

THE OWL.

VOL. IV.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, JANUARY, 1891.

No. 5

THE BEAUTIFIER.



AIR sprites of snow,
On downy wings from realms of light,
You earthward sped throughout the night,
Silent and slow.

The barren wolds,
That frost assailed had lost their bloom,
A fresh and seemly look assume
Wrapped in your folds.

The branches bare,
And ravished of their summer sheen—
Their gelid fruits and leafage green—
Your garlands wear.

To murky scenes,
The secret haunts of creeping things,
Your soft and fleecy magic brings
Bright, spotless screens.

While Nature sleeps
White lilies on her breast you fling,
And to prevent her suffering,
Rear shielding heaps.

Fair sprites of snow,
Would I could share with dales I view
In alabaster decked by you,
A kindred glow.

Would that some Power,
On human spirits earth impured
Compassion took, and o'er them poured
A cleansing shower.

Thus, blighted soul,
May spotless graces come to invest
Thy mystic shirelands blight oppress,
And hide the foul.

GOETHE'S FAUST.



AMONG the distinguished writers of modern times there is none, perhaps, whose works have met with such varying criticisms as those of Goethe, in his own country as well as abroad. In Germany, however, the opposition has never numbered men of the foremost rank, and consequently the battle has long been decided in his favor. France has almost from the start ranged herself among his enthusiastic admirers. England has longest held aloof, and despite the efforts of Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, neither her general reading public nor the critical world have, as yet, been gained over to an unqualified admission of his worth. But, however conflicting the views of men may have been concerning the general character of Goethe's poetry, with regard to his *Faust* the verdict is almost unanimous, that it is one of the grandest creations of the genius of man.

The historical basis of the *Faust*-legend has long been a matter of dispute, some critics going so far as to pronounce it entirely mythical, arguing, that the wild vagaries of sorcery and necromancy with which the original story is intermingled admits of no other interpretation. But the investigation which the publication of Goethe's drama set on foot, produced sufficient documentary evidence to place the historical character of Doctor Faustus beyond all doubt. This mysterious personage, who lived about the end of the 15th century, besides being a physician of great celebrity, seems to have acquired even greater fame as a grand-master of the occult arts, which occupied so large a space in the interest of those credulous ages, and attracted many of the most cultured and daring minds of the time. Their adepts were especially numerous among those who had caught the spirit of innovation that floated in the air, and were prone to throw off the time-honored restraints which religion and social custom had placed upon human conduct.

Faust, who belonged to this latter class,

gained special notoriety by the extraordinary claim he put forth of having obtained control over one of the denizens of the spirit world, who, under the name of Mephistopheles, accompanied him on his erratic course, ministering to his every whim and fancy, and even supplying him the means for satisfying his low, sensual propensities. It was through his agency that Faust was enabled to conjure up, from the realms below, the shade of Helen, of Trojan fame, who—it was seriously asserted by his contemporaries—appeared to him in a tangible, substantial form, clothed with that matchless beauty of old, and lived with him in unhallowed wedlock until the expiration of his career upon earth. For, in accordance with a compact made with Mephistopheles, the incarnate spirit of evil, Faust's earthly course was to run towards an awful consummation. For twenty-five years, he was to enjoy all that can please the heart and delight the fancy. Every command of his was to be obeyed, every desire to be satisfied by the ministrations of the Evil One. But at the end of that period the Prince of Darkness was to arise before him, no longer his slave but his master, and on the strength of a contract signed with Faust's own blood, he was to take possession of his soul and drag it to everlasting perdition. And this latter catastrophe, the story tells us, did actually take place on the summit of Mount Broken, the traditional pandemonium of German folklore. Thither, amid the weird surroundings of a wild and rugged nature, rendered still more horrible by a full attendance of its uncanny inhabitants, Faust, in the agony of despair, is dragged by his dread foe, at the solemn hour of midnight, and amid the shouts of derision of the fiendish host about him, his soul descends to its fearful doom.

That the idea embodied in the *Faust*-legend is a highly poetical one, is evidenced by the fact that it has been treated with varied success, by different writers in almost every European tongue, both before and after Goethe. The most notable productions, however, beside that of the German poet, are the musical

drama by Gounod and Marlowe's English tragedy. The famous operatic production of the great French composer is mainly founded on Goethe's immortal creation, and is identical with it in all its leading features. The difference existing between the two works was naturally prompted by the varying exigencies of the two kinds of spectacular compositions. Thus we find that in Gounod's masterpiece the sensual, or rather the sense element, predominates over the reflective one, whereas in the German work the former is subordinate to the underlying philosophical idea.

The drama of Christopher Marlowe first appeared on the English stage at a time when the original story still possessed an awful reality in the imaginations of those who witnessed it, and as it was drawn by a powerful pen, especially its final catastrophe, it was very popular in its own day. Still, Marlowe's *Faust* is closely patterned upon the old, mediæval tradition, and is presented to our view as a cunning charlatan and a coarse voluptuary, who, despite the lurid glamor which his magic art has cast about him, does hardly appeal to the sympathies of the present age.

Goethe's *Faust*, however, rises immeasurably above its English prototype by a notable improvement in the conduct of the plot, and especially by a more exalted conception of its hero. With a truer dramatic instinct, Goethe relegates the episode of the Grecian Helen to the second, more allegorical part of his work, which from its very nature was never intended for scenic representation, whereas the first part, the tragedy proper, is rendered more human and lifelike, and is thus brought nearer to our common sympathies, by the introduction of the character of Margaret, one of the most exquisitely drawn female portraits within the range of modern literature. Goethe's *Faust*, on the other side, from the mountebank and curb-stone philosopher of old, is transformed into a being of strange and fascinating powers, who, in spite of his sad aberrations, draws upon our hearts with an irresistible spell. His mind has scanned the heights and depths of nature's mysteries, his daring hand has even torn the veil from those forbidden secrets which ordinarily lie beyond the ken of mortal man. But, alas, the living truth that shines above the confines of the

natural, has ceased to illumine his reason and to warm his heart. Its benign influence had once, indeed, touched his soul, but now the faith of his boyhood has vanished from his breast, and darkness and despair have settled there. Having become blind to the light that irradiates nature from its centre he searches in vain for more truth. Nature remains silent to his cries. But his daring heart will not yet give up the struggle for a higher satisfaction, for a nobler enjoyment. If the veriest churl ekes out a dull contentment in the dreary round of his colorless existence, shall he who has scaled the loftiest heights of human endeavor sink into the grave with a heart full of agony and despair? Not until he has once more lifted his arm against that fate which binds humanity to its narrow sphere of action. In a mood of defiant despair he calls upon the spirit world, those mysterious beings that live at the heart of nature, to give assistance to his longing soul and arm his will with powers for higher accomplishment.

It thus becomes apparent that *Faust*, in Goethe's conception, is to embody, in a modern form, the titanic nature of man with its all-embracing desires and limitless aspirations. On the one side he exhibits man's insatiable thirst for knowledge, but for a knowledge which transcends the ordinary, traditional measure allotted to the human mind. On the other side, the *Faust* idea brings to view the secret longings that lurk at the heart of man for powers and enjoyments which are denied him while narrowed in by the temporal limitations of his being. Thus *Faust* becomes the modern titan, rising up against the powers on high, and in his mad endeavor working his own awful destruction, just as did his ancient prototypes. But *Faust* presents the psychological phase of the Grecian myth, as it is more in harmony with our modern feeling, whereas the conception of the ancients exhibits more its physical side.

This psychological element of the *Faust*-legend, though Pagan in its origin, is likewise recognized in our Christian dispensation. Here, however, it finds a different interpretation. Instead of being considered a revolt against the Supreme Being, this aspiration of the human soul towards a higher plane of existence, ap-

pears in the Christian conception of human life as a lawful manifestation of a deep-rooted, fundamental instinct, in obedience to whose promptings it reaches up towards its Maker in love and admiration of his infinite perfection, and in an unconscious endeavor to enlarge and ennoble its own limited powers after that divine exemplar. This strange mystery of the human heart, inscrutable to the wisdom of the ancients, finds its simple and obvious explanation in the all-penetrating, all-illuminating light of the Gospel, the message which Faust rejects.

The titanic element of the mediæval myth, which Goethe thus has seized upon, has, moreover, a close relation to the aspirations and the general tendency of his own time. There is everywhere apparent in those days a never satisfied striving after knowledge which had not before entered within the circle of human cognition, even after secret and preternatural knowledge, just as it had been in the time of the historical Faust. There is, moreover, apparent a dissatisfaction with the traditional subject matter of human experience, with the "stale theories of the past," and a titanic striving for the nobler fruits on the tree of life, which heretofore had hung concealed from human sight and beyond the reach of human hand. It was a time not only of political but especially of intellectual fermentation, which gave birth to the French Revolution, but likewise to the French Encyclopedia. The startling scientific discoveries, as well as the new political experiments, had opened up to the mind new avenues of thought, new vistas, seemingly boundless, of human inquiry. It was a time, therefore, of wild search, of search without guide or path, restless and aimless, which took a special delight even in this seeking without finding, in this purposeless, limitless rush after unknown and unknowable objects. It was a time, also, which discarded with disdain the quiet enjoyment of truths already established, but which, in its youthful exuberance of energy and power, but likewise in its youthful lack of clearness and fixedness of purpose, would accept nothing which it had not itself experienced, enjoyed and created. This period is fitly called in Germany the period of "Sturm and Drang," which in English might aptly be rendered by a period of high-pressure.

Goethe's Faust is expressive of this tendency, and can only be completely understood when considered in connection with the time that first gave it birth. On the other side, it would be a grave error to consider it only in this historical relation to its own age, as it has been attempted by some critics. By such a course, the drama would be stripped of its most ennobling characteristics, and would be placed on the same level with that most typical production of its time, Goethe's "Werther's Sorrows." It would then be only a production of its own age, and a good one of that kind, but yet it would not be an embodiment of the spirit of all ages of the archetypal man with all his longings and aspirations. The greatness of Faust is only perceived to its full extent when it is considered in this light, as the concrete embodiment of our common human nature in its struggle against its own barriers, its natural limitations. It is in this respect that it stands on a par with the greatest creations of all ages, such as the Prometheus of Æschylus, Dante's Divine Comedy and, in a more limited sense, the Hamlet of Shakespeare.

It would thus appear that Faust, in its deeper sense, is a psychological drama, whose hero is not a definite historical character connected with definite historical relations of time and place, not a man in his individual limitations, but rather man in his totality. It must not, however, be imagined, on account of this broad generalization, which has thus become apparent in Goethe's hero, that Faust is nothing but an empty abstraction, a metaphysical shadow devoid of life and reality, and put upon the stage for the sake of airing some pet philosophical theory. There is nothing further removed from Goethe's genius than that vapid idealism which vents itself in such monstrosities. His mind was essentially analytical, it perceived the abstract through the concrete. Nobody has ever painted the individual features of life and nature more strikingly and more touchingly, and yet his objects are set before us in colors so diaphanous as to exhibit the deeper workings, the heart of things palpitating underneath. It is on this characteristic that Goethe's greatness chiefly rests. To his clear eye the things about him appeared not in a delusive mist, not in distorted shapes, but in their true, simple, natural forms, and he pre-

sents them to our view in language just as simple and direct. Nevertheless, by this most artless of arts he brings us closer to the deeper essences of things than could be accomplished by the fieriest diction and the most flaming imagery. This simplicity does not, however, imply a lack of comprehension and force. His prose writings, works of science as well as of fiction, refute such an assumption. They demonstrate his power of generalization and his ability of giving utterance to it in language at once noble and impressive. But poetry with Goethe is not the language of the intellect but of the heart. It expresses not the truth which the intellect digs out from the objects around it by the laborious process of reasoning and observation. That is science, with which he was well acquainted. His poetry gives spontaneous utterance to the beauty, the truth and the goodness which the heart has felt and experienced in contact with life and nature. With him the poet sings like the lark which pours its gay joy upon the morn, or like the nightingale which breathes its sorrow upon the silent night.

It is this personal element in Goethe, together with that objectivity alluded to above, which imparts to his poetry that inimitable truth, to his characters that delightful freshness and naturalness, and to his prose style that quiet grace, that even flow, that clearness and transparency. On the reader, however, and on the hearer it acts with a mild and yet irresistible power. It possesses something soothing, healing and conciliating, an ambient spell that creeps around the heart, which beside him no poet has ever possessed to the same degree.

Still, there is one deficiency in his artistic composition, which the English critic has not been slow to detect. Passion, especially, those violent and aggressive passions which tear the heart and rack the brain, and in their mad career would knock the universe into ruins, are foreign to his art as they were to his life. Such violent outbursts he could not appreciate as poetic material either in the individual nor in the nation. Thus, in the great struggle for liberty which his youth witnessed around him, he could not find anything to inspire his muse. The clash and clangor of conflicting elements was

distasteful to his sensitive soul, in which a calm serenity was the prevailing disposition.

One passion, however, he was able to depict with a startling reality—the passion of love. It forms one of the most conspicuous features of his art, as it did of his own life. In his *Faust*, it occupies a central position upon which the drama greatly depends for its effect. Still, in *Faust* the love episode is really an accident which has grown out of a perversion of motive by the Evil One. When *Faust* calls upon the "Spirits that weave at the loom of time," with which his pantheistic creed peopled the universe, there appeared to him, not a demiurge, that would lift his soul to the empyrean and steep his heart in the music of the spheres, but the Christian Devil, who holds out to him, in especially attractive colors, a higher enjoyment of the senses. And to prove once more that all human wisdom is but vanity, he that would scale the heavens, immediately falls a willing captive to these grosser allurements of the arch-fiend of hell.

Thus the character of *Faust* does not depend for its chief interest upon the love plot, although this gives it its true human coloring, without which it would be nothing but an airy abstraction. His greatness lies rather in that vast conception of mental power and daring which he bodies forth, and which is wonderfully enhanced by the supernatural element that surrounds him.

This supernatural machinery is so skillfully selected from those invisible agents that have a permanent place in the imagination of men, and is, moreover, so artfully interwoven with the elements of actual life that it does not detract much from the freshness and naturalness of the story, and, on the other side, furnishes frequent occasions for sublime flights of diction and impressive scenic effects.

