

# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
John Henry Cardinal Newman.....	262
Poetry:	
To Cardinal Newman.....	266
Newman and the Tractarian Movement.....	267
Poetry:	
Lead, Kindly Light.....	275
Newman as a Catholic.....	276
Poetry:	
After Reading "Lead Kindly Light".....	282
Newman The Poet.....	283
Newman Love for Ireland.....	289
Poetry:	
Prayer of Gerontius.....	295
John Henry and Francis William Newman.....	296
Newman's "Idea of a University".....	300
Poetry:	
The Guardian Angel's Victory.....	305
Newman and Matthew Arnold.....	306
Editorials:	
The Queen.....	309
The Newman Centenary.....	310
Is It Bigotry?.....	311
Various.....	313
Exchanges.....	313
Athletics.....	315
Of Local Interest.....	320

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CARDINAL NEWMAN.

February 21st, 1801, - February 21st, 1901.

(Courtesy of Federal Press Co.)

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# University of Ottawa REVIEW

No. 6

FEBRUARY, 1900.

Vol. III

“Raffaelle is said to have thanked God that he lived in the days of Michael Angelo; there are scores of men I know, there are hundreds and thousands I believe, who thank God that they have lived in the days of John Henry Newman.”

Lord Coleridge.

## JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

## A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.



JOHN Henry Newman was born in London, 21 February 1801. His father an English Episcopalian, was a banker, and his mother whose family name was Fourdrinier was of Huguenot descent. At an early age, he was sent to a private school at Ealing. While yet a boy he exhibited the future bent of his mind, poetry, religious controversy and theology, delighting more in these things than in his sports and pastimes.

Newman entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1816 but on account of the failure of his father's bank two years later, he had to rush his course, taking a scholarship, but without honors, early in 1820. In 1823, the quiet and retiring student was elected Fellow of Oriel College, but his father's death, in the same year, cast a gloom over his joy. For the next three years, his views were greatly influenced by Dr. Hawkins, Vicar of St. Mary's and then for several years by Dr. Whately, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, both of whom greatly improved his young mind. Ordained in 1824, his rise was now rapid, being curate of St. Clemens in '24, Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall in '25, Tutor of Oriel in '26 and Vicar of St. Mary's Oxford in '28. In 1826 he published his first book, an essay on Apollonius Tyraneus, and preached his first University sermon. In 1828 his public life really began, his influence at Oxford now commencing. He was engaged on his book the "Arians of the Fourth Century" from 1830-32, and at the end of this latter year, he gave up tutorial work and left with Hurrell Froude for a Mediterranean journey. During this trip the great majority of his shorter poems, including the world famed, "Lead Kindly, Light" were composed. They returned home in the summer of '33 to find that a movement against "the antidogmatic spirit of the day," a movement now called Oxford or Tractarian, was about to begin. Newman joining it started a series of "Tracts for the Times," and as they progressed it was seen that they aimed at a new reformation, which was to make the English

Church a *Via Media*, which would avoid the errors both of Papacy and popular Protestantism. A new school was soon created and Pusey, already an influential person, was made leader. Newman's idea of the *Via Media* is seen both in his Tracts and in "The Prophetic Office of the English Church," written 1834-6. The death of Hurrell Froude in 1836 not only cut off the foremost in the race to Rome—for Rome, though the leaders did not themselves know it, must be the ultimate end of the movement—but cut off also Newman's dearest friend. From 1838 to '41 Newman was editor of the "British Critic" which became the organ of the movement. In February '41, appeared Newman's famous Tract No. 90, in which he stretched the Thirty-Nine Articles as far as possible towards Catholicity. The Tract was condemned by the University but the Anglican bishops decided that if Newman would stop the series they would not condemn it. Newman stopped the series and resigned his place in the movement, retiring to Littlemore, but acting upon the advice of his friends kept St. Mary's. Though Newman wished to be alone, a party soon gathered around him and he was as influential as ever; and now the Anglican bishops, in spite of their agreement one after another condemned Tract No. 90. Meanwhile Newman was drifting further and further from Anglicanism, the Jerusalem Bishopric Affair in '41 being in reality his Anglican death bed. In 1843 he made a formal retraction of all he had said against the Catholics, and resigned St. Mary's. In 1844 he published his "Annotated Translation of Athanasius," upon which he had been engaged for three years. In 1845 he commenced his essay on "The Development of Christian Doctrine, and before it was finished he became convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church and immediately joined it. The effect of his conversion was immense. Gladstone considers the loss the Anglicans sustained by it, even greater than that caused by Wesley's defection. Newman's works during the Oxford or Protestant portion of his life, include besides those mentioned ten volumes of sermons and some treatises.

Newman left Oxford in 1846 for Oscott where he met Dr (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman. He then went to Rome where after a short preparation he joined the order of St. Philip Neri. Several of his companions who had followed him to the Church,

likewise joined the order, and he established an Oratory in Maryvale, which next year, 1868, was moved to Birmingham. Here he devoted himself to the service of the poor. In 1848 Newman published "Loss and Gain," a tale of an Oxford conversion far different from his own. Next year the cholera having broken out Newman and his friend Ambrose St. John voluntarily fought that dreadful plague. Newman's "Sermons to Mixed Congregations" in the same year, "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties" in 1850, and "Present Position of Catholics in England," in '51 greatly increased his reputation as an author. The Achili case in this latter year serves to show how greatly British justice may miscarry even in this enlightened age. In 1852 Newman became rector of the Catholic University of Dublin and there published his "Idea of a University," and in '53, "Callista," a story of the early Christians. In 1860 he returned to the Oratory at Birmingham where he remained till his death. In 1864 he was the object of an attack by Kingsley, being charged among other things of preaching and practicing equivocation and of being a Catholic in disguise for many years at Oxford. To refute these and similar charges, Newman published his "Apologia pro Vita Sua," a history of his religious opinions, the most popular of all his books. It is considered that this book did more to create a good feeling between Protestants and Catholics in England than anything else written during that century. In 1868 he published his wonderful "Dream of Gerontius" which marks him as one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. Two years later he published his "Grammar of Assent."

A letter to his bishop in which he doubted the expediency of the promulgation of Papal Infallibility, then being thought of at Rome, having surreptitiously got into print, was misunderstood and misrepresented by many. In 1875 Gladstone having publicly attacked the doctrine, was answered by Newman, in his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," his last work. This same year died Ambrose St. John, Newman's bosom friend for about a quarter of a century. In 1877 Newman published a revised edition of his works, some thirty-seven volumes, his misstatements in his Protestant works being corrected in foot-notes. The religious tests being abolished at Oxford, Newman was elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, which he next year, 1878, visited.

But a far greater honor now awaited him. In 1879, Leo XIII, climaxed Newman's public life by making him a Prince of the Church ; and when he received the red hat in Rome, not only his friends and co-religionists but the whole English speaking world, joined in congratulations and well wishes to the new cardinal.

This was Newman's last appearance in public life and surrounded by his devoted Oratorians he lived in retirement at Birmingham till his death, August 9th, 1890. Newman may be considered in three ways, as a man, as an author, as an ecclesiastic. As a man, he was singularly noble and great ; as an author, he was a wonderful poet and probably the greatest master of English prose ; as an ecclesiastic, he was England's greatest son of the Church.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, O. S. A.





## TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

(BORN FEBRUARY 21ST, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND ONE.)



HE Centenary of thy birth we keep,  
 O thou whose soul serene drew all to thee  
 In honor high, in reverent love and deep,  
 Thy name by Memory held must ever be.

Thy genius unto goodness handmaid serv'd.  
 For thee nor sweets of ease, nor shapes of power  
 Thy purpose firm, thy judgment right e'er swerv'd.—  
 So vain and brief—'twere fleetness of an hour.

The heights eternal were the goal e'er sought,  
 Within that calm thy gentle spirit dwelt ;  
 In that pure ether were such labors wrought  
 As kindle souls to ardors seldom felt.

Majestic Newman ! solitary there  
 Thou sitt'st enthron'd before whose gifts we bow :  
 The contemplation of the summits where  
 Thy excellence attain'd brings blessings now.

'Tis thus that from thy urn thou holdest sway  
 O'er realms of thought beyond thy English shore ;  
 Dispelling doubt thy kindly light to-day  
 Thro' mists of Death still cheereth men the more.

And thou art Truth's and she for e'er is thine ;  
 The blessed guide of all thy mortal way  
 In turn, now holds thee close in bliss divine.  
 No " Night is dark."—It is Eternal Day.

Thou noble son, for whom fond Earth hath tears,—  
 Thou wert her scholar, poet, sage and saint—  
 Forget her not thro' all the heavenly years,—  
 With need of hers do thou our God acquaint.

—F. F. GREY.

Ottawa, Ont., February, 1901.



CARDINAL NEWMAN

“From one of his last photographs”.

(Courtesy of Federal Press Co.)

## NEWMAN AND THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.



FROM the anniversary of Newman's birth cannot be dissociated the recollection of one of the most important crises in the ecclesiastical annals of the English speaking world, a crisis so mighty in its results that not only has it been the means of snatching from Anglicanism many of her choicest sons, but its pulsation is felt to this very time and is daily drawing thousands to the one true fold of Christ.

To trace the life of John Henry Newman from his thirty-second to his forty-fifth year, is but to narrate the history of this crisis, the great Tractarian Movement; for though it is true that the Movement was a principle of action breaking out in different places and attracting to itself minds of widely different character, rather than a regularly organized party, still it must be admitted that in Newman was recognized its great chieftain guiding spirit.

A brief glance at the condition of religion in England during the first two decades of the late century will not fail to reveal the real cause of this remarkable movement. Anglicanism had reached the lowest ebb to which it had ever been its lot to sink. Attacked by corruption within and a host of enemies without, its total ruin seemed inevitable. The absence of religious belief among the bishops, the neglect of duty by the clergy, its treatment by the government as a mere creature of the state, the progress of secularism in the suppression of religious thought, all these were but a few of the circumstances that pointed to the certain conquest of Anglicanism by infidelity. Hence it is that Arnold was led to say, "The Church, as it now stands, no human power can save."

But at Oxford was a number of men of eminent abilities and deep piety who were endued with the desire of averting this ruin and restoring the church of their country to the position she held during the 17th century when they believed her to have taught the doctrines of the primitive church.

Among the many causes that conduced to this notion of a reformation within the Establishment was the peculiar mould of education at Oxford together with the revival of Catholic teaching

by certain professors of the University. And, as if to aid this on, was the appearance, in 1827, of Keble's *Christian Year*. This work, coming at a time when religious feeling had well nigh faded out of the land, awakened thousands of hearts to the love of the beauty and truth in religion. Newman has called it "the most soothing, tranquillizing, subduing work of the day." Keble found Anglicanism stripped of all devotional forms, ritual and ceremony trampled on, prayer a jumble of meaningless words. All this was to be renovated, and to this end the *Christian Year* was in no small degree instrumental. It threw over the Anglican Church a glow of sentiment, concealed its shortcomings, and endowed it with a beauty such as it had never before had. Moreover, by inculcating Catholic principles, it paved the way for the great Movement. It was not, however, until 1833 that the Movement actually took rise in the appearance of the Tracts for the Times which were planned, edited, and, in most part, written by Newman.

The immediate occasion of the Tracts was found in an action of the Government subjecting the Establishment to the influence of the State. Their aim was to battle against the secularizing influence of the State and the inroads of liberalism also to ward off the errors (?) of Rome. At first the idea of the Tracts was deprecated by some of the "red-tape" men, who advocated organized association as a better means than individual action in protecting the interests of the Church. Fortunately, however, Newman, supported by Hurrell Froude and Keble, was unwilling to give way to their plan and persisted in the publication of the Tracts. Since the object of the Tracts, as noted above, was to do battle against liberalism, the religious tepidity of Anglicans and "popery," the principles on which they rested, were, as Newman tells us in his *Apologia*, dogma, "a visible Church with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace," and lastly, hostility towards Rome for having corrupted the faith. With the solid establishment of these principles was to be averted the doom that hung over Anglicanism. Little did Newman and his fellows think that the first two of these principles had their only logical issue in that Church against which they preached antagonism. But it was not to the Tracts alone that Newman looked for the attainment of

reform. It is almost a truism that literature by itself has no very potent influence on the actions of men unless it be supplemented by oral teaching to dispose their minds for its reception. But how was this teaching to be effected? The class-rooms and lecture-halls at Oxford were closed against all teachers "tainted" with Tractarianism. The University pulpit was usually filled by men most bitter in their denunciation of the "Romanizers," so that even should a Tractarian have the opportunity of expounding his doctrines before the student-body his work was soon undone by the more frequent occupants of the pulpit.

