them, "But in them nature's copy is not eternal" to prove that she instigated the murder. Her real meaning is that Banquo and his son will not live forever; like the rest of mankind in the course of time they too will die. It is not she, but Macbeth himself that conceives the idea of murdering Banquo and his son, and thereby rendering null the words of the Weird Sisters concerning Banquo's posterity. Besides this, Banquo knew the inducements Macbeth had to murder the king: an additional reason therefore for Banquo's removal from earthly to heavenly glory. The fact that in the course of time Banquo and his son will die, gives little comfort to Macbeth, the trouble is that they will not die soon enough. Besides it is quite likely that if they are allowed to live until sum-

moned by a higher power than is wielded by Macbeth, they will leave some heirs. It is against this that Macbeth is guarding, for Banquo's posterity was promised the crown. He has murdered his king. Now he is meditating the murder of his friend, and "proceeds to tell his wife that there shall be done a deed of dreadful note." She fails to understand him, and asks what is to be done. He sees that she is opposed to any more bloodshed and he does not dare to tell her in plain terms about his projected crime, for he knows that she will oppose it; but waits until after the murder, when her opposition can be of no avail.

At the banquet table it is Macbeth alone that is shocked at the appearance of Banquo's ghost: Macbeth alone plotted Banquo's murder, and he it was who hired petty ruffians to carry that crime into execution. As Webster says "the ghost of Banquo disturbs the guilty Macbeth only; Lady Macbeth and the assembled Thanes do not even see it. It knows where its appearance will strike terror, and who will cry out, A ghost! It makes itself visible in the right place, and compels the guilty and conscience, stricken, and no other, to start with the words:

"Pr'y thee, see there! Behold! look lo
If I stand here I saw him."

Macbeth is greatly frightened at the appearance of the ill-omened visitor and tries to drown the voice of his guilty conscience by ejaculating,

"Thou canst not say I did it"

After this event led on by his superstitious nature, Macbeth again visits the Weird Sisters. These strange beings promise him almost full immunity from punishment for all his acts. They however caution him to beware of Thane Macduff. He thinks that he will guard against all danger from Macduff, by putting him to death at once. Lady Macbeth at this time was incapable of urging her husband to do anything; consequently she could not have had any hand in this the worst of all his crimes. Macbeth goes with his followers to Macduff's castle, but finds that his intended victim has already left the country. When he finds that Macduff has escaped, Macbeth shows his cruel, cowardly and blood-thirsty nature by murdering in cold blood Macduff's defenceless wife and children. Then the tyrant tears off

his mask, and throws all restraints to the winds. Murder and butchery become rampant throughout the country. At length Malcolm advances at the head of his army and defeats Macbeth at Dunsinane. In a personal encounter Macbeth is killed by Macduff whom he had so grievously wronged. But Macbeth dies not like a hero, as some would have us believe, but as a coward. He surrenders his life rather than be led in triumph at the wheel of Malcolm's chariot. He died as he had lived--a remorseless scoundrel.

But let us turn aside awhile from this sad example of fallen greatness, in order to weigh well the good and evil to be found in the make-up of the much abused Lady Macbeth.

A character like that of Lady Macbeth is very hard to analyze. She represents a class of women, in the higher station of life, who are left mostly to themselves, to amuse themselves as best they can. In the case of Lady Macbeth this loneliness is more pronounced. She is without children and her husband is nearly always absent in war. It is but natural that she should draw on her fancy for amusement. She built castles in the air. Since she had castles, it is but natural that she should want a queen to occupy them, and who could be more pleasing to her for queen than herself. Her dreams cast a spell over her and held her firmly in their fascination. She longed to be queen, and, in conjunction with her husband, she even seemed willing to sacrifice her chance of eternal life in order to attain her object.

She began by acting a part altogether foreign to her character. She seems as ferocious as a tigress, a veritable she-devil that would take delight in murdering anyone that in the least opposed her designs. But she proves herself a woman still despite all her invocations of the "murdering ministers" and despite all her efforts to "unsex herself." When the opportunity of attaining her object by the murder of the king presents itself, she proves to be still a woman, full of womanly feeling and womanly pity. When she looks upon the face of the sleeping king a wave of womanly tenderness sweeps over her and stops her hand. "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it." A fanciful resemblance to her father touches her womanly heart. She cannot bring herself to strike the fatal blow. Her

woman's nature revolts at deed of blood. Throughout her whole life we find the same repugnance to blood. We see her in her sleep lamenting the imaginary presence of blood on her little white hands. How different from her husband. Macbeth is bothered by the red stains on his hands no more than by the black stains on his soul. He is perfectly contented when bespattered with blood—he has tasted of it, and like the bloodhound he is difficult to satisfy. The final reaction of Lady Macbeth's nature manifests itself by an outburst of anguish. She succumbs to an inward process of grief, which destroys both body and mind, and she dies full of remorse for her part of the crime. The vengeance of a just God spared Macbeth long enough to have him perish like a criminal at the hands of the outraged Macduff.

Lady Macbeth, it is true, was an accomplice to the crimes of Macbeth ; but, in my judgment at least, her husband was the greater criminal of the two.

JAS. MORIARTY,
Third Form.



BOUND FOR THE CATARACT.



TO the student who has spent some years in a University or College reminiscences of former days is more interesting than to young men who have seen but the life of the world. The former occasionally discovers himself conning over his college memoranda in which are inscribed many familiar names and in which are recorded divers events that draw a tear or produce a smile. The present season irresistibly carries back my mind to my *Alma Mater*. Indeed the fields decked in verdant green and variegated flowers, the sweet choirs of feathered minstrelsy, and the consequently bright countenances of the college students as they converse on the prospects of the approaching vacation, on their present games and future pastimes—all these features of this pleasant "season atween June and May, half pranking with Spring, with Summer half-imbrowned," recall to many a student of the Buffalo Juniorate the good old days of '91 when they enjoyed pleasant scenes and loved companions in the Queen City of the Lakes.

To the traveller the beauty of that fair city is familiar. The capital of Erie County, New York, it is situated at the east side of Lake Erie and at the head of Niagara river. It commands a grand view of the lake and of a small portion of the Dominion. The climate is healthy and in summer the cool breezes rushing in from the large neighboring expanse of water, prove beneficial to the invalids that visit the surrounding groves. The long, broad asphalted streets present a very neat appearance, with their long rows of huge elms and weeping willows, of which the interlacing branches afford a pleasant shade for the weak and aged in their diurnal promenades. The Buffalo residences are unique in material and architecture and are surrounded with all that nature and art can furnish to excite the admiration of the passing traveller. Her institutes of learning and public buildings are none the less worthy of note. The scope of this article, however, forbids our entering into a lengthy description of all that is beautiful in the Queen City. Let us turn at once our attention to one of Buffalo's humbler institutions—humble in its beginning, but now making rapid strides towards the goal of perfection. I refer to the

Holy Angels' College. This youthful seat of learning is situated on Porter Avenue, one of the city's principal thoroughfares, overlooking the lake. It was founded in 1891 and is known by the name of *Juniorate*. Within its walls young men who desire to quit the world and to become missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate are prepared for their noble work.

As it was customary in the Juniorate for the boys to remain at the institution during the summer months, they had determined ere vacation began, to make a grand expedition—one that would give them a fertile source of pleasant conversation after their return home, and of joyous reminiscences in years to come. After some deliberation they determined to out-do their usual spirit of activity by taking, as they termed it, a short (?) walk to the Cataract. On July 5th, 1892, the whole party, consisting of the Rev. Director, a few ecclesiastics and thirty or more classical students, all full of eager anticipation, set out for the roaring Niagara. It was 2 p. m. when the party left Porter Avenue to direct their footsteps to Tonawanda, a small town about six miles from Buffalo. From each student's shoulder hung a satchel in which were contained all the articles necessary for camping while large straw hats shielded their countenances from the burning rays of the sun. The joy of light hearts was stamped on each boy's countenance and in his lively step.

Having entered the electric cars on Niagara street the travellers rode until they reached Black Rock, a town on the outskirts of the city. Thence three or four continued on the cars with the heavy baggage, whilst the rest of the party made use of their pedal extremities in search of their rendezvous. To show sympathy, as it were, with the burly mules as they drew the heavily laden grain-boats up the canal, the walkers accompanied them, and at times pulled the ropes or pushed the mules according as directions were given by the leader. Again they were accosted by the loud whistle of the passenger-boats rushing down the Niagara on their way to the Falls. There was no thought of the extreme heat or of the beads of perspiration that trickled down their brows. The heat however was somewhat tempered by a gentle breeze blowing in from the Niagara "flowing rapidly." Divided into companies, the party conformed itself to the jovial dispositions of its Irish wit, Ameri-

can humor and Canadian drollery and drew from these abundant sources tales and joyous songs. Not only the light-hearted promenaders found delight in this manner of acting, but even the people by the wayside stopped to listen and those indoors opened their windows in order to allow the sweet harmony of young voices to attain their ears. The little children listened, whilst the old folks gazed with amusement at the excited crowd of unusual travellers accompanying the grain boats along the canal.