The poet, moreover, by this means, attains the advantage—so largely utilized by the ancients—of ennobling his hero by confronting him with beings of a superior mould. Our human nature, by being represented in a successful contest with the higher powers, is elevated above its ordinary plane of being. To this expedient, to a great extent, is owing that massive strength and colossal outline which we perceive in the heroes of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*. If they had fought only against

mortal foes, they would still be great, but of a greatness merely human. But by measuring strength with the gods themselves, their own powers are measured by the opposing forces which they overcome. Thus Faust's daring challenge to the invisible world exalts him, in our imagination, to almost super-human proportions, and makes him one of the grandest impersonations of human character created by the genius of man.

Goethe has been deservedly censured for "the absence of all moral perspective" in some of his works, especially in his prose fiction. In modern art, he is the most distinguished representative of that school of "total impartiality" which paints vice and virtue with an even hand. The moral standard of his life, as well as of his art, is not the true Christian one. As his theoretical creed is largely mixed with a certain vague pantheism of his own, so his ethical persuasion reflects that naturalism which the writings of Rousseau had rendered popular in his youth. Thus, judged from his own point of view, neither Goethe's life nor his works present such grave anomalies as our Christian ethics will find there. That explains why Goethe has gained such a strange fascination, such an unexampled intellectual ascendancy over a large portion of the cultured classes of all nations. For all those who have thrown off Christian belief and Christian restraint, Goethe is the new prophet, and his doctrine of humanity and self-culture is the gospel of the new dispensation. And his influence seems destined to grow wider and firmer with the advancing age, because his teachings present a platform upon which all those who stand outside the Church are able to stand together.

The question then presents itself, whether Goethe's writings are for good or for evil to him who reads them, if he be a Christian, a Catholic? The answer must necessarily be a qualified one. It cannot be contested that Goethe's works contain many gems of purest beauty and human sweetness, in vain to be looked for elsewhere within the realms of art. Is it possible, then, with his perverted view of life, to separate the dross from the pure metal which it conceals? To the mature eye which possesses the full experience of life, the answer should be yes; but with regard to the immature who lack that experience, a conscientious answer

cannot be in the affirmative. Of course this has no application to most of his lyrical productions, some of which belong to the most comforting and sustaining expressions of thought and sentiment to be found in any literature. It refers rather to his more extended productions of life and character. To Faust, however, it applies in a far less degree than to many others of his works which have a much better reputation among the average reading public.

That the Faust drama presents a deep and obvious moral purpose, no one can deny that is capable of reading the deeper meaning of things on their outward surface. The nemesis that follows the commission of crime is here distinctly discernible. It appears before us in its most awful reality in the person of Satan himself, harrowing with taunts and threats the soul of the unfortunate Margaret, even in the Temple of God, whither she has dragged herself to seek comfort for her conscience-stricken heart. And, whether the lesson was intended or not, it certainly stands out in bold relief from the pages of this wonderful picture of human life, that a gross violation of the moral law, such as that committed by Faust, will, with a fatal necessity, bring sorrow and desolation to the heart of the doer, and strike it sorest in the ruin of those that are dearest to it. Nay the whole plot of Faust points out, with unexampled force, that impressive moral, that he who seeks enjoyment and happiness away from the path of reason—and of religion, which is the complement of reason—will find nothing but dejection and remorse. The fruit which he will put to his lips will wither in his grasp, and like Faust, instead of reaching the spirits above, he will fall a prey to the demons below.

In summing up this brief and fragmentary appreciation of Germany's greatest poetical work, it would seem to us, that, in the domain of art, it occupies a position quite distinct from every other production of its kind, in being a complete picture of the whole life of man, woven out of its most essential elements, representing what is noblest in the human mind and sweetest in the heart, yet in colors and features that possess a strange and life-like fascination. But, as in actual life, its brighter colors are intermingled

with the dark shadows of sin and crime, of suffering and remorse, and the whole is wrought out upon the mysterious background of the supernatural, sweet angels' voices sounding from on high, and lurid flames shooting up from the realms below. As a whole, moreover, it conveys a lesson, irresistible in its power and elevating in moral bearing, which elevating and sustaining element is rendered still more impressive in the second part of the work

—which lay outside the scope of the present article—where Faust is rescued from the thralldom of Evil by the spirit of Margaret—but of Margaret purified from all that is earthly, through suffering and repentance—who lifts him up to the life of glory and beatitude, by the intercession of that noblest type of womanhood, the blessed mother of God :

“Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan.”

H. H. GLASMACHER.



AVE MARIA.

—
 “Hail, Mary! full of grace!”—
 How sweet the salutation to our ears—
 Most blest of Eva's race,
 With thee the Lord of heaven and earth appears.

O Mother of thy God,
 We sinners call to thee with feeble breath,
 Bending beneath life's load ;
 Pray for us now and in the hour of death.

T. J. R.

Ottawa January, 1891.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

By Very Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, L.L.D.



ALL, Mystic Star! bright in the starry host!
 Light of the world, so long, alas! was lost.
 O'er Judah shine; send forth a guiding ray
 To nations all, shall certain point the way
 To Heaven's light that glorious dawns at last
 O'er darkened earth, and of all ages past
 The gloom dispels. Welcome auspicious Star!
 Thy blessed glow o'er Asia's bounds afar,

Past glories all outshines, new power displays
 As destinies it shapes, points out the ways,
 Must knowledge come and sacred truth be won.
 Thou shinest not, blest Star, where deeds are done,
 That war on virtue; cruelty thy bane,
 Acts tyrannous, curses, all things profane.
 O wondrous Star! thy light is never given
 When rashly men forsake the ways of Heaven,
 'Mid vice and error, grope their devious way
 Far from thy power and brightest truth astray.

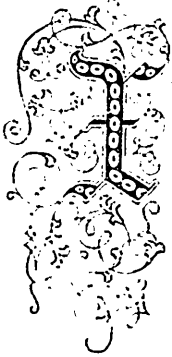
Wise men of old, as sacred writings say,
 In Asia saw thy light and took their way
 To Judah's land. To Israel's Palace high
 As the bold, anxious travellers drew nigh;
 "True tidings here of Israel's King we'll find;
 Such knowledge, doubtless, their's who rule mankind."
 They enter in. Lo! darkness all around.
 Ceased hath the guiding Star of Heaven to shine,
 Refusing with the wicked to combine.
 Well known on high the tyrant's cruel heart;
 The Sages, warned, with him could have no part.
 Fain would the Monarch have them share his view.
 They, as was meet, then filled with ardour new;
 "Think'st Thou, fond tyrant, us to lead astray,
 First fruits of the world's conquest, to betray

The future King ; or dost thou seek the place
Through us to know, where born the Lord of Grace?
Blind Hypocrite ! pretend not thou'lt adore
The King new-born we're here to honour more
Than all the potentates of ages gone.
In darkness thou remain'st ; we journey on."
Pealed thunder as they spoke, a dismal cloud,
Dark, sulphurous, o'er the Palace like a shroud,
Or funeral pall was in that instant spread,
Down striking Prince and train with sudden dread.

With speed the Sages quit the tyrant's home.
The Star resplendent shines ; and now they're come
To Judah's land ; o'er Bethlehem gleams the Star,
Powerful the nations lighting wide and far.
Heaven lends its choirs ; celestial songs resound,
Mingling with earth's music Israel around :
"GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH," the Angelic strain,
And "PEACE ON EARTH," man's richest, noblest gain ;
Peace unto all who, now and evermore,
Our Sages like, the peace King shall adore.



*RE-APPEARANCE OF THE STAR OF
BETHLEHEM.*



FOR ages there has been a prevalent popular notion, that the Star of Bethlehem may be expected to show itself again about the present time. Indeed, enterprising journalists have, now and then within the past few years, chronicled its actual re-appearance. So far, however, the merest tyro in astronomy has been able to convince himself that their announcements were premature, for he knows, from its bright steady light, that the so-called new star which suddenly blazes forth in the eastern or western part of the heavens, is but mighty Jupiter or some other planet changed from an evening to a morning star, or vice versa.

The common belief in the return of the auspicious star goes back to Tycho-Brahe (1546-1601), the Danish astronomer who, during his life enjoyed, it may be safely said, a greater European reputation than either Galileo or Kepler, his contemporaries. In his early years, a fond father, noticing his brilliant parts, and dreaming that his scion would one day sway the destinies of nations, had him undertake the study of political science. Tycho reluctantly complied: watching the motions of the heavenly bodies was far more congenial to his tastes than the meshes of diplomacy. Night after night, when all had retired, he stealthily rose, and going out under the great vault of heaven gave himself up to observing the courses of the stars. It was probably on one of these occasions, in the autumn of 1572, that he saw twinkling, far north in the heavens, a star of the first magnitude which found no place on charts. The whole world soon noticed this wonderful star, which grew brighter and brighter until it attained such splendor as to be distinctly visible at midday: then it began to wane, and, after sixteen months, completely disappeared. Tycho Brahe determined its position, 28 deg. 13 min. from the pole and 26 min. in right ascension. His

historical researches proved that similar bright stars had appeared in about this part of the heavens in 1264, also in 945. Assuming their position to be identical, he suggested the probability of the phenomena of 945, 1264 and 1573 being due to periodic returns of the same star. By the three given dates, the mean of the period is found to be about 314 years. This would give an appearance of the famous star in the year 3 of our era, but from the observations made, argues Tycho, a margin of at least five or six years is to be left on either side of the periodic mean: hence the star may have appeared at the very time of our Saviour's birth. Its periodic mean would bring it back to visibility in 1886, but of course the usual margin has to be allowed. To Tycho-Brahe, then, belongs the honor of divining the "Bethlehem Star Theory," which has excited so much curiosity.

The star is now almost overdue, even when allowance is made for margin over its periodic mean, hence interest in it is flagging. Indeed, it is to be said that notwithstanding its popularity among the masses, and the fact that all astronomers admit its possibility, no great scientist, with the exception of Tycho-Brahe himself, has ever admitted the probability of the "Bethlehem Star theory." There are about 100 periodic stars known which from specks invisible, in great part, except with the aid of the telescope, gradually wax, some of them, to luminaries of the second magnitude, and, then, as gradually wane. The minimum period of these variable stars is about one year, and the maximum, eighteen years. There are obvious objections to an hypothesis which classes among these stars, one which, like that of Tycho-Brahe, totally disappears for centuries, and then, for a few months, may be almost said to rival the sun in splendor. Several instances are recorded of stars, like that of 1574 suddenly appearing where none before had been observed, sometimes surpassing the light of stars of the first magnitude. These are considered by astronomers as temporary, not periodic stars, i. e., their return is not looked for.

Their appearance is explained by the theory, proved plausible by spectroscopic observation, that they are members of the stellar system, too small or too distant to be visible, which receive a sudden increase in light from some internal explosion, but a repetition of such a catastrophe in the same heavenly body, especially at regular intervals, is hardly to be looked for. Again, the margin of several years, without which Tycho's theory fails, can scarcely be admitted in face of the data which modern astronomy possesses regarding the regularity of the heavenly bodies. History, too, gives but cold encouragement to the "Bethlehem Star Theory." The heavens have been closely watched from a very early date, and we may confidently claim that we have accounts of about all the conspicuous temporary stars which have appeared within the past 2,500 years. No record is found of an extraordinary star at the opening of our era, nor in the 4th and 7th centuries, epochs at which, according to Tycho, the Star of Bethlehem should have showed itself. Whether this theory can be made to accord with the Scriptural account of the Star of Salvation, we shall inquire later on.

Besides Tycho's, two astronomical theories have been advanced to explain the appearance of the Star of Bethlehem. The first of these is the "Conjunction theory," defended by the learned Kepler (1571-1630). According to it, the Magi merely witnessed a series of remarkable conjunctions between the planets Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. By the conjunction of two planets is meant their near approach to each other, as seen from the earth. Many even who are not amateurs in astronomy will, perhaps, remember having their attention drawn to a conjunction between our present two glorious evening stars, Mars and Jupiter, on the 13th of Nov. last, when they were in the southern heavens, a trifle over two degrees apart. Kepler went more into details than the founder of the "Bethlehem Star Theory." Two of the conjunctions, remarkable for their proximity and splendor, he explains, occurred early in the year. Presaging from these the birth of the Saviour, the Magi set out for Jerusalem, where tradition told them He could be found. They arrived in the last days of December, left the city

after inquiries, beheld the third conjunction in the southern heavens and directing their steps southward came to Bethlehem.

What is said of the possibility, probability and scriptural accord of Tycho's theory must be repeated of Kepler's. The great German astronomer, it will be remembered, discovered the relation between the distance and periodic times of the planets. This, once known, by calculations which may be verified by the ordinary mathematician, he found the planets Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn had been conjoined in the year 748 from the building of Rome. Was this the year of our Saviour's birth? In our chronology it was A.U.C. 753 which was held to have brought the Divine Child. This discrepancy of dates, if it is real, is evidently a radical objection to the "Conjunction theory." Kepler, it must be said, devoted much attention to chronological subjects, and in several essays which he published sought to prove that the birth of Christ took place five years earlier than the commonly accepted date. He left unexplained other serious objections to his theory. The Magi were, no doubt, versed in the astronomy of their time; they must have been familiar with conjunctions of the planets, since they are not at all of unfrequent occurrence. It can scarcely be held that in any, much less in all of the conjunctions which they witnessed, the proximity was such as to make the two planets appear as one star: but even if it did, the wise men knowing it to be caused by the juxtaposition of two planets, would not have called it a star. In the face of these facts, how is it that the Magi themselves and the Evangelist continually speak of a star, and only of one star, though there had been more than one conjunction? Why do they speak of having seen a star in the East, when the planets they had seen are still shining before everybody's eyes? The re-appearance of the star of Bethlehem on the conjunction theory is never spoken of, however, we believe a similar series of conjunctions, consequently a re-appearance, occurred during the life of Kepler, and it would only be a pleasant task for the clever mathematician to let us know the exact dates, in ages to come, of new re-appearances.

The third astronomical theory explana-

tory of the Star of Bethlehem, is that the glad tidings of the birth of the Saviour were brought to the Gentiles by a remarkable comet. This hypothesis, unlike the two preceding ones, cannot claim plausibility on the score of having been proposed by a world-renowned astronomer. In fact, very little can be said in its defence. Comets, at that time, were by no means looked upon as the heralds of good news, but rather inspired terror as the foreboders of calamities. We have accounts, so say leading astronomers, of all the remarkable comets which have appeared for thousands of years. No one of these showed itself in the year of Our Saviour's birth, though there were several shortly before and after. That part of astronomy relating to comets is being rapidly developed, several of them are now known to be periodic, and should the Star of Bethlehem be a comet of this character—some lucky comet-hunter will, no doubt, "capture" it after a few returns.