But despite all plans to prevent it, this teaching was effected and its great instrument was the pulpit at St. Mary's Church, to which Newman succeeded when he became a fellow of Oriel. The congregation that filled this church every Sunday morning was made up of the members of the University. But no sooner had this audience quitted the building than another poured in. This second audience though supposedly the parishoners of St. Mary's was largely composed of the students of the University, young men drawn on by the irresistible charm that surrounded Newman. From his lips, Sunday after Sunday, they imbibed the principles of the Movement; and fired with zeal and piety by his words they were prepared to go forth after graduation, fully equipped to fight for the doctrines of Tractarianism. Thus by means of the Tracts and the pulpit, the Movement had been making silent and almost unnoticed progress until the year 1835.

At this time it attained great importance and success from the accession of Dr. Pusey who at once secured it a name and position. His character and learning, his position and family, gave the Movement such a front that the party has often gone by his name. It was not, however, in its exterior aspect only that the Movement was benefited by Dr. Pusey, for his influence within was soon felt and led to a very material change in the character of the Tracts. Newman tells us that the Tracts of the first year "when collected into a volume had a slovenly appearance." After Pusey's advent all this changed. The Tracts began to be longer and more solid and were marked with greater sobriety and painstaking. It was also due to his example that the Movement assumed a position of defence. Newman at once set to work to

prepare an explanation of the relation in which Tractarianism stood with "Romanism" on the one side and popular Protestantism on the other. And this he has given in *The Prophetical Office of the Church*, which was an attempt to establish in a positive, living form the religion which he believed to be founded on the doctrines of the primitive Church and to which he gave the name *Via Media*. The *Via Media* was to be a third system cutting between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. It was a goodly edifice, but like all religious systems that owe their origin to man, was destined to topple over. Some religious sects have succeeded in prolonging their existence through several centuries. Not so, however, was it to be with the creature of Newman's brain.

During the summer of 1839 he was engaged in the study of the Monophysite heresy of the fifth century when he was struck with the first doubt of the tenableness of Anglicanism. The *Via Media* began to shake.

It was just about this time also that an article on "*The Donatist Schism*" from the pen of Mgr. Wiseman appeared in the *Dublin Review*. Going back to the fifth century Wiseman found an exact prototype of the Anglican Church of the 19th century. The Donatists, a schismatic sect of Africa, claimed to hold the true faith and declared the rest of the Church to be in error. Such was the claim of the *Via Media* in the 19th century. Having established the parity between the Donatists and the Anglicans, Wiseman applied to the latter the principle by which the former were condemned. This principle so necessary for the existence of the church was expressed by St. Augustine in the words: "*Quapropter securus judicat orbis terrarum, bonas non esse qui se dividunt ab orbis terrarum, in quacumque parte orbis terrarum.*" The prime requisite for membership in the Church, is recognition by the rest of the Catholic world. In a word, membership in the Church supposes communion with the Roman see. To dwell on the parallel between the different points of the Donatist and Anglican positions, would, though perhaps interesting, be superfluous and foreign to the purpose of this paper. Suffice it to say that the article was of wonderful significance and made a powerful impression. At first reading, Newman missed the keynote of the article, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. But when these words were called



to his attention by a friend and he realized their full depth, they kept ringing in his ears like the *tolle, lege—tolle, lege* that converted St. Augustine. He saw that they went beyond the Donatists, that they applied to the Monophysites whose similarity to the Anglicans had startled him before. By these words it was revealed to him that "the drama of religion, and the combat of truth and error were ever one and the same," that the Church had never changed in her treatment of heretics. Looking back into the past, he saw that in condemning the Donatists and Monophysites he condemned at the same time the Anglican body of the 13th century. By the words of St. Augustine, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, the *Via Media* tumbled into nothingness.

Previous to 1839 Newman based his position on antiquity, but when the *Via Media* collapsed, he shifted to the position held by most Protestants, a merely negative position which consists in bringing charges against the Roman Church or declaring it impossible to join a Church which has tolerated so many corruptions as they suppose Rome to have done. Thus placed, Newman tells us that he was "very nearly a pure Protestant"—a name, which, above all others, he despised.

We now come to the turning point of the Movement, the publication, in 1841, of the famous Tract 90. The Tractarians, following out the spirit of Keble's *Christian Year*, wished to invest the Anglican Church with the beauties of Catholicism. As well might they have tried to clothe a bear in linen and silk. That she would have none of these ornaments the Anglican Church clearly showed by her reception of Tract 90.

The occasion of this Tract was the impetuosity of some of the advanced followers of Newman, pre-eminent among whom was William George Ward. These men declared that the only condition on which they could remain Anglicans, was that it should be shown to them that their acceptance of the Thirty-nine Articles was not inconsistent with their sympathy for Roman Catholicism. Newman had been enjoined by his bishop to keep these men in order, hence he considered it his duty to meet and overcome their objection to the Articles. This was the primary object of the Tract, but besides this he had a secondary motive, the finding and removing, as much as possible, the divergence between the creeds

of Rome and England. Despite the fact that the Tract was somewhat ambiguous, it was of incalculable service in the solution of a very practical question. It dealt not with the whole Thirty-nine Articles but simply with such of them as appeared to contradict Catholic doctrines. The wording of the Articles is in many places of such a kind as to admit no very natural interpretation. It is a notorious fact that they were intentionally drawn up by the English Reformers so as to satisfy their friends abroad and at the same time give the least umbrage possible to the Catholic party at home. They thus bore a Protestant aspect while their undercurrent was Catholic. Hence it was that Newman says, "fierce as the Articles might look at first sight, their bark would prove worse than their bite." It was Newman's purpose to check the Romeward progress of the advanced Tractarians, but in order to effect this he had no intention whatever of giving the Articles a biased interpretation; his sole aim was to give them a true interpretation, the interpretation that was inevitable.

The sense that he succeeded in extracting from the elusive expressions of the Articles was by no means unfavorable to the Catholic Church. The difficulty of Ward and his associates was overcome by Newman's declaration that the Articles were not opposed to Roman Catholic teaching and hence an Anglican might accept the Thirty-nine Articles and at the same time hold the essential belief of the Church of Rome.

Events of paramount importance to the movement crowded upon one another after the appearance of the Tract. The sensation it caused was tremendous. Four influential Tutors of the University made a protest in consequence of which the Tract was brought to the attention of the Hebdomadal Board (consisting then of heads of colleges and halls of Oxford) whose opinion was that the tract was worthy of censure. However, owing to the failure of the academical convention to ratify this opinion the Tract was never formally condemned. On the advice of Dr Bagot, Bishop of Oxford, Newman suspended the publication of the Tracts, but to any retractation he would never consent. By the discontinuance of the Tracts the great catholicizing power in the Anglican Church was broken to pieces

To the country at large Newman's interpretation of the



Articles was a severe shock, and appeared conclusive proof of the Romanizing aim of the Tractarians. Tractarianism was henceforth considered a masterpiece of Satan. Newman was quite unprepared for the storm of indignation that the Tract aroused. However, he tells us that on the whole his feeling was one of relief because it showed him to be unfit to direct the progress of the movement. But the position of an intellectual and religious leader is not so easily given up, and willing or unwilling, Newman was the chief of Tractarianism until the day of his conversion. After the appearance of this last Tract of Newman's the Tractarian party was disrupted into two branches; one looking askance at his view of the Articles, the other, in which was G. W. Ward who a few years afterwards brought the movement to a catastrophe by his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, going even further than Newman had gone in the famous Tract. This second party was the true continuation of the old Tractarians, and with it Newman's lot was cast. The popular displeasure with which Tract 90 was received was a source of deep pain to its writer, but what affected him even more than this was the manner in which the Tract was treated in the Bishops' charges of a few months later. Their censures were, to his mind, nothing other than a plain disavowal of the doctrines and practices which he had held to be Catholic and sacred. Immediately following the Bishops' charges, as if to show more forcibly the connection of Anglicanism and heresy, came the establishment of the Bishopric of Jerusalem. An Anglican bishop was to occupy this see and his jurisdiction was to extend to Protestants of any denomination whatsoever who were willing to submit to his authority. To Newman's mind this appeared an actual repudiation of Church doctrine on the part of Anglicanism, and gave him the blow which shattered his faith in the Established Church.

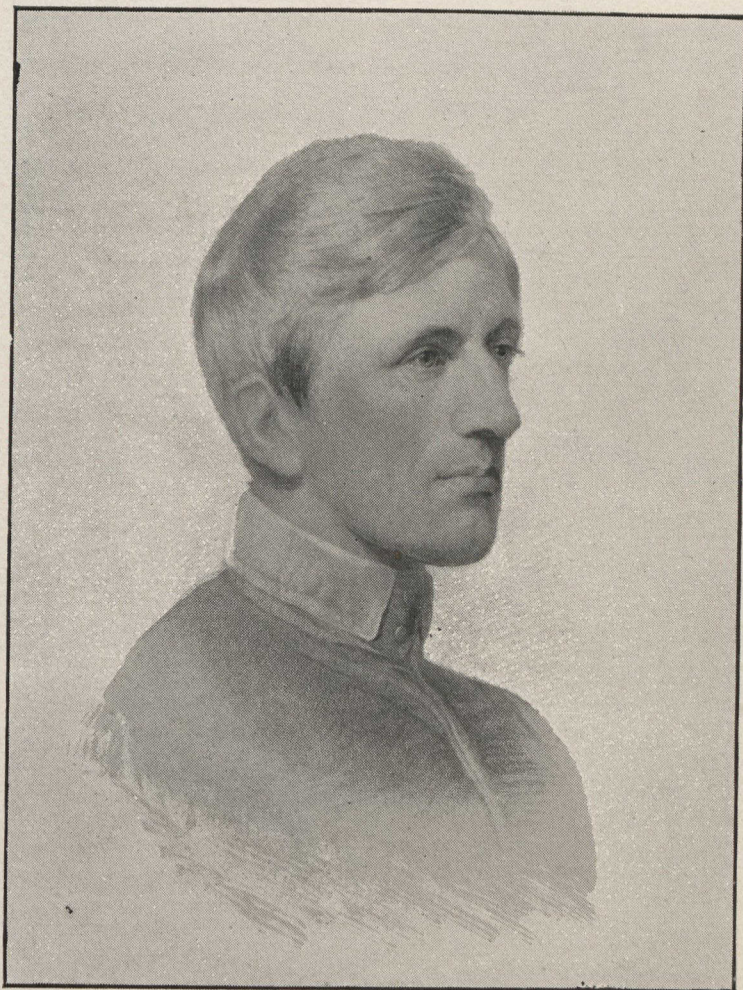
In 1841 began the agony of mind which he has aptly likened to that of a death-bed. The following year, feeling that his place at the head of the movement was no longer tenable, he retired to Littlemore, a living situated at a short distance from the University. He intended to fall gradually into the laity but the thought of leaving the Establishment does not seem to have entered his mind, for he considered it impossible to belong to a

church which permitted honors to be paid to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints that were due to God alone. When entering on his retirement at Littlemore his mind was convinced that Rome was right, but that corruptions were sanctioned in this church he still maintained. His notion of exaggerated honors to the Mother of God and the saints which chafed him so much and impeded his entrance to the Church was removed through the instrumentality of Dr. Russel of Maynooth who kindly furnished him with the sermons of St. Alphonsus as well as several packages of devotional pamphlets.

Along with this removal of prejudice came an intellectual element in his conversion. Towards the end of 1842 he commenced to work out the theory of development in dogma, which he has given us in his *Essay on Development*. With his progress in this work, his convictions that he should enter the Catholic Church, ripened and bore fruit, for as he tells us, "Before I got to the end, I resolved to be received, and the book remains in the state in which it was then, unfinished." On October 9, 1845, occurred what had been for years the fear of Anglicans and the hope of Catholics, Newman's entry into his only true home, the One, Catholic, Apostolic Church. Then truly might he exclaim in the words of the canticle; *Nunc dimittis seruum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.*

What the Church has gained by his accession is not easily calculated. Being a man of highest intellect and education, his action has once for all exploded the theory of opposition between Catholic truth and intellectual inquiry. Of the horror against Catholicism with which the minds of the English people have been saturated for the past few centuries, it is difficult for Catholics to have an adequate idea. The Church of Rome has been considered a perfect specimen of diabolical ingenuity, she was the scarlet woman, the Anti-Christ, anything and everything unchristian and hellish. But now all this is changed. England may dislike the Church but no longer does she despise her. To-day the Catholic Church enjoys in England a position such as she never before attained since the days of the Reformation. And how has this change been wrought? How have the minds of Englishmen been relieved of the virus of anti-Catholicism? No one, we are sure, will hesitate to attribute it to the Tractarian Movement which drew its life and strength from the man who stands preeminently as the man of the 19th century, John Henry Newman.