Time was passing rapidly. At five p. m. our pedestrians caught a glimpse of their *hotel* in Tonawanda. Needless to say this edifice excited their curiosity and spurred them on to quicker steps to reach the promised land of slumber. Its winning look, with its sides bursting forth from the abundance of the season's crop, was sufficient to engage their attention and to cause each man to consider the prospects of a night's lodging. With so many willing hands in the company it was not long before all the baggage was placed carefully away in the barn and cooking utensils brought forth for a much-demanded use. There were cooks *galore* and for special reasons, known especially to themselves, they showed great haste and earnestness in preparing the supper table. Under a large oak tree in the proprietor's garden was spread a table-cloth which was soon covered with dishes and with good things well calculated to delight the eye and to satiate the desires of the interior man. The evening Angelus bell had hardly commenced to ring before all had dropped down on their knees both to pray and to eat—bent slightly more, perhaps, towards fulfilling the latter duty. Then the noise began; knives and torks, tin dishes and human voices broke the quietness of our rural stopping-place. Soon the farmers were seen peeping through the fences and eyeing curiously the disturbers of the peace. The boys, however, found staunch friends in these *Rubens*, and in a few minutes learned more about planting potatoes and sowing seed than all the books of botanical and agricultural lore could teach them.

About dark each member rushed off to the barn in order to choose and prepare a cot for the night. Everybody found a situation suitable to his taste. There were lots overflowing with newly cut hay and bins filled with grain and meal. This predict-

ed to all, comfort and ease during the night. Before leaving the barn each member performed many manoeuvres with his hands and legs to arrange the hay for a comfortable bed. Then the company scattered. One party went on a visit to the more populous portion of the town, to see its public buildings, factories and large boat-houses, whilst another set out on a fishing expedition to the Niagara river. The more sedate, or rather weary striplings, lounged about the grassy banks of the Erie canal, watching the declining sun and saluting the pleasure boats returning from the Falls. As twilight began to settle over the town a small fire was lighted to drive away the bugs and mosquitoes that found great pleasure in preying upon our sensitive frames. It was already late when these loungers returned to the hotel to retire for the night. But even there much time was afterwards spent in lively conversation. Indeed it may be said that red-bearded D—— proved himself on that occasion quite proficient in acrobatic movements. One of the party, vexed at the disturbance caused by our auburn-stubbled friend, jumped up from his cosy corner and in his nocturnal attire, rushed forward and seized D—— by his fiery-colored thatching. The two wrestled for some time before they discovered that they had sunk several feet into the hay. Other ghostly-looking beings were not slow to cover the wrestling youths with at least half a ton of hay during the fierce encounter. Finding themselves almost smothered the two combatants with much difficulty extricated themselves from the fodder and agreed to retire to dream of their humiliation. By degrees the noisy community quieted down before the all-conqueror, Sleep.

Through the sky-light of the barn peeped the moon as she sailed in her nocturnal voyage through the brightly-studded sky. Scarcely had this pale luminary departed when the sleepers were aroused by the tramp of the fishing party returning home from their trip on the Niagara. Needless to inform the reader, they were not greeted with all the formal ceremonies usually accorded to welcome visitors. Before reaching their cots they showed themselves expert dodgers in evading the boots, shoes, stockings and other articles that were aimed at them. In a few moments each drowsy individual had been aroused and was listening open-mouthed to the adventures of the fishing party. The

latter had hired a large boat from a certain Mrs. McGinty, and had remained on the Niagara river until long after dusk. As they had unintentionally allowed themselves to be carried down the stream they labored under much difficulty in finding the boat-house whence they set out. As they neared Mrs. McGinty's home the good woman heard their voices and started off to the bank of the river. As she stood there directing them, she spared none of her vituperative vocabulary to give them a good tongue-thrashing for waking the neighbors and herself at that unchristian hour of the night. In her excitement she shouted: "Be up, will ye, and pull thim oars. What do ye know about boats? Can't ye back water with the lift oar? Begorra, if ye don't bestir yourselves. I'll be goin' to meet ye with a broom. I think it's a silver spoon ye should be playin' with."

Just then much to her surprise and embarrassment she overheard one of the boys utter the name "Father Director." With all the sincerity of her good old Irish heart, she poured forth words of apoioy in her own Celtic way until she had the boys biting their lips to refrain from laughter. "Sure Father I ought to have known better than scold you, but ye know I thought ye was a Protestant Minister with his children. I ask yer blessin' and pardon." See received both and was soon in a more humorous mood. "Well now Father ye must not stir till ye come in and take some fresh buttermilk with yer boys. Sure its as fresh as ye never tasted." The fact is she gave us all the milk we were able to drink, and more. On leaving her house she said, laughing heartily, "I hope that I'll give ye a better reception when ye come agin." The laughter caused by this little encounter with Mrs. McGinty soon subsided and we were again making imaginary expeditions in dreamland. It may be remarked, however, in passing, that this same Mrs. McGinty has her name written in the diaries of the Buffalo Juniors.

We thought and even asserted that, owing to the heavy breathing of the *reglementaire*, there would probably be a "sleep over" the next morning. But no! Neither bells nor bell-ringers were needed to arouse the sleeping inmates of the barn. Long before five o'clock discordant voices were heard from without. Master Chanticleer was perched on the roof and sung out

his lordly strains to the great delight of his children, who cackled their satisfaction from the ground below. Another animal evidently irritated by the noise within, stood at the barn-door and poured forth boisterous bellowings into the ears of the would-be sleepers. The cows lowed and the dogs barked until they had forced us from our beds of hay. It was then that our minds wandered back in sweet recollection to the College dormitory and to the sweet notes of the morning bell.

Needless to say that we lost no time brushing the hayseed from our clothes, ears and necks ere we ventured to appear before the farmers and other laboring people about the premises. It was five a. m. when the boys started off to the village chapel to attend mass in order to draw the blessing of God upon them before undertaking the promenade of the day.

At six o'clock we were passing through Tonawanda *en route* for the great Niagara. There was little to attract our attention in that small town, save a few disagreeable specimens of humanity with tattered clothes and sleepy countenances that bespoke midnight revelries. Few even of these few offered friendly smiles save when, with half closed eyes they appealed to our charity. During our march we passed through the village of La Salle where the roads were sandy and without much shade.

The boys reached Niagara city in time to meet the working people coming home from their daily labors. A large band of Negroes, very much surprised at our sudden arrival, accosted us and extended to us a hearty "good-day." It was on the verge of one o'clock when we arrived in the midst of the thundering sound and flying spray of the majestic cataract. The Rev. Director, our indefatigable leader, left nothing undone to provide a convenient place to lay our prandial spread. Another pleasant hour was spent at ham-sandwichs, bananas, crystal spring water, etc. Each one showed great earnestness in his endeavors to check the appeals of his voracious appetite. The picture that we presented on a small hillock, forced a smile from more than one passer-by. Happily artists and photographers were wanting, else the scene we presented might have become the subject of their artistic skill, and so be sent abroad to represent a scene of daily life at the cataract. After dinner all the Juniors separated to visit different features of

the Falls. This world-wide wonder has been the subject of volumes. Artists have made it the object of their study and have depicted it in all its grandeur and beauty. People have visited it from all parts of the world and have voiced its praises and magnificence to their countrymen. It was in the midst of this awe-inspiring scene that we suddenly found ourselves. Always living within a few miles of such unexampled grandeur we had heard and read of its natural beauty, had seen it on canvas, but never had we felt the sublimity of its character until we viewed it with our own eyes.

As we stand upon the brink of the rushing waters and listen to the roaring of the cataract, before considering more minutely our actual surroundings, let us take a rapid glance along the great river; let us note the historical points upon its banks; let us admire the beauty of its scenery and the rich fertility of the country that it irrigates. The far-famous river rises in Lake Erie and travels along by graceful bends and turns for thirty-six miles, and twenty-eight in a straight course. Perhaps no other body of water of so small an extent has such attractions for lovers of history and scenic beauty. As it emerges from the lake it passes the ruined ramparts of Fort Erie where many of Columbia's and Britannia's children met death by shot and shell. In following its course we find that below the fort it passes under the far-stretching international bridge and then in a comparatively short distance it makes a descent of thirty feet. Six miles below Fort Erie the Niagara encounters Grand Island and is there cut into two great branches which having embraced this cone-shaped piece of land, unite in one channel at Navy Island,

Three miles above the Cataract is the village of Chippewa memorable in history for the battle fought there in 1814. Below this village the Niagara expands three miles in width and then suddenly narrows to less than a mile. Here the stream becomes rapid; it rushes along at a rate that renders passage by boat impossible. "One half mile above the Cataract the Grand Rapids begin and the sudden descent of the river bed causes its banks to rise into view especially on the western side which increases in height till above the Horse Shoe Falls, it attains an elevation of a hundred feet over the water. Below, the

river rushes down in those wonderful rapids which add so much to the beauty of the falls. Faster as faster they rush on in exquisite curves of greenish water with crescents of glittering white foam, keeping in spite of their wild speed and whirling commotion an ordered, symmetrical procession of indescribable beauty and fascination, till all blend together in the last desperate leap and are swallowed in the abyss below."

Goat Island divides the Cataract into two great Falls. Judging from the surroundings that beautify the Canadian Falls and those which border the American, we must allow Uncle Sam's side the greater share of our admiration. To obtain a comprehensive and picturesque view of both Cataracts, we are, however, obliged to take position on the Ontario shore. Canada moreover possesses the finer half of the Cataract itself.