Theologically, nothing has ever been defined regarding the nature of the sign which drew the Magi to the Saviour's cradle. An astronomical hypothesis might then be safely received, provided it can be reconciled with the account given by St. Matthew, on whose sole authority the Christian world believes in the appearance of the Star of Bethlehem. The Evangelist's historical description seems simple. From it we may conclude that the Magi, seeing the wonderful star in the East, hastened to Jerusalem, without necessarily being guided thither by it. From their traditions, commentators agree the wise men knew that the remarkable star presaged the birth of a king of the Jews, hence it was not necessary for the star to lead them to Jerusalem, or even to appear in the direction of Jerusalem. So far, any of the theories proposed might be accepted, since they all provide an extraordinary appearance in the heavens capable of attracting the attention of the wise observers. What happened after the Magi, having vainly sought the new-born king, left Jerusalem? "Behold the star which they had seen in the East went before them, until it came and stood over where the child was." Nothing seems clearer than the words of St. Matthew. Bethlehem is due south of Jerusalem. What of the astronomical theories here? Tycho-Brahe's star, shin-

ing within a few degrees of the north pole, certainly could not have gone before them. It is no less true that, though planets or a comet in the southern heavens might have indicated the direction of Bethlehem, it could by no means be said of anyone of them that it "Went before them until it came and stood over where the child was," unless a departure from the laws of nature be conceded. The defenders of those theories are logically loath to admitting any supernatural interference; if it has to be introduced, it is simpler to admit a miraculous star at once.

St. Thomas (iii., 36, 7), treating of the Star of Bethlehem, brings together and compares the opinions of St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and other distinguished commentators. In presuming above that St. Matthew does not declare the star to have gone before the wise men from their homes to Jerusalem, we have taken the opinion most favorable to astronomical theories—not by any means the common opinion. Accepting the common opinion, other serious difficulties besides that of conceiving how an ordinary star could point out the way to a particular place present themselves. St. Thomas points them out briefly: (1) the apparent motions of the stars are from east to west, but Jerusalem probably was not due west of the land whence came the Magi; (2) the guiding star was likely visible by day as well as by night; this is not, without difficulty, to be admitted of an ordinary star; (3) the motions of the celestial bodies are regular and continuous; this star, however, must have advanced with the travellers and remained stationary when they stopped for repose; (4) the star disappeared when the Magi were able to obtain information from the Doctors regarding the birthplace of the Messiah. The angelic Doctor concludes his article in these words: "It appears that most probably it was a new star, created, not in the depths of space, but in the air near the earth and immediately directed in its course by the Divine will."

The researches which the ordinary student is able to make, tend to convince him that science, history and still more exegesis, seem unfavorable to any mere astronomical theory designed to explain the wonderful prodigy known as the Star of Bethlehem. The theories proposed,

however, especially the first two, have a scientific and historical interest, on their own merits and still more from having been championed by such famed scientists as Tycho-Brahe and Kepler. These great men were Christian in their views; were they to rise from their tombs, and did they by mistake, think him worth notice, they, would reprobate and ridicule any petty pseudo-scientist of the 19th century who would invoke their theories to prove false the old, old story of a God's mercy to man. Could they, at this distance,

dispassionately consider their theories especially, could they see with the clear steady light which their discoveries and those of their distinguished contemporary, Galileo, now shed on Astronomy, they would no doubt incline with us to the belief, which indeed they never directly combatted, that the wise men, like the chosen people through the deserts of Arabia, were lighted on their way to the grotto by a sign miraculously hung in the heavens.

W.M., '88.



TO THE OLD YEAR.



OLD Year, they say hard things of you !
 They chide you for inconstancy :
 And with apostate hearts they sue
 The New Year, in its infancy,
 To hold fair hopes, and make them true,
 That at its close they may not rue
 A broken faith like that they placed in you.

Old Year ! you bring me memories sweet
 Of what you gave of starlit nights
 That crowned the daytime's sunny heat :
 Of summer shades and autumn lights :
 And of a grass-grown village street,
 Where Fate ordained my wayward feet
 Should artless stray my Destiny to meet

Old Year ! the lessons that you taught
 Perhaps were stern—but after all,
 I bless you for the good they brought ;
 My chastened spirit now must fall
 Contrite and thankful. What I bought
 Time has enriched ; for you have wrought
 The night-time grace that at your dawn I sought.

C. G. ROGERS

FUNERALS AMONG THE RED MEN.

(From the French of F. X. Garneau.)



HE Red Men of Canada believed in the immortality of the soul, but they could not conceive it separated from the body, because, in their minds, all things assumed a sensible form. Hence it is that, following their religious inclinations, they used to place food upon the tomb of the parents and beloved friends. They fancied that it took several months to reach the happy hunting-grounds of the West; and that the journey was beset with obstacles and dangers.

Touching ceremonies characterized the obsequies. For whole months, they showed the intensity of their sorrow by loud groans and wailings. They dressed the dead in his best clothes, put on his war paint and placed him at the door of his wigwam, with his weapons by his side. A brave of his family recounted his exploits in the chase and on the warpath. In some tribes the women kept up a constant weeping, dancing and singing. When the time of the burial had come, the body was lowered into a deep, fur-lined grave. The dead warrior was placed in a sitting posture, with a pipe in his mouth, a tomahawk, a household god, and a bent bow before him. In this position the body was covered over to be touched no more. A humble pillar was raised upon his tomb, and from it were hung divers objects as a token of the esteem in which he was held. Sometimes, too, his figure cut in wood was suspended thereon, with inscriptions relating to his warlike achievements. On other occasions there were two sepultures, as among the Hurons. The first took place immediately after death. The body, bent in two and decked with precious ornaments, was wrapped with care in rich furs. It was then enclosed in a bark box, with food and articles that had belonged to the dead man, or else these articles were suspended near his tomb. The

coffin was then conveyed to the field of the dead. There, amidst the shrieks and lamentations of the women, the corpse was laid upon four posts, of eight or ten feet in height, to await the solemn feast of the dead which recurred every eight or ten years.

The second sepulture was attended with public and impressive ceremonies, and was made in the name of the entire nation. This was the most famous solemnity among the Indians.

When the time for this mournful feast came round the Indians assembled to choose a chief. The chief elect then sent a formal invitation to neighboring and allied nations. On the appointed day a procession was formed, and with signs of deepest sorrow repaired to the burying ground, where the tombs were re-opened and the dead once more exposed to the light of day and the gaze of the living. There, the assembled crowd, in long and gloomy silence, beheld that sight so well calculated to inspire all with most serious reflections, while a woman uttered plaintive cries. After this the bones of the dead, piously scraped and cleansed and carefully folded in beaver skins, were carried in procession on the shoulders of those present who returned to the village singing and playing musical instruments, and deposited their precious burden in their several huts, and these sacred rites were concluded by a banquet in honor of the family's dead. The following days were spent in funeral festivities, dances and contests, a sort of tournament at which prizes were given.

To be present at this solemnity, the Indians would come from great distances, and were entertained with that hospitality which distinguished them, and between hosts and guests, presents were exchanged.

Towards the end of the ceremony, when the bones were conveyed into the hall of the great council, to be hung on the walls, one of the chiefs would intone the funeral song:—"Bones of my forefathers, hanging over the heads of the living, teach us to live and to die. You

have been brave, fearlessly have you shed your blood ; the master of life has opened his arms to receive you and has granted you a happy hunt in the other world. Life is but that bright coloring of the snake, which appears and disappears more rapidly than a winged-arrow ; it is but that noon-tide bow seen over the rushing torrent ; it is but the shadow of a passing cloud. Bones of my forefathers, teach the warrior to open his veins and to drink the blood of revenge."

In many districts the remains of the dead were carried in procession from village to village, and when the ceremony was over, they were deposited in a vast tomb lined with furs, and there placed in rows. In this tomb the Indians put

whatever they held most precious. While they thus lowered into a common abode the remains of their respective families, the women gave vent to their sorrow in wails and loud laments, after which each one took a handful of earth from the grave and kept it carefully, convinced that it would be a source of luck in the games.

At this grand festival everything was orderly, modest, decorous. No nation has a solemnity more imposing or better adapted to inspire respect for the memory of ancestors than the feast of the dead among the Indians. But the sombre majesty of the forest alone could harmonize with the sublime grandeur of such a spectacle.



Stanzas sent to Mr. T. Earham by Leo XIII. as a token of gratitude for a photograph of His Holiness presented by that gentleman :—

Expressa solis spiculo
Nitens imago, quam bene
Frontis decus, vim luminum
Refert et oris gratiam !

O mira virtus ingeni
Novumque monstrum ! imaginem
Naturæ appelles æmulus
Non pulchriorem pingeret.

A GREAT FRENCH LYRIC.



FTER the epic poet has recounted the daring adventures, the martial exploits and the great achievements of heroes, after he has painted in glowing colors the enchanting scenes of nature, and all that our eye can behold, then comes the lyric bard who expresses, in touching lines, the joys or the sufferings, the happiness or the misfortune, the sighs, the fears, the hopes, the anxieties, in fact, the sentiments and the passions of the human heart.

After Homer came Pindar.

In our times, especially, lyric poetry has played such a great part in the advancement of intellectual culture, and has occupied so many minds and pens that it has produced masterpieces which equal all the ancient models.

And France, though in a century of material and scientific progress, though troubled by numerous revolutions, has not abandoned the path of imaginative conceptions, and, still cherishing the muses, has not yet ceased to give birth to great and illustrious lyric and dramatic poets. Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Alfred de Vigny do as much honor to the fatherland of Racine and Corneille as Moore, Byron and Tennyson enhance the lustre of England's literature.

Among the former poets, no one was ever so popular and so well known as Victor Hugo. Owing to the originality of his genius, and the powerful, though often fatal influence of his writings upon the whole literary world, he has been particularly perused and studied. But, however, the young reader must be on his guard against the works of Hugo, which are the more dangerous because they offer a splendid and attractive appearance. His style is grand and magnificent, but the ideas, the principles, the philosophy of the writer are mostly always false, immoral, and consequently pernicious and injurious to a Christian. The greater portion of Hugo's productions resemble those poisons which, sweet to the taste, effect their evil results after they have been taken. Concealing base, vile and absurd

theories opposed to truth, to God, to the Church, Hugo captivates the reader under the charms of a brilliant, highly imaged and stirring language.

Beware of flatterers who employ all the beauties of style to sow in your mind irreligious thoughts and perverse notions.

In one page adoring the divine precepts, in another Hugo throws blasphemy and hatred against the laws of heaven, and tramples upon what is holy, chaste and noble. Let the reader beware of Hugo!

Among all his productions, his lyric poems alone can be put in the hands of a christian, and it is there (I speak of the principal ones) that he will find the purest and most delicate touches of his genius, and meet with pleasure and instruction combined.

Still, on account of the false notions and immoral sentiments given expression to in many of his writings, we may well say of him, what he himself wrote of Voltaire: "We regret for him and for literature that he should have directed against heaven that intellectual power which he had received from heaven."

Born in 1802, in Bésançon, a small town in the east of France, and son of a colonel, he was obliged from his early infancy to leave his native village and follow his father into Italy and Spain. Continually travelling during twelve years, and beholding the variety of spectacles mother nature, presents to an imaginative intellect, the childish eyes of Victor Hugo were interested by the sight of lakes and mountains, forests and valleys, and like a faithful mirror, kept a lasting impress of them. The lofty and sublime Alps, the smiling and poetical scenery, the limpid and serene sky of Italy as well as the temples, the monuments and the beauties of Spain awakened in the mind of the future bard, the images, the ideas and the sentiments he was one day to express in such fiery and picturesque language. Tacitus and Juvenal were his favorite authors. At the age of thirteen, he began to write verses; and the *Advantages of Study* was the first production made public by its author. However, the French Academy, unwilling to believe that the poem had been com-

posed by a boy of fifteen summers, refused him the first prize. Never discouraged, but trusting in success and awaiting glory, he laboured day and night, deeming that the star of his good fortune had shone.

When the *Odes* appeared, singing the triumphs of France and mourning her misfortunes, when those noble accents of patriotism and of piety were heard falling from the lips of a youth, when a lyre yet unknown to literature whispered notes so pure, so melodious, so sincere, the whole press resounded with loud praise and universal enthusiasm for the poet, and every heart repeated his touching verses. From that time, the clarion of renown sounded his name all over the world, and he became known either by his lyric productions, or his dramas (*Hernani*, *Lucrece Borgia*, *Marion Delorme*,) or his novels (*Notre Dame de Paris*, the *Miserables*.) Hugo laid down in his famous preface of *Cromwell* (1827) the principles of his poetry and art. In 1837, Louis Philip created him an officer of the *Légion d'Honneur*. The Academy opened its doors to the poet in 1841, and he was made a Peer of France in 1845. The political life of Victor Hugo thus began on a bright morn, resplendent with honors and titles, and full of hopes for the future. Elected in 1848 as representative of Paris in the *Constituante* and Legislative Assembly, he upheld Democratic principles. If in his youth, Hugo had been an ardent Royalist, he was now an enthusiastic Republican. Unhappily, a day so well begun ended in a most sad and humiliating manner. Louis Napoleon banished the poet, and Hugo was forced to depart from his native land, to cross the ocean and to retire upon an island of the English Channel, given up to all the despair and the pangs of exile. It was then that he wrote *Les Châtiments* as a revenge against his most bitter enemies, Napoleon the Third in particular.

At the fall of the empire, our poet returned to the National Assembly, but soon left it, going to Brussels. He was ordered to leave after having written in that country a book of poems entitled *L'Année terrible* wherein the calamities of 1870 are depicted and the responsible parties severely censured. In 1871, Hugo defended the Communists. He has summed up in the *Actes et Paroles* his public life, indeed unworthy of a Christian, and of a great mind.

Victor Hugo died on the 5th of May,

1885, at the advanced age of eighty-three years, seventy of which had been devoted to literature. He left a name which became the idol of some, the scorn and hatred of others. If I be allowed to use the words of a French writer, the former have loved him even for his faults, the latter have detested him even for his qualities. Such was the life of Victor Hugo—a series of sad contradictions throughout. The chief lyric compositions of Hugo are the *Orientales* (1829), the *Feuilles d'Automne* (1831), the *Châtiments* (1852), and the *Contemplations* (1856).