W. A. MARTIN, '02.



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN IN 1844.

(Courtesy of Federal Press Co.)

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom  
Lead Thou me on !  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on !  
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene, --one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on.  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on !  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.  
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

## NEWMAN AS A CATHOLIC.



**S**TANDING in the salon of England's premier duke one afternoon in the month of August 1880 was an old man of seventy nine years. Before him passed the representatives of the first families in England, the exclusive nobility and the aristocracy of education, birth and wealth. There in the mansion of the scion of its first Catholic family was offered England's gracious testimony of homage to Newman who lately had been raised to the dignity of one of the Princes of the Church. The highest tribute to the unshaken faith and fidelity of the great Oratorian had now been paid by Leo XIII. whose wisdom and judgment the universal opinion of the world soon endorsed.

Looking back in retrospect over what had happened in the annals of that life since that eventful day of October 10th, 1845, we find that the great object of his work was to bring back England to its primitive Catholic Christianity. To that end he dedicated his years within the Church and to its attainment all else was subordinate. The drama of his life affords such an unfolding as truly wonderful as majestic.

Newman comes to our vision at a time when the "Kindly Light" had shown him the pathway of Rome. He came within the Church whilst midway in life, in the maturity of his powers and in all the grandeur of his noble manhood. Unlike many converts he had not been tossed by doctrines fashioned to the varying hour but had held to the tenets of the Anglican church conscientiously for he believed until 1845 that the church of Laud and Cranmer was the legitimate successor of that of St. Athanasius. With singular tenacity and concentration of purpose he adhered to his study of the Fathers of the Church and thus was prepared for the movement of 1833—1845 which threatened to overthrow every cherished doctrine of the Anglican Establishment. The crises came in 1845. And in the October of that year was consummated for Newman that change which had its foundation in his own Oxford. But what shall be said of that change? What of the trials of his mind, of the grief of separation from friends, the severance from devoted followers, the habits of life and thought

altered and changed, the scepticism and alarm caused to many friends! All these contributed to make the sacrifice doubly painful to the convert.

Ere the last pages of his great work the *Essay on Development* had been written, the fullest conviction came upon Newman that he must no longer delay in his submission to Rome. Then with full confidence in the step he was about to take, in the plenitude of his powers, and in the freedom of his position, he made his submission to the Catholic Church.

From the date of his conversion may be said to have commenced the grandest epoch of his life. But his separation from the Anglican Communion was not unattended with sorrow. The parting from his university was perhaps the severest trial. Particularly painful was it to him for its aftermath was a series of misrepresentations and misinterpretations which sorely grieved the sincere mind of Newman. But he outlived the wretched persecution which was called forth by his secession from Anglicanism, and twenty years later he was able to satisfy even his enemies that he had acted on conviction, and on conviction slowly formed and slowly tested.

Newman had always led a religious life, and hence it was natural that once within the Church he wished to be numbered in its priesthood. This desire was soon gratified, for in October 1847, he received Holy Orders at the hands of Cardinal Franzoni, and became an Oratorian. The great object of his life, the conversion of the English people, now began to control his mind. Reared in a highly intellectual atmosphere, Newman naturally sought to obtain a special hold on educated minds, and to further this purpose he formed an English branch of the order of St. Philip-Neri.

The work of the Oratorian had now begun. His literary power was attaining its zenith. He had already secured the attention of the the English people by the grace, form and variety of his literary gifts, and these helped him in no uncertain way to gain a prominent position in the reaction towards Rome. Newman's pen had virtually to re-Catholicize the English tongue, for it had grown unfamiliar with Catholic exposition and prayer since the Reformation. He was able to reach the masses by the most

potent means. His first literary effort as a Roman Catholic was a novel, *Loss and Gain*, published in 1848. It is an admirable portrayal of the difficulties of a convert, and has the additional merit of being an almost perfect representation of student life at Oxford. Following this work came *Sermons Addressed to Mixed Congregations* in 1849. These are without doubt the most eloquent and elaborate specimens of pulpit oratory, and fully established his power as an apologist of the Church. In these sermons there is a wealth of tender eloquence, force of scornful irony, and a luminosity of treatment which mark this work as one of the greatest of his publications. Newman had now given full reign to his genius, but fortunately he knew how to restrain his enthusiasm. *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties* reached a class of readers whom he held worthy of his efforts. Thousands of Englishmen were still in a state of perplexity regarding their religious beliefs, and Newman perfectly intimate with their unhappy mental condition, was able to come to their assistance as no other could be. This led to the publication in 1851 of the *Lectures on Catholicism in England*. Vividly and powerfully does he depict the nonsensical and fanatical side of Protestantism. In 1852 he came to Dublin to inaugurate the Catholic University, and in connection with that work, delivered a course of lectures on *The Idea of a University*. Newman was completely absorbed with the movement, and everything seemed favorable for the working out of his plans. Discussion had given way to fact, and the ideal for a time seemed to be realized. He entered into the project with fervour and energy, and with every hope of ultimate success. Lecture followed lecture, and essay after essay came from his untiring pen, until every phase of the educational question was thoroughly treated. The wants of the majority were made known, while the minority was not forgotten, although already well provided through the munificence of a government thriving on the patrimony of the Irish Catholics. Surrounded by a galaxy of clever men, the Ajax of the English educational world made known the importance of the University, not only to the people of Ireland, but to the whole of Great Britain. His precepts were accepted through the evidence of his own example.

Among the literary labours of Newman his two chief works as



an imaginative writer must not be forgotten. He had to seek out a new field totally apart from the romancers and idealists of his day in order to effect a character portrayal which had a distinct bearing on the matter most congenial to his predilections. In *Callista* he delineates the mutual relations of Christians and heathens in the third century and in *Loss and Gain* as already noted he traces the difficulties of a convert. His lectures, sermons and essays had obtained for him a distinguished position among the great literary leaders in England. Heretofore he was appreciated only by the cultured classes particularly at Oxford and by the followers of the Tractarian movement but two events occurred which allowed him the attention of the great masses.

One of the unexpected results of the publication of his *Lectures on Catholicism* was an action for libel brought by a notorious apostate priest named Achilli against Newman. This Achilli professed to be a convert from Catholicism but the most conclusive evidence was produced that he had been guilty of many gross offences for which he had been condemned and excommunicated by Rome. In his second lecture of this series Newman held up the ungodly Achilli as an illustration of the source from which Protestants derive their knowledge of Catholic faith. Contrary to the expectation of all, the verdict in the suit for libel that ensued was against Newman. Another heavy trial was laid on the gentle Oratorian. In the January 1864 number of Macmillans magazine, where Kingsley accused Newman of untruthfulness and hypocrisy. He would have had the English people believe that the zealous convert was more eloquent and clever than he was honorable. The answer came and all England listened to the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. This was the great work which virtually broke down English distrust of Catholicism and satisfied the most callous and intolerant of its critics. The appeal for fair play, the ring of definite truth and the manifest declaration of sincerity for once overcame the cold-hearted Englishman.

The period of Newman's life which has been mis-represented and often misunderstood by Catholics, embraces his action with regard to the Vatican Council in the matter of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. He held that the time was not ripe for such a definition, and, though it is evident he had long before accepted



the doctrine, he claimed the time was inopportune, especially for that school which he was still leading to Rome. When Gladstone later on attacked the doctrine, Newman came forward to defend it. The great work of Newman was not unknown in Rome. An unusual anxiety was felt by the English Catholics at the accession of Leo XIII. to the Pontificate, for they looked for some Papal pronouncement or approval of the Catholic movement. To their great joy the gratifying news came on May 12th, 1879, that the red hat was to be conferred on Newman. Viewed in another light this event had a particular importance. The acceptance of this honor silenced for a while that party in England, a party by no means small in number or in influence, who had dared to hope that he would live unnoticed, and perhaps distrusted by the church to which he had given allegiance. The situation was now all changed. Rome had spoken. Its fiat had gone forth and all England proclaimed its faith in the man, its trust in his honor and its delight that he had been made one of the Princes of the Church.

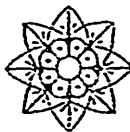
This honor came at a time when his work for the conversion of England had borne great fruit. To that laudable end all his labours had been directed. Time had little ameliorated the condition of the English Catholics. For years they were a minority kept within a narrow circle, seldom thought of as a power, but ever maligned and misinterpreted. The outlook for them at the beginning of the nineteenth century was not promising. Prayer was the only weapon with which a few faithful souls commenced the assault of the Protestant citadel. Innumerable difficulties appeared, but the energy and enthusiasm of such men as Dr. Wiseman and Father Spencer kept the faithful souls to the siege. At length the gates of this once impregnable fortress were opened and Catholic victors appeared on its embattlements, Catholicity was spread in England. The Tractarian movement was the relief force which aided the efforts of the struggling Catholic party. Then in 1845, Newman came to the breach and the might impelling force of his genius gave the movement new life. God grant that Catholic England may live again and that its church which claims a Bede, a More and a Southwell may yet become the glory of Christendom.

It was not given to Newman to see his great work finished,

though the evening of life came upon him only when a great part was accomplished. The long and laborious life was quickly terminated, for after two days illness at Edgbaston Oratory, John Henry Newman passed away.

The announcement of his death brought forth from the leaders of all denominations the unwonted note of harmony and concord, and from them came many eloquent tributes to the genius and personal worth of the great Oratorian. Public opinion, that familiar judiciary of the world, passed probate on his life and works and accorded him a high rank on England's roll call of illustrious citizens.

M. E. CONWAY, '01.



## AFTER READING "LEAD KINDLY LIGHT."

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.



LEAD gently, Lord, and slow,  
For oh, my steps are weak ;  
And ever as I go,  
Some soothing sentence speak ;

That I may turn my face  
Through doubt's obscurity  
Toward thine abiding place,  
E'en though I cannot see.

For lo, the way 'is dark ;  
Through mist and cloud I grope,  
Save for that fitful spark,  
The little flame of hope.

Lead gently, Lord, and slow,  
For fear that I may fall ;  
I know not where to go  
Unless I hear thy call.

My fainting soul doth yearn  
For thy green fields afar ;  
So let thy mercy burn—  
My greater, guiding star !—

## NEWMAN THE POET.

**I**T is the invariable rule that when a man has achieved the highest distinction in one line his efforts in other fields, however remarkable, are scarcely remembered. So it is that Cardinal Newman's literary reputation rests almost entirely upon his prose writings. These are so pre-eminently works of genius that his one small volume of poetry is generally overlooked. Yet this work contains some of the choicest gems in the treasury of English verse. It testifies to the author's wonderful poetical powers, which, had they been developed, would have undoubtedly placed him in the front rank of English poets.

But why then did Newman neglect the cultivation of these gifts? Because with him literature was ever only a secondary consideration, and he never coveted literary fame. His beautiful sermons and essays were not penned for art's sake, but for a purpose far higher and nobler. Probably had his life been one of leisure he would have chosen to devote himself to the wooing of the Muse. But he was unwilling to spare the necessary time for it from the all-absorbing duties of his self-appointed life-work, "that of winning his fellow-countrymen from their tepid and formal Christianity to a Christianity worthy of the name." He realized that he could not achieve success in both lines—and so the world lost a great poet.

Fortunately, however, we have been left a few specimens of Newman's poetic talent, thanks to the friends who saved them from destruction by the author. These poems were never intended for publication, but were seemingly written, as has been well said, "only for himself and his God." Newman being a man of true poetic temperament, uniting to a deep sensibility a vivid imagination, could not have passed through such a prolonged mental struggle as he did without giving expression to the various intense emotions which disturbed his peace of mind. His poems are the spontaneous outpourings of a soul seeking to relieve itself of its fullness. It is evident that his art is not the result of effort but of inspiration, of the inspiration which he drew from religion. To the influence of the high religious ideas which he always cherished

is due the impressive majesty of thought and the singular spiritual beauty that constitute the chief charm of his poetry.