As we were rather fatigued from the morning's *stroll*, the majority of us had not sufficient energy nor will to attempt crossing over to the Canadian side. However a few of our party viewed from the Table Rock, that scene so faithfully described in all its sublimity, in the pages of *Picturesque Canada*—"the magnificent race of the rapids above and the seething depths of the great cauldron below. To stand on this spot and watch the rapids rushing down; to see the grand ocean-like wave rising twenty feet in thickness over the Horse Shoe Falls, so massive that it retains its smoothness unbroken for some distance after its fall, and so close to where you stand that your outstretched hand might almost touch it; to look down into the cauldron where the matter lies strangled and smothered by its own weight, only showing fierce convulsions beneath the faintest stirrings, its crystalline clearness changed into a mass of slowly seething, curdled white foam, which wraps it like a winding sheet; to see the vast volumes of vapor rising and falling, now hiding, now revealing the cataract, while in its deepest curve and centre volcano-like jets of water, breaking into clouds of spray, and soaring high into the air, forever hides its face; to listen to that vast and prodigious cadence, "that melody of many waters" that excites emotions in in all who are capable of feeling them, will give the truest conception one view can give of the various elements of beauty and grandeur combined in Niagara Falls. Here those incongruous

and disturbing concomitants, which elsewhere are perpetually intruding, are put aside and hidden, or, at any rate, absorbed and dissipated in the magnitude and sublimity of the scene. And the oftener we behold this magnificent sight the more wonderful and beautiful we discover it to be. The true lovers and constant companions of Nature know how infinite in variety she is, and that every day, every hour, her fairest scenes assume fresh phases of beauty; how, then, can all that makes this cataract the wonder of the world be grasped and comprehended in one hurried visit? It is with it as with all master pieces. The mind of the spectator must be gradually uplifted to feel and understand its greatness; and it is only to those who come to it again and again, in sunshine and cloud, by day and by night, in summer and in winter that its wonders are fully revealed."

To be unable to visit the Canadian shore was for many of us really a disappointment. We had to content ourselves with visiting the many and varied scenes on the southern side. Besides enjoying a view of the American Falls, which is eight feet higher than the Horseshoe Falls; we spent some time on Goat Island and at several other points of interest. I believe that none of the crowd attempted the Cave of the Winds, or the Maid of the Mist. They cared little about climbing stairs or exposing themselves on dangerous rocks. They spent a most enjoyable afternoon, however, but were unable in so short a time to see all the attractions that yearly draw thither such crowds of strangers.

Be not struck with astonishment when I tell you, dear reader, that we returned the very same evening to our *hotel* in Tonawanda. We did not care to be night-wanderers around the cataract, and we had no chance to ride home. We preferred, therefore a bed of hay under a barn-roof to a grassy couch under a heavenly canopy. Just outside the town we partook of an enjoyable lunch. As there were two delicate young men in the party we sent them home by railway and then set out in all earnestness to reach our destination as soon as possible. In fact it was a pleasure to walk. The moon shone bright and a gentle breeze blew over the country. Everybody seemed to be in the pink of condition. Songs and witty remarks were not wanting to cheer the way. About ten o'clock p.m. our reverend leader was accosted in words something like the following: "Where in

time are you bringing these here youngsters at this time o' night?" "Oh," was the answer. "we're just taking a *short* walk for the good of our health; all our folks used to do this after supper."

When we had walked steadily for four hours we reached Tonawanda at midnight and I assure you it did not take us long to fall asleep in the hay, nor did the managerie of the previous morning awaken us from our heavy slumbers.

On the next day, Thursday, July 7th, rising was at about eight o'clock a. m. It must be acknowledged that on said occasion rather little time was devoted to spiritual exercises. Moreover, everybody preferred to hug the hay than to take his morning walk. However, the fishing party paid a return visit to Mrs. McGinty. When the good woman heard of the previous day's experience she thanked all the angels and saints that we had returned alive. We lost no time in preparing to go back to Buffalo. A sumptuous dinner was set before us to strengthen us for another but shorter journey. We followed the same course through Tonawanda. There were very many changes in our appearance. Our eyes were swollen and our facial protuberances were famously blushing. Our straw hats were bent into the divers shapes of women's bonnets, whilst our shoes bore the stamp of much walking on sandy roads. We arrived at the Juniorate in time for supper, and although everybody was somewhat tired, nobody complained of ill-health. During our three-days' trip we had no complaints to make about the weather and all felt grateful that Providence had dealt with them so kindly indeed.

Such was the first visit that the Juniors of Buffalo made to Niagara Falls. It was a bold undertaking for impractical pedestrians, but the inconveniences met with were so few that all agreed in saying that the trip was a grand success. It gave us plenty of exercise, pleasant distractions and useful experience. It is only now that we appreciate the real value of that expedition, and the difficulties we then perceived now come back to our minds as sweetest recollections.

C. M. MCGURTY, O. M. I., '99.

THE WRITINGS OF MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.



NOT to know Maurice Francis Egan, through the graceful medium of his writings, is certainly to lose one of the highest intellectual pleasures afforded by our slowly-forming American Catholic literature. Whatever the subject, or manner of treatment, whether as poet, essayist, novelist, journalist, or compiler and editor, this gentle scholar is always and everywhere a knight ready and willing to draw blade in defence of faith. The strength of his nationality comes next in evidence, but, while it is plain to all that he keeps a warm corner in his heart for his ancient race, it is equally certain that he does not shut his eyes to the faults of the Irish, and stupid would be the Irishman who would therefore quarrel with him. His work is throughout actuated and permeated by purity and attitude of thought, and, taking it all in all, it possess a profound educational force that serves almost invariably to leave the reader wiser, better, and more contented with his lot than it found him.

Maurice Francis Egan was born at Philadelphia, Pa., May 24, 1852. His father was Maurice Egan, one of the best-known and respected citizens of Southwark, who settled in Philadelphia from the County Tipperary in 1830. His mother was Margaret MacMullen Egan, born at Philadelphia in 1819, a niece of John MacMullen, one of the founders of the banking interests in the State of Texas. While his mother, a woman of noteworthy literary taste, chiefly conducted his education, his first professional instructors were the Christian Brothers, at their well known La Salle College in his native city. His constitution was not robust and he made most of his studies at home, but with such assiduity did he pursue his tasks that he was able to procure the degree of Master of Arts from La Salle College without loss of time. From La Salle he went to Georgetown College, at which romantic foundation he studied philosophy and taught English. After leaving Georgetown College he studied law for a while at Philadelphia, but as a tempting offer was made to him by the "Saturday Evening Post" he relinquished law for literature. He subsequently edited a short-lived periodical venture, "McGee's

Illustrated Weekly," and then became assistant editor of "The Catholic Weekly Review." In 1811, he became assistant editor of the Freeman's Journal, of New York, and remained virtually at the rudder of that paper until the death of its founder, Mr. James Macmaster, when the property passed to other hands. The founding of the Catholic University, and the acceptance of its English professorship by Warren Stoddard, made a vacancy in the faculty of Notre Dame University, and, in 1888, this vacancy was offered to and accepted by Mr. Egan. He occupied the Chair of English at Notre Dame for seven years with success, when he resigned it to occupy a similar position in the Catholic University of America, which he continues to hold in a manner that reflects credit upon him and fills the students with satisfaction and gratefulness.

Maurice Francis Egan is a prolific writer. When we consider the quality and magnitude of his productions, or at least as many of them as he has signed, for he has also produced anonymous novels and sketches, we are in a position to form some conception of what a busy life he leads. The wonder is how any professor in a Catholic College, as they are constituted at present, can find time to do anything beyond his routine duties, as the latter are, unlike the visits of the angels, many and appallingly frequent.

I give the list of his works taken from the book of the Authors' Club for 1896: "That Girl of Mine," "Preludes" (poems for the benefit of Notre Dame University), "A Garden of Roses," "Stories of Duty," "Songs and Sonnets" (1885 and 1894), "The Life Around Us," "The Theatre and Christian Parents," "Modern Novelists," "Lectures on English Literature," "The Disappearance of John Longworthy," "A Primer of English Literature," "A Gentleman" (essays for boys), "A Marriage of Reason," "The Success of Patrick Desmond," "The Flower of the Flock and the Badgers of Belmont," "Jack Chumleigh," "The Vocation of Edward Conway," "Influences in Literature." To this list must be added innumerable articles in magazines and weekly journals. Mr. Egan also found time to serve as one of the editors of "The World's Best Literature," a comprehensive little library of forty-five volumes, for which he

wrote many polished biographical sketches, generally of Catholic writers in foreign lands.

The poems show considerable technical knowledge and care, and oftentimes a fitting selection of metre. But their scope is not broad, nor is their touch always firm. In this last respect, I think I discern a marked improvement in his later volumes, but it is only right for me to state that the contrary has been affirmed by friendly critics, to whose mature judgments I bow in all humility. The poet can turn off a ballad in a way that arrests attention and fires the blood. But he does not do so often, and seems to prefer more artistic and trying moulds of poetic expression. The classicism is never allowed to become burdensome, and in more than one place it has been sternly suppressed, but enough of the quality remaining to show how deeply its author is read in the literature of Greece and Rome. I like to see a Catholic writer express himself as a Catholic should, holding fast to the truth which is his while regarding error with pity; yet Egan's Catholicity is so invariably present that I find myself at times wishing to be borne away from the odors of sanctity even if very different fumes filled the atmosphere of the place where I might be set down. But this is a fault that leans so much to virtue's side that the question arises if it be a fault at all. Self-assertion is the watchword of this century. America among nations is preëminently self-assertive. Such being the case, Catholics are only obeying the spirit of their age in disdaining to hide their lights under pots. And in this respect, at least, Maurice Francis Egan is a typical product of his times; the more so as while he makes no terms with error he is ready to extend the friendly hand to the unconscious victim of error; he hates sin and pities and loves the sinner. There are songs and hymns among Egan's poems that merit very high praise. These short poems are, of course, divided into portions of returning measure, and turning upon some single thought or feeling; for of such should be a song. The modulations of many of these lyrics are so musical they almost sing themselves. Take, for example, one of my favorite songs, the following sweet strain:

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The tender branches sway and swing,
Whispering all that the robins sing
Of hope and love, and lightly fling
Showers of apple blossoms.

A head of black and a head of gold
Her little hands in his firm hold,
Eyes that speak more than words have told
Under the apple blossoms.