The genius of Victor Hugo was a sublime one. Endowed with a rich and exuberant imagination, with a tender and sensible heart, possessing a most brilliant and delicate brush, he wrote masterpieces which show a dazzling lustre upon the pages of literature. As a painter and a satirist he has very few equals, no superiors. At times uniting the fire of Homer to the grandeur of Milton, at other times tender as Virgil and eloquent as Demosthenes, he treated all subjects and topics, and was certainly one of the most favored intellects the world ever saw. His mighty thought has penetrated everywhere, his imagination has sounded all the depths, all the abysses of fiction and reality, his genius has worked all the mines of the East. But as he sought to ascend the highest height possible or impossible, he fell to the lowest depth. Had he remained faithful to the enthusiastic belief of his youth, had he fostered in his heart all that is grand, good and true, had his pride been less, he would have avoided many excesses, and literature would reckon more masterpieces. Nettement, a French critic, has passed this judicious remark upon Hugo: "In this intelligence," says he, "full of contradictions, and in this heart wavering between contrary sentiments, truth and error, the beautiful and the ugly, pity and wrath, have altars of their own. Hugo resembles those Roman Emperors who placed amidst their false gods the image of Christ."

The genius of Hugo is like those planets wherein dark spots are found. His composition contain great beauties, much splendor marred by great defects and much darkness. Yet, notwithstanding these ugly stains on many a page of Hugo's compositions, we can, I think,

apply to the poet and to Hugo in particular, the lines which Young has written in his *Night Thoughts* on man :—

A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine !

After two or three centuries have gone by, when the reader will look for the

great names and the masterpieces of French poetry, of all the productions of Hugo, perhaps shall he only find two great poems, read, admired and extolled, and these will be the *Feuilles d'Antoine* and the *Voix Interieures*.

HECTOR GARNEAU, '93

Jan. 10th, '91.



ASK NOT, DEAREST, WHY I SIGH.

(After HEINRICH HEINE.)

[Of the great poet, some of whose more conspicuous literary mannerisms are imperfectly imitated in the following verses, it has been said that he wrote alternately with a feathered quill from the breast of a nightingale and with a lancet steeped in aquafortis. While we find it impossible to even distantly approach the charm of his more exalted style, which is inimitable, we have at least scrupulously avoided all attempts at reproducing a particle of that biting acidity which is so characteristic of his satirical mode. Heine was born at Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, on the 13th December, in the year 1799 : and died in Paris on the 17th February, 1856, stricken down by paralysis.]

Ask not, dearest, why I sigh,
Why those starts of hidden pain ;
Why even from thy sympathy,
I, my grief would still restrain.
All my days are spent in anguish,
In the night I cannot sleep ;
Vainly for relief I languish,
I can only wake and weep.

Yet, the cause I fear to tell thee,
I would not pain thy loving heart :
For, beloved,—well I know thee !—
In my pain thou'd feel a smart.
Well then—learn my fearful woe
And weep the day that I was born,
'Tis—that on each little—toe,
I have got a shocking corn.

MEDIÆVAL UNIVERSITIES.

(Continued from Sept. '90.)

After these researches on the name of *universitas*, Denifle treats of the origin and development of the two most celebrated mediæval universities, Paris and Bologna, which, besides being the most ancient, were either the mothers or the models of all the others.

Ever since the tenth century, Paris has had celebrated doctors. In the eleventh, the schools of Rheims, Laon, Tours, Chartres, Liège, and, above all, the school of the Bec, in Normandy, where the Blessed Lanfranc and St. Anselm taught theology, enjoyed a great reputation. It was the same in Italy. We are told that even before the famous Irnerius, Bologna had Pepone and other eminent jurists, and, that there were law-schools at Pavia, Verona, Nonantola and Ravenna. It is, therefore, certain that before 1100, France, Italy and other countries had schools where, not only the *liberal arts* but *sciences* (theology, law and medicine) were taught. However, the *studium* of Bologna became permanent only with Irnerius (1100-1120) for civil law and (about 1150) with Graziano for canon law, just as the *studium* of Paris was made famous for its schools of dialectics and theology by William of Champeau, Abélard and Peter Lombard, at the beginning of the twelfth century.

What may have been the causes of that sudden renown of Paris and Bologna, which marks a new era and the opening of the Mediæval Universities? Is it possible, as Savigny thought, to account for it by the reputation of a professor and the natural craving of the students for science?

No, Denifle answers. Three other factors, must be mentioned.

The first is the new practical method of teaching adopted in these two universities by their celebrated professors. This method and the system of discussion brought a large number of students from all parts of Europe. The number of teachers was consequently increased and a new scientific life displayed.

To this first element must be added the imperial and royal privileges generously granted to the young universities. Fred-

erick Barbarossa, by the *Authentica Habita* of 1158, took under his imperial protection the students of Bologna, and conferred upon them the right to be judged either by their own professors or by the bishop of the city.

As to Paris, Louis VII (1137-1180) and his son Philip-Augustus (1180-1223) granted to its students such privileges that to these William Armoricus attributed the large influx of students.

But the most powerful of all factors, was the system of *corporations* introduced into those schools during the twelfth century. In Paris, the masters of theology, canon law, medicine and philosophy, who, thus far had been teaching independently in different parts of the city, united into a *Universitas Magistrorum*. Before 1260, the masters, in each faculty, in order the better to promote its interest, formed, besides, under their dean, particular societies, which far from interfering with the general *Universitas*, strengthened and supported it.

By the side of the University of their *Magistri*, the students soon created their own University, *Universitas Scholarium*. It was established by a decretal of Innocent III., who, in 1210 or 1211, granted them the privilege of electing a *Procuratorem* to uphold their rights against the Chancellor. This society was sub-divided into four classes called the *Four Nations* and named *Galicorum*, *Picardorum*, *Normannorum*, *Anglicorum*, after the names of the four nations which were more numerous represented in the Studium of Paris. All, when united, formed the *Universitatem Artistarum*, because the art students were always in the majority. Their general president had the title of *Rector Universitatis* and it was only later that he succeeded to efficaciously rule over the *Artists*, the *Decretists*, the *Medical Students* and the *Theologians*. The *Rector Universitatis*, as we now-a-days understand, is nowhere found to have existed before the second half of the seventeenth century.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

A CLASS ESSAY.

Near by Scamander's crimsoned waters raged
 The Trojan war, where thousands were engaged ;
 First in the struggle mighty Hector stood
 With glitt'ring spear, red with Achaian blood.
 Meanwhile, his spouse, the fair Andromache,
 Expectant sits, wrapt in deep reverie.
 While thus engrossed, before her half-closed eyes,
 Bright vision of all Ilium's future rise :
 Her Hector leads on his triumphant host,
 And drives the Greek invaders from the coast :
 She then beholds him crowned in Priam's place,
 The honor, strength and glory of his race :
 Beholds the infant, slumb'ring at her side,
 A hero grown, his aged parent's pride :
 But soon sleep's heavy curtain drops between
 Her vision and this happy conjured scene.
 She sleeps ; yet not at perfect ease. "T would seem
 That she were haunted by some ghastly dream :
 For lo ! she starts, awakens with a shriek
 Of pain, with trembling frame and pallid cheek.
 What awful phantom troubled her repose
 One might divine ; for she impatient grows,
 And as a widowed mother, whose sole joy
 Is centred in her kind, but thoughtless boy,
 Who lingers late about the attractive streets,
 Or tarries in his comrade's loved retreats,
 Grows more uneasy as the hours steal on
 And bring not back her slow-returning son ;
 Thus does Andromache uneasy grow,
 Loth to depart and still inclined to go
 Forth to the tower near the western gate,
 And there the issue of the day await.
 Resolved, at length, to calm her storm-tossed soul,
 Where anxious longings, like dark billows, roll,—
 Where dread forebodings monstrous shapes assume,
 All pointing to her natal city's doom ;
 She takes her infant gently to her heart,
 Calls his fond nurse and hastens to depart.
 Without, meanwhile, still surged the bloody
 strife,
 Robbing unnumbered heroes of their life :
 There, many a youthful, stalwart Dardan bled,
 Pierced by the lance of fearless Diomed.
 Pressed in the contest by this daring knight,
 In council, Ilium's bravest chiefs unite,
 Too well aware their forces soon must yield,
 Unless the gods remove him from the field.
 "Go, Hector," say the chiefs, "without delay ;
 "Beg that Troy's matrons to Minerva pray
 "That she entice this demon from the fight,

"Whose presence only saves the Greeks from
 flight."
 Then mighty Hector merges from the fray,
 And toward the city quickly bends his way ;
 O'er many a corpse of friend and foe he strides,
 Whose advent some fond heart, in vain, abides,—
 Some white-locked sire on distant Phrygia's
 shore.
 Him still expecting who'll return no more.
 The chief's unconscious of each upturned face—
 Reflections on the dead find little place
 Within his mind ; such only as reveal
 Some special 'vantage for the livings' weal
 Are welcome guests ; and so he hurries by,
 Directing, now and then, a wistful eye,
 Back to the spot where heroes fight and fall
 Until he's passed beyond the Trojan wall.
 His mission which the public good concerns
 Fulfilled, to private duties next he turns ;
 With quickened pace he spans the dusty road,
 And, panting, stops before his own abode.
 In thought he lingers at the palace door :
 "Would to the gods the toils of war were o'er.
 "And Hector, severed from this gory strife,
 "Enjoyed again his wonted, peaceful life !"
 He softly enters, welcomed back by none
 Save Disappointment ; whom he seeks, she's
 gone.
 While undecided, thus the chieftain stands,
 Around his brawny neck a pair of hands
 He feels entwined, a warm kiss impressed—
 He turns and finds the object of his quest.
 A moment's joy ; then, sorrow comes to trace
 Her gloomy outlines on this beaming face.
 For, brief the moments of the chieftain's stay ;
 The call of battle hurries him away.
 He takes his infant fondly in his arms ;
 But ah ! his feathered helm the child alarms,
 Whom he restores ; then, quickly turning round,
 He lays the glitt'ring helmet on the ground.
 Then to his breast he clasps his son again,
 And in that fond embrace forgets all pain.
 With outstretched arms, he lifts him high in air,
 And gently utters this paternal prayer :
 "Ye gods, who hold the destinies of men,
 "Their futures know, ere they their lives begin,
 "Grant that my son, when grown to manhood
 years,
 "May vie successfully with all compeers.
 "First on the field, a leader in the State,
 "In council wise, unequalled in debate,

“ His heart inflamed with patriotic fire,
 “ Be worthy offspring of his dauntless sire ;
 “ Who'll lead his country's armies on to war,
 “ Extend her conquests and his fame afar,
 “ With spoils and glory crowned, return to Troy,
 “ To be his father's pride and mother's joy.”

Thus spoke great Hector ; then, returned the child

To his fond wife, who thro' her tears now smiled,
 Forgetful, for the moment, of the grief,
 That filled her heart in parting with the chief,
 Into its crib the babe she gently lays,
 Averting from her husband still her gaze,
 Intent upon prolonging his delay
 By keeping thus the parting words away.
 But Hector takes her gently to her heart,
 And whispers fondly, “ Wife, 'tis time to part :
 “ The chiefs, impatient on the field, await
 “ My tardy coming, while the day grows late :
 “ Care for thyself ; the gods will care for me
 “ Till crown'd with vict'ry, I return to thee.”

“ O Hector, would'st thou leave me thus,” she cries —

Her lips words utter—volumes speak her eyes—

“ Fate, cruel, bloody, thirsting still for gore,
 “ Conducts thee thither to return no more ;
 “ For, whil'st I slumber'd, ghastly visions came.
 “ In each the scene enacted was the same.
 “ Meseem'd I sat upon the walls of Troy,
 “ Beheld the Greeks our bravest men destroy,
 “ And fierce Achilles, bounding in his car,
 “ Dash from his ships and mingle in the war.
 “ Fierce wax'd the struggle, till the Trojans fled
 “ Before the Greeks, who trampled on our dead,
 “ Thee, too, I saw endeavoring in vain
 “ To stem the torrent and the day regain,
 “ When fierce Achilles, thundering, drew near,
 “ And thro' thy breast-plate thrust his mighty spear,
 “ I saw thee fall. Ye gods, forbid that e'er

“ Such dire calamity be thine to share !

“ But, oh ! what piercing anguish rent my breast

“ When I beheld the conqueror divest

“ Thy manly frame of casque, sword, shield and all—

“ And drag thee naked 'round old Ilium's wall.

“ This I beheld, nor did the vision seem

“ The wild chaotic phantom of a dream.

“ Stay, then, I beg thee, for thy own dear life ;

“ Stay for thy child, thy homestead and thy wife :

“ Nor face the dangers of the war again

“ To meet but dread misfortune and be slain.

“ Call back thy soldiers to the brass-bound gate,

“ And there, the onset of the foe await ;

“ Nor dare to venture in the ramparts far,

“ Lest death o'ertake thee from Achilles' car ;

“ And I, of all I hold most dear bereft,

“ A sad-eyed widow still in youth be left--

“ To sigh and with abundant tear-drops lave

“ The verdant sward above my Hector's grave.”

Thus spoke Andromache, to whom replies

The valiant chief,—love streaming from his eyes :

“ My tender wife, my only precious care,

“ Would'st thou see Hector, do what dastards dare ;

“ When most his country needs his timely aid,

“ Shrink from the fight, and thus himself degrade,

“ Before th'untarnished lustre of his fame,

“ Midst terms opprobrious place his father's name ;

“ Be scorned and shunned by low-born serfs as base,

“ His family's bane, his countrymen's disgrace ?

“ Ah ! no : 'twere better I should bravely fall

“ Than as a cowardly traitor live at all ;

“ My home, wife, child, 'tis true, I love, adore :

“ Still I esteem my country's honor more,

“ Pray to the gods for succor and be true

“ To him who loves thee dearly—now, adieu !”

One fond embrace, a kiss to his lov'd son,

A last look and the Trojan Chief was gone.

C. C. DELANY, '91.



BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

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



ACCORDING to Ryd-
yard Kepling, Lady
Dufferin's work in In-
dia has done more,
and promises more,
in the solution of the
troublesome Eastern
Empire problem than
all masculine sugges-
tions and efforts.

Justin H. McCar-
thy, M.P., is just thirty years old, and has
published eleven books and seven plays.

The Life of John Boyle O'Reilly, by
James J. Roche, of the *Boston Pilot*, is to
appear this month.