These qualities are, however, more marked in the poems written after his conversion. It would seem that his poetic powers incapable of development in the chill Anglican atmosphere, quickly matured under the genial influence of Catholicism. His earlier poems, composed when his mind was agitated by the most conflicting emotions and enveloped in a maze of doubt, exhibit a constraint of thought and a half-expressed feeling of uncertainty not to be found in those of his Catholic days. They have not even the same metrical perfection or fluent ease of language. In the bosom of the Church Newman found the ideals which he sought, the inspiration which quickened his responsive spirit to such a work of art as *The Dream of Gerontius*.

This wonderful poem is by far the most remarkable of Newman's poetical writings, and shows at their best his grand abilities. Considered worthless by the author, and published only as a special favor to an editor-friend, when given to the world it evoked widespread admiration. The conception is at once sublime and unique, and in this respect it can be compared with only two other works in the whole range of literature, the immortal "Divine Comedy" and "Paradise Lost." In all three poems we are introduced to the immaterial world. But while with the older poets we traverse the eternal realms of Glory and of Pain, *Gerontius* we follow through an altogether different, intermediate sphere. What grander or more original theme could be conceived than the narration of the soul's passage from Death to Judgment? And it receives justice at the poet's hands. More so than in any other of his poems is the effect of Newman's religious inspiration apparent. It kindled the imaginative powers of his genius into a flame glowing with all the warmth of a profound spiritual passion. The exquisite beauty of the spiritual scenes which he creates overwhelms us. We are carried out of ourselves, upward and onward with the liberated spirit, past the foiled and raging demons, through the chanting choirs of angels to the very foot of the Eternal Throne.

The poem opens with the deathbed scene, and we easily recognize in the graphic picture the hand of one who has often

stood by bedsides of the dying. What other could so well have entered into the higher aspect of that supreme hour as one who knows what it is to have prepared a passing soul to meet its God? Gerontius feels that his end is near. The agony of death is upon him, the strange, dread sensation of approaching dissolution—

“ That sense of ruin which is worse than pain,  
That masterful negation and collapse  
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent  
Over the dizzy brink  
Of some sheer infinite descent;  
Or worse, as though  
Down, down forever I was falling through  
The solid framework of created things,  
And needs must sink and sink  
Into the vast abyss.”

For a while the horrible visions which afflict him are dispelled, and he is able to make his confession of faith. In the intervals when his failing breath prevents him from praying aloud we hear the beautiful prayers for the dying recited by the priest and his assistants. Finally, commending his soul to his Maker, Gerontius expires.

The wonderful vividness of Newman's imagination is shown in the next section of the poem, where he pictures the soul separated from the body and describes its varied feelings. Gerontius says :

“ I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.  
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me  
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!  
I hear no more the busy bea' of time,  
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse:  
Nor does one moment differ from the next.  
I had a dream; yes: — some one softly said  
'He's gone'; and then a sigh went round the room.  
And then I surely heard a priestly voice  
Cry 'Subvenite'; and they knelt in prayer.  
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,  
And fainter and more faint the accents come,  
As at an ever-widening interval.”

Then he becomes aware that he is being borne to Judgment

by his Guardian Angel who sings in joyful tones the consummation of his task. Questioning the Angel, he learns why he does not at once appear before the dread tribunal. He is made to realize that time is no more, and that in the immaterial world

" Intervals in their succession  
Are measured by the living thought alone,  
And grow or wane with the intensity.

. . . . .  
It is thy very energy of thought  
Which keeps thee from thy God."

Thus conversing the Angel and the Soul arrive at the "middle region," the vestibule of the judgment-court, where the hordes of Satan gather to jeer at the saved and to claim the damned. How clearly their hideous scoffing proclaims the disappointment, jealousy and malicious hatred of those once-mighty spirits, now fallen past redemption! And how aptly the Angel likens them in their "restless panting" to

" Beasts of prey, who caged within their bars,  
In a deep hideous purring have their life,  
And an incessant pacing to and fro."

But it is not in the power of the demons to now daunt the spirit of Gerontius. All his thoughts are bent upon the divine Judge into whose presence he is about to come. Shall he see Him? Here we have a beautiful little passage which exemplifies to a striking degree how Newman has unconsciously wrought into the poem his personal emotions. We feel that he has given expression to one of his own most cherished beliefs and hopes in these touching words of Gerontius:

" Nathless, in life,  
When I looked forward to my purgatory,  
It ever was my solace to believe,  
That, ere I plunged amid th' avenging flame,  
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me."

And now Gerontius hears the joyous songs of the proven angels, who recount the story of Redemption and "hymn the Incarnate God." The angelic melody of the five choirs keeps pace with the progress of the soul and its guardian through the House of Judgment, until they at length come into the awful presence-

chamber. Gerontius hears the voices of his friends praying by his bedside, and to their petitions are now united those of the Angel who strengthened Jesus in His own Agony. Then the Angel-Guardian cries

. . . . . " Praise to His name !  
 The eager spirit has darted from my hold,  
 And, with the imtemperate energy of love,  
 Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel ;  
 But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,  
 Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes  
 And circles round the Crucified, has seized,  
 And scorched, and shrivelled it ; and now it lies  
 Passive and still before the awful Throne.  
 O, happy, suffering soul ! for it is safe,  
 Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God."

The Judgment is over and Purgatory has begun. What sentiments of unutterable love and sorrow, of supreme suffering, yet of untold happiness, are awakened in the Soul by that Beatific Vision !—

" Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
     There let me be,  
 And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,  
     Told out for me.  
 There, motionless and happy in my pain,  
     Lone, not forlorn,—  
 There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,  
     Until the morn.  
 There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,  
     Which ne'er can cease  
 To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess  
     Of its Sole Peace.  
 There will I sing my absent Lord and Love :  
     Take me away,  
 That sooner I may rise, and go above,  
 And see Him in the truth of everlasting day,"

This marvellous picture of the passionate transports of one of the elect recalls by force of contrast that no less remarkable passage in one of the author's sermons wherein he delineates the agony of a damned soul. But Gerontius now is safe. And the Angel, faithful guardian to the fast, with loving care entrusts him to the " penal waters " :—



“Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;  
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,  
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.”

Thus ends *The Dream of Gerontius*. We have dwelt upon only a few of its principal features, however. Reference to some of the most beautiful passages has been omitted, but it is impossible to properly set forth the merits of such a wonderful poem except in a lengthy analysis. Enough, we think, has been done to show its artistic strength and beauty, and to prove our assertion that Newman was endowed with the powers of a master-poet. It is a matter of much regret that he did not cultivate these gifts, and leave us more such fruits of his singular genius. But what was lost to Literature was gained to Religion; the inestimable good resulting from Newman's work in the Church outweighs all other considerations. It is this fact which impresses us forcibly with the admirable unity of his life, the strength of character which always kept one object in view and devoted to it the full extent of extraordinary energies.

JOHN R. O'GORMAN, '01.



## NEWMAN'S LOVE FOR IRELAND.

“**A**CCUSTOMED, as we are in our country, to know European writers only by their works, we cannot conceive of them, as of other men, engrossed by trial or sordid pursuits, and jostling with the crowds of common minds in the dusty paths of life. They pass before our imaginations like superior beings, radiant with the emanations of their own genius, and surrounded by a halo of literary glory.” What Irving here says of Roscoe, we may adapt to the case of Cardinal Newman. So accustomed are we to associate his name with the great events that make his public career unique in the history of religious converts, that we lose sight of him as the man who condescended to love the little children about his Oration, and who found consolation, during years of missionary life, in ministering to the lowly. And, though he was prominent for some years as leader of a great educational revival in Ireland, we do not hear often enough of the great lesson of love he learned while mingling with the whole-souled people of the Green Isle.

But when we speak of Newman's love for Ireland, we must distinguish between *his* love and that felt by an Irishman. It was cast in a different mould. The friendly zephyrs from the girdling ocean, the exquisite lake and mountain scenery, the landscape of matchless verdure with its gaily flowing rivers,—thoughts of these and of the quaint custom, the native superstition, swell the breast of the patriot. Newman was not an Irishman. He had his “own dear country,” as he called her, England, the sacred guardian of his birthplace, the shrine of his sweetest associations, the home of the dear friends of his darksome days, and of the dearer friends of his days of light. The patriot's devotion throws a halo round even the failings of his countrymen; Newman's love for Ireland did not exhibit any of this blind ardor. It sprung from motives higher than the privileges of birthright.

A common faith smoothed the way for the first exchange of sympathies between him and the Irish people; the revelations of an intimate friendship drew them together more closely. The analogies of the struggles both had endured for their faith, and

even the contrasts of those struggles, may have afforded unconsciously a motive for mutual sympathy. Newman had to surmount obstacle after obstacle to arrive at Catholicity; the Irish had walked up Calvary for centuries to retain it. The great convert thanks reverses for tiding him over hidden reefs that lay in his voyage of research,—witness these words in his *Apologia*: “The truth is, I was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral. I was drifting in the direction of the Liberalism of the day. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827 by two great blows—illness and bereavement.” Now, Catholic writers, endeavoring to explain the marvellous devotion which the Irish have preserved for the Catholic faith from their first accepting it from St. Patrick, while most of their sister nations, enjoying all the liberty that power and independence ensure, have either lost that faith entirely, or preserved it at the expense of much of its original fervor,—Catholic writers, I say, tell us that this unswerving loyalty to the primitive faith has been nursed in the unutterable wrongs, national and religious, that have wrung the Irish heart ever since England added the Protestant fang to her persecuting lash. Again, the English delivered up both of them to misrepresentation, Newman for having left the Protestant fold, the Irish for refusing to enter it.

But there are more pleasing considerations that explain the affection which Newman cherished for the people of Ireland. The years which he spent in their midst failed not to unfold to him the secrets that make this historic people happy, despite their misery, and great, even in their weakness. There is something lovable in the Irish character, something attractive in Irish genius, something tender in Irish Catholicity, that appealed irresistibly to the large heart, the keen intellect, and the beautiful soul of Newman. In these is to be sought the secret of his love for Ireland,—a love of which he endeavored to leave a tangible proof in the establishment of a great Catholic University to perpetuate the true greatness of Ireland in perpetuating and strengthening her Catholicity.

Newman went to Dublin in 1854 as Rector of the Catholic University which the Irish hierarchy had revived there. He undertook his new work as a master, to breathe his genius into it,

and to stamp it with the impress of his individuality. However, to treat in detail of the noble work he so wisely directed is beyond the scope of this article. Suffice is to say that for five years he watched over the infant establishment with parental solicitude, and that whatever measure of success attended the good work, while under his charge, is largely attributable to the personal efforts he made, and to the high ideals he ever kept before the students, not to mention the prestige given to the institution by the lofty intellectual and literary attainments of its distinguished Rector.

But there is another side of his life in Ireland which we cannot pass over so cursorily. It is the personal side. His keen sensibility of mind and heart soon put him in touch with the Irish people. This is revealed in some very faithful sketches he has left us of Irish character,—faithful I say advisedly; for it is a regrettable fact that very few of the foreigners, especially Englishmen, who have attempted to delineate the Irish character, have succeeded in anything more than misrepresenting it. Newman, however, had every opportunity of judging, and every disposition necessary for truly appreciating, the people of Ireland. The following passages taken from his sketches of Irish life are an evidence of this. Writing of an English visitor to Ireland, he says: "If he happens to be a Catholic, . . . he has turned his eyes to a country bound to him by the ties of a common faith. . . . He has but one imagination before his mind, that he is in the midst of those who will not despise him for his faith's sake, who name the same sacred names, and utter the same prayers, and use the same devotions, as he does himself; whose churches are the houses of his God, and whose numerous clergy are the physicians of his soul. He penetrates into the heart of the country; and he recognizes an innocence in the young face, and a piety and patience in the aged voice, which strikingly and sadly contrast with the habits of his own rural population. . . . He finds the population as munificent as it is pious, and doing greater works for God out of their poverty, than the rich and noble elsewhere accomplish in their abundance. He finds them characterized by a love of kindred so tender and faithful as to lead them, on their compulsory expatriation, to send back from their first earnings in another

hemisphere incredible sums, with the purpose of bringing over to it those dear ones whom they have left in the old country. And he finds himself received with that warmth of hospitality which ever has been Ireland's boast; and, as far as he is personally concerned, his blood is forgotten in his baptism. How shall he not, under such circumstances, exult in his new friends, and feel words deficient to express both his deep reverence for their virtues, and his strong sympathies in their heavy trials?"