Ever on earth again shall they
Find in springtime so fair a day?
Is it true that love can pass away
With spring and apple blossoms?

In the whole range of our English literature there are not to be found a dozen sonnets that are popular. We speak glibly enough of the sonnets of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Wordsworth, of Mrs. Browning, of Rossetti, of de Vere, and of Longfellow. But who among us could give the root-ideas of a single sonnet by one of these great writers? And who among us could recite without text a sonnet from Shakespeare, or Wordsworth or Mrs. Browning? I fear the number would be small; and for my own part, I doubt if I would be in a position to qualify for a place among the elect. Yet the sonnet is, as all my readers know, a little poem of only fourteen lines. The sequence of the rhymes in the sonnet is so restrained by stringent rules that the formation of such a poem constitutes an important exercise in prosody. I venture to doubt if any English poet has ever found the sonnet a natural means of expression for sustained poetical thought, and I express myself thus after having read Rossetti's "House of Life" and other sonnet sequences of less note. It serves admirably to convey with grace and dignity a single thought which is too valuable to be suffered to sleep unspoken and too slender to admit of being beaten out over more than a few verses. When the sonnet is devoted to the task of expressing such an idea, and put together in strict conformity with the numerous rules underlying its formation, it really becomes the "bugle blast" that Wordsworth declared it to be. Among the few sonnets of our language which by merit of the direct aptness of their expression and the

harmony and music of their numbers, are destined to find a place in the memory for any time, I believe the following by our author deserves a foremost place :

OF FLOWERS.

There were no roses till the first child died,
 No violets, nor balmy-breathed heart's ease,
 No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
 The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-eyed
 And lowly dandelion, nor, stretching wide.
 Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,
 Meeting and parting as the young spring breeze
 Runs giddy races playing seek and hide :
 For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise ;
 And all the world was flowerless awhile,
 Until a little child was laid in earth ;
 Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,
 And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,
 And so all flowers from that child's death took birth.

No one competent to judge will deny the fine artistic touch and satisfying completeness of the sonnets. And Egan has produced several almost equally deserving of admiration and studious attention. He deserves the title of the Poet of Flowers, as it would be possible to fill a great number of pages with excerpts from his poems containing true descriptions of very many flowers, and fine allusions to the gems of the floral kingdom. But although Egan proves that among flowers he is at home and at his ease, it would be a mistake to say he is not capable of deep thought. Many of his great poems owe their great value to the profoundness of their thought. The sonnets are all surcharged with high and lifting thought ; in fact he frequently turns one of those little swallow-flights of song into quite a learned essay, as witness the following admirable literary study of a great subject compressed into the brief space of fourteen lines :

CERVANTES.

There was a time when books of chivalry
 Were full of monster-men and dragons great ;
 When Amadis of Gaul and his fair mate
 Were bound in love against all rivalry ;
 When he who strove a faithful knight to be
 Must lengthened vigils keep and, longing, wait
 And also fight until he stood, elate,
 O'er giants and dragons in proud victory.

Then came Quixote, peerless gentleman,
Who put the dragons and the giants to flight,
And turned the world from knights all amorous ;
Then through the world the rippled laughter ran
When Sancho came. No shadows are the knights
And clown our great Cervantes made for us.

Mr. Egan's stories are worthy of more notice than can be accorded to them in a short article like this paper. The external adornment of literary style merits the attention of the literary student. In practical sense, in alertness of thought, in neatness of expression, the words and ways of our author represent much of what is best in our nascent literature. So far as the great qualities just mentioned are concerned, there seems no need of particularizing since more or less of the master touch is to be found in every story produced by Professor Egan. Throughout he apparently aims at making the adaptation of means to ends adequate and in keeping with the subject, and he generally succeeds in his schemes. When his verbal expression is not stately it is finished, and both stateliness and finish are frequently found in winning combination. That Egan has his limitations, is quite true. But which author is without his limitations? It has been said, with what seems to me cold justice, that it is not necessarily an arrangement of a man of genius to declare that he did not and could not do this or that thing. *Non omnia possumus omnes.* A writer should not be so much blamed for his deficiencies as measured by his successes within his proper field. Variety is the spice of life. If all intellectual products were the same there could be no individuality. Hen eggs have their use, but they are monotonous things to look at. Better the open page of Nature wherein no two characters are alike. Maurice Francis Egan has done many a difficult thing well, and he excels as a poet and story-teller. The object of sound fiction may, I think, be defined as the production of amusement consonant with the requirements of morality. Egan places on his stage men and women who amuse us, and his plots compel them to act in such a way as to necessitate the punishment of the wicked and the reward of the virtuous. No more should be required from a Christian novelist by a Christian reader. Humor he has and wit in abundance, and has been a sufficiently close student of men and things to enable him to paint

his scenes true to the life. In the formation of the short-story he has little to learn from the best exponents. Many of his sketches display a finished compression that genius alone can conceive. His stories for youth have rightly earned for him the title of a foremost juvenile writer. Taken together, his works possess a note of graceful winningness that attracts young and old as the flower the bee. May they continue to draw our people away from the cesspools of filth and vice which so many novelists delight in forming. The love of knowledge, good deeds, and pure unspotted honor comes in great part with reading, and grows upon it. And the thirst for good fiction in a young mind is a surer protection than many persons realize against the seductions of vice.



“Virtue may be assailed but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled ;
Yea even that which mischief meant meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.”

LEO XIII. AND EDUCATION.

(Continued.)

PERSONS that have given even a transient consideration to the life and labors of the present sovereign Pontiff, must have noticed a salient characteristic in his zeal for moral and intellectual training. It is by this mark that he is easily distinguished amongst other eminent men, who have devoted generously both much time and great labor to the same noble cause. True it is, as we have seen, that primary education—the first moulding of the highly impressionable souls of childhood.—has ever been a glorious work in the eyes of him now occupying the Papal throne. It has moreover always been allotted a weighty share of his attention as well as a liberal part of his yearly income. Nevertheless it is likewise certain that higher education has been still more eminently blessed by his apostolic patronage.

This special characteristic in the education-plan of Joachim Pecci, although chiefly noticeable since his elevation to the See of Peter, can easily be recognized in the priest, in the bishop, and in the Cardinal. According to his idea, all the evils of modern times, social as well as individual, can be traced to a defective superior education, especially to false systems of philosophy. Hence the regeneration of the human race can be brought about more effectively by providing for the leading classes a "thoroughly religious and a thoroughly superior education," an education solidified by unerring principles, an education, that, though embracing the very perfection of human science, never loses sight of those eternal truths that hold the secret of man's security and peace as a member of the social circle and promise him future felicity as a unit of the higher society for which he was given existence by his creator. The attainment of this elevated moral and intellectual standard by both clergy and laity is of paramount importance in these modern times when, as Leo XIII. himself says "Supernatural truth being rejected as contrary to reason, the Creator and Redeemer of the human race is ignored, and banished from the universities, the lyceums, and schools, as also from the whole economy of human life."

Soon after his ordination, during his stay in Umbria as Papal Delegate, Joachim Pecci proved unmistakably his zeal for the betterment of higher education. His efforts in this respect were so noticeable that they soon obtained recognition, for he was appointed Apostolic Visitor to the College Rosi of Spello, which institution he greatly improved both from a material and intellectual standpoint. Again, a few years later, whilst filling the office of Apostolic Nuncio to Belgium, he visited and encouraged the higher educational establishments of that country, notably the University of Louvain, then but lately restored to much of its pristine splendor. These early tendencies towards the promotion of superior education amongst those within whose reach such intellectual excellence lies, were unmistakable foreshadowings of what would be Joachim Pecci's chief life-work when his dark priestly gown would give place to the white robe of Universal Teacher in God's Church.

Naturally enough, Joachim Pecci's promotion to the episcopal dignity gave a fresh impulse to his labors in behalf of a more advanced moral and mental training to his countrymen. His fondest desire was to make his diocese a model in the sphere of science as well as in the paths of virtue. In recognition of his services in behalf of superior studies, Pius IX. appointed him Apostolic Visitor to the University of Perugia. The active young bishop was not slow in making a complete transformation in that institution; indeed he spared no pains to place it abreast with the times. The most proficient teachers to be had were placed on the list of its faculty; its programme of professional and scientific studies was completely overhauled and elevated to a higher standard; in a word, everything was done to make the University still merit at least a share of its ancient glory. About the same time the Archbishop likewise extended his zealous patronage to the Collegio Pio della Sapienza and to the College of Todi.

Female higher training was not lost sight of in this steady advance of culture. For its especial benefit, Archbishop Pecci opened in 1857, a superior school for young ladies, which institution he gave in charge to the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. But let us

now pass on to what is perhaps the most laudable phase of Monsignor Pecci's zeal for higher education.

"Monsignor Pecci's first care in Perugia," says the Rev. B. O'Reilly, "was to make every possible provision for the education of his clergy in the first place, then for that of the upper classes, knowing, as he did, that education, like all mighty influences for good or evil, spreads from above downwards, from the leading classes to the masses of the people." The higher education of the clergy, therefore, is an end towards the attainment of which, Joachim Pecci, whether as priest, as archbishop, as cardinal, or as Sovereign Pontiff, has ever and always directed the most sincere and the most persistent of his efforts. Later on, in studying his pontificate, we shall give this matter additional attention. It is, however, now well to show that, even previous to his election in 1878, Joachim Pecci made the thorough education of the clerical body an affair of constant solicitude. Even when simple Delegate to Umbria, and when Nuncio to Belgium, he cries out entreatingly that the priests of God's church, whilst bearing in one hand the gentle lily of moral innocence, must hold aloft in the other the bright torch of scientific learning.