The *Pall Mall Budget* speaks of Geo.
W. Smalley, the *New York Tribune* cor-
respondent, as "The Prince of Gossips."

The beautiful new edition of Lamp-
man's Poems is meeting with a ready
sale.

The central episode of Mr. Stevenson's
new story, "The Wrecker," is said to be
the hurricane of Samoa.

A Life of Christ, by the distinguished
French priest, Pêre Didon, has just been
published in Paris; the author spent
months in the Holy Land seeking infor-
mation; for two years he lived in retreat
in the Monastery of Corbara, in Corsica,
leaving there only for the purpose of car-
rying on the work in question.

Mr. J. F. Hogan, whom the *Academy*
has christened "the Rider Haggard of
Australia," has been a resident of the
colonies from childhood; his first work
was "An Australian Christmas Collec-
tion;" he next wrote his history of "The
Irish in Australia," following it with "The
Australian in London," and his recent
great success, "The Lost Explorer;" he
is still a young man, a bachelor, somewhat
of a literary recluse, and a hard system-
atic worker.

Lewis Morris' new poem, "A Vision of
Saints," just out in London contains twenty
poems in blank verse, and is its authors'
most ambitious effort.

Lafcadio Hearn, author of "Stray
Leaves," is said to almost equal Poe in
weird and ghastly fancy.

"Falstaff" is the title of the new opera
which Verdi has completed, Arrigo Boito
furnishing the libretto.

Mr. Peter McCorry, the veteran journa-
list, is visiting Ireland and publishes his
impressions in that excellent monthly,
Donahoe's Magazine.

Michael Field is the pseudonym, not of
one literary English woman, but of two.

William Hartpole Lecky, the distinguish-
ed historian, whose History of England in
the Eighteenth Century, has just been
completed, is described as "a lank-built,
loosely-hung, clean-shaven man, with
bright carrot-colored hair; and he is an
Irishman by birth, lives entirely in the
eighteenth century and is oppressively in-
dustrious; but while he lacks backbone
he is the soul of amiability and his years
are fifty-two."

Dom Pedro, the deposed Emperor of
Brazil, finds consolation in translating
"The Arabian Nights" into Portuguese.

George Bancroft, the historian, has
been obliged, through the infirmities of
age, to relinquish his purpose of writing a
history of the Polk Administration.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet,
celebrated his 83rd birthday on Decem-
ber 17, at his home in Danvers, Massa-
chusetts. The number of original tributes
sent in this year was larger than usual.
Mr. Whittier will, as soon as possible,
personally acknowledge the receipt of all
letters, and to many of those who have
remembered him on this occasion with
flowers, fruit, or other souvenirs, he will
mail an autograph copy of his latest work,
entitled "At Sundown"—at least so we
are told in the telegraphic despatches.

Octave Fenillet, the well-known French
novelist and dramatist, died 29th Dec.

Dr. William Thompson, Protestant
Archbishop of York, England, and author
and lecturer, died 25th December.

= The Owl. =

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

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

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

BOARD OF EDITORS.

- M. F. FITZPATRICK, '91.
 C. C. DELANY, '91.
 F. L. FRENCH, '91.
 J. P. COLLINS, '92.
 C. D. GAUDET, '92.
 D. MURPHY, '92.
 J. P. SMITH, '93.
 L. J. KEHOE, '94.
 J. McDougall, '94.
- Business Manager:
 T. A. WHITE, '93.

Address all letters to "THE OWL," OTTAWA
 UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA, ONT.

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1891. No. 5

OUR THANKS.

Our desire of presenting the readers of THE OWL with a creditable Christmas issue, we think, with propriety, can be said to have been realized. We previously mentioned our determination of bringing out such a number, though well aware of the difficulties of the undertaking, but relied upon assistance from kind friends, and the consideration of our indulgent public. Whether our Christmas number was as good as we ventured to promise, we leave to others to say. Last year a special number devoted to athletics was issued under the management of Rev. J. J. Griffin to whom is due much of THE OWL's success. Under the circumstances the

present management can claim the privilege of expressing an opinion on that number, and says that it was first-class in every respect and deserving of the highest praise. This year, we determined to offer our readers an entirely literary issue, and of it we have nothing to say. To our friends who kindly contributed articles, we feel deeply grateful, and wish to offer them our sincere thanks. Their contributions were expressly written for THE OWL so that our magazine may, at least, claim the merit of originality. For our success, whatever it has been, we are indebted largely to them. To our alumni, we renew the invitation to favour us with some contributions. Many of them are personally known to us as gentlemen of literary ability, to whom THE OWL gladly opens its columns. The old students are surely anxious for the prosperity of THE OWL, let them kindly give us a helping hand. We owe an expression of gratitude as well to those by whom the CHRISTMAS OWL was so favourably received. From many quarters complimentary notices have been given us, and from many others have come to us congratulatory and encouraging words. The result of the venture will be a stimulus to the editors to redouble their efforts to make THE OWL worthy of the patronage received, and a journal of greater excellence. Our friends and readers will doubtless remark, that to correspond with their good will and the expectations which our Christmas number may have aroused, our present issue comprises thirty-six, instead of the ordinary twenty-four pages of reading matter.

We sincerely regret to learn that several of our subscribers have not received numbers of the Christmas OWL mailed to them. The cause of this we know not, and we propose to investigate the matter. Those of our exchanges and subscribers that have had to suffer the grievance

above mentioned, will please inform us of the fact and back numbers will be forwarded to them.

CARPE DIEM.

If the end of education be complete living, and few will deny that it is, then there is a vast deal of wisdom in seizing every opportunity that tends to further educational development. THE OWL wishes to draw attention to a few of the many advantages that lie within reach of every student of Ottawa University, and that go to make Ottawa one of the most highly-favored educational centres in America. It is to advantages altogether external to this institution that reference is made, but which, nevertheless, are in fullest harmony with a University training, in fact require it for their thorough appreciation.

The library of Parliament is sufficiently complete in every department to satisfy the wants of the most exacting student in any branch of the ordinary range of studies. Its importance for purposes of reference and research can scarcely be over estimated. The best means of proving that we realize this, is to make use of the books of the Parliament Library for the increase of our knowledge and the solution of our difficulties.

Another aid to our education is the House of Commons' debates. No man is thoroughly educated who has not an intelligent grasp of the great political and economic questions that make the history of his country. Students of Ottawa University hear those questions discussed in the most thorough manner and by the most competent statesmen in the land. The privilege of assisting at these debates bears with it another not inconsiderable merit. It is the attendance at a series of lectures in practical oratory of the highest type. No deliberative assembly in the world contains six men superior in bril-

liancy of talents or solidity of character to Hon. E. Blake, Hon. W. Laurier, Sir John Thompson, Sir R. Cartwright, Hon. D. Mills and Hon. J. A. Chapleau, each an exponent of a different style of oratory and each a master in his line.

Nor have students of natural science cause for complaint. Geologists will find in the fossiliferous strata of the Silurian formation, of which Ottawa forms part, ample scope for interesting and instructive personal investigations. Or they may visit the Geological Museum of Canada, where the mineralogical and geological specimens exhibited will do much to augment their scientific acquirements and to foster their national pride. The National Fisheries' Exhibit will prove more conclusively than any number of blue books that the point at issue between us and our American neighbors concerns no "mere kettle of fish," but an extensive branch of commerce of the greatest moment to Canada. Students who take an interest in scientific farming (and who is not benefitted by a knowledge of agriculture?) will see in one visit to the Experimental Farm more than can be understood in a cursory examination.

All these are advantages that lie at our hand. They are intimately connected with our course of studies and with the resources and possibilities of Canada. The student who does not make proper use of them is doing a grave injustice to himself and to the country that he hopes later on to serve.

NOVEL READING.

The New York City Attorney, in conjunction with a few broad-spirited citizens, has lately devoted himself to the furtherance of a scheme which, if carried to a successful issue, will place him and his co-workers among the number of national benefactors. They propose, according to a recent issue of the *N. Y. Mail and Express*, to put a stop to the publication

of immoral books, newspapers and pamphlets, and as they are fully sustained in their endeavors by the local government, we may expect that they will, in a great measure, rid society of the curse under which it has heretofore rested.

Little can be said with regard to novels that has not already been said. Filthy sensationalism disguised as literature is now universally condemned, and its demoralizing effect is denied only by those whose wish is father to their thought, and who, being helpless victims to the poisonous influences of indecent literature, would like to convince themselves that it is anything but hurtful. A leading Protestant divine, however, has spoken in such a way as to place the nature of such productions beyond a doubt. "Such literature," he says, "involves the prostitution of language, the mission of which is the communication of truth that elevates the mind, purifies the heart and ennobles life. Such works act and re-act upon man's moral nature for evil, as the better literature acts and re-acts upon the whole man for good. One is for the creation of devils, the other for the creation of angels." No one who has been observant to however small an extent, can fail to see the truth of these lines. The habitual wallower in immoral literature, betrays the marks of his self-inflicted violence as truly and as clearly as the debauchee and the libertine. A genuine distaste for whatever is serious and elevating, is the first proof that the poison has commenced to take effect, but it is neither the last nor the most startling. It is generally injected when the mind is young and the character easily moulded, with the result that the almost infinite powers for good, with which man has been endowed, are changed into susceptibilities for evil, and he is reduced to the level of the brute and the servitude of Satan.

But what is surprising in all this, is that knowing it to be true, we are

content to remain inactive in the matter of removing the cause of such destruction. What adds increased importance to the movement lately inaugurated in New York, is the fact that the workers are so few in so large a field. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that our efforts in the past have been almost futile. But if we have been unable to cope successfully with the difficulty, the blame rests with ourselves and is the natural consequence of the employment of improper means for the attainment of our end. Appeals have time and again been made to legislative bodies, but to little or no purpose. In fact, instances are not wanting in which such a course was attended with positive injury. It is a question justly disputed, whether the evil contained in any particular book, is greater than that caused by the increased interest cast around it by a Government enactment concerning it. Those books whose publication and circulation are prohibited by law, are surrounded by a halo of mystery, and increased curiosity is excited which the cheap libraries afford a ready means of satisfying. Some of those who have failed to find an effectual remedy in an appeal to the legislature, claim that a refined public sentiment is the only means by which taste can be elevated and morality preserved. But public sentiment depends for its refinement, upon the purity of the source from which the social body draws its inspiration, and consequently it is absurd to look for cultured feelings, so long as the novel is the food of the multitude. Nor can we hope for any reform, until a substitute is afforded to the millions of young minds now in the receptive state and waiting to be formed. Novels are read to satisfy a thirst for information, a natural longing, which is in each one of us, to extend our sphere of thought and action. Why not then place within the reach of these young minds literature of a healthy

and elevating grade. If good books were obtainable for the same price as hurtful ones, the latter would seldom be called for. The best way to extirpate evil literature, is by spreading abroad that which is pure. The best way to kill bad books, is by publishing good ones.

THE COMING STUDY.

The characteristics of various nationalities are so strongly marked that it is very natural that the bent of the national mind should assert itself in the domain of study. The wonder is, rather, that particular lines of study should in all countries, at different periods, hold almost undisputed sway. The classics, in their palmy days, were so absolute that no hope of rivalling them in modern literature seems to have been entertained; so we find Milton seriously considering whether or not he should write his great Epic in Latin. In the middle ages Christian Philosophy, the Queen of Sciences, absorbed the best talents of Teuton and Frank alike; but, like most sovereigns of the time, it received much more attention than its subjects. At the present day, the name, Philosophy, is common enough, but it would take the most subtle of mediæval doctors to justify the application we often make of the term. Among recent dissertations for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, in one of our greatest universities, we find the following: "On the ventricular Epithelium of the Frog's Brain;" "Dioxybenzoyl-Benzene-Sulphonic acid Sulphur Fluorescein," "On the Reaction of certain Alcohols with Para-Diozo-Meta-Soluene-Sulphonic acid." Shade of Duns Scotus! make Philosophy out of this—but no, let not the discordant sound of your "barbarous terminology" break in upon the melodious phraseology of nineteenth Chem—we beg pardon—Doctors of Philosophy. "Science"—for the physical sciences have, during their day, arrogated to themselves the generic

term—has been borne high above Classics and Philosophy by the tide of popular favor. Great is the debt, we must admit that the world owes to these sciences; nor is anything that the omniscient God has seen fit to create unworthy of the study of man. The tide, however, has reached its flood if it has not already begun to ebb. When the Physical Sciences take their proper place, things pertaining thereto will likely be called by their proper names again. A dissertation on a chemical reaction, a worm's eyes, or a frog's brain, will not be considered as entitling one to a degree in Philosophy. But, after all, this is the homage "Science" pays to Philosophy. In the near future, the conclusions of certain chemists or biologists, will not be quoted as ultimate and incontrovertible truths, regardless of the principles of metaphysics and even of revealed religion.

The twentieth century will probably take to heart, more seriously than any of its predecessors, Pope's dictum as to the proper study of mankind. Social science is the coming study. There is hardly any choice in the matter; social questions are irresistibly forcing themselves on the attention of the greatest thinkers. Conservatives smile at the dreams of Edward Bellamy, and not, perhaps, without good reason, for he attributes to the social organization all the ills that flesh is heir to. The effects of original sin cannot be eradicated from the human heart by a reconstruction of society. Yet the prodigious sale of "Looking Backward" is of deep significance. Its popularity is not due to the intrinsic merit of the book, but to the absorbing interest people now take in the questions therein treated. It is gratifying to find that Catholics are keenly alive to the importance of social science, and that some of the most serious thought and statesmanlike utterances have come from dignitaries of the Church. Cardinal Manning who has long been famous for his

fearless pronouncements on various social difficulties, strikes the key-note of the future science in the following: "Hitherto we have been strangled by exaggerated individualism, but the coming century will show that human society is something greater and nobler than anything purely individual. Politicians and economists of the modern school have had their day. The twentieth century will be altogether for the people, for laws that will insure a common prosperity under a Christian regime." Nor is the distinguished Cardinal by any means alone; in the ranks of the hierarchy and inferior clergy are found many, who recognize the magnitude of the question, and who have risen equal to the occasion. The Holy Father himself has been for over a year, preparing on this subject an encyclical, which the civilized world is awaiting with impatient interest. The time which he is bestowing on this work, the fact that he has asked for and received memoranda from eminent economists and prelates of different countries, as well as the great ability and acquirements of the Holy Father, all warrant the expectation that the coming encyclical will be a contribution to Sociology worthy of His exalted position as Head of the Universal Church.