While Newman was drawn towards the Irish people by the pure charms of their domestic life, he saw nothing to repel him in the sterner side of the Irish character. The resentment which the Irish bear the English seemed to him as pardonable as their love of kindred. The Earl of Chatham said of the American revolutionists: "The Americans, contending for their rights against arbitrary exactions, I love and admire. It is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots." Such a generous sympathy for an injured people was Newman's for the Irish. He could reconcile the gentleness of their domestic life with the fire of their national spirit. He saw no inconsistency between their docility towards a spiritual supreme ruler at Rome and their unconquerable restlessness under the mildest of British sovereigns. Writing of the discontent of the Irish people, he says of the same imaginary English visitor to Ireland, referred to above: "He does not admit, even in his imagination, the judgment and the sentence which the past history of Erin sternly pronounces upon him. He has to be recalled to himself, and to be taught by what he hears around him, that an Englishman has no right to open his heart, and indulge his honest affection towards the Irish race, as if nothing had happened between him and them. The voices, so full of blessings for their Maker and their own kindred, adopt a very different strain and cadence where the name of England is mentioned; and, even when he is most warmly and generously received by those whom he falls in with, he will be repudiated by those at a distance.

. . . . The wrongs which England has inflicted are faithfully remembered; her services are viewed with incredulity or resentment; her name and fellowship are abominated; the news of her prosperity heard with disgust; the anticipation of her possible reverses nursed and cherished as the best of consolations. The

success of France and Russia over her armies, of Yankee and Hindoo, is fervently desired as the first instalment of a debt accumulated through seven centuries; and that, even though those armies are in so large a proportion recruited from Irish soil." If there is one wound, other than the sense of blasted national greatness, that bleeds ever in the Irishman's heart, it is the reflection that his forefathers, his kindred and himself have been persecuted for professing the only true religion under heaven. Too severely did the full force of this fact strike the author of the above extracts; and I see him bow his head in shame for his countrymen as he pens this analysis of Irish discontent.

To return to pleasing reflections, I hinted, in the beginning, that something in Irish genius attracted Newman. Is it any wonder that he, of whom Gladstone said: "He has an intellect that cuts diamond and is as bright as the diamond it cuts," should take delight in ranging, like the sun, through a firmament of Irish intellects, trailing them in his wake, and warming and brightening them with his rays? In an address to the Evening Classes of the Irish University, Rector Newman said in part: "It too often happens that the religiously disposed are in the same degree intellectually deficient; but the Irish ever have been, as their worst enemies must grant, not only a Catholic people, but a people of great natural abilities, keen-witted, original, and subtle. This has been the characteristic of the nation from the very early times, and was especially prominent in the middle ages. As Rome was the centre of authority, so Ireland was the native home of speculation. . . . Now, it is my belief, Gentlemen, that this character of mind remains in you still. I think I rightly recognize in you talents which are fearfully mischievous, when used on the side of error, but which, when wielded by Catholic devotion, such as I am sure will ever be the characteristic of the Irish disputant, are of the highest importance to Catholic interests, and especially at this day, when a subtle logic is used against the Church, and demands a logic still more subtle on the part of her defenders to expose it." In this appreciation of Irish genius, Newman contemplates a future "Isle of Saints and Scholars" which is to reclaim the world to Catholicity, just as that famous

one of history scattered the seeds of learning and religion over the world centuries ago.

There remains to be noted, perhaps the most tender tie that bound Newman to the Irish people. The warm devotion of Irish Catholics to the Blessed Virgin is one of the perfections of their faith. It is the treasury of Ireland's virtue, and the balm for her wounded heart. This devotion Newman found chastening the joys and sorrows of every Irish home. Hence it is he speaks of "an innocence in the young face, and a piety and patience in the aged voice." Hence, too, at the sight of heaven so reflected on earthly faces, his tender soul melted into praises, and his heart opened wide to this long-tried and faithful people.

A. P. DONNELLY, '01.



## PRAYER OF GERONTIUS.

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



ANCTUS fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
 De profundis oro te,  
 Miserere, Judex meus,  
 Parce mihi, Domine.  
 Firmly I believe and truly,  
 God is Three and God is One ;  
 And I next acknowledge duly,  
 Manhood taken by the Son.  
 And I trust and hope most fully  
 In that Manhood crucified ;  
 And each thought and deed unruly  
 Do to death, as He has died.  
 Simply to His grace and wholly  
 Light, and life, and strength belong,  
 And I love, supremely, solely,  
 Him the holy. Him the strong.  
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
 De profundis oro te,  
 Miserere, Judex meus,  
 Parce mihi, Domine.  
 And I hold in veneration,  
 For the love of Him alone,  
 Holy Church as His creation,  
 And her teachings as His own.  
 And I take with joy whatever  
 Now besets me, pain or fear,  
 And with a strong will I sever  
 All the ties which bind me here.  
 Adoration, aye, be given,  
 With and through the angelic host,  
 To the God of earth and Heaven,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
 De profundis oro te,  
 Miserere, Judex meus,  
 Mortis in discrimine.

—*Dream of Gerontius.*



## JOHN HENRY AND FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

**J**OHNSON Henry Newman was four years the senior of his brother, Francis William, the other subject of this sketch. The two brothers had at their disposal the advantages of a good education, so that at an early age John Henry was placed at the private school of Dr. Nicholas, at Ealing, whither in due time he was followed by his younger brother. Both of them were distinguished students at the Ealing School and having made sufficient progress in their studies passed on to Oxford, where John Henry located in Trinity, and Francis at Worcester College. Up to this period of their lives it is not surprising that they have not differed, practically at least, in matters of religion, but as they grew older their views on religious questions became so widely different that in their more mature years they present one to the other a most complete antithesis.

When the time came for him to choose a life work, John Henry, with the apostolic zeal which characterized his later days, decided to enter the ministry and at the age of twenty-four he was ordained a minister of the Anglican Church. He was also anxious as the following lines addressed to his brother show, that Francis should become a laborer in the Lord's vineyard :

“ Dear Frank, we both are summoned now  
As champions of the Lord ;  
Enrolled am I ; and shortly thou  
Must buckle on the sword ;  
A high employ, nor lightly given.  
To serve as messengers of Heaven.”

But Francis was not of the same mind as his brother concerning his vocation and did not find his way to the ministry of the church. On the contrary he seems to have taken an opposite direction and drifted far away from the course in which his brother steered. Though not yet twenty years of age the truths of revealed religion presented to Francis doubts that he was never able to overcome. It would be long to enumerate the views he held on religion, as it would be unfair in a brief sketch to attempt

to relate the various stages of doubt through which John Henry passed on his way from the Episcopal to the Roman Catholic Church. I prefer rather to take a glance at the work each has done in his respective sphere and to note briefly the contrast shown in their religious views.

Among the great churchmen of the century just gone Cardinal Newman is perhaps the most prominent figure. No man exercised a greater influence on the minds of his fellow men during his life time, and it may also be said that no man has left works that are likely to wield such an influence in years to come as will those of the author of *Apologia Pro Sua Vita*. His sincerity in the work of the Oxford Movement and in his religious opinions, and his earnest search for ultimate authority in matters of faith, are, leaving aside his great ability and deep learning, the two characteristics of the man that seem to stand out most prominently. He was not satisfied with the Anglican Church as he found it and entered heart and soul into the Oxford movement. The outcome of the part he took in that work is well known. After the appearance of *Tract Ninety* he was openly accused of a leaning toward the Roman Catholic Church, while at the same time he may be said to have been fighting against any compromise on his part, with that Church, against which in his early life he had formed an intense prejudice. Newman's aim at this time was to establish the *Via Media*, but this like the Oxford Movement if carried far enough, could reach but one goal. Fortunately that goal was reached and at the age of forty-six J. H. Newman was received into the Catholic Church.

His life after this event is in a large measure, the history of the advance of the Catholic Church in England for the last fifty years. During the first period of his Catholicity he was looked upon with anything but favor by the clergy and laity of the church he had left; but a life devoted to religious work with his firm adherence and sincere belief in the faith he had adopted eventually dispelled the clouds of prejudice and when, in 1879, Father Newman was created a Cardinal, none joined more heartily in tendering him tributes of respect and honor than his former Anglican friends. If for nothing else than the prestige he gained for the Catholic Church in England the name of Cardinal Newman would

not soon be forgotten, but what is this compared to the thousands of poor souls who from "amid the encircling gloom," have been led on and on and brought within the portals of the Church of Rome, solely through the influence and example of the saintly priest and Cardinal who lived a humble life in the oratory at Birmingham. There is something strangely grand about the life of Cardinal Newman, a something that gives him a position that has been occupied only by himself. One of his intimate friends writing of him at the time of his death said: "Cardinal Newman was something better than a great historian, a great philosopher, a great theologian. . . . His rare moral and spiritual excellence command a veneration transcending even the homage due to his superb intellectual gifts. In him we recognize one of those elect souls "radiant with an ardour divine" who as "beacons of hope" illuminate from time to time the path of "troubled and distressed mortality."

"Through such souls alone,  
God stooping shows sufficient of His light  
For us, in the dark, to rise by."

It is difficult to understand—at least it seems very strange—that Cardinal Newman should have had for a brother, a man who advanced theories on religion so directly opposed to Christianity. However, Francis Newman in all his opinions on the revealed truths of the Christian religion, was directly at variance with his elder brother. Moreso, it is true, after his brother's conversion, because Francis had a special dislike for Catholic doctrines, but even while John Henry was an Anglican there was nothing in which they agreed.

In his lifetime Francis Newman enjoyed a high reputation for his scholarly attainments and this with the works he has left on various subjects, are proof positive that he was a man of no mean ability. He had, too, a great regard for his brother, though on account of their religious differences they suffered some estrangements, John Henry having once refused, in his Anglican days, to hold any communication with his perverse brother. Dr. Brownson in an opening paragraph of a criticism on two of the best known works of Francis, "The Soul, her Sorrows and her Aspirations," and "Phases of Faith; or Passages from the History

of my Creed," has the following: "Mr. Newman, as far as he reveals himself in the works before us, is a man of a grave and earnest turn of mind, good natural parts, and respectable scholarship. He evidently has a kind and warm heart, and full persuasion of his own honesty and sincerity. As a man he interests us much, and we regret to see him wasting his fine powers and attainments in the unpraiseworthy effort to obliterate faith from the human heart, and reduce mankind in their own estimation to a level with the beasts that perish." Such is the influence that the works of the Cardinal's brother on religion are calculated to convey, and therefore, however Mr. Newman may be considered as a man, there can be no compromise with the doctrines he has set forth.

John Henry, Cardinal Newman, died in February, 1890, mourned not only by his own nation, but by the Christian world. His death was followed six years later by that of Francis. It is not difficult to note what a great difference existed between the opinions of these two brothers. It is not more difficult to remark the great power one was for good the other might have been for evil had his principles succeeded in making any advance. No doubt Francis Newman has taken his part in helping onward the march of Rationalism, but after all, the power wielded by the pet theories of men of the Francis Newman stamp is indeed weak when compared to the great amount of good that flows to mankind, to the Christian religion, and to a vast number of individual souls, from the life and works of a Cardinal Newman.

J. E. McGLADE, '01.



## NEWMAN'S "IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY."



THE great question as to what standard of education should guide those who take it upon themselves either to found or govern a University has been discussed by the ablest men in all ages. At present it has become a subject for universal debate, but the most powerful intellects of which the age can boast have given us nothing more succinct, more convincing, more logical than did Cardinal Newman in that magnificent literary production, the "Idea of a University."

The great Cardinal has set before those who wish to raise the standard of education in our universities one of the grandest models which they could hope to imitate. He has begun by a consideration of the University in itself and in the object which it seeks to attain; and has proceeded, upon this foundation, to build up such a noble edifice that, if it could actually be constructed, it would not only bring everlasting fame to its founders, but would likewise remain to the end of time to spread learning and piety throughout the land.

Regarding the University both in its essence and in its aim it is a place where universal knowledge is taught. It endeavours to train the intellectual, not the moral side of man's nature, and to extend and diffuse rather than advance that knowledge throughout mankind. Indeed, if its object were purely scientific or philosophical discovery it should have no need whatever of students, while if religious training be its end, then how can it be the seat of literature and science?