It is, however, from his episcopal palace in Perugia that are proclaimed Archbishop Pecci's urgent demands for greater intellectual activity and greater proficiency amongst members of the clerical body. Well was he aware that, in order to fulfill properly their divine commission as light-bearers before men, "the clergy should lead in intellectual excellence as in holiness of life." Whilst practicing eminent sanctity, they should not, at the same time, neglect the serious study of human sciences, for said science "may aid in bringing the nations back to faith and health."

In a letter to his clergy, written some time during the year 1862, the Archbishop especially insists upon this more advanced intellectual culture. In our day "it is strictly the charge of the priest," says he, "to defend doctrine assailed, morality perverted, justice ignored. He must stand like a wall of brass in the path of inundating error and heresy spreading like a pestilence."
..... "Let every priest be, by his example, a pure and brilliant light, let him be, by his teaching, the salt of the earth,

and no difficulties can prevent his fulfilling, his ministry of reparation."

Whilst thus insisting upon a more thorough learning amongst his clergy, Archbishop Pecci took good care to place within easy reach of all aspirants to the sacred ministry the necessary means of acquiring that excellence he so eagerly sought. He considerably enlarged and otherwise materially improved his diocesan seminary, which "he was wont to call the apple of his eye," and raised its standard of education. He created new professorships and placed in the various chairs of the institution, men equally renowned for both learning and prudence, as well as for the happy knack of lucidly and convincingly imparting the science that they themselves had mastered. Moreover, the Archbishop, notwithstanding many and pressing duties, never failed to be present at the quarterly examinations held in his college and seminary, nor did it consider it beneath his dignity to act as one of the examiners. "He took an especial care to have his seminarians prepared on all subjects required by government examiners of candidates for academical degrees." Likewise, by holding splendid assemblies in which theses in philosophy and theology had to be publicly defended, he gave a great impulse to the study of these most sacred and most intellectual sciences. Indeed he spared no pains to firmly establish the fame of his seminary, not only throughout Umbria, but also in the neighboring provinces.

In the year 1872, Cardinal Pecci established in Perugia the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas, "a union of priests having for its object the special study of the works of the Angelic Doctor." A society so laudable in its object, could not fail to receive widespread approval, and, consequently, it was afterwards rightly deemed worthy of imitation in different other countries.

With the above facts before our eyes, well may we say, in the words of the Rev. B. O'Reilly, "that Archbishop Pecci's long episcopate of upwards of thirty-one years in Perugia was one continuous effort to lift up his priests to the sublime height of intellectual and spiritual perfection demanded by their calling and more particularly required by the crisis through which are passing, at the present time, all the institutions of Christianity."

But why go on multiplying examples to prove what is already clear? We have considered Joachim Pecci as simple priest, as Archbishop and as Cardinal; we have weighed his words, we have admired his actions; we have seen his efforts in behalf of primary education, we have studied briefly what he has done for higher education and the only conclusion we can arrive at is this: The most cherished object in Joachim Pecci's life-plan, even before his elevation to his present sublime dignity,—in that noble life-plan which, in his youth, he drew up, surrounded by the sanctity of God's presence,—is a profound devotedness to the cause of education. The limits of our paper have compelled us to be as brief as possible. We have brought forward some of the most noteworthy examples of Joachim Pecci's devotedness to the training of the young but there are many other examples that we have been forced to pass over unnoticed. Still what we have said is, we deem, sufficient for our purpose. In the pontificate which we shall now consider, we shall find still greater evidence of his zeal for higher intellectual perfection.

As might, without further argument, be easily supposed, the priest, the bishop, the cardinal who had manifested such profound attachment to works of education in a sphere necessarily limited, relaxed not a whit of his zeal in that grand cause when raised to the leadership of the universal church. On the contrary his exertions in that respect were increased proportionately as the compass of his authority was extended. What he had done in behalf of education for his countrymen amid the fair valleys of Umbria, that same work, but with greater power, and with greater unction, and with still more unsparing pains has he continued to do during the last twenty-one years, for the widely differing peoples of five continents.

The far-reaching extent of such a herculean task has not even for a moment unmanned him nor has fatigue ever caused him to falter in his onward march. The keen-sighted, prudent shepherd whose every sigh for thirty years had been for the moral and intellectual advancement of his dear Perugian flock, saw when raised to the Throne of the Fisherman a whole world-sick world prostrate at his feet begging for consolation and direction. During the space of almost a life-time in his hours of quiet meditation he had

examined the social and individual evils of our century. He had carefully measured their extent, sounded their cause, and calculated their remedy. Now that he is universal pastor, the time has come to put in practice the plans begotten of his observation and of his foresight. The firm conviction that all existing social and individual evils, are the outcome of a defective education, is made the starting point in his work of regeneration. In order to secure a betterment of public and private morals it is necessary first of all to reform, or at least improve the whole school system throughout the world. This is the end that Leo XIII has labored so unsparringly to attain. Is it any wonder that we have characterized this end as the fundamental item in his life-plan?

To record all that Leo XIII has accomplished for education during the past two decades would far out-measure the limits of a single essay. Let us note but a few striking examples of his devotedness to the best interests of the student members of his world-wide family, keeping in mind at the same time that there is many another memorial of his zeal which the restriction of our essay forbids us even to mention.

Again and again in his encyclicals, as well as in his other documents, this great Leo of our era has pointed out the nature and the obligation of a proper Christian education, and has insisted upon its adoption. And it is indeed remarkable that hardly a single letter or other paper of any kind in which it was at all possible to introduce the affair of education has been issued from the Vatican during the past score of years without having at least one paragraph devoted to this all-vital question. Indeed the subject has become so identified with the name of Leo XIII, that it might with propriety be called a part of his personality.

Over and over again has this illustrious Pontiff raised his voice in solemn warning against any system of mental training that would fain ignore the Creator in studying the strange phenomena of this beautiful universe. Country after country, government after government, statesman after statesman has been admonished from the Vatican not to make the training of youth consist merely in a soulless intellectual development. Leo XIII. has told the world and has moreover proved for the benefit of the incredulous, that if the schools be without God, the future nation

builders will in like manner be godless, and will eventually become the destroyers of that grand social structure of which, had they been completely educated they would have become the mainstay and the glory.

The Sovereign Pontiff's first encyclical bearing date, April 21, 1878, gives the keynote of his policy in regard to the bringing up of youth. Addressing the Bishops of the Universal Church he uses the following words: "The more active the enemies of religion are to teach the unlearned, the young especially, what clouds their intellect and clouds their morals, the more should you exert yourselves to establish not only a well adapted and solid method of instructing, but a method, in every way, both in letters and in discipline, in conformity with the Catholic Faith, especially as regards mental philosophy, on which the right teaching of all other sciences, in a great measure, depends—a philosophy such as shall prepare the way for divine revelation, instead of aiming at overturning it; which shall defend revealed truth, as in their writings, did the great Augustine, the Angelic Doctor, and the other teachers of Christian wisdom. The best way of training youth however—that which commences to preserve the integrity of both faith and morals—should begin from early childhood and in the Christian home."

The City of Rome being more immediately in contact with this great Pontiff's daily solicitude, has, for an educational standpoint benefited in an especial manner at his hands. Soon after his promotion to St. Peter's chair he had the education of the Roman Youth placed entirely under Papal control. Not a single boy or girl no matter of what rank or class or age, no matter how great his or her party might be, was neglected. The Papal funds come to the rescue where otherwise schools would have been forced through indigence to remain with closed doors.

It is however principally in the sphere of higher education that Rome has become glorious at Leo's hands. Since the time of Peter the Eternal City has truly been called the centre of Christianity, but Leo XIII has made it eminently the centre of all true intellectual activity. It is undoubtedly befitting that the city to which so many young Levites resort from all nations in order to obtain a profounder knowledge of the sacred sciences should

likewise provide what is best in literature, in art, and in every other branch of profane learning. We have seen how solicitous for the advanced education of the clergy was Joachim Pecci, when Archbishop of Perugia. Will he be less careful in this respect now that he is Sovereign Pontiff? Intellectual Rome in our day proves the contrary.

We read that one of Leo's first cares after his promotion to the See of Peter was to enlarge the Greek College in Rome, and to establish within its walls a more elevated course of studies. The object of this important step was the better training of the Greek clergy especially in divinity, liturgy, literature and music. A short time afterwards the same munificent mind carried into accomplishment an idea that had come down from Gregory XIII. by founding an Armenian College within the Eternal City. These are but two examples out of many, showing Leo's kindness to foreign students in Rome. The different other national colleges and schools in that city, for too numerous even to mention here, have each been benefited more or less greatly by his patronage.

In the year 1885 Leo XIII. gave a great impulse to the study of classical letters by establishing the Pontifical Institute of higher literature. This distinguished institution affords a thorough course of higher literary studies in Italian, Latin and Greek, and is provided with the very best professors to be found. In giving it existence His Holiness issued a letter from which we take the following words: "You understand perfectly," says he, "what we have often said, and not without good reason, that serious and continual efforts should be made to have the clergy distinguish themselves in all branches of knowledge. The needs of the present age imperatively require it. Intellectual culture advances so rapidly, and the appetite for learning is so insatiable that the clergy would find themselves at a disadvantage for the proper and fruitful discharge of their duties if they did not merit for their order the same reputation for intellectual culture of which other professions are so ambitious. This is why we have bestowed so much care and thought on the best methods of culture for our young seminarians."