The prominent role to be hereafter played by social science is evident. The position assumed by the extreme socialists, their growing numbers and influence, as well as the utterances of the dignitaries of the Catholic Church proverbially conservative, emphasize our statement that political economy, in a broader sense than the term is now used, with its kindred studies will hold the most prominent place in university curricula of the coming century.

ERRATA.

We are sorry that a few errata crept into our Christmas number. We subjoin the principal.

In article, "The Better Age," 15th line, from beginning for *first* read *fast*; in 8th line from end

of first page for *this* read *His*; in 4th line from head of 2nd page for *week* read *week*; in 4th line from end for *like* read *live*.

In article "Catholics of Scotland" towards end, for 1818 read 1718.

In article "Paris and Helen" for *probably* in opening sentence read *properly*. In third paragraph for *that stamina* read *the stamina*.

In Dickens' "Christmas Carol," p. 86, 3rd line from beginning for *hints* read *hint*. In 6th line for *lets* read *let*.

THE VISIT OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL TO THE UNIVERSITY.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel having recently returned from Rome, the students of the University, of which he is Chancellor, were desirous of tendering him a formal welcome home. On the 11th inst. accordingly, he paid a visit to his Alma Mater, and was accorded an enthusiastic reception. Addresses in English and French were read by Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Landry respectively, in reply to which His Grace thanked the students for the warm welcome accorded him, and expressed the great pleasure he experienced in once more visiting his Alma Mater. Continuing, he said the Pope had manifested the greatest interest in the institution, which he called his own institution (it being one of the three erected by him), and had devoted one entire audience to obtaining information concerning it. The Holy Father had further impressed upon him the necessity of instructing the people in their duty of supporting this, the English Catholic University of Canada. New favors had been conferred upon it by the Holy See, which would be made known at the proper time. In conclusion, he urged the students to do their share towards furthering the advancement of their Alma Mater by profiting to the fullest extent of the advantages she afforded them for physical, moral and intellectual development. Before leaving, His Grace gave the apostolic benediction to the Faculty and assembled students.

*NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO THE
VERY REV. RECTOR.*

On New Year's eve, as has always been the custom, the students gathered in the Dramatic Hall for the purpose of offering to the Rev. Superior their good wishes for the ensuing year, and of bidding him God speed upon the advent of 1891. The English address was read by Mr. F. L. French, the French one by Mr. Charron. They were expressive of the respect and affection felt for him as Rector of the University, and of their hope for his success in the government of it. We append a copy of the English address :—

J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I. M.A.

To you, as Rector of the University, we are assembled to offer our greetings. The time is opportune ; our relations make the labor a duty which we may not shun, and which we would not if we could. The old year is about to leave us, and the new to welcome us. The one, with its remembered joys and regrets, will soon be lost in the irrevocable past ; the other, with its conjectured happenings, will soon be upon us, bringing us face to face with pleasures, and mayhap, disappointments, which the future has in store for us. Standing between the two, looking backward and forward, we desire to express our sorrow for the shortcomings of the past, and our determination to benefit by the opportunities of the future. We would, at the same time, tender to you our heartiest good wishes that the coming year may be for you one filled with every good gift that God may bestow.

These are not idle words. In this action, our heart is our guide ; and the longing to speak what we feel has sprung from the sentiments of respect and affection which we entertain for you. We realize the difficulty of saying anything that might not be qualified as commonplace, but we do claim for our utterances to-day the merit and novelty, if novelty it may be called, of added sincerity.

As Superior of this institution, your responsibility is great. The government of a University demands unceasing toil ; and its success depends, to a very great extent, upon the energy and enthusiasm of the directing spirit. The development of the youthful mind is a sacred and, at the same time, an arduous and delicate task ; and he who assumes it must acquire a special power if he desires his labor to be successful. In the face of these truths, it is easy for us to understand the difficulties of your position, and the severe trials which necessarily surround you. May God give you ample strength to meet them, is the most that we may wish or pray for. The favorable results of your past efforts give us strong hope that your coming ones will produce abundant fruit. We do not wish you to be as successful as heretofore, but moreso. The motto which you have tacked to your standard is "Upward and Onward ;" and by that motto you have determined to stand. Rest is dangerous. The sluggish stream is ever stagnant. Triumph should be but the incentive to renewed effort.

Enemies we have. Enemies bitter and watchful ; who are ever active that they may discover a favorable moment for the outpouring of their reproaches. That such a time may not arrive, we must do something ; we must show that we are progressive, that we are modern. To you, as one who feels the necessity of this, we owe our thanks as well as congratulations. You have recognized the necessity of meriting the good-will of Protestant as well as Catholic educators ; you will now, we feel, do all that, by human effort, you may do to acquire their sympathy and encouragement ; and, with God's blessing, you will be successful. And, being successful, this University for English-speaking Catholics will attain the position which, by right, belongs to it, the first amongst the Catholic educational establishments of the land. That such may be the effect of your endeavors, is the yearning that lies deep in our heart.

Accept, in conclusion, our most cordial wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

In reply the Rev. Rector urged upon his hearers the necessity of pursuing their studies with all possible zeal ; and promised to assist them in their work as far as it was in his power to do so. He alluded to suggestions made, and held out the assurance that anything he could do would be done to realize the expectations of the students with reference to the University. His words were received with enthusiasm, every one determining to do everything possible in order to profit by the good advices offered. We trust that Father McGuckin will be long spared to continue the work he has now commenced of placing before the people of Canada the true condition of affairs in this institution, and the good work that is being done herein.

*A HEARTY FAREWELL TO A
DEVOTED DIRECTOR.*

Those of the students who are unacquainted with the strict rules of obedience that govern the life of a religious, were somewhat surprised at the suddenness of instructions from the Very Rev. Superior General, to the effect that Rev. Father Jacob should join the Oblate mission in far off British Columbia. For the past four years Rev. Father Jacob has been very intimately connected with the students. He has filled the positions of study-master and head disciplinarian, and in those capacities, though exercising the functions of master, he has ever been regarded by the students as a friend. Hence it was, that upon receiving the news, that he was about to sever his con-

nection with them, the students resolved not to allow the occasion to pass without expressing the feeling they entertained towards him. On the evening of January 10th the rev. gentleman was invited into the recreation-hall, over which he had so often presided, and on his entrance was greeted with an outburst of applause. Messrs. C. C. DeJany and C. J. Charbonneau then advanced and read addresses in English and French respectively. The addresses contained expressions of the regret of students at the departure of their disciplinarian, of their esteem and love for him, of their appreciation of his painstaking efforts to further their interests, and of their most sincere and heartfelt wishes for his success in the land of the west. Accompanying the addresses was a silver cornet, than which no more suitable or acceptable present could have been chosen, as the Rev. Father is much given to music and was one of the cornetists of our band. Rev. Father Jacob was altogether taken by surprise, and was quite overcome with emotion. He made brief replies in English and French, in which he expressed his sorrow on leaving the students, and thanked them for their valuable and beautiful present and for their kind expressions and good wishes. He concluded by saying that in after-years wherever he would ring forth the notes from his cornet, the sound thereof would recall to his mind the many fast friends he left in Ottawa University, and that in his prayers he would ever remember them.

LITERARY NOTICES.

North American Review.—The January number of this review came to our table as an exchange for the Christmas issue of *THE OWL*. A publication in its 76th year, and with a large subscription list, needs no word of commendation from us. Its intrinsic merits have gained for it a reputation that needs no bolstering; its authority amongst American magazines is unquestioned. The current number contains fifteen articles on subjects of present interest, and by writers of undoubted ability. Canadian readers would probably name as the best. "Ireland in the Light of History," by W. E. H. Lecky; "Can we Coerce Canada?" by Erastus Wiman, and "The Late Financial Crisis," by Henry Clews.

That Mr. Lecky has investigated the facts bearing on his question with patience and thoroughness, all will admit: that he has drawn correct and impartial conclusions is a matter on which he will find the best blood and brain of England against him. Mr. Lecky writes history from the Unionist standpoint, and, while acknowledging the gross cruelty and injustice of English rule in Ireland, he unmercifully scores the Irish for their attempts to make their national existence more tolerable. Mr. Lecky belongs to the *a priori* school of historians—Macaulay, Froude, Goldwin Smith—who first lay down their conclusions and then use their time and talents to bring the facts into agreement.

"Can we Coerce Canada?" is a powerful article. Mr. Wiman makes a strong argument for the abolition of the state of "Commercial belligerency" now existing between Canada and the United States. He is right in saying that Canadians will not have annexation, though it is to be hoped they will soon come to see that commercial reciprocity is not synonymous with national union. Mr. Wiman contends that both countries would benefit by unrestricted commercial intercourse. One thing is certain: Canadian trade and industries need scarcely fear any further depression; they appear to have struck rock bottom.

Henry Clews, an authority on finance, explains the causes of the late financial crisis. Grossly inflated speculation, rank exaggeration in pushing forward public works, ignorance of the science of finance—these, and some minor influences were what convulsed the money world and drove so many strong concerns into bankruptcy. This paper shows so clearly, though without malice aforethought, the thorough rottenness of the whole monetary and credit systems, that we almost wish Edward Bellamy's reforms were to come in 1900 instead of 2,000, A.D.

Max O'Rell, the famous French *Confrancier*, whose visit to the University some years ago is still of pleasant memory, contributes "Reminiscences of American Hotels," a paper that contains a little fiction, considerable humor, and much truth.

On the whole the *Review* is very readable, style and matter being of a uniformly high order.

British Sports, by Walter Leigh.—In a neat little pamphlet of 72 pages, Mr. Walter Leigh, one of the head masters of Cambridge House School, Halifax, has collected several articles on shooting, fishing, racing, cricket, etc., first published in a Halifax paper. Mr. Leigh is an Englishman, it is unnecessary to state, and writing for the youth of the most thoroughly "British" city in the world, has called his book *British Sports*, as though *British* were the specific difference, which it most decidedly is not. Cricket is indeed a British sport: so is football, a much nobler game, if not scientific, and one without a notice, of which any work on British sports is incomplete. Speaking of the scientific character of cricket, we think that the answer which our American cousins will give the question, "Why the English people possess the only field game of a truly scientific character?" will be: "Because they don't." Mr. Leigh refutes most satisfactorily the theory that cricket is a game of French origin. His hints on shooting are exceedingly practical, embracing size of bore, cartridge, etc., required for different kinds of game. Altogether the little book is a most pleasing one to read, and contains much good advice to beginners in the manly sports of shooting, fishing and cricket. The author very well says: "I do not uphold the Sportsman vs. the Reading-man. Far from it. But I contend that if the latter could combine some sport with his reading, he would be in a better condition physically to gain high honours in the literary world" *British Sports* is issued from the press of James Bowes & Sons, Halifax. The cover is an exceedingly neat design.

The first number of *The Pilot* for 1891 is just issued. It contains portrait and biographical sketch of Patrick Donahoe, its founder, who has just resumed control of it: able editorials on the present crisis in Irish affairs: Roman news of more than ordinary interest; and many valuable and opportune contributions. The departments, and the special literary features, which have made *The Pilot* so prized as a family paper, as "Our Boys and Girls," "Correspondents' Column," etc., are up to their usual high standard. The paper has been enlarged so as to give about a page additional of reading matter, and,

altogether, enters on its fifty-sixth year, with all the advantages that a good editorial staff, a big and growing subscription list, and a field as wide as the country can give it.

Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, have just issued an *Edition de Luxe* of *Goodyear's History of Art*, which work is considered by most critics to be the best of the smaller Histories of Art published. The book is bound in rich red cloth, white and gold sides and back, ornamented with designs selected from art subjects, gilt top, uncut edges, and put up in a neat box. It contains 314 illustrations in color, is replete with numerous text-cuts, is printed from the clearest of type, and in this form makes one of the most beautiful and valuable books published. Send for specimen pages.

This firm has also just published a new Atlas by the famous Geographer, James Monteith. It is entitled "*A School and Family Atlas*," and contains all the latest maps and statistics, and is illustrated with numerous engravings showing the physical outline of the different countries and the various characteristics of the industrial centers all over the world.

"A Decade of Oratory," price, cloth, \$1.00. A beautiful and substantial little book containing eleven orations which have been awarded the annual \$100.00 Kirk prize at Northwestern University—the highest honor in the gift of the institution. Worth many times its price to young writers and speakers. Shows what styles of oratory are successful before mature judges. A study of these orations may bring you prizes or honor in your own school. Address University Press Co., Evanston, Ill.

We note that the publishers of *The Dominion Illustrated* have originated a plan by which over \$3,000 worth of prizes are to be distributed among the subscribers to that paper, subject to their correctly answering simple questions on the current contents of each number. We learn that the first prize will be \$750 in gold, the second a Heitzman piano worth \$600 and that the rest of the many prizes in the competition will be of an unusually costly and valuable nature. They are also offering a second series of prizes for the best specimen of type writing, open to type-

writers all over the world. We have very much pleasure in noting such liberal offers from our leading illustrated journal, and hope that all our readers will take advantage of them. We understand that on receipt of 12 cents in stamps the publishers of *The Dominion Illustrated* (Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal,) will send a sample copy of that journal with full particulars of the plan

EXCHANGES.

We join in the request of some of our exchanges to college editors to fold their papers instead of rolling them, as the ex-man's task would thereby be rendered far less troublesome.

The Christmas number of the *Hamilton College Monthly* has almost induced us to become advocates of Women's Rights. It is beyond doubt the finest holiday number we have received, and speaks well for the enterprise and ability of the young ladies who have its publication in charge. Numerous illustrations and some fine bits of original verse are noteworthy features. We would be pleased to see more of our exchanges imitating the *Monthly's* example.

The *Red and Blue* has donned a simple but tasty garb in honor of the festive season. Its contents are of more than usual excellence, though perhaps too much prominence is given to stories in preference to articles of a more solid character. It must be said, however, that the stories are well written and give a most opportune sprightliness to the paper.

The *Polytechnic* for December comes to us in an enlarged form. In general make-up it is the equal of any of our exchanges, while its contents monthly include articles replete with interesting and useful scientific knowledge. In the number before us appears an abstract of a lecture on "Steel" which will repay careful perusal. Nor does the *Polytechnic* devote all its space to scientific subjects. "West Point Reminiscences," sketched in a light, pleasing style, and an amusing story, "An Unconscious Revenge," with a few short pieces of passable rhyme, constitute an agreeable variety of matter.