Such, indeed, is the essence of the University, independent of its relation to the Church. True to its main office is intellectual education, yet it cannot, with any success, fulfill that object without being supported by the Church. "To use the Theological term, the Church is necessary for its *integrity*."

Newman, having discussed the fundamental principles of a seat of universal learning, proceeds to deal with the standard which it should adopt in its curriculum. Evident it is that the imparting of liberal knowledge should be the one great aim of the University, hence it must teach all those sciences which would

enable it to produce broad-minded, intellectual, and thoroughly educated men. Thus we arrive at the important question, "Should Theology be among the branches taught in our Universities?"

Some would maintain that these institutions take in all varieties of knowledge in their own line, implying that they have some definite and particular line of their own. Admitting this, how are we to separate the science of religion and other sciences? Should we limit our idea of University knowledge by the evidence of our senses? In that case ethics are excluded; by intuition? history is shut out; by testimony? then must we drop metaphysics; by abstract reasoning? impossible then to embrace physics. And now, "is not the being of a God reported to us by testimony, handed down by history, brought home to us by metaphysical necessity, urged on us by the suggestions of our conscience? It is a truth in the natural order, as well as in the supernatural."

Thus we have the science of Religion in its origin, but what is it now intrinsically worth? The word "God" is a theology in itself which suggests noble thoughts and ideas which entirely fill our minds. Further still, every branch of science is permeated with it: it crops up on all sides, both in the principles upon which our knowledge is based and in the conclusions we deduce therefrom; "it is truly the First and the Last." Theoretically we may easily divide knowledge into secular and religious, but in point of fact this division is wholly erroneous. "If the knowledge of the Creator is in a different order from knowledge of the creature, so, in like manner, metaphysical science is in a different order from physical, physics from history, history from ethics. You will soon break up into fragments the whole circle of secular knowledge, if you begin the mutilation with divine."

These remarks embrace only a few of the weighty arguments which the great Cardinal advances in favour of theology being taught in our Universities, and yet thus far he has dealt only with natural theology. Should we advance into Revelation how many more reasons will we find for considering it a branch of knowledge which cannot be rightly excluded! Apart from this theology is the Queen of Sciences, and its study marks the completion of a thorough education.

Considered as a place of education there is none which can give the student so many advantages as the University. There we have "an assemblage of learned men, zealous for their own sciences, and rivals of each other, brought, by familiar intercourse and for the sake of intellectual peace, to adjust together the claims and relations of their respective subjects of investigation. They learn to respect, to consult, to aid each other." Thus the students' minds become broadened, they grasp the great outlines of knowledge and dig down to the principles upon which that science is based, and thereby form their minds to habits which will last them throughout their lives and make them men of freedom, moderation, and wisdom.

But apart from the fact that the University, by fostering such philosophical minds turns out truly educated men; it achieves another and a grander object, it shows its students that knowledge is in itself an end. The healthy, liberal mind is as much to be extolled and sought after as is the healthy and sound body. It even goes a step further. Knowledge as an end in itself is certainly to be gained, but there is yet a nobler height to which it forms but a step. This is learning. The man with universal knowledge is admired, even wondered at, by all, but it is the learned man, the man who has grasped all sciences in a systematic manner that is sure to become a leader among men and who alone can venture to guide them safely. Hence it is that the ideal University would strive to produce truly learned men by giving its students a thorough knowledge of philosophy. Philosophy is, indeed, the *form* of all sciences, for here as nowhere else throughout the course is the relation between the different subjects so clearly pointed out.

Newman up to this point dwells upon the necessity of the University's providing for its students a thoroughly liberal education, not until he has proceeded thus far does he undertake to show the folly of the elective system of studies, which unfortunately is too often met with at the present day in our so-called Universities. Those of course who are in favor of this latter system regard knowledge as something to be acquired because it is intrinsically useful. They therefore, wish to allow the student to choose his own course and to take only those subjects which

may now appear to be the only ones of any practical benefit to him in after-life.

It is not at all a difficult matter to perceive how this system finds so much favor with our educators at the present day. In this sordid and lucre-loving age when every hand is stretched out to clutch at money, the youthful student thinks he has no time to wait to cultivate his mind. The "almighty dollar" is for the man who's there to grasp it first, hence no one thinks he can afford to lose any time over "useless trash." Perhaps, too, the student is incapable of receiving a liberal education, or altogether too slothful to take the means to acquire it. Evident it is that men of this latter stamp can never reflect any credit on an institution which claims that it can and does turn out educated men, therefore no curriculum should be fashioned either to keep such students in attendance much less to induce them to enter. Yet every day do we see the course of studies in our Universities "regulated" to suit all comers.

In itself, however, the principle is not one which will eventually tend to gain the object which these seats of learning have in view; and certainly this should be sufficient to cause its overthrow. The elective system leaves the student—if I may use the expression—practically at his own mercy; he may choose a liberal education or he may not. In most cases, in fact in all, he will study those subjects only which he considers will be necessary or profitable in his chosen profession. Thus his mind becomes abnormally developed. "Talents for *speculation* and *original inquiry* he has none, nor has he formed the invaluable *habit of pushing things up to their first principles*, or of collecting dry and uninteresting facts as materials for reasoning. All the solid and masculine parts of his *understanding* are left wholly without *cultivation*; he hates the pain of thinking, and suspects every man whose boldness and originality call upon him to defend his opinions and prove his assertions." True enough as Dr. Copleston says, the one art itself to whose study the student may wish to confine himself, "is advanced by this concentration of mind in its service, yet the individual who is confined to it goes back." Society however, requires more from the individual than the mere duties of his profession, and those who pretend to be educated men must in fact



be such, and show it by their good maners and intellectual conversation. A liberal education alone can therefore insure them success and fit them for the high station in life to which they are called.

Enemies of the Church would wish to maintain that she is opposed to science, yet here Newman clearly points out the stand which she must and always does take in the matter. Nature and Revelation are alike the word of God, and truth cannot contradict truth ; science is the handmaid of Religion. Whi's science cannot err, the votaries of science often do and are led to advance theories which are founded upon principles wholly false or at best sophistical. To these opinions the Church is opposed, for it is her duty to watch over and shield her children from every taint of error.

Thus has Cardinal Newman laid down the grand principles upon which the University should be established. He has built upon a foundation which is the very essence of the university itself, and has pointed out just how the University should repudiate its curriculum and be guided by the Church to attain the end for which it exists. It is hardly to be expected that any University will ever reach the lofty heights to which he would have every University aspire, yet has not Newman accomplished a noble, a magnificent work in giving to the world for imitation his ideal, but none the less majestic seal of universal learning ?

J. T. WARNOCK, '01.



## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL'S VICTORY.

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



MY WORK is done,  
My task is o'er,  
And so I come,  
Taking it home ;  
For the crown is won,  
Alleluia,  
For evermore.

My Father gave  
In charge to me  
This child of earth  
E'en from its birth,  
To serve and save,  
Alleluia  
And saved is he.

This child of clay,  
To me was given,  
To rear and train,  
By sorrow and pain,  
In the narrow way,  
Alleluia,  
From earth to heaven.

—*Dream of Gerontius.*

## NEWMAN AND MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AMONG the strange, many strange, relationships, contrasts, extremes, resemblances, and very pronounced incongruities all at once, are those Oxford glories, the strangest thing being the fact that Oxford the Conservative did, indeed, produce "Newman the Romanizer, and Arnold the Rationalizer." Newman, a believer in indulgences, a devout suppliant at the Blessed Virgin's Shrine, &c., and Arnold, who attempted nothing less than to dissolve Revelation, who recognises sadly that there is no *knowable* God, no means of salvation except reason; who preaches, from his many volumes of essays, that the only resurrection is from selfishness to unselfishness. None the less it is not an incongruity to study these two men together. "Lead, kindly Light" tells us all Newman had to tell of himself. Arnold's pathetic endeavours to reach "sweetness and light" also tell of secret soul ache. The style of both men is singularly lucid, sweet, strong and irresistible; but how easy it is to feel the difference between the luminosity of Newman's style and that of Arnold? How gentle, too, both writers seem to be in their reaching out to our souls; how cleverly both men use the double-edged blade of irony! Can we not say of both that they are great witnesses of the power of religion? Newman, by his overcoming the objections to his faith; Arnold, by his efforts at filling the void with shadows, impressive and majestic shadows, but only shadows. The influence of both is far-reaching, Newman having sounded the foundations of doctrine as held in his beloved Oxford, found them unavailable and said so. He went back to the past as a refuge against the shallowness of the present. Arnold seeks to find in the *zeit geist*, the time-spirit, the solution that must satisfy each generation. Newman's influence to-day is as great as, if not greater than, in the full flood of the Tractarian movement; he impresses upon one, as he felt it himself, that there are but two things in the whole universe, "God and our own soul." Turn from Newman's clear firm utterance to Arnold's sad, would-be certainty. He says: "Let us all do all we can with streams of

tenderness and morality, touched with emotion, to supply God's place."

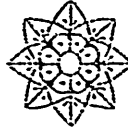
Some years ago one of the great English Reviews published a study of Newman, from which the following is here set down, from memory. It seems only fitting in this memorial of the hundredth anniversary of the beloved—the honoured witness to the nineteenth century's great achievements—to retain a true likeness of the man who so well, so largely, contributed to its glories, a word picture is so often truer than brush, colour, or pencil could portray. "Newman's was a wonderful face," says the loving admirer, "wide-spread, forehead ploughed deep with horizontal furrows, expressive of his care-worn grasp of the double aspect of human nature, its aspect in the intellectual, its aspect in the spiritual world; the pale cheek down which long lines of shadows slope, which years and curious thought and suffering give. The pathetic eye that speaks compassion from afar, and yet gazes wonderingly into the impassable gulf which separates man from man; and the strange mixture of asceticism and tenderness in all the lines of the mobile and reticent mouth, where humour, playfulness, and sympathy are instinctively blended with those severer moods that refuse and restrain. On the whole, it is a face full in the first place, of spiritual passion of the highest order, and in the next of that subtle and intimate knowledge of human limitations and weakness, which makes all spiritual passion look so ambitious and so hopeless, unless, indeed, it is guided amongst the stakes, and dykes, and pit-falls of the human battle-field by the direct Providence of God."

What is said of his face, all his devoted and constant readers will say of his style. It is not always manifest that *le style c'est l'homme*, but in the case of Newman and Arnold it is so. It would be delightful to continue this parallel study, to compare the sweetness of Newman that rests on humility with Arnold's condescending sweetness; Newman's wistful sweetness with the didactic sweetness of Arnold. Suffice it to say Newman yearns to reach your heart, Arnold seems careful only to throw light on your intellect. Newman's irony is only an earnest, indignant exposure of self-deception; Arnold's has been called "pleasurable scorn at the folly he is exposing."

Can there be any great doubt as to Newman's mission? Was it not undeniably to fight against the cold, self-sufficient, self-wise tranquillity of too many of his contemporaries? To fix our minds upon the eternal realities—which the modern spirit is as anxious to soften, blanch, and water down as the mediaeval spirit was to exaggerate?

WILL. L. STONER.

Ottawa, Ont., February, 1901.



# University of Ottawa Review.

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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#### THE QUEEN.

The death of Queen Victoria was the signal for an outburst of universal sorrow such as the world seldom sees. Not only where the ubiquitous British flag floats, but in every nation under the sun, it might be said, the most profound regret was evinced. Nor is it surprising, for the late Queen commanded world-wide admiration, by reason of her many estimable qualities. But by us in Canada, who have always looked up to her as the apex of our government institution, who have experienced the kindness and solicitude which she invariably showed for her subjects, was she especially held in the most sincere respect. Hers was a long life, a long reign, and in the pages of history future ages will learn how she rendered both illustrious. As a ruler her power was only nominal, and we cannot therefore associate with her personally the wonderful progress in all directions which has marked the

"Victorian Age," nor, we as Irish Canadians are glad to say, its mistakes and mis-rule. But, nevertheless, Queen Victoria was no ordinary woman, for her Ministers testify to the keen insight and remarkable judgment concerning affairs of State which she always displayed. It is not, however, so much from the grandeur of her station that she acquired the esteem and veneration of the world as by her exemplary private life. For one placed as she was at the head of a vast nation, in the very forefront of the public eye, the duty of giving a good example is most stringent. And right nobly did our Queen live up to this requirement. The world's keen scrutiny could not discern in her life-long conduct the faintest cause for reproach. She has been in truth a shining light to the womanhood of the world, whether as maiden, wife, mother, or widow. As Tennyson expressed it "she wrought her people lasting good." It is this quality of real womanly worth, all too rare, especially among those in high places, which is the secret of Queen Victoria's greatness, which places her among the world's wisest and noblest sovereigns, which made her "every inch a Queen."