The Seminario Romano, or school where are formed the diocesan clergy, has likewise, during the past few years, attained a

remarkable degree of eminence ; but there is another institution which claims still more strongly our notice. This is the great missionary school of the Propaganda; an institution which stands unequalled in the world, an institution from whose halls during centuries have gone forth bands of missionaries, devoted followers of Christ, all eager to spread the light of sound doctrine throughout the most unkind regions of the earth. Notwithstanding the material losses that this great school sustained by the iniquitous law of sequestration, it has kept up its grand brilliancy, aye, during Leo's Pontificate it has even gained in world-wide renown. It is still able to send forth its zealous, consecrated sons to the work of spiritual regeneration, and shall continue to do so until time shall cease to be.

Perhaps the greatest and most telling act of this Pontificate, in behalf of higher learning, was the solemn approval of St. Thomas Aquinas as the master and guide in true Christian philosophy. This restoration of pre-reformation, intellectual truth, and soundness of fundamental principles, was certainly, in the present spoiled age, when error and unbelief run rampant, a grand stroke of a master hand. In the year 1879, the encyclical by which the Angelic Doctor was thus proclaimed the leading spirit in the sphere of correct reason, and named "Patron of the Schools," was given to the world. It is perhaps the most masterly letter of its kind ever issued from the renowned halls of the Vatican. In this learned document, the Sovereign Pontiff insists upon the immense utility to be derived from sound philosophy, and points out how all other sciences depend in some measure upon philosophy for their very life. Following out an idea which we referred to, when studying Joachim Pecci as Archbishop of Perugia, the Holy Father traces all the false steps and lamentable disasters of our day to an anti-Christian intellectual training. According to his mind, if this fundamental evil be set aright, society will soon be entirely reformed. "If the intellect," says he, "be sound and firmly based on solid and true principles, its light will become the source of manifold benefits, both to the individual and to the community." This true philosophy will, however, in no way infringe upon the rights of other human sciences, neither need it encroach upon the sacred territory of divine faith. On the con-

trary it will be an aid to both of these treasures. The present age requires "a philosophical doctrine that has an equal regard for the rules of faith and the dignity of all human science."

The encyclical goes on to explain how philosophy may become the handmaid of faith by demonstrating from the resources of "her own intrinsic power," many of the undying truths upon which are based the life-edifice of Christianity. These truths comprise the existence of God, His creation and government of the world, as well as the nature and attributions of the Deity.

The letter next pays a glowing tribute to the memory of the Angelic Doctor ; it eulogizes his ability both as a scholar and as a teacher. Here are a few of its words regarding him : " Among the doctors of the (mediæval) schools, St. Thomas stands forth by far the first and the master of all. As Cajetan has remarked : ' because St. Thomas had a sovereign veneration for all the ancient doctors, he seems to have united in himself the intellectual powers of them all.' "

Soon after the publication of the above mentioned letter, as if to fortify his words by the power of example, Leo XIII established in Rome the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas. He, moreover, appointed learned men to prepare a new edition of the Saint's works. About the same time, he had the high schools of philosophy and theology throughout the eternal city enlarged and otherwise improved.

But let us leave intellectual Rome, now made brilliant by the greatest mind of modern times ; let us pass away from the historic banks of " Father Tiber " ; let us examine nations far removed from the old land of the Cæsars, and there, under foreign skies, let us see if we can find any trace of Leo's work in behalf of Christian education.

In the first place, the Armenians and Chaldeans are each greatly indebted to the Holy Father for his successful efforts to raise the standard of intellectual and moral culture in their respective countries. By sending amongst them devoted men and women, members of religious orders, who have there founded many schools, convents, and colleges, Leo XIII has made his memory dear to the hearts of those ancient Eastern peoples. But he is not satisfied with providing for them a mere primary educa-

tion, or one not in every respect equal to that obtainable in the Chief Western Seats of learning. On the contrary one of his most magnificent projects for the intellectual improvement of the East, is that of founding two great Central Universities, one in Athens and the other in Constantinople. Such a work, if carried out, would certainly give a mighty impulse to learning in Eastern Europe. No doubt the generosity of Catholics, the world over, will aid the Sovereign Pontiff in the accomplishment of this magnificent but costly undertaking.

Notwithstanding the close attention required by European and Asiatic affairs, the Holy Father's solicitude for educational progress is by no means confined to the Eastern Hemisphere. The Christian education of youth has received, on this side of the Atlantic, many proofs of his watchful care. Repeatedly has he addressed the Hierarchy of the United States and Canada on this subject, pointing out to them the dire results that most necessarily follow, sooner or latter, from pure intellectual culture void of religious training. His letter to the Canadian prelates on the vexed question of the Manitoba Schools supplies a striking remark worthy of being quoted. "One must at all cost," said he, "avoid as most pernicious, those schools wherein every form of belief is indifferently admitted and placed on an equal footing, as if, in what regards God and divine things, it was of no importance whether one believes rightly or wrongly, whether one follows truth or falsehood."

The Holy Father insisted particularly upon higher education being made a subject of careful consideration by those taking part in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Here is how he expresses to the Archbishop of Baltimore, upon learning of the resolve to establish a Catholic University in Washington: "It was a great satisfaction to Us to learn that you and your brother bishops have undertaken the noble work of building, as soon as possible, a Catholic University in America. Carried out by the initiative, the advocacy, and the watchful care of the Episcopal body, this work will render great service both to religion and to your country; it will shed lustre on the Catholic name and will conduce to the advancement of literature and the sciences."

Finally a proof of the Holy Father's deep interest in the promotion of more advanced studies here in Canada, we may refer to the many kind words and favors he has bestowed upon the University of Laval, and to the Canonical erection, in 1889, of Ottawa University.

Fain would we go on citing examples of Leo's untiring watchfulness over the education of the young, but our essay, already carried by the momentum of its subject, far beyond the limits of any ordinary reader's patience, must now be limited to a few summarizing remarks. From what has been said, and from the quotations that have been introduced, it is evident how dear to the Sovereign Pontiff is the skillful moulding of the souls of youth. He evidently recognizes it is God's most blessed work, and, being himself Christ's Vicar, he is determined that it shall be divinely carried out; that is to say, carried out in the spirit of faith.

As regards the sphere of higher knowledge, keeping in mind the words of Holy Writ that, "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch," he, as we have seen, insists upon the clergy's being keen-sighted guides, lights of the world, unrivalled examples of science and of virtue. He moreover demands that legislators and professional men, in a word, all those that may be called upon to fill a position of responsibility in society, should be thoroughly imbued with the sacred fundamental principles of Christianity. No nation, and hardly any ruler throughout the world, has Leo left unaddressed on the sacred subject of education. His watchword, like a drum-call to arms, has rounded the globe and echoed in the ears of millions. Listen to this watchword, and say what is the leading aim of the Holy Father's life: "The party that governs the schools governs the future. If society is to be sound—if it is to be made secure—religious instruction must go step by step along with intellectual development."

With good reason does the Grand Old Man of the Vatican consider the attainment of that perfection the main object of his existence. Clearly does his penetrating eye see into the future, into that future when another successor of St. Peter will occupy his exalted place, and when the prosperity of Christendom will depend on what is at present going on within the school-rooms.

No better conclusion to our essay can be found than the following words of the Holy Father, addressed a short time ago to the Catholic prelates of Canada. Speaking of how children should be trained, Leo XIII. says : " The formation of their character must be the result of principles which, deeply engraven on their consciences, will impose themselves on their lives as the natural consequences of their faith and religion, for without religion there is no moral education worthy of the name, none truly efficacious, seeing that the nature and force of all duties are derived chiefly from those special duties which bind man to God, who commands, who forbids, and who has appended a salvation to good or evil. Wherefore, to hope to have souls imbued with good morals, and at the same time to have them deprived of religion, is as senseless as to invite to virtue after having overthrown its very foundation."

B. J. MCKENNA, O.M.I., '96.



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JUNE, 1899.

No. 10

OUR NEW ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

Work on the new campus is being rapidly pushed forward. Already the site is levelled and partially sodded, and the grand stand is well under way of construction. The authorities are determined that Ottawa University will be able next year to boast of the possession of the finest athletic grounds in Canada, and to carry out their determination, they have calculated on expending on field, bicycle track and grand stand, the good round sum of \$15,000. All this holds out fair promises for an enthusiastic and successful (physically and financially) year for the O.U.A.A.

THE CZAR'S DISARMAMENT SCHEME.

When in future years, the Czar of Russia, glancing retrospectively over the discussion on the proposition for disarmament, muses on the verdict, which must inevitably be reached, that many nations regard his scheme as a Utopian idea, far in advance of the age, it will unquestionably be a source of gratification to him that it has been called by the flattering name of "peace conference." Yet it is our opinion that a very slight legitimate pride can be felt in the title. No gathering within our recollection has been so thoughtfully misnamed. The personnel of the Conference is not calculated to inspire the Catholic student with any large ideas of pen and ink peace. It comprises representatives of the largest nations of the day, whose possessions have been won through war, whose progress has been protected by armies and whose stability is guarded by them, while the one grand power in the world, which for nineteen hundred years has been the preacher of peace to all nations, the papacy, is not permitted to participate. A peace conference without peace advocates is an anomaly. Although the men gathered at the Hague may be peaceful, this quality in the individual does not make the conference one for the advancement of peace. Thus it is that the Czar's gathering is misnamed. It would be more in keeping with propriety to call it the "Disarmament Convention." This would be thoroughly up to date, like modern diplomacy, in that it gives a clear idea of what is to be discussed, but no hint whatever of what is to be accomplished. The doings of the delegates, so far as reported up to the present, have had very little bearing on disarmament. None of the nations participating is known to have instructed its delegates with any plans for bringing about a reduction of armament, and on account of the extreme cautiousness with which the matter must be approached, it is doubtful if any definite proposal will be submitted. However, since this is the primary object of the meeting, the initiator of the scheme may not let the opportunity pass without making some offer, but unless the Czar's representatives take the matter in hand, it is not likely that any of the other delegates will introduce it. Even in the event of Russia's submitting a plan, it is altogether improbable that any decision, looking to a reduction of armament, will be reached. It seems agreed among the delegates that the

time is not yet come, when war, as a means of settling national disputes, can be dropped, and there is no country willing to acknowledge itself incompetent in this direction. Thus, war being decreed to remain, the only thing which the conference can hope to do, is to mitigate in some degree its horrors. But even on this point the convention seems destined to be barren of results. Several suggestions have been made looking to the prohibition of such instruments of wholesale destruction as war balloons, and the securing a nation's commerce against interference, but all have been rejected. There is only one other point, which is now attracting their earnest attention, on which the conference may hope to accomplish any worthy result, namely, arbitration. The British and American delegates are acting unitedly to have some measure adopted, which will require all minor national disputes to be settled by a tribunal consisting of representatives of the disputants and a third uninterested party. It is confidently expected that something will be done in this direction. But if the conference should fail to agree on a plan of arbitration, it will then disband without accomplishing anything worthy of note.