The will of the late Daniel B. Fayerweather, of New York, contains a remark-

able list of bequests to colleges. Among the institutions that receive legacies are the following: Bowdoin College (Maine), Amherst College, Williams' College, Dartmouth College, Wesleyan University (Conn.), Hamilton College (N. Y.), University of Rochester, Lincoln University (Chester Co., Pa.), each \$100,000; Union Theological Seminary and Lafayette College, each \$50,000; Yale College, Sheffield Scientific School, \$300,000, and Columbia College and Cornell University (New York), \$200,000. The bequests to colleges amount in all to \$2,100,000.

The Christmas number of the *Argosy* is a creditable production. Its festive garb is chaste in design and thoroughly Canadian in sentiment. Much space is devoted to news directly affecting Mount Allison, and cuts of the chief members of the Faculty are furnished. There are in addition some very reasonable articles, notably that entitled "Legends and Love of Christmas Tide."

The December number of the *University Mirror*, though it has nothing in keeping with the Christmas season, is yet deserving of notice. The near approach of examinations gives occasion for a strong editorial plea to students to be honorable in passing them every time, which we heartily endorse. Every student should be convinced that "if the moral factor is left out of a young man's education, no matter how keen an intellectuality may be developed, he may rest assured the world has no need of him. Culture has only increased his powers of evil." The writer on "Characteristics of College Oratory," has well pointed the utter hollowness of most of those overwrought productions known as College Orations.

The *Fordham Monthly*, as we learn from its November number to which we will confine our attention, rejoices in the possession of an exchange critic (?) hailing from Halifax. We have sometimes heard the expression: "Go to Halifax," used by persons when not actuated by the best feelings towards their neighbor, but considered it an euphemism. We are wiser now, thanks to our friend of the *Fordham Monthly*. And now, friend Halifax, to use your own grandiloquent phrase, let us have a grand procession to the altar of criticism and there pledge ourselves to give and take. But, first, let us

remind you that this meeting is not of our making. We had passed you by in silence, casting an eye of pity upon your weakness, and would have left you undisturbed had not your own temerity forced you upon our notice. You thought to offend by printing "Owl" without a capital, whereas you merely displayed a spirit which would be pitiable were it not so contemptible. Such tactics may befit the third-rate ward politician, but students, who should be nothing, if not gentlemen, should blush to employ them. And let us whisper into your ear a bit of friendly advice. Until you are sufficiently well versed in French not to make such gross errors as to write *L'Hibou* for *Le Hibou* you would do well to confine yourself to plain every day English. We would thank you, moreover, to forward a key with your next criticism as, although we are moderately successful in digging out the meaning of Sophocle's choruses, we must admit that such a *mélange* of bad English and worse French as that with which you lately favored us, is beyond the scope of our poor intelligence. The editorial department of the *Monthly* is about as unique as the exchange. Let any one who desires to acquire the latest slang phrases turn to its editorial page. He will find them there in full, and but little else. A paper which is obliged to devote the chief portion of its editorial space to reviling the students of the institution from which it emanates for finding fault, (and with good reason), with the manner in which it is conducted, should, ere it criticizes others, bethink itself of the scriptural injunction, "Cast first the beam out of thine own eye and then thou shalt see clearly to take out the mote from thy brother's eye." In conclusion, friend *Monthly*, "You shall digest the venom of your spleen e'en if it do split you," for to the OWL deprecation from you is of as little consequence as would be approbation.

We clip the following from St. John's University Record:

"What was the matter with the Ex-man of the *Loydham Monthly* when he edited his columns for the November issue? Apparently he had just finished enriching his vocabulary with an annex of graceful (?) French phrases, for he sprinkles them around with painful liberality and gets the names of the exchanges inextricably mixed up with French. Halifax is a most pains-

taking gentleman in his line, but he might as well serve his say in "United States without trimmings. Sure, the ways of the exchange editor are admirable."

—♦—♦—♦—

PERSONAL.

We are pleased to learn that the Very Rev. O. Routhier, V.G., of Ottawa, has during his recent stay in Rome received from His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., the title of Apostolic Protonotary. To Monsignor Routhier, THE OWL extends its hearty congratulations.

Rev. Father Dacey, O.M.I., who was so highly esteemed by the students while a professor of this institution, is still proving his devotedness as a good religious priest, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Lowell, Mass., where he is now stationed. The extraordinary efforts he is making to render the Young Men's Catholic Institute, of which he has been lately appointed a director, a society such as will attain the end for which it was organized, are, indeed, commendable, and we heartily extend him our sincere congratulations upon the success which his society has already reached.

Rev. Father Desmarais, who belonged to the class of '85, and who, owing to ill-health was not ordained until Christmas last, paid a short visit to his Alma Mater on the 8th inst. He is on his journey to Oregon, where he will be stationed in the diocese of Portland.

Owing to the wonderful increase in religious labor throughout the diocese of New Westminster, B.C., the Superior-General of the Oblates found it necessary to call upon the University for assistance. Rev. Father Jacob, O.M.I., who had held the position of Prefect of Discipline in the senior department, since Christmas of '88 till almost the present time, and who, during his period of office, made himself esteemed and loved by all those entrusted to his care, responded cheerfully to the call of his superiors. He will be employed in British Columbia. Before his departure, the students obtained permission to tender their worthy Disciplinaryarian a token of the high regard in which he was held, and, accordingly, read to the Reverend Father suitable addresses, ac-

companying them with a beautiful silver cornet.

While we deeply regret Rev. Father Jacob's departure, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the appointment of Rev. Father Forget to fill his place; for the latter is no stranger among the boys, having occupied the position some years ago, where he displayed a wonderful power of obtaining strict discipline, and of rendering himself amiable in the highest degree.

ORDINATIONS.

We are pleased to learn that at the recent ordinations several of our student friends received various orders at the hands of their respective bishops.

At the Grand Seminary in Montreal, Rev. J. J. Farrell, '87, of Webster, Mass., was raised to the dignity of the priesthood, and R. McEachen, '88, to that of sub-deaconship. Mr. James McAvenue, O. M. I., '88, of Tewksbury, Mass., was likewise ordained sub-deacon at the Boston Cathedral.

Thomas V. Tobin, a member of '88, is pursuing his theological studies in St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, O. On December 20th, '90, he was raised to sub-deaconship, and on the following day was ordained deacon.

NEW YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENT.

It was understood that a play of some kind would be produced on the evening after New Year, and preparations for such were being made weeks before; but, owing to some reason or other, the rehearsals were discontinued, and the outlook for amusement of this kind was anything but bright up to the last.

Rev. Father Eward, however, assisted by Rev. Fr. Forget, made hasty arrangements for a musical and dramatic entertainment. The tried talent of the Institution was called into play, and, in less than two days, a very acceptable exhibition was in readiness. It consisted of songs, bar-bell exercises, and two comical farces, one English and the other French.

Little Master John Casey favored the audience with two beautiful songs, dis-

playing in both his wonderful talent as a vocalist. Masters E. Gleeson and H. Gibbons gave a fine exhibition of their abilities as bar-bell swingers. In the French farce, Messrs. Tétreau, Charbonneau, Genest and Landry, who took part in it, showed themselves equal to their respective roles. The piece was entitled "La Fanfare de Nonancourt." Mr. John P. Smith, who gave in his own inimitable style an amusing declamation, fairly "brought down the house."

The comic song, "Ce que l'on perd en cheminant," sung by Mr. Charbonneau, was excellent.

The English farce, entitled "The Lunatic," which followed, was extremely entertaining, Messrs. Smith, Ivers and Halissey rendering their respective parts in a very creditable manner.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

We are very sorry to have to announce this month, that our young editor is seriously indisposed, and; as a consequence, this department will not receive its due amount of consideration. However, it is to be hoped that by next month he will be able to resume his work. Strange stories are afloat regarding the cause of his sudden illness. Some assert that J. B., on receipt of our last number, not only treated him with decided coldness, but even went so far as to frown upon him, which, of itself, would be sufficient to consign to an untimely grave one of a far more robust constitution than our esteemed editor. Others, on the contrary, say that he brought the sickness on himself, for he was seen to eat two turkeys and the greater part of three geese for his New Year's dinner. But, be this as it may, it is quite certain that he is very reluctant to speak on the subject, which goes a great way towards exonerating our worthy judge from any malicious designs.

The small boys deserve great praise for the very artistic manner in which they decorated their refectory and recreation hall for the Christmas and New Year's festivities. Every available inch of the walls was covered with mottoes, wreathes, flags, bunting and pictures appropriate to the occasion. Rev. Bro. David, prefect of discipline, assisted by Rev. Bros. Guertin and Martin, left nothing undone

to render this occasion one of enjoyment and happiness for the junior boys.

One of the most exciting and hotly contested games of hockey we have witnessed this winter, was played on December 23rd between the Seniors' third team and the Juniors' first. The match lasted one hour, during which time only one goal was scored and that by the Juniors. W. Brophy, for the Juniors, played in excellent style, and is as dexterous and graceful in using the hockey as the lacrosse. Weir, Slattery and Kavanagh are not far behind him, and with a little practice will make first-class players.

Laplante is one of the best skaters in the College, still he does not, as yet, understand how to use the hockey to advantage, but, as he displays good judgment in passing the puck, instead of endeavoring to play all the game himself, as some others do, we may expect to see his early promotion to the 2nd team.

Brunelle, Clancy and Turcotte, are the most effective players on the 3rd team, and, in time, will rank among the first.

The teams are as follows:—

SENIORS.	JUNIORS.
J. Geoffrion,	P. Connolly,
P. Brunelle,	O. Allard,
O. Paradis,	J. McCabe,
J. Turcotte,	P. Slattery,
A. Christin,	C. Kavanagh,
P. Clancy,	W. Weir,
O. Laplante.	W. Murphy.

J. Turcotte captained the Seniors, while W. Murphy acted in like capacity for the Juniors.

A new boy, from the far South, who had never seen ice, snow or skates, was heard to ask a mischievous youth from the far West, if he would lend him a "pair of sliders."

The Juniors' rink, from all appearances, requires some slight repairing. Ice is generally agreed upon to be superior to anything else in constituting a good rink. Judging from the following list of officers chosen by the skating club, one should think, that the rink would be in a 1 condition:

President—M. Goulet.
1st Vice-Pres.—F. X. Valade.
2nd Vice-Pres.—J. McCabe.

Secretary.—P. McCabe.
Policemen.—E. Lucier and H. Gibbons.

We are requested to announce to all whom it may concern, that W. Fagan will begin his course of instruction in wrestling on Monday, Jan. 19th. All wishing to take advantage of these lessons will kindly notify the worthy professor on or before the above date.

On Jan. 2nd, the Juniors had their annual sleigh-ride to Aylmer. The day was exceedingly fine, and as a result, over fifty boys of all sizes were found anxious to join in the drive. After a ride of some two hours or more, during which time the glee club sang songs, told stories, cracked jokes and propounded conundrums, they arrived at the end of their journey. They remained long enough to enjoy a first-class dinner prepared for them. On their way back, they were joined by some of their young companions who had obtained permission to spend their Christmas holidays at their homes. At 6 o'clock, they arrived at the College, tired, weary and hoarse after their pleasant trip.

The following is a list of those who held first places in their classes for the month of December:—

1st Grade—1, P. Baskerville; 2, A. Campeau; 3, J. Esmonde.
2nd Grade—1, C. Brophy; 2, Leo Garneau; 3, L. C. Raby.
3rd Grade, B—1, J. McDougall; 2, T. Coulombe; 3, A. Gosselin.
3rd Grade, A—1, P. Mellon; 2, J. Cunningham; 3, Jos. Robert.
4th Grade—1, W. Brophy; 2, W. L. Fagan; 3, O. Laplante.

GENERAL NEWS.

We are pleased to learn that the Oblate Juniors following their course of study in a Roman University, at a recent examination, carried away twenty-nine prizes, thirteen first and sixty-eight accessits. Three young gentlemen's efforts were crowned by first-class *licences* in philosophy, while four others were the recipients of second-class *licences*.

The day after Christmas, the Senior students, accompanied by Rev. Father Jacob, O.M.I., had their annual sleigh ride. The weather being somewhat sharp, the number that "took it in" was small

compared with that of preceding years. The trip extended as far as Aylmer and was a very pleasant one, and all were more than satisfied with the amount of enjoyment it afforded.

The afternoon of December 30th was chosen by the Directors of the Philharmonic and Dramatic Societies as the most suitable occasion of affording the members of the different organizations entrusted to their care an opportunity of enjoying themselves, and, at the same time, of displaying to advantage their various talents. Two very large busses were accordingly engaged, and at 3 o'clock, p.m., the Cecilian Society, with Rev. Fr. Gervais at the head, the Glee Club and the Dramatic Society, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Eward and Jacob took their places in the sleighs for a trip to Aylmer. The ride was unusually pleasant. With so many accomplished artists there is no necessity of stating that the rural atmosphere vibrated to the varied notes of at least thirty warblers.

After an hour's ride, the busses drew up before the Convent, where the kind Sisters extended to the boys as hearty a welcome as they had often proffered before. A grand supper was prepared by the good ladies of the village, assisted by Mr. Chas. Devlin, to which the visitors did ample justice.

At the request of Rev. Father Beauchamp, pastor of the parish, the societies entertained the good people of the town with a delightful comic opera in French and a laughable farce in English. The music furnished by the band proved to be one of the most interesting and welcome features of the evening.

After the students had participated in another repast, and sung a parting song, they bade good night to their hospitable hosts, and with a V-a-r-s-i-t-y rah! rah! rah! drove merrily away towards their *Alma Mater*.

Catholicity is progressing in Ceylon. The latest number of the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger* gives an interesting account of the pastoral visitation of Nagoda. The Archbishop of Colombo, Most Rev. Dr. Bonjean, O.M.I., in the course of the visitation confirmed 930 persons. He was assisted in the missionary work by seven Oblate Fathers of the diocese, and 2,000 persons approached the Sacraments.

SOCIETIES.

DEBATING.

Practice is the secret of success in oratory as well as in any of the other arts. This statement scarcely needs proof, for but slight reflection will show the amount of truth it contains. Whether we glean from the lives of great orators the means by which they have attained to perfection, or whether we examine the progress of those who in our own generation are scaling the ladder that leads to pre-eminence, the same glaring truth reveals itself. No doubt, nature lends her kind assistance in bestowing a powerful, yet melodious voice, a large, yet graceful figure, and a pleasing, prepossessing countenance. But nature alone cannot make the orator: she furnishes the raw material, and patient, persevering practice works it into a state of perfection.

Too great an importance cannot be attached to debating societies. Through their beneficial influence many prominent orators of our day have risen from the humblest grade of life to the very pinnacle of oratorical fame. Long and constantly must the young aspirants labor; for, success depends upon the efforts—the ardent efforts of him who would succeed. Alone and unassisted, the student will soon become disheartened with his seemingly unfruitful task. What he needs most, in addition to a few endowments of nature, is encouragement, and nowhere will he find it in greater abundance than in the midst of his companions. By them, more than all others, will his efforts be appreciated. In the debating society he meets companions filled with his own aspirations and imbued with his own sentiments; classmates who will appreciate his infant efforts and second his yet feeble endeavors towards manifesting his ideas in public with a certain elegance and ease.

Our colleges, universities, and, in fact, all our institutions of learning, cannot be too deeply impressed with the necessity of these societies as part of an educational course.

During the past eleven years our debating society has prospered under the direction of a master-hand, and our experience has taught us that its success depends upon the combined efforts of an enthusiastic director, an intelligent com-

mittee, and an interested, and actively cooperating audience.

At the second meeting of the Senior Debating Society the subject for discussion was: Resolved, that the American Congress acted unwisely in passing the McKinley Bill. J. P. Collins and L. Kehoe argued for the affirmative, and C. C. Delaney and F. Owens, for the negative. The subject was well discussed and proved sufficiently interesting to bring several members from the house to the floor, one of whom delivered a very moral and statistical discussion on the relative merits of divorce law in Canada and the United States. He seemed to imply that a stringent McKinley Bill affecting divorce, would be much more desirable in the United States than the present one restricting trade. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

At the next meeting, A. Newman and J. Meagher successfully contended that under the present circumstances, Parnell should resign, while F. McDougal and A. White ably defended the weaker negative. The debate showed that the students are well acquainted with and take much interest in the present complicated state of Irish affairs.

SCIENTIFIC.

On December 31st, it fell to the lot of the Junior Philosophers to uphold the reputation of their class in scientific matters, and, accordingly, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Gauvreau, was held in the science lecture room. Mr. C. A. McCarthy occupied the chair, and, after opening the meeting with a few well chosen remarks, introduced Mr. D. Murphy, who read the first paper "Balloons and Ballooning." Mr. Murphy read a most interesting history of the progress of the balloon and the art of its management, and convinced his audience that in the near future they are likely to see balloons traversing the air as easily as ships now move over the water. Not the least pleasing feature of Mr. Murphy's work was its elegance of composition.

The next paper was on "The Possibility of Perpetual Motion," by Mr. C. D. Gaudet. The writer advanced most clearly every argument favoring his views, and if he did not succeed in convincing his hear-

ers that perpetual motion is possible, it was not his, but his subject's fault. However, he had one irrefutable argument. According to the generally accepted definition, motion is considered perpetual, if it lasts as long as the machine lasts, and arguing from this Mr. Gaudet astounded the meeting by declaring that he knew where perpetual motion existed, but, through regard for the weaker sex, we must refrain from divulging his theory.

Mr. J. P. Collins then read the last paper, "Perpetual Motion is Impossible," in which he gave a history of the popular fallacy, described by means of illustration the uselessness of any hitherto constructed machine, and demonstrated that many physical laws, now commonly accepted, must first be proved false before perpetual motion can be considered possible. The papers read received much deserved encomium at the hands of those who assisted at this very interesting and instructive *séance*.

SODALITY.

At the annual election of the officers of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, the following gentlemen were elected:—Prefect, C. C. Delaney; 1st Assistant, D. Murphy; 2nd Assistant, D. Masson; Secretary, L. Raymond. Treasurer, F. French; Sacristans, J. French and A. Archambeault; Councillors, M. F. Fitzpatrick, C. Gaudet, A. Newman, F. Owens. The Sodality has a larger membership than ever, all the meetings being well attended. Rev. Father Nolin, O.M.I., still occupies his old position of Director, and here, as at the head of the Debating Society, is doing a work which will leave its impress on the students long after they have left the University.

THE FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

Since its organization this society has held several meetings. From the large number of members present and from the great amount of goodwill and enthusiasm manifested, it is safe to predict many interesting and enjoyable evenings.

At the last debate, the following question was discussed: "Which of Germany or of France has exercised the greater in-

fluence on civilization." Messrs. Pillion and Genest upheld the affirmative; while the tri-color flag was proudly borne by Messrs. Charron and Garneau. After a few remarks from some of the members, the vote resulted in a victory for the affirmative. The society showed in this case, as in many others, that it yielded only to stronger reasoning, regardless of national feelings or personal sympathies.

Rev. F. Antoine, O.M.I., has again kindly accepted the direction of the society. Under his guidance the members will surely make rapid strides towards progress.

ATHLETICS.

As we predicted in our 'Xmas number, hockey is booming and our team is fast improving. The first game played was with Divinity Hall, in the early part of December. After about two hours' play, the game resulted in a draw, as each side failed to score. The play in this game was very fast and earnest; but, as was afterwards seen, it was not sufficiently scientific for the Ottawas.

About a week after the above game, a practice match was arranged with the Ottawas. Our boys started out with a dash that betokened great vim and determination, but soon it was seen that they were much inferior to the Ottawas in scientific play. The latter excelled in skating and in team play. The 'Varsity team cannot boast of many expert skaters, and they were thus somewhat handicapped. The Ottawas scored 3 goals in the first half, whilst the 'Varsity team failed to score any. In the second half the honors were divided, each side scoring a goal. The result, though favorable to the Ottawas, was by no means discouraging to the 'Varsity team. It merely showed them their weak points, and they betook themselves to more diligent practice and improved their manner of playing.

'VARSITY VS. DEY'S RINK.

On January 6th, a match was played with the Pirates of Dey's Rink. The latter rink is smaller than either the 'Varsity Rink or the Rideau, and the Pirates had the advantage, being accustomed to it. The game was very good practice for both teams, but was characterized by somewhat rough and much off-side play. In the first half, the pirates scored two goals to 'Varsity's 0, and in the second half, each side secured a goal. The 'Varsity showed more team play in this match than in the one with the Ottawas. Mr.

W. Kavanagh, of the Ottawas, officiated as referee.

* *

The following evening, January 7th, a practice game was arranged with the Ottawas, and was played on the Rideau Rink. The Ottawas were greatly strengthened since their first game, and the 'Varsity considerably weakened, owing to the absence of some of the players, who had gone to Aylmer. The Ottawas had things all their own way, scoring 11 goals to 'Varsity 1.

* *

Saturday, January 3rd saw 'Varsity in the first championship match in the city league. Their opponents were the Gladstones, a young team, and one which, as yet, is very weak. The score is sufficient in itself to show that the match was by no means a close one. At the end of the second half, 'Varsity had 12 goals to the Gladstone's 2. As Dey's Rink has beaten the Rideaus, 'Varsity will now play the bye with Ottawa, and Dey's Rink will play the winners thereof, and thus the championship of the league will be decided. The following are the names of the participants in the 'Varsity-Gladstone match:—

'VARSITY.

GLADSTONES.

A. Morel	Goal	P. Deslauriers
F. Reynolds	Point	T. Deslauriers
C. Sparrow	Cover Point	F. Bate
D. McDonald	Centre	E. Murphy
J. McDougal	} Forwards. {	M. Rosenthal
A. White		E. O'Neil
A. Trudeau		H. Panet

Referee, W. Young, Ottawa H. C.

* *

A second match was played with Divinity Hall, on January 8th, and the College men showed the improvement they had made since the beginning of the season. Instead of being 0 to 0, the score was 6 goals to 1, in favor of the Collegians.

* *

The enthusiasm for playing hockey is not confined to aspirants for first honors. Already several class contests have taken place and have awakened much interest. The first and third forms have met and disputed their ability with the hockey and puck. Victory rested with the third form men, they having scored 3 goals to their opponents' 1. Even the wise and grave Philosophers have tested their merits at this game. A full report of the contest will be given in our next number.

* *

The annual entertainment in aid of the Athletic Association will take place on the 28th inst. Owing to the approaching examinations, it will

be impossible to devote the time necessary to the preparation of an athletic programme as extensive as those that have been furnished in former years. Instead thereof, however, there will be put on the boards two farces, one in English, the other in French, and several songs will be rendered by our best vocalists.

* *

Everybody seems to have forgotten the snow-shoe club. What is the matter with it? Has hockey become so popular as to monopolize our attention. There surely has been enough snow for a tramp. Let some take the initiative and organize one of the old tramps to Aylmer or the Gatineau and we feel sure a goodly number will fall into line.

* *

The Hockey game, played by the Juniors and Seniors, was decided a *draw* in favor of the latter. Another game between the same teams is scheduled for the last Thursday of January.

EXCHANGE HUMOR.

A correspondent notices that the majority of literary ladies seem to affect certain colors for their gowns. It is also thought that they mostly work in brown studies, and prefer their books to be read. A superstition likewise exists that they affect blue stockings.

—*St. Joseph's News.*

Put two doors side by side and the small boy will go through the one that squeaks.

—*Ex.*

No Need of Haste.—Weary Reporter: Any assignment for me to-day?

City Editor (briskly).—Yes, go to Delaware and get a job in a powder mill, and when an explosion occurs write it up.

Reporter.—Write it up?

City Editor.—Well, you can wait till you come down.

—*Brooklyn Life.*

A military reverse.

A distinguished old one-legged Colonel,
Once started to edit a jolonel,

But soon in disgust,

He gave up—he was “bust”—

“For,” he said, “the expense is “infonel.”

—*New York Sun.*

“Which side do you lie on?” asked the physician in attendance on an editor who was very ill.

“Neither,” replied the editor, rallying at once, “my paper is published on strict upright principles.”

—*Washington Post.*

“Anti-Poverty.—“I tell you the poor have no chance.” “That’s particularly true in regard to poetry. I know some editors who reject poems for no other reason than that they are poor.”

—*Albany Chips.*

THE BELLES OF BOSTON.

With deep vexation and reprobation,
I often think of those Boston Belles,
Whose speech, so high-toned—’tis far and wide
owned—

O’er lesser mortals throws mystic spells.
On this I ponder where’er I wander,
And grow no fonder, I ween, of these,
The belles of Boston, whose minds are lost in
The depths profound of the “ologies.”

I’ve heard belles prating, full many a State in,
And loud debating at social club;
Though at a live rate their tongues did vibrate,
They lacked the “cultuah” that adorns the
“Hub.”

For the words terrific, names scientific,
And terms specific thrown out with ease,
Make the belles of Boston seem far more lost in
The depths profound of the “ologies.”
I’ve heard belles chat on the isle, Manhattan,
And seen youths sat on with assurance cool,
By the tones half-mocking of some young blue-
stocking

On æsthetics talking, when let out of school.
Their strain pedantic and words gigantic
Would drive one frantic by slow degrees
But the belles of Boston seem far more lost in
The depths profound of the “ologies.”

There’s a belle in ’Frisco that runs a risk o’
Dislocating some facial bone:
Her discourse, though drastic, is in style fantastic,
Her words bombastic and overgrown;
But this maiden vicious, of tone factitious,
Howe’er ambitious, can never sneeze
At the belles of Boston, whose minds are lost in
The depths profound of the “ologies.”

N. D. SCHOLASTIC.

ULULATUS.



After our 'Xmas
Number what shall
I say?

Public Notice:—Ran away from our "sanctum" during the Christmas festivals, a fellow by the name of *Joe Kerr*. A rich reward offered for his capture.

Hockibus fustibus
Where is that puckibus?
It's under the scattered Tuckibus.

Oh *jam transit* Christmas Day
Jam abiit far away
Et nunc venit dreadful exam.
Ne'er mind, *transibit etiam*.

A goose was eating a boy,
That is, the boy was eating the goose:
Yet it would a wise man annoy
This knotty problem to loose,
Which of the two was the true goose.

And what has become of "African Pete?"
Gone back to his native wilds.

A desperate young Gnatho, steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows, was heard to remark: "A Christmas turkey may be stuff, but surely t'aint nonsense."

We never heard "Auld Lang Syne" sung more movingly than it was the other day by a promising Freshman, as he wended his way up to the dormitory, fondly carrying in his arms a large Christmas box, in which his fellow students had considerably deposited a pair of cast-off boots.

"Oh my sole! oh my awl! and thou, my love..... no.....none after thee.....thou art my last," exclaimed the cobbler.

"Oh my art! oh my chair! oh my hone!" sighed the barber.

"These fellows must be a sort of blue-sockings. Darn them both," said the grave old dame.

He of "the long coat in the week and of the bobtail on Sunday;" he of the jansenistic tendencies hath departed much from his wonted principles by *sedulously* indulging in capers fantastic.

The Aylmer folks were wondering who that *new man* could be that had been "left" in their breezy town from the Christmas sleigh ride. The beaming countenance of his friend might throw light on the subject.

An old story reports that a preacher once said that "the cock wept, and Peter went out and crew bitterly." Something akin to this happened to one of our distinguished orators, when, in his speech, he remarked that "the Quebec Government had generously decided to grant twelve acres of land to every father of one hundred children.

HOCKEY.

From off the College Rink below
Red-visag'd students cleared the snow;
But ruddier yet their cheeks shall grow
By far increased activity.

By shrill-voiced captains fast arrayed,
Each team its hockey sticks displayed,
And furious was the charge they made,
Impelled by honest rivalry.

Then shook the ice with sharp blades riven;
Then rushed the *puck* before them driven;
Till, inch by inch, the ground is given
Before the active semin'ry.

The Arts still struggle, losing fast;
Now make a desperate rush at last—
Point, Cover-point, Defence are pass'd,
As onward press they eagerly.

Wild with delight, th' unconscious *puck*
Spins dizzily whene'er 'tis struck,
Till safely guided on by Tuck,
Passes th' opponents rapidly.

Now fain would each fleet-footed Sem,
His threatened goal from danger hem:
But woe to whom the Fates condemn,
Although he struggle gallantly.

For, dash the Arts, with heart and soul,
Upon the Sem's' uncovered goal—
A final rush, a stroke, a roll,—
The Sem's retire despondently.

'Tis thus when hockey teams shall meet,
One must sustain a sore defeat,
And hear the joyous shouts that greet
Their rivals crowned with victory.