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#### THE NEWMAN CENTENARY.

We don't feel called upon to offer any apology for devoting this number of the REVIEW entire'y to articles on one or other phase of Newman's life and character. During the century just past there has been no more conspicuous figure in the English-speaking world, no man has wielded such influence as Newman did, no one has done so much to remove long-standing prejudices against the Catholic Church, and to advance the cause of Catholicity. Newman's renown is many-sided. He has won such distinction in the field of English literature as to seem almost unapproachable. Macaulay—himself a writer of no mean ability—is said to have been so fascinated with Newman's sermon, "The Second Spring," he learned it by heart and ever found new pleasure in repeating it.

In this age when many men who have not had the benefit of a college or university education, have risen by force of many natural talents to fortune, and to the distinction that comes therewith, there is a notion abroad that a university education is something

that is no aid to a man in the battle of life but rather an incumbrance. Newman's life bears eloquent witness against this belief—a belief that could have arisen only in an age that values money more than learning. Newman was the ideal type of a university man. His university education was the making of him, and his fame will endure when that of all the illiterate millionaires of the nineteenth century shall have perished, and when their mansoleums will be neglected and moss-covered ruins. Students of Ottawa University keep to the writings of Cardinal Newman. Read them over and over again, study them, meditate upon them. From them you will imbibe sterling notions of honor, of justice, and of truth; thence also will you acquire the ability to express yourselves whether in speaking or in writing with clearness, with grace, and with force.

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### IS IT BIGOTRY?

In a recent number of that well-known magazine the *Arctic Maria* these remarks occur:

"We have often been struck with the apparent loss of prestige suffered by the literary celebrity who forsakes the illogical system of Protestantism, for the colorless and luminous perspicuity of Catholic truth. Appreciatively quoted in magazines and reviews the world over during his non-Catholic career, no sooner does he become a convert than he sinks into comparative obscurity—at least as far as obscurity is synonymous with the appearance of his name in columns where once it shone as a brilliant star."

All of which we endorse, and proceed on our own account to say: Nor is it simply that the convert of literary fame becomes immediately upon his conversion a non-entity to the magazine-making and magazine-reading public; let him live as long as he may, and win a high and honored place in literature, he must be unnoticed by contemptible book-makers, and made by writers of manuals, and compendiums, and hand-books, as if he had never lived. Here is a case in point. *The Nineteenth Century Series in Twenty-five Volumes*, is the title of a work published by the Linscott Publishing Co., of London, Toronto and Philadelphia. The second volume of the series is entitled: "Literature in the Century," and is written by "A. B. de Mille, M.A., Professor of English Literature and History in the University of King's



College, Windsor, N. S." We have not had time to read the volume through, or, to speak the whole truth, we soon found out it was not worth reading. We did however read carefully the table of contents ; we also went patiently through the index at the end of the volume. We ran across a long list of names, more or less eminent in literature from Crabbe, Blake and Burns, though Swinburne, Kingsley and other variations (including a namesake of the author's, of whom we never heard before), to Artemus Ward and Bret Harte ; but the name of Newman we failed to meet. In the index we found the names of many books with which we are acquainted, and of many more with which we humbly confess we have no acquaintance ; we found such books as *Sam Slick*, *The Origin of Species* and *Bug Jargal*, but of any one of the many volumes written by John Henry Newman, there was no mention.

Can it be possible that the Professor of Literature in the Anglican University of King's College has never heard of Newman? This was the question we asked ourselves as we turned over the pages. With that amazing charity which is our characteristic virtue we should have given the benefit of the doubt to the author, had we not lighted upon one sentence wherein was enshrined the information that Newman "was master of an admirable style and a most logical gift of reasoning." Neither of those qualifications however, were sufficient to win for their owner more than a mere *obiter dictum* in a book where Susan Terrier and George Barrow and other stars of similar magnitude have their pages. Does the compiler imagine that in one incidental sentence he has done justice to a writer of whom the well-known critic, R. H. Hutton, thus expressed his appreciation : "I have often said that if it were ever my hard lot to suffer solitary confinement, and I were given my choice of books, and were limited to one or two, I should prefer some of Dr. Newman's to Shakespere himself."

Newman is not the only Catholic writer ignored in this publication. The same treatment is meted out all round to Catholics. This being so it is to be hoped that the Linscott Publishing Co., will not find any purchasers for their ware among Catholics, whose existence either as writers or readers they have outrageously ignored.

## VARIOUS.

So the "little red school-house" is a popish invention after all. This is the information conveyed in a new book from the press of Appleton and Co.: "The Transit of Civilization from England to America in the Seventeenth Century." The fifth chapter of this work is devoted to "The Tradition of Education." In it we read:

"Our system of education is sometimes supposed to come from some fountain head in America, or at most to be a Protestant device dating from the Reformation. But the schools that sprang up after the change of religion in England marked the persistence of an ancient tradition that even such an upheaval could not destroy. To find a logical point of beginning we must ascend to the early Christian centuries, when the work of religious teaching and proselytism marched abreast. Education was carried on in primitive monasteries and in cathedral chapters of monastic type. These far-back monastic schools for teaching religion only are connected by an unbroken pedigree with our complicated modern systems of child training."

And in the same chapter:

"These early schools interest us here because from them is plainly traceable across the ages for nearly fifteen hundred years the long line of a tradition and habit of education. There have been variation and evolution, but there has been no break. The monastery school became a cathedral school in some cases, and the semi-monastic free school grew up alongside them both. The rudimentary school in the house of the detached priest got its impulse and direction from the higher schools in the cathedrals, and by slow changes the local priest's school became the parish school, and in prosaic modern times, by a series of transformations, the American district school, which last retains few traces of its remote ecclesiastical ancestry."



## Exchanges

The chief features of *The Mount* are two very well-written and readable stories, "A Christmas Surprise" and "Janet's Repentance." They would do credit to more pretentious publications.

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\* \*

The *Niagara Index* contains a very interesting paper on "The World of Omar Kayyam." It shows considerable insight into the wonderful "Rubaiyat," and the great Oriental poet's materialistic

conception of life is cleverly exposed. But "The Merchant of Venice" is a very poor attempt at essay-writing. It is merely a summary of the play, without one original or even borrowed comment. Nor is the sentence construction it displays of the best.

"A Concert" is an amusing description of a type of those not uncommon entertainments furnished by local amateurs.

\* \*

"La Cravate Rouge" in the *McMaster University Monthly* is a strange, pathetic sketch of French-Canadian life, the best by a long way we have seen in some time. In "The White Man's Burden," a prize oration, the writer claims that Great Britain alone of all white nations has solved "the world-problem" and rightly sustains the burden of colonization. Which statement, we think, is at least questionable. Referring to the natives of other European colonies he says: "Steeped in ignorance and habituated to vice, Kipling correctly describes them as half devil and half child." But it always was our opinion that the poet meant to apply this description of "new-caught sullen peoples" to some of the colonial races of his own country particularly, as indeed another quotation from the same poem, a little further on in the article, bears out. Strange, this discrepancy! It also struck us, when the writer was pointing out what Great Britain has done for her various colonies, that he might have looked nearer home and asked, what has she done for Ireland. If Anglo-Saxon civilization is so good to lift burdens, why does it not raise the weight which is crushing the life out of the sister-isle? Of all white men's burdens that of the Irishman is the heaviest and most unjust. Besides we think the writer does his subject an injustice in his all too brief reference to the more important "home-problem." The social question especially is a burden which should not be overlooked merely because "familiarity has bred contempt for it." It is a millstone around the white man's neck, and this very feeling of contempt is the greatest danger of the future. The oration on the whole is manifestly too unfair, one-sided, and incomplete to be considered a masterpiece, even if it did win a prize.

\* \*

The exchange man of the *Acadia Athenaeum* is not entirely

pleased with our REVIEW. Its literary merit is passable he allows, but "a spirit of narrow Catholicism pervades it from cover to cover," including therefore our very advertising department, though this is managed in so broad a spirit as to include every manner of advertisement from bedsteads to beefsteaks. We rather imagine our critic said more than he meant. Having said so much, he still went on to say that with us "the college gown is hid behind the popish robe." This we accept as a real compliment; we are papists first, last, and all the time. Our critic next deplores that truly sad state of things "when scholarship the avowed progenitor of liberal principle begins to foster bigotry." If the *Athenaeum* had been more precise, if it had laid its finger on some manifestation of bigotry that has appeared in our pages, we shall know wherein consisted the head and front of our offending; but of course the *Athenaeum* could not do this, that would be narrow, and the *Athenaeum* is broad, and with its broadness of view it sees narrowness everywhere in the REVIEW "from cover to cover." We will dispose of this broadness of mind. In some unknown respect or other we have offended its narrow susceptibilities, and like an injured baby it screams. Only that and nothing more.



## Athletics.

CAMPEAU'S PETS VS. CON'S  
ARMY.

On the afternoon of February 16th, University Day, there was written on the glassy face of the Seniors' rink a parody on the game of hockey, such as Mark Twain might envy as inimitable. Several matches exhibiting as high a standard of hockey have been played on the same rink this season, all replete with brilliant dashes where the puck

was not, and friendly embraces when neither of two colliding amateurs was disposed to change the direction he had not voluntarily taken up. But all former events of this nature served only to single out for expulsion from the Boer-hockey ranks all those who displayed any ability to turn at will on skates or strike the puck at the first attempt. Such were immediately "classed," and for

the match on Saturday only those appeared in uniform who, during many trials, had betrayed no promise of ever acquiring skill at the game.

Hence it was that when on Saturday referee Fortier blew his whistle to summon the "Pets" and the "Army" from their camps many familiar figures were missing. The following, who had been tried in many games and found wanting in all, wiggled to their positions as follows :

Pets : — Harrington (Tim) goal ; Dowling, Harvey, defence ; O'Keefe, Chamberlain, Sloan, Foley, rovers.

Army:—Gilligan, goal ; Cox, Fay, defence ; McCormac, Dooner, Burns, Hanley, without portfolios.

The referee faced the puck at 1.59 p.m sharp. A maze of men and sticks and shouts of "watch your man" from an in-rushing mob of Russians proclaimed that the game had commenced. The puck glided out from pandemonium, and O'Keefe, spying it from an out-post, darted at it. Hanley charged, but Spud cleverly evaded him, passed Sloan, and would have scored only Cox sprang to the defence, batted the puck and had completed a "double reverse" in

time to fall upon his opponent, leaving in the ice the impression of a boy on horseback. Meanwhile Bobby, who had been in hot haste after Spud, measured the rink with colossal strides, and secured the puck, but was "off-side," and five minutes were lost in getting the excited contestants to remain long enough in position for the "face-off." Play was resumed, and the puck slid within Dooner's reach ; that stalwart, rising to the occasion, driving the rubber before him, scrambled up the rink, and from the whirling motion he was acquiring near the side, Harrington told Dowling that Dooner must be going to shoot a "curve," which, in his usual modesty, Tim feared he could not "catch." Thus warned. Dowling charged bodily. took the puck, and flew down the rink, leaving Dooner to extract himself from the snow-bank. But the vigilant Fay, who was interested only in the puck, caught Flossy's eye with a wicked intent to "shoot," and thereupon, pretending he was tripped, fell deliberately across Flossy's path, and the Pets missed another chance to score. After this fortunate accident, Hugs whispered something to Cox, and the latter

shouted, "Every man play his game."

The game now went on with new vim. Hanley, acting under instructions from Mac, was describing the figure "8" around Harvey and Foley, who were passing the puck between them. Seeing Mac inactive, Bobby swooped down like a vulture upon chickens, struck Harvey's stick and—was "ruled off." Expressing nothing more than facial indignation he assumed the position of "coach" on the side line. After the necessary delay, the Pets, seeing the Army thus weakened, went up the rink *en masse*, and Chamberlain, after a feint, by which he avoided the Pennsylvania "strike," scored, causing one of the wildest outbursts of enthusiasm ever witnessed at an athletic contest.

A wave of depression passed over the Army ranks at this; but a grim determination on their leader's brow revived their drooping spirits. And as Bobby, all smiles, took up his old position, harangued the soldiers and ordered some "kids" to get off the rink, the general attitude of the Army looked like hand-writing on the wall for the Pets.

So it proved. For when play

was resumed Mac, getting the puck from centre, proceeded at a very affected gait up the ice, passed the pet defence, and scored, despite the fact that Tim, for no reason any one could assign, lay cross-ways in the goal.

Hereupon someone asked how much time remained to play, and no one knew. It was now discovered that no time-keeper had been appointed. The referee consulted the captains and they, regarding the omission as a joke, appointed Tommy Phillips to that position. Question then arose as to how much longer they should play. Carey, a past grandmaster at the game, was asked to decide and he said that as the first half had been played forty-five minutes, it was only just that the second half should be as long.

With this understanding the game went on, growing in grotesqueness according as the loss of "wind" maddened the players. But at full time the score was 2 to 2, and referee Fortier decided that the game should continue for ten minutes. At this juncture several complaints were entered against Sloan for secret devices he was practising with his stick on the limbs of the Coxyites. Now

Tod has been promoted only lately to the senior yard, and the irons are hardly cold which pressed those appendages to his knickerbockers, and it seemed too bad to have him removed from the field of battle just when the honors of victory were about to perch on the Pets flag-staff. But to avoid anything disagreeable, Captain Campeau took Tod's place.

This was the turning-point in the game. The presence of their courageous leader made the Pets bolder, for with him in the van they swept up the ice determined to score. Cox, divining their plan, ordered Fay to advance and break up the combination, while he himself should obstruct any single-handed attempt to score. But the watch-word of the Pets was: "Do or die," and though Fay offered himself as a martyr to the advancing host, and Bobby struck frantically on every side, and even Charlie caught up an impulse from the excitement and told Hanley his playing was "rotten;" still Capt. Campeau, with only Spud at his side who survived the onslaught, sped on to register his decree. At last Cox cried, "The Old Guard dies but never surrenders," and, stick up-lifted, advanced to the

charge. The two leaders met and fell in a cold embrace. But Spud had scored and the Pets had won.

The scenes which followed will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Friends of both teams rushed upon the rink and carried off their favourites. The rink itself, when cleared, had its own story to tell of the battle just fought; broken sticks and shreds of garments lay strewn over its surface, and its snowy walls were frescoed with figures of athletes poised in every possible position. All honour to victors and vanquished. And it may truly be said that John Cox and his contemporaries of hockey fame will pass down through college tradition as the greatest exponents of any age of how *not* to play the game.

The hockey season is now nearly over, and the annual series of games has been completed. They were just as interesting and keenly contested as those of other years. The four teams were captained by Messrs. W. A. Callaghan, R. Halligan, J. J. Macdonald and J. W. Lynch, and consisted of the following players:

Callaghan's:—J. McDonald, W. Richards, O. Savard, F.

Blute, D. Rheume, J. Gillies, H. Connolly, F. Taillon.

Halligan's:—T. Morin, H. Sims, L. George, Z. Labrosse, J. Keeley, E. Dupuis, A. Verdia, J. O'Gorman.

Macdonell's:—J. Meehan, J. Ebbs, A. O'Leary, J. McGlade, L. Brennan, G. Lamothe, H. Gilligan, C. Fallon.

Lynch's:—J. O'Brien, E. Valin, H. Smith, F. French, H. McCormick, R. Filiatreault, J. Callanane, T. Harpell.

#### SCHEDULE OF GAMES.

Jan. 19—Lynch vs. Macdonell, won by Lynch, score 4—1.

Jan. 20—Lynch vs. Calligan, score, 2—2.

Jan. 23—Macdonell vs. Halligan, won by Macdonell, score 6—3.

Jan. 26—Callaghan vs. Macdonell, won by Callaghan, score 3—1.

Jan. 27—Halligan vs. Lynch, score 1—1.

Jan. 30—Macdonell vs. Lynch, won by Lynch, score 5—1.

Feb. 3—Callaghan vs. Halligan, score 3—3.

Feb. 6—Callaghan vs. Lynch, won by Callaghan, score 3—0.

Feb. 9—Lynch vs. Halligan, won by Halligan, score 2—0.

Feb. 10—Macdonell vs. Callaghan, won by Callaghan, score 2—1.

Feb. 16—Halligan vs. Callaghan, won by Halligan, score 3—2.

Feb. 24—Halligan vs. Macdonell, won by Halligan, score 2—0.

The series, it will be seen, resulted in a tie between the teams of Messrs. Callaghan and Halligan, each of which has 8 points to its credit, Lynch's having 6, and Macdonell's 2. The deciding game will be played on Feb. 27th.

The series of games between the College and the Juniorate First Teams resulted in favour of the former. On the Juniorate ice, Feb. 2 the score was 8—1. The teams were as follows:

Juniorate—Langevin, Chalette, Léroux (Wilson), Healy, Senecal, Lalonde, and Leonard.  
College—Filiatreault, Savard, Callaghan, Sims, Ebbs, Smith, and Valin.

This score was just doubled on the College rink, Feb. 16th. The college team was minus Sims and Smith, who were replaced by Halligan and Lynch. Though the score would seem to indicate that the games were rather one-sided, they were in fact hard-fought and very interesting. The College team is well balanced, while though the Juniorate has some good indivi-



dual players, it is weakened by a lack of combination and poor shooting abilities.

Other Games.—The "Philosophers" and "Professors" played a draw, 2—2. The "Soutanes" played the "Prof's"

on Feb. 24, and were defeated, 3—0. The "Boxers" and "Boers" played two draws. The former team broke even with the "Sems," each winning once. How this series will end is yet in doubt.



## Of Local Interest.

The preparations for a celebration to be held on March 18th, in honor of the great Saint and Apostle of Ireland, have already taken a definite form. At a meeting of the Sixth and Seventh Forms on the 11th inst., the following committee was chosen to make all the necessary arrangements:

Director—Rev. W. J. O'Boyle, O.M.I.

Chairman—J. R. O'Gorman, '01.

Secretary—W. A. Martin, '02.

Treasurer—J. T. Warnock, '01.

Committee—J. E. McGlade, '01; M. E. Conway, '01; A. P. Donnelly, '01; J. P. Gookin, '02; E. E. Gallagher, '02, F. P. Burns, '02.



The excellent example set by our first debaters this season has been followed in the two

debates which have since been held. At the regular meeting of the Society on January 27th, the resolution that "the United States' Senators should be elected by the popular vote," was discussed, Messrs. F. P. Buras and C. P. McCormac upholding the affirmative. The evils of the present mode of election they set forth in two very interesting speeches. The leader of the negative followed in a splendid speech and showed to the audience the follies connected with the election by popular vote, his remarks being ably seconded by Mr. J. R. Giblyn. The judges however, awarded the debate to the affirmative.

At the next regular meeting, February 10th, the debate read "Resolved that the Elective System of Studies in undergraduate Schools is detrimental to the student." The affirmative

side was championed by Messrs. M. F. Burns and L. M. Staley, while Messrs. G. Nolan and J. Ebbs spoke for the negative. The speakers all showed that they had thoroughly mastered their subject, however, the leader of the negative is deserving of special praise for the clearness and force with which he brought forward his arguments. The negative won.

\* \* \*

Side by side with our English Debating Society the French students have organised another Club and report great success. Rev. G. Gauvreau their energetic Director, has succeeded in getting the students from the Juniorate to join in making the discussions more enthusiastic and interesting. The first debate of the season was "Resolved that a fiery is preferable to a meek character." Messrs. Rainville and Leroux supporting the affirmative. The champions of the "meek characters" were Messrs. Dallaire and Hudson. The speeches on both sides were thoroughly prepared, however, the affirmative carried off the honors. Rev. Father Lajeunesse honored the boys by being present.

\* \* \*

On 18th inst. our Dramatic

Society presented "The Chancellor," a drama consisting of a prologue and three acts before a very large audience. This play has been adapted from the French by Mr. L. E. O. Payment '99, to whom are due the sincerest thanks of the Society for his translation.

The following was the cast :

Duke of Florence.....	G. NOLAN.
Antonis Appiano, a tailor, afterwards the Chancel- lor . . . . .	T. G. MORIN.
Paul, his Son.....	H. LEGAULT.
Lorenzo, Paul's friend.....	E. COTE.
Pietro Bergolini, brother of the ex-Chancellor..	J. J. MACDONELL.
Count Spmola.....	J. F. HANLEY.
Count Bramante .....	J. KING.
Fabio, Antonio's companion.	J. BURKE.
Stephen, Captain of the Guards .....	W. J. COLLINS.
Monza, a citizen .....	R. LAPOINTE.
Guards, courtiers, pages, etc.	

The actors all acquitted themselves in a style highly complimentary to Prof. T. Horrigan, under whose guidance they have been. It is generally conceded that the acting is the best which has been seen here since the staging of "Riche-lieu."

Owing to the fact that the play was translated from the French, it bore traces of the style of the original and hence lacked action, the dialogue being altogether too long to suit an

English stage. The Professor however overcame this difficulty to a great extent by training the actors thoroughly, thus enabling them to enter entirely into the spirit of the drama. To Prof. Horrigan's great efforts and skill are due the success of the work of the society, although the boys as well as Rev. Father Lajeunesse likewise share in the compliments.

The play was staged in Buckingham on the following evening before a bumper house. The work of the students was highly appreciated by the people of the town, and the boys report a very pleasant trip.

The lecturer from the lay-prof.'s corridor has now turned his attention to philosophy. He is "coming down to the psychology of the thing" we believe, for he has announced his intention of favoring us with an instructive discourse on "The Ego" and also on "memory as one of the chief faculties of the intellect."

Bob, lately endeavored to persuade the class of physicists that the aneroid barometer was composed of springs. The professor suggested that Bob's

head was full of *springs*, aye whole rivers.

Prof. (in Grammar class.)—  
"You tell me that the relatives 'who' and 'which' cover all things in nature and are therefore used for everything we can think of: now when is 'that' used?"

Pupil—"For things we can't think of."

Dwl-g and his friend from Mass proved to be a very lovely and loving pair.

McSwiggen's latest — "He doesn't say anything but it's the way he says it."

Sh-r-d-n says "it's pretty hard to carry a dead man across the stage especially when he's alive"

|| This is how Chas.' trousers look after they arrive from the tailor's; ( ) This is their appearance when he gets them on.

Tim Soldier.—Say Cap. this is a regular coast town.

Cap.—Well, how's that?

T. S.—Because we have so many light houses.

*Lapsus linguae* gleaned from Bob's discourses "divulge Philosophy," "investigate (invest) his money," "speculate (expectorate) on the floor" "heating a liquid turns it into the gastric (gaseous) state."

\* \* \*

"Spud's" peroration "May my songous voice ever continue to elaborate your tender feelings!"

\* \* \*

A Philosopher informed his class that the etymology of pedagogue was *paidō* and *agō*.

\* \* \*

Prof. of Physiology.—"How can you percieve the respiratory sounds?"

"Ric."—By applying the ear to the stomach."

\* \* \*

Bl-te (waking up to the beauty of his surroundings) "Buckingham must be a nice place in summer time."

\* \* \*

The echo of "Balance like me. I. E. O. P. is "Two-step like me. M. E. C." It is heard on all sides.

"Hey Prof. old boy, its up to you now!"

\* \* \*

"Say McG-de, get off the Ecliptic."

\* \* \*

Come, list unto a tale I tell  
Of one who home at midnight came,—  
What to that reveller befell  
Who bears a far-famed Gaulic name.

Slow stealing up the corridor,  
Brim full of spirit warm within,  
The F-elman saw two glaring eyes,  
That pierced the darkness, fixed on  
him

Spell bound he stood and thought him  
well,

While onward came the eyes of flame;  
A visitor he had from hell,  
And terror filled his throbbing brain,

Full sore his conscience smote him  
then:

He thought of nights in revel spent,  
Then shrieking turned around and  
fled

As terror to him wings had lent.

#### MORAL.

Beware! Oh friends, be not abroad,  
Till midnight in the silent street  
Lest, coming in by the back way,  
A grim, blood-thirsty rat you meet.

THE LION OF THE DAY.  
BECAUSE HE WEARS  
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College Boys..

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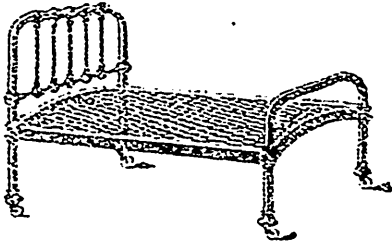
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