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Editorial Notes.

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A handsome monument, weighing $7\frac{1}{4}$ tons, has been erected to the memory of the late Sir John Thompson in Holy Cross Cemetery, Halifax, where his mortal remains are laid at rest.

* * *

“The Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, M. P., Sovereign Grand Master of of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America (we give the full title of His Most Serene Grandeur), views with not a little alarm the agitation lately set on foot to have certain clauses, objectionable to Catholics, struck out of the Coronation Oath. In an address to Orangemen at Toronto the other day, he waxed eloquent over the supposed menace to Protestantism contained in the movement, and warned his hearers against it. Mr. Wallace's appeal to the brethren was strong in declamation, but singularly weak in argument. Who, he asked, in the past sixty-two years, since our

beloved sovereign ascended the throne, had suffered in conscience or in liberty because of the phraseology of the Coronation Oath? But who says that any body has so suffered? The question, with its implied answer, is quite beside the purpose. It is as if you should complain of the insulting terms in which a person addressed you, and he should seek to justify himself by pointing out that he had never slapped your face for you, or kicked you down stairs! Another attempt at argument on the Grand Master's part, was equally futile. What guarantee was there, he demanded, that, if Catholics had their way in this instance, would they not next be found assaulting the very citadel of Protestantism, clamoring for the repeal of the clause which provides that none but a Protestant shall succeed to the throne of Great Britain? To this there is a threefold answer. First, the mere fact that the sovereign should be Protestant is no injury to Catholic subjects; the objectionable clauses in the Coronation Oath are both an insult and an injury to them. Secondly, so long as the vast majority of British subjects continue to be Protestants and a single Orangemen is left to put them in mind of their duty, the Protestant succession is secure against all assault. Thirdly, does not the Right Worshipful Sovereign Grand Master of all the Orangemen of British North America see that he surrenders his whole position in using this argument? For if Protestantism as a religion is so bound up with the succession to an earthly throne that it will be put in jeopardy unless the same succession be kept unbroken — well, even Clarke Wallace has logic enough to draw the necessary inference.—*The Antigonish Casket.*

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From the Liverpool *Catholic Times* we clip the following glowing words on the celebrated Father Lemius, O.M.I., and on the National Basilica of Montmartre :

“At the close of an eloquent sermon there was another voice from another part that rose, exhorted, and filled the building. This was that of the Rev. Pere Lemius, the Superior, who, from his bench, surrounded by his clergy, addressed the members of his pilgrimage of Notre Dame. It was a voice that thrilled, electrified and commanded, mightily by its own power and also by the

force of persuasion and conviction inherent in this Oblate of Mary now in charge of the National Basilica. What Cardinal Newman says of music as having its first home in Heaven is especially true of the human voice. Were not man brother to the angels he could not with his voice move the hearts of his fellowmen and raise their souls to God. Some of Pere Lemius' words on this occasion lingered on the ear. "O Mary, our Mother," he exclaimed, "make us your own in order that we may better understand Jesus!" "O, Heart of Mary, inflame us with your charity in order that we may the better love the Divine Master!" A procession of men followed, which to those who knew Lourdes, was like a glimpse of a scene in the Pyrenean city. Each man carried a lighted taper. The effect was a double line of light encircling the interior of the building and lengthy enough to encircle it and fill at the same time its centre aisle. At intervals came banners with inscriptions, and at close intervals the French tri-color flag displaying the emblem of the Sacred Heart. The scene was vivid, inspiring and intensely religious. When the Blessed Sacrament had passed and the men had fallen into their places, Pere Lemius ascended the pulpit. The scene that followed was as impressive as the one of light and color that had just preceded it, while words simply uttered, but uttered by thousands as if with one voice, were as grand and soul-stirring as the volume of music, vocal and instrumental, that a few seconds before had been filling the building. There was an infection of intensity and fervor in the manner in which invocations given forth from the pulpit were repeated by the immense congregation. "Hosanna to the Son of David," uttered three times by Pere Lemius, was echoed three times by those below, even to the furthest recesses of the building. And so with the other invocations as "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," and "Heart of Jesus save France," and "Lord forgive our profanation of the Sabbath." At the "Parce Nobis Domine" the arms of the occupant of the pulpit were extended in the form of a cross. The congregation were told to extend theirs also. They did so, men and women remaining in this position during the recital of the recital of the penitential psalm. It was a scene and a moment poignant and pathetic. The building around as the framework of this human *tableau* seemed at the moment old and venerable. How

is it that the Church of the National Vow though not yet complete appeals to us already with the dignity of age and of history? Perhaps it is partly because of the hopes, prayers and offerings of so many thousands of Catholics that have already entered into its composition. Though it has not yet received from age that Golden Stain of time, of which speaks Ruskin, it has answered to other conditions set down by our great art critics as necessary to mighty works in building. "Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever," says the author of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." The builders of the basilica of Montmartre have done so. The very cement with which its massive blocks are consolidated together is no ordinary plaster, but a composition becoming with time almost as hard as iron. Its foundations, on which many millions of francs have been expended, descend so far into the earth that, were the martyrs' hill itself to give way and the houses upon it to be scattered, the Church of the National Vow would still stand solid and erect.



Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY.

WHAT THE WORD "LITERATURE" MEANS.



At the recent annual banquet of the Canadian Press Association, Mr. W. A. Fraser made an address on Literature which reflects great credit upon him both as a man and as an author. Referring to the subject matter of his discourse he, with rare but becoming humility, said:

"About literature I know very little—in fact I'm almost inclined to quarrel with the very word literature itself. If I could find a strong Saxon word to replace it I would never use it at all. Literature, as a generic term for concrete thoughts of men done into the cold, unsympathetic world of black and white, has much too soft a ring. It is suggestive of dilettanteism, of Lake Como in everlasting sunshine. It is trippingly sweet. We speak glibly of literature, and feel, somehow, as though we had given our boots an extra rub with the brush of fine culture. What we need here in Canada, and for the matter of that, wherever the elongated, crimson-dotted postage-stamp goes, is a literature that abounds in stories of strong, true, beautiful deeds.

But above all else we must have truth. We are strong, rugged people.....

"It is almost impossible to separate the idea of Truth and Strength. The student who enters the university of literature should behold in large letters of gold the twin words, "Truth" and "Strength".....Our poets must be strong and truthful— rather than giving all their thoughts to finish and light-tripping metre. If we may hope for a Canadian Bobbie Burns, the man with the God-gift of song born in him, we must teach our children to live close to Nature, and never shake off her simplicity. And our own prose-writers, our story-tellers must go armed in Truth and Strength if they would scale the cold glacier of criticism. Our newspaper writers and editors, for in their hands is more of literature than the people who talk so smoothly about it would have us believe, stand in Canada far in the vanguard of Truth and Strength. Their work is clean and wholesome and virile.....We should foster a literature that will be placed on our shelves, and which will hand down to posterity the good and true things this young generation is doing, and their forefathers did before them."

Now, I venture to hold all this is well and bravely said by Mr. Fraser. Daniel Webster justly remarked that literature became the free institutions of America. It is the graceful ornament of civil liberty, the great orator declared, and a happy restraint on the asperities which political controversies sometimes occasion. These thoughtful sayings of Daniel Webster admit of being applied in their entirety to the Canada of to-day. If we have not a better and broader native literature, our political institutions, which leave every Canadian a free man, are in no wise to blame, but rather the nothingness in which our professional writers, especially our poets, for the most part live. Any teacher who directs our writers to Truth and Strength, as their great requisites, is a national benefactor.

I do not quite agree with Mr. Fraser, though, when he makes finish a matter of secondary importance. Crude literature is never popular literature nor is it literature that lives. Cannot we have a true, strong literature expressed in conformity with the best literary canons? Neither Sir Galahad, the true and pure, or Samson, the powerful, could afford to go about without suitable dress; nor can literature, however true and strong it may be, afford to dispense with grammar, prosody and rhetoric. Let us by all means have strength and truth but let us also have becom-

ing literary style. I doubt if artistic finish is not as necessary to literature as are truth and strength.

The following from Mr. Fraser is neatly put, and aims at a fault in some recent Canadian stories, which has already been condemned in these columns.

"So far literature has done little for Canada. She is the "Lady of the Snows" the abode of wicked French Priests, who are only kept from ruining everybody by the gallantry of the hero. I have seen some of these French Priests, and never saw but good of their work. In the far North West a good French Priest, Father Lacomb, has labored among the Indians as though they were his own children, for a lifetime: A sweet-faced old gentleman he is now, and all he has for his long life of hardship and exposure is the knowledge he has tried to do his Master's bidding. I think he has done it. But literature passes him, and builds a romance in which the central figure is a wicked priest.

