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MONTE CASINO.

NEAR the foot of the Apennines there once lay an ancient city overlooking that part of the *Campagna Felix* of the Romans, which is watered by the little river Liris. The history of its origin, like that of so many other cities of Italy, is hidden from us by the mists of antiquity. It was called by the early Sabines, *Casca* (which signified ancient), by the Romans, *Casinum*; and from the Italians of to-day it receives the name of *Casino*.

Three centuries and a half before the Christian era, the Romans, during their war with the Samnites, took possession of this city, and having declared it a Roman colony, peopled it with 4000 legionary veterans. Finally it developed into a *Municipium liberum*, and had its priests and its pontiffs, its duumviri and its senators, as may be gleaned from the various inscriptions found in the vicinity. On account of its charming site and its salubrious air, it became a favourite resort for the rich families of Rome, the ruins of whose villas still mark the spot where once the city stood. Very shortly after the advent of St. Peter to Rome, the Gospel of Christ was preached to the pagans of Casinum, probably, as some maintain, by St. Peter himself, who introduced Christianity into the neighbouring town of Atina. Be this as it may, it is certain that their conversion took place at a very early period, for at the Lateran Council in 487, St. Severus was present as Bishop of Casinum. But near the end of the fifth century the barbarians who then swept over Italy, visited and pillaged this ancient city. From that time Casinum rapidly sank, and before many decades its inhabitants had again lapsed into ignorance and idolatry. Then it was, in the year 529, that St. Benedict, fleeing from his enemies at Subiaco, came to Casinum and preached the Faith to the benighted inhabitants whom he soon converted to the worship of the true God. On the summit of the lofty cone-shaped mountain which rises above the city, was the ancient citadel, and also a rich temple dedicated to Apollo. The gods of this temple were destroyed by the newly enlightened people, and the building itself was converted into a Christian Church under the patronage of St. John the Baptist. Beside the church St. Benedict founded a monastery, which was soon filled by those of his disciples who had followed him from Subiaco and from the other monasteries which he had founded in the vicinity of Rome. For these pious Monks a code of rules was written by St. Benedict, and soon the little company grew into a distinct monastic order. Such was the beginning of the great Order of Benedictines, and of the famous monastery which bears the name of Monte Casino.

The town of Casino which lies about a mile east of the ruins of the ancient city, is situated near the line of railway which connects Rome with Naples. The depot is but half a mile from the foot of the mountain whose lofty summit is capped by the immense quadrangular building which forms the monastery. Two roads lead up to it. One is a carriage road made only five or six years since, by which the traveller can arrive in two hours, after traversing the mountain on every side, and passing once completely around it. The other is the ancient road which runs in a zigzag manner up the southern side, and reaches the summit after a distance of 3½ miles. This highway, for such it may be called, was constructed in the 16th

century, and is formed of unhewn stones closely packed together, which were at one time covered with earth, but now protrude their heads in bold relief, to the great discomfort of the climber. This is the road chosen by those who prefer to walk or make the ascent on the back of a donkey. Though the latter *modus ascendendi* has a sort of novelty in it, it is not much better than the former; for the muscular energy wasted in beating the donkey up the hill, is far in excess of that required to make the journey on foot, not to speak of the number of times the rider has to dismount, or more properly speaking, put his feet on the ground, and help the donkey to rise after he has missed his footing on the round and slippery stones.

Immediately above the town, and to the right of this road, lies an ancient feudal castle, Rocca Janula, which was built in 949 on the site of a temple dedicated to Janus. It is noted for the two sieges it sustained against Frederic II., Emperor of Germany, and also for the fact that within its walls the anti-pope Burdino, (Gregory VIII.) was confined after his fall in 1122. All the way up, one finds small chapels or oratories on the sides of the road, each with an interesting little history of its own. Frequent crosses also mark the places where occurred some events of importance in the annals of the place. One cross in particular is worthy of note, as it marks the spot where St. Benedict, on coming in full sight of the Temple of Apollo when he ascended the mountain for the first time, knelt down and prayed to God for the conversion of the misguided worshippers. The large stone on which he knelt is still to be seen at the foot of the cross. A walk of about an hour brings the pedestrian to a miniature plateau, from which a wide road lined with shade trees leads up to the main entrance of the monastery. Two monks are waiting at the door to welcome and show to their different apartments the visitors who arrive in large numbers almost every day. By means of a long and low arched corridor the interior of the building is reached, and then the new-comer finds himself in the great *Cortile* or courtyard. The impression received on viewing the interior of Monte Casino for the first time is one of wonder at finding such magnificence in a place so barren and so difficult of access. All around the courtyard, which is in the form of an immense rectangle 250 feet in length, runs a portico supported by pillars and arches of travertine rock. Two other open porticos perpendicular to the sides of this rectangle divide the whole cortile into three separate parts. In the centre of one of these divisions may be seen the lower part of a column of red porphyry measuring over ten feet in circumference, a remarkable size for such rare material. It is believed by some to be one of the pillars of the ancient temple of Apollo; others maintain that it belongs to the villa which Varro built at Casino. A similar column of oriental granite once stood at a short distance from the former, but at the end of last century it was carried away by the French. A few tame ravens may also be noticed hopping around the courtyard. Two or three of these birds are always kept about the monastery in memory of the fact that when St. Benedict first came from Subiaco to Casinum, he was followed all the way by two ravens which were afterwards kept and fed by the monks. Hence it is that many of the medals and pictures of Benedict show a raven at the feet of the Saint. The present representatives of their species which strut about as if fully conscious of their own importance, claim to be the lineal descendants of the pair that came to Casinum in 529.

Above the arches of the porticos is constructed an extensive promenade which is called the *Loggia del Paradiso* (Gallery of Paradise) on account of the magnificent view obtained therefrom. Directly in front of the spectator lie the picturesque mountains of Gaeta extending in the form of a semi-circle around the fertile plain which is watered by the little river Liris mentioned by Horace:

> "Rura quae Liris quieta
> Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis."

On the peaks of the surrounding mountains lie some little villages and the ruins of ancient fortresses. Among others may be mentioned Aquino and Rocco Secca, the former noted as giving his surname to the Angel of the schools, and the latter as being his birthplace. The *tout ensemble* of the scene—the quiet plain covered with vines and olives, the rugged mountains encircling it, and away beyond them in the background the Gulf of Gaeta cannot fail, especially when glowing in the light

of an Italian sunset, to produce a lasting impression even on the dullest heart.

From the Loggia del Paradiso, another Cortile on a higher plane extends to the door of the church. This magnificent structure, than which few, if any, richer exist in Italy, is noted not alone for the beauty of its interior, but for its interesting history as well. The Temple of Apollo which St. Benedict, as already mentioned, converted into a Christian Church, was destroyed by the Longobards in 589. On its ruins a new church was erected, which was consecrated by Pope Zachary a century and a half later. This second church shared the same fate as the former, being destroyed by the Saracens in 884. Twenty years later a third church was constructed which was enlarged and embellished towards the end of the eleventh century, but the terrific earthquake of 1349 left it a heap of ruins. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that all these misfortunes would dishearten the monks and make them give up the idea of building any more churches in a place so unfavourable. Not so, however. In a few years they again set to work, but the building erected this time was so unstable that 300 years later it threatened to fall. Without waiting for it to do so, they pulled it down, and Fausaga, a celebrated Spanish architect, built on the same site the church which stands there to-day. It was consecrated by Pope Benedict XIII, in 1727. The great door which opens from the upper courtyard is made of marble covered with plates of bronze. On its surface is written in inlaid letters of silver the names of all the possessions held by the Abbey in 1066, in which year the door was made in Constantinople. Above it there is a Latin inscription recording the foundation and subsequent vicissitudes of the monastery. The decorations of the interior of the church are beautiful in the extreme. The floor is of Florentine mosaic; the paintings of the dome and of the arched ceiling are the works of the best masters; and the glistening walls and columns are covered with the richest and rarest marbles. The altars are all made of marble, or rather of many pieces of different kinds of marble, neatly chiselled. and set into one another with such precision that they form a variety of pretty figures which seem as if they all grew naturally in the one stone. The walls and columns are ornamented in the same way. Pictures representing vases full of flowers, bunches of fruit, and figures of every description, are formed entirely of pieces of different kinds of marble, and all so perfectly that not even the finest lines are wanting. Many of the inlayings which represent flowers and fruit, are of mother-of-pearl which is lavished in profusion on the altars and columns. Under the centre of the dome lies the tomb of St. Benedict, over which is built the High Altar of the Church. The design of this altar is attributed to Michael Angelo, and needless to say it is a masterpiece. Neither pains nor money were spared on it, the finer parts being artistically worked in alabaster inlaid with amethyst and other precious stones. The antipendium was originally formed of one plate of silver, on which were figures delicately wrought with the chisel, but this costly ornament was carried off by Napoleon in 1799.

Behind the altar is situated the choir, where the monks assemble to recite their office or to assist at mass. As the rest of the church is famous for its works in marble, so is the choir for its carving in wood which occupied 7 artists for the space of 44 years. The 82 seats or "stalls," which are arranged in a double row around the three sides of the choir, and the panels which cover the walls to the height of 15 or 20 feet, are formed of black walnut carved in every variety of pattern. Viewed even from a distance, this work cannot fail to please the eye; but it is only when examined closely and in detail, that its latent beauty becomes manifest. The arm-rests of the stalls are each supported by a handsomely formed statuette, and on the arm-rest itself reclines the figure of an angel. It is especially remarkable that each one of these many figures has a posture, and expression of features totaly different from all the others. The panels which form the backs of the upper row of seats are exquisitely carved, showing in *alto-relievo* the figures of animals, fruit, flowers and foliage of every description. In the centre of each panel there is a little niche in which, carved in walnut, is the bust of some illustrious Benedictine. Fluted columns with ornamental bases divide the stalls from each other, and support a beautiful cornice which forms the upper part of the woodwork. It would be difficult to say how

many figures are represented in this wonderful work of art: for when one begins to count the number that adorn even one of the stalls, he finds a multitude of them that had at first escaped his notice. Perfectly formed faces not as large as a ten cent piece peep from behind the leaves of plants, and miniature figures of birds and other small animals, as delicately carved as the larger statues, are scattered about everywhere. Stowed away in a corner behind one of the seats, there is a figure which deserves special notice. It was made by the fifteen year old son of one of the artists engaged in the finishing, and represents an ancient warrior in the act of giving a thrust with his sword. The set of the limbs and the look of fierceness and determination in the features, are brought out perfectly by the young artist, whose name and age are cut in the circular shield which the warrior holds above his head.

From the choir, two flights of stairs lead to the subterranean chapel, which is cut out of the solid rock of the mountain. It also is fitted up for a choir, and is finished in wood whose carving is almost on a par with that in the upper one. The floor is perhaps the most substantial in the world; for it is nothing else than the rock of the mountain whose surface is levelled and polished. Tasso, during his residence at Monte Casino, took a special delight in attending the services in this little chapel.

One of the most important parts of the monastery is the library which will always have a peculiar interest for the scholar, as the place in which many treasures of the Greek and Latin writers were preserved during the centuries which preceded the invention of printing. Even in the early history of the monastery, copies of the rarest MSS. were made by the monks. The library contains over 20,000 volumes, nearly all of which are of great value and interest. Among the manuscripts may be mentioned a translation of Origen's commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans which dates from the 6th century, a Virgil of the 10th century, and a Dante of the 14th. Besides works on Theology, Ecclesiastical History, Liturgy, &c., which one would naturally expect to find in such a place, there are several which treat of Rhetoric, Poetry, Philosophy, Mathematics, Physics and Astronomy, and this shows how zealous the early monks were for the advancement of the Arts and Sciences. The earliest printed book dates from 1459, and is made of parchment. Next in age comes the "Works of Lactantius" which was printed in 1465 at the Benedictine monastery of Subiaco, by two Germans who first introduced the art of printing into Italy. It is the second book which was printed in Italy, and the copies of it are very rare, there being only those of Monte Casino, Subiaco, the Vatican, Berlin, and two or three others.

But among all the interesting things to be seen at Monte Casino, the Archives easily hold first place. Begun by St. Benedict himself, they can now boast of an age of nearly 14 centuries. They comprise 90,000 different documents written on parchment, of which about 800 are diplomas and charters of Emperors, Kings and Princes, confirming various grants and privileges conceded to the monastery from time to time. The earliest of these bears the date 884, and is signed by Ajo, Prince of the Lombards. Many of them have their seals in gold, and at the heads of others are the portraits of the Princes by whom they were granted. There is also a collection of all the Bulls issued by the Popes regarding the monastery, from the 11th century down to our own times. Among the many valuable letters preserved in this place, there is one written by St. Thomas Aquinas to the Abbot of Monte Casino. The manner in which he addresses the Abbot at the beginning of this letter, is held up by the Benedictines as an undeniable proof of their assertion that the Angelic Doctor wore the habit of their order in Monte Casino for some years before he became a Dominican. The register in which visitors sign their names is also kept in the Archives. Although containing very little other than proper names, it is still an object of great interest. In it are inscribed in an endless variety of characters, the names and addresses of people from all parts of the world. Very many of them are those of Americans and Englishmen, among whom may be mentioned the poet Longfellow and W. E. Gladstone. The latter, whose name is still kindly remembered at the monastery, wrote the single word "Floreat," and the former, that verse from his "Psalm of Life" which begins:—"Lives of great men all remind us." The work of interpreting and translating the ancient

manuscripts is under the care of the first and second archivists who have two assistants. Whatever work is done there, must be done with sunlight, for by a wise rule, no artificial lights of any kind are allowed within the place.

In the apartment formerly occupied by the once famous pharmacy of the monastery,. are at present the printing and lithographing establishments. These had a wide name when the arts of printing and lithographing were still in their infancy, but now they are somewhat behind the times. Though the work turned out is good, it is done with machinery which was out of date half a century ago.

For many centuries Monte Casino was very rich, having had an immense revenue arising from the donations made to it by different Princes and Dukes, and also from the riches that were brought to it by many wealthy men who assumed the Benedictine habit. This income the monks spent in the cause of religion and in works of charity, a host of indigent people being dependent on the monastery for their daily subsistence. But now all this is changed ; for Monte Casino is no longer the property of the monks, at least in the eye of the law. The government which now guides or misguides the destinies of Italy, has a wonderful penchant for taking care of what does not belong to it. Within the last twenty or thirty years it has taken under its kind protection nearly every convent and monastery in Italy, not to speak of the many churches that have also fallen a prey to it. Being composed for the most part of Jews and Freemasons, one of its chief objects is to destroy all religion ; and being in the depths of bankruptcy, its motto is :—" Get money,—honestly if possible, but get it anyhow." The suppression of the monasteries, and the seizure of their revenues, offer a safe and easy mode of satisfying these two paramount desires at one and the same time, and accordingly, without the least scruple, the government steps in and declares that the monastery belongs to the state, and not to the Order that built it. Still it would not at all wish to be set down as a legalized robbing institution, but tries to make the monks believe that it is all done for their own good. From the fact that all the members of the community have taken a vow of poverty, it concludes that they cannot legally hold any property ; and lest anyone, taking advantage of this should attempt to run away with the monastery, the Government kindly takes charge of it, just to keep it for the monks like the frugal mother with the baby's dime.

Monte Casino, like the rest, is now the property of the Italian government. Only a few monks and lay brothers are allowed to remain *as caretakers*, and these have to depend for their support on other branches of the Order ; for none of them except the Abbot and one or two others receive any stipend from the state in compensation for the revenues taken away from them. But though the palmy days of the Monastery are gone, the hospitality of the monks still continues to be offered to strangers with unaffected kindness and courtesy. Several suites of rooms are set apart for the accommodation of visitors, and a cordial welcome is never wanting. May this home of learning and piety—the cradle of the grand Order which has given to the Church no fewer than twenty-seven Popes, and five thousand canonized saints, be soon restored to its rightful owners ! When the memory of the robber king and his infamous hirelings shall have been forgotten, may future generations see verified the hope of its illustrious well-wisher—FLOREAT !

—T. O. M. '91.

Rome, December, 1891

ASTRONOMY AND ITS USES.

WITH the brilliant astronomical discoveries of the 17th century are associated names, which will be forgotten only when the stellar fires have died out, or the last son of Adam has passed away. But were Galileo, Kepler, and the other mighty geniuses, who pointed out and proved the real motions in the solar system, to visit our planet to-day, they would find that the science for which they did so much, has progressed beyond all they ever dreamed of. They would not have far to go to reach one of the four hundred princely observatories, provided in our age for the reception and appropriate use of astronomical instruments, and the accommodation of the men of science employed in making and reducing observations of the heavenly bodies. Here they would certainly look, in admiration and astonishment, at the glorious artillery of science which nightly assaults the sky; at the telescope, become, so to speak, a wonderous cyclopean eye imbued with superhuman power, by which the observer extends the reach of his vision to the farthest heavens, and surveys galaxies and universes, compared with which the solar system is but an atom floating in the air. They would learn that so thoroughly are the motions of the planets now understood, that the failure of Uranus to move precisely in the path predicted for it, furnished computers all the data they required to determine the exact position, and thus bring about the immediate discovery of a new planet—Neptune. Perhaps no tongue could tell, no pen paint their amazement, when they would hear that in the contrivance and execution of the instruments before them—such has been the stretch of inventive skill and mechanical ingenuity,—that the nature and physical constitution of heavenly bodies, are determined with the certainty and precision which mark the investigations of the chemist into the ultimate constitution of matter before him.

Without having either the ability or the inclination to examine these results, which would prove to its fathers the phenomenal development of astronomy in our age, the most indifferent reader can scarcely fail to remark the vast amount of energy and money expended upon that science. Without notes or researches, the writer recalls, among other instances that, within the past five years, the Harvard Observatory alone has received bequests, which amount to well nigh half a million dollars, that through the generosity of James Lick, the Californian millionare, there has been opened upon the summit of Mt. Hamilton, Cal., high above the clouds, an observatory, which, with its magnificent equatorial telescope—aperture 36 inches, the largest refractor on earth—and equipments to match, promises great surprises: that Pope Leo himself has had erected within the Vatican garden, a splendid observatory. During the period mentioned the famed American scientists-Langley, Young, Newcomb and Holden, have each published a work on astronomy—not mere text-books, nor records, but volumes of 500 or 600 pages, composed in great part, of the accounts of investigations made for the first time, or verified, at a single observatory. It takes a volume of several hundred pages to contain the records of the observations annually made at the Harvard observatory, or by expeditions sent out for it. All will remember something of the munificence of the government support and private benefaction, which went to assure the success of observations made at the transit of Venus nine years ago. Total eclipses of the sun come about every other year, and are always awaited, in whatever quarter of the globe they occur, by numerous observing parties, whose expenses are paid by private donation, or by allowances from the public coffers.

Is it true that in our day, the development if any sicence is in direct ratio to its usefulness or to the material advantages expected from it? If so, the uses of astronomy must be important and its promises great. It has been argued, that the rapid advancement of astronomy is due to man's natural bent for knowledge for its own sake. This view may be correct: all will admit, certainly, that astronomy,

with its great ideas of time, space, extension, magnitude, number, motion and power, all ruled by a supreme intelligence, takes precedence of any other branch of purely natural science, as a subject capable of filling the mind with noble contemplations, and furnishing a refined pleasure. Besides this influence, however, astronomy promises—so say those best qualified to judge—great material advantages for perhaps an early future, and it already has bearings on our every day lives, often unthought of, but of vast importance. A page or two on these utilitarian aspects of astronomy may not prove uninteresting to the reader who has found little time to inquire into them.

A single consideration sufficient to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the heavenly bodies, is suggested by the fact, that from observations of them is obtained our only adequate measure of time, and our only means of comparing the time of one place with the time of another. Our artificial time-keepers, clocks, watches and chronometers, however ingeniously contrived, are but a transcript, so to say, of the celestial motions; they are of incalculable utility, but do not escape the imperfection of all machinery, the work of human hands. The moment we move with our time keeper, east or west, it fails, it keeps home-time alone, and often at home, to reverse the lines of Pope,

> 'Tis with our watches as our judgments, none
> Go just alike, but each believes his own.

But for all kindreds and tribes and tongues of men—upon their own meridian—the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations, far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight. The measure, too, of the year and lunar month, a knowledge of the exact duration of which is so indispensable to our progress, is derived from observations of the heavenly bodies. The phenomena upon which they depend are obvious, and to the supreme intelligence who rules the universe, there is, no doubt, a harmony in the numerical relation to each other of days, months and years, but to us this harmony is hidden, to us these divisions are not exactly commensurable, and to adjust them to each other, is one of the most difficult problems of practical astronomy. This remark is illustrated by the great embarrassment which attended the reformation of the calendar by Pope Gregory in 1582, after the error of the Julian period had, in the lapse of centuries, reached ten days. In the land of the Czars they persist, at the present day, in adding 11 min. 12 sec. to the length of the year, an error which by accumulating for 19 centuries, now amounts to about 12 days, and which will, in time, make the month of July occur in mid-winter.

Astronomy is termed the soul of chronology, from the assistance which it gives in assigning to important remote events their proper dates. For example, Herodotus narrates that a battle between the Medes and Lydians was brought to a close by a total eclipse of the sun; another eclipse is known to have occured about the time of the death of Herod the Great; by determining the dates of these from the cycle of eclipses, clues are obtained respectively to Persian chronology, and to the exact number of years from the building of Rome to the birth of Christ. Conjunctions of the heavenly bodies are employed, in seeking dates, in the same manner as the cycle of eclipses. In this connection, it is to be said that the data comet-hunters, and professional observers are rapidly gathering regarding the periodic re-appearance of, at least, a goodly number of the comets, promise great assistance to chronologists, for we have accounts, say leading astronomers, of all the comets which have appeared for thousands of years.

The momentous voyage, of which the four hundreth anniversary occurs in 1892, owes to astronomy its conception and its successful accomplishment. Profound meditation on the sphericity of the globe, was one of the main reasons, which led Columbus to undertake his perilous expedition, and the almost innumerable obstacles which attended its prosecution, were, in his own judgment, overcome by his thorough acquaintance with the astronomical science of that day. No doubt, without the invention and improvement of astronomical instruments, and without the clear steady light, which long and careful observation has shed on the celestial phenomena, modern commerce would never have attained such a vast expansion, compared with that of the ancient world. The variation of the compass bewildered Columbus, on his way across the Atlantic; that same variation

would to-day, on long voyages, imperil ship and life, did the mariner not know the pathways of the ocean, as marked out in the sky above by the eternal lights of the heavens, the only Pharos whose beams never fail, and which no tempest can shake from its foundation. A ship's place at sea can be determined, theoretically, within a mile, practically, however, perhaps not within three or four miles; evidently greater precision than this is highly desirable, in rounding certain dangerous headlands, which push their rock-bound and sometimes unlighted bastions, far into the sea. Mathematicians and mechanicians say, that we may count among the promises of astronomical science, this greater precision, and that for no distant day.

The discovery of Amercia and the proofs of the real shape of our planet, elevated geography to its present high rank. That branch of knowledge owes even more than its existence as a science to astronomy, it derives its rules and methods from the same source. Observations of the heavenly bodies furnish the means of performing the most important operations of practical geography; for example, the determination of distance and direction. Astronomy marks out lines of latitude and longitude which lie at the bottom of all descriptive geography. Some even of our most important political and administrative arrangements depend upon the co-operation of astronomy. Among these may be mentioned the land systems of Canada and the United States and the boundaries of the country. Limits of grants were formerly ascertained by sensible objects, as trees, streams, rocks, hills, and by reference to adjacent portions of land. This uncertainty of boundaries, met with in the older provinces and states, has been, and is, the cause of never-failing litigation. In the great West of both countries, the entire public domain is laid off into ranges, townships, sections and smaller divisions with unerring certainty, and under this system, scarce a case of contested location and boundaries has ever presented itself. The general land office contains maps and plans on which every quarter-section of the public land is laid down with mathematical precision. When we consider the tide of population annually flowing into the public domain, and the immense importance of its efficient and economical arrangement, the utility of this application of astronomy will be duly appreciated.

Canada will, no doubt, some day undertake a complete coast-survey, similar to that at this moment in progress in the United States. Such an operation is of the utmost consequence in reference to the geography, commerce, navigation and hydrography of the country. The entire work, it need scarce be said, is one of practical astronomy. Astronomical observations furnish by far the best means of defining the boundaries of states, where lines are of great length and run through unsettled countries. Natural indications, like rivers and mountains, however distinct in appearance, are, in practice, subject to unavoidable error. By the treaty of 1783 a boundary was established between Canada and the United States, depending partly on the courses of rivers and partly on the highlands dividing the waters which flow into the Atlantic ocean from those which flow into the St. Lawrence. It took twenty years to find out which river was the true St. Croix, that being the starting point. Forty years were passed in the unsuccessful attempt to determine the highlands mentioned, and just as the two countries were on the verge of war, the controversy was settled by compromise. Had the boundary been accurately described by lines of latitude and longitude, no dispute could have arisen. No dispute has ever arisen as to the boundary between Canada and the United States, where it runs for thousands of miles through untrodden prairies and over pathless mountains along the 49th parallel of north latitude.

To consider briefly the promises of astronomy. In a series of papers which appeared in the *Century* during the course of the years '84, '85, '86 and '87, and which have since appeared in book form, under the title of "The New Astronomy," the renowned director of the Allegheny observatory, Mr. S. P. Langley, treats of the prospects of astronomy's securing to man other and beyond all comparison, greater material advantages than any he has yet derived from it. These Professor Langley groups under three heads:

1. Motive power.
2. Forecasts of the weather.
3. Connection with electricity.

The writer is convinced that the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Langley, who occupies a conspicuous place in the foremost rank of living scientists, will be for the average reader an authorized expression of views commonly accepted by scientists of our age. Taking up these bearings of astronomy in the order given, time and space permits us to cite only, as it were, the condensed conclusions of Mr. Langley to elegantly written pages and chapters, wherein are brought together the researches and opinions of the leading scientists of our century.

1. Motive Force, page 111.—"From recent measures it appears that from every square yard of the earth exposed perpendicularly to the sun's rays in the absence of an absorbing atmosphere, there could be derived more than one horse-power. . . . . . . Even on such a small area as the island of Manhattan or that occupied by the city of London, the noontide heat is enough, could it all be utilized, to drive all the steam-engines in the world. It will not be surprising then to hear that many practical men are turning their attention to this as a source of power, and that, though it has hitherto cost more to utilize the power than it is worth, there is reason to believe that some of the greatest changes which civilization has to bring, may yet be due to such investigations." Following is a description of M. Mouchot's sun-machine, which by the solar heat, concentrated on a boiler by a great parabolic reflector, was used at the Paris Exhibition to drive a steam-engine which was employed in turn to work a printing-press, also ot Mr. Ericsson's actually working solar engine.

2. Forecasts of the Weather, page 78.—"Would it be of any practical interest to a merchant in breadstuffs to have private information of a reliable character, that crops the world over, would be fine in 1888 and fail in 1894? The exclusive possession of such knowledge might plainly bring wealth beyond the dreams of avarice to the user, or, to ascend from the lower ground of personal interest to the higher aims of philanthropy and science, could we predict the harvests, we would be armed with a knowledge that might provide against coming years of famine, and make life happier and easier to hundreds of millions of toilers on the earth's surface." After this, the learned author of "The New Astronomy" details a number of attempts recently made to prove a connection between certain astronomical phenomena and the weather. Some of the scientists who have participated in these investigations are confident of success, ultimately. Mr. Langley believes that there is *at present* no likelihood of our being able to predict the weather for the next year, as the signal service now does for the next day. He says, in conclusion: "We leave this vision of forecasting the harvests and the markets of the world, as one of the fair dreams for the future of our science. Perhaps the dream will one day be realized."

3. Connection with Electricity, page 83.—"If we investigate the connection between spots (on the sun) and terrestrial magnetic disturbances, we shall find more satisfactory testimony (than that in reference to forecasts of the weather). This evidence is of all degrees of strength, from probability up to what may be called certainty, and it is always obtained not by *a priori* reasoning, but by the comparison of independent observations of something which has happened on the sun and on the earth." Here Mr. Langley gives a number of instances where, within the past few years, disturbances on the sun were co-incident with electric storms in different and distant parts of the earth. He concludes: "While we fully concede our present ignorance of the nature of this cause—we cannot refuse the cumulative evidence of which a little has been submitted." Mr. L., with many of his brother scientists, is confident, that a knowledge of the nature of electricity, which he hopes may be some day or other obtained by the investigations he refers to, would be speedily followed by important developments in the practical use of that great force.

W. J. Murphy, O.M.I., '88.

MATER LUCIS DIVINAE.

TERNAL sunshine, uncreated light
Diffus'd its hallow'd radiance 'round the place
Where Power divine put off his robe of might
To vest a virgin with maternal grace.

Its star-like lustre an unerring guide
To regal envoys from afar became;
And e'en Judea's bleakest mountain-side
Awoke to bliss beneath its cheering flame.

In its refulgent beams, the New-born lay
Clasp'd in a virgin-mother's fond embrace:—
Few, few perceiv'd the Sun of Endless Day
Curtain'd behind the feeble Infant's face!

Simplicity, among the few, was first
To catch the glimm'ring of its heav'nly ray,
To see its fulness on his vision burst,
To revel in the glories of its day.

Then Wisdom next beheld the genial spark
And felt the ardour of its glowing heat:
Exultant sped he from the Levant dark
To lay allegiance at its Author's feet.

But one had seen its all-transcendent blaze
Long ere its beauty'd ravish'd human eye,
Bask'd in the warmth of its unfailing rays
Whilst yet their splendour lit but domes on high.

To Her alone 'twas giv'n to sound the deep,
Unearthèd myst'ries in Her Babe's blue eyes;
To Her alone was giv'n to learn and keep
The secrets lock'd behind these mortal skies.

The Shepherd and the Prince enraptur'd stood,
Uncertain which deserv'd their homage more—
The glitt'ring Fount that held the sacred flood
Of light resplendent, or the Stream it bore.

Enraptur'd stood and gaz'd in rev'rent awe
Upon Jehova's marvellous design—
And bless'd Him for the wond'rous things they saw—
A Creature mother made to Light Divine.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

IT STILL MOVES.

By Very Rev. Æn. McD. Dawson, LL.D. Etc.

THE important movement towards the Catholic Church which originated many years ago at Oxford and Cambridge is still in operation. When it was first discovered that the Christian doctrines which were held and preached in the Apostolic age are professed and taught by the Catholic Church of our own time, the discovery was chiefly confined within the walls of the Universities,—*a trésor trouvé* for the learned. Time has brought a change. The light could not be concealed; and it was not long till it shone forth to the great delight of all who were conversant with the early history of the Church and the astonishment of those whose minds had been fed on the fabulous inventions which, in the anti-Catholic world, passed for history. The newly discovered knowledge, possessed only, at first, by a comparatively small number of learned and pious men, has since spread and widely spread, extending to all classes throughout the whole of England. Its diffusion has been attended with abundant fruit. At first, conversions were not uncommon, but mainly confined to men of learning and academical position. With the spread of knowledge their number has increased. It is now known that in each of the fifteen dioceses of England there are, annually, from 700 to 1000 converts, this shows an increase of the Catholic population within the last ten years of 150,000 (one hundred and fifty thousand). As it is customary in the Church to administer baptism and confirmation conditionally to all who join her communion, and a register of such administrations is kept in every parish or missionary rectory, there can be no doubt as to the accuracy of our statistics; and we state them notwithstanding the alarm they may cause in certain quarters, and the vigorous, and, in not a few cases, rancorous denuntiations of everything Catholic which they may call forth. The more unsparingly such anti-Catholic literature is dealt out, the more widely is the knowledge of the Catholic religion diffused and its tenets adopted by a thinking people. The mere fact of so many in each of the fifteen dioceses joining the communion of the Church, is a source of additional increase. Each convert has his neighborhood in which he necessarily exercises a certain influence, relatives, friends, acquaintances, among whom his change of convictions is discussed, the true state of the question made known, the wall of prejudice broken down, misrepresentation done away with, and new conversions, not unfrequently, brought about.

We are indebted to the Catholic Record of London, Ontario, for the following list of distinguished persons who have recently entered the communion of the Church: Mr. George Sheffington Ussher, a lineal descendant of the famous Archbishop Ussher, Protestant Primate of Ireland; Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, the well-known author, and his wife who is the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne; Major-General and Mrs. Whinyates; Mr. Basil Lachmere, son of Sir Henry Lachmere, Bart. At a time when all England is venerating anew the memory of Nelson, it is interesting to find that the Hon. Edward Horatio Nelson has become a Catholic, making a third of the present Earl Nelson's sons who has taken the step. Viscount St. Cyres, the eldest son of the Earl of Iddesleigh, and a popular student at Oxford, whose conversion was prematurely announced, a year or so ago, and denied by his father, has now openly declared his adhesion to the old faith by taking an active part in the formation of Newman house in South London, which is to be worked by Catholic members of Oxford University on the social and religious lines laid down in the Papal Encyclical.

Among the ladies occur the names of Miss Stewart, of Ascog Hall, Bute; Mrs. Thornton, superintendent of Mysore College; Miss Charlotte O'Brien, the daughter of the late Wm. Smith O'Brien, M. P. No fewer than three matrons of London hospitals, as well as several in the Provinces. The latest clerical adherent is the Rev. Thos. Cato, of Oriel College, Oxford, being the twelfth minister of the Established Church who has "gone over" within a comparatively brief period.

CARTHAGE.

HISTORY had recorded the rise and fall of many powerful nations that had shone in their ephemeral brightness,and dark clouds had long dimmed their brilliant lustre ere a new star of dazzling splendour appeared in the political firmament, ere Carthage had taken a foremost place among the giant rivals that vied for the proud title of mistress of the world. The exact date of the foundation of Carthage lies hidden beneath a veil of obscurity, for it has been her doom to be fully known only when she had passed the period of her meridian glory. From out the tangled skein of various mythological accounts, we can disengage a few scattered threads that will enable us to reconstruct to a tolerable degree of certainty her early career.

Though the site of Carthage has been known for centuries, yet only in recent years has its exact location ceased to be one of the most vexed questions of classic lore. Amid the many contradictory recitals of its foundation, the most probable is that it was established about one hundred and thirty-three years after the fall of Troy, by Dido, who fled from Tyre, owing to the cruel exactions of her brother Pygmalion and landed on the coast of Africa. The natives fearing a rival power, would grant her only as much ground as could be covered with a bull's hide, but the crafty Dido, displaying that deceit which the more enlightened have too often manifested in their dealings with the less cultured, had recourse to an ingenious artifice: she cut the hide into small strips and thereby enclosed a considerable portion of territory. For this reason it was called Byrsa and upon it was made the first settlement. As the inhabitants rapidly multiplied, Carthage arose and Byrsa became the citadel of the city.

The fabled visit of Aeneas to the shores of Africa when Dido was engaged in building the town has afforded the Mantuan bard the opportunity of giving us, beneath the embellishments of poetic diction, a faithful discription of the appearance of Carthage. Aeneas, worn out with long suffering and unceasing calamities, was at length driven to the Libyan shores, into a deep recess formed by the promontory of Hermaeum on the east and that of Apollo on the west, and sheltered from the stormy sea by an island at its mouth, generally supposed to be the peninsula of Carthage itself. We might follow Aeneas, guided by his goddess-mother, to the spacious, gorgeous halls of Dido, and there see her seated on her lofty throne dispensing justice to her subjects. The grandeur and splendour of Carthage is fully established and needs no no further proof than that addressed by him who had been the valiant defender of far renowned Troy, and who was to be the founder of proud, imperial Rome, when he gazed in astonishment upon the vast extent, the massive walls, the lofty towers, and frowning citadels of the city

"Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam:
Miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum"

Nor must we wonder at the amazement of Aeneas, for there lay beneath his view a city whose magnitude rivalled that of ancient Babylon, whose triple line of walls enclosed the whole peninsula and rendered the town almost impregnable.

If we had the power of transporting ourselves back a few centuries in the annals of the world, we could see the unfortunate, heroic Dido, after having had to fly the persecutions of an unnatural brother to bear all the cares and anxiety consequent upon the founding of a colony, forced, in order to avoid the importunities of Iasbas, king of Mauritania, who demanded her in marriage, to ascend the funeral pile and there put an end to her existence, thus escaping what she held to be unholy nuptials. After her untimely death, Carthage ceased to be a monarchy and became what might well be called an oligarchical republic.

But before continuing the history of Carthage, it would be well to cast a cursory glance upon her religion and mode of government, for these to a very great extent affect the development of character, and consequently exercise a powerful influence upon the destinies of a nation. The Punic religion was

melancholy and cruel; fear and terror were its predominating principles: it was a religion craving human blood and surrounded with the most gloomy images. The very dead were to be envied when we consider the abstinences, tortures and sacrifices that it imposed upon the people. It was opposed to the noblest sentiments of the human heart; it degraded the intellects of its devotees by the injurious and dissolute superstitions that it inculcated. Young children, slaves, and prisoners of war were immolated to appease the dread wrath of a Baal, and most abominable rites observed in honor of an impure Astarte. Such a religion produced its natural effect upon the Carthaginian people. At times, they were haughty and imperious, again, grovelling and servile, egotistical and imbued with an insatiable greed of wealth, and often melancholy and inhuman, inexorable and untrustworthy. in fact their religion seemed to have altered their very nature and to have destroyed the noblest aspirations of the human soul.

Their government, as we have already hinted, was a sort of oligarchy somewhat resembling that of Sparta; at its head were two magistrates or suffetes, as they were termed. These, in conjunction with the Council of Elders and the Senate of One Hundred, guided the ship of state, which, owing to the prevalent bitter party spirit, in comparison with which even that of our day falls into insignificance, often was in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces upon the rocks that threatened her with instant destruction. The defect lay at the very root of the constitution, for positions in the government were sold at auction, thereby excluding the masses from all share therein and ensuring the corruption and moral degradation of the people by bribes received from office-seekers. The concentration of the administrative functions was maintained by means of the Pentarchies or committees of five appointed by the Senate to guard the various interests of the city, in the same manner as do those struck off by our own town-fathers. The body of the citizens, though nominally the ultimate source of power, soon became reduced to a state of absolute inactivity; the Senate, at first elective, usurped the right of appointing a senator to take the place of an expelled or deceased member. Though the party spirit ran high in Carthage, though men were so carried away by partizan zeal as to cause the execution of their opponents, both factions, however, united in repressing all attempts of the democracy to assert their rights, and in frustrating the aims of personal ambition, with such success that in her long history only two dared to aspire to kingly power, and these were visited with signal punishment; they were torn to pieces by the infuriated mob.

After these few words on the religion and government of the Carthaginians, we shall endeavor to account for the splendour and magnificence of the city. The Carthaginians were, by the very nature of things, the foremost traders of their day—they were the descendants of the Phoenicians, a sea-faring race; their city was situated on the shores of the broad Mediterranean; it is no wonder, then, that their vessels covered the sea from the coast of Asia Minor to Spain; nay, more, their daring sailors passed the Pillars of Hercules to England, to the "sacred" isle of the Hibernians, and some go so far as to state that they reached the borders of America. Carthage became the commercial centre of the world; in her marts were found the productions of all countries, from Japan to Britain, from the snow-capped crags of Northern Europe to far beyond the burning deserts of Africa. Her sailors braved the dangers of the unknown ocean and voyaged to Britain for tin; to the Baltic for amber; to Spain for the precious metals, wine, oil, wax, wool and fruits; to Madeira for the sugar-cane; to India, Arabia, and Ethiopia for gold and silver, incense, spices, ebony and ivory. Their caravans crossed the trackless wastes of Africa to exchange manufactured articles for the glittering diamonds and slaves of the South.

By her commerce, Carthage became exceedingly opulent, her wealthy magnates used gold and silver in the manufacture of common articles, and even at the time of her downfall, Polybius deemed her the richest city of the world; in her palmy days her wealth vied with that of the Persian kings. In economical principles Carthage was far in advance of her age, she contracted loans with foreign nations. She had a sort of money, possessing no intrinsic value and bearing a striking resemblance to the paper currency of to-day.

In the midst of such prosperity Carthage had to face many a powerful enemy, but in her hour of need there always came forth a hero ready to champion her cause and willing to sacrifice his fortune, even his life, if necessary, to preserve untarnished the honour of his country. Under Mago and his illustrious descendants often did victory perch upon the Carthaginian banners. The great Dionysius was compelled to sue for peace, and proud Syracuse was forced to open wide its gates to admit the Carthaginian victor. Not only did the house of Mago distinguish itself in the field, it also contributed many productions to the literature of Carthage. If Carthage, unlike her parent city, often took the offensive, it was because at first she was driven to such a course as the head and protectress of the Phoenician colonies in the west, and because afterwards she was stimulated by victory to undertake many a campaign in defence of herself and her colonies. For Carthage had colonies stretching out in every direction. By granting to the poor tracts of land in foreign parts, she sought to avoid the intestine turmoils that always arise from the poverty and consequent discontent of the lower classes.

Though the Carthaginians founded colonies, and thereby enlarged their territory, they were ever guided by moderation in this regard. Whilst eager enough, when money was in question, they never occupied more land than they were determined to retain in their possession. Prudence and experience taught them that islands were the best and most secure colonies for a maritime nation. For in islands, are found sheltered moorings for vessels, in them can commerce readily flourish, and no rival need be feared, as islands, on account of their limited extent, are much more easily protected by a powerful fleet such as Carthage possessed, than extensive continents. Following these principles, the Carthaginians obtained dominion over all the islands of the Western Mediterranean. When once a colony was established, it would soon be called upon to settle the difficulties arising between the natives of the surrounding district. The old result would follow, the mediators became the masters of both contending parties. The Punic colonies extended everywhere to facilitate the commerce of the metropolis, in fact these were little more than trading posts and were one of the chief causes of Carthage's commercial supremacy. No other nation in antiquity, with the exception of Rome, carried on the colonizing system to so great an extent as Carthage did; she was superior to all other commercial powers in keeping her colonies in complete subjection to the central government. In colonizing Sicily alone did Carthage display a lamentable lack of skill, for her generals spent much time and sacrificed many lives in endeavouring to obtain control over this famous island; but the deplorable state of the home government time and again snatched the laurels from the victor's brow and often made impregnable the last fortress of the enemy, at the very moment when it was about to surrender.

Dearly had Carthage to pay for this great blunder, for had she obtained a mastery over Sicily, she could have defied Rome. She might have clothed subsequent history in an altogether different garb, but she allowed golden opportunities to slip by unheeded, and soon was she made drain to the very dregs the bitter cup that she was slowly, but surely mixing for herself. Whilst Carthage was assuming such vast proportions, there was another city—another republic, on the opposite shores of the Mediterranean gradually maturing and rising into prominence; Rome was fast becoming a dangerous rival for Carthage. These two cities were enemies from their earliest days, they grew up bearing a deadly hatred towards each other, and refrained from combat only because they were too evenly matched. Each awaited the advantageous moment to strike its foe a deadly blow. Rome and Carthage signed treaty after treaty, binding themselves to respect each other's rights, but full well did each know that this was but a hollow peace, a mock neutrality, a portentous calm that was the herald of the coming storm.

As Pyrrhus bade adieu to the shores of Sicily, he exclaimed with prophetic foresight "How fine a battle-field are we leaving to the Romans and the Carthaginians!" His words were soon to be verified. Rome was nigh to the Straits of Sicily, and Roman intrigue was busy in the court of Hiero. Rome had matured her plans, had trained her soldiers, and was biding her own good time to move upon the Carthaginian strongholds in

Sicily. An entirely unforeseen occurrence precipitated matters. Freebooters, calling themselves the Mamertines, had captured the city of Messana, put all the male inhabitants to death, and seized their wives and property. Carthage aided the Mamertines against Pyrrhus, but now the latter were attacked by Hiero, king of Syracuse, and reduced to the last extremity. They saw that they must either call upon Carthage for help or summon the Romans to their assistance. The majority decided to seek succor from Rome. The Romans, after long deliberation, decided to comply with their request, though perfectly aware that this was tantamount to a declaration of war against Carthage. In the meantime the Carthaginians appeared, concluded a treaty of peace between the Mamertines and Hiero and obtained possession of the former city. The Roman Consul, however, nothing daunted, resolved to attack Messana, although warned off by the Carthaginians who sent back to Rome the ships they captured from him. War was declared and Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, harassed the Romans by land and by sea. The world now beheld an astonishing sight, the Romans built a fleet to contend with the mistress of the seas. By an almost incredible energy and an indomitable spirit, the Romans constructed ships, and led their raw sailors against the veteran seamen of Carthage. Carthage despised the Roman sailors, but to her cost. Upon the very first encounter she suffered an inglorious defeat. The war continued with varying success, Rome lost three fleets, but Roman patriotism came to the rescue, private citizens presented two hundred vessels to the government. Carthage was taken by surprise and her fleets entirely destroyed; she staggered under this blow and was forced to sign a treaty whereby both nations agreed to respect each other's rights. Carthage was to pay a tribute to Rome and to evacuate Sicily. No sooner had Carthage emerged from this war than she was plunged into all the horrors of a revolt of her mercenary soldiers. Rome seized this opportunity to commit a most perfidious deed, one of the blackest in the annals of mankind. For whilst Carthage was engaged in this life and death struggle, Rome ungenerously seized the Carthaginian colony of Sardinia, and when Carthage demanded reparation for this treacherous act, she imposed a new tribute upon the Carthaginians, thereby adding insult to injury. Meanwhile an event of great moment had taken place, a son, Hannibal had been born to Hamilcar who caused him when in his tender years to take an oath and swear undying hatred to the Romans. How well this was observed the future will show.

During the lull in the war, Rome extended her conquests towards the north of Italy, whilst the Carthaginians, hitherto attracted to Spain by the gold and silver mines, were now led thither by Hamilcar, who saw that if Carthage was to be saved, it must be from without, consequently he sought money, solidiers, and a field of action in the fabulously rich peninsula of Spain. By the occupation of Spain he hoped to restore the balance of power which had been rudely shaken by the loss of Sardinia and Sicily. Upon his death, Hannibal, one of the world's greatest heroes, took his place. Hannibal shook Rome to the very foundation and brought her to the verge of destruction. His keen intuitive foresight told him that the Cathaginian people must be united, that their government must be made more democratic. He endeavored to reform it, but it was too late; the people had become slaves to the system of corruption whereby they had been so long pampered; they had degenerated into a lawless mob, ever ready to sell their noble birth-right for a mess of pottage. Far more penetrating than the government, he saw that to cope successfully with Rome, Carthage must attack her in Italy, on her own soil. Towards this end he directed all his efforts, but received only a half-hearted support from the Cathaginian authorities. It was indeed a contest between Hannibal on one side and the mighty power of Rome on the other. He commanded an army of mercenaries whose god was mammon, who where altogether devoid of that spirit of patriotism which arouses men to great deeds and urges them to avenge the insults offered to fatherland. He found them disorganized, dissatisfied, and in a state of mutiny, but he was a born leader of men; his personal magnetism drew all to his side, and his fatherly care of his soldiers won their gratitude, love, and devotion. Hannibal, convinced of the fidelity of his soldiers, took Sagun-

tum, an ally of Rome, and war was declared. Hannibal began his famous march towards Italy; three years sufficed to conduct him from New Carthage to Cannae. Shortly after came the first check to his brilliant career, but he had proved himself a great general, by the strategetic tact which he displayed whether attacking or standing his ground. At length all supplies were cut off from Spain, his brother Hasdrubal lay dead, the vascillating course of the Carthaginian government had borne its fruits, Hannibal was recalled to Africa to combat the danger he had tried to avert. Then, indeed, he met a foeman worthy of his steel in the person of Publius Cornelius Scipio, a dashing, brilliant young officer who inspired enthusiasm in the breasts of his followers. A skilled diplomatist, an accomplished speaker, the latter won the hearts of his soldiers and led his hosts to victory. He was the hero, the idol of the Roman people, his name was upon the lips of all as their future deliverer. After Hannibal had cut off in their prime the flower of the Roman people, after many a general had fallen before him, he met his conqueror at Zama and the fate of Carthage was decided. She passed under the control of Rome and her noblest son, Hannibal, was hounded from one quarter of the globe to the other and at length he resolved to put an end to his own existence. Only after his death did Rome breathe freely. He was a true scion of the old Carthaginian stock, ere they had fallen victims to the enervating influence of wealth and luxury.

After the close of the war, a new life was infused into the decaying members of the Punic republic. There appeared a smouldering heap of her former greatness, which rapidly burst forth into a brilliant flame only to be once more extinguished. Rome dreaded her former rival, she was ever on the alert against her, and again had she recourse to treachery to crush her forever, lest she herself might perish in the conflict. Rome instigated Masinissa to encroach upon the Carthaginian territory and then endeavored to impose intolerable conditions upon them. The Carthaginian people goaded on to desperation resolved to make one last supreme attempt to preserve their lives, their honor and their country. The contest was short, sharp and decisive; Rome was the victor, Carthage was delivered up to the flames, the plough was passed over her surface and a curse was pronounced upon him who would attempt to rebuild the city. The tears of shame shed by the manly victorious Scipio Aemilianus, when he was forced to execute the dread sentence "Delenda est Carthago" proves that all honor and glory is not due to the conquerors. That Rome was victorious is not surprising, for this was surely the golden age of the republic. Her senate was noted for its wise decrees; her citizens for their concord, devotedness, and disinterestedness; their manners were as yet pure and simple. Her patricians tilled the soil and anon was a Cincinnatus taken from the plough to become a leader of armies. Her soldiers were accustomed to hardships, knew not fear, and every man of them believed that Rome was called to rule the whole earth. A nation composed of such men can bid defiance to the world. Carthage, on the contrary, on account of her harsh and deceitful government, stood alone without a friend in this her supreme struggle. Her aristocratic rulers, haughty and purse-proud, relied upon their gold and silver to fight their battles, but all the mercenaries that their filthy lucre could procure were powerless to withstand the constancy, morality and patriotism of the Roman legions.

To realize the paramount importance of this prolonged struggle between Rome and Carthage, it suffices to bear in mind that two of the world's greatest generals, Hannibal and Scipio figured in it and that by it the future destiny of mankind was decided. For by the downfall of Carthage, men escaped the dreadful fate of being the abject slaves of a degenerate, despotic republic whose only object was grasping, greedy gain, and became the free citizens of a free state that respected their rights and was accomplishing the designs of Divine Providence in uniting all nations that they might receive Him who was to bestow upon them true freedom.

Upon the ashes of Punic Carthage, there was founded by Augustus, a new city which vied in wealth and splendour with Rome herself. Carthage, once the scene of the horrid rites of Baal and Astarte, shortly after resounded with hymns chanted in honor of the true God and was made dear to the heart of every

Christian by the martyrdom of Felicitas and Perpetua. It was finally destroyed in the seventh century. In recent years, however, a chapel was erected upon the spot where the saintly Louis of France, endeavoring to free the Holy Sepulchre from the insults of the Saracens, breathed forth his pure spirit. Perhaps, He who holds the world in His hands may, in the furtherance of his designs, raise up a new Carthage far surpassing the old in power and glory, but this is a question that the future alone will answer.

ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.

PROGRESS.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward:
We climb like corals grave by grave,
But pave a path that's sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow.
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

FROM GERALD MASSEY'S COLECTED POEMS.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LA CHAPELLE MONTLIGEON (ORNE), FRANCE.

A Chapelle Montligeon, or Mount of the Legions, for it appears probable there was a Roman encampment here, is only a humble village of Perche, situated not far from the ancient Chartreuse of Val Dieu, and about ten kilometres from Mortagne. The soil here is rich, and the country fertile and well cultivated. A rivulet (La Villette) runs between the trees and empties itself into the Huisne.

Above the valley, the houses rise in tiers upon the slope of the hill, sheltered on the north by a belt of poplars and on the east by the Forest of Reno Val Dieu, which formerly re-echoed with the mystic chant of the Druids, and where, later on, the sacred songs of the pious Cenobites were heard. At the foot of this hill, surrounding the Church, is the village properly so-called. Some years ago new buildings were added, and now others are in course of erection, so that in a few years the transformation of the village will be complete.

It is in this highly favored spot that the Œuvre Expiatoire has taken root, and now spreads its branches far and wide.

La Chapelle Montligeon contains about seven hundred inhabitants. Simple and industrious in their habits, they might have remained forever unnoticed by the world, had not their good curé been inspired with the idea to found a confraternity in his parish, the aim of which would be to obtain, by means of Masses and prayers, relief for the most forsaken souls in Purgatory and their deliverance from its torments. He had heard their piteous cry for help; his compassionate heart responded to the appeal, and he sought how to aid them in their distress. Working unceasingly, sacrificing nights as well as days, he brought into form the idea that he had conceived of a "Work of Deliverance," on behalf of those suffering captives of God's justice.

Approved and blessed by Mgr. Trégaro, Bishop of Séez, (in whose diocese La Chapelle Montligeon is situated), in 1884 the Œuvre Expiatoire became a striking reality. Since that time its progress has been marvellous. Springing up as if by magic in a small, unknown village, it has already spread itself over the world and its associates number over two millions of every rank and condition, from the prelates of the Church to the humblest priest; princes, peasants, noble ladies, simple servants, masters and working people, rich and poor, all vie with each other in their zeal to make known this magnificent work, and help it on for the benefit of the beloved dead.

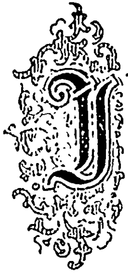
Naturally it flourishes best in France, but it has taken deep root in Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, Holland, Algeria, Martinique, Guadaloupe and Venezuela. Already it has become popular in England, Ireland, Australia, Germany, Austria and Asia Minor, and has made a beginning in South Africa, Tasmania and New Zealand. When M. l'Abbé Buguet founded his work, he wished to celebrate at least seven Masses weekly, as mentioned on the "Statutes of the Association," approved by Mgr. Trégaro, Bishop of Séez, but that number has long been surpassed, for the Œuvre celebrates 1,000 every week. In order to assure the future of the Œuvre Expiatoire subscription lists are opened in the "Bulletin." These subscriptions are reserved for foundations of Masses in perpetuity. The retribution for a yearly Mass in perpetuity is £4; for a monthly Mass in perpetuity, £44. This capital is invested in first-class land and house property and the title deeds are deposited with M. Brière, Notary, Mauves.

Already several Masses are assured in perpetuity for the forsaken souls of priests, governesses, soldiers, sailors, servants, working people, etc. Besides the Masses, which are the principle means of helping the souls in purgatory, every day the "Office of the Dead" is recited in the sanctuary in the name of the Associates. "Matins and Lauds" are said by the priests of the Œuvre in the morning, and the nuns recite the "Vespers" and the "Rosary" in the afternoon. Then, when the day's work is over all the employes meet in the church for evening prayers. This is the time when the recommendations received during the day are read ou and six "Paters," "Aves," and "Glorias are recited for all the intentions specifi e

M. S. L .

THE FORD.

(TRANSLATED FOR THE OWL.)



IT was after the battle of Grooechwilber. The French, twenty hours in advance of their enemy, were receding towards Châlons, with the intention of taking the offensive by way of Montmedy. The main body of the retreating army had already crossed the Meuse, and all along the river, one after another, the bridges had been broken down, cutting off the possibility of pursuit.

Their stratagem, meant to delay the Germans, must at the same time prove fatal to those of the French soldiers who, owing to their wounded and weakened condition, straggled behind, and on reaching the bank, stood dismayed at the sight of the broad, swift-flowing current before them.

Night came on. By the stream, silent shades wandered about. An excited and motly crowd halted in front of a destroyed bridge, whereof there was left nothing more than an arch which stood erect in the middle of the river.

As time passed by, the shades grew more numerous, the several groups more compact. Horsemen and footmen, soldiers of every grade, waifs of the battle-field, called out to one another, made feverish inquiries, sounded the depth of the water with long poles, swore and vociferated in accents of despair, then suddenly ceased, resigning themselves to their fate, but bitterly regretting that they had not met death in the light of day, while bravely fighting with the enemy.

A fire was at once kindled, and towards its cheering flame the wounded crept eagerly, soon forming a vast circle around the heap of burning ferns.

Suddenly, the oppressive silence was broken by a loud voice that cried : "Down the river eight leagues hence, is a bridge, that of *La Fourche*; perhaps it has not been destroyed. Let us go and see !"

The speaker was a lieutenant in the infantry. As he stood before the fire, he consulted an unfolded map, and with his finger soon indicated a point; there was the bridge of *La Fourche*. After a few words exchanged between him and his brother officers, all exclaimed : 'Tis true ! Forward !

Every man sprang to his feet. Thereupon a groan was heard. It came from the wounded, the poor wounded, who shivering, bleeding, delighted to bask in the invigorating warmth of the fire, and who incapable of walking, dreaded to be left behind.

"Who commands here?" one asked.

The officers looked questioningly at each other, and all raising their kepi, silently saluted him who had just said these words. He was a tall dragoon officer, and now looked taller and more imposing still, draped as he was in his black mantle that reached down to his knees. He was the only officer of high rank in their midst.

"Thanks, gentlemen," he said. "Well then, let all of the cavalry that are not incapacitated, give their horses to the wounded. Let the fire be put out, and forward !"

In order to set an example to the rest, though there was blood on his forehead, the dragoon placed on his own horse a young soldier, who groaned from the pain caused by a wound in his thigh. Then taking the horse by the bridle, this newly appointed commander of a routed army quietly led on that column of phantoms marching through the night.

The progress was slow, as there were not horses enough for all the wounded. Mounting by turns, with dizzy head and weary foot, they went, now dragged along, now carried, moaning with pain and full of fear as they proceeded.

* * *

Along the way their number increased, for as they passed by, other soldiers rose, emerged from the thickets where they had lain hid, and joined their ranks. Like the companions of the Cid, they had set out three hundred strong, and were three thousand when they arrived.

A march of eight hours is a trifle for able-bodied men as they leave the camp:

in the cool of the morning; but for these worn-out, bleeding fugitives, each step was new pain, and the goal seemed to recede as they advanced. They journeyed on, however. Already had some thrown away what was left of their luggage. And with their guns . ng across their breasts they moved on, swaying and lurching and jostling one another like men made drowsy with drink. And in addition to this there arose for the travellers a sudden cause of anxiety; in the dense thicket by the side of the moving column, a noise was heard, a mysterious, intermittent noise, not unlike the tread of an animal flying through the brush. The commander looked around; what could that be? It must be a spy or a scout of the enemy; sure, the fugitives were pursued. Some of the Zouaves ventured a short distance into the bush with levelled guns. The noise stopped for a moment. And soon began anew, but its cause remained unknown. By and by a grey streak could be seen beyond the hills; the day was breaking. They had been marching six hours.

As the light grew stronger, the pitiable condition of the poor soldiers became more apparent. Hitherto the darkness had kept their misery concealed. Now they were filled with dismay as they looked at one another and beheld each other's livid countenances and stooped bodies. The dust and the mud had entered their gaping wounds and mixed with the blood that flowed from them; their clothes were torn and tattered; most of them had bandages wrapped round their heads or their feet.

All of a sudden at the front of the column the commander cried: Halt! but in a tone so sad and so melancholy that a tremor seized upon all and that some awful calamity was felt to be impending.

From both sides of the river, a blackened ruin jutted out into the water. This was all that remained of what once had been the bridge of *La Fourche*. Between, the Meuse flowed on deep and calm. All ran to the spot and for a moment, dumbfounded, gazed upon the wreck; then, despairing cries arose on all sides. Some, maddened with rage, cast stones at the river, as if it were to blame for their disappointment; others broke their guns and sullenly sank upon the bank.

A dragoon stripped off his clothes. His comrades seeing him naked, thought he had gone mad. Not so. Slowly he entered the water, and was soon followed by twenty others, but all were carried away by the swift current. No matter, the fugitives now entertained but one desire, to gain the opposite shore by swimming. In vain did the officers order, pray, abjure, they were no longer heeded. Crowding upon and hindering one another, soon a hundred were drowned.

* * *

In the midst of this carnival of death, out of the brushwood sallied forth an old and grizzled peasant bearing almost the appearance of a savage.

"Stop, stop!" he cried "I know where there is a ford.

He was heard, and from mouth to mouth soon ran the words: "There is a ford."

And behold, those men so recently sunk in despair, now with child-like simplicity assumed renewed courage. Eagerly they gathered around the peasant.

"Where are you from?" asked the commander.

"I belong to this neighbourhood."

"'Twas you, then, that followed us in the bush?"

"Yes."

"Where's the ford you spoke of?"

"One league in this direction," he replied, pointing with his finger to the path they had just followed.

"Then we have passed by it?"

"Yes."

"And you knew that the bridge was down?"

"Yes."

"Why did you let us walk such a distance to no purpose?"

"Because that was necessary."

"What do you mean?"

The old man smiled and explained that they were pursued, that a squadron of German cavalry would be upon them in less than three hours' time, and that had their footprints suddenly ceased at the ford, it would have been a clear indication that there was there a means of crossing the river. It was then indispensable for them to proceed farther, so that when they returned, the tracks would be mixed up and the Germans would spend con-

siderable time in finding out at what point the French had crossed.

"That's true," said the commander, "be our guide, then."

An hour later the fugitives were crossing the river, in water up to their shoulders, for the stream was high. The last to go over, the commander, on leaving the bank, gave the old guide a hearty shake of the hand.

"Thank you," he said.

"Farewell," replied the latter as he slowly moved off.

By and by, in the distance, on the other side of the Meuse, the hindermost of the band vanished out of sight, enveloped in the mist.

All was again quiet. Along the bank with great strides, through the dew-covered grass, the old man hastened on. Suddenly, he halted and whispered: "Already!"

* * *

Covering the road in all its width, their horses galloping, their colours flying in the breeze, two squadrons of Uhlans loomed in the distance. The peasant bent low, trying to hide himself in the brushwood, but he had been seen.

"Ho! you over there!" they cried, and in less than a minute, he was surrounded, and then hustled into the presence of the German officers. Once more he was examined and questioned, but the old man had suddenly become idiotic and deaf. Nothing did he understand, nothing did he know; he had seen nobody.

"Let's go on," cried the commander, "we'll easily make him say all we want by and by. Go ahead, old fellow."

Limping, panting, goaded on by the soldiers' spears, the peasant was forced to run before the horses. More than once he tripped but was soon brought to his feet again by a prick of the lance: "Jump up, Frenchman," they cried.

He went on for some time in this way, but ere long his breath failed, his legs bent under him, and he would certainly have fallen, had he not made a supreme effort to bear himself up, for he was passing in front of the ford. A short distance beyond it, he tumbled to the ground, worn out, his face livid, his breast heaving.

"More slowly" ordered the commander to the troop, then to the old man: "And you, walk ahead." In this way they reached the bridge of *La Fourche*. The Germans knew it had been destroyed; yet all traces ceased there; beyond, the muddy bank bore no print, no mark whatever. It seemed as though the routed French had here plunged into the river.

The Germans were astounded. Surely there could not have been a ford underneath a bridge. A lively discussion took place among the officers. The old man smiled quietly to himself.

At last, some one exclaimed: "We have been duped, the French have returned upon their steps . . . . let us go back."

Another remarked that as they themselves had just followed the same route, the footprints would be quite unrecognizable; the peasant, doubtless, knew where the ford was. But no more than at first could any information be got from him.

"We shall see about that," the commander shouted angrily. "To the water with you."

They forced him to walk into the river to find out its depth. The bed sloped gently downward. The old man did as he was bidden. Up to his knees, to his waist, to his shoulders, the water rose, rose, and still he went on.

"Come back," cried the commander, and addressing his men, he said: "Let us return, gentlemen, the ford is not here."

At every hundred yards the old man was forced into the water. The German soldiers watched him closely; but again and again the water proved too high and he was compelled to swim to save his life. Up to now all suspicion was out of question at every place tried, the river was evidently too deep to be forded.

But by and by as they went up stream, and as this experiment was frequently repeated to the great mirth of the Uhlans, the poor peasant found himself at the spot where the ford really was. Shivering with cold, benumbed in every limb, but more determined than ever, he cast an anxious glance at the other side of the river. They whom he wished to save were scarcely three leagues away; if the ford was discovered, they were surely lost.

"To the water with you."

"I'm out of breath."

"So much the better. Where is the ford?"

"I don't know."

"To the water, then."

He must obey. As he proceeded, he stooped to make his tormentors believe that the water was deep. But his foot had been seen to touch the bottom ; there was an immense shout on the bank. Then the peasant proceeded on, doubling himself up, inviting, as it were, the water to rise above him. Crouching down, with the waves breaking above his shoulders, he turned round, and appealingly looked at his enemies.

"Forward," they cried.

He bent lower still and went on ; the water now lapped his chin. Suspecting this to be but a trick, the soldiers shouted : "Go on, go on."

He did go on, lowered his head and looked round once more. The Uhlans laughed loudly, and with an imperative gesture, pointed to the channel in front of him.

His feet rested upon the bottom, he had but to stand erect to save his life. With one rapid glance he surveyed for the last time the earth, the sky, his native land, and then . . . . . suddenly disappeared under the water.

The laughter ceased "The ford is not here," said the commander, "but the old man is dead."

The Germans, duped once more, resumed their fruitless march, while the corpse of the untutored, but heroic peasant was carried away by the current.

A SEED.

A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown
Down the gulf of eternity.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

A LEGEND OF LOUGH NEAGH.

THE legend runs that in olden day
In the time of fairy might,
When every hill had its chosen fay,
And every rath and ruin gray,
Had its goblin or its sprite.

A minstrel strolled by the moon-lit shore,
At the quiet even hour;
With the sound of his harp would his spirit soar,
While he chanted the lays of his country o'er,
The lays of her pride and power.

But rude were the songs which the minstrel sung,
Nor sweet was their melody,
For though in baronial halls they rung,
And counted their hearers the kings among,
Music was in its infancy.

One even the sun had sunk to rest
With a golden glory crowned;
The ripples but lightly stirred Lough Neagh's breast,
Her mirroring waters the leaves caressed,
And silence reigned around.

The bard as he walked by the flowing tide
Saw the silver crescent rise,
And her pale, soft beams shoot far and wide,
O'er placid lake, o'er mountain side,
Through the azure of the skies.

As he swept the chords to some ancient lay,
Strange sounds struck on his ear;
They seemed to ascend from far away,
Deep down below where the ripples play
On the pebbles bright and clear.

'Twas music soft and silvery sweet,
  That rose through the sparkling tide;
And ne'er before did such music greet
The bard, as the waters now secrete,
  In all the world beside.

As he lists he peers 'neath the glimmering stream,
  Whence the witching strains arise;
And there, in the path of the moon's pale beam,
Resplendent towers and columns gleam,
  That charm his wondering eyes.

And brilliant lights of every hue,
  Shine in the crystal walls;
While the elfin laughter ringing through,
And the tender, thrilling music too,
  Betray the fairy halls.

So soothingly sweet is the melody
  That melts on the evening breeze,
That he sinks in a dreamy ecstasy,
Enchanted by the minstrelsy,
  Beneath the spreading trees.

When again he awoke, the rosy dawn
  Peeped out through clouds of gray;
The fairy scene he had gazed upon,
The music and laughter all were gone,
  With the sun's first golden ray.

But the mystic numbers his soul enthralled,
  And lived in his memory,
And they say that never a bard recalled,
On history's shining page enrolled,
  Had such power over song as he.

JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92.

ARISTOPHANES IN "THE CLOUDS."

Grecia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes Intulit agresti Latio—
Hor. Epist. ad Aug.

IN these terms did impartial Horace extol that Grecian art which, even yet, after the lapse of so many centuries, shines forth the brightest star in literature's firmament. Originality of expression and loftiness of conception joined to elegance of diction, form the preserving balm which renders the Attic writings imperishable. Aristophanes is, perhaps, the greatest exponent of these stirling characteristics. He is the very personification of originality; every idea to which he gives utterance is strictly his own. In loftiness of conception he rivals even Shakespeare. He is a comedian, consequently his style is generally of the familiar kind, yet, often in his choruses, and sometimes in other passages he shows himself a master of elegance. What exalted him far above all the other comedians of ancient times, what shielded him from Cleon's vengeance, whom he attacks in his Knights what enabled him to mock with impunity at great Socrates and Euripides, what, in fine, made him the people's adored one and forms the corner-stone of his fame, is the masterly use he made of the *vis comica* which he possessed. This is, indeed, a most powerful weapon in his hands and in its employment he knows no superior, though perhaps it would be doing Molière injustice to affirm that he is inferior to Aristophanes in this respect. We are not to infer from this that Molière is in every way as great a poet as is the Greek comedian, in loftiness of conception the latter towers far above the former.

Between the end aimed at and the means used to attain that end, there ever exists a certain proportion. Applying this principle to the works of Aristophanes, we at once conclude that his work *par excellence* is the Clouds. What a gigantic undertaking is this his masterpiece, since its object is to belittle the abilities and ridicule the teachings of that wisest of all pagans, Socrates! Great, indeeed, is the task the poet imposes on himself, and many are the obstacles he has to encounter. The incomparable power of Socrates' intellect is apparent to all; as yet his enemies are but few; he teaches the people free of charge; he has proven himself a valiant soldier at the siege of Potidaea, at the battle of Delium and at Amphipolis; he is loved as a philanthropist, respected as a patriot and honored as the greatest of philosophers. Such is the character and reputation of him whom the author of the Clouds attempts to make an object of contempt. Did he succeed in his bold design? Ah yes! too well, for there can be little doubt that his dramatic vilification of the purest of heathen moralists led to that persecution which, twenty years later, culminated in his condemnation and death.

A brief criticism of the masterly art employed by the author for the attainment of his end, as well as a short appreciation of the morality displayed in the Clouds, is the object of the present paper.

Strepsiades, a resident of the country, makes the grave mistake of marrying a rich and proud lady from the city of Athens. A son is born to them and they dispute as to what name they will give to him. The father, who has already begun to reap the fruit of his folly, since he is involved in debts contracted through his wife's extravagance, wishes to introduce into the child's name the word *hippos*. The mother, devotedly attached to her brother's high-mettled steeds, desires to insert in the name the word *pheidomai*. Finally they agree to call him *Phidippides*, thereby making the name contain a part of each of the desired words. Phidippides grows up, and like his mother, is a great lover of horses. He becomes a gallant charioteer and his extravagant mode of living soon forces him to mortgage his father's property. The latter finds himself hopelessly involved and hits upon the following plan of extricating himself. He has heard that Socrates teaches two causes, the just and the unjust, and that one versed in this latter cause can in any legal contest, how-

ever unjust his claim may be, gain the day. Strepsiades resolves to send his son to the thinking-shop to learn the unjust cause. "Then," says the old rascal, "of all I owe I will not have to pay a single obol." The gallant horseman, however, emphatically declares that he will have nothing at all to do with pale-faced, barefooted vagabonds like Socrates and his disciples. Thereupon the old man determines to go himself and be taught. He goes, but owing to his obtuseness and stupidity, he is soon ejected rather unceremoniously by his wise preceptor. Returning home, the sorrow-stricken father once more earnestly supplicates his wayward son to go and be taught the arts of roguery. Finally the latter consents. He proves himself an apter pupil than was his aged parent, and, in a short time, by becoming familiar with the art of quibbling, he is a consummate rascal. He returns home and by his cavils easily evades the demands of his father's creditors. In course of time his newly acquired knowledge makes him aware that his father is deserving of chastisement. He, therefore gives the old man a sound thrashing and proves by subtle arguments that he is right in so doing. Though Strepsiades remained long enough in the thinking-shop to become a thorough Atheist, yet he hopes to shield himself from further injury by threatening his son with the anger of the gods. The young graduate, however, only laughs to scorn the child-like idea of believing in the existence of gods. Strepsiades now sees his mistake, he at once repairs to the thinking-shop and burns it with all its inmates to the ground.

The play is so named because Socrates is represented as worshipping no other deities than the clouds and ether. The clouds appear in the form of old women wearing hats large enough to darken the whole stage. The other chief characters are Socrates himself, Strepsiades and Phidippides. S repsiades is a roguish fool. He has the heart to be a villain and at times he shows a spark of shrewdness, but generally the dulness of his intellect makes him an object of laughter and contempt for all those with whom he comes in contact. Phidippides is caricatured as a wildly extravagant youth, whose precipitous career to ruin is accelerated by the insidious instructions he received at the thinking-shop. Socrates' character we shall discuss later.

We are naturally inquisitive to know why Aristophanes so much disliked his great contemporary. There are two reasons generally accepted. Socrates was a man of mighty intellect, he loved study and despised frivolous amusements, consequently for him the stage was almost an object of contempt. Moreover at this time, the Athenian stage was not possessed of a very high standard of morality. Women ot character did not frequent it. Hence the great Pagan moralist did all in his power to prevent people from going to a place where morality was treated so lightly. Again, though Aristophanes was a great poet, he made no pretentions to philosophy. He had an instinctive hatred of innovations and considered all equally pernicious. His avowed object in writing the Clouds was to deride the pretentions of the new sophistical school and to point out its pernicious tendencies. So far, well. But on account of the dislike he entertained towards Socrates, he was unable to recognize and appreciate in him the highest range of thought and character and he shows his incapacity by selecting the greatest moralist of his times as the most perfect representation of a Sophist. Aristophanes, then, disliked Socrates because he knew him to be opposed to comedy and believed him a member of the Sophists' school.

Though the Clouds is a comedy, yet in arrangement it much resembles an oration. The introduction is one of insinuation. It is expressed in simple language and is extremely natural. In a few short sentences abounding in wit and terseness, the author describes the whole situation in such a manner as to rivet the attention of his audience. Having gained the attention, he proceeds to gain the good will of his hearers by a dialogue full of humour which takes places between Strepriades and Phidippides. He makes it his principal object for the present to excite laughter by the boldest and most ludicrous caricature. He indulges in all the liberties which are allowed him by the old Attic comedy. When he represents Strepsiades discoursing with the servant at the thinking-shop, he uses his powerful weapon, ridicule, with overwhelming force. His bitterest enemies and Socrates' staunchest friends can no longer suppress laughter

and the majority of his hearers are on tiptoe with excitement and hilarity. Up till now not a word has been uttered concerning Socrates. Full well the author knew, had he begun to ridicule that great man while his audience was yet cool, he would have been hooted, hissed perhaps, even murdered on the spot. But now all are drunk with delight and ecstacy, again and again the audience bursts into roars of laughter. Now Socrates appears hung up in the air in a basket, now for the first time is he made an object of ridicule. Those who hitherto have loved, admired, yea almost adored him, now make fun of him, laugh at him, despise him. Speak not of the power of engine, cannon, or dynamite; what is their power when compared with that of words proceeding from a master intellect? With the power of words, in less than fifteen minutes, Aristophanes induces not a boorish, obtuse, but an enlightened Anthenian audience to despise the object of their love, respect and veneration. How well a true poet understands human nature! How high his intellect soars above those of common mortals!

The author having made Socrates an object of laughter his next purpose is to place him before the audience as one who is a corrupter of youth, a despiser of the gods, an atheist. He is aware however that his hearers are not yet sufficiently prepared to be convinced that the one whom they have loved and respected, is but a rogue and an impostor. They laugh indeed, but they attempt to justify their conduct by thinking that after all, they are not laughing at their master-philosopher, but merely at the words and actions of a comedian. Aristophanes now gives a hint of what is to follow. He does not openly accuse Socrates of atheism, but he makes Strepsiades become an atheist as soon as he enters the thinking-shop. Even the insinuation is thrown out with great caution and care, as though the author would try the feelings of his audience before proceeding farther. Strepsiades does not openly declare that there are no gods, but he merely says while discoursing of them, "If there be such...." and leaves his sentence unfinished.

Mr. Blair lays down a character of probity in the speaker as a fundamental requisite for convincing those whom he addresses. The great Greek comedian well knew how necessary such a character was for one who would convince the acute Athenian people. So far he has humoured them with his wit, but he is well aware that to convince them of the truth of the statement he is about to make, he must use some mightier weapon. By a gentle and inimitable transition he passes from wit to the very summits of lofty poetry. He makes known to all that he is not a mere buffoon, but a man of ability and intellect, a man whose every word is worthy of the deepest regard. In his choruses which he now introduces, he exhibits the purest spirit of poetry, he here equals Shakespeare in loftiness of conception, and his exalted passages surpass in length those of the great English poet. It was the reading of these choruses which made Plato say that the soul of Aristophanes was a temple for the Graces. The subject of the first chorus is the glories of Grecian civilization. How the words of that chorus thrill the hearts of the Athenians there assembled! Tears of joy start from their eyes and it is only with difficulty they repress the desire of rushing from their seats to embrace the composer of these verses, so rich, so patriotic, so filled with love and respect for the Grecian deities. The desired end is obtained. Let him who wrote these patriotic verses command those before him to set fire to their own city, for his sake they will do so willingly, so devotedly are they attached to him. Socrates is expelled from his throne in the Athenian heart and another sits in his place. That other no longer fears, but now openly charges his enemy with Atheism. Worse still, his charges are patiently heard, yea, even believed. Oh Socrates, greatest of pagan philosophers, thou termed the precursor of the Redeemer to come, thou hast been cast down from the exalted position to which thy wisdom and nobleness of heart gives thee a just right! From this day begins that persecution which will culminate in thy death. Thou hast been cast down, but only to rise again and have thy light shine forth with increased splendour throughout ages to come.

Having convinced his audience that Socrates is an atheist, the poet dwells on the evil effects produced on the minds of the young by such a teacher, and, as a proof of what he affirms, he depicts the graduate of the thinking-shop, Phidip-

pides, as a monster of corruption and wickedness. Whilst doing this, the poet brings out the chief traits of Socrates' character. The representation of that great man in the Clouds is nothing short of downright caricature. As there represented he is a rogue of the lowest stamp. he detests the gods as well as those ancient institutions so dear to the Grecian heart and he wishes all men to do likewise His philosophy is a fraud abounding in subtleties and quibbles. He himself is vain-glorious and full of lofty airs. He is a hard-hearted, half-starved wretch, whose withered, parched countenance never wears a smile.

How different was the real character of Socrates! He a rogue? Ah no! He was ever persuaded that he had a special religious mission to fulfil, consequently he led a life more pure than that of any other pagan. What motive had he to act the rogue? With the bravery and endurance he had manifested whilst a soldier, with his almost supernatural power of intellect, might he not have become the foremost man of all Greece, had he so wished? He neither ridiculed nor despised the gods, on the contrary, he spent long days and sleepless nights in studying their nature and origin. Even after he became convinced that his countrymen's notions concerning the gods were erroneous, he did not directly condemn the worship of those deities. He was far too humble to affirm that he was in the right and that the whole Grecian nation was in the wrong. Yet such indeed was the case. At least he approached much nearer truth than any of his countrymen did. His philosophy, instead of being shrouded in a cloudy mist as Aristophanes would have us believe, was simple and intelligible for those who were willing to understand. Cicero says of him that he brought down philosophy from the heavens to the earth. Finally, though Socrates was a man of deep thought, yet like most men truly great, he was of a happy, jovial disposition.

The reader of the Clouds cannot but be struck by the activity of the author's mind and the scope of his thought. It is said of Julius Caesar that he could be writing, reading, dictating and listening, all at the same time. We almost believe Aristophanes could do the same. All Grecian history, all Grecian literature, besides a vast store of other knowledge, seems to be before his mind at one and the same moment. Now he praises one, now he censures another of Greece's great men. Note the terrible cut Strepsiades gives to Pericles for his conduct towards the Euboeans. In another passage four or five words give us the chief characteristics of Euripides' poetry.

The Attic poets paid great attention to harmony. A taste for it was cultivated with care by prose writers and orators. Ancient critics attribute even to Demosthines a concealed number and rythm which the modern ear fails to detect. The harmony of the Clouds is manifest to its every reader. When properly read, its verses are as music to the ear. The sound of the words corresponds throughout to the train of thought expressed by them. In the choruses, for instance, the words are full and flowing. Musical as these verses are, they want neither strength nor sublimity. Indeed, we are almost tempted to say that in point of style the Clouds has no equal.

The morality displayed in this comedy is of the highest order. It may be summed in these words: like father, like child. Aristophanes rightly maintains that if the education of children be neglected, or if they receive but a godless education, their parents will be the first to suffer. Strepsiades gives his son a godless, wordly education, when the latter returns home, he severely chastises his aged father and continues to ill-treat him throughout his whole life. This is precisely what the Catholic Church teaches. She advises, yea even commands parents to give their children a holy, a godly education. She contends that education without religion makes a man exactly what Phidippides becomes, a consummate rascal. You, who pride yourselves on being christians and yet expel God from the class-room, go learn a lesson from the Pagan Aristophanes.

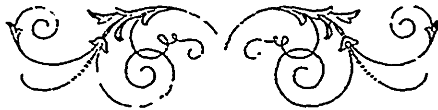
At times indeed, in the Clouds, the poet becomes accidentally immoral. As he resembles Shakespeare in loftiness of conception, so he also resembles him in crudeness of expression. He sometimes uses language which almost shocks the ears of a Christian. However, we pardon him this fault. In his time it was not considered a fault at all, since such form of expression was in common use, especially

on the stage. The morality displayed in this drama deserves our highest admiration and praise and it should bring the blush of sham · to the cheek of many a modern writer.

It is consoling to the Christian and it confirms his belief in a Supreme Being to behold recorded in the history of Pagan times those genial periods in which men of master intellect and great moral intrepidity strove hard and long to better the moral and religious condition of their fellows. The age of Aristophanes was one of those genial periods in Grecian history. Though he and Socrates did not agree, yet each of them in his own line may be regarded as the greatest exponent of Pagan morality. In philosophy none approached truth so nearly as did Socrates. And what Pagan can compare with Aristophanes in morality? In some respects these two great men resemble each other. Both were open, candid, and strangers to fear. Both had a nice sense of discrimination between right and wrong, though in this respect as in many others, Socrates far surpassed his contemporary.

We admire Aristophanes for his style. He is a true poet and not a petty rhymester. We praise and extol him for his morality. He makes no pretentions to being a moralist, yet every work of his is a sublime lesson of morality. However, we cannot but censure him for his conduct towards Socrates. Not that we think that the poet was base of heart, on the contrary we believe a sense of duty impelled him to attack the greatest moralist of Pagan times. "Paint me as I am" said Oliver Cromwell while sitting to young Lely. "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles I will not pay you a shilling." Such we feel certain would be the sentiments of Aristophanes were he still living, therefore we offer him no apology for our censure. He was a genius, a great and good man. His mistake bids us bear in mind that perfection is not to be found here below.

J. Murphy, '94.



WINTER GERANIUMS.

O what avails the storm
When o'er my sense this Magian flower enweaves
His charm of slumberous summer, green and warm,
And laps me in his luxury of leaves!

O where the frost that chills,
Whilst these rich blooms burn red above my face,
Luring me out across the irised hills
Where Autumn broods o'er purple deeps of space!

Charles G. D. Roberts, in *Divers Tones.*

BRIEF LITERARY NOTES.

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

History, to the glance of the young, has the interest of an exciting spectacle, and, to the eye of the old it is as inspiring and instructive as the lessons of a patriach. It is obvious, therefore, that the two classes will approach a work on history with very different feelings. This divergence of inclination, founded as it is upon the advance of age, a continuously changing factor, renders it no easy matter to prescribe a course of historical reading for a single individual, even though he is an intimate friend, whose character and culture, whose aims and habits, whose leisure and opportunities are all supposed to be familiarly known to the writer. It is more difficult to do so for many persons each of whom may differ from all the others. All that is purposed in the following paragraphs is a brief statement of a few simple principles which, it is hoped, the less experienced reader will find it to his advantage diligently to apply.

A thorough mastery of the field of history is not the work of a day nor of a month. To fix in the mind the dates of the most important events, to impress the events themselves upon the memory so that they shall be permanent and familiar, to settle the great questions which are in dispute in respect to facts and principles, to be able to summon at call the great pictures which make up the diorama of the world's past, can be achieved only by the few students to whom historical research is the exclusive occupation of their life. It is quite true that one may learn a compend of events a table of dates within a few months. One may commit to memory an outline history of Greece and Rome, of Europe in the Middle Ages, of Great Britain and the United States. But outlines alone do not constitute pictures nor do dates and figures taken seperately make up history. To master the history of the countries just named so as intelligently to enjoy it and derive instruction from it, requires a far longer period, and must be at the shortest, the work of several years of earnest and awakened attention. If these contentions are correct, and they have never been questioned, they point to the fact that the extensive and detailed study of history requires time.

The needs of each individual should be allowed to indicate where his course of historical reading is to begin. Books are instruments by which knowledge may be obtained. It naturally follows, therefore, that the book on which every man should first lay his hands is the book which will instruct, amuse, or elevate him most in any direction in which his needs are the most imperative, whatever the subject matter may be. This general rule applies with extraordinary force to historical reading. If we assume that the entire field is to anyone unoccupied and unknown, there are yet certain countries, personages or events—one or all—of which every man has some immediate interest to know something. The history you desire most to know something about is the history which you should read first. But suppose a person has but few historical needs, at least few of which he is conscious, and little or no curiosity, what shall be said to him? Should there be such a person, we have only to say, that it may be the time has not come for him—and it may be it ought never to come—to read history at all. It may be safer to recommend the man who imagines he is sufficiently versed in such lore to put to himself a few test questions bearing upon the affairs of some country. He will soon find out, we venture to say, that if all that he does not know about the subject were written out in volumes, his ignorance would furnish a large library with a variety of valuable material.

History should be read after the laws and habits of the sort of memory with which the reader is naturally endowed. To force the mind is cruelly to coerce a good friend. Some memories retain dates and numbers, others prefer actions and scenes. Comparatively few possess a marked retentiveness for both combined or seperated. It must not be forgotten, though, that history may inscribe many most valuable lessons upon the memory of those who can remember the dates of but few of the great events which it records. It is perfectly true, also, that to any person who reads history with a moderate degree of intelligence and reflection, the chronology of the subject-matter may be invested with a high in-

tellectual, and even a high moral interest, and it has been found by experience that those who study dates and time relations under these higher lights, can by degrees learn to remember them.

Through want of space, we have been compelled to postpone further discussion of this matter to some future occasion, in order to give place to the following remarks on another phase of the subject from a competent and accomplished authority.

Says Professor William F. Allen, in the *Unitarian Review*, speaking of *Historical Fiction* : The historical novel has become a recognized branch of literature ; it meets a want ; it is not likely to disappear. The historical novel is, it must be confessed, a hybrid, being at once history and fiction, dealing both with real events and with imaginary personages and occurrences. If historical fiction has any place at all, it is as diluting the wine of literature with the water of instructive facts. It is, therefore, from the point of view not of fiction, but of history, that we are to examine the subject to determine whether fiction may properly be made the medium for historical instruction, and, if so, of what nature and within what limitations. For what purpose do we study history at all? I do not ask whether the study of history is beneficial ; that we may take for granted ; nor what benefits we may derive from it. Assuming that the study of history is beneficial, let us turn to the question. What historical facts or classes of facts is it important to know? The outline of events—dates, dynastic changes, decisive battles, wars of conquest, rise and fall of empires—must be learned as history ; fiction can have nothing to do with the systematic study of these. But, when we have learned these, what, after all, do we possess? Only a skeleton, to be clothed with the flesh and blood of history.

No historical fact is of any value except so far as it helps us to understand human nature or the working of historic forces. Now, the study of historical causes and effects, lies out of the range of historical fiction as completely as is the case with the systematic study of events. Both events and their interpretation may come incidentally into historical fiction, but only incidentally. The methods are totally different. These subjects, especially the relations of cause and effect, must be treated with a certain degree of abstraction and almost wholly by analysis. But fiction, so far as it is skilful, avoids abstractions and eschews analysis. Its method is synthetic and concrete, and whatever use we can make of it in historical instruction must be by concrete and synthetic representations.

It is plain that this concrete method of fiction is exactly adapted to the picturesque aspect of history, the delineations of life and society. This is precisely what formal instruction in history, or formal historical treatises cannot do. Nothing is so dreary and devoid of life as chapters on life and manners. No reader or student can derive from them any real, vital notion of how the people of a bygone epoch lived; how they felt, and what they thought.

The literary men, statesmen, and philosophers whose works have survived from earlier times and make up the body of literature, all lived in a world of their own ; they have handed down to us a record of their generation which is concerned merely with the higher and more subtle aspects of life. In this they have done rightly. We would not have had Æschylus, Thucydides, Lucretius, Horace, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, follow a different path from that which they chose. Any realistic picture of their times which they could have given us would have been at the sacrifice of what the world values incomparably more highly.

But the present age, with its humanitarian sympathies, demands something in addition to this. It does not undervalue Æschylus, Dante, and Milton ; but, just as by the side of Tennyson and Browning there is room for Dickens, Thackeray, and George Elliot, so we crave, as supplementary to the lofty idealism of the great creative minds of literature, something which shall bring before us the men and women for whom these great works were composed. It is for lack of this that these past ages have so little reality for us.

The greatest lover of historical novels will admit that there would be no place for them in literature if by-gone generations had left behind them such pictures of their society as the novelists of the present day are preparing for the generations which will come after us. The novel is a modern branch of literature.

The student of the eighteenth century can go, for a truthful, if one-sided, delineation to Defoe, Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, and Madame d'Arblay, just as he who wishes a picture of Russian life at the present day goes to Torgueneff and Tolstoi, but, for any period before the eighteenth century, for want of real novel literature, we must have recourse to historical fiction if we wish to get behind the scenes, come in direct contact with the men and women of the time, and understand them somewhat as we understand those of our own time. Historical fiction has, therefore, a large and important field to itself, a field which it is not possible should be occupied by any other branch of literature. Its work is hardly inferior in value, if well done, to that of genuine history; for it affords that insight into the human mind, that acquaintance with the spirit of the age, without which the most minute knowledge is only a bundle of dry and meaningless facts.

The death occurred recently of William Bernard McCabe, at Donnybrook, near Dublin. He was one of the oldest Journalists in the kingdom. He was born in the Irish capital in November, 1801, and wrote for the press as early as 1824. He was probably the last survivor of those who took part in reporting the speeches which Daniel O'Connell delivered before his entering parliament on his election for Clare, a year before Catholic Emancipation was carried. Since 1851, he has contributed a number of valuable historical papers to the *Dublin Review* and the English periodicals. But his name will be longest remembered in connection with his historical novel, *Bertha, a Romance of the Dark Ages*, and *The Catholic History of England*, which he brought down to the end of the Anglo-Saxon period.

A recent issue of the *Boston Herald* contained an article on the acquisition of a language, from which I quote the following sensible remarks: "Some students begin a language for the mere love of knowing foreign tongues; others acquire languages either for professional purposes or with the aim of gaining access to foreign literatures.

But whatever be the motive, it is well to set out with some knowledge of the science of language—some insight into the relations of languages to one another—some grasp of the theories of modern scholars about the origin and development of speech.

To learn language without knowing anything of the science of language is like acquiring the art of putting up electric fixtures without any knowledge of the principles of electrical science.

To approach a language, on the other hand, from the standpoint of universal principles is to make the study of it easier and progress in any particular tongue much more rapid.

By knowing, for example, the laws of consonantal interchange we may often discover the meanings of words without being obliged to refer for them to the dictionary. In this way every new language learned makes more easy the acquirement of other tongues of the same or of allied stocks."

In a description of *The Bowery* written by Mr. Julian Ralph for the Christmas number of the *Century* there appears an absurd little anecdote of Thackeray. The great novelist, who was visiting New York, desired to go to Houston street. He was not certain if he was right in pursuing the direction he had taken, so he stepped up to a "Bowery boy" and said "Sir, can I go to Houston street this way?" "Yes, I guess yer kin, sonny," said the boy, "if yer behave yerself." Thackeray, we may be sure, smiled his own peculiar smile and pursued his journey.

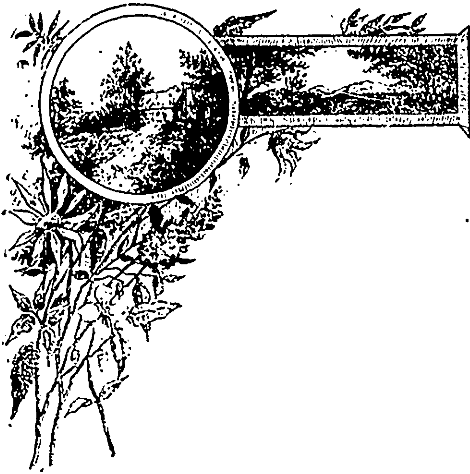
Mr. J. C. Bailey contributed a delightful paper on *Cowper's Letters* to a recent number of Macmillan's Magazine. Of our epistolary literature and especially of the contribution made thereto by the bard of The Task, the author says: English literature is fairly rich in good letters, and in the very front rank of the best come the letters of the recluse, who might naturally be supposed to have nothing to write about, the quiet, retiring, half-Methodist poet, William Cowper. They are written in the most beautifully easy English, and he steers his way with unfailing instinct between the opposite dangers of pompousness and vulgarity, which are the Scylla and Charybdis of the letter-writer. They are not set compositions, but he never forgets that he is writing, not talking; they contain long discussions, yet he does not

forget that he is writing a letter and not a book.

This is an age of condensation in everything except poetry, but condensation in literature was surely never carried further than in a little volume which lies before me while I write. The title of this volume is *Bryce's Thumb English Dictionary*, published by the firm of Bryce in Glasgow. The diminutive book measures about 2 inches by 1¾, and is scarcely ¾ inch thick. It is said, nevertheless, it contains something like 15,000 references, and to serve as a guide to the spelling of all words in general use over which any doubt as to their orthography might reasonably be expected to hang. Certain it is that if the work does not fulfil those claims, the purchaser cannot complain that it occupies a great space on his shelves. Placed besides the ponderous volumes of the great Century Dictionary, the contrast in size gives ample food for the contemplation of applied mechanicism in our days and for many other considerations besides.

In an article published in the *North American Review* for January, Sir Edwin Arnold makes the following just estimate of *Zola's powers* as a novelist:

"Nevertheless, as a man of letters myself, I must acknowledge, and do acknowledge, the marvellous power of this great master of fiction. Zola's theory of human life is detestable; his choice of subjects is repulsive; his treatment of them is too often needlessly and aggressively coarse and offensive, and he exaggerates to the point of monstrosity the evil in humanity at the expense of the good. His study is a dissecting-room, where nothing interests or engages that poisoned scalpel, his pen, except the cadaverous and the diseased. Even allowing all the importance he claims for this great and well-established principle of heredity, it is still the case that good is as much inherited as bad, and is so vastly a predominating force in the universe that in the working of these two rival principles nature is always rooting out and healing the inherited evil. M. Zola forgets, or for the purpose of his art ignores the fact that virtuous propensities are bequeathed from generation to generation, as well as vicious. As far as human life is concerned, and its true study, we might as well take the incurable ward in a great hospital as a specimen of the daily existence of mankind, and leave utterly out of sight the pure and happy homes, the bright society, the glad and graceful intercourse, the countless, unrecorded, brave and unselfish deeds, the gentle, general flow of human existence." Sir Edwin Arnold admires the genius of the man he thus describes; but he intimates very plainly that his admiration is for the intellectual gifts of Zola, as examples of human genius, and for none of their results.



CHARITY.

Love-woven mantle, white as winter's snow,
Whose sparkling crystals lend their glist'ning sheen
To hide the barren patch of earth below,
Beneath thy folds, frail human nature's screen,
Poor mortal's imperfections rest unseen.

91.

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It is with pleasure we publish this month a contribution from an old friend and former student at present studying at Rome. This, we hope, is but the first of a series which Tom will send us while sojourning in the classic land of Italy. We cordially invite other alumni in various parts of the world to do as much for Auld Lang Syne, that we may be able to make this very interesting feature of THE OWL permanent.

NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

"Ottawa is not a city, it is a collection of wards; and when one ward gets a three inch nail the others want a bunch of tacks." So wrote a witty citizen of the Capital some years since. Whether or not this was ever true of Ottawa we shall leave for others to determine; but *mutatis mutandis* and allowing a reasonable margin for obvious exaggeration, it expresses not inaptly and all too accurately the political condition of Canada at present. Canadians are of course attached to Canada, and things Canadian in a quiet way, but they are French-Canadians, Irish-Canadians or Anglo-Saxon first, and Canadians in the broader sense of the term afterwards.

The late premier was so identified with the history of the Dominion, and enjoyed for so long a period the confidence of all classes, that loyalty to him personally, held the place of national sentiment in the hearts of many Canadians. His death has left us without even that poor substitute, and indications are that old party ties will soon cease to hold the great mass of the people; nor will new party cries prevent the disintegration of parties as at present constituted. People's minds will turn to other and greater questions than party politics. True these questions may be adopted by one or other of the existing parties, or new parties may be formed. But politicians follow public opinion, they do not lead it; a question is not adopted until it has found such favour with electors that it has a fair chance of carrying the party into power. It is not to politicians, as such, that we must look for the guidance of the public sentiment. The press, which shows signs of emancipation from partyism, and the teachers from the primary schools to the Universities, must decide the future of Canada. It is on the influence of the teachers we must depend in a great measure for the growth of a national spirit truly Canadian.

Those who would have Canada remain a British Colony for an indefinitely long period, advocate Imperial Federation; but this has received such rebuffs from all quarters that it can be safely relegated to the regions of the impracticable. Annexa-

tion or Independence is our destiny. The positive sentiment in favour of the former is not very great, nor has the incipient agitation for its propagation yet assumed alarming proportions. However, when sectional feeling runs so high that a leading journal can advocate annexation as a means of "swamping the French," and when a whole province pronounces emphatically in favour of secession, we think we are not overdrawing the picture when we say that Annexation is regarded by many with a good deal of complacency. With one-fourth as many Canadians in the States as there are at home, with great resources undeveloped, with national life almost stagnant, what wonder if many Canadians look with longing eyes at the great material prosperity of the adjoining republic? What wonder if they do not look upon political union with very great repugnance? There may be and we believe there are reasons for all this, that legislation might remedy; but there is a great reason which legislators say far too little about, and do still less to remove. It is the lack of a deep national sentiment of pride in our country and belief in its future, not as a New-France nor as a British Colony, but as a great Canadian nation whose ultimate destiny is absolute independence.

"Surely the Lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone."

Our resources are undeveloped some say because we do not get our share of immigration. What immigration would compensate us for the million of energetic Canadians now in the States? A deep-rooted national sentiment would keep most of these at home, and if they staid, others would come, for Canada growing in wealth and strength, would make her individuality felt among the nations of the world. With such a sentiment we could laugh at the puny efforts of annexationists, or rather the annexation sentiment which lives, moves and has its being in apathy and discontent, would disappear with its causes.

Some reproachfully tell us that we have no historic traditions, nothing to foster a national spirit. No? Did our fathers or grandfathers lose all right to share in the historic memories of their ancestors merely because they had the sturdy manliness, the heroism, to come to the woods of Canada and hew out homes for themselves and their children? Not only have we all past history to inspire us, but we inherit the qualities of our forefathers who made that history The inspiriting words of our distinguished fellow-countryman, Prof. Roberts should be a "memory lesson" for every young Canadian:

"Oh child of nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st amid the nations now
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,
With unanointed brow!"

"The Saxon force, the Celtic fire
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? seek higher
The place of race and age!"

PUBLIC OPINION.

It is entirely fitting at this time—if indeed other occasions may be said to be inopportune—to refer to a power that has long wielded a controlling influence in the doings of nations and of individuals. A good test of a monarch's strength is the demand that is made upon him for the exercise of his prerogative. The favor of those in authority never ceases to be courted and it is a well-established axiom that the more extensive the jurisdiction, the more generous will be the patronage the ruler will be called upon to distribute.

On this hypothesis the logic of an appeal to public opinion is at once evident, for if there is a fact which history has strongly emphasized it is that the true ruler is not the king, nor the lords, nor the Commons, but public opinion.

Sovereigns and parliaments and cabinets are, generally speaking, so many instruments in the hands of the people, deriving their power from the people, on the express condition that it will be judiciously exercised in the interests of the community, and the moment that another object is held up as the cause of action, public favor demands their expulsion and often under threat of the dissolution of the social fabric. Such is public opinion in our day and so has it been in every age.

Nevertheless, there is something in all this which must to the majority of men imply a clear contradiction. If men, or, to adhere to the consecrated phrase, the people have always been the real rulers, and princes and officers mere agents for the execution of the nation's commands, it seems difficult to understand the dark and troublous periods in the world's history. With everything subordinate to their wishes, how are we to account for the wretched condition of the people from time to time? This objection has little weight if we remember that we are dealing with a power exercised by men and differing from other powers in this only that nations instead of men are the actors. Rashness has always been one of the cardinal vices of mankind and nations walk in the footsteps of their individual members. Hence it is, that on the one hand laudable undertakings have been opposed, enterprises for the common good have been discouraged, patriotic endeavors have been frustrated, and on the other, political evils which have scourged the whole race, have received their being from the very people they were soon after to destroy. When trouble arose in England between the sovereign and the people, the former learned at the price of his life, that public opinion is the only sovereign that "asks not leave to be" and yet, the disgusting excesses committed by the soldiery after the king's death, made a return to the old *regime* heartily welcome.

All this has a moral for us. There must be some remedy, some safe-guard against the evils which may occasionally overtake us. At present we occupy a position in the rear rank of the great human army, but ere long, we will be pushed to the front where the battle rages, fierce and stubborn. Our work now, is to prepare our part. Public opinion takes its origin in private opinion and hence with the latter in a healthy condition, public sentiment may be confidently relied upon. Every great wave of thought that has swept over the world was at one time the conviction of a few, perhaps the opinion of one. Let us accustom ourselves therefore to see the serious side of things, to develop a healthy private opinion, and to fill our minds with sound and stable notions, so that when our voice is added to that of the multitude it will always be in the interests of what is just and right.

SOLOMON'S VIEWS.

Solomon, the wisest of men, in his Book of Proverbs written in all the glory of his manhood, when he was unaffected alike by the enthusiasm of youth and the feebleness of age, tells us that "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him correcteth him betimes," and in another place "Folly is bound up in the heart of a child and the rod of correction shall drive it away," and still a little further on "The rod and reproof give wisdom." For many centuries these principles ruled the relations between teacher and pupils. It remained for our age and continent—distinguished for absurd, if not dangerous, philanthrophy—to raise the standard of revolt against corporal punishment and declare it an outrage on the dignity of man. The same

sickly sentimentality which builds asylums for paupers' cats while the paupers are let starve, raises an indignant cry against the brutal teacher who puts into practice the principle of the rod.

We do not wish it to be imagined that we are putting forward any argument in favor of a certain class of teachers who use corporal punishment to cover up their own failure, or to vent their spite or anger, or even—a not unheard of case—to gratify their innate cruelty and display their domineering disposition. But we do most emphatically assert that the moderate use of the rod is the remedy that nature suggests and that the common sense of mankind has always approved for repressing the evil tendencies and developing the good qualities native to every child. It is clear that some form of punishment must be resorted to by teachers. If corporal punishment be abolished, recourse must be had to either task-work or detention on holidays. In both of these cases the teacher and not the pupil is the greater sufferer. The task must be examined to see that it has been faithfnlly accomplished, and the examination is no pleasure if the punishment were the transcribing of the same word a few hundred times or the copying of some pages of Worcester's Unabridged. The pupils detained must be watched by the teacher, for boys who commit light faults in class under the teacher's eye will not scruple to do worse, if they are left alone during their punishment. If the opponents of corporal punishment only knew a few of the cunning devices to which even manly boys will resort, if they had a little experience of the open dishonesty that is frequently practised in the matter of task-writing, if they understood the intense hatred this kind of punishment arouses for school and study, we should likely hear somewhat less of the degrading influence of corporal punishment, and the general verdict would be that the wise and judicious application of the rod is well adapted to correct untruthfulness, bad conduct and scheming, to implant noble qualities in their places, to preserve the authority of the teacher and inspire a wholesome respect for him.

INTELLIGENTI PAUCA.

With no desire to set ourselves up as censors of morality, but with a firm conviction of the righteousness of the cause we espouse, do we venture to pass a stricture upon a phase of college journalism that has attained a most undesirable development in the columns of not a few of our exchanges. We refer to the flippant and—not to use a stronger term—often indelicate references to women and "love" that form almost the whole stock-in-trade of the would-be witty men of many college papers. The evil is widespread and is of long standing, else we would not feel called upon to perform the, we confess, disagreeable duty of drawing attention to it.

And we now censure it, not so much that it is frequently in bad taste and is always the poorest kind of wit, or rather no wit at all, but because it is cowardly and unchristian. Those who are made the butt of this so-called wit are wholly incapable of defending themselves; they must suffer in silence. And will college-bred youths who pride themselves above all else upon being gentlemen—will they take advantage of their defenceless condition to lash them with their sarcasm or to make them the puppets of their foolish wit? Were the matter presented in this light there is not a student but would cry "shame" upon such conduct. Yet a moment's consideration will show that it should be viewed in no other.

But worse still, it is unchristian, for it indicates a loss of that chivalrous respect for the weaker sex, the evoking of which was one of the noblest triumphs of Christ-

ianity. To the Christian the term, woman, signifies all that is good and pure and lovable, and whatever tends, even in the smallest degree to lower this ideal, burns him like hot iron. Was not she who is "our tainted nature's solitary boast" a woman? Was not the first word these very writers learnt to lisp the sweet name of mother? Are not most of those they hold nearest and dearest, women? And can they, with all this in their minds, sully their pens by writing meaningless or, still worse, unbecoming jests about those who are or should be most sacred to them? For the honor of college editors we hope the practice will cease, since it is ungentlemanly—nay more, it is a return to paganism.

YOUNG OBLATES HONOURED.

We read in an English periodical:—The scholastics of the Roman house of studies of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate took very good places on November 26th, when the degrees were conferred and the prizes distributed in the Gregorian University. According to the "Palmares" or official list, one of them received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, four that of Licentiate, and six that of Bachelor of Divinity. Of the theological distinctions they took two second prizes and a proxime accessit for Holy Scripture; the second prize and a proxime accessit and two most honorable mentions (*laudati verbis amplissimis*) and one honourable mention for dogma (morning class); the first and the second prize, two proxime accessits, two most honourable mentions, and six honourable mentions for dogma (afternoon class); two prizes for Hebrew; the first prize, six proxime accessits, two most honourable mentions, and one honourable mention for moral theology; a prize and two proxime accessists for church history; a prize and two proxime accessits for Christian archæology. In canon law one of the scholastics divided the first prize of his class with a Belgian student, and received the Bachelor's degree. In philosophy the list of Doctors created is headed by three young Oblates; five more were made Licentiates, and five others Bachelors. In the same faculty of philosophy, Oblate scholastics received the first prize, three proxime accessits, and one most honourable mention for metaphysics (third year); two proxime accessits for astronomy; the first prize, four proxime accessits, and one honourable mention for ethics and natural law; the first prize, two most honourable mentions, and two honourable mentions for metaphysics (second year); the first prize (*ex æquo*), and two most honourable mentions for higher mathematics; the first prize, the second prize, and one most honourable mention for physics; the first prize, the second prize, one proxime accessit, and one most honourable mention for chemistry; the first prize, the second prize, and three proxime accessits for logic and general metaphysics, and the only prize given in Greek.

OBITUARY.

With deep sorrow we announce the death of a young friend and former student. At his home in Alexandria, Ont., on Friday morning, 16th inst., Alexander Joseph Macdonald passed away from life. He was attacked by the grippe, but was not considered in danger till within a few hours of his death. The eldest son of a small family, he was only sixteen years of age. "Little Alex," as he was familiarly called by his college associates, was with us from '88 to '90. A bright, amiable, and promising boy, he was known to all the students of his time, and by them universally liked. He will be well remembered by all who knew him, and all who knew him were his friends. Students, present and past, on learning this sad event will deplore his sudden death. On their behalf the OWL begs leave to address an expression of warmest sympathy to the sorrowing parents and family of their departed friend in their hour of sore affliction. May his soul repose in peace!

It is with feelings of profound sympathy that we chronicle the death of Mrs. McCarthy, which took place at Prescott on Christmas eve. The deceased was a model Catholic wife and mother, one of those who can make a home happy, one

who was loved by her friends and relations simply because she was good. To her bereaved family and especially to those of her children who are and have been our fellow-students, we extend our heart felt sympathy, and our earnest prayer is that her soul may rest in peace.

THE CHURCH'S LOSS.

Of late years, the Church has had to mourn the death of many of her most active sons, but, perhaps, since Pius IX. was called to his reward, no death has caused more heartfelt and universal grief than that of Cardinal Manning who passed away a few days ago. Well may the world mourn his loss, for he was the friend of rich and poor; well may we students speak words of sympathy, for he was the friend of students, the friend of schools, the friend of education; well may the clergy lament his death, for, as Pope Leo XIII. has said, he was the father of the modern Church. But though he is no longer among us, he is not dead, for a great and good man lives in his works; and thus Cardinal Manning lives in the hearts of the Catholic people, in the hearts of the clergy, and, above all, in the hearts of his countrymen. But more will be said of him again, in our columns. Not from the lips, but from the depths of the soul come the words: *Requiescat in pace.*

Besides Cardinal Manning two other dignitaries of the Church have passed away within the last few weeks—Cardinal Simeoni and Bishop Freppel. The former, at one time Papal Secretary of State, was, at his death, prefect-general of the Propaganda. During his life-time he had received many important ecclesiastical appointments, and was altogether one of the best known and most active of the Roman Cardinals. In Bishop Freppel, the well known clerical member of the Chamber of Deputies, the French Catholics lose their most ardent defender, the Church, one of her most zealous children, and education, one of its staunchest friends.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

A sermon is not the only thing that may be appropriately begun with a text. This is our defence for inserting the following extracts from an uncommonly profound and well written editorial in our excellent friend, "The Mount" of Mount de Chantal Convent, West Virginia. The magazines criticised are the "*Century*" and the "*Contemporary Review.*" "When a magazine prostitutes its pages to such vile purposes (misrepresentation of Catholics and Catholic teaching) it behooves every Catholic to sit down then and there and order the discontinuance of that magazine. . . . . Let it be fully understood that one such publication means the withdrawal of all Catholic patronage. It is worse than useless to protest against insult and still meekly submit to it. . . . Our battle is not with the writer; the gauntlet lies at the foot of the publisher, and he can be reached only through his pocket. Touch that and he will begin to see that if the Catholic Church be the monster he depicts her, she at least is not defenceless." Good, girls, good. You are teaching your brawnier, brainier brothers a splendid lesson in *manly* independence. Our opinion of your editorial is fully expressed in the words of our eminent philosopher and leader of men: "Them's my sentiments."

The Ave Maria—The December issue of the *Ave Maria* should be a most welcome visitor to every Catholic home were it for no other reason than the exquisite beauty of the frontispiece "La Vierge au Baiser." But there is moreover the usual choice table of contents. The "Notes and Remarks" continue to be one of the best features of the magazine and we learn with pleasure of the contemplated addition of two pages to the literary supplement. This together with the enlargement of the weekly issue by four pages will make the publisher's claim no idle boast, that the *Ave Maria* is the cheapest Catholic publication in the language.

Nassau Literary Magazine.—The fiction in the December *Nassau* Lit. is not worthy of that publication. "Two Yale Games" and "The Queen of Sheba"

are decidedly prosy. "After the Play" is a splendid sonnet, not less meritorious because its subject is not love. Verily infinite is the number and nauseating the effect of the lyrics on love and death that fall from the pens of college poets. Is it not time for editors to put a stop to this kind of nonsense? If there had been more grammar and less "grief that has its fount in love" in the author of "Dolor Sancta" he would probably have entitled his poem "Dolor Sanctus," unless he meant to make his grief a very *feminine* thing, which indeed it is. The "Book Reviews" in the Lit. are the best we have ever seen in any college magazine.

Williams Literary Monthly.—There is not enough of the leaven of love in the December *Williams Lit.*, to corrupt the whole lump, though "Cupid's Way" and "The Miracle of Love" are about as spiritless as even amorous verse is permitted to be. But the prose is excellent. "The Growth of German Poetry" and "The Masterpiece" are what readers look for in a literary magazine. "Old College Laws" is an interesting study. The Book Reviews here again deserve high praise and the other departments are creditably edited.

Transactions of the Canadian Institute.—The Déné Languages is the title of a paper presented to the Institute by Rev. Father A. G. Morice, O. M. I. It is a contribution to the Ethnology of our Indians from a missionary who has made deep researches in the allied science of Philology. Father Morice's conclusions are interesting—that the Déné Languages agree with most American Idioms through the polysynthetism of their composite words, especially their verbs; that they resemble the Turanian tongues in many respects; that they possess several features in common with the Semetic languages and have many traits of affinity with the Aryan languages. The reverend missionary's essay must be of great interest to philologists and of great value to ethnologists.

In its issue of Jan. 2, *The Republic* will print the opening chapters of a new novel, "A Daughter of Erin," by Eugene Davis, the well-known Irish poet and journalist. The story, which has been written exclusively for its columns is a most interesting one, dealing as it does with the history of the Irish cause in the early years of the present century. Many of the scenes are laid in France, where a number of the exiles of '98 were serving under Napoleon, and the First Consul's attitude toward Ireland is told in detail for the first time. It is a story that will attract much attention and comment.

THE NEW CANADIAN MONTHLY.

The announcement of the establishment of a Canadian illustrated monthly magazine is a source of gratification to the very large class of readers who have been waiting to welcome just such a periodical from a Canadian publishing house. The Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal, have taken the decisive step, and the first issue of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* will make its bow to the public during January. It will be a 64 page magazine, handsomely illustrated, and Canadian and patriotic in tone. The most gifted of Canadian authors will contribute to its pages, making it a most desirable family magazine for all Canadians especially. The subscription price, $1 50, places it within the reach of all.

HOW MANY CATS.

"If 300 cats can kill 300 rats in 300 days, how many cats will it take to kill 100 rats in 100 days?" A fine toned upright piano will be given by *The Queen* to the first person answering the above problem correctly; an elegant gold watch will be given for the second correct answer; a china dinner set will be given for the third correct answer; an elegant silk dress pattern will be given for the fourth correct answer, and many other valuable prizes, all of which will be announced in the next issue of *The Queen*. As the object of offering these prizes is to attract attention to our popular family magazine, each person answering must enclose four three cent stamps for sample number containing full particulars Send to-day. You may secure a valuable prize. $10 in gold will be paid for the best original problem to be published in a future number. Address *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Can.

BOYS CAN MAKE MONEY FAST.

An active boy can make plenty of money in his neighborhood by re-plating tableware and jewellery with one of the Magic Electric Plating Outfits. Those who have already secured one of these machines are making from $20 to $25 a week. The price of the plating outfit is $10, but we have arranged to supply it to *one* boy *only* in each neighborhood *free* for a few hours work, which can be done after school or on Saturday. No capital required. Any boy sending his address and referring to some merchant in his town as to honesty will receive full particulars by return mail. *This is a permanent money making business for the right kind of boy.* Apply at once. Address Ladies' Pictorial Co., Toronto, Can.

EXCHANGES.

The December number of the *Dial* is a beautiful specimen of college journalism. The appearance of the cover, although its design is not altered, is greatly enhanced by the tastefully gilded letters. We find pleasure in reading the *Dial* on account not only of its literary merit, but also of its typographical excellence. For there is nothing that detracts more from the effect of a well written article, than poor paper and bad printing. The present issue is in all respects an exceptionally good one. The first few pages are occupied by the "Annals of St. Mary's Mission," an article dealing with the missionary labors of Fathers Hoecken and De Smet. In an essay on Cardinal Manning, W. F. Higgins points out the principal traits in the character of that illustrious prelate. He says that when a young man Manning "made a resolution, and kept it, never to enter a theatre." What a blessing it would be if such resolves were made and kept! Much of the present existing vice would be entirely done away with, if the theatre, that is the modern theatre, were left unpatronized. In the department for "Literary sketches" an interesting review is given of Edmund Spenser. For pure literary merit, however, we think that the story of the "Four Leaved Clover" takes the palm.

The editors of the *Red and Blue* decided instead of publishing a Christmas number to keep on the even tenor of their way and to send forth their ordinary issue. On the first page of the December number is an editorial attacking one of America's millionaries, Andrew Carnegie. This gentleman in a speech to the graduates of a business college implied that the sole object of education should be to enable a man to make money. "Do you not believe," says the writer, "we must have men to do the thinking of the masses, to control the state while the millions toil with their hands; or do you think all should labor thus and let the state take care of itself?" The government of countries would indeed, soon sink to a deplorable level, were the sons of those countries to study nothing else than how to make the almighty Dollar.

The literary department of the *Red and Blue* is filled with short poems, stories and sketches. Criticisms and essays never find a place in its columns, as the object of the journal seems to tend to the development of the novelist rather than of the critic.

The *Carolinian* is a well sustained journal hailing from Columbia, South Carolina. The isssue to hand contains a very fair literary department. Amongst the articles which appear, "The New South" is perhaps the most characteristic. In it the writer points out how far the Southern States have advanced since the civil war. "Scarcely more than a quarter of a century has passed since the "New South" emerging from a fratricidal struggle and still prostrate from its effects, came forth from the dark clouds of misunderstanding and fate, which had been the destruction of her former self, and began her new and unique career." It is indeed surprising that a country so lately devastated by the carnage of a long and disastrous war, should so soon recover, and even surpass, her former state of prosperity.

In the October number of the OWL we had occasion to criticise an article "Change in Education" which appeared in the *Athenaeum*. To find out that the journal referred to is not the *Acadia Athenaeum*, we have only to read in this paper's last issue its editorials or the

sketch of Fenelon. For these articles clearly prove that Acadia's magazine is too broad in its views to admit into its columns "such a bigoted and ignorant article" as the one in question.

From across the broad Atlantic an ever welcome visitor the *Stonyhurst Magazine* comes regularly to the hallowed precincts of our sanctum.

The *Columbia Spectator* gets out its issues with commendable speed. Its January number is already before us, and did other college journals follow the example and appear earlier in the month, the exchange column might be more interesting. As we ourselves are sinners in this regard, we are not disposed to be too exacting with our fellow-journals, especially at this season, for we know the difficulty of getting out a paper early in the month. The *Spectator* has a neat appearance, though the advertisements placed beneath its table of contents on the cover detract from its general effect. The tone of the paper is for the most part light, as if its object were rather to amuse than to instruct. Whilst not averse to this, we believe the ideal college paper to be the one which successfully fulfils both missions. The *Spectator* is, moreover, rather exclusively local in its contents.

The holiday number of the *Swarthmore Phoenix* is to hand. In addition to a couple of tales in keeping with the spirit of the season of peace and good-will, this issue contains a neat critique of the writings of Rudyard Kipling. As far as our acquaintance with the works of this latest literary prodigy goes, we fully agree with the Swarthmore's critic in his opinion that Mr. Kipling's "stories are often rough and sordid and the language used execrable.

We would qualify, however, the statement that "the effect is there and that is an object worthy of great effort and only a master can attain." That these writings produce a deep impression we do not deny, but we believe this is too often obtained by their author's "utter want of fear for the world's estimate and by the bluntness with which he handles things usually passed over in silence or carefully avoided." We endorse the critic's opinion that Mr. Kipling has power, but we believe also that if he continue to exercise it in discribing "fighting natives, drinking bouts and barrack scandals," he will soon cease to be the lion of the literary world.

The Christmas number of the *St. Viateur's College Journal* is is one of the most pleasing of the holiday issues we have received. We remarked especially the neatness of the paper and the orderly arrangement of its contents. The subjects are such as are apt to command attention. A criticism of Edward Arnold's "Light of the World," is a prominent feature of the number before us and will well repay persual. The sketch entitled "Who was St. Viateur," tells us of the life of him who has been chosen the patron of the institution from which the journal emanates and is timely as the character of St. Viateur is not so widely known as perhaps it should be. The editors of the *Journal* send forth a thoroughly readable paper.

GENERAL NEWS.

Very Rev. Father J. McGrath, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblates in the United States, remained a few days at the University, shortly before Christmas. The Rev. gentleman, we are sorry to say, has been in delicate health for some time, but is now in a fair way to recovery.

Rev. F. Antoine, O. M. I., spent the vacation at Smith's Falls where he was the guest of Rev. Father Stanton, P.P. Father Antoine speaks highly of his host and of the people of that flourishing town.

On Sunday the 17th January, the last mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's Church which is to be torn down to give place to a larger building. St. Joseph's is one of the oldest churches in the city, and many of the old parishioners will view with regret the removai of this early landmark. While the new building is being erected, the parishioners will attend service in the University Chapel, where four masses will be celebated for them every Sunday.

When the students departed for their vacation on the 23rd Dec. some fears were entertained that too many would take the liberty of adding a few days or weeks to the allotted time; but when the 7th ar-

rived, all such fears were dispelled by the appearance of nearly all the old faces and many new ones. It required but a few days for professors and students to return to the regular routine of work, and already things are progressing as before vacation.

The members of the "corridor" have all returned after their vacation, and each surpasses the other in gloomy reports of the weather in his locality. It was at first rumored, by the professor of music, we believe, that one of the members—he without a portfolio—was about to join in a Chilian expedition; but it has been since learned from this gentleman that he had no such intentions. He has no time, he says, and, besides, does not believe in fighting.

One of the most pleasing and instructive entertainments held in Ottawa for some time was that given by the Catholic Truth Society in the Lyceum on December 11th. A notable feature of the programme was an address by Sir John Thompson, president of the Society. A paper on "Tradition" was read by Mr. Jos. Pope, who handled the subject in such a masterly style that he elicited the warmest applause. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel was present and closed the meeting by a short address. The society is already doing good work, and deserves the encouragement of all.

Mr. D. R Macdonald has resigned his position as teacher in the commercial course to devote himself exclusively to the pursuit of his theological studies. He will be succeeded by Mr. M. F. Fallon.

Those who have at heart the promotion of charitable works on behalf of the souls in purgatory, will read with pleasure our European correspondent's sketch of the foundation of the now wide-spreading "Œuvre Expiatoire," which we publish in the present number. Should they desire to participate in the good work, and therefore require further information respecting this pious enterprise, their communications must be addressed to the Rev. Paul Buguet, La Chapelle Montligeon, (Orne), France, to whom also P. O. O. *Internationale* at the post-office there, should be made payable. We may add that yearly subscriptions are *one halfpenny*; 20 years, one shilling; in perpetuity, five shillings; to have a share in the merits of over 3,000 Masses, per month. A "Summary of Indulgences" can be had on application.

Forty new electric lights have been lately placed in the University, making a total of about four hundred in the whole building.

The members of the private French class under the direction of Philip Quesnel, are becoming very proficient in that language They have added the term "tooth-pick gang" to their already extensive vocabulary.

In regard to the Glee Clubs of the college, an innovation has been made this year. Mr. Thomas Tétreau, long and favourably known for his musical ability has been appointed by the faculty a director of vocal music, in addition to his former office as manager of the chapel choir. He is now a member of the "Corridor," and it is sincerely hoped he will soon do something to bring out the long latent vocal talent which some of the gentlemen who live so high up in the world claim to possess. However, we warn him that the task will be most difficult. Already he has organized the Junior Glee Club, which has selected the following officers: President, E. Tessier; Vice president, J. Cunningham, and Secretary, R. Beaulieu. About fifty members have been enrolled, and the practices have already begun. The Seniors will organize next week and will also be managed by Mr. Tétreau.

SUBRIDENDO.

--A new version, Ego sum homo--I am at home.—*St. Viateur's Journal.*

NOT VERY MANY.

Willie: How many presents did your brother give you Frank?

Frank: Oh, just three a necktie and a pair of suspenders.—*Smiles.*

Visitor.—Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar.

Tommy.—Yes, sir.

Visitor.—If I give you the sentence, "The pupil loves his teacher," what is that?

Tommy.—"That's sarcasm."—*Ex.*

Mike: Why do them false eyes be made of glass, now?

Pat: Shure, and how else could they say throo 'em, ye thick head.—*Yale Record.*

The following epitaph is inscribed on a tombstone in an English cemetery:

"Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged 80 years.

She lived with her husband 50 years and died in the confident hope of a better life.—Smiles.

"Look here, I understand that you referred to me as an educated hog."

"Yes, I did, but I am willing to modify the statement."

"You'd just better."

"Very well. I'll take back the word educated."—*Ex.*

Physician.—My friend, I fear that you have got water on the brain?

Patient—Water your reasons for thinking so?

The physician fainted.—*Ex.*

HE BIT.

Tawk.—How can you tell an old chicken from a young one?

Gawk—By the teeth, of course.

Tawk.—But chickens don't have teeth!

Gawk.—No; but I have!—*Smith.*

"Wasn't it camphor you asked for?" queried the polite clerk.

"Yaas, that's what I cam-for," murmured Cholly, and they had to turn the river on to bring the clerk to.—*Ex.*

Why is an editor a moral man? Because he always does write.—*Ex.*

"I don't mind doing away with the editorial 'we,' said Editor Cutting, "but when a fellow comes into the office with a club and tries to abolish the editorial eye, it is a very different matter."—*Ex.*

Well done—as the man said when he finished digging the cistern.

DI-VARSITIES.

He Wasn't In It.

Bill orter larn philosophee,
An' be high toned and Literee,
I'll chuck him down to Varsitee.
Bill wasn't in it.

He swaggered round so recklesslee,
You'd think he owned Amerikee,
He had a splendid libraree,
But wasn't in it.

He thought he'd like the sights to see
And swagger round the Queen Citee,
But such a thing as hard studee—
He wasn't in it.

His nights were spent at the Musee,
At socials or some whist partee,
He found the classics so prosee,
He wasn't in it.

But at exams he was pluckee,
Yet wasn't able to copee,
For Mac did keep his eye on he,
He wasn't in it.

Then in the lists was bold Billee,
As in the hearse was Godferee,
Aloud he wailed so bitterlee,
O, I ain't in it.

His father said disgustedlee:
"My son, yer done with Varsitee,
Ye'll get yer hoe and stay with me."
And William did it.

J. KOBE.

—*Varsity.*

ULULATUS.

Alas ! Alas !
Where is Xmas?

This year for the first time our boys on New Year's morn could dispense with addressing old Janus in Horace's classical words :—" *Matutine Pater.*"

Good morning, Jack ! That's a powerful *grip* you have.

Music Teacher.- Have you ever studied music before?

Student.— Yes sir ; but only in French.

A Hibernian's view.—What's the colour of an iceberg ?—Dark white.

How old is our friend Tom ?—If we reckon from the time of " The Big Fire," he is 22 ; but if we are to accept his own statement, he is only 19, *and he never prevaricates.*

" Quack " has a room now—between the goal-posts. But he objects to it, as the puck seems to consider it a thoroughfare.

A telegraphic special to THE OWL informs us that the University Stumper, Dick, is doing noble work in the lower provinces.

Prof. —" Whose view do you accept, that of St. Thomas or that of Duns Scotus?

Student.—(Recently returned from elections) drowsily.—Dun Scotus by 336 of a majority.

Extract from the goal tender's report of the game :—" Well, the puck was too small and they lifted it too high in the air anyhow."

" The Wonderful One-hoss Shay " which our Willie gives us for the present issue is far superior to his " Sheridan's Ride " contributed last month. Perhaps the most striking feature of it is the wonderful similarity it bears towards the original of that title.—A likeness so perfect that "Oliver" might easily mistake it for his own.

" Lord John " hopes the snow will melt before vacation comes so that he may tell his N. Y. friends that he has seen Canada.

" Aime " of the Amateur Geography Class is curious to learn in what year the Dead Sea died.

Samson, according to the best First Grade authority on Jewish Antiquities, extinguished the Philistines by removing the centre pole of a large tent, under which his enemies were congregated.

OUR WILLIE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Long had he waited—impatiently waited
The ling'ring approach of the dawning New Year;
And like thunder his cries rent the Varsity skies
As the much-talked-of Xmas Vacation drew near.
To each of his friends, as a secret that ends
In a " little brown nut " never spoken of here,
His wild hopes he confided, for he was decided
That Santa Claus, braving the icy snow-drift
Would undoubtedly bring him a rare New Year's gift.
So his young heart dilated, with happiness freighted,
As scene after scene of the merry " good-cheer '
Filled his mind ; and his last note he hurriedly dated
To him who's considered the " Great Financier,"
And 'twas nothing so funny that Will wanted money
To reach home and parents and land he loved dear,
Where those bright little stars and those red and white bars
In the glory of liberty's noon-day appear.
So when the boys started, our Willie departed
Leaving deep silence to reign in his stead
Till he'd made his appearance again,
Now, the pleasures he'd yearned for he found and returned
To the great empty college—yet so full of knowledge—
And encountered a comrade who shortly inquired
If Old Santa had brought him the gift he'd desired ;
When thus spoke our Willie—a curl on his lip—
" Ye-es ; magnificent present he brought me "—
" La Grippe ! "