The great Northwest is a land of blizzards, peopled by bad Indians. I wanted to do some blizzard business myself, and started to get the genesis of those frozen siroccos. I asked people about them, and I wrote to people about them. I found only one man who had been in a true blizzard, and he was too badly frightened to remember anything about the physical aspect of the thing. It was like a hunt for the sea serpent. They are as rare as literature has taught us they are plentiful."

Weak persons cannot be sincere. I do not suppose many of our Canadian popular novelists are overburdened with strength. In asking them to dispense with stage-thunder, I fear Mr. Fraser is asking them far too much. As to our poets, it is really of little importance what they write, since their poetry is little read. Perhaps, the good seed which Mr. Fraser is sowing will be harvested by our rising generations. The exceptions to wicked priests is well taken. Description of vile clergymen of any denomination makes repulsive reading for respectable people. The ideal literature for Canada is described by Mr. Fraser as follows :

"What we want is realism, a modern realism that will let the world see us as we are—a strong, healthy, growing nation; full of life, and aspirations, and determination; and through it all you may weave the golden thread of love if you like, for all that is founded on love is good and true. The literature of Christ was *all* love.

"Let us have a literature that will deal with the problems of life as it is, not of a life that is dead and obsolete, and of which no man may speak with certainty, a literature that will bring the classes to a

better understanding of each other and each other's needs—not that will bring them together, for that is an Utopian realization that would only bring disaster; rather that will keep them lovingly apart; teach them not to plot against each other, but to know that each one in his allotted place is the order of the universe."

Mr. Fraser would have realism that is founded on the real, but he would not have the realism of the multiplication table. Mere facts never make a work of art. Earth, air, sky, things and people are facts; group them and you will not of necessity have a masterpiece. Facts have been compared to the different blocks of a mosaic, but they are useless until the hand of genius touches and combines them into a work of art. Art in all its technical manifestations is but the expression of thought and feeling. The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something and then tell what it sees in a plain and positive way. Such were the old prophets, such are poets, musicians and painters. The starting point of genius is its original discovery, and the second step is its interpretation to the world.

Mr. Fraser declares we have a great field for our story-writers in the Northwest. There is local color in abundance, he says, and the color of God, which is the beauty of the universe. This is profoundly true. But why go the Northwest for local color? Is there no local color here in Ontario? I venture to think there is in abundance? In fact, the born story-teller can find rich material for a romance almost everywhere. But where the color is, the eye of artistic observation is wanting for the present. After all, genius is only a way of looking at things.

I was so pleased with Mr. W. A. Fraser's address that I longed for a closer intellectual acquaintance, and forthwith laid hands upon all of his writings I could procure. They did not disappoint, I found his stories interesting, pleasant, and well turned. His realism is so far from being repulsive it is actually attractive, and his plots are well and carefully balanced. Mr. Fraser may be confidently regarded as an author who will expand with time and practice and whose message is true, noble, and elevating.

VALEDICTORY.



THE present issue of this REVIEW brings its first volume to a close, and also marks the completion of this series of Literary Notes. A word at parting from their compiler may, therefore, be considered not out of place.

That the lot of the compiler of the notes has throughout been made pleasant, not alone by the editors of the REVIEW, who have allowed him practically to do as he pleased and follow his own bent, but also by the readers, is a fact that stirs the warm feelings of his heart. To the exchanges and newspapers his thanks are also due, as they have invariably been liberal of kind allusions and sympathetically helpful suggestions. Editors and readers are, consequently, hereby sincerely tendered the heartfelt thanks of the compiler, in whose editorial cushion not one among them all has ever sought to place a single thorn.

The functions of criticism are to taste, to appreciate, to compare. Bearing this principle in mind, the aim of the compiler of the notes has been to study men and ideas for the purpose of finding, not what they might have been, but what they really are, and what makes them so. How far he has been successful in working along these lines during the past year, is certainly not for him to say. He looked for the true and strove to be himself true. He tried to make his criticism comprehensive without being tedious, but he has a haunting suspicion that in the latter effort he has sometimes ignominiously failed. Beyond laying to heart the flattering unction of constant good intentions and the apparent satisfaction of his readers, he does not propose to puzzle his head by endeavoring to establish the exact amount of good (if any) achieved; for, truth to tell, he sets no very high value on literary criticism, whether good or bad. Instead of reading articles about books, the compiler of the notes would have his friends read the books themselves. Literature is one of the chief vitalizing forces of society, and its various aspects and relative proportions should be studied, not under the concentrated rays of a simple focus, but by the side-lights of history, science, and art. In other words, literature is a life-study, and, provided his taste be wholesome, happy is he who thus regards it, and takes pleasure in its various

narrations. The compiler is aware that persons with morbid tastes may injure their minds by indiscriminate fiction and poetry reading. So, also, may individuals whose minds constantly crave political excitement, entertain socialistic views, or cry anarchy in the race of order. When all that can be advanced against reading has been said, the compiler still keeps on repeating, read good books, and read the books themselves, not the work of the commentators. He is chiefly actuated to speak with some insistence, by knowing that literature is the best manifestation of a nation's mind. The importance of reading books, instead of books about books has been dwelt upon time and again in these Notes, and if his younger readers have, by unusual good fortune imbibed an idea of the far-reaching influences that flow from a direct acquaintance with, and knowledge of books; themselves, the compiler feels he can justly claim that his labor has not been lost, and can indulge himself in a limited gratification while, so far as criticism and this Review are concerned, laying down his pen forever.

THE END.



Of Local Interest.

By W. P. EGLESON.

The formation of two cadet corps in our midst is the latest addition to the list of college organizations. A short time ago the matter was taken in hand by Rev. Brother Boyer, O. M. I., and it is to his labor and energy that we can now boast of having two perfectly organized and well-drilled companies of Cadets, 45 students in each. Rifles, bayonets and other necessary accoutrements have been procured and drill takes place regularly. As yet no uniform has been decided upon, but it is the intention of the committee in charge, to secure a handsome uniform for next fall. The officers are the following :—

and considerable interest centered in the event. The feeling was perhaps increased by the fact of our opponents' hailing from the ranks of the O.A.A.C., whose representatives are always sure of a spirited argument when they line up against the "garnet and grey." Legris made his first appearance as pitcher and did satisfactory work. Taken as a whole the team play was very weak, the score being the result more of the errors by opponents than of brilliant plays by the local nine.

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VARSIITY, 6.—HULL, 5.

A splendid exhibition of ball playing was given in Hull, on May, 20th. The play of both teams was well nigh faultless. At the end of the seventh inning, the score stood 5-5, and so it remained till the end of the eleventh when college succeeded in making the winning run. The college battery Allard and Morin were mainly responsible for the victory. Allard's record of fourteen struck out, is certainly very flattering for a young pitcher in his first game.

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VARSIITY 11.—HULL 10.

The return game with Hull was played on the College grounds, on May 24th. The College team was the same as played in the opening game, with the exception of O'Connell who was replaced by Saunders. The first inning looked all college. Legris commenced hostilities by striking out the first three men at bat. This evidently created the impression among our players that they were on the field merely as ornaments to enhance the beauty of the green sward for the delectation of the occupants of the grand stand; Kearney, Ruane and McGuire alone seeming to have a faint suspicion of their duty on the diamond. The inevitable followed; the pitcher left without support fell an easy victim. This state of affairs continued till the sixth inning found Hull well in the lead. Then Allard went into the box, and for the remainder of the game, the spectators were treated to a first class exhibition of baseball and a proverbial College finish: O. U., 11—Hull, 10.

 VARSITY, 22.—O.A.A.C., 2.

On June 3rd, College met the O.A.A.C. team on the grounds of the last named organization, and contrary to all rules of etiquette, persisted in pounding the homepitcher all over the length and breadth of the spacious Metropolitan oval. The boys played splendid ball and had their opponents at their mercy from the first inning. The score: College, 22—O.A.A.C., 2, speaks more eloquently than words.

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VARSITY, 11.—C. O. F., 10.

The C. O. F. team was the next aggregation to try conclusions with Varsity. The beginning of the game looked as if our boys intended to exercise a charitable spirit towards their opponents. It was certainly a highly laudable spirit considering the fact that three of the C. O. F. team, Lafleur, Codd, and Guillet were College veterans both in baseball and football, but a few words from the manager convinced the players that their opponents being old Ottawa College men were out of win. The remainder of the game, which was fast and scientific finished with College in the lead by one run.

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VARSITY, 29.—C. O. F., 6.

The return match was played on June 10th. College was represented by the same team as on the previous Saturday, while C. O. F. sadly missed the services of Codd at second base. Feauteaux, the opposing pitcher, proved an easy mark for the batters.

 NOTES.

That basso profundo rendered by the short-stop was heard to advantage in the wilds surrounding the Met's grounds.

"Cut the plate in halves," said Fred. C. Chittick, "we will gather in everything that comes to the outfield." And forthwith Allard, taking heart, planted the sphere among the cabbages at the other side of the fence.

The Eastern League magnate employe. his spare time in locating the spare balls that went over the fence.

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Just a word in this the last issue of the year '98-99, concerning the work of next fall. The first event of interest in athletic circles will be the opening of the new grounds and grand stand by a gala day. Valuable prizes will be awarded to successful competitors. The committee of management is already at work to make the tournament the most successful that has ever been carried out under the auspices of the O.U.A.A. Remember, boys, there are premiums for all; first, second and third prizes in each class, and three classes in every event, so that it behooves each and every candidate to return to college early enough to be in prime condition for the date fixed September 30